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The Ultimate

SEX & MUSIC ISSUE

Hot Licks!
Naked Chicks!
Readers' Picks!

JAY-Z

Interview

Exclusive! Rap's
Messiah Says
He'll Retire

NELLY PICKS UP A CAMERA

Our Girls Drop
Their Clothes

ANDREW W.K.'S SPEAKER TEST

"It Goes to 11"

CARMEN ELECTRA

Bares Her
Fender

THE LAST SCORE

When a Bank
Heist Goes Bad

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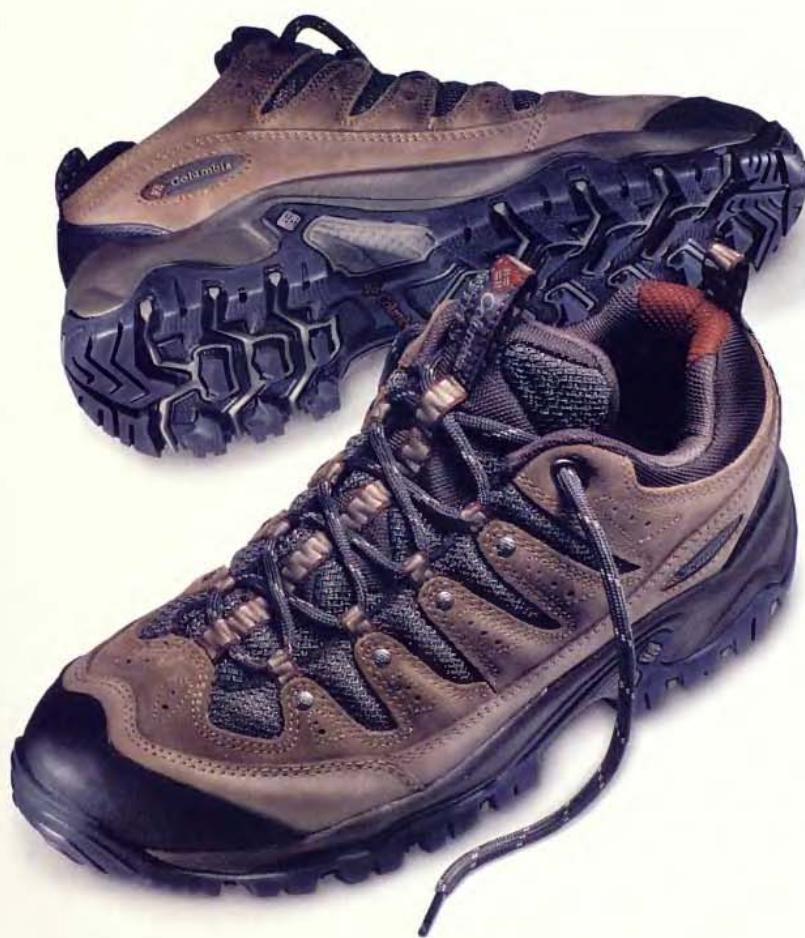
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WHINE, WOMEN AND the down low. That's the short version of our annual *Year in Music* package. Last year, record companies bitched about deteriorating sales, musicians bitched about lousy contracts and consumers stole everything that wasn't encrypted. Despite all the complaining, we heard some interesting sounds coming out of our speakers. *Spin* associate editor **Dave Itzkoff** got Aerosmith's **Steven Tyler** to salute Hall of Famers Run-DMC. **Alan Light**, former editor of *Spin* and *Vibe*, writes that the garage surpassed the club as hangout, prepackaged pap flinched in the face of Avril Lavigne's snarl and Eminem strengthened his spot at the top. Slim Shady's success just demonstrates how resilient hip-hop remains—and nobody is more consistent than **Jay-Z**. Witness J-Hova's record—he has sold more than 16 million albums, including his recent smash, *The Blueprint 2*. In this month's *Playboy Interview* with **Rob Tannenbaum**, Jay-Z says, "I fire my accountant every year—every time I pay taxes. My accountant says, 'Be happy you're fortunate enough to cut this check.' Oh yeah? Fuck you! You're fucking fired! Then I hire him back, because he's right."

Now, from bling-bling to schwing-a-ling-ling. You'll be happy to see that we coaxed cover girl **Carmen Electra** into taking center stage for a head-banging pictorial shot by **Stephen Wayda**. Carmen proves to be the consummate Fender bender. Everyone wants to be on the other end of the camera, and **Chad Doering**—from *Playboy.com*—had no trouble cajoling **Nelly**, **DMX**, **Xzibit**, **Ja Rule** and **Jonathan Davis** to photograph Playmates and others in the semiprivacy of our studio. For the results, see *Rock Shots*. (And for some shots of Hef helping Nelly and Justin Timberlake fine-tune their mojos, keep an eye out for Nelly's *Work It* video, shot at the Mansion.) Rock even spilled into our fiction, with *Kid, Rock* by **Ethan Hauser** (artwork by **Janet Woolley**). It's a sexy story about the post-Proustian notion that music determines how we remember things.

Some things, of course, have different soundtracks. Think gunfire, police sirens and screeching tires. Those are the sounds of a botched bank robbery. Read *The Last Score*, a first-hand account by **Stephen Reid**, and find out how one of the most successful careers in bank robbery history turned sour.

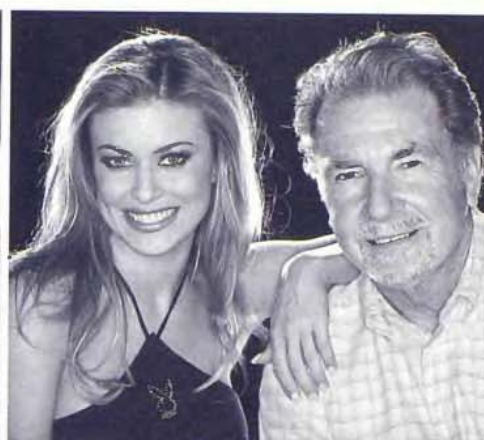
When new in town, certain women will have a hard time meeting people. Not women who look like **Amy Sohn** and **Anna David**. In *Sex and Two Cities*, we had Amy and Anna swap coasts—while keeping their regional prejudices intact. Their assignment? To suss out the sexual idiosyncrasies of men in our two largest metropolitan areas. Did we mention that their photographs appear in this feature, too?

When you list the stars of basketball or baseball, chances are your own name doesn't appear. However, there's a parallel sports universe where catfish noodling and lawn-mower racing may find a place for you in their halls of fame. Read *Superstars of Weird Sports* by **Steven Chean** to get the skinny.

How many times has Dr. Phil fucked up your weekend? Who knows why that self-empowering putz is so compelling to our otherwise sensible girlfriends? Beat Oprah's bitch at his own game—take *The Dr. Phil S.A.T.* and you may once again pass your date's entrance exam. For more fun, we had **Robert Crane** ask **Andy Richter** 20 Questions. Andy extols the virtue of defeating antiporn firewalls at work and explains why the world needs more wedgies. Also in this month's party mix is *The Worm Has Turned*, which will take you through the magical world of high-end mezcal. Say hello to Playmate **Carmella DeCesare**, whose hometown is host to rock and roll's Hall of Fame. She's a treat for your eyes.



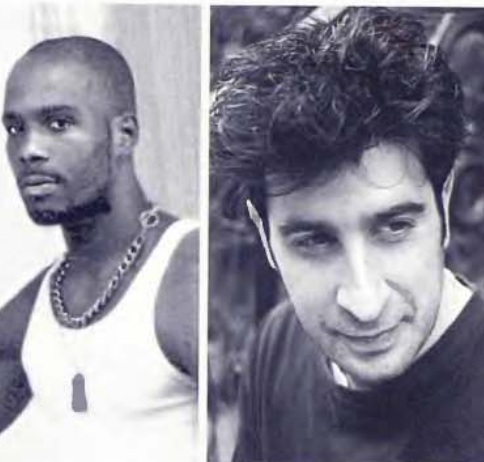
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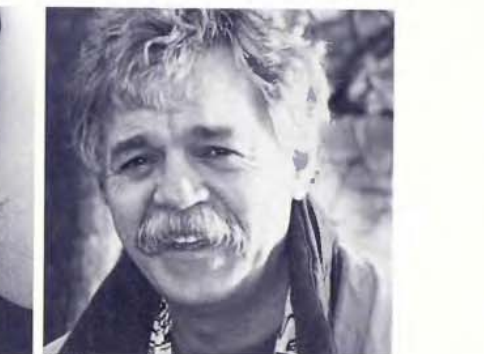
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PLAYBOY

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We sent two beautiful girls out to trade lives—and beds. Result: A New York broad puts the lay in LA while a Hollywood doll busts it on Broadway. And they tell all.

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Pulp fact: Stephen Reid snared millions in more than 100 bank robberies—stickups so precise his posse was known as the Stopwatch Gang. He reformed, wrote a best-seller and found true love. Then things went bad. This is his exclusive account of the smack-addled robbery that cost him his freedom. BY STEPHEN REID

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The former Conan sidekick is now the star of a hilarious TV show. Here he gives tips for outflanking antiporn firewalls at work, explains why the world needs more wedgies and disavows the Fred Flintstone diet. BY ROBERT CRANE

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Chicks love Dr. Phil's faux sincerity. But it's time to give Oprah's bitch an intellectual beat-down. All it takes is this prep course.

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cover story

Carmen Electra has always strummed our strings. Now, after she hit a power chord with her burlesque musical review, the Pussycat Dolls, we're cheering for an encore. So shout Bama Lama as Stephen Wayda riffs on Carmen's rock-and-roll curves in our annual Year in Music issue. Our Rabbit wants some neck.



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Most people know mezcal only as tequila's evil twin. After you stagger through our taste test, you'll be either enlightened or unconscious.

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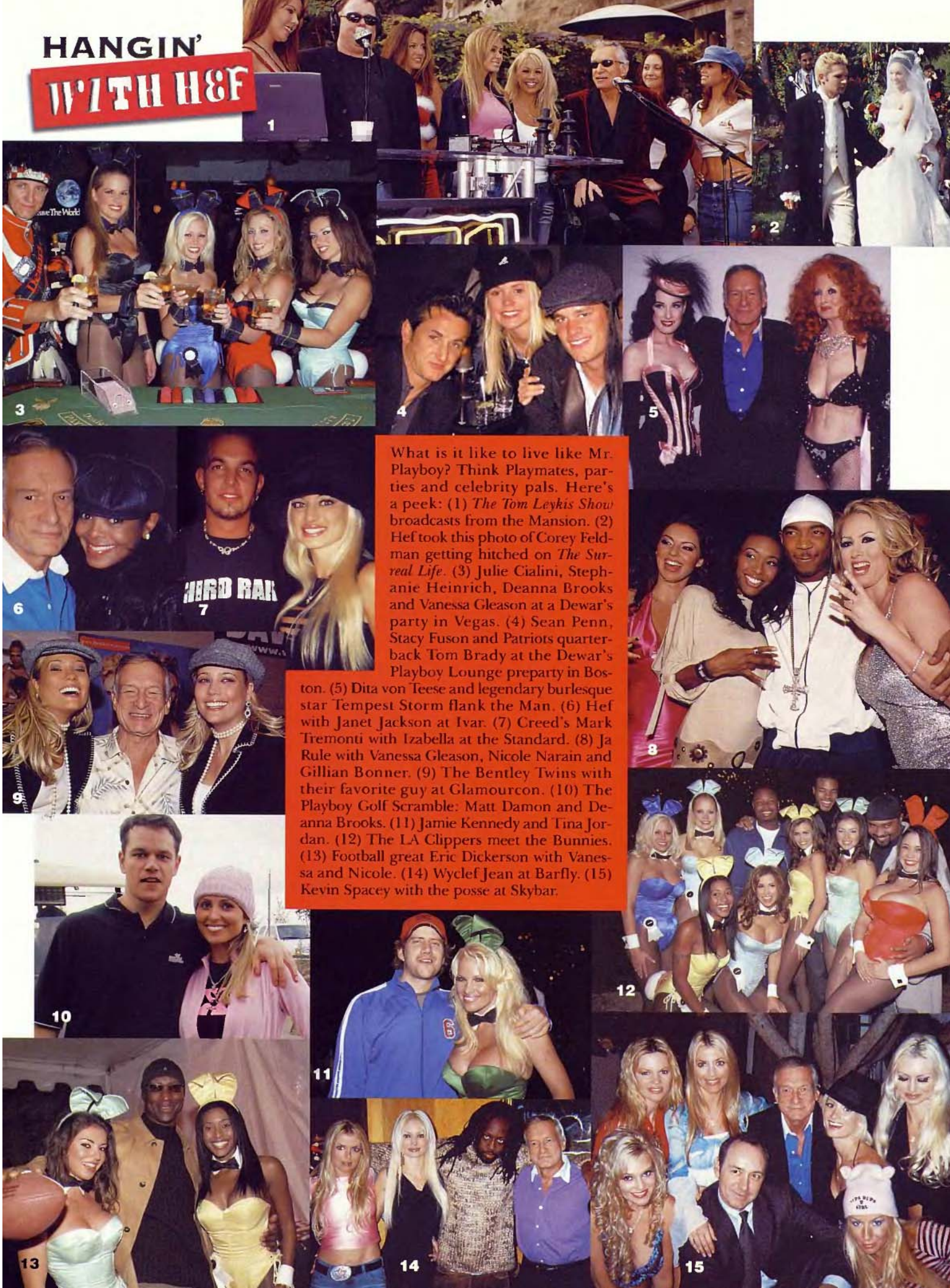
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What is it like to live like Mr. Playboy? Think Playmates, parties and celebrity pals. Here's a peek: (1) *The Tom Leykis Show* broadcasts from the Mansion. (2) Hef took this photo of Corey Feldman getting hitched on *The Surreal Life*. (3) Julie Gialini, Stephanie Heinrich, Deanna Brooks and Vanessa Gleason at a Dewar's party in Vegas. (4) Sean Penn, Stacy Fuson and Patriots quarterback Tom Brady at the Dewar's Playboy Lounge preparty in Boston. (5) Dita von Teese and legendary burlesque star Tempest Storm flank the Man. (6) Hef with Janet Jackson at Ivar. (7) Creed's Mark Tremonti with Izabella at the Standard. (8) Ja Rule with Vanessa Gleason, Nicole Narain and Gillian Bonner. (9) The Bentley Twins with their favorite guy at Glamourcon. (10) The Playboy Golf Scramble: Matt Damon and Deanna Brooks. (11) Jamie Kennedy and Tina Jordan. (12) The LA Clippers meet the Bunnies. (13) Football great Eric Dickerson with Vanessa and Nicole. (14) Wyclef Jean at Barfly. (15) Kevin Spacey with the posse at Skybar.



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MAMA MIA, TIA

Mahalo to PLAYBOY, Phillip Dixon and especially to the beautiful and talented Tia Carrere (January) for a truly breathtaking pictorial.

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

To my mind, the January cover of Tia Carrere's face is far and away your finest.

Russ Young
Charleston, West Virginia

You've done it again: first Kristy Swanson and now Tia. For years they have been among my favorites, but neither would do any film nudity. PLAYBOY is the only magazine left that shows movie stars in the nude and the only magazine that the stars trust enough to photograph them that way.

Philip Long
Clay Center, Kansas

Unfortunately, the Tia pictorial stinks. There's just no other way to put it. No smiles? Little direct eye contact? She looks bored and completely uninterest-

ed. I think you have done her a great disservice.

Jon Merz
Boston, Massachusetts

SHRUB CLIPPED

We have all known good old boys like George W. (W. January) who love sports but weren't very good at them, who can't handle their booze, who owe their success to who they know—not what they know—and who are not above bending the rules to make a few extra bucks. These fellows have more BS than brains. We don't mind if they're president of the local chapter of the Clampers, but we sure as hell don't want them as president of the U.S.

John Brennan
Oakdale, California

Ever since George W. Bush became president, it seems every issue of PLAYBOY has had at least one disparaging item on him or his presidency. Those potshots are probably more than you took at Bill Clinton during his entire eight years in office. Bush is a statesman of high moral stature, while Clinton is a philandering, irresponsible libertine modeled after the PLAYBOY ideal.

Lily Lopez
Dublin, California

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I've subscribed to PLAYBOY on and off for most of my adult life and have never been compelled to write you until now. I have been married twice and have had my share of relationships over the years. Throughout, I've remained monogamous. I have always found it positive when the Playboy Advisor says he doesn't encourage



Island babe.

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or condone cheating. I question the wording you use in your report on *The Playboy Office Sex Survey* (January). You say, "Sex between consenting adults is the prevailing code." People who cheat and are married are consenting adults, but they've also given themselves permission to cheat. It may be normal human behavior, but your approach seems to condone it.

Robert Fava
Rancocas, New Jersey

It doesn't matter whether we condone it or not, they're out there rutting like weasels.

I enjoyed a platonic relationship for several months with a nice, funny guy in my office. By coincidence, we got divorced around the same time and suddenly our glances settled on each other. We didn't have the opportunity for any physical encounters at the office, but our knowing smiles at each other served to build sexual tension until we could do something about it during our lunch hour. That was in the spring of 1974. We did such a good job of keeping our love affair quiet that when we became engaged, the office staff couldn't believe it. We were seldom seen together, even talking at the copy machine. We married in 1975 and are still partial to nooners.

Callie Goedelman
St. Augustine, Florida



Grown-up sexy.

FAMOUS RAMOS

Many thanks to Rebecca Ramos and to PLAYBOY for starting out the new year right (*The Ramos Fizz*, January). When I see a corporate bombshell 10 years my senior who says she loves "men who are cerebral, almost nerdy," I get an urge to wear a pocket protector and carry a calculator.

Michael Marino
Santa Barbara, California

I am happy to see a Playmate who is older than I am. She's extremely sexy and 35. I'm 24 and in my last year of college. Here in South Carolina there are so many pretty girls, and I have the occasional hookup, but nothing turns me on more than a woman who is professional, sexy and experienced.

Brian Messina
Clemson, South Carolina

I've just received the January issue and am casting my vote now for Rebecca as PMOY 2004. She's smart and knows what she wants, and, with the exception of my wife, she has to be the sexiest woman on the planet.

Bill Hubbard
Woodbridge, Virginia

What's happened to the girl-next-door image Hef tries to convey to the world? Rebecca does not fit that description and she doesn't belong on the Centerfold.

Joe Henderson
Mundelein, Illinois

OH, SHUT UP

After reading Bill O'Reilly's article in which he trashes the Big Three's network evening newscasts (*The Death of Network News*, January), one has to wonder what motivates his criticism. Before Fox News, O'Reilly had a history of working for local and network news shows and not lasting long in any of them. By his own admission, he failed to convince his former bosses to accept his approach to news. His longest stint was on the newsmagazine *Inside Edition*, in which his idea of tabloid journalism seemed fitting. Now he works at Fox, home to tabloid king Rupert Murdoch. It's clear O'Reilly is angry. While it is true that network news is in need of an overhaul, he's not qualified to offer advice on the matter. Being a mouthpiece for the right wing isn't the same as being a journalist.

Andrew Gallagher
Phoenix, Arizona

O'Reilly is right: Network news anchors are irrelevant. However, he's wrong about Rather, Jennings and Brokaw being the best journalists in the world—they are merely good toastmasters.

Pete Loechner
Concord, California

I am perplexed as to why you would give O'Reilly a mention, let alone an entire article. This Limbaugh wannabe is simply another person on the right who makes his living off name-calling and demagoguery.

Danny Shuman
Windsor, New York

O'Reilly's article was one of the best pieces that I've read in your magazine. I

cannot watch those banal news shows—they're boring and they insult my intelligence. The conglomerates who control the flow of information peddle cheap junk to consumers and do soft news stories so they won't offend anyone.

Michael Peters
Red Bluff, California

I don't necessarily disagree with O'Reilly's basic premise that the news divisions of the traditional broadcast networks are



Off with their heads.

in decline. But you could not have possibly assigned a less credible reporter to this piece. It's like having Bobby Bowden write about why Notre Dame is a horrible football team.

Todd Spangler
Brooklyn, New York

It never fails to amaze me that this guy has any influence. He's in favor of killing objective reporting.

John Connor
Anchorage, Alaska

How is it that O'Reilly didn't mention the overwhelmingly liberal slant of network news? That's why I can't watch those guys.

Peter Zane
San Francisco, California

SOUR BERRY

Your January interview of Halle Berry was quite revealing. She rationalizes, makes excuses, will not comment. She seems to feel she has been a victim for most of her life and, at times, still is. What kind of victim is accused of stuffing a ballot box for prom queen or leaves the scene of an accident?

John Paul Stoshak
Lafayette, Louisiana

I expect tougher questions in a *Playboy Interview*—by Lawrence Grobel or anyone else. Berry's answers sounded like carefully coached and crafted PR.

William Stout
Pasadena, California



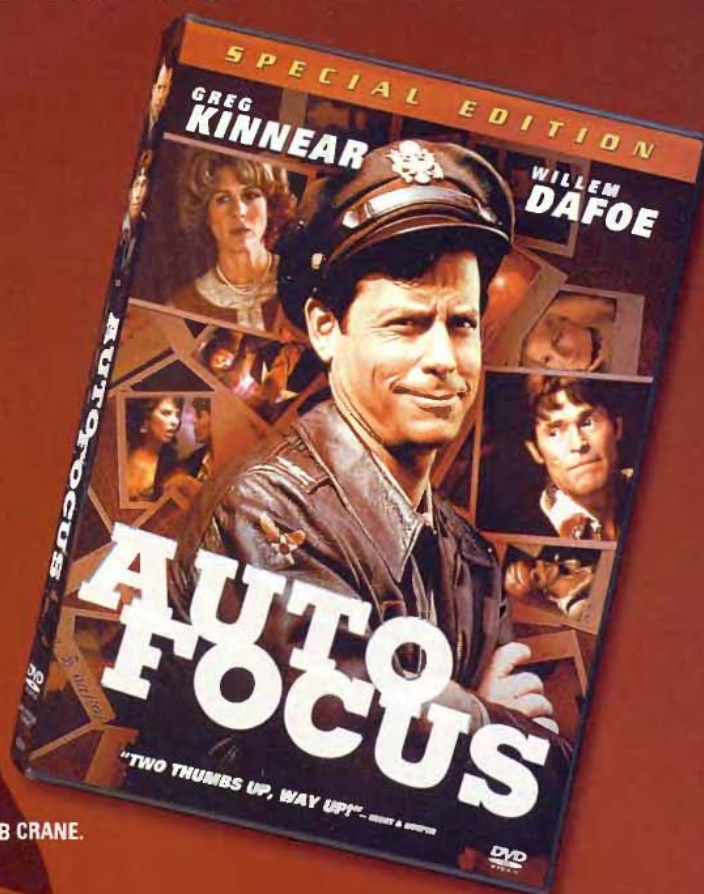
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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

DAVE ATTELL: SURVIVAL TIPS FOR DRUNKS

Dave Attell has accumulated a wealth of knowledge from his nights of carousing on his Comedy Central show, *Insomniac*, and some of it's even useful. On his new CD, *Shanks for the Memories*, Attell offers a tankard of polluted wisdom for managing your nightlife. "Here's a drinking tip," he says. "Never get drunk when you're wearing a hooded sweatshirt, because you will eventually think there is someone right behind you." He also recommends pretrip sobriety. "Here's a travel tip—never pack when you're high. You get there, you open your bag, nothing matches. For the whole trip, all you have to wear is a Hawaiian shirt, an oven mitt and a Lava lamp. And the rest of the bag is filled with cookie dough and Hot Wheels trucks." No advice about partying would be set without a cautionary tale. "We went to play miniature golf on acid—putt-putt on acid. What a mistake. For three days I thought I was the king of that little town. I was like, 'Hello, putt-putt people. You in the windmill, let me use your bathroom. Come on, you Dutch prick, let me in!' And like all good drug stories, it always ends with, 'Officer, these cuffs are hurting me.'" Which brings us to a cop tip—never let them see your putter. Unless they ask.

PUTTING THE FUN BACK IN FUNDAMENTALIST

Who ever said that the religious right doesn't know how to have a good time?

PALE BLUE LIGHT SPECIAL

We know, we know—we're not supposed to look at the keys when we type. The thing is, when it comes to late-night web surfing or flirting online, we're a lot less worried about our typing skills than about getting to the next screen or thinking of the bon mot. So give us a break. Better yet, give us an illuminated keyboard. The EluminX lets us have fun in the dark.

TAKE ME TO YOUR READERS

It may look like a drunken frat-party brawl crossed with a Godzilla movie, but don't be fooled. Kaiju Big Battel, a Boston craze recently gone national, is no less than an intergalactic war for the soul of the universe. It's also the thinking man's answer to pro wrestling. Monsters—thrill seekers in crappy foam-rubber costumes—slug away and spray goop at each other while stomping cardboard cities. During a match inside a steel cage at the Roxy in Manhattan, the evil Dr. Cube and his posse fought ferociously with the monster Heroes. Catch Kaiju with your thinking man's woman and set your stinger on stun. Thank us later.



Amazon.com's page for Pat Robertson's new book, *Six Steps to Spiritual Revival*, showed an odd list of customer recommendations for supplementary reading. For a brief shining moment pranksters

held sway and at the bottom of the page directed readers to an alternative list of sacred tomes such as *A Hand in the Bush: The Fine Art of Vaginal Fisting, The Ultimate Guide to Fellatio and Anal Pleasure and Health*. And so you don't get the impression that Robertson's foes are single-minded, they also recommended *The New Goat Handbook: Housing, Care, Feeding, Sickness and Breeding*. Praise the Lord.

PLANET STALINGRAD

A specter is haunting Eastern Europe: Communist kitsch. Although the Berlin Wall came tumbling down 14 years ago, the Soviet red stars, agitprop posters of happy workers and long breadlines are making an ironfisted comeback. This time, however, they've been relegated to museum spaces and theme restaurants. Tourists of the world are uniting at the new Museum of Communism in Prague, where relics of the past—statues of Stalin



TUBBY CHASERS

Tired of dirty sex but still want the same rewards and accolades? Try the Sponge Vibe from Toys in Babeland. It's equipped with a vibrator that will power you

into every nook and cranny. To enhance the ensuing fireworks and blowing of noisemakers, finish your performance with a large handful of confetti bubble bath. Ah, the sweet squeak of success.

Thailand, and this bold gesture may reflect the pragmatic attitude of one of Asia's most sexually open societies. Then again, maybe condoms are simply appropriate when you get that many young males together just 90 minutes from a city named Bangkok.

THE HARD TRUTH ABOUT ANIMAL RIGHTS

According to a recent article in *Environmental Conservation*, Viagra may prove to offer an additional benefit beyond providing Bob Dole with consistent hard-ons: The little blue pills might also be saving the asses of sea horses and geckos. Selected body parts of these and many other creatures have long been coveted by the Chinese for use in traditional impotence remedies. But now that a boner is just a prescription away, the critters are being spared in unprecedented numbers. Annual sales of Alaskan reindeer antlers dropped 72 percent in 1998, the year Viagra hit the market. Meanwhile, the trade in hooded and harp seal penises fell from 40,000 in 1996 to just 20,000 two years later. It's a statistic as pleasing to environmentalists as it probably is for seals.

FAKE TITS SAVE LIVES!

The second best part of the story was that a Brazilian woman who was shot in the chest during a gun battle in Rio de Janeiro was saved from mortal injury by her silicone breast implants (they prevented the bullet from reaching any vital organs). The best part: The cosmetic surgeon brought in to repair the wound

took the opportunity to increase her measurements with extra silicone while he was at it. An ounce of prevention, as they say, looks great on the beach.

THE TIP SHEET

Hysterical realism: Coined by literary critic James Wood, it's the new catchphrase to describe books once called

"When you've wiped out on a 10-foot wave, your bikini top is going to get ripped off. It's just going to happen. So much so that, by the end, I was like, 'Everybody's seen my body. I'm over it. It's not that big a deal.'"—Kate Bosworth



metafiction. They're characterized by complex plots that hinge on a string of improbable coincidences, oversmart characters in comical situations and lengthy, indulgent gee-whizzery and how-to sessions. And they're all *really fucking long*. Major practitioners are Don DeLillo, Jonathan Franzen, Thomas Pynchon, Salman Rushdie, Zadie Smith and David Foster Wallace.

ATM-itations: These bogus ATM receipts show an impressive bank balance of \$314,159.26 and are marketed on the Net as a way for men to casually give

and Marx, a re-creation of an interrogation office and a poem extolling the virtues of the tractor—are on display. The text-heavy museum takes visitors through Communism's introduction in Czechoslovakia in 1948 to its demise 41 years later in the Velvet Revolution. Moving eastward, Statue Park on the outskirts of Budapest offers a one-stop look at many of the monolithic Soviet-era sculptures that once graced the Hungarian capital. A 12-foot granite Lenin greets visitors at the gate. Inside, oversize, barrel-chested laborers chiseled from stone still stand proudly under a Soviet flag. Thankfully, post-Communist fare doesn't require the iron stomachs of the past. At Marxim's Pizzeria in Budapest, booths are surrounded by barbed wire. The large pizza selection includes Gordi-Gorbi, Gulag pizza and Preelection Promises (which contains two different kinds of cheese, ham and "anything you want.") But where's the Prague Spring Roll?

SCOUTS' HONOR

And we thought you were supposed to rub two sticks together. For the first time, the host nation of the quadrennial World Scout Jamboree distributed condoms on request to the estimated 30,000 teenagers on hand. The country was

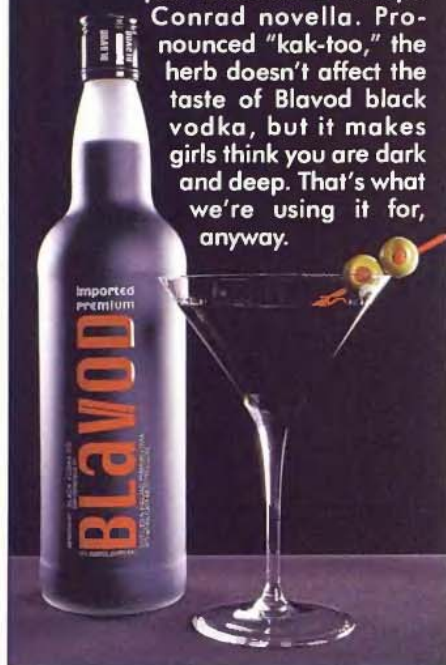
FURTHER PROOF OF FREDDIE MERCURY'S GENIUS

The brains behind the British launch of the controversial PlayStation 2 game *BMX XXX* decided to re-create the cover art of Queen's 1978 hit *Bicycle Race*/*Fat Bottomed Girls*. So they organized this gathering of 17 amply bottomed—and chested—babes on BMX bikes at the Crystal Palace athletics track in London. That's the whole idea—you either get it or you don't. We'll admit that we get it, but not nearly as much as we'd like.



QUART OF DARKNESS

It tastes like vodka. It looks like sludge. Thanks to a tannin-rich plant called catechu, your martini just became a Joseph Conrad novella. Pronounced "kak-too," the herb doesn't affect the taste of Blavod black vodka, but it makes girls think you are dark and deep. That's what we're using it for, anyway.



women the impression that they are filthy rich. You're supposed to make sure she happens to see one, which saves you from actually lying out loud. The

balance, by the way, is the same sequence of numbers as pi.

My Heart Will Go On: The Celine Dion song plays between anti-Saddam messages broadcast into Iraq over the U.S. military's psyops Information Radio. Anything to shorten the conflict.

Bare crossing: The recently opened Naked Bridge was built to connect separate sections of the clothing-optional Desert Shadows Inn and Resort in Palm Springs. It's the first and only nudist footbridge in America.

Bin Ladens: The name given by Venezuelans to extraordinarily powerful and popular firecrackers lit at celebrations and political protests. They're the size of D batteries and outblast such renowned supercrackers as the *tumbaranchos* (hut destroyer) and *matasuegras* (mother-in-law killer).

FROZEN NUTS: BURNING MAN'S COLD-ASS BROTHER

During the last days of summer in the Nevada desert, there's Burning Man. At Summit Lake, Alaska, there's Arctic Man, which will convene this April for

the 18th consecutive year. It's a beer-guzzling, hot tub-and-bonfire, snowmobiling nutfest that culminates in perhaps the most extreme ski race imaginable.

The insane event attracts 13,000 Alaskans and extreme downhillers from around the world. Skiers start their descent at 5800 feet, then zip a third of a mile to the bottom of a canyon, where they meet up with a snowmobile already fast in flight. Using a towrope, the snowmobiler pulls the racer two miles uphill at about 80 miles per hour. The skier then lets go and shoots down the side of a second mountain, dropping 1200 feet to the finish. All the excitement has been known to drive a lady or two to flash—but don't expect too much of that. Temperatures drop to zero at night.



"I'm more proud of my upper body. Let's just say I'm a typical female in that way."
—Erika Christensen

DESPAIR AND THE ART OF FACIAL HAIR

Some men are practically born bearded—they cast five o'clock shadows by recess. Others have glacial hair—their beards grow slowly, unpredictably and sometimes not at all. Years ago such men

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #15

Because I got wet. "My friend Matt had a party at his parents' house while they were away. He cracked open a case of champagne and called his pals. By midnight, the party was in full swing. My best friend paired up with a cute blond guy in the Jacuzzi. The pool was packed and there were people dancing in their underwear. I was wearing a white sundress with a white thong underneath. Matt offered me a drink, grabbed a fresh bottle and popped the cork. Bam! Champogne shot out like a hose and I was drenched. I looked down to see my nipples totally on display. Matt smiled sheepishly. We went inside to find a towel, and he helped me out of my dress. Something about the dampness sliding across my skin turned me on, and we kissed. That dress stayed off the rest of the night and until the morning."—J.W., Tompa



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"You kiss an actor and you don't know what they're going to smell like. But you kiss a girl, she's going to smell good. And she's very soft. They are soft and they smell nice. Guys don't."

—JULIANNE MOORE

TESTY FANS

In a Harris poll, the percentage of Americans who feel that major league baseball players should be tested for steroids: 70. In a Gallup poll conducted the same month, percentage of fans who feel the same: 86.

CHECKS AND BALANCES

Number of Americans who have tax refunds waiting for them because the IRS hasn't been able to deliver their checks, usually because of incorrect addresses: 96,000. Amount of money gathering dust at the IRS: \$80 million.

LAND OF THE TURTLENECKS

Percentage of males throughout the world who are circumcised: 20. Percentage of males in the U.S. who are circumcised: 60.

BUILT FOR SPEED

According to Harbour and Associates, average number of hours required to build a vehicle at Nissan, the car manufacturer with the fastest U.S. assembly lines: 18. Number required to build a Honda, the company with the second-fastest U.S. assembly lines: 20. Number of hours required by GM, sixth-fastest: 26. By Ford, the seventh-fastest: 27.

ALL EMPLOYEES MUST WASH PITS

According to the Body Odor in the Workplace Survey, percentage of human resources managers who have spoken to an employee about his or her unpleasant body odor: 31.



FACT OF THE MONTH

In 1966 the budget for *Star Trek* was \$100,000 per episode. Today, an episode of *Star Trek: Enterprise* costs \$5 million to produce.

MATH WHIZ

Number of hours it took a supercomputer under the direction of a Tokyo professor to calculate the value of pi to 1.24 trillion places: 400. Number of years it took to design the program for the computer to use in its calculation: 5.

ALUMINUM CAN'TS

According to a Container Recycling Institute report, the number of Boeing 737 jets that could have been built with the 759,625 tons of aluminum from cans Americans didn't recycle in 2001: 33,764.

COUCH-POTATO SKIN

In a study by the Center for Media and Public Affairs, average number of scenes with sexual content in the 50 top-grossing Hollywood films of 2000: 7. Average number of scenes with sexual content—per hour—on broadcast and cable television: 12.

WICCAN BELIEVE THAT

Percentage of Americans who believed in witches 10 years ago: 14. Percentage who believe in them today: 26.

ASSEMBLAGE

Approximate number of people who show up each year on the second Saturday in July at the Mugs Away tavern in Laguna Niguel, California, just 40 yards from the railroad tracks, to spend the whole day mooning Amtrak trains: 3000.

CELL DAMAGE

In 2001, number of highway accidents in California in which the driver who caused the crash was on a cell phone at the time: 4699. Number of deaths that resulted from these automobile accidents: 31.

—BETTY SCHAAL

would remain clean-shaven, hiding their inadequacy. But today, those determined to sport face fur seek soul patch asylum on the Beard Board (beardboard.cjb.net). Jeff Falberg, the site's founder and self-proclaimed Goatee King, preaches patience to the peach-fuzz fraternity. He warns of the pitfalls of using Rogaine to fill in bald patches on the cheeks, or taking testosterone to induce facial hair growth. Instead, Falberg tries positive reinforcement. Wannabe beard growers post pictures to show their progress in a kind of time-lapse photography. "Looks great," Falberg often replies. "Keep it up." The thing is, after eavesdropping electronically on guys who dig Vandykes, you realize that while beards are manly, talking about them isn't. Members trade tips on how to shape beards with the precision of topiary gardeners. And Falberg admits there are some who just can't grow a beard. "At some point they get so frustrated that they post angry messages about how their lack of facial hair is evidence that they are just higher on the evolutionary ladder." Nothing wrong with that—it makes it easier to look up their skirts.

SPARE US THE DETAILS

The covers of magazines are supposed to make us pick up the magazine. But some make us want to pick up and run. Ever since last summer, *Details* has boasted bewildering tag lines—on its covers and inside—that read like the lad-mag formula gone very bad. Here's a sampling from the last six issues of 2002:

Ballsy Bathing Suits



CURRYING FAVOR WITH BAREBACK RIDERS

K. Sudhakar designed what most observers believe is the first condom-shaped motorcycle cover. It's equipped with a tape recorder that plays messages extolling the virtues of condom use and educating people on how AIDS is contracted. Sudhakar, who previously built a vehicle in the shape of an onion, told *The Times of India*, "I wanted to do something relevant this time."

TURN UP THE HEAT



Get Tricky With It!

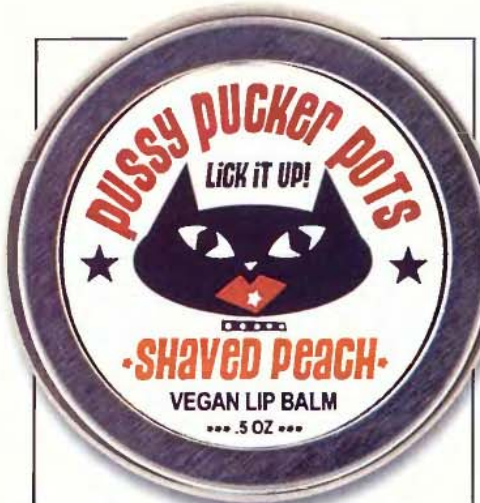


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WAX THAT PUSS

Usually we find that we don't have many shared interests with our vegan feminist sisters, but we can agree on one thing: the smoother the fruit, the sweeter the juice. With flavors such as Clitoris Citrus, Nice Melons and MuffBerry, Pussy Pucker Pots lip balm delivers.

How to Tell Your Girlfriend You're Gay

Making Her a Virgin Again
Who Cares If He's Gay?

Switching Teams ("You should share everything with your girlfriend. Except the same sexual preference")

Are Your Breasts Bigger Than Hers?

The Man Bag ("Mightn't it be time for guys to revisit the pocketbook?")

Ace in the Hole ("You're naked on a metal table with a five-foot snake up your innards")

The Ultimate Prison Workout

Straight Guys Who Get Rich Making Gay Porn

Fag Stags ("Some straight men are finding that gay guys make great best friends").

BUDDING COMEDIAN

The best thing about Dave Chappelle's new show on Comedy Central, aptly titled *Chappelle's Show*, is the man-on-the-street segment, "Ask a Black Dude." In it Chappelle, who co-starred in *Undercover Brother* and the stoner classic *Half Baked*, helps average white guys find answers to burning social questions without fear of being torched—things like, "Why do black guys roll up one pant leg?" or "Why do blacks say ax instead of ask?" In the same spirit of inquiry, we asked Chappelle who he'd nominate as the first black president: "Eddie Murphy. I'd be VP and we'd run on the pussy platform. That's something every American can get behind." Now that you've heard the man, you can cast your vote of sorts by tuning in to his show. Change has to start somewhere.

PORN STARS WHO DON'T POKE

Have you ever watched a skin flick and said to yourself, I could be that guy? Not the pizza delivery boy with the large pepperoni, but his boss stuck back at the store. Actor Dave Lerman is living that dream. As Sid Reno, he has appeared in more than 200 pornos—like *Hiney's Heroes*, *Alli McFeel* and *Anal Fever*—all with his pants on. "It's great money," says Lerman. After a chance meeting with Ron Jeremy, Lerman entered porn's inner circle. He slagged the acting, and director Jim Enright challenged him to do better. "I could act, memorize my lines and I behaved," Lerman says. "There's not much sex off-camera. The girls moan, groan and fake the big O, then it's

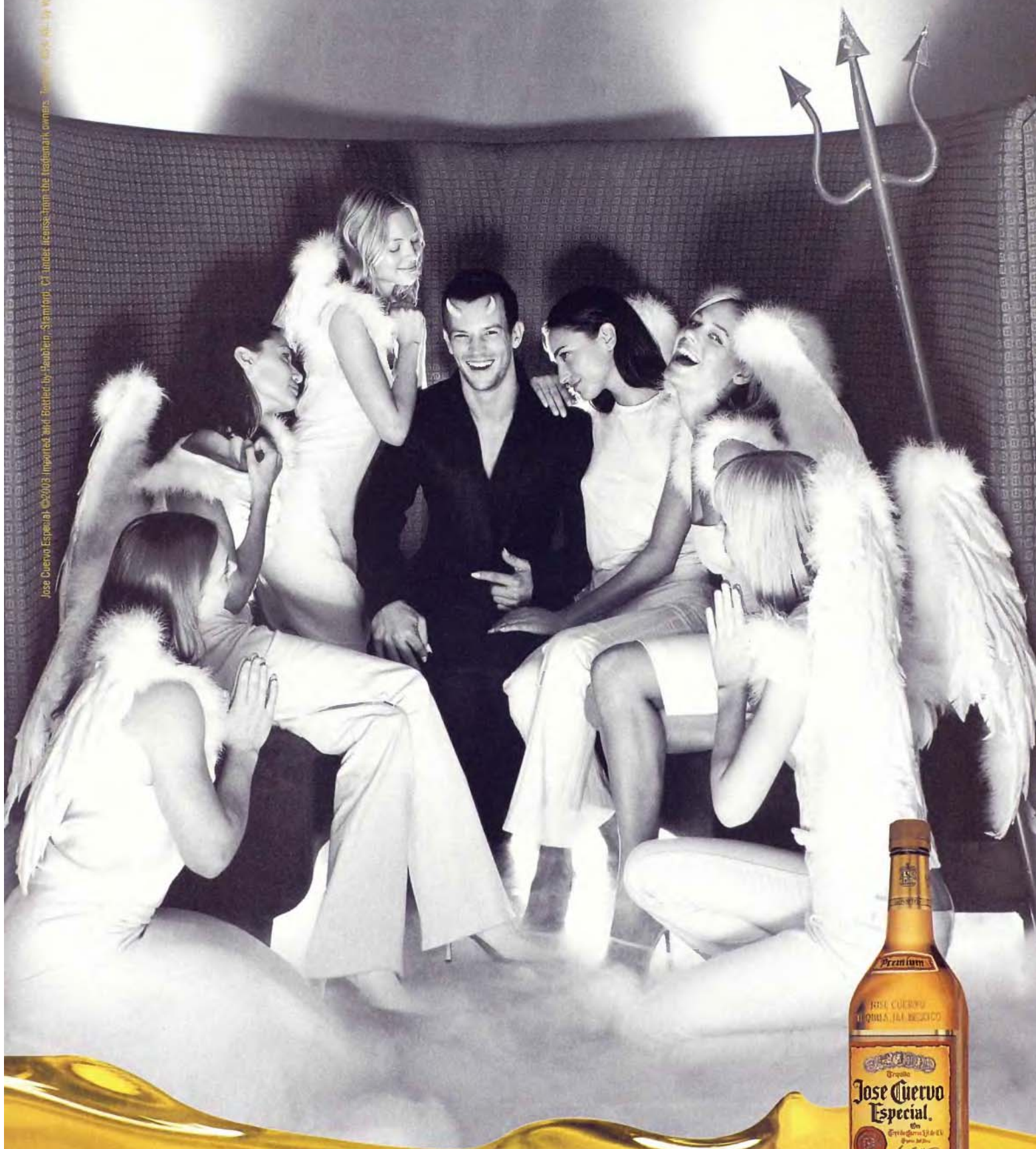
'I'll be in the tanning bed' or 'Where's lunch?'" The break room is stocked with Krispy Kremes, chicken teriyaki, lube, enemas and douches—but asparagus is banned. "It makes your emission taste funny," he explains. And yes, Lerman's work has put him in position to date porn starlets. "Onscreen, they're slot machines," he says. "In real life, the three-date rule still applies. Of course, once you break through that threshold, you'll be going down on her in a dance club. But porn relationships have the shelf life of a croissant." Still, Lerman isn't complaining. "Being a nonsex porn star sort of elevates your status in the general dating pool. And watching my movies is the best foreplay!"

BABE OF THE MONTH

We'll stand in line to have **ROSA BLASI** check our blood pressure anytime. Hell, we'll wait in line for a high colonic. As Dr. Luisa "Lu" Delgado, Blasi has helped propel ratings for Lifetime's number one drama, *Strong Medicine*. Or so we're told. Rosa caught our attention with a few tantalizing appearances on *Becker* and *Politically Incorrect*. After surfing the Net, we uncovered a whole subculture of men who watch Lifetime because they love Rosa but are too embarrassed to admit it in public. Spineless dogs, we think they're called. It helps, of course, that there are lots of glamour shots of the full-figured actress online (OK, she has great boobs). She also gives good quote: "I am not interested in a man that is putty in my hands." And "I don't want to have all of the control. When he hands me his scrotum and says, 'Here, take my balls and put them in your purse,' it is not sexy." (Duly noted.) But what is sexy is what Rosa can do on her hands and knees—she is a master grauter. "Like a freak, I created and laid each piece of mosaic tile in more than 250 square feet in my first home," she says. "I have the cuts and scars to prove it. There is no hand modeling in my future!"

"When he hands me his scrotum and says, 'Here, take my balls and put them in your purse,' it is not sexy."

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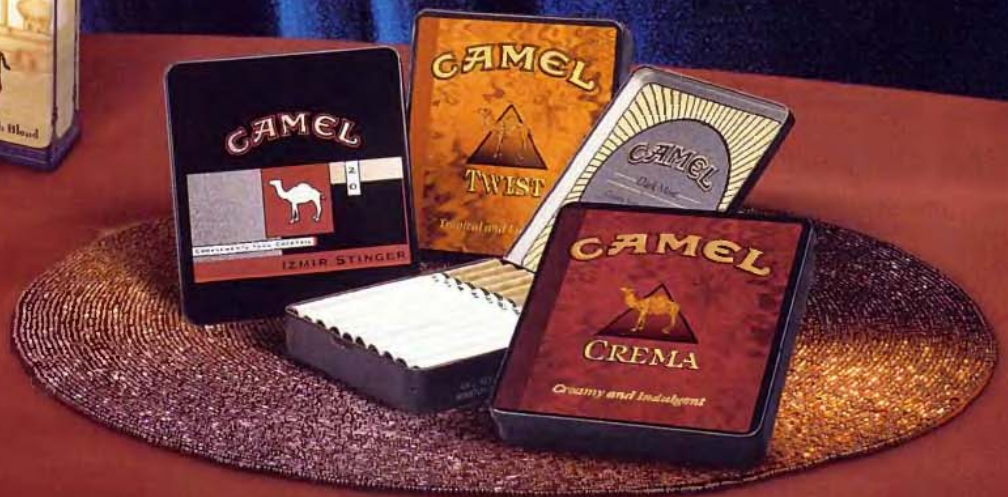
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EXOTIC & INDULGENT

PREVIEWS

The Matrix: Reloaded: This long-awaited first of two sequels to 1999's mind-bendingly cool sci-fi blockbuster should be the movie of the summer. The buzz: *The Matrix*-heads will have plenty to chew over until the release of this winter's finale, *The Matrix: Revolutions*. Again the plot involves good old Neo (Keanu Reeves), now armed with superhero powers, who has only 72 hours to save Trinity (a never-sexier Carrie-Anne Moss) from a scary fate prophesied in a dream. Other good omens? Laurence Fishburne and Hugo Weaving are back in fine form as Morpheus and Agent Smith. We are promised such innovations as trippier flying sequences, more cryptic mythology and dreadlocked assassins. Best of all are the absurdly luscious Monica Bellucci as temptress Persephone, Jada Pinkett Smith as Morpheus' girlfriend Niobe and Nona Gaye (daughter of Marvin Gaye) as Zee, the role meant for singer Aaliyah. One question remains: the blue pill or the red pill?

X-Men 2: With all our favorite comic-book freaks and mutants back in force—Hugh Jackman as Wolverine, Halle Berry as Storm, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos as Mystique, Anna Paquin as Rogue, Ian McKellen as Magneto, James Marsden as Cyclops—what's not to love about this sequel to the 2000 smash that delivered kick-ass action but didn't stint on emotion? This time the band unites to track down a mutant assassin who's tried to off the president, and the Mutant Academy is attacked by military marauders. It's touted as darker, nastier and more ac-



Moss, Kim, Fishburne, Bellucci, Reeves—Reloaded.

tion-packed than *X-Men*. And if that isn't enough to grab you, Kelly Hu plays Lady Deathstrike, a mutant with human sympathies and a special connection to Wolverine.

Bruce Almighty: Jim Carrey gets back to funny business—and not a second too soon—as a guy punished with godlike powers for 24 hours. Running heaven and earth is no picnic, but Jennifer Aniston plays Carrey's girlfriend, so how bad can it be? Morgan Freeman stars as God, which sounds about right.

Open Range: If *Moulin Rouge* and *Chicago* can resuscitate the musical, maybe director and star Kevin Costner will finally blow the dust off the Western with this tale of a retired gunslinger forced back into action when a crooked lawman attacks him and his cattle crew. Annette Bening and Robert Duvall saddle up

alongside Costner. Think *Dances With Wolves*, not *Wyatt Earp*.

—STEPHEN REBELLO

REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

The Hunted is one of the first bright spots on the movie horizon this year, an action thriller that's genuinely exciting. Benicio Del Toro plays an American soldier who carries out a political assassination in

Kosovo in 1999 but can't erase the nightmarish images from his mind. Back home in Oregon, he becomes a predator who ambushes hunters in the woods. In desperation, the FBI turns to the man who trained Del Toro, Tommy Lee Jones, but he wants to track and capture the killer on his own terms. All of the promise in this intriguing script is realized by director William Friedkin, who hasn't made hearts pump this hard since his unforgettable street chase in *The French Connection* three decades ago.

David Cronenberg, another seasoned director, has always had a loyal following, but *Spider* might test even his most staunch fans. Ralph Fiennes plays a damaged man whose source of misery is a horrible upbringing by an abusive father and a submissive mother. This bleak,

VOCAL HEROES

Cameron Diaz hadn't yet made *There's Something About Mary* when she was signed to do the voice of the princess in *Shrek*. In the years it took to complete production on the animated film, several things happened: Chris Farley, the original voice of Shrek, died, Mike Myers was hired and Diaz became a star. For *Shrek 2*, Myers, Diaz and Eddie Murphy are

reportedly being paid \$10 million each, about half of what they would make to star in a live-action film. But it isn't too shabby for a series of recording sessions that require no memorization, no makeup, no wardrobe and no travel.

This kind of payday for cartoon voices is unprecedented, though the playing field has changed dramatically in the past few years.

Diaz: Golden voice.

A decade ago Robin Williams was the voice of the genie in *Aladdin* for chump change and the kick of working in a Disney cartoon feature. Neither he nor the studio anticipated what a hit the film would be—or how many grown-ups would go see it just to hear his performance. The studio's unwillingness to bump up his paycheck caused a brief rift (and forced them to hire someone else to do the genie's voice for their first direct-to-video sequel), but eventually they kissed and made up. In other words, Disney opened up the bank.

The studios aren't always smart about animated films—or their voice artists. Warner Bros. had so little faith in *The Iron Giant* that it didn't even occur to them to have Jennifer Aniston and Harry Connick Jr. do interviews to promote the movie. (Turns out they were right—it was a bomb.) Twentieth Century Fox either didn't or couldn't take advantage of the star power involved with *Titan A.E.*—or perhaps the studio noticed how bored Matt Damon and Drew Barrymore sounded in the film.

Good voices can't save a bad cartoon from oblivion, but the folks behind *Shrek* believe that star power pays off at the box office. That's why they're adding \$40 million to their budget for the sequel, though no one will ever see the faces of its stars on-screen—not even the lovely Diaz.

—L.M.



"A spectacular sex fantasy thriller."

- Michael Wilmington, CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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most suspenseful thriller
since *Body Double*."

- Dave Itzkoff, SPIN MAGAZINE

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Rebecca Romijn-Stamos
is simply stunning!"

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heavy-handed and obvious character study comes alive whenever Miranda Richardson is on-screen, as both his mother and her alter ego. Fiennes is good, too, but it's difficult to muster much enthusiasm for any of these characters. *Spider* is a stiff.

Anyone who tries to pigeonhole Frances McDormand is asking for trouble. She has embodied all sorts of characters, from the you-betcha sheriff in *Fargo* to the overprotective mother in *Almost*

Canyon's Beckinsale.

Famous. Now she plays a sexy, swinging, free-spirited music producer in *Laurel Canyon*. She's an enormous embarrassment to her grown son (Christian Bale), a recent medical school graduate who's about to marry prim Kate Beckinsale. Circumstance dictates that the young couple live with his mom, exposing Beckinsale to a lifestyle unlike any she's known. Meanwhile, Bale finds himself attracted to a beautiful colleague (Natascha McElhone). This is a lively, entertaining film that resembles writer and director Lisa Cholodenko's last movie, *High Art*.

Javier Bardem, who earned a Best Actor Oscar nomination as Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas in *Before Night Falls*, gives another fine performance in John Malkovich's feature-film directing debut, *The Dancer Upstairs*. This political thriller, set in an unnamed Latin American country, casts Bardem as a straight-arrow policeman who's caught between government corruption and well-organized terrorist groups. Though the film moves like molasses, my bigger problem is believing that Bardem's character is as naive as he is at the conclusion of this drama.

SCENE STEALER

JENNIFER BEALS. FIRST NOTICED: As the sexiest hard-hat worker in movie history in *Flashdance*. MOST RECENTLY ON-SCREEN: As Elizabeth Berkley's worldly friend in *Roger Dodger*. DID YOU ASPIRE TO BECOME THE QUEEN OF INDIE FILMS? "Gena Rowlands will always be queen of the indies. *A Woman Under the Influence* alone qualifies her as empress." AFTER YOU MADE A SPLASH IN *FLASHDANCE*, DID YOU HAVE A GOAL FOR YOUR CAREER? "No, I never even thought about having a career. I remember getting a call from somebody in the business who said, 'Do you realize your film made more in its third weekend than its second?' and I said, 'How do you know that?' He said, 'It's in *Variety*.' I was so naive about the business I didn't realize that people follow the financial trajectories of films." WHAT MAKES YOU DECIDE TO BE IN A FILM? "*The Anniversary Party* came about because Jennifer Jason Leigh is a friend and envisioned me in the part. With *Roger Dodger*, Campbell Scott called me, and I didn't have to read the script, because I wanted to work with him. For *A Feast of All Saints* I called Forest Whitaker, whom I didn't know, and said, 'I want to be a part of this project.'" DESCRIBE YOURSELF. "Complicated. Even-tempered. Not a good cook. Dog lover. I get hungry for the world sometimes, to be in the middle of some foreign adventure. I like to travel." WHOSE CAREER DO YOU ADMIRE? "Jennifer Jason Leigh's is extraordinary. I don't need or want to be the homecoming queen." —L.M.



SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Bend It Like Beckham This British crowd-pleaser about a girl from a traditional Indian family who dreams of being a football star is ideal for people who found *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* too subtle. **YY**

Chicago Catherine Zeta-Jones is so dazzling—and so talented a musical performer—that she alone is worth the price of admission. **YYY/2**

City of God Director Fernando Meirelles grabs you and doesn't let go in this incredibly visceral and violent portrait of life in the slums of Brazil. Here is a genuinely great movie, the first of 2003. **YYYY**

The Dancer Upstairs Javier Bardem stars in John Malkovich's directorial debut, a hard-edged political thriller set in a Latin American country beset by corruption and terrorism. If only it didn't move so slowly. **YY**

Deliver Us From Eva An amusing comedy about a woman (Gabrielle Union) who dominates her three sisters, inspiring their men to hire LL Cool J to distract her, then dump her. **YY/2**

The Guru Here's an oddity: a feel-good movie with a porn-movie subplot. Jimi Mistry plays an Indian man who comes to America seeking fame and fortune; instead, he finds himself caught between closeted porn star Heather Graham and spoiled rich girl Marisa Tomei. An innocuous mishmash with two beautiful leading ladies. **YY/2**

The Hunted In this thriller, Tommy Lee Jones is the only one who can capture Benicio Del Toro, the killing machine he helped train. **YYY**

Laurel Canyon Frances McDormand plays a sexy music producer who embarrasses her son (Christian Bale) but intrigues her future daughter-in-law, a sheltered Kate Beckinsale. **YYY**

The Recruit Al Pacino is a CIA veteran who enlists Colin Farrell and then puts him through a grueling indoctrination. This spy thriller is genuinely exciting, though the ending is far from perfect. **YY/2**

Spider Ralph Fiennes is a mess, thanks to a miserable childhood that still haunts him. Miranda Richardson plays his mom and her alter ego in this dreary psychological thriller from David Cronenberg. **Y**

Till Human Voices Wake Us Guy Pearce and Helena Bonham Carter star in this metaphysical love story, but their performances are better than the somewhat obvious script. **YY**

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



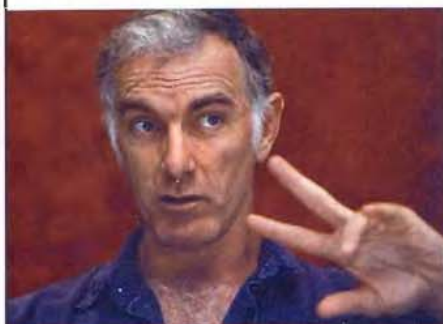
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GUEST SHOT



Just as **John Sayles'** films cover many topics and unspool in a number of styles, his favorite movies are tough to nail down. Not that he doesn't favor certain directors. "The Kurosawa movies that are on DVD I watch quite often, especially *Ikiru* and some of the later works. Having a really good-looking movie on DVD, there's nothing like it," says the writer and director of *Lone Star*, *Sunshine State* and the upcoming *Casa de los Babys*. "I also watch a lot of early Italian cinema—films by De Sica, Rossellini and Ermanno Olmi (director of *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*). And I'm interested in the movies from the early Seventies that brought over the European sensibility. The early movies of Scorsese and Coppola proved you can stretch the possibilities of what can be done in American cinema." —LAURENCE LERMAN

YUMMY MOMMIES

They're known as MILFs—Moms I'd Like to Fuck—and this month's video release of *Eight Mile* features a perfect example. Kim Basinger as Eminem's mother? Dude, your mom is dope.

Judas Kiss (1998): Carla Gugino is best known these days as the mother in *Spy Kids* (2001), but in this noir twister she hangs on a hook in a meat locker while getting lip-serviced by Simon Baker. The result? "I can't even look at a steak now without getting wet." Mama's cooking!

The Ring (2002): Young mom Naomi Watts just wants to save her son from a supernatural home video; all we want is to make a home video with her. See also Watts' unforgettable girl-on-girl scene in *Mulholland Drive* (2001).

Witness (1985): Even widowed Amish mothers need love and affection, so Kelly McGillis is determined to give it up (along with electricity and automobiles).

Boogie Nights (1997): Julianne Moore's porn star, Amber Waves, loses her son in a custody battle but becomes a surrogate mother to Rollergirl (Heather Graham), setting up an intriguing waterbed fantasy. Rolling and waving, waving and rolling—yes, indeed.

Lolita (1997): Melanie Griffith's eagerly accommodating Charlotte Haze—mother to the most famous nymphet in the world—is only a slight improvement over the 1962 original, blowsy Shelley Winters. But we wouldn't take 1997's daughter, Dominique Swain, over 1962's Sue Lyon for anything.

Dressed to Kill (1980): Every teenage boy should have a mother as fine and randy as Angie Dickinson, who first takes a sensuous shower, has sex with her husband, talks sex with her psychiatrist and then gets picked up at a museum by a stranger for a postlunch tryst. Too bad about that elevator ride, though.

Monster's Ball (2001): Clearly the fat son was eating all the groceries. MILF Halle Berry is so utterly fine she makes even Billy Bob Thornton's racist prison guard rethink color lines.

American Beauty (1999): Yeah, she was a bloodless, money-grabbing bitch but a perky looker, and you can't beat real estate agent Annette Bening's style when it comes to closing a deal. Best line: "Fuck me, your majesty." —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Could Natalie Wood sing? Fans will find out when the new two-disc special-edition collector's set of the 1961 classic *West Side Story* (MGM, \$40) hits shelves in April. Wood's singing parts in the multiple-Oscar-winning hit were famously dubbed by Marni Nixon, with tracks enhanced by Dolby 5.1 recording in this version. But among the disc's special fea-

GUILTY PLEASURE

You may have seen Paz Vega in Pedro Almodóvar's *Talk to Her*, but there she's mostly in a coma. You owe it to yourself to see her in *Sex and Lucía*, a voluptuously sexy film from Julio Medem (Palm Pictures). Vega plays Lucía, a young waitress in Madrid.

After she loses her boyfriend, she retreats to a Mediterranean island. The fresh air, sun, glistening sea, a new man—you get the picture. The sex is remarkably candid and curiously intelligent.

—JOHN REZEK

sex and lucía



tures is Natalie's resurrected warbling—for better or worse. There's really no knocking Wood's sex goddess credentials. And while her accidental drowning in 1981 at the age of 43 made her the sick-joke punch line of the year, at least it spared her the indignity of aging in Hollywood. She enjoys mythic status, unsullied by years of lousy TV movies and dumb infomercials. How bad can her *I Feel Pretty* be? —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|-----------|---|
| DRAMA | Red Dragon (<i>Silence of the Lambs</i> prequel asks caged Hopkins to help fed Norton snag a psycho; middling man-eating), Swept Away (shipwrecked Madonna turns willing slave in hubby Guy Ritchie's Wertmüller remake; perverse fun). |
| ACTION | Knockaround Guys (next-generation wiseguys Vin Diesel and Barry Pepper lose the boss' half mil in Montana; a solid B), Below (U-boat-hunting WWII sub crew suspects unseen evil, while Lieutenant Bruce Greenwood tries to keep it real; a B+). |
| ART HOUSE | Secretary (lawyer James Spader and timid assistant Maggie Gyllenhaal stumble into S&M; oddly warm and fuzzy), Alias Betty (loony French grandmom kidnaps a replacement tyke when her daughter's boy dies; fine thriller by Claude Miller). |
| COMEDY | Punch-Drunk Love (<i>Boogie Nights</i> director Paul Thomas Anderson makes Adam Sandler sympathetic—pure surprise), Welcome to Collinwood (remake of bungled-caper classic <i>Big Deal on Madonna Street</i> gets by on goofball charm). |
| KINK | Auto Focus (director Paul Schrader explores Sixties sitcom star Bob Crane's naughty side; often inspired), Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy (the schlub-cum-schlöng-slinging star gets his money shot; often inspiring). |

TURIN BRAKES' second album, *Ether Song* (Astralwerks), is dark but full of laid-back songs. The Brakes' harmonies, the guitar interplay, the bits of keyboard and the rhythms appeal to those people who wouldn't ordinarily give singer-songwriters the time of day. —TIM MOHR



Influenced by Pink Floyd, Radiohead and Led Zeppelin, Cave In pumps out

fast tracks

MADE OUR DAY DEPARTMENT: We hear **Clint Eastwood** took in an **Other Ones** (the post-Garcia Dead) concert last winter. Percussionist **Mickey Hart's** wife is on the California State Parks Commission with him. **REELING AND ROCKING:** **Snoop Dogg** plays Huggy Bear in the movie version of *Starsky and Hutch*, starring **Ben Stiller** and **Owen Wilson**. . . . British director **Stephen Frears** is making a comedy about an **Elvis** conspiracy. . . . **Missy Elliott**, **Tweet**, **Ginuwine** and the **L.O.X.** make cameo appearances in **Jessica Alba's** movie *Honey*, co-starring **Lil' Romeo** and **Mekhi Phifer**. **NEWSBREAKS:** Detroit will be home to the new Motown

rid and Yusuke Chiba's vocals need no translation. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Two new CDs show that a rock band doesn't need a singer to get its point across. Bad Seed Warren Ellis' plaintive violin leads the Dirty Three's *She Has No Strings* **Apollo** (Touch and Go). Unabashedly emotional, *Apollo* avoids two of instrumental rock's pitfalls: coldness and tedium. One song on Kinski's *Airs Above Your Station* (Sub Pop) includes vocals, but they're spoken, not sung, and low in the mix. Kinski's music is dynamic—at times quietly ominous and at others loud and overwhelming. —ANAHEED ALANI

num), remasters the entire Soul Generation catalog and includes a CD of rare live performances. —A.A.

On CKY's résumé: accompanying ball-crushing stunts on *Jackass* and opening act for Guns n' Roses' doomed tour. *Infiltrate-Destroy-Rebuild* (Island) shows why Axl handpicked them for an antiestablishment metal assault. —A.P.

Since disbanding the Jam and the Style Council, Paul Weller has produced a string of underappreciated solo albums. *Illumination* (Yep Roc) is blue-eyed British soul at its best. —JASON BUHRMESTER



Alex Cortiz continues a fine Euro concept: the post-club CD. *Make Believe* (Swirl) is sultry late-night R&B with a powerful bass line. Perfect for turning down the lights. —L.F.

Punk badasses Unwritten Law swap metal for mellow on *Music in High Places* (Lava), recorded at Yellowstone National Park. The 11 songs are stripped down, but they still rock. —A.P.

Marching to its own beat: The Roots' innovative, self-assured CD *Phrenology* (MCA) transcends hip-hop. It's not black or white—it's an eyebrow-raising lesson in diversity. —A.P.

Don't look for any of the Smiths' schoolboy charm on Johnny Marr and the Healers' *Boomslang* (iMusic). The guitar hero has ditched the bookworm image of his former group and embraced black leather, Stooges records and a stint as vocalist. He nods to Oasis (*Down on the Corner*) and Stereophonics (*Another Day*) while developing something heavier than the Smiths' *How Soon Is Now?* ever hinted at. —J.B.

progressive rock rife with melodies and guitar theatrics on its major-label debut, *Antenna* (RCA). Keep Cave In on your radar. —ALISON PRATO



Center, on the site of its former headquarters. The interactive museum will include exhibits, dining and entertainment. . . . **Pink Floyd's** **Roger Waters** debuted the overture from his opera in London. . . . **Shaggy** wrote a book and made a CD for Scholastic's *Hip Kid Hop* series. . . . The Napster auction was called "collectibles of the future" and included **Shawn Fanning's** laptop, T-shirts and file servers, but, sad to say, no music. . . . Get your tickets now: **Metallica** and **Iron Maiden** have announced appearances at the summer Roskilde Festival in Denmark. —BARBARA NELLIS

You Are Free (Matador) by Cat Power marks Chan Marshall's return to original material after a CD of covers. And man, can she write. Most of the songs are delivered in sparse guitar settings, with occasional strings or distant piano tinkles adding the only color to her dark tunes. It's beautifully downtrodden. —T.M.

Radiohead cites Laika as an influence. Now Too Pure has issued a Laika retrospective, *Lost in Space Volume One (1993-2002)*, to bring the duo's career into focus. It's mellow electronica that has an organic feel—in part because they treat electronic devices as instruments and record the old-fashioned way instead of stringing samples on a sequencer. —T.M.

Thee Michelle Gun Elephant is big in Japan. Its latest CD, *Rodeo Tandem Beat Specter* (Alive), is as derivative as the next rock recidivist, but the band rocks like Johnny Thunders. The guitars are tor-

Like someone with a bad personality, bad funk is always seeking to impress. Good funk groups, such as Mickey and the Soul Generation, know better. Their new collection, *Iron Leg* (Cali-Tex/Quan-

ROCK METER

| | Alani | Buhrmester | Froehlich | Mohr | Prato |
|--|-------|------------|-----------|------|-------|
| Cave In <i>Antenna</i> | 3 | 7 | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| TMGE <i>Rodeo Tandem</i> | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 |
| Dirty Three <i>She Has No Strings</i> | 8 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 3 |
| Turin Brakes <i>Ether Song</i> | 4 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 5 |
| Johnny Marr <i>Boomslang</i> | 5 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 6 |

TRENT REZNOR Q&A

Doom III finds Nine Inch Nails' front man and Id Software's John Carmack paired up to create what could be the most anticipated video game in history. Just don't hold your breath—according to Id Software, the game's official release date



is "when it's done." We tracked down Reznor to ask, "Are we there yet?"

PLAYBOY: How is work on Doom III going?

REZNOR: It's difficult. Albums and movies move from point A to point B. Video games are harder because the player changes the pace. We end up spending many hours testing how the music sounds in each of the environments.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the game so far?

REZNOR: Doom III is so complex and different. It has a narrative, which has never been much of a consideration or strength for Id. John wanted to slow down the pace and



increase the immersion. I was enthused that it wasn't all action and explosions like some Schwarzenegger movie. It's creepy and filled with tension and dread.

PLAYBOY: What games have you played lately?

REZNOR: I really like Ghost Recon and the other online console stuff. And Metroid Prime stole a week of my life.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

>MUST PLAY

PlanetSide (PC). From what we've seen of military life, a sci-fi army is much more our speed. We signed on for PlanetSide, a multiplayer online game from the people behind EverQuest. Like its predecessor, PlanetSide is playable

24 hours a day. To get in the trench, you'll enlist as a soldier and align with one of three warring empires. Soldiers can band with allies, working together in roles such as sniper, driver, scout and pilot. When your posse is in place, go ahead and battle for control of entire continents, deploying thousands of players. If you survive through all this action, you'll advance in rank and earn access to new weapons and implants to customize your soldier. Got fragged anyway? Just reenlist as a new character. Only this time, sign up with a winning team, grunt.



—M.S.

Auto Modellista (PlayStation 2). Race cars from Toyota, Mitsubishi, Subaru and others across cityscapes, countrysides and dirt tracks. Dust the competition and you'll earn upgrades such as suspension, tires and turbine kits. Don't be fooled by the colorful cartoon cars—opponents are aggressive and tough. It's our new favorite racing game—especially in the online multiplayer mode. Too bad a car-sickness bag isn't included.



—MARC SALTZMAN

guessed there would be plenty of *Star Wars* video games to choose from this year. But fans are salivating over the series' first-ever role-playing game. Players create a character, choose a path (a good or evil one) and accompany a party of humans, aliens and droids across 10 huge worlds in the midst of a war between the Jedi and the Sith. All the action takes place approximately 4000 years before the events of Episode I, which is just enough space to prevent Jar Jar Binks from violating our restraining order.

—M.S.

Tron 2.0 (PC). As in the original film, the action in Tron 2.0 takes place inside a computer, where you'll take on the role of a "user" who's been digitalized and now must battle security programs and hostile viruses while hoping not to be reformatted. Use light cycles, guided missiles, throwing discs and other cool gear to conquer your hard drive. Maybe you'll get lucky and run across the porn that you just downloaded.



—ENID BURNS

Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic (Xbox and PC). Any half-assed Jedi could have

NBA Street Vol. 2 (PlayStation 2, Xbox and GameCube). Without referees to hide behind, NBA legends Dr. J and Wilt the Stilt are exposed to the full wrath of your elbow throws and body checks. Unleash special moves to burn 145 NBA stars, 25 all-time greats and six street legends on street courts ranging from Rucker Park to the Cage. Alley-oop off Larry Bird's head and keep the trash talk flowing. Just watch out for Spewell—he's got a temper.

—SCOTT STEINBERG



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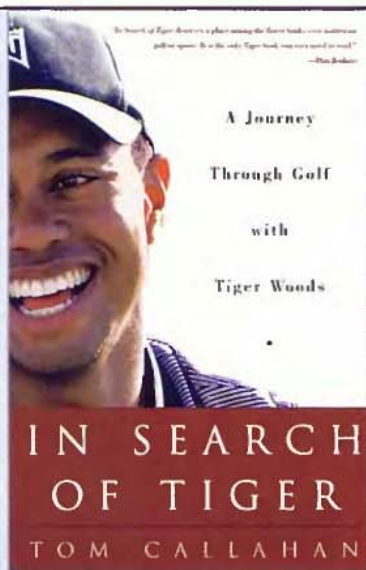
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Tom Callahan's *In Search of Tiger* (Crown) is one sportswriter's attempt to get a grip on what makes Tiger Woods swing. Under the aegis of *Golf Digest*, the author spent seven years watching the champ stroke a swath across the world's greenest links, interviewing him, his parents, his coaches and caddies and such PGA Tour heavyweights as Jack Nicklaus and David Duval. Callahan even snuck past Vietnam government censors to track Colonel Tiger Phong, Earl Woods' wartime pal for whom his son was named. The book is a kaleidoscopic view of the golf scene with Tiger at its hub, written with appropriate sarcasm and a remarkable knowledge of the game. And if Callahan's search doesn't quite break through to his subject's heavily guarded heart, it catches occasional moments when Tiger drops his smile.



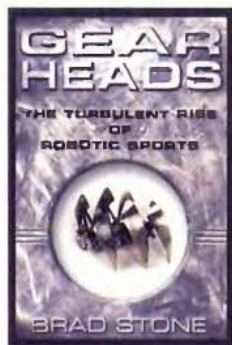
—DICK LOCHTE

Depictions of men and women masturbating adorn ancient Greek pottery. But no one talked about sexual self-gratification until a short book titled *Onania* (referring to a biblical story about a man named Onan, whom God killed after he "spilled his seed on the ground") hit London in 1712. In *Solitary Sex* (Zone), Thomas Laqueur traces masturbation theories from the time when people thought it caused hunchbacks through the age of the Internet, when it creates credit-card debt. Who would have thought reading about whacking off could be so enlightening?

—PATTY LAMBERTI

If you played Rock'em Sock'em Robots as a kid and now watch *Battlebots*, you'll dig *Gear Heads* (Simon and Schuster). This niche book chronicles the "turbulent rise of robotic sports," in which thousand-ton robots armed with military-grade weapons duke it out. Author Brad Stone, who became interested in brawling robots after watching a San Francisco Battlebots competition in 2001, talks with robot engineers about designing and fighting these ferocious machines. Although *Newsweek* correspondent Stone has covered stories as diverse as Napster and Timothy McVeigh, the robots are more fun to watch than read about.

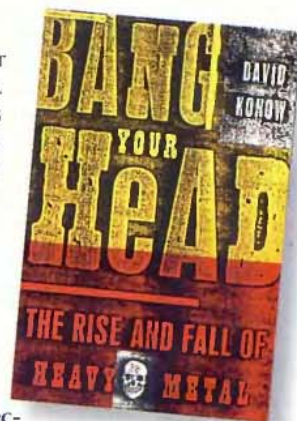
—ALISON PRATO



It became acceptable to mock heavy metal with *Beavis and Butt-head* and *Wayne's World*. After that, hardly a devil-horn salute or head-bang existed without an inherent sense of

ridicule, sending Skid Row and similar bands to the land of *Behind the Music*. Given some distance from the genre's demise, it's refreshing to read *Bang Your Head: The Rise and Fall of Heavy Metal* (Random House), David Konow's unsarcastic history of heavy metal. Konow tackles the acceptable (Metallica, Guns n' Roses, Slayer) and the absurd (Ratt, Twisted Sister, Cinderella) with the same enthusiasm. Surrounded by hairspray, spandex and a stiletto-clad Tawny Kitaen, Konow delivers an insightful and straightforward retrospective of metal—makeup and all.

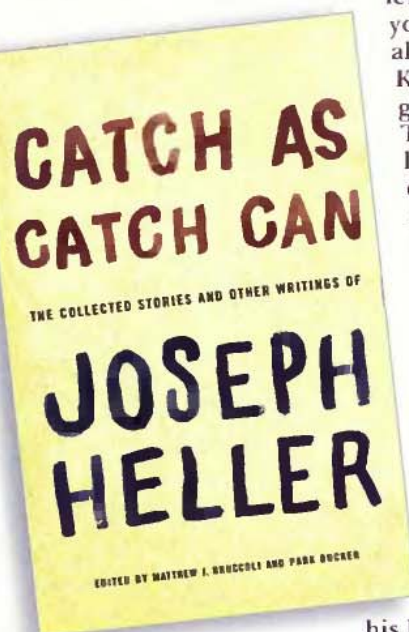
—JASON BUHRMESTER



Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* rests comfortably on the list of most important books of the 20th century. Unlike many of its companions, it actually is read. The novel changed the language with the notion that "they have a right to do anything we can't stop them from doing." Embraced by the Sixties antiwar movement, these sentiments are still relevant. Heller was one of the bright

young stars of that time, along with J.P. Donleavy, Ken Kesey, Kurt Vonnegut and Thomas Pynchon. The stories and essays collected in *Catch As Catch Can* (Simon and Schuster) show the evolution of the writer. There are some gems, including a couple of missing chapters from *Catch-22* that first appeared in *PLAYBOY* and a wonderful essay on Hollywood.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

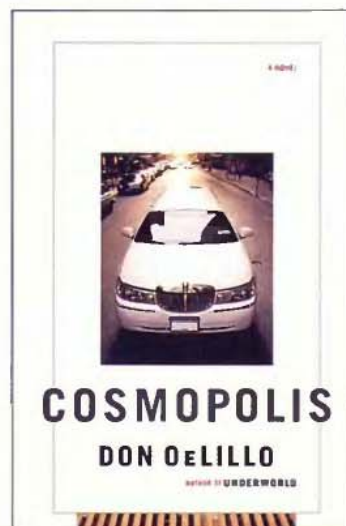


Don DeLillo made his reputation with such heavy tomes as *Underworld*. Yet some of

his best books—*Great Jones*

Street, for example—are short and sweet. At 224 pages, his latest novel falls into the latter category. *Cosmopolis* (Scribner) delineates a day in April 2000 when 28-year-old Eric Packer, a world-weary billionaire, travels crosstown to get a haircut. On the way, he listlessly pursues romance or satori in the back of his white stretch limo. But the yen moves against his wishes, and Packer's perfect world is debased. As he rides west, Helios-like, from dawn on the East River to night on the Hudson, Packer is forced back into his past. In classic DeLillo fashion, *Cosmopolis* is funny and profound at the same time, an amazing, precise portrait of a time and place. Could it have been only three years ago?

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



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THE TOP FIVE MOMENTS IN PLAYBOY VIDEO

Your car won't be around in 20 years—will your television? Stereo? Girlfriend? Playboy Home Video kicked out its first video in 1982 and is going strong—it's produced more than 300 original DVDs and videos. Here are five scenes we can't get out of our heads.

(1) **Farrah does a Picasso.** Everybody's favorite Lettermen guest reinvents herself as a paintbrush. Title: *Farrah Fawcett: All of Me*. Release date: 1997. Running time: 71 minutes. Where you should pause: 42:03.

(2) **Dian Parkinson:** The cliff is right. Few women could get you heated up about an armoire the way Dian Parkinson did on *The Price Is Right*. The veteran Barker's Beauty "comes on down" in heels for this high-altitude shoot. Title: *Playboy Celebrity Centerfold Dian Parkinson: The Price Is*

Right Sensation. Release date: 1993. Running time: 55 minutes. Where you should pause: 2:36.

(3) **Reagan daughter Patti gets ready to rumble.**

wing sensibilities by boxing in the buff. God bless America. Title: *Playboy Celebrity Centerfold Patti Davis: President Reagan's Renegade Daughter*. Release date: 1994. Running time: 50 minutes. Where you should pause: 29:30.

(4) **Joanie gets phallic.** Most guys don't mind that the wrestler formerly known as Chyna can take them down with the flick of a manicured fingernail. Here Joanie shows she can also tongue-lash a sword. And we'll say it again: God bless America. Title:

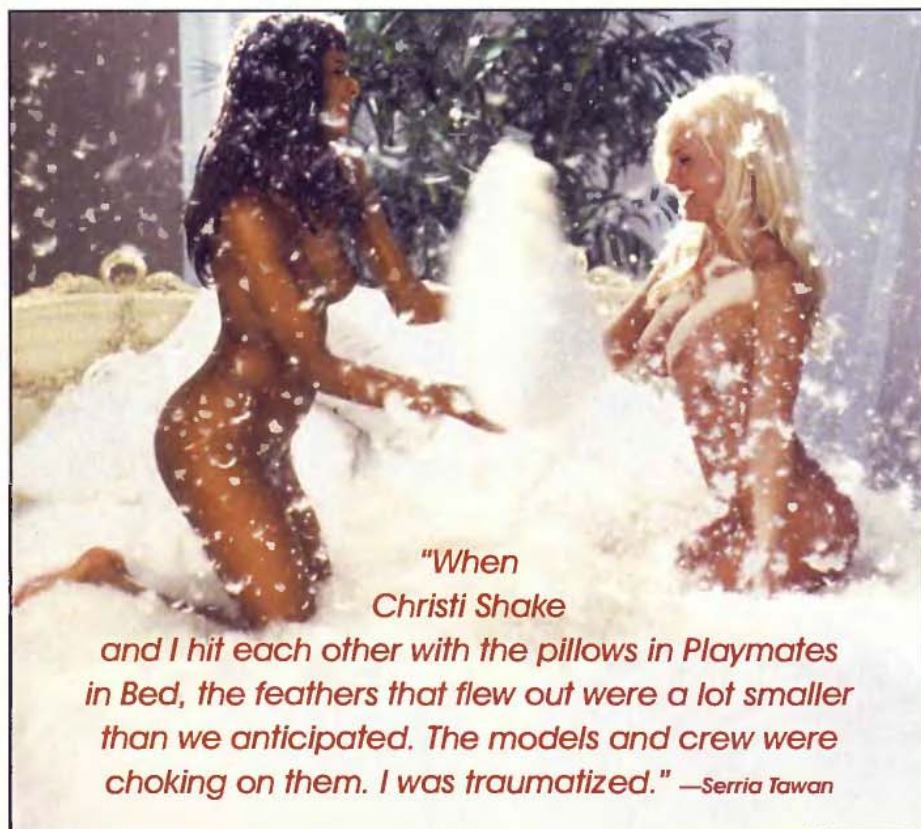
Playboy Joanie Laurer Nude: Wrestling Superstar. Release date: 2001. Running time: 50 minutes. Where you should pause: 15:44.

(5) **Girl-on-girl galore.** If you

have never been to a Mansion party, here's the deal: There's a six-to-one girl-to-guy ratio. Title: *Playboy Mansion Parties Uncensored*. Release date: 2001. Running time: 50 minutes. Where you should pause: 15:46.



Before the nation became obsessed with the drinking habits of Jenna and Barbara Bush, Patti Davis challenged parents Ronald and Nancy Reagan's right-



"When Christi Shake and I hit each other with the pillows in *Playmates in Bed*, the feathers that flew out were a lot smaller than we anticipated. The models and crew were choking on them. I was traumatized." —Serria Tawan

REJECTED PLAYBOY HOME VIDEO TITLES

Wet But Never Wild
C-List Party at the Maasion
Real Couples: Sex Twice a Month if You're Lucky
Net Wrists, Not Elbows
Cleaning the Grotto
Naughty Amateur Home Videos:
The Leas Cap Is On
Sex Court: The Right to Remain in a Custody Battle
Playmates in Labor
Anna Nicole Smith: The Fried Chicken Years
Drew Carey's Naked Scavenger Hunt
Sex Under Bad Lighting
Naked Hollywood: Nah, Forget It
Adult Stars Before the Implants
In the Bedroom With Fred Durst
Passed Out: Girls Gone Too Wild
Mansion Parties: Setting Up
My Big, Fat, Misshapoe Tits
Centerfold Drunken Karaoke



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

POWER LUNCH

healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

The inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This 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 and he was hotter than ever before. The power and sexual energy that he suddenly had was even more than when we first started making love almost 10 years ago! It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of it all – he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking, men don't have multiples. That's what I thought too, but trust me, he was and his newfound passion and vigor was such an incredible turn-on to me also, that 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. After a few days, 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 nearly 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 this 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

Tina, 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 Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a supplement that will most certainly trigger much longer and stronger orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from

a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate her own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe 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 for 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-OGOPLEX or Ogöplex.com. Ogöplex tablets are pure flower seed extract and are safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland

THE BEST HOMEWORK EVER? SHOOTING COLLEGE GIRLS NUDE

When we launched the Playboy.com college nude photography contest we weren't sure what to expect: black-and-white art school snapshots or sex-soaked 8-by-10s from the next Helmut Newton. The hundreds of entries we received included all styles, as well as a few surprises that mysteriously disappeared from the office (anyone willing to fess up?). Look at the five standouts pictured here, then go to Playboy.com's On Campus section to see other entries and the winner.

(1) Now that's a Band-Aid. Photographer Lisa Pelletier, a sophomore at the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston, heard about our contest from her neighbors, a bunch of horny guys. "The ad was geared toward boys, but I was like, 'I can do this,'" she says. "Thankfully, my friend Melissa was excited to pose. I took the photos at my parents' house. My mom was having a party for my brother's football team, so there were a lot of people around. My neighbor was mowing his lawn, so he got to see everything we shot outside." Why the drums? "I've been taking promotional pictures for rock bands," she says. "We used my brother's drum kit, and I have to admit, he was kind of upset."



(2) Model turned photog. Penny Drake appeared in the October 2002 *Girls of the Big 12* issue, but for this project, the recent University of Texas grad got behind the camera. "I'm a photojournalist, so shooting is natural for me," she says. "That's what I like to do. I've been modeling since I was 19, but models come and go. Photographers can work at any age. Johanna had never modeled, but she wasn't nervous. My husband was on the set, but I told her, 'Don't worry, he's not into boobies.'"

(3) Most school spirit. Emily Stoll, a student at Ringling School of Art and Design in Florida, conjured up this image. "The model is my best friend, Michelle," she says. "She's modeled before, but she has never modeled nude. She trusts me, though. It wasn't your typical 18-year-old-boy-with-a-camera scenario. Michelle and I like to dress up in sexy outfits and go to goth dance clubs. S&M and fantasy

come naturally to us. We thought it would be funny to write Big Tex above her butt. It's the name of a huge parade in Texas."



(4) The Why Didn't Chicks Look Like This When We Were in School? Award. The essentials for a flawless nude photo shoot? "Miles Davis and a couple of

Coronas," says Art Institute of Colorado student and aspiring fashion photographer Adam Diaz. "She kept her bottoms on because I wanted her to feel comfortable and look sexy at the same time. In some of the photos she was overlooking the city, and while we were shooting, people were still working in the building next door. For them, working late definitely paid off."

(5) Sleeping Beauty. "Shooting a girl naked is kind of overwhelming at first," says Ryan Kelly, a student at New York's School of Visual Arts. Lucky for him, model Kelly Kole is comfortable in the buff—she ap-



peared on our December 2002 *Grapevine* page. "When I was a senior in high school, we were asked about our career goals for the next two years," he says. "Mine were to be a photographer and shoot for *Vogue* and *PLAYBOY*. This is crazy. I have to call my teachers and tell them to buy the issue."

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

HEATHER MCQUAID. Birth date: March 13, 1974. In her own words: "I'm low maintenance and loyal to my friends and family. These past few years, I've come into my own and learned to embrace my flaws. I'm an entrepreneur, so wish me luck." Career ambition: to open a furniture boutique. Most memorable modeling gig: "A week on South Padre Island. It was a nonstop party that gave me time to get to know the crew and the other models." Favorite TV shows: *Sex and the City*, *Frasier*. In her CD player: Lauryn Hill. What makes a woman sexy? "Being at peace with herself." Ideal romantic evening: "Snuggling under a blanket, with takeout and good wine."





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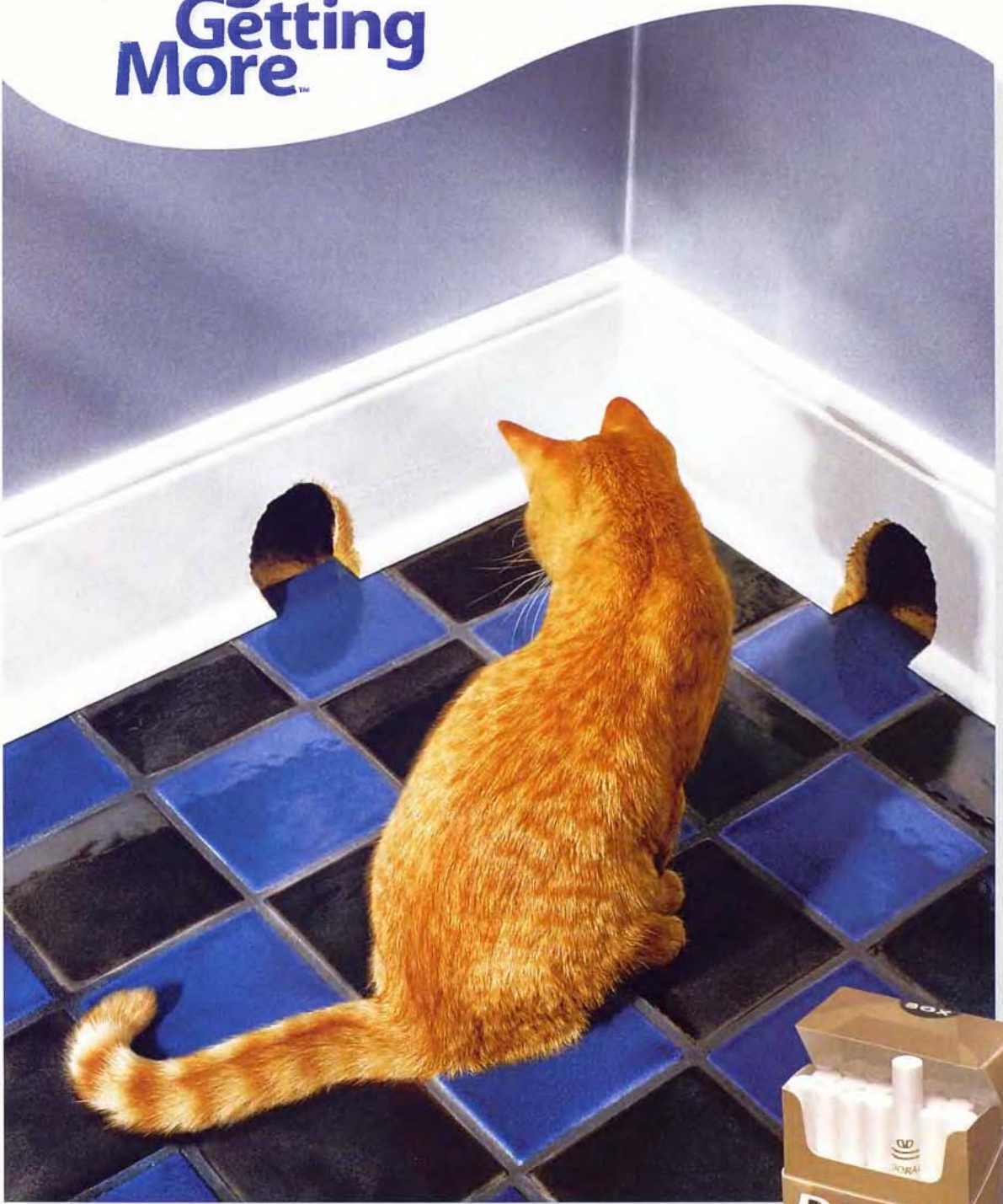
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HOW TO JUGGLE THREE BALLS

- ① **PRACTICE THROWING ONE BALL IN AN EYE-LEVEL ARC SO THAT IT LANDS IN THE OTHER HAND. KEEP HANDS DOWN WHEN CATCHING. DON'T REACH FOR THE BALL.**

- ② **START WITH TWO BALLS IN ONE HAND, AND ONE IN THE OTHER.**

- ③ **TOSS ONE OF THE TWO BALLS IN AN EYE-LEVEL ARC SO THAT IT LANDS IN YOUR OTHER HAND.**

- ④ **WHEN FIRST BALL REACHES ITS PEAK, TOSS BALL IN YOUR OTHER HAND IN A SIMILAR ARC. WHEN SECOND BALL REACHES ITS PEAK, THIRD BALL GOES UP. REPEAT.**


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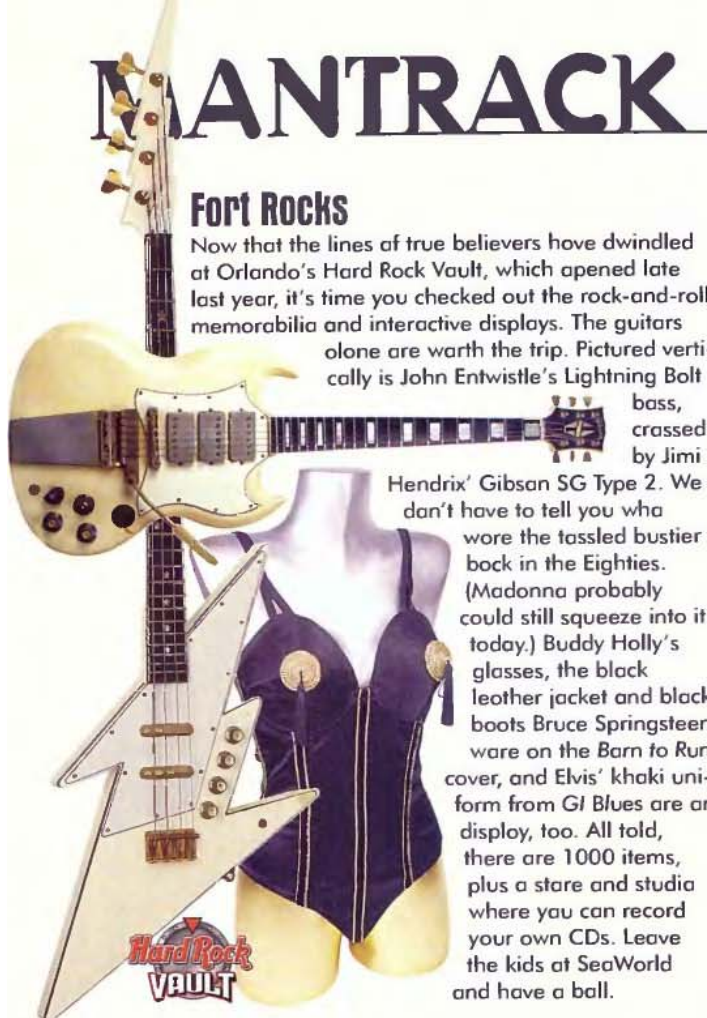
MANTRACK

Fort Rocks

Now that the lines of true believers have dwindled at Orlando's Hard Rock Vault, which opened late last year, it's time you checked out the rock-and-roll memorabilia and interactive displays. The guitars alone are worth the trip. Pictured vertically is John Entwistle's Lightning Bolt

bass, cradled by Jimi

Hendrix' Gibson SG Type 2. We don't have to tell you who wore the tassled bustier back in the Eighties. (Madonna probably could still squeeze into it today.) Buddy Holly's glasses, the black leather jacket and black boots Bruce Springsteen wore on the Barn to Run cover, and Elvis' khaki uniform from *GI Blues* are an display, too. All told, there are 1000 items, plus a store and studio where you can record your own CDs. Leave the kids at SeaWorld and have a ball.



Clothesline: Dorian Missick

Dorian Missick, who appeared in *Two Weeks Notice* opposite Hugh Grant and Sandra Bullock, says his dress style is "college street." "I don't thug out, but I'm not Wall Street, either. Russell Simmons and Puffy have clothes for this look in the affordable range. I'd love to own Armani and Versace suits but can't swing them just yet. I wear the more expensive Timberland boots that come with a little bit of suede, but my big indulgence is Nike Air Force One sneakers. I have 14 pairs in different colors. There's a place in Brooklyn—the Fulton Mall on Fulton and Jay Streets—where I can get them on sale for \$45. I also get my Kangol caps there. I have about a dozen of them."



Home on the Range

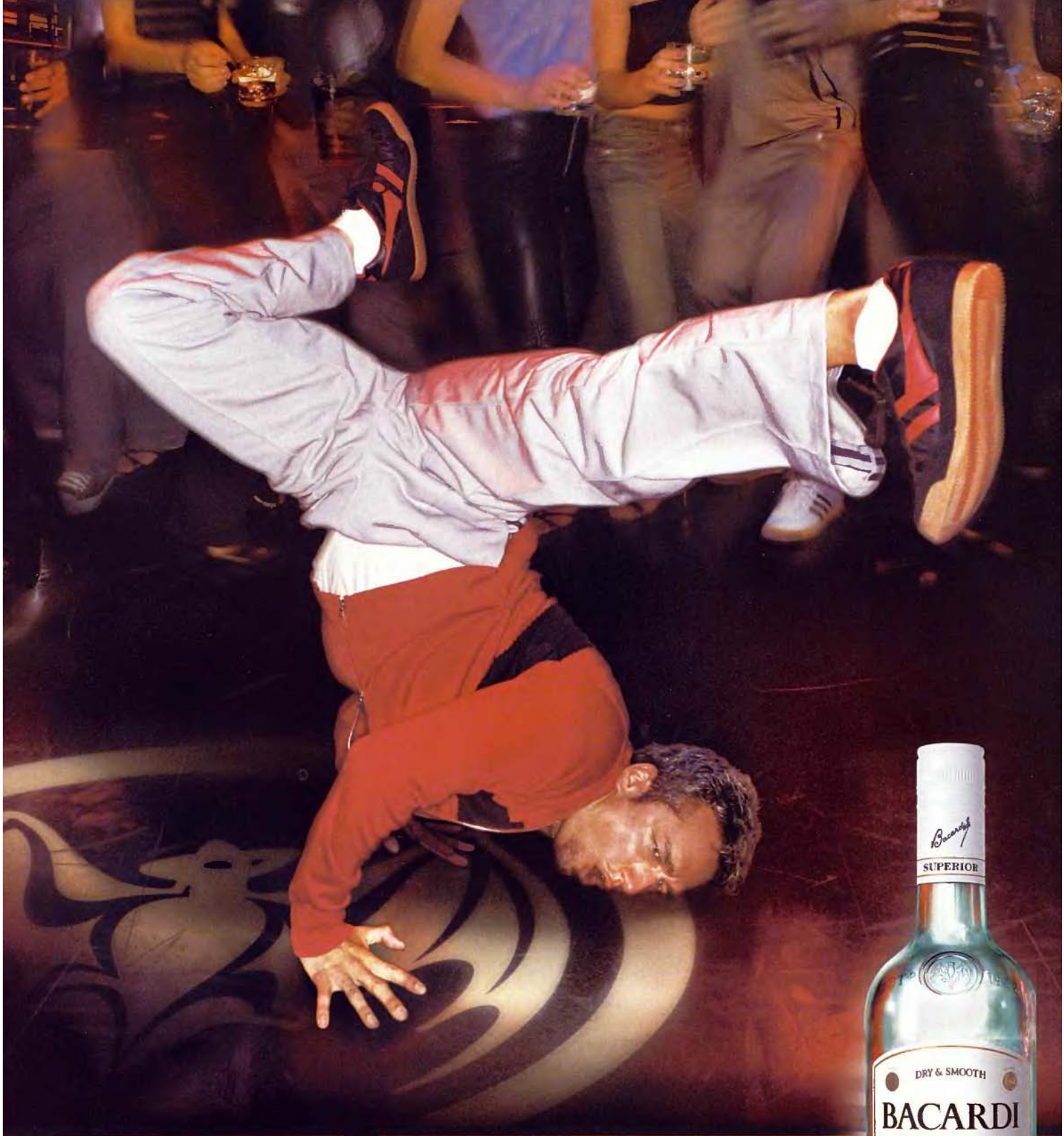
Lamb loin stuffed with almonds, dates, goat cheese and mint? It sounds like you'd need a degree from the Culinary Institute and a Wolf stove to prepare. But the cooking time is less than half an hour. That's the secret of Matthew Kenney's *Big City Cooking*, a Chronicle softcover with imaginative yet simple "recipes for a fast-paced world" specifically aimed at busy urbanites. Kenney, a New Yorker, owns five restaurants in the Big Apple, so he's had lots of practice. Price: \$24.95.



The Perfect Time...

To snare bargain airline tickets: Midweek, after midnight, in the time zone where the airline is headquartered. That's when seats that have been reserved but not bought revert to unsold status in most airlines' reservations systems. If you miss a midnight deadline, call the reservation line in a major city in an earlier time zone—not the 800 number—and you can sneak in under the wire. Shop for heavily discounted tickets midweek, which is prime time for fare wars. Prices tend to be higher on weekends. • To file your federal income tax return: Anytime before April 15. The conventional wisdom is that you won't get audited if you file at the deadline or get an extension. Bunk, says Julian Block, a tax attorney and former IRS agent. The wheels turn so slowly at the IRS that the audit train will still be at the station even if your return arrives very late.





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The Playboy Advisor

Abuddy and I are planning a trip to Europe this summer and wonder if you could tell us the best places to meet women. We've heard suggestions of Aarhus, Denmark (because of its Scandinavian blondes who speak English), the Greek Isles (where those same blondes travel to party) and the south of France.—G.T., San Francisco, California

When do we leave? The best places to meet women in Europe are the places you meet them here—in bars, on beaches and walking around. Gene Openshaw, who has written several guidebooks with Rick Steves that are popular with college students, suggests these spots: (1) Lonely models get their ice-cream cones in Paris at Berthillon on the western tip of the Ile St. Louis. (2) The most intimate youth hostel is in Switzerland's Gimmelwald, where the thin alpine air makes everybody giddy. (3) Learn to sing Ich Liebe Dich in one of Munich's rowdy beer halls with packs of Japanese girls (you'll never get just one alone). (4) The Blue Marlin Bar and surrounding area in Vernazza, Cinque Terre, Italy, attracts mobs of young people. (5) The island of Ios has more singles bars per square mile than anywhere in Greece. You can also visit the Romance on the Road board at ricksteves.com/graffiti/graffiti112.html. One traveler there says he and a buddy did well in Dublin, Madrid and Amsterdam.

Recently, the Advisor wrote that "the fear of being alone is not a reason to get married." What are other reasons a guy shouldn't get hitched?—L.K., Los Angeles, California

*If you ever find yourself thinking, Maybe things will get better after we're married, step away from the edge. Marriage counselor Jeffrey Larson reviewed social research from the past 65 years to develop a detailed questionnaire that helps couples decide if they'll be happy. You'll find it in his book *Should We Stay Together?* Larson includes marriage myths (e.g., "you're my one and only" and "opposites attract") and ways to tell if getting hitched may not be the best idea, such as (1) Your fiancée asks relentlessly, "Are you sure that you love me?" (2) She says she's OK with your interests but also says you spend too much time on them. (3) When you consider breaking up, your first thought is that you'll miss the sex. (4) You are irritated by the idea of spending an entire day alone with her. (5) She's an addict. (6) She's a perfectionist. (7) You break up and reconcile repeatedly. (8) You're depressed (you'll be a depressed married person). (9) You think marriage will make you a better man.*

Once you make the leap, what are some reasons a guy should stay married?—B.J., Omaha, Nebraska



That's a tougher question. Many people stay together longer than they should. But just as getting married won't make you happy, getting divorced may not either. One study of 1400 families found that 40 percent of the spouses who divorced found new partners but reported the same problems. Another study focused on 645 adults who said they were unhappily married. Five years later, two thirds of those who stuck it out reported being content. Among those who divorced, only half said they were happy (a notable exception was people who had been in violent or abusive relationships). So while 50 percent of marriages end in divorce, it could be said that 50 percent of divorces fail also.

Lately it seems the Advisor just publishes letters from readers with questions such as "What's the best wine to serve with fish?" or "Do I need a subwoofer?" Unless you can get off on a subwoofer, who cares? Only people who aren't getting laid care about cars, wine and subwoofers. Let's hear about a technique for blowing my man, or a new position!—C.P., Pearce, Utah

*Have we been spending too much time in the den? Forgive us. Here's a blow job method courtesy of Lou Paget, author of *How to Be a Great Lover: Form a seal and ring with your hand, as if you were shouting to someone. As you blow your man, move your head up and down (or backward and forward) while gently twisting your hand around the shaft. Keep your tongue in constant motion. When you need a break, lick his erection from his balls to the tip of his cock, then "mind the stepchildren" by taking his balls into your mouth. Make sure you look him in the eye once in a while, and let your free**

hand roam over his body. If you need a new position, sit nude on your boyfriend's subwoofer, spread your legs and have him crank a Sousa march before he slides inside you. It's almost as much fun as the drier.

Years ago I suspected a girlfriend was cheating on me. Although she denied it, I installed monitoring tools on our computer to capture her instant messages and e-mails. I was amazed at how convincing her lies had been. Since then I have monitored other women I've dated, either by shoulder surfing to get their e-mail passwords or by installing software. Anytime I suspect deceit, I obtain the truth. Perhaps this isn't ethical, but it has saved me a lot of time and heartache. I don't want these tools to ruin my integrity as a boyfriend or spoil my ability to trust a good-natured woman. But it's hard to establish that trust when you have seen firsthand how two-faced some people can be. What does the Advisor think?—N.E., Detroit, Michigan

We think that, much like John Ashcroft, the spying is getting you off. When you love a woman as much as you love the technology, maybe she'll be loyal to you.

This past November you told a reader who asked about penis enlargement pills not to waste his money. Are you saying there is no hope for small guys like me to increase their size?—H.M., West Bloomfield, Michigan

We say this once a year, but it never seems to sink in: There's no method to increase the size of your cock outside of surgery, and even that will increase your length only when flaccid. The good news is, you're probably not as small as you think. The average erection is four to six inches.

A reader who said that he didn't like to dance wrote to complain that his girlfriend bumps and grinds with other guys. You suggested he enjoy the show. You should have told him to get off his ass. If a woman can learn to give great head because her man likes it, her man can dance because she likes it. The adage that anyone can dance doesn't mean everyone will look good doing it. You're not Casanova, either. Does that stop you from approaching women?—D.K., Columbus, Ohio

Point taken. We should have pushed him out there.

When I feel tired at work, I close my door, take a 15-minute nap and awake feeling recharged. How is it possible to be able to rejuvenate my system so quickly? Why don't I feel that alert when I

wake up in the morning?—R.C., Wallkill, New York

Because you need more sleep. Most adults require at least eight hours each night (excluding the two hours you have sex) and a regular schedule (same time to bed, same time to wake, including weekends). People who can't manage that nod off when their body temperature dips about eight hours after they get up, typically between three P.M. and five P.M. That's why half the world takes a siesta. It's best to get enough sleep at night, but if you don't, take a 20-minute power nap. If you have a cubicle, use the trick we learned from Dilbert: Put your forehead on the desk and a pencil on the floor. If someone wakes you, pick up the pencil.

Do fuel additives do any good?—M.M., Santa Barbara, California

Sure. Although today's cars are better at keeping the fuel injectors clean, the detergents added by law to gas still help. In fact, these additives are the only thing that distinguish one brand of gas from another. Lately, some oil companies have drastically reduced the amount of detergents in their products, both to save money and supposedly because modern fuel injectors can handle it. That may be true, but some mechanics report increased carbon build-up in other parts of the engine, which affects gas mileage and power (carbon problems are often misidentified as a slipped timing belt or bent valve). Our mechanic suggests using an additive such as Redline SI-1 with each fill-up.

My girlfriend and I have been dating for seven months. Two months ago I moved 200 miles to start a four-year graduate program. She told me she would not follow me unless we were engaged. Now she doesn't want to have sex again until we're married. She says she has feelings of guilt related to her faith. I have a problem with going from an active sex life to none at all, but I love her and want to make it work. Should I agree to her wishes and spend the next four years masturbating, or should we discuss an alternative? Help!—J.B., Des Moines, Iowa

What alternative? Love is nice, but love is freedom and joy, not constraint. Everything is moving the wrong way in this one: (1) Feeling guilty about sex is not a quality you want in a partner. (2) You don't know this woman well enough to make a decision about marriage. (3) Most long-distance affairs don't go the distance. (4) Four years is too long to be engaged, even if you are having sex. (5) You're dating a born-again virgin. How fucked-up is that?

You responded to a reader's dating question with the line, "Personal ads attract mostly misfits and cheaters." That's a gross exaggeration based solely on author Rochelle Morton's disappointing experiences in placing a singles ad. When I started responding to ads after my mar-

riage ended, I was really surprised by the number of young divorced women who were searching for companionship. I didn't meet a single creep, misfit or cheater. When I placed an ad, I had seven responses within hours. I stopped at number three, and we married two years later. Ads work if you know what you want.—J.D., Mount Vernon, Virginia

The lesson of Morton's experience is to be specific. She used the phrase "fun times" in her ad, which most guys took as code for casual sex. That and her "delete-delete-meet" selection process (to ensure a random sample) may explain the high number of misfits.

My girlfriend and I started dating three years ago, when I was 19. I considered proposing but had reservations because I hadn't dated anyone else. I didn't want to cheat down the road, so I broke up with her to date more. After some soul-searching (brought on by her having met someone else), I decided she's the one. I told her I wanted her back, but she says she's still angry with me. We've talked only by e-mail; she won't let me call her. What should I do?—R.B., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Stop writing to her. Before you'll ever get your ex back, she has to miss you. You're pining because she hooked up before you did. You have a good plan, now follow through.

My wife and I have decided to try swinging. What should we expect on a first meeting with another couple?—A.M., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Don't expect anything. That way, you won't be disappointed. In most cases it takes at least two dates before couples are comfortable enough with one another to have sex. (In other cases, it takes two minutes.) In the event that you or your wife aren't interested in a swap, work out a subtle signal to alert each other. One couple we know both turn over a spoon at dinner.

While answering a question about hiring escorts, you said a guy should expect to pay \$400 per hour at Nevada brothels. If you do, you're being conned. In my experience, most Nevada brothels charge \$100 to \$200 for a straight lay. You pick your girl, go to her room, wait while she inspects you for disease and listen while she explains the rules (no kissing on the lips and don't mess up her hair). The experience is pretty sterile. If you're suspicious of an escort, ask to kiss her tit before you discuss money. If it's a cop, she'll refuse because she has to testify at your trial.—A.M., Orlando, Florida

Thanks for the tip. Everything is negotiable, but \$200 to \$500 per hour seems to be the going rate in Nevada, about the cost of three dates in the real world. Check out NVBrothels.com for lots of discussion.

Invented a way to please myself and my wife at the end of a long day when one or

both of us isn't in the mood to make love. My wife lies on her stomach and I position myself so I can cradle my erection between her butt cheeks, pointed toward her head. As I grind myself to orgasm, I massage her back. We call it back-rub sex. Have you ever heard of this? Does it have an official name?—B.C., Duluth, Minnesota

An official name? Like, from a committee? The scientific name is probably related to coitus interfermoris, which is the act of rubbing yourself to orgasm between a woman's thighs or against her perineum. It also could be related to coitus à mammilla (having sex with her breasts), axillism (armpit) or genu-phallation (arousal from fondling, kissing or licking the ass). Like an astronomer who discovers a new star, this position may be yours to christen. May we suggest coitus à gluteus?

Id like to make my boyfriend scream during sex. I get low growls and the occasional "Oh, yeah," but I want him to yell stuff like "Yeah, baby!" or "Faster!" In the six years that we've been together I've never heard him scream. He says he's always been that way and that I shouldn't worry. What can I do better?—J.L., Seattle, Washington

It's not you. Few people outside porn are screamers, though they always seem to live next door. The only reliable way to make a guy yell in bed is to grab his balls and pull. The best you can do otherwise is provide pleasant surprises—finger his ass while you blow him, lick his ass while you stroke him, do your Kegel exercises and squeeze his erection like a pump. He'll probably just moan louder, but he'll owe us a big favor.

I recently turned 20 and have been having wet dreams. I thought that happened only in puberty. I don't want to go to a doctor to have him tell me I'm normal. Can you help?—J.M., Phoenix, Arizona

You're normal.

One of my husband's testicles hangs lower than the other. Is that unusual?—S.B., Richmond, Virginia

He's normal.

Whenver I lick my girlfriend's pussy, her face turns red. Should we worry?—J.L., New York, New York

She's normal.

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.



SAFETY THUGS

the just-say-no crowd strikes again

There is nothing like a dead child to motivate people—and to rally the paranoid, the pious and the pushy. The latest alert comes by way of a consortium of environmental and consumer groups that last fall issued a report called *All-Terrain Vehicle Safety Crisis: America's Children at Risk*.

"At first glance, all-terrain vehicles may seem harmless enough, given their big tires, apparently wide stance, four-wheel drive and cushy seat," the report begins. "Appearances are deceiving. These vehicles are built and marketed for speed, with many ATVs capable of traveling up to 75 miles per hour. They injure, maim or kill more than 110,000 Americans every year, and the real tragedy is that children younger than 16 years old pay the heaviest price. For nearly a decade, the toll on children has been climbing dramatically, while the off-road-vehicle industry has aggressively marketed bigger, faster and more dangerous ATVs."

The report, which calls on states to prohibit anyone under the age of 16 from driving an ATV, is a classic example of the activist phenomenon known as reefer madness: Exaggerate, then regulate. To make their case, the groups shade statistics or, in this case, soak them in blood. Take the statement that ATVs injure, maim or kill more than 110,000 Americans each year. The figure, based on hospital reports, lumps together lethal and nonlethal, finger cuts and funerals, so the number will have more impact.

The report notes that "between 1993 and 2001, the number of injuries caused by ATV-related accidents more than doubled, to 111,700 per year, resulting in a \$6.5 billion tab for medical, legal and loss-of-work costs. Of those injured, 34,800 were under the age of 16."

What those numbers don't tell you is that in the same period, the number of ATVs approximately tripled. So actually, the injury rate has gone down. Furthermore, the accident rate

among kids is almost identical to that of riders between the ages of 16 and 34. But a report trumpeting ATVs as "safer than ever" wouldn't have produced headlines.

The report includes more shocking numbers: Between the years 1982 and 2001, at least 4541 people died in ATV accidents. Bar graphs show a leap in deaths, from 211 in 1993 to 547 in 2000 (the most recent figures available). As with previous numbers, the totals are based on hospital reports. But a footnote explains that, in

about 900 people a year; 200 of the fatalities are children. Bikes and ATVs produce similar body counts among children. But instead of banning bicycling, states passed helmet laws, which significantly reduced fatalities.

The groups that issued the report see such statistics as justification for a ban. But there is an obvious lesson here about taking risks: Teach your children well. Give them ATVs suitable for their age, size and coordination. Instruct them or enroll them in rider education classes. Make them wear protective equipment. All of these ideas are pushed by the ATV industry. Machines have prominent warning labels and age recommendations (12 and under should ride vehicles with 70-cubic-centimeter engines; those under 16 should ride 90cc mounts). The ATV Safety Institute conducts classes around the country.

(Full disclosure: This writer prefers motorcycles to cars and has allowed his two kids to ride as passengers on cycles and snowmobiles. His son's remark, "Go louder, Dad," suggests that a taste for internal combustion engines is genetic. Both kids have ridden ATVs. They first touched a throttle at a class in Montana—two days of learning basic skills in a corral, before embarking on a ride into the alpine meadows above the Gallatin River—as part of a safety training video being made for an industry group. They looked great.)

Seventy percent of the 15 million Americans who ride ATVs do so as a family activity. Set age limits and you slam the brakes on all-terrain sales. That seems to be the idea: Motorcycle journalist Brian Neale suggests that at least two of the groups behind the report—the Bluewater Network and the Natural Trails and Waters Coalition—have an agenda besides ATV safety. Both want to limit access to public lands by motorized vehicles. That is a good idea in some areas. But whether you're a religious zealot or an environmental one, "Save the children" is a lazy and dishonest way to make your case.



AMANDA DUFFY

1999, emergency rooms changed the way they tally injuries, which accounts for the jump.

About 40 percent of the ATV fatalities involved riders 16 or younger. The report touches on some possible causes: Ninety-five percent of the youngest victims were riding adult-size ATVs, 96 percent had no training and few were wearing helmets.

To give the figures perspective, consider that bicycle accidents send more than 500,000 people to emergency rooms each year. Sixty percent of them are kids. Bike crashes kill

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Constables Gary Featherstone and Phil Williams stroll down Electric Avenue in Brixton past teeming markets of fishmongers and produce stands, discount stores and drug dealers. Stereo speakers in open doorways blast out hip-hop and reggae, providing a soundtrack for the officers as they make their rounds in this largely working-class Caribbean neighborhood in the Lambeth borough of south London. Kids working as scouts run ahead to warn the dealers hanging out in front of the Kentucky Fried Chicken on the corner. With their white skin and trademark domed helmets, Williams and Featherstone are not expecting to surprise anybody. They are simply making their presence felt.

The mild-mannered pair raid two or three crack houses a week but are more inclined to give street sermons. Williams likes mentioning to crack users that what they are smoking has likely been through someone's system already (dealers keep their contraband in plastic in their mouths so they can swallow it if searched). In an alley, Featherstone spies spent needles on the ground. He laments that the heroin addicts didn't use the nearby trash cans.

For more than a year the officers have virtually ignored casual pot smokers. At worst, they issue verbal warnings and confiscate the dope. Since the summer of 2001, the Lambeth borough has been engaged in a controversial experiment: Police no longer arrest people for possessing a small amount of grass.

That's just fine with Williams. "I've never seen someone go berserk on cannabis," he says.

Brian Paddick, the former commander of Lambeth who initiated the non-arrest experiment, has a similar view unbiased by years of U.S. antidrug propaganda. He told a parliamentary committee: "There is a whole range of people who buy drugs—not just cannabis but also cocaine and ecstasy—with money they earn legitimately. They use a small amount of these drugs, a lot of them just on weekends. It has no adverse effect either in terms of the people they socialize with or the wider community. They return to their jobs

on Monday morning and are unaffected for the rest of the week."

The revised priorities reflect a harsh reality. The Brixton area had the highest street-crime rate in the country, and the force was already running 100 men short. A single arrest for marijuana possession took at least three hours of an officer's time in processing and paperwork; prosecution devoured close

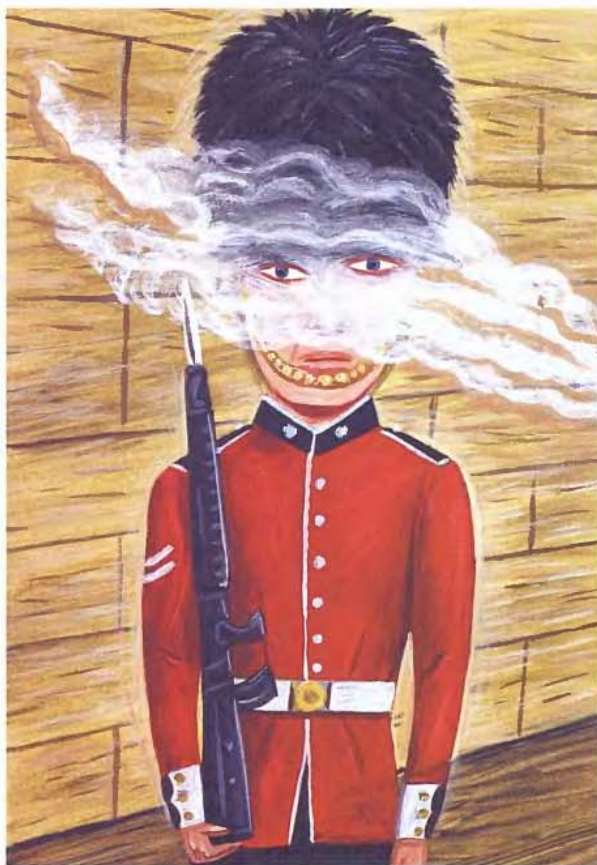
an old-world experiment in common sense

cutting Bill Clinton at his impeachment trial, blamed the Brixton police department's decision to not bust marijuana users as contributing to the neighborhood's hard-drug problems. Marijuana is "a gateway to the world of illegal drug abuse," Hutchinson says.

Despite Hutchinson's claims that the Brixton experiment has led to more drug use and crime, policing has, in fact, improved. According to a September 2002 assessment of the Lambeth Cannabis Pilot Warning Scheme by the Metropolitan Police Authority, the program has been a success. While the police stopped more than twice as many people for smoking weed, they only issued warnings. That saved thousands of hours of manpower that officers devoted to pursuing narcotics dealers. Police activity related to "Class A" trafficking increased 19 percent from 2000 to 2001, compared with a three percent decrease in the neighboring boroughs. Lambeth officials also reported a decrease in street crime, although the fact that the police department had recently put more officers on patrol played a role.

The movement to ease up on pot gained momentum on the national level three years ago when Home Secretary David Blunkett announced his intention to remove cannabis as a policing priority. He was backed by a select parliamentary committee, which concluded that while millions of people use drugs, "most of those people do not appear to experience harm from their drug use, nor do they cause harm to others as a result of their habit. We believe that drugs policy should primarily deal with the 250,000 problematic drug users rather than the large number whose drug use poses no serious threat either to their own well-being or to that of others." The proposed reforms will come to a vote this summer, and are widely expected to pass. A likely caveat is that police will be able to arrest pot smokers if there are aggravating circumstances or if children are involved.

An opposition call for zero tolerance



SUSAN SYMANSKI

to \$14,000 of public money. Although violators faced up to five years in prison, most paid fines.

The logjam created by enforcing marijuana laws was not limited to south London. Sixty-five percent of drug-related arrests in Britain in 2000 were for possession of marijuana. The new policy was unassailably rational.

While the Brixton experiment was seen as a resounding success, it was not enough to convince U.S. drug warriors. When Asa Hutchinson, head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, toured Lambeth streets in the summer of 2002, he saw a scene of depravity. Hutchinson, a former Arkansas congressman who made his name prose-

SMOKIN'

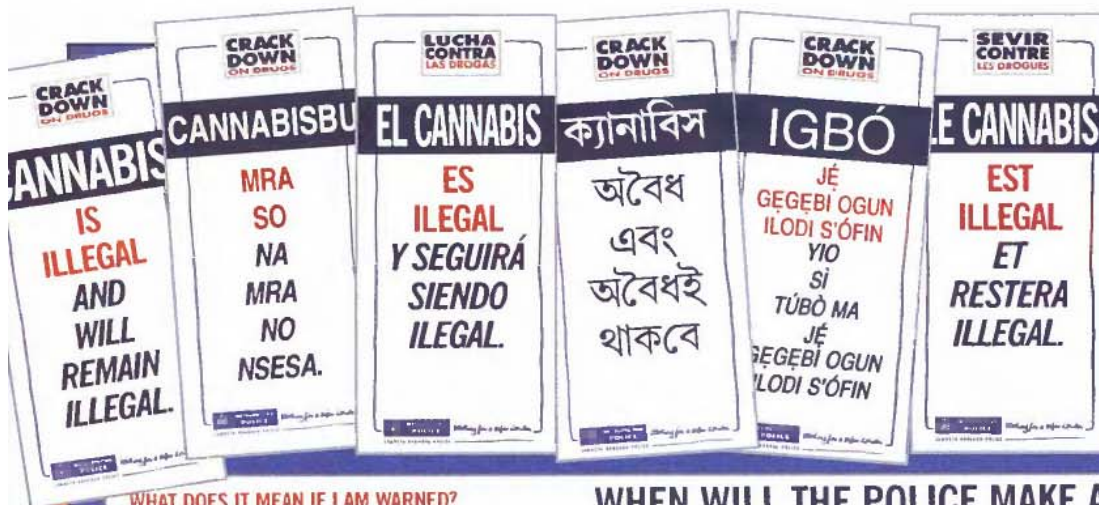
By SAM LOEWENBERG

went up in smoke when seven top Tories admitted publicly that they had smoked reefer. And another prominent Conservative, Peter Lilley, suggested that while he had never been a pot smoker, he felt it should be legalized and regulated much like alcohol and cigarettes are. Others who took up

the cause included the former chief of Scotland Yard's narcotics unit, the former chief inspector of prisons and the former ambassador to Colombia. The press called for change, too: One editor, Rosie Boycott of the *Independent*, earned the nickname Rizla for her efforts, after the brand of rolling paper.

Asa Hutchinson acknowledges nei-

ther the grassroots actions of the police nor the clearheadedness of British politicians. Instead, he defends the millions of dollars that the DEA wastes each year on pursuing marijuana smokers. As the English are fond of noting, the Puritans who founded the New World—and whose repressive attitude toward intoxicants still influences American drug laws—have been tossed off the island.



What would decriminalization look like? These artifacts suggest that change can be straightforward. London officials distributed these pamphlets in several languages, explaining the details of the new policy to the citizens of Lambeth. Why not here?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN IF I AM WARNED?

The officer will take your name, address and date of birth and this will be kept as a local record. You will not have to go to a police station. You will not have a criminal record.

If you have already been warned and are caught with cannabis a second or third time, the officer is likely to arrest you.

CAN THE POLICE TAKE MY CANNABIS?

YES.

They will confiscate it. You will be asked to sign a sealed bag to confirm it has been taken from you.

DO I HAVE TO GIVE MY PERSONAL DETAILS?

YES.

And, if the police officer believes you are lying, you may be arrested.

WHEN WILL THE POLICE MAKE AN ARREST FOR PERSONAL POSSESSION OF CANNABIS?

IF THE OFFICER FEARS DISORDER

An example would be if there is a complaint from local residents of public disorder occurring because cannabis is being used in their neighbourhood.

IF YOU ARE OPENLY SMOKING CANNABIS IN A PUBLIC PLACE

For example: if a person blows cannabis smoke in the face of an officer, or is smoking cannabis while driving, or is openly smoking or displaying cannabis in public or on licensed premises or places of public entertainment or cafes etc.

IF YOU ARE 17 OR UNDER AND IN POSSESSION OF CANNABIS

Also, because of the importance of protecting children, the police are likely to arrest anyone in possession of cannabis if they are in or near schools, youth clubs, play areas etc.

NEW RULES APPLY IN LAMBETH **AUGUST 1ST**

If you require this leaflet in another language, please call 020 7230 3644.

THREAT OR PUT-ON?

Last year the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Pentagon announced a \$200 million program to fight terrorism. It would create a "new intelligence infrastructure and new information technology aimed at exposing terrorists and their activities and support systems," and develop "ultralarge all-source information repositories" and "a virtual centralized grand database." What Darpa wants is "an extremely large, omnimedia, virtually centralized and semantically rich information repository that is not constrained by today's limited commercial database products." Or, as Dave Barry might say, "a REALLY BIG COMPUTER." The goal: total information awareness. What's more, Admiral John Poindexter, of the Iran-contra scandal, would orchestrate the new system. Poindexter, alias Dr. Evil, is the nation's most notorious scofflaw. Think the Dirty Dozen gone digital.

Not surprisingly, civil libertarians went bat-shit.

Journalists pondered what could be of interest to the government, listing the stuff that might go into a super-database. High school yearbook photos. Internet searches. Driver's license and bridge toll records. Judicial and divorce records. Complaints to the FBI from pain-in-the-ass neighbors. The list of videos you ordered from Adult DVD Empire, the copy of *The Anarchist Cookbook* you bought from Amazon.com as a joke. It was as though the government had just discovered Google.com.

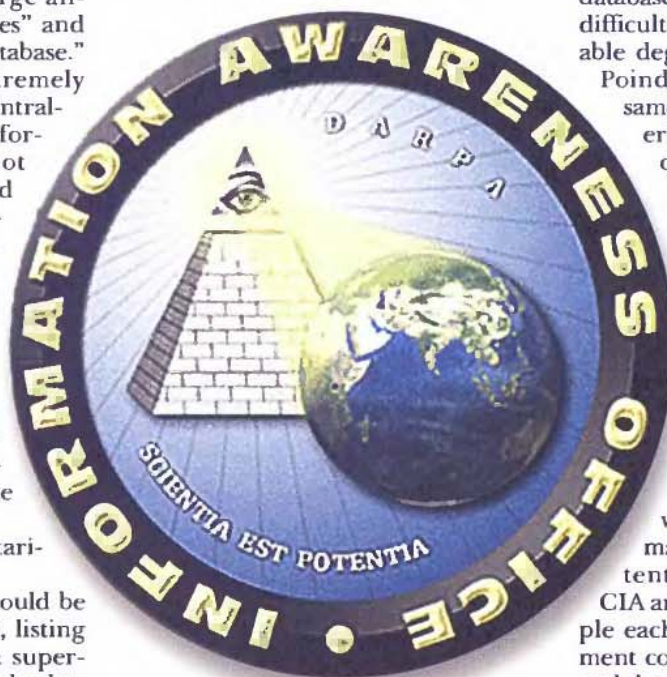
Our first thought: Darpa is capable of some serious technological mischief. Think of it as America's Q section. It's the agency responsible for the Internet and the stealth bomber.

Then we visited the official website for the agency and realized that our concerns missed the point. The Information Awareness Office is a parody. It is a classic example of misdirection. During World War II the Allies stocked

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

decoy bases and airfields with squadrons of plywood bombers—all to mislead the enemy. This was *Psyops 101*.

Consider the former logo. The all-seeing eye above the pyramid has fueled conspiracy theorists since the



dawn of this nation. It appears on the back of the Great Seal and the back of a dollar bill, though with a different motto. The pyramid supposedly indicates strength and duration. The design took six years to develop and went through three committees—a bit of history that was prophetic of how the new government would work. The design has invoked wild speculation that it is a secret symbol of the Masons among the Founding Fathers or that it's a recognized icon of the supersecret Illuminati.

The Great Seal's original motto, *An-nuit Coeptis*, is translated as "the eye of providence has favored our undertakings." Perhaps Darpa was sensitive to the criticism that the U.S. has launched a religious war against Islam. Its motto,

Scientia Est Potentia, translates as "Knowledge is power."

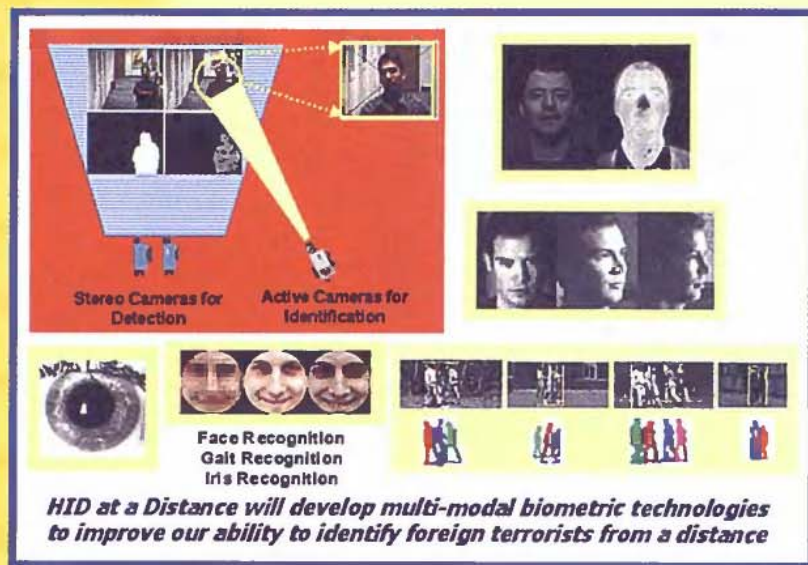
Is knowledge power? Or is it paralysis? Ben Brunk, manager of the School of Information and Library Science's Interaction Design Laboratory at the University of North Carolina, points out in an online discussion that all databases contain errors. "It would be difficult to match records to any reliable degree. Who knows if the John Poindexter in one database is the same as Jon Pointdexter in another?" Brunk describes the consequences of inaccurate bits. He estimates that with just a five percent error rate, "a database of 300 million Americans might contain 7.5 billion errors. The number of false positives would be outrageous. There isn't enough manpower in the government to track down every lead, even if much of the work is automated.

"Even if the new system were incredibly efficient and managed to spit out 10,000 potential suspects, could the FBI, CIA and NSA investigate 10,000 people each day? I suppose the government could err on the side of caution and detain large numbers of people indefinitely without due process until it is certain they aren't terrorists. But where? Huge concentration camps?" Don't give them any ideas, Brunk.

The three big credit bureaus offer customers (victims) the chance to review records and correct errors. We can imagine the dialogue with Attorney General John Ashcroft ("Yes, I visited strip clubs in Las Vegas, but I did not purchase box cutters").

TIA has already generated confusion. In December, Darpa removed the all-seeing eye from its website and changed the logo. Earlier, it removed staff biographies. (Perhaps because pranksters posted Poindexter's personal data, as well as satellite photos marking the location of his house.) We retrieved this image from Google.

Human ID at a Distance (HumanID)

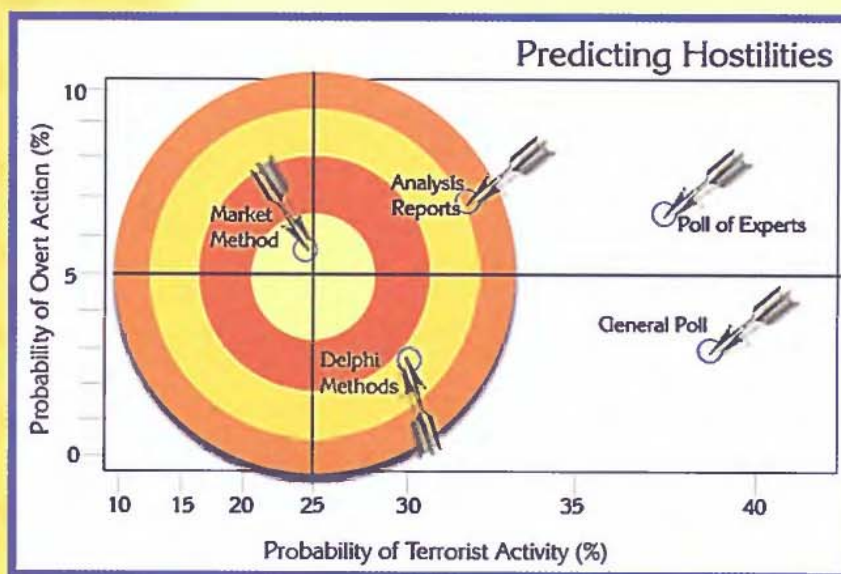


HUMAN ID AT A DISTANCE: Surveillance cameras and "automatic biometric identification technologies" will allow Department of Defense personnel to "recognize and identify humans at great distances." It turns out that the great distance is about 150 meters. It's nice to know the official measure of the whites of their eyes.

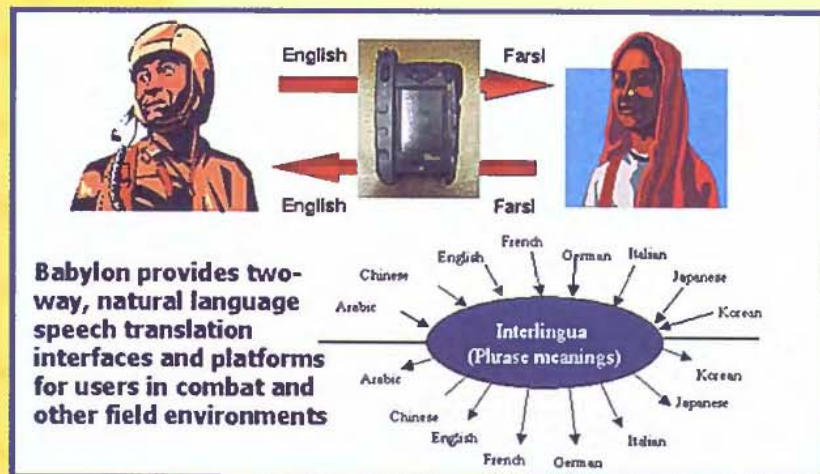
The technobabble goes on about the need to "fuse face and gait recognition into a 24/7 human identification system." As Hendrik Hertzberg noted in *The New Yorker*, it is impossible to read that sentence and not think of Monty Python's Ministry of Silly Walks.

FutureMap

FUTUREMAP: Some kind of software that will use "market-based techniques for avoiding surprise and predicting future events." Does the accompanying illustration depict the actual device? It looks like a dartboard. The White House already has one of those. How else do you explain our focus on Iraq? Keep the enemy guessing. Will we attack North Korea? Grenada? Haiti? Cuba? Maybe this is the way to abolish the CIA. We don't need intelligence or spy photos or evidence. We have FutureMap! Or is this just another way of saying the president listens to pollsters?



Babylon



BABYLON: Darpa has plans to develop "rapid, two-way natural language speech translation interfaces and platforms for the warfighter to use in field environments for force protection, refugee processing and medical triage."

The proposed device looks like a Polm Pilot. The illustration shows a war fighter, not in combat but in another "field environment," hitting on a Persian babe. The subtle message from the Department of Defense to the people of Iran: We are coming after your women.

FORUM

R E A D E R

OPRAH AND DR. PHIL

The writers in *The Playboy Forum* are usually astute, so it's disappointing to see such a sharp-tongued attack on Oprah Winfrey and Dr. Phil ("Sex for the Simpleminded," January). At least Oprah, who is a brilliant businesswoman, had the sense to distance herself from Dr. Phil, even if it took giving him his own show to get him off hers on Tuesdays. I'm baffled why *PLAYBOY*, which usually delights us by encouraging any move toward primal sexual exploration of the id, lashes out at two powerful people attempting to address the equal needs of the ego/superego in our relationship growth with our sexual partner(s).

B. Agarwal
Largo, Florida

I cannot stop laughing over how stupid Oprah and Dr. Phil are. I used to think Oprah was more open-minded. But she and Dr. Phil need to be put out to pasture. David Letterman realizes this; he rips Dr. Phil a new one in his monolog almost every night.

Christopher Nicol
Willingboro, New Jersey

Your article on Dr. Phil is dead-on. If everyone followed his advice, we'd all be having sober, boring, Republican sex. He and Oprah make it sound like sex shouldn't be enjoyed too much.

Peter Payton
Augusta, Georgia

BUSH FAMILY REHAB

I appreciated your article about Noelle Bush and her problems in drug treatment ("Bush Family Rehab," *The Playboy Forum*, January). I once worked for a nonprofit treatment program. Given the number of people who are arrested in Florida for drug use, you would think there would be more of them in treatment. Instead, we send almost everyone to prison. Many people in state-sponsored treatment programs get kicked out and sent to prison for committing minor infractions. Everyone deserves the same consideration Noelle Bush received. Treatment



FOR THE RECORD

PANTS PATROL

"If your honor were to do as this dog did and nuzzle the defendant's genitals, it would be an indecent assault."

—A defense lawyer for a man arrested outside a Sydney nightclub for drug possession. A police dog had sniffed the man's crotch and alerted officers, who found marijuana and methylamphetamine in his pocket. A magistrate threw out the charges, saying the dog had conducted an illegal search. But an appeals judge ruled that sniffing is a normal greeting for a dog and that the canine "olfactory sense enhances that of a police officer in the same way that a flashlight enhances the officer's sight." He also dismissed the idea that a crotch nuzzle is an assault.

shouldn't be about who you know but how well you're doing.

Belinda James
Tampa, Florida

Like Noelle Bush, I was arrested for attempting to obtain a controlled substance by forged prescription. But unlike her, I was not offered counseling, drug court or any type of rehabilitation. I spent a few days in jail before prosecutors let me plead no contest. The judge sentenced me to five years' probation, \$2200 in fines and 300 hours of community service. I thought pleading no contest would be a good idea because it wouldn't result in a conviction. But I have since learned that a no-contest plea is just as bad as a guilty plea. Before my arrest, I was a

corrections officer with a perfect work record. Once I pleaded out, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement revoked my certification to work as an officer, as is required by state law whenever an officer pleads guilty or no contest to a felony. I lost my job and never got any help. It's too bad my last name isn't Bush.

(Name withheld)
Miami, Florida

Anyone in Jeb Bush's situation would do the same thing he has done—use all the power he has to protect his kids. Besides, Bush can't take all the blame for the drug problem in Florida. Drugs started flowing through the state well before his time.

Jeff Melton
Farmington Hills, Michigan

SNITCH, INC.

I'm surprised that you don't invoke the specter of McCarthyism in your article about Attorney General John Ashcroft's plan to have ordinary citizens alert authorities to suspicious activity committed by other citizens ("Snitch, Inc.," *The Playboy Forum*, January). The current atmosphere makes the return of McCarthyism a real possibility. Since September 11, snitching has become OK. It's instructive to repeat those famous words of Ben Franklin: "They

that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

David Meyers
New Orleans, Louisiana

PILFERED PLAYBOY

I occasionally drive my grandmother's car, as do other members of the family. As a favor to me for giving him a few paperback books, a 15-year-old who lives at a state home for troubled kids offered to clean it out. It was a mess—papers and junk mail everywhere. He found \$5.75 in change, which I told him he could keep. Later, when the boy was caught with a *PLAYBOY*, he said he took it from the car. That may be true; I subscribe to the magazine. Although I had no idea

RESPONSE

there was an issue in the car, or that he had taken it, the county prosecutor charged me with a misdemeanor under a state law that prohibits the "sale, distribution or display of harmful material to a minor." If convicted, I could receive up to a year in jail and a \$4000 fine. Everyone I know is astonished. The Jefferson County District Attorney's Office will have to prove its contention that PLAYBOY is "utterly without redeeming social value for minors" (as

required by the statute) or drop the charge. There's no way that I'm pleading guilty or accepting a plea bargain. PLAYBOY is a quality publication. My father had a subscription, and I grew up reading the magazine.

John Henry Phelan
Beaumont, Texas

Is it election time already? We phoned district attorney Tom Maness. He declined comment. We also phoned the police department investigator. No comment. A few weeks later,

we learned that the charges against you had been dropped. It sounds like the public servants in Beaumont need more to do.

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

the
best of
the worst
in erotica

This past December marked the 10th anniversary of the *Literary Review's* Bad Sex in Fiction Award, given to the most crude, tasteless and redundant description in a new novel. Here are a few nominees, along with the winner:

"So the sleek dolphin rose, leapt through the ring of my legs and disappeared again, leaving me bobbing, trying to keep my balance. Everything was wet down there. I pressed against the Object. I took the backs of her thighs in my hands, adjusting her legs around my waist. And then my body, like a cathedral, broke out into ringing. The hunchback in the belfry had jumped and was swinging madly on the rope."—Jeffrey Eugenides, *Middlesex*

"In one fluid movement Herman rolled forward onto his knees, grasped Dorian by the shoulders and kissed him. Such suction. They were like two flamingos, each attempting to filter the nutriment out of the other with great slurps of their muscular tongues. Adam's apples bobbed in the crap gloaming."—Will Self, *Dorian*

"The cresting and falling of the train does half the work, not all; we keep stroking in together, stroking away, stroking back. When our orgasms come, it's like a naked electric cable dropped into a fish tank."—Nicholas Blincoe, *White Mice*

"She moved her hips and continued to fuck my lights out. I thought of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who, the story goes, knew the instant he heard the name Adolf Hitler that he had brushed up against the reason he was born. He had been living his whole life with this nagging sensation that he was waiting for something, and the feeling subsided into nothingness. Now it's different, and to me it was shockingly humble, but there with my girl in my arms and our child in her belly I knew I had reached the moment my life had been waiting for. I was going to be a father and a husband. I spanked her bottom and cranked up the tunes."—Ethan Hawke, *Ash Wednesday*

As we noted in last month's *After Hours*, the winner was: "Weirdly, he was clad in pinstripes at the same time as being naked. Pinstripes were erotic, the uniform of fathers, two-dimensional fathers. Even Mr. Hughes' penis had a seductive pinstriped foreskin. Enticingly rough yet soft inside 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.' They were building up an electrifying rhythm—long, fierce, sliding strokes, interspersed with gasping cries. 'Wait,' Ralph panted, 'let's do it the other way.' Swiftly he withdrew, arranged her on her hands and knees and knelt above her on the bed. It was even better that way—tighter, more exciting. She cupped his pinstriped balls, felt him thrust more urgently in response. 'Oh yes!' she shouted, screwing up her face in concentration, tossing back her hair."

—Wendy Perriam, *Tread Softly*

CATHY HALL

FORUM

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CUNTRABAND

WHITE OAK, TEXAS—After a police officer arrested a woman on suspicion of drunk driving, he searched her car. In the trunk he found a box filled with vibrators,



butt plugs, a penis-shaped candle, adult playing cards and other novelties. In addition to DUI, the county prosecutor charged the woman with promoting "obscene material and devices" (under Texas law, anyone caught with six or more sex toys is presumed to be illegally promoting them). The accused is a sales rep for Slumber Parties, which distributes adult toys through home parties. If the charge sticks, the law calls for a sentence of up to two years in prison.

BIKINI DROP

BOGOTÁ—The Colombian army devised a bold plan to disrupt the rebel forces hunkering down deep in the jungle: Shower them with photos of scantily clad women as an example of the "benefits" of deserting. Before the drop, however, the country's female defense minister scrapped the idea. She said it didn't fit with the goal of "rehabilitating these boys, resocializing them and making them useful to society."

PORN AGAIN

PUTNEY, KENTUCKY—Last year a group called Concerned Citizens of Putney persuaded prosecutors to charge the owner of Love World, an adult video and toy store, with distributing obscenity. Soon after, the

store's owner decided to "be with the Lord." Michael Braithwaite contacted local religious leaders, who helped him burn his inventory in the parking lot. He changed the store's name to Mike's Place, painted the bright-red walls white and restocked with Bibles and other religious products.

FETAL RIGHTS

ATLANTA—A state representative says he will propose a law that equates abortions with executions. Any woman seeking to end her pregnancy would have to file a petition in court for a death warrant. A guardian appointed for the fetus could demand a jury trial in which the mother would have to prove that her needs outweigh the child's right to be born. The law also would require abortionists to obtain death warrants or face up to five years in prison. The legislator called his idea "an attempt to restore the 14th Amendment due process rights of the unborn."

INDIAN DANCE

ELKO, MINNESOTA—An 82-year-old Ojibwa Indian paid \$1 to buy a strip joint that had been shut down by the city. He reopened the club and posted signs on the door declaring it a sovereign nation exempt from state liquor and gambling laws. The man says his membership in the North Dakota tribe allows him to buy land and declare it part of a reservation. Legal observers pointed out that only the U.S. Department of the Interior and the governor can declare land part of a reservation.

GONE MISSING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Call it political science. When a pro-life lawmaker complained about a statement on the National Cancer Institute website that abortion has no link to breast cancer, officials changed the page to say the evidence is inconclusive (despite a Danish study of 1.5 million women that found no link). At the same time, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention deleted a passage on its website that stated that condom information for teenagers had no effect on how early or how often they had sex. It also rewrote a page that promoted the advantages of using condoms to prevent sexually transmitted diseases to emphasize abstinence and note that condoms may not always prevent STDs (in fact, with correct use, condoms

prevent STDs at least 98 percent of the time). Officials say they made the changes not because of pressure but to reflect the latest medical information.

ILLEGAL FANTASIES

FORT FRANCES, ONTARIO—Don Smith used a newspaper ad to recruit 20 actresses to videotape scenes in which the women appeared to be stabbed or shot. Smith posted the videos, which included nudity but no sex, on sites in Canada and the U.S. After receiving complaints, local police arrested him. Despite testimony from a film professor that the scenes were no more gruesome than those in a slasher movie, a jury found Smith guilty of making videos with "undue exploitation of sex and violence" and distributing obscenity. A judge sentenced him to three years' probation, fined him \$100,000 and banned him from accessing the Internet. Alerted by Canadian police, the FBI said it found nothing on the site to prosecute.

OPEN SECRET

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A member of the U.N. weapons inspection team in Iraq is co-founder of a sadomasochistic club called Black Rose. Harvey "Jack" McGeorge also conducts S&M seminars. The



Washington Post broke the story while investigating the qualifications of some inspectors, including McGeorge, who owns a company that sells bioterror products. He submitted his resignation, but the head of the inspection team refused it.

Before Aging

After Aging

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

JAY-Z

a candid conversation with rap's million-dollar man about feuding with nas, growing up with biggie, dating beyoncé and learning that god loves a drug dealer

Here's a story about Jay-Z: One recent night he was gambling with Kevin Liles, president of Def Jam, the label that distributes Jay-Z's records. When the bets were finished, Liles was down \$10,000. The next day he gave \$10,000 cash to a messenger and sent it to the studio where Jay-Z was working. The rapper refused the money and sent the messenger back with these words: "Tell Kevin he's got to deliver it himself."

Jay-Z plays for big stakes and insists on honor. When he prevails, he doesn't hesitate to gloat or talk trash. His favorite basketball player is Michael Jordan and, like Jordan, he savors competition as much as victory.

This story affirms the self-portrait that he draws in hits like *Big Pimpin'*, *H to the Izzo* and *Girls, Girls, Girls*: He's the Don Corleone of rap ("Young Vito" is one of his many nicknames), a street-hardened former drug dealer who drinks Cristal, smokes cigars and trusts almost no one. Especially women. In a music genre where arrogance is expected, he's set a new standard, calling himself Jay-Hova, god of the microphone. Bill O'Reilly has accused him of damaging children with cursing and "corrosive lyrics." Appearing on a Missy Elliott record last year, Jay-Z of-

fered a terse reply: "Fuck Bill O'Reilly."

He was born Shawn Corey Carter, the youngest of four children, and grew up in the notoriously bleak Brooklyn public housing complex known as Marcy Projects. His father left the family when Shawn was 11; the kids were raised by their mom, Gloria, and by the streets, not always in that order.

Reasonable Doubt, released in 1996 and widely recognized as a classic, made Jay-Z an underground legend, bragging that he'd "sold it all, from crack to opium" (apparently true) and had made "underworld ties" (apparently not). In *You Must Love Me*, he examines the memory of shooting his brother when he was 12 (his brother survived).

Then came his breakthrough, *Hard Knock Life*, a 1998 single that sampled a chorus from the Broadway musical *Annie*. Jay-Z was no longer known only to rap devotees. As he said, he "brought the suburbs to the hood." And he continued to dispute the perception that he was one more remorseless street thug draped in gold. "Motherfuckers say that I'm foolish, I only talk about jewels," he intoned. "Do you fools listen to music, or do you just skim through it?"

Though it now seems like a smart business

decision to form his own record label, Roc-A-Fella, Jay-Z started the company with two friends only because no label would sign him. From necessity came fortune: The company has diversified into Rocawear, a thriving clothing company, and Roc-A-Fella Films. His label has signed a new generation of rappers, including Cam'ron, Memphis Bleek and Beanie Sigel, all of whom Jay-Z promotes on his own records.

Recording at the unusual pace of one or sometimes two records each year, Jay-Z, 32, has made nine albums since 1996. And he's endured shifting trends in a way no other rapper has. Released in November 2002, *The Blueprint 2: The Gift and the Curse* is a double CD that stretches to include R&B, dancehall, rock and a duet with Beyoncé Knowles. It was his fifth album to debut at number one on the pop charts, an accomplishment unmatched by any other rapper. With more than 16 million records sold, he trails only Eminem as rap's top seller. Shortly after *Blueprint 2* was released, we sent writer Rob Tannenbaum to interview Jay-Z in New York City.

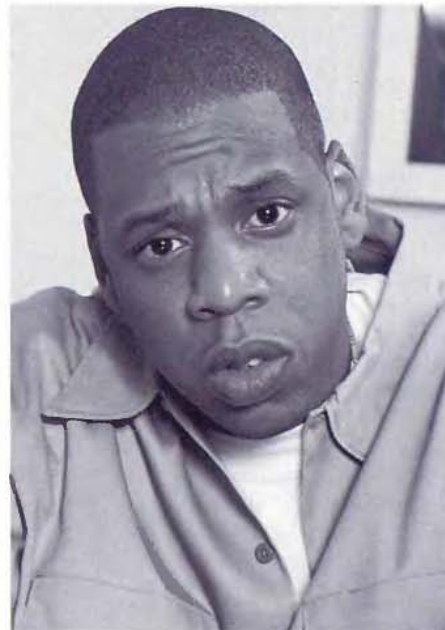
PLAYBOY: Rap careers are usually over fast: one or two hits, then styles change



"People already know my paranoia about women. Guys don't want to date me for my money, so I don't have to worry about them. People say this guy is dissing women every fucking record. But those are the hits."



"I'm trying to get grown up and not talk about figures anymore. I'm learning that the big cats don't talk about money, only us ignorant rappers. I have to get sophisticated with my paper. I'm not nouveau money."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I'm representing for the whole culture. A lot of people look at me like they looked at Martin Luther King Jr. I'm not a saint—I did bad things. I fucked up. I try not to do bad things anymore. I try to be a decent citizen."

and a new guy comes along. Why have you endured while other rappers haven't? **JAY-Z:** I would say that it's from still being able to relate to people. It's natural to lose yourself when you have success, to start surrounding yourself with fake people. In *The 48 Laws of Power*, it says the worst thing you can do is build a fortress around yourself. I still got the people who grew up with me, my cousin and my childhood friends. This guy right here [gestures to the studio manager], he's my friend, and he told me that one of my records, *Volume Three*, was wack. People set higher standards for me, and I love it.

PLAYBOY: But we were just in a chauffeured car, on our way to free courtside seats at a Nets game, and we saw your new music video playing on BET.

JAY-Z: Yeah. [Laughs] I'm still separated. You told me to separate—I'm still looking in on that guy. Like, Wow, that guy's doing it!

PLAYBOY: So how can people relate to you when you possess so many things they don't have?

JAY-Z: I've been through a lot of things, so I could write songs off memory for another four years. Since my first album, it was like, Wow, that guy's really hitting it on the head about life in the streets. Now people are growing with me, and they're seeing the integrity is real. A guy came up to me at the gym the other day and told me, "I know you now." I just rhyme about what I've been through.

PLAYBOY: Roc-A-Fella has grossed an estimated \$300 million.

JAY-Z: Wow!

PLAYBOY: How much of that has ended up in your pocket?

JAY-Z: [Smiles] I've got about \$5000 on me now. I do. That's just the leftovers for me. I went to Miami two weeks ago, and we gambled on the plane. I won a little bit of money, and I still got it in my pocket.

PLAYBOY: How much do you usually bet?

JAY-Z: That night I won about \$17,000 from my friends.

PLAYBOY: You take money from friends?

JAY-Z: Yeah. It's gambling! They take mine, too. They don't give me a walk. They don't say sorry. Actually, they laugh. Then they go buy shit. A friend who won recently paged me the next day: "I just bought a plasma TV. Thank y'all!"

PLAYBOY: I hear your best game is guts. What's that?

JAY-Z: It's like a three-card poker game. I taught Will Smith to play guts. Now he has guts tournaments. I don't know if he wants people to know that. I talk too much. What if Will Smith gets hooked on gambling? He's clean-cut, he can't

gamble. I can gamble because I'm from the hood [makes a mean face]. We're having a guts game this Thursday. We're trying to get Michael Jordan to come. Can I say that, too? Damn, I'm telling everybody's business. God, I just told on Will Smith and Michael Jordan, huh?

PLAYBOY: You refer to yourself as "the \$40 million boy" on *Blueprint 2*. Is that an accurate number?

JAY-Z: I don't know the math. How'd I get that number? I might be past that by now.

PLAYBOY: We bet you know exactly how much you have at any given moment.

JAY-Z: Everyone should, don't you think? Especially in rap music. There's nothing worse than putting in all this work and waking up broke. I've seen it happen, and I vowed it won't happen to me.

PLAYBOY: Jam Master Jay of Run-D.M.C. died broke. How does that happen?

JAY-Z: I always have to blame it on the accountants.

They have to be tough, they have to be willing to quit if a guy calls up and says, "I want to buy a new car."

PLAYBOY: Have

**I'm doing it for the
artistry. I'm doing it
to try new things,
to create, to invent.**



any of your accountants ever said no to you?

JAY-Z: I fire my accountant every year. Every time I pay taxes, he's fired. Uncle Sam did not go in that recording booth with me. He didn't bang his head against the wall until he came up with the hook for *Hov's Baby*. It's crazy, the checks that I send to the government, for nothing. And then my accountant says, "Be happy that you're fortunate enough to cut this check." Oh yeah? Fuck you! You're fucking fired! That's my response. Then I hire him back, because he's right.

PLAYBOY: When you named the label Roc-A-Fella, did you know anything about the Rockefeller family?

JAY-Z: I just knew they was millionaires. That was the part that stuck.

PLAYBOY: All that money, and you still release records more often than any other rapper. Why work so hard? Is it just for the money?

JAY-Z: I'm doing it for the artistry. I'm

doing it to try new things, to create, to invent. I'm a guy who wants to see rap go further, even after me. I want people to open their minds, start making different types of music. Don't follow what's going on. That's what hip-hop is about. It's a rebellious voice. You're going left? Then I'm going right. But say it like this: [Sneers] I'm going right.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up in the Marcy Projects shape you?

JAY-Z: It was a poor neighborhood, but you learned loyalty and integrity. You learned to respect other people, because it was a minefield. If you disrespect somebody, or act dishonorable, you get hurt. Somebody puts you in your place. So I learned integrity. It's a beautiful place to grow up, as far as having honor.

PLAYBOY: Was it dangerous?

JAY-Z: It wasn't safe. Everyone there was poor and trying to get ahead. There was not much hope. You put all those in-

gredients together, you have people who are willing to do anything at any time. What am I going to do, lose my life? What is my life worth, anyway? That can't be a safe environment. In each of the buildings, there's six floors, four families on each floor, three buildings connected together. Everyone's on top of everybody else. That's a powder keg. Then crack hit around 1985. You had so many people strung out. I mean, everybody. It was an epidemic.

PLAYBOY: And have those projects changed since you were a kid?

JAY-Z: [Shakes his head] There's no lawyers, no

doctors, no psychiatrists. Everyone that makes money moves out. They just go. I want to tell kids, "Yo, I'm Jay-Z. . . ." Not even Jay-Z. "I'm Shawn Carter, from 5C. I lived in that building right there, the one you live in now. And it can happen for you. I don't know what it is that you want to do, but something will happen for you."

PLAYBOY: Like you, most of the kids you grew up with didn't have fathers.

JAY-Z: I could name the ones who did [laughs]. There were about three in the whole project.

PLAYBOY: Your dad split when you were 11. What happens when a boy grows up without a dad?

JAY-Z: He learns how to be a man in the streets. Everyone needs that role model, that blueprint, to guide you through. Depending on your environment, it could be a bad thing.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about your dad in

a few songs, especially *Where Have You Been?*

JAY-Z: In hindsight, I was hard on the guy in a lot of songs. At that time, everyone was leaving. They was leaving before the kid was born. He wasn't totally a scumbag—not totally. After those songs, I told my mom I wanted to talk to him. I can't keep living in the past. My mom got in touch with him. The first time he was supposed to come to my house, he didn't come. I figured it was embarrassing for him, going to his son's house. I got mad again. Like, "All right, forget it, then! I ain't reaching out no more!" Then my mom told me he was finally ready to come over, and we just kicked it—I told him everything that was on my mind. And we shook hands, like men.

PLAYBOY: Is he a dad to you now?

JAY-Z: I don't think anyone can be a dad to me at this point. I learned how to go inside my own mind, to figure it out, to learn as I go along.

PLAYBOY: You went to high school with the Notorious B.I.G. How did you end up recording together?

JAY-Z: We always said we was going to do something together, and I was doing my first album, so we went into the studio and did *Brooklyn's Finest*. He was sitting there, trying to memorize his lyrics, and I passed him a pen and paper, like, "Here." And he was like, "No, I'm cool, you can take that." I was like, "Nah, I don't need that." That's so strange, to see two people who don't write down lyrics. At the time, no one else was doing that. After that, we spoke every day.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think killed Biggie?

JAY-Z: I don't know, man. I have no idea. [Pause] I don't want to further that. I don't want to talk about what I think.

PLAYBOY: Did Biggie's death, and Tupac's, make you more cautious about starting beefs with people?

JAY-Z: No, because I don't believe either one of them got killed over rap music. That was just something to help the media sell magazines.

PLAYBOY: They were both rappers. They both got shot. So obviously they pissed off someone.

JAY-Z: Not rapping.

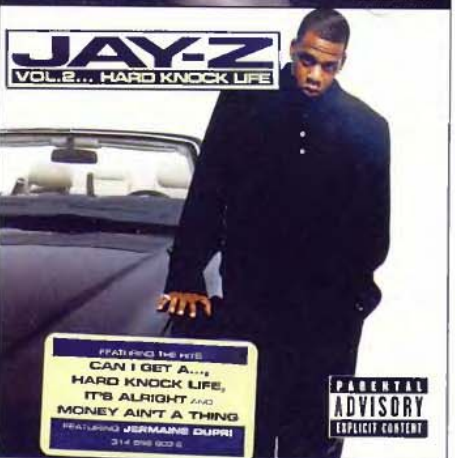
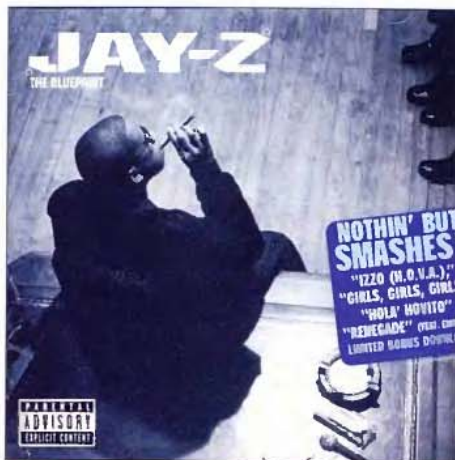
PLAYBOY: What did you think of the *Los Angeles Times* story last year that said Biggie paid gang members to kill Tupac?

JAY-Z: That was just irresponsible-journalism bullshit. It's terrible to throw dirt on a guy's name who's not here. If it would have been about a politician, or somebody else powerful, there would be lawsuits. There would be hell to pay. It's a lack of respect when they deal with rappers.

PLAYBOY: The guy who has cornered the market on disrespecting rap music is Bill O'Reilly.

JAY-Z: He's just doing shock TV. Now he knows, "Oh shit, the power of hip-hop—if I say something about them, my ratings go right up."

THE ESSENTIAL JAY-Z



THE BLUEPRINT, 2001

Jay-Z's masterpiece, written while he faced charges for gun possession and assault, celebrates his dick (*Girls, Girls, Girls*), drops playground pig latin into a Jackson 5 sample (*Izzo*), matches wits with Eminem (*Renegade*) and talks shit at archrival Nas. He declares himself both "one smart black boy" and "the Sinatra of my day," at least one of which is true. ★★★★★

UNPLUGGED, 2001

Putting out a greatest-hits package would be predictable, so he rerecorded his best-known songs live with the Roots, a great Philly band. Jay-Z has never sounded more loose or playful, and his rhymes on *Jigga What, Jigga Who*, a marvel of syn-copation and timing, prove how powerful live hip-hop can be. ★★★

He declares himself "one smart black boy" and "the Sinatra of my day."

THE BLUEPRINT 2: THE GIFT & THE CURSE, 2002

Out to prove his versatility—and bravery—he unspools a double CD as long as a Spielberg film. At an exhausting 25 songs, it includes a rock song with Lenny Kravitz, a juicy duet with Beyoncé Knowles, plus paranoia, king-ly boasts, taunts and great jokes. ★★★½

HARD KNOCK LIFE, 1998

"I quit, I'm retiring," he announces at the start, but this record made Jay-Z a star: On *Hard Knock Life*, he rhymed over a kiddie chorus from the Broadway musical *Annie*. The songs are obsessed with sex and death, and don't take either one seriously. ★★★

PLAYBOY: Would you ever go on his show and explain your point of view?

JAY-Z: Why? He don't care. He's doing what he do—he's feeding his family. It's not about his understanding. I don't believe he wants to understand. It's obvious he's not researching the truth.

PLAYBOY: What's left for you to do that you haven't already?

JAY-Z: Have kids. And run Universal Records. Not black music, either—I got to run the whole ship. I'll make it cool to be different. Don't sound like everybody else—we don't even accept that. I get joy just sharing my knowledge with artists, like a guru. Put the love back in music. Make a record you know will be somebody's song, will mark somebody's life. Don't sell records—make music.

PLAYBOY: Universal is the biggest record company in the country. It would be hard to run the label while you're a rapper.

JAY-Z: That's what I'm saying: Next album is my last album. I'm freeing up my time. The next one's coming with a book, so you know it's the end.

PLAYBOY: You say that you're going to record only one more album, but you have been talking about retiring since your first record.

JAY-Z: You don't understand. When I said *Reasonable Doubt* was going to be my first and only album, I meant it. "He made one album, then, *puff*, he's gone with the wind." But now I really mean it. Write the book, release the *Black Album*, go head Universal.

PLAYBOY: And maybe do a guest spot on other people's records?

JAY-Z: Not a guest spot at 50. That's disrespectful. That's just embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: You can't be a rapper at 50?

JAY-Z: No, forget it. Just a guru.

PLAYBOY: What's the *Black Album*?

JAY-Z: It's my last album. I want it to be the prequel to *Reasonable Doubt*. I want my mother to open it, then I go through my life and end saying how I want to do *Ain't No Nigga*, which is my first hit, and trying to find a beat for it. "I keep it fresher than the next bitch" [the first line of *Ain't No Nigga*]. Then it ends. I want it to come out on November 28—Black Friday. Then, no more albums.

PLAYBOY: You're a betting man, right?

JAY-Z: Mmm-hmm.

PLAYBOY: Here's a bet: We've got \$20 that says your next record isn't the last.

JAY-Z: And if I make more than one album, I give it back?

PLAYBOY: No, you're giving us odds of 50-1. If you lose, you pay us \$1000.

JAY-Z: That's a great bet. That's a wonderful bet. [Grabs the money, puts it in his pocket] I just got \$20! And I'm gonna keep it, too.

PLAYBOY: Fine, but we'll get our money in about 18 months, after you've made two more records.

JAY-Z: Ya-ha-ha! That's a great bet, for you. I would take that bet, too, if it was switched. It's on tape, too. My integrity is legendary—I would never fuck you out of \$20. If there's a discrepancy, I'll give it

Nas, I just don't look at them as that.

PLAYBOY: It's like when Michael Jordan had Magic Johnson.

JAY-Z: Right. I heard Jordan say, when Magic had AIDS, he felt like he was cheating him. "You leaving now? Yo, I need you. You're going to define my greatness." It was selfish.

PLAYBOY: Then Jordan got bored and retired, like you're threatening to do.

JAY-Z: See that? You just lost \$20.

PLAYBOY: No, because guess who's playing basketball tonight? Michael Jordan.

JAY-Z: You know why you lose again? Because Jordan stayed a year too much. I wanna cry for him. Fuck!

PLAYBOY: How's the rap game going to survive without you?

JAY-Z: Hey, man, it had better find a way. It existed before me, and I'm sure it will exist after me.

PLAYBOY: Rap appears simple because it's just rhyming—but you need a lot more words and ideas in rap than you do in a pop song.

JAY-Z: That's true. I mean, I wrote a couple of pop songs for Mya. I just started doing that. And it's so easy. Repeat the words over again? And again? They repeat not only the choruses, they repeat the verses, too!

PLAYBOY: Can you sing?

JAY-Z: I can sing bad.

PLAYBOY: At the Nets game, you sang whatever song that came on, from Eminem to Whitney Houston. And you knew all the words.

JAY-Z: Yeah, I know a lot of songs. I store

them. I'm an iPod. The human iPod.

PLAYBOY: Something else that's new on *Blueprint 2*—your mistrust of women has softened.

JAY-Z: Right. People already know my paranoia about women. Before I was a rapper who didn't know who his friends were, I was a hustler who didn't know who his friends were. When it's a song about women, it's usually the single, which makes people say, This guy is dissing women on every fucking record. [Laughs] *Big Pimpin'*, *Can I Get a Fuck You*, those are the hits. But the slower ones are usually more meaningful and serious.

PLAYBOY: Do you think women are less trustworthy than men?

JAY-Z: No. But guys don't want to date me for my money, so I don't have to

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to you just so it won't be on our minds.

PLAYBOY: Only one rapper has sold more records than you: Eminem. Is that because he's white?

JAY-Z: He's an extraordinary talent. He's a genius, bottom line. But race has something to do with it. If you listen to his record *White America*, he addresses that topic.

PLAYBOY: He says if he were black, he'd have sold half as many records.

JAY-Z: Right. It might be less than that [laughs].

PLAYBOY: So who are your peers? Who do you compete with?

JAY-Z: There was one person: Big. If I heard *Who Shot Ya?* in a club, I would leave and go make some music. That's not to take anything away from Eminem or

worry about them.

PLAYBOY: If you're going to have kids, you have to get over that paranoia.

JAY-Z: Yeah. I'm learning, I'm growing. I'm growing slow.

PLAYBOY: You tell a story in *This Can't Be Life*, that you were almost a father. True story?

JAY-Z: Yeah. The girl I was seeing about four years ago had a miscarriage. But I wasn't sad. I didn't even grieve. Maybe it happened because I wasn't ready to be a dad.

PLAYBOY: And now you're dating a woman who doesn't need your money, either.

JAY-Z: Is that right?

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Beyoncé Knowles?

JAY-Z: I used to see her all the time. [Quickly] We're not engaged or anything, by the way. We're just cool. We're just friends. We don't really, ah, know each other like that yet.

PLAYBOY: Just friends, like the way you and Memphis Bleek are just friends?

JAY-Z: No, Beyoncé's a woman. A very attractive woman. But we're friends for now. Me and Bleek, we're tighter. I took him from the projects—I'm from 5C, he's from 3C. He's been with me since 1994. Between Beyoncé and him? Beyoncé's got to go [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Do you wish that she was your girlfriend?

JAY-Z: She's beautiful. Who wouldn't

wish she was their girlfriend? Maybe one day [smiles].

PLAYBOY: We're not quite convinced. We know you like to keep parts of your life private. If she were your girlfriend, would you tell us?

JAY-Z: Probably not.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're pretty cool—hard to read at times.

JAY-Z: Thank you, brother. [Raises a glass of Cristal] Toast to that.

PLAYBOY: Does that create problems in relationships?

JAY-Z: Yeah, it could. I'm not the most I-love-you guy. That's one of my problems. "What, you want me to tell you? Those are just words—everyone is going to tell you. Look at what I do." I have to change that.

PLAYBOY: How are you going to change that?

JAY-Z: I know it. That's half the battle.

PLAYBOY: But only half.

JAY-Z: But half! Shit. It was zero before—be happy.

PLAYBOY: If we were going to play amateur psychiatrist—

JAY-Z: That's what this feels like.

PLAYBOY: Here's what we would say: As a kid, you loved your dad. But he left and you felt rejected, and that hurt so much, you don't want to love anyone else the same way.

JAY-Z: Definitely. That could be 100 percent true. There's no worse pain. That's

why a lot of things didn't affect me growing up.

PLAYBOY: For instance, you had a fight with your own brother, when you were 12, and shot him. He lived, but it was an intense experience.

JAY-Z: Yeah. [Pause] You know what? Let's not. I'll tell you that one day, you as a person. Does he have to relive it every time someone talks to me about it? Is that fair to him?

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the gun?

JAY-Z: That story's even worse. I was 12. I didn't know better. The person who gave me the gun had to be 20 or 21—you're an adult. Damn, why would you do that? How could you even... I don't understand. But I can't blame nobody but myself.

PLAYBOY: Someone gave you a gun so you could shoot your brother?

JAY-Z: [Pauses] Yeah. Terrible. That's the one thing to this day I regret.

PLAYBOY: Why did you shoot him?

JAY-Z: My brother was a really, really, really tough person to get along with. He was messed up on drugs really bad.

PLAYBOY: Did he forgive you?

JAY-Z: Oh, right away, and that made it worse.

PLAYBOY: Then a few years later, when you were selling drugs, someone shot at you three times on the street.

JAY-Z: It was a little bit farther than me to you.



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PLAYBOY: Who shot at you?

JAY-Z: I ain't going into that. I know who it was. He was a friend of mine. It was a misunderstanding. We've talked about it and laughed.

PLAYBOY: On *Dead Presidents II*, you talk about being shot at and say it was "divine intervention" you weren't killed. Do you think God protects drug dealers?

JAY-Z: I think God protects anyone with a good heart. People say, "That's a comfort blanket so you can do whatever the fuck you want." But my intention was good. I was in a place where there's no hope. It was like, Fuck, man, I ain't going to continue to live like this. I've got to do something. Then I got addicted to that life. It was fun. It helped my situation, helped everyone around me.

PLAYBOY: So how much money did you make back then?

JAY-Z: I don't know the dollar amount.

PLAYBOY: Two grand a week? Ten grand a week?

JAY-Z: I did well.

PLAYBOY: When you were dealing, did you use drugs?

JAY-Z: No. Never. I'd seen my brother. After my father, that was the next person I looked up to. He had all the girls, he played basketball. Then he was a whole different person.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you only recently started smoking pot.

JAY-Z: [Laughs] There would be 10 of us, out in the Hamptons, and we won't finish one joint. "Ooh, we high!" "That's too strong! Put that out!" I don't smoke pot no more.

PLAYBOY: From listening to your songs, people might believe that you're always drinking—

JAY-Z: Cristal at 10 in the morning, right. Although I was drinking champagne and eating caviar this afternoon.

PLAYBOY: Where?

JAY-Z: I went shopping today, at Jacob the Jeweler. Had champagne and Beluga caviar.

PLAYBOY: Were you buying a present for Beyoncé?

JAY-Z: Ha-ha. No.

PLAYBOY: Honestly?

JAY-Z: I wouldn't tell you honestly.

PLAYBOY: You frequently mention Cristal in your songs. Are you a connoisseur? Would you know it if you ordered Cristal, and someone brought you—

JAY-Z: Taittinger? Yeah, I would know right away.

PLAYBOY: We heard you have a wristwatch worth so much money, you won't wear it outside your house.

JAY-Z: What kind of silly shit is that? Then why would I buy it? I got a one-of-one, an Audemars Piguet. There's no other watch like it in the world. It's like a piece of art.

PLAYBOY: How much did it cost?

JAY-Z: A little bit. I'm trying to get grown up and not talk about figures anymore. I'm learning that the big cats don't talk

about money, only us ignorant rappers. I have to get sophisticated with my paper. I'm not nouveau money.

PLAYBOY: We should have interviewed you a few years ago, huh?

JAY-Z: I would've gave it to you. You'd have known how much money I have right now. You'd know Roc-A-Fella was \$400 million instead of \$300 million—I'm not saying it, though.

PLAYBOY: You just did!

JAY-Z: I tried. Old habits are hard to break [laughs]. And you got me drinking this goddamn Cristal.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about sex. Which have you done more often, turned down sex or accepted it?

JAY-Z: I think every artist has turned it down more. I hope. Shit [laughs]. If the place is filled with 20,000 people, 10,000 of them are screaming women. I never got carried away. I have always been a person who's more interested in business first.

PLAYBOY: If there's a beautiful woman on one side of the room, and a business deal on the other—

JAY-Z: I'd take the business deal. Sorry. I know people will be like, "You fucking asshole! You dummy!"

PLAYBOY: You rapped with Eminem and DMX and Biggie, all of whom are highly respected. You also rapped with Puff Daddy and Ja Rule, who aren't respected. Does it make a difference to you who you rap with?

JAY-Z: I rap with people for different reasons. Sometimes I like them, sometimes I respect them. I was on a Juvenile remix because I liked this record he had, called *Ha*. He did something new. So I called him and said that I would love to do the remix.

PLAYBOY: So why rap with Puffy?

JAY-Z: I respect Puff on a creative level. As a rapper, you ain't got to respect him. As a producer, he gave *Juicy* to Biggie. Biggie didn't want to do it. [The song made Biggie a star.] "That beat is soft. I ain't doing that." As a rapper, I can't say I want to hear him. He's not a rapper.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to follow Puffy into movies?

JAY-Z: I do. I have a bunch of scripts, from Wesley Snipes, Denzel. Chris Rock said, "Boy, you better take these movies. There ain't no telling if you're going to be hot tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: How about female rappers? Years ago, you had Queen Latifah, MC Lyte. Now all the top female rappers—Foxy Brown, Lil' Kim—have to be sexy and trashy, wearing fur bikinis. Why is that?

JAY-Z: Maybe it's because rap is so angry. "Breakin' off on a motherfucker like that!" A girl don't have no street credibility. You don't believe a girl when she's saying, "I'm holding a gat to the motherfucker."

PLAYBOY: Especially if she's wearing a fur bikini when she says it.

JAY-Z: [Laughs] You're like, You can't run fast in those stilettos.

PLAYBOY: Last year you made a record with R. Kelly, *Best of Both Worlds*. Just before it came out, he was arrested on 21 counts of child pornography, over a videotape that seems to show him having sex with an underage girl. The music video you were going to make was canceled, the tour was canceled, the record didn't sell. Was that your biggest disappointment in music?

JAY-Z: I would say so. I had such high expectations for it. I made the album with somebody I think is the greatest writer of our time. And we didn't finish the story, with the videos and performing.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out about the charges against him?

JAY-Z: People were talking about it before the album. Damn, why didn't nobody tell me? It seems like this was a known fact for a while, and people just started telling me a week before the album dropped. "You didn't know?" Then it finally hit the news.

PLAYBOY: A lot of counts of child pornography. Do you think that Kelly's career is over?

JAY-Z: I have no idea. It's going to be really tough.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that he might be guilty?

JAY-Z: I don't want to speculate, man. I don't know what half of America is doing behind closed doors. When it's an entertainer, it's headline news. It ain't the first time it happened. Look at fucking Elvis, man. How old was Priscilla when he married her? Eleven?

PLAYBOY: And when Kelly married Aaliyah, she was 15. Doesn't that indicate a sexual interest in underage women?

JAY-Z: I miss Aaliyah. I hate that her name is even involved in these kinds of conversations.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that rap is like wrestling. What do you mean?

JAY-Z: When I say that, I'm talking about all the beefs going on. Everybody is from a place where they had nothing. Now they're getting a little bit of something—they're not going to risk that over "I rhyme better than you." All that muscling up, all that sticking out your chest, it's all wrestling. "Come here, boy!" Nobody is gonna do nothing to nobody. It's all just a show.

PLAYBOY: Just hype?

JAY-Z: There you go. A lot of attention to your record.

PLAYBOY: And yet rappers are always saying, "I'm keepin' it real."

JAY-Z: Someone recently told me, "Real is just a foundation for a great fantasy." That's deep.

PLAYBOY: You've had a big battle with Nas—he made a song about you, you made a song about him, back and forth. If it was just wrestling, does that mean you never got mad?

(continued on page 142)



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sex &



We asked two hot women—one from Los Angeles, one from New York—to trade places and test a simple premise: If you want to get laid, get out of town

cities



naked new york

by Anna David

In Los Angeles I never find the men, only the boys. Perhaps because the town dream is celebrity (an excuse to play all day), the males here seem trapped happily in perpetual adolescence. It's all about games and sex and drinking, a film executive says, pretty much summing up a typical LA boy's dream activities. Even the ones in suits—the ones alleging to be men—seem interested only in chasing after the perfect newbies with enhanced bosoms who flood LAX daily (part of California's fresh-meat-for-fresh-produce deal with the rest of

the country). So convinced is the male Angeleno of his endless dating possibilities, LA girls have to get used to the fact that one day, out of the blue, he just may not call. The first boy who did this to me told me his reason years later: "You really needed to wax, baby," he said, shrugging. "Down there." Over time I got used to it. But when I grew up and the men around me didn't, I began to suspect that things might be radically different on the other coast. I decided a trip to New York was just what the waxer ordered.

> the magazine guy

"He's good-looking, straight, the editor of a men's magazine, and I've never heard of him screwing over anyone I know. Either



I.a. undercovers

by Amy Sohn

I went to the West Coast to accomplish two things: learn how to make a left-hand turn at a four-way intersection and get laid. I am a New Yorker to the bone—I was born and bred in Brooklyn, learned to drive at 21 and have spent more time in cabs riding home from hookups than I've spent hooking up. But lately I've grown sick of the city; it's gotten to the point where I'm dating the same guys over and over again. I wanted to go someplace shiny, new and carefree, where all the women looked like whores and the men looked gay. I wanted to get busy with actors, agents, rock singers and valets. In a city of movers and shakers, I wanted a piece of the action.

I arrive at the Maison 140 hotel in Beverly Hills in the late afternoon, feeling happy to be alive. When I pull away from the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



Anna

you've managed in one night to uncover New York's undiscovered gem or there's something really wrong with this picture."

So says a friend of mine—one of those beautiful, cynical publishing girls who has a firm grasp on her city's dating scene—when I tell her about making out with high-powered Magazine Guy in the cab the night before.

At first I'm horrified and feel defensive on his behalf, but I slowly realize she has a point. Nongeeky Magazine Guys, an

only-in-New York phenomenon, are intellectual rock gods to us Magazine Girls; if Viggo Mortensen and Dave Eggers could morph into one creature (who also had the power to hire us at a competitive salary or at least give us that world-weary-but-wise girl column we've been aching to write), he'd be the Magazine Guy. We definitely don't have MGs in LA.

I meet him at the Hudson, Ian Schrager's newest hotel, during an allegedly exclusive party for something no one in

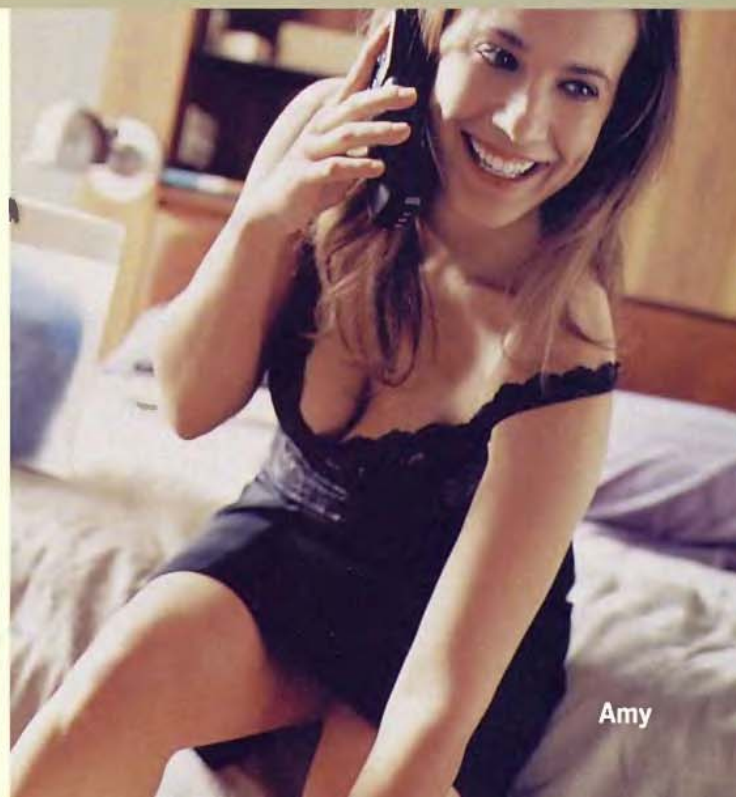
airport on La Cienega I'm so nervous I can't switch lanes, but I breathe slowly and aim high at the wheel. By the time I make it to Beverly Hills, I'm talking on my cell phone, smoking and turning (right) all at once.

My hotel is a tiny B-and-B, all black and red with an Asian theme. As soon as I get to my room I'm horny. It's small and warm, with a king-size bed that's so soft and inviting I want to share it with somebody, soon. I wash my face and head out in search of some Californication.

> the pickup artist

I park on Sunset Boulevard to look for men, and as I walk down the street I notice something strange: Every single guy is staring at me, smiling. Sure, my hair's blown out straight as Barbie's and I'm in gold strappy sandals and a tight black tank top. But, still, it catches me off guard. New Yorkers spend most of their time figuring out how not to look at each other; here everyone acts like the world is TV. And because all the men are Adonises, with high foreheads and tan skin, I'm surprised to find the leering flattering. They look like models and behave like construction workers—what more could a gal ask for?

Suddenly, I get distracted by my car. Even though the parking spot appears legal, I feel certain there's some obscure



Amy

attendance seemed to be sure of. It's my first evening in town and I'd slept maybe three hours the night before and not at all on the plane. I arrive feeling self-conscious about my outfit, a hybrid of New York and Los Angeles sensibilities—little black dress over Juicy jeans with a pair of slip-on Jimmy Choos—and I'm fully aware that I have dressed for the girls, not for the guys. (In New York, trendiness is everything; in Los Angeles, as long as it's sexy, it doesn't matter how last year it is.) Two seconds after I walk into the hotel, a girl gives me the up-and-down and promptly spills a drink on me.

Admittedly, I'm not in the best frame of mind to meet a guy. He's introduced to me by Peter, a friend who claims to never go out. In New York that seems to mean going to fewer than nine bars a night, because people are always clapping him on the back and saying things like, "Didn't last night go off?" Or "You'll be at Sway tomorrow night, right?" Upon first glance I'm not particularly impressed with Magazine Guy—or, more accurately, I'm not impressed with how not impressed he seems to be with me. He's dark-haired and tall and appropriately chiseled. However, he is far more interested in chatting with an essentially incoherent Page Six reporter than he is in charming writers from the left coast. I inform Peter that I find Magazine Guy cheesy and way too into himself.

The next night after dinner I go to meet Peter, who happens to be having drinks with Mr. Magazine and some other guys. From the get-go, Magazine Guy's attitude has undergone a 180. Before I even sit down in the chair he's suddenly made

"Once ensconced in the cab, he starts giving me a back rub—a really good back rub—that evolves into kissing."

available by his side, he's tossing out those you-know-you-look-exactly-like compliments. I'm sensing that getting a guy's attention in New York can be difficult, but once you have it, it's an easy thing to hold.

Later, after MG and I have succeeded in holding each other's

regulation I don't know about. I spot a Nicolas Cage look-alike in a polka-dot shirt coming toward me. Just as I say, "Excuse me," he says, "Excuse me," too.

"You go first," I say.

"I was just going to tell you how beautiful you are," he says with an English accent.

"Thank you," I say. "How many women do you stop on the street and say that to?"

"Depends how many I see."

"What's beautiful about me?"

"Well, if you really want to know, your face and your breasts," he says, and giggles. "What were you going to ask me?"

"Whether you think that's a legal spot over there."

"I have no idea," he says. "I'm from England. My name's Colin. I'm a race car driver on the Gumball Rally. We just drove across the country to raise money for September 11."

I peer at him through his tinted Armani glasses and am surprised to find I feel no fear. I'm a babe and he stopped me to say so. I have to seize the day.

"What kind of car did you drive?"

"A Ferrari."

"Mmm," I purr. "Why don't you take me for a ride in it?"

"My insurance ran out, so I can't. We could sit in it, though."

SEX IN LOS ANGELES vs. SEX IN NEW YORK

la

nyc

CELEB WHO NAILED HER DURING HER FIRST WEEK IN TOWN

Scott Baio

Matt Dillon

FAVORITE FOREPLAY

Asking, "Why do you think you'd be right for this part?"

Unfolding the futon

EXOTIC SPOT TO GET IT ON

Hef's Grotto

Her ass

BIRTH-CONTROL DEVICE



Trojans

Magnums

TABOO DATE



David Geffen

9/11

KINKY SEX TOY

The screenplay you've been trying to slip her boss

Plastic replica of the Empire State Building



LOCAL EUPHEMISM FOR HER ANATOMY

The South Central hood

Gramercy Cavern

LOCAL EUPHEMISM FOR YOUR ANATOMY

Santa Monica Pier

The New York Post

DISTURBING THOUGHT TO STAVE OFF CLIMAX



Shaq's free-throw percentage

Letterman in the throes of ecstasy



POSTCOITAL REMARK

"OK, that's a wrap."

"I'm afraid that's property of the FDNY, ma'am—so please let go of the hose."

IN 20 YEARS SHE'LL LOOK LIKE

A handbag

Donald Trump



Anna



attention for a good hour, he starts exploiting his job mercilessly by telling me about an article that he's editing on cunnilingus. He says he would tell me what the article espouses but that it's actually something far easier to show than it is to tell. I gulp. Later, when he asks me if I want to share a cab—explaining that his West Village apartment is on my way back to Brooklyn Heights—I say yes.

Now, if we were in LA, this would mean we'd leave together and then I—being the chick—would decide, depending on a zillion tiny occurrences and whims, whether we're embarking on a random night of sin or just a kiss and number exchange. I figure it's the same thing in New York, only with a chauffeur. Once

ensconced in the cab, he starts giving me a back rub—a really good back rub—that evolves into kissing. As the cab pulls up outside his apartment, he starts saying things. They're a jumble of last-minute, nonsensical utterances meant to persuade me to get out here rather than continue on to Brooklyn, something about how he has a king-size bed and a queen-size one, and I could sleep in either. I keep kissing him. I'm somewhat self-conscious and aware of the cabbie a few feet away. De Niro's *Taxi Driver* line about how he always had to wash off the seats at the end of the night twists its way through my mind. Ultimately I say no. I tell MG that he could be Norman Bates in *Psycho* and I wouldn't know it. He (continued on page 154)



Amy

He holds his arm out for me and we go to a lot across the street. His car's a 550 Barchetta Pininfarina. I've never seen anything so sexy in my life. It's sleek and low and my ass sinks in so deep I feel paraplegic.

He puts on Frank Sinatra singing *Autumn in New York*. The combination of Old Blue Eyes and new blue eyes, not to mention the small, enclosed space, makes me weak. I'd never get in a car with a strange guy in New York—not even a parked one—but Colin's so cheerful I don't feel afraid. In fact I feel. . .

"Do you want to kiss me, Colin?"

"Yeah, sure," he says. I pucker up. We kiss, deep and soulful, as Sinatra continues to croon. He pulls away and says, "What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why don't you come to my hotel? The Mondrian, room 602."

"Mmm," I say. "I'll definitely think about it."

I can't believe it. I've been in LA only a couple of hours and already I've sat in a Ferrari, smooched a boy and have sex lined up for the night. I wind up not going because I have a date with an agent, but as I walk to my car I smile, knowing I can.

> the agent

Jack, 34, is a Hollywood agent, a friend of a friend. We talk over the phone and I ask him where (continued on page 78)

ASK SARAH SILVERMAN

PLAYBOY: *What's the difference between New York men and LA men?*

Sarah Silverman, comedian: *New York balls are bigger and browner and LA balls are closer to the body and pinker. But that's probably because of the humidity.*

PLAYBOY: *What about guys who take the hair off their balls?*

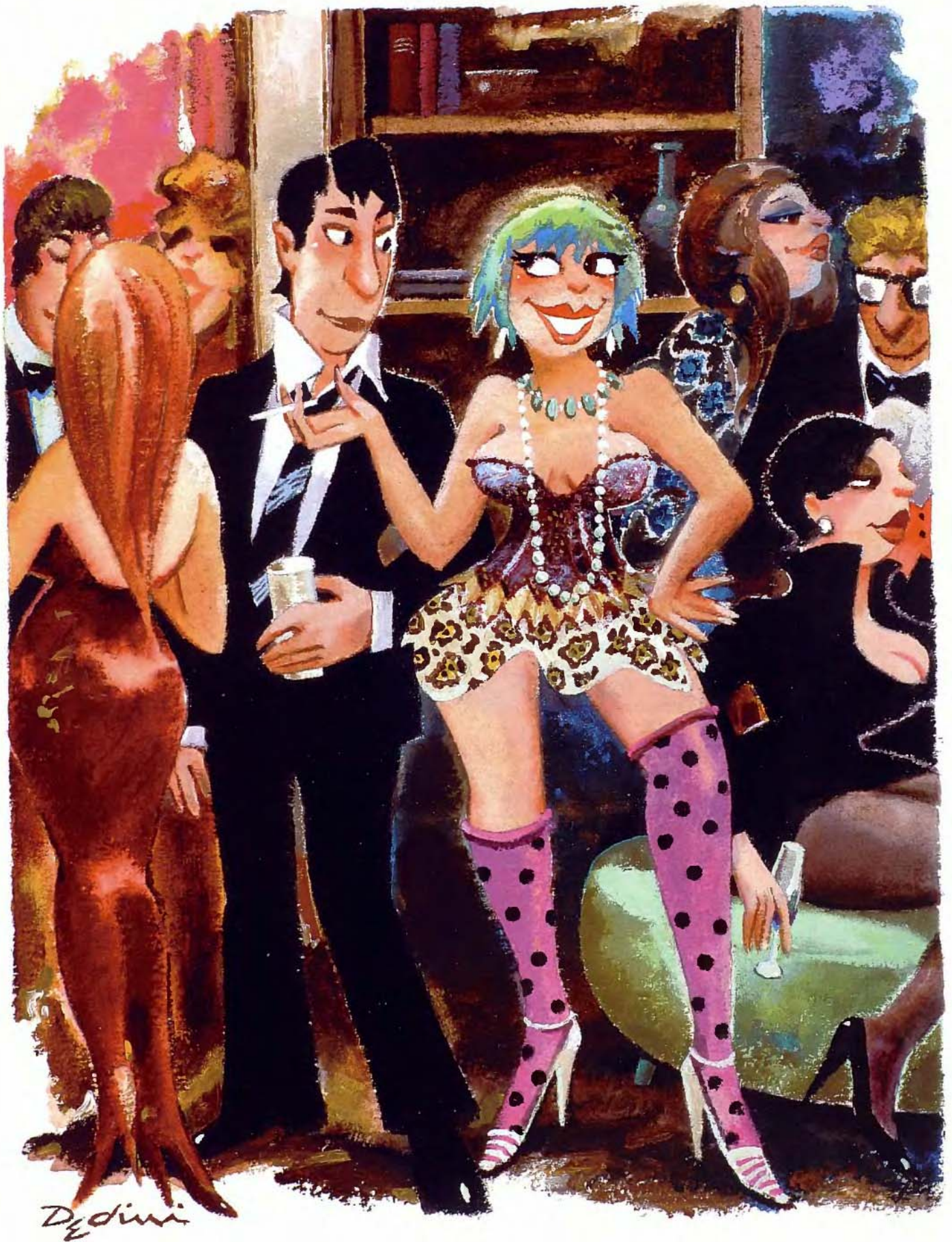
Silverman: *That's so nasty. I like a big bush. No shaving anywhere. That's gay. If your man does that, he's gay. That's how you know.*

PLAYBOY: *Who's better in bed—LA men or New York men?*

Silverman: *Fat guys, because they try so hard and they've learned a lot from pornography.*

(Silverman lives in LA)





"Fashion victims give hotter sex."

ROCK

MOST OF US WANT TO BE MUSICIANS.
TURNS OUT, MUSICIANS WANT TO BE
US. WE INVITED A FEW INTO OUR
STUDIOS AND LET THEM GO WILD

SHOTS

TAKE EQUAL PARTS SEX AND ROCK AND ROLL AND ADD A DASH OF YOUR RECREATIONAL INTOXICANT OF CHOICE. Now shake it, baby, shake it. Oh, and garnish with a camera. That's the recipe for a rock shot. We grew weary of the predictable photo shoots of hip-hoppers and hard-core tuffs that other magazines run—cross your arms, make a hand gesture, glower. Click. So instead of shooting ghetto glam shots of the stars, we shuffled them into a studio along with some girls with serious depth of field and invited them to take some pictures. At the beginning of each shoot, our guest photographers—Nelly, Ja Rule, Korn's Jonathan Davis, DMX and Xzibit—were surprisingly shy. Fortunately, they all took advice gracefully. (Like, do you think you want to ask her to take her thong off?) Once things got rolling, the perfectionism that got each to the top of the music game came into play. The hardest part for us? Trying to quell rivalries. Each star wanted to know how he stacked up against the rest. Each wanted to be sure he was the best because they all wanted to be asked back.

It's not particularly hot in our studio, but Nelly still suggested that Miss January 2002, Nicole Narain, take off all her clothes. Of course, once she did, it began to sizzle. "I think his favorite shots were of me turning around," says Nicole. "He's a butt guy. I'd turn around and show him a little ass and he was like, 'Hey, all right, now we're talking.'" Yeah, well, he's a guy who knows where the party's at, as one of the hits on his nine-times-platinum debut, *Country Grammar*, makes clear. And this guy is no Sisco—his follow-up, *Nellyville*, spawned two top 10 songs simultaneously and continues to sell bucketloads. In fact, Nelly changed the hip-hop map. By putting St. Louis on it, he disrupted the distinctions between East Coast, West Coast and dirty South. Still, his favorite spot may well prove to be the Playboy Mansion. Nelly says he's ready to help us out again. "Anytime, anyplace—let me know," says Nelly. "And if you don't ask me again, I'm going to be mad. I might call your ass."

SEE SEXY AND NUDE BEHIND-THE-SCENES VIDEO AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



NICOLE NARAIN BY NELLY



Ja Rule laid down the law when he got behind the camera. He wanted two girls, and he wanted them to be game for his bold artistic vision. Ja's rule number one? Start the party right. Sure, he had a camera in one hand. In the other he switched between a flute of champagne and a smoke. "I like the playful shit," Ja Rule said by way of a pep talk for Miss June 2002, Michele Rogers (who is brunette), and Miss May 2002, Christi Shake (who is blonde). "Come on, give it to me now. Whenever you see this camera start blasting, just work." That was a clever—and effective—tactic, as it turned out. Just look at these photos. No wonder he had such fun. Even a guy with three platinum records and movie roles in *Crime Partners*, *Half Past Dead* and *The Fast and the Furious* was impressed with a day spent in our shoes. "Could I be PLAYBOY's personal rapper?" he asked. "Birthday parties, bar mitzvahs—whatever y'all need."

ROGERS & SHAKE BY JA RULE



Jonathan Davis sings in the hard-core behemoth Korn. The band redefined the term family values with their tour of the same name—and they discovered Limp Bizkit. As if that weren't enough, the band's albums *Follow the Leader* and *Issues* both debuted at number one on the charts. (Their latest, *Untouchables*, sold just as quickly as the others but had the misfortune of debuting while Eminem was hogging the number one slot.) Sure enough, when Davis followed us into the studio, he had issues. His fiancée had given the ixnay to Jonathan's shooting a Playmate. Luckily, she's porn star Devan Davis, and she volunteered to be his model. Those of you who have studied *Perfect Pink in Paris* know why Jonathan's ball and chain was more than welcome in our studio. Together, they assembled a particularly intimate portfolio. We're a bit worried, though, about their steamy romance—their kids would be children of the Korn.



DEVAN DAVIS BY JONATHAN DAVIS



When we let DMX try his hand at our job for a day, we held high hopes. And not because he's a creative multitalent with successful careers in hip-hop and Hollywood. Nope. We were excited because he's the guy who named an album *And Then There Was X*. It's a philosophy we rate high. And DMX didn't let us down. In fact, there were moments when we thought he was ready to declare, *And Then There Was XXX*. "How could anyone not love this?" he asked as he crossed his arms in an X to show our Special Editions model Heather McQuaid just how he wanted her legs. We assume it was a rhetorical question—we all love it. Like everybody else, we have days when we wake up hungover, cranky and unable to sing the praises of public transportation. And even though we will never star opposite Jet Li—as DMX has done twice, in *Romeo Must Die* and *Cradle 2 the Grave*—our moods brighten when we walk into the office to find women lined up in the lobby to pose for test shots, happily removing their tight tops and begging us to take more Polaroids of them—from behind.

HEATHER MCQUAID BY DMX



Xzibit pulled up to the studio in his silver Escalade and surveyed the situation. April 2002 Cyber Girl of the Month Carolée Bass was standing there in a red mesh top and a buns-hugging denim skirt. The cameras were loaded and the lighting was just right. You could tell he understood how special the task was. "You know what the word of the day is?" he asked. "Hef." His gratitude was matched only by his tireless professionalism—Xzibit stayed for four hours and shot more than a dozen rolls of film. During that time his metamorphosis was completed. He went from nervous neophyte to fastidious artiste, climbing up ladders, adjusting the lighting, directing his model. "I'm not your run-of-the-mill photographer, man," he said after about three hours of shooting. "I have vision. It's all about translating emotion onto film, permanently catching that so I can display it for the millions of people who enjoy reading *PLAYBOY*. I'm no joke, brother." We settled onto the couch with a bone-dry martini, waiting for his enthusiasm to flag. Hours later, it wasn't even at half-mast.

C A R O L E E B A S S B Y X Z I B I T

sex & 2 cities—Amy

(continued from page 70)

we're going. He says, "I'll decide that," in a gruff, big-penis voice. At seven o'clock I hear a knock on my hotel room door. I crack it and he pushes it wide open. I can't believe my eyes. Though he's by no means a tall man, he has the strong jaw of someone who works out too much, and high, dark hair. He's wearing a Hugo Boss suit. I feel my to-fuck-or-not-fuck bar begin to lower. I can't remember the last time I had a man pick me up for a date, much less wearing something with lapels.

"It's such a pleasure to meet you," I say, licking my freshly glossed lips. (Within 24 hours in town I have mastered the LA bitch look: high-heeled car shoes, heavy makeup, a bit of midriff showing at all times.)

"Nice to meet you, too," he says, giving me a once-over.

We walk outside. I love that I don't have to take a jacket. In New York you dress up then cover up, because you want the right guys to notice you and the wrong guys not to. Here you're protected by the metal of a car, so you can dress like Pamela Anderson without fear of catcalls.

Jack leads me to a cobalt-blue vintage convertible from the Sixties. He opens the door. "Wow," I say. I don't tell him that I've already made out in a Ferrari.

We cruise down Wilshire, the engine rumbling loudly. I stare out the window, feeling like the sexy bitch of a powerful man. A BMW pulls up next to us and Jack says, "That's Brad Grey." Brad Grey is with his wife, talking on his cell phone while she stares straight ahead, and I think maybe it's more fun to hang with someone powerful for a night than for life.

The restaurant is a hip place in Santa Monica called Sushi Roku. It's dark and powerful, kind of like my date. As we step up to the host station we see Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt having dinner in a booth to the right.

"Am I good or am I good?" Jack asks me.

"You're good." Brad Grey and his wife come in behind us and join Jennifer and Brad in the booth.

"They're following us," I whisper.

Jack and I are seated and he orders Sapporo and sake. "So, do you get stressed out by your work?" I ask.

"I never leave the house without my ego and ambition," he says, staring at my breasts. "But I try to keep a healthy distance between my work and myself. I want to be a good man, not a great man."

"I bet you've said that before," I tell him.

"Of course I have," he says.

"What makes an agent good?"

"One, he has to make his client money. Two, he has to inspire his client to greatness. Three, he has to make his client money." I'm relieved that we haven't eaten our dinner yet; otherwise I would be vomiting.

Over sushi that I let him order, we get to know each other

better. He's inquisitive, but when I tell him I wrote a novel he doesn't appear to be impressed. I figure in this town a novelist has less clout than a colorist. I ask him whether he ever worries that women are only interested in him because of his success. He says, "I am far too vain to come to terms with the possibility that a woman might go on a date with me for any reason other than that I'm a first-rate human being." I laugh at his hubris and he smiles in a way that makes me unsure whether he's joking.

When we finish our food I tell him I want to go outside and smoke a cigarette—you can't smoke inside—and he says he'll come with me. We run into an African American movie executive he knows who's waiting for his car. "You know what I need?" the guy says. "Fucking white material. All I get is black shit."

"Embrace it," Jack says. "Because there's a real market there."

The friend speeds off and I light my cigarette. Jack burns one. It seems being a smoker in California is kind of like being a gay celebrity: You do what you do, but you don't want anyone to know.

After dinner we go to the parking lot and get into his car. He doesn't ask me where I want to go, we just drive. After a while, I put my hand on his neck and when I take it away, he says, "Don't stop. My neck is killing me." I roll my eyes and squeeze a little.

We creep up into the Hollywood Hills. His house is modest and sparse and there's a ton of boxes in the living room; he's moving the next day.

We go out onto the terrace, which overlooks the Los Angeles basin, glowing and bright. "This view can be very beautiful," he says, "and the most depressing thing that you've ever seen when you're lonely."

"Where are you moving?"

"To my place in Malibu for now. I got an offer on this I thought I should take, but now I have seller's remorse. You know what my problem is? I'm always looking for something better than what I have."

I start thinking how men really do tell you everything you need to know right away. We return to the living room and I sit down. He goes to the kitchen and brings back two Playboy tumblers filled with single-malt on the

rocks. We clink and drink and then he asks me to sit on his lap. After a little bit of grinding, our paws disappear.

"Oh my God!" I cry, yanking my hand from his chain.

"What?"

"You have less hair than I do! I've been outvained!" He grins slyly. "Who does that for you?"

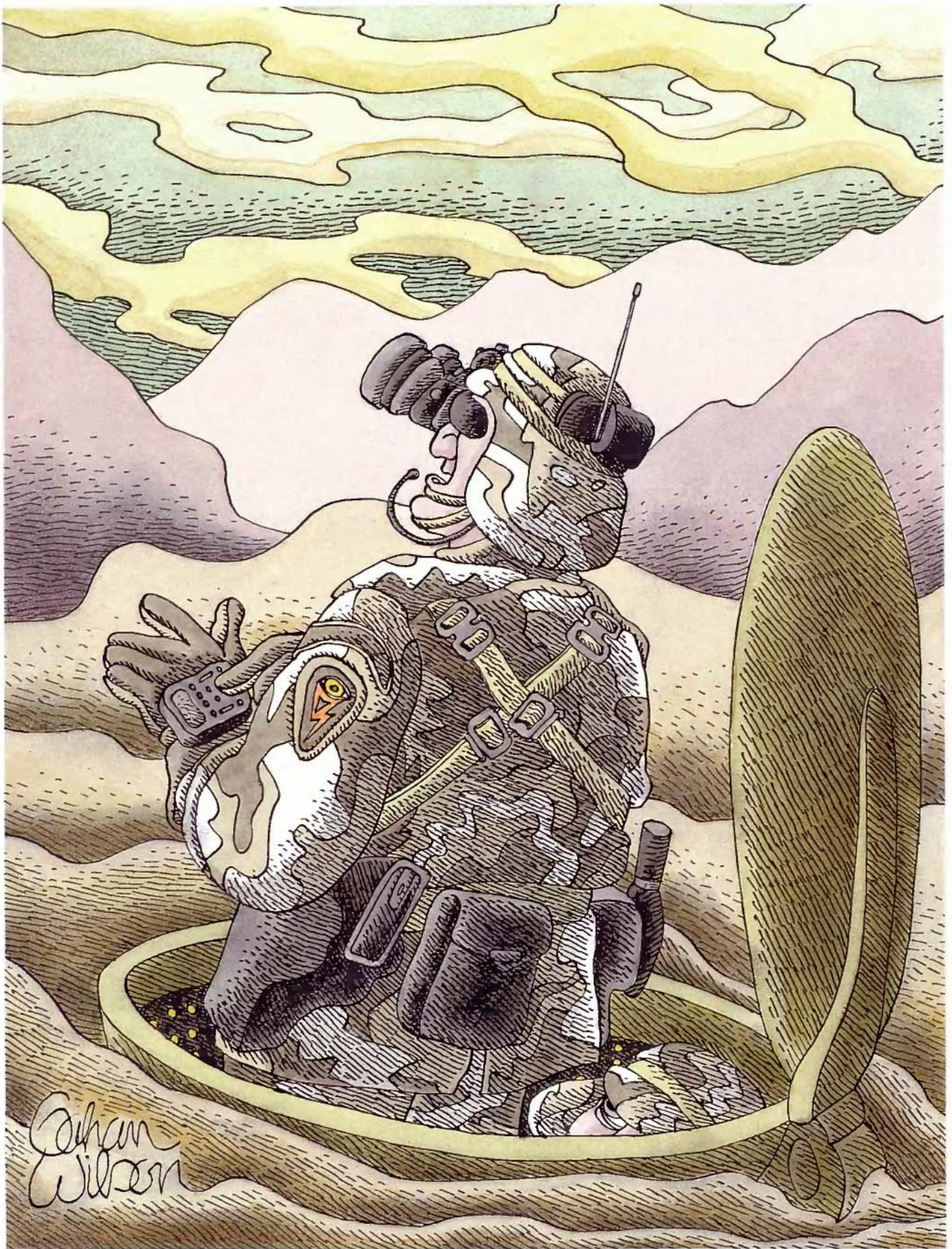
"Who do you think? I do." My hand roams around listlessly, but the lack of Chia on his pets is so intimidating that I have to move it away.

"Before I leave this house, there's something I want to do that I've never done," he says. "I'm hoping you'll want to do it, too. It involves the balcony."

Hmmm, I think. At least it seems this won't involve my having to touch them.



"Within hours I have mastered the LA bitch look: high-heeled car shoes, heavy makeup, a bit of midriff showing at all times."



"Looks like we've taken care of the enemy and pretty much everything else."

By Stephen Reid

THE LAST SCORE

ON JUNE 9, 1999 STEPHEN REID—NOVELIST, FOLK HERO, JUNKIE—WALKED INTO A CANADIAN BANK WITH A SHOTGUN IN HOPES OF PAYING OFF HIS \$90,000 DRUG BILL. THINGS DIDN'T GO AS PLANNED. THIS IS HIS STORY, IN HIS OWN WORDS

T

THE COKE IS SCREAMING THROUGH MY BLOOD, BUT THE HEROIN BEGINS TO WHISPER BACK AND I SETTLE IN A BIT, WIPE THE SWEAT AND SCAN THE TRAFFIC.

he man seemed to have it all. Money. Fame. A family. And a heroin habit that was about to destroy everything.

At one time Stephen Reid was the most notorious bank robber in North America. As "tactician and chief gunslinger" of the three-man Stopwatch Gang in the Seventies, he led a string of bank jobs throughout the States and Canada, raking in some \$15 million. Carrying heavy artillery and a stopwatch, Reid and his gang hit more than 100 banks—always in and out in less than two minutes. They made the FBI's most wanted list. The bureau called them "the best in the business."

In 1980 Reid was busted for a San Diego heist. While serving 14 and a half years in a maximum security prison, he wrote a novel, which landed in the hands of Canadian poet Susan Musgrave. Not only did Musgrave succeed in having *Jackrabbit Parole* published in 1986, but she also married Reid while he was still in prison. The book flew off the racks. When Reid walked in 1987, he sold his life story to Hollywood. Brad Pitt was mentioned for the leading role. With cash in the bank, Reid and Musgrave were living happily ever after.

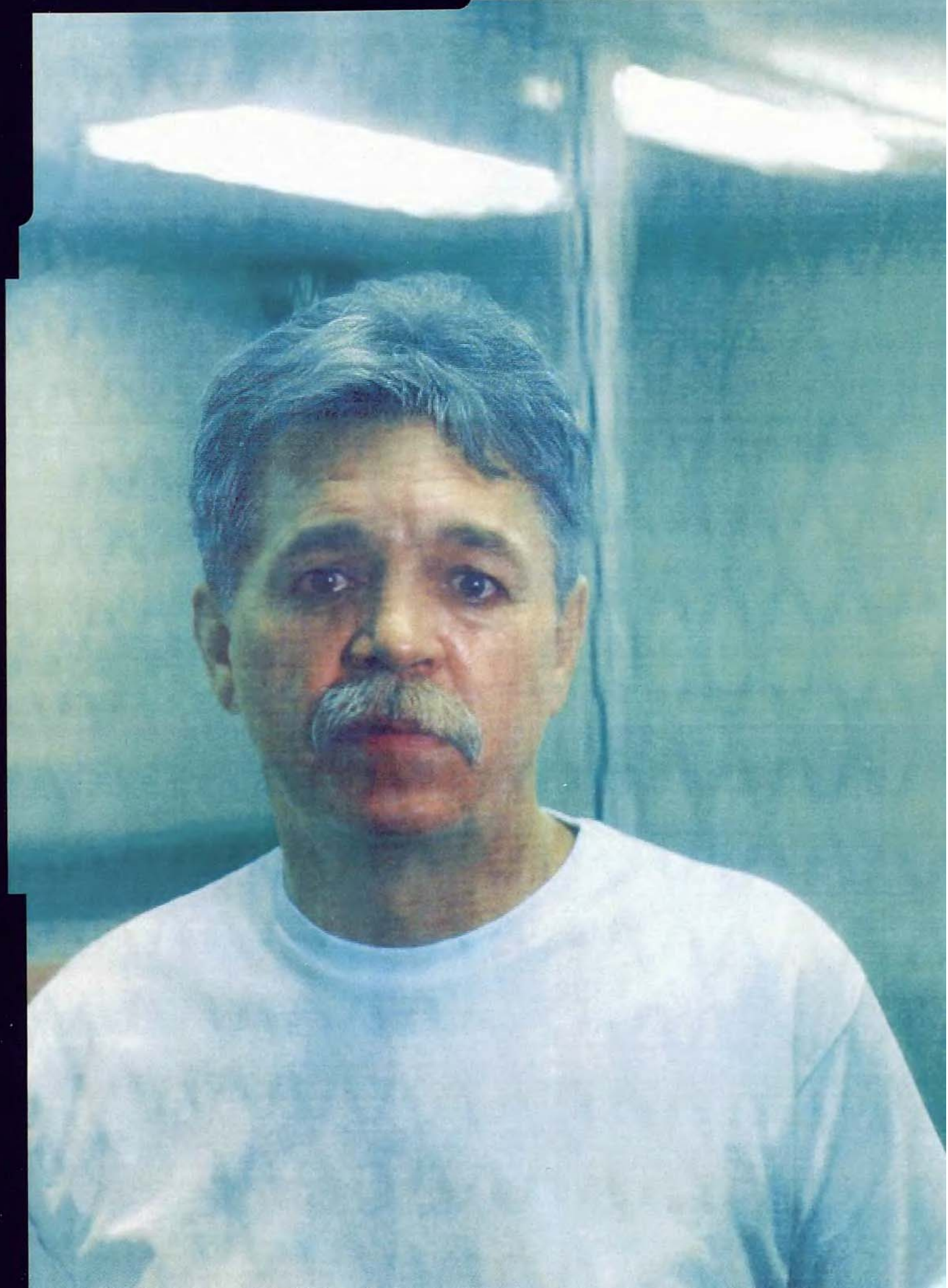
This was not to be. One day in early 1999 Reid "discovered coke and heroin in the same spoon," as he says. Three months later Reid, 49, was \$90,000 in debt, with gangsters hot on his tail. He was desperate. And he saw only one way out.

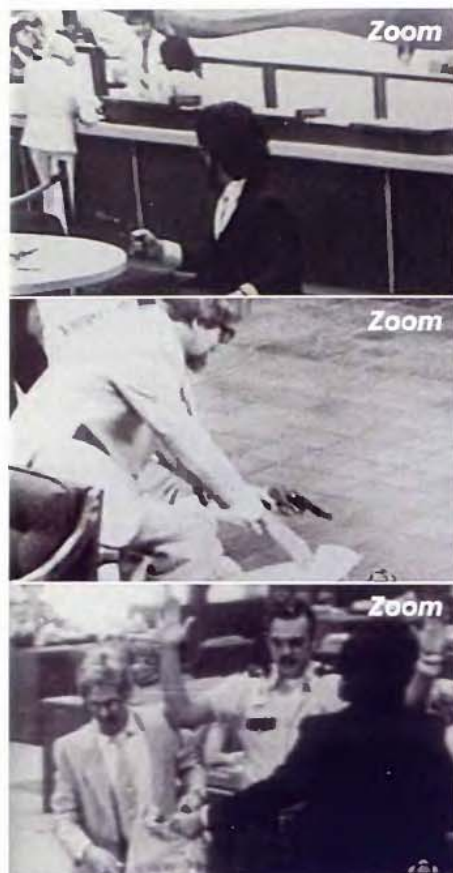
June 9, 1999, Victoria, British Columbia. It's 9:15 A.M., Pacific Standard Time. Coming out of the Shell station toilet, my head rocking from a fresh jolt of heroin and cocaine, I realize this morning is about to become anything but standard. I climb into the passenger side of a hot-wired Dodge, the backseat loaded with enough artillery to light up a small country. The bank is six blocks away.

We nose into the Fairfield Road turn lane, hook a right on red and start south down Cook Street. The coke is screaming through my blood, but the heroin begins to whisper back. I wipe the sweat off my face with my forearm and scan the traffic. I can't believe I let myself get mangled on dope before the score. This job feels so far out of pocket, I should report it to Ripley's.

Behind the wheel is a 32-year-old junkie, a toothpick of a man with a lint-ball hairdo and the wild eyes of an amateur. Lint Ball is a nodding acquaintance, someone I occasionally bumped into in the hallway outside the apartment of an Asian drug dealer. I promoted him last night, partly because of his ability to hot-wire an ignition and steal a car, a talent I've never acquired. The motor coughs black blood, threatens to die. Lint Ball twitches in his seat. He and this primer-painted

Stephen Reid in lockup. The press called him "the bank robber turned novelist turned bank robber again."





● Bank Camera



Above: Surveillance video captures a precision Stopwatch Gang heist in September 1980 (Reid is in black suit and beard), a sharp contrast to Reid's final score. Below: Reid's wife, poet Susan Musgrave, was besieged by the press.

six-cylinder scrap of a getaway car have one thing in common: They're mutts.

We roll carefully down the sloping pavement into Cook Street Village, a gentrified hub of small shops and businesses: two cafes, both with patios, a peak-roofed wine outlet, a florist shop that spills onto the sidewalk, a trendy launderette and an English pub. The village is less than three blocks long, bookended by the Royal Bank of Canada and a Mac's Milk. We pass by the Mac's Milk.

Great horse chestnut and elm trees line both sides of the street. A light breeze is making the leaves tremble so their mingling shadows on the sidewalk look like little fish kissing. A couple strolls by, he with a cell phone to his ear, she with a sweater tied around her waist. People sit at sidewalk tables sipping foamy coffees, folded newspapers on their laps. The whole morning and the people in it seem clear and bright—everything I'm not.

If ever there were a time to bail, it's now. But I'm on desperation row, all out of options. I am 90 grand deep into the pockets of a Toronto crew known as the Graduates (from the school of

**STACKS OF \$10S
AND \$20S
ARE FLYING
INTO THE DUFFEL
BAG IN THREE-
FOOT LENGTHS,
BUT IT'S TAKING
TOO LONG TO
WITHDRAW AND
UNLOAD
EACH CASSETTE.**

hard knocks). Tomorrow is payday and I've stalled long enough. I have every intention of meeting their plane. With their *dinero*.

I tug on my gloves and motion to Lint Ball, "Go around the block. I need more time." We pass the bank. He takes a right at the next street and turns to me. "You sure you're all right?" he says. "You don't look so good."



I want to tell him to look in the mirror. "Just drive."

As Lint Ball circles, I haul the heavy zippered duffel bag from the backseat onto my lap. By the time he pulls into the rear parking lot of the bank, I've checked the load on an Ithaca 12-gauge pump and secured a .44 Magnum in the holster on my hip. Under a blanket in the back lies my last resort: a



*Friends of Stephen Reid—many of whom got to know him after the publication of his best-selling novel, *Jackrabbit Parole*—expressed disbelief over his violent return to crime. Reid is currently doing time in British Columbia.*

Chinese assault rifle with a clip of 21 steel jackets, each bullet the length of a basketball player's finger. It's a chase gun, one that will discourage even the baddest dog from biting our tires.

Lint Ball jumps on the brakes. I adjust the eyeholes on a flesh-toned face mask and exit the still-rocking car. Loping alongside the bank, hugging the red-brick wall, I hurry toward the front entrance holding the duffel loosely, my head to the ground. No telling what sort of spectacle my homemade cop uniform is making. SWAT ball cap. A jacket with POLICE stenciled on the back. I need enough of a pay-no-mind to get myself inside the bank, but the cheap Halloween mask attracts some double takes. It's supposed to be realistic—a guy's face, just not mine. But the lips are painted target red. I look more like Bank Robber Barbie than a facsimile of a cop.

My last thought before I step inside that bank: *How the hell did I end up here?* I place a gloved hand on the crossbar to the glass doors and push through.

Three months earlier. Three o'clock in the afternoon, March 13—my 49th

FOR ONE GLORIOUS MOMENT, WHEN THAT SHOTGUN BUCKS AGAINST MY SHOULDER AND ALL FOUR TIRES LEAVE THE GROUND, I'M NO LONGER BOUND TO THIS EARTH.

birthday. I was nursing a sense of detachment while staring out the window of the Herald Street Caffie into one of those brilliant champagne days that come to Victoria in the early spring. The waiter delivered a chocolate torte with a lit sparkler, and our whole table, a birthday gathering of six other Pisces poets and writers, erupted into applause. Years ago, when we discovered

that a bunch of us had birthdays clustered together, we began this annual lunch, calling ourselves the Fish Poets Lunch Bandits.

Somewhere between the unfinished torte and my third refusal of Armagnac, I began to distance myself from the comfortable banter around the table. My friends were happy about their gardens, happy with their ex-partners, happy but self-deprecating about their publishing successes and literary prize nominations. They were smart, sensitive and sensible people: the architects of their own lives. I saw in them an essential wholeness—something I lacked. I made my excuses and left the luncheon early.

Since leaving prison 12 years ago I had wanted desperately to build something of my life, too. I'd made the journey from junkie and FBI most wanted bank robber to best-selling novelist. I'd married one of the most interesting and beautiful women on the planet. We were raising two pieces of magic together, our daughters, Sophie and Charlotte. The garden was planted, the woodshed was full, the mortgage was paid. Yet that essential wholeness eluded me, as if the life I wanted were taking

BOTCHED BANK HEISTS



WHEN AND WHERE: February 28, 1997, Bank of America, North Hollywood, California

THE PLAN: Right out of *Heat*. Emil Matasareanu and Larry Phillips Jr. don black clothes, masks and body armor. Armed with assault rifles, they storm the bank just after it opens. A fortified Chevy sedan waits in the parking lot.

WHAT WENT WRONG: Angry at their \$304,000 take, the bandits beat a bank officer. Police arrive, closing off streets. A shootout begins as the duo exit—two robbers with automatic weapons versus 350 cops with pistols and shotguns. Police run into a nearby gun shop for more weapons and ammo.

JUST DESERTS: Phillips tries to escape on foot while shooting at news helicopters; a sharpshooter kills him. Matasareanu takes off in the car and is surrounded by SWAT gunmen; he surrenders after being hit 29 times, and bleeds to death in the street.



WHEN AND WHERE: March 17, 1997, Lindell Bank and Trust, St. Louis

THE PLAN: Billie Allen and Norris Holder storm the bank armed with AK-47s. Two stolen vans are to be the escape vehicles—the duo plans to drive one to nearby Forest Park and set it on fire to destroy evidence, then drive away in the second.

WHAT WENT WRONG: Allen shoots and kills a bank security guard. As they speed off in one van, they douse the interior with gas. But when one of them tests his lighter, he accidentally sets his shirt on fire. The flames quickly spread. Ammo in the van starts going off as the fire intensifies. Some of the \$50,000 in loot burns.

JUST DESERTS: Allen and Holder abandon the van, which is spotted by police. Holder is arrested at the scene. His duct-taped artificial leg falls off as he tries to escape. Allen is arrested the next day.



WHEN AND WHERE: December 29, 1993, Central Florida Educators' Federal Credit Union, Edgewood, Florida

THE PLAN: A quartet of thieves has a simple plan: Three of them will enter the bank at 10 A.M. and demand money. The fourth will wait outside to drive the getaway car.

WHAT WENT WRONG: While the group is speeding away from the crime, a dye pack explodes in a stack of bills that's deep inside one robber's pants. Fumes from the pack are so intense that the thieves start throwing money out the window of the car, drawing the attention of a passing deputy sheriff.

JUST DESERTS: In the resulting chase, the driver loses control of the getaway car, which skids into a house. One of the four is caught immediately. Using dogs and a helicopter, the three others are found in nearby woods. One has shredded pants.

place in a different world than the one I belonged in.

These days my life was defined by exes—ex-smoker, ex-con, ex-bank robber, ex-addict. I tried hard to inhabit my mended ways, but with every obligation upheld and responsibility met, there came not only a sense of well-being but also an unsettling sense that this life had been too precariously constructed.

Driving aimlessly, I made an impromptu stop in the familiar three-block enclave of Cook Street Village. I sat down at a small table on the raised patio of Cafe Mocha and ordered a latte. An old man shuffled by, his body bent like the drooping ash of a cigarette. He scowled and struck out with his cane as if full of loathing for the ground he walked upon. Was this how it all turned out? You build your life and wind up near the end getting mad at a sidewalk?

I abandoned my latte, started down the steps to street level and found myself facing an old red-brick building—the Royal Bank of Canada. I laughed upon seeing the royal lions in navy blue and gold mounted on either side of the glass doors to the lobby. I had cut my teeth on the Royal Bank, and in my ensuing criminal career had walked past those roaring lions carrying guns and wearing masks more times than I cared to count. Once, years before, I came out of a branch of the Royal, one just like this, only to find our getaway driver had abandoned us. There we were on the sidewalk with guns, money bags and our girlfriends' smelly nylons over our heads. My partner walked calmly back into the bank and reappeared within seconds, dangling a set of keys and pointing to a green Pontiac that belonged to the manager.

Ensnared in that memory, I stood there feeling damn near nostalgic until a voice snapped me out of it. "Stevie!" Now, I have two kinds of friends—ones who call me Stephen and ones who call me Stevie. I stared up. It was a leather-and-jeans guy sporting a ponytail and waving wildly from the fire escape landing of a nearby apartment building. He was motioning me over and bounding down the steps at the same time. As he came nearer I couldn't quite fish his name out of the memory pool, but for sure we'd walked the big yard together. Close up, his eyes were glassy and pinned. He greeted me with that hand-slapping faux exuberance of a heroin high: "Great to see you, Stevie. Me and the old lady watched you on television." (continued on page 144)



"Allegro, Miss Stevens . . . faster, faster . . . !"



YOUR BACKSTAGE PASS TO A MIXED-UP MUSICAL YEAR

POP MUSIC took on a new sincerity in 2002. Just when it seemed like the tyranny of boy bands, bubblegum teen queens and Scowls-R-Us rap-rockers would never end, something more authentic started to simmer on the charts.

A new crop of young, scruffy bands—STROKES, WHITE STRIPES, HIVES and VINES, linked so often in the media they started to sound like a four-headed beast—made old-fashioned, guitar-drums-and-no-DJ rock feel new again. Meanwhile, some true legends fought hard for the spotlight, from BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S

heroic reunion with the E Street Band on *The Rising* to the ROLLING STONES' traveling juggernaut—hell, even ELVIS had a number one hit. Perhaps most notable, women who write songs and play instruments were allowed back on the radio—from mall-punk princess AVRIL LAVIGNE to the year's most surprising new star, sultry, jazz-inflected NORAH JONES.

Of course, those garage bands didn't take over the Top 40. With the biggest-selling album of 2002 and a smash movie, EMINEM was the brightest star in the pop firmament. Meantime,

NELLY and JAY-Z sold more albums in one week than the Strokes, and White Stripes, et al. sold in total—and the same holds true for SHANIA TWAIN, TIM MCGRAW and the DIXIE CHICKS. As the year neared an end, it was unclear who would survive the great diva shoot-out between WHITNEY, MARIAH, CHRISTINA and J-LO—while BRITNEY stayed on the sidelines, pondering her next career move.

The best work of 2002 captured the sense that tastes and styles were up for grabs. Two hip-hop collectives—N.E.R.D. (also known as the unstoppable production team the Neptunes) and Philly rap band the ROOTS—released CDs that mashed up hip-hop and rock in unpredictable ways, embracing and sometimes spoofing both genres to create something beyond category. WILCO'S *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* traded the band's Americana heritage for a more abstract sonic yearning, while BECK threw off his mantle of alt-rock hero with *Sea Change*, an austere meditation on lost love.

In 2003 some of pop's leading dynasties—U2, DR. DRE, MADONNA—will get back in the game, and two of the all-time biggest sellers, the EAGLES and FLEETWOOD MAC, have scheduled reunion albums. All eyes in search of the Next Big Thing are focused on New York City, where acts from New Wave-style performance artists FISCHER-SPOONER to Queens mix-tape hero 50 CENT are kicking up dust. But most of the interesting newcomers arrive from more distant corners: Los Angeles' blue-eyed soul phenom (and Sprite shill) THICKE, gifted Canadian singer-songwriter KATHLEEN EDWARDS, tune-fest Seattle punks VENDETTA RED and Detroit rocker BRENDAN BENSON. The soundtrack to the South African documentary *Amandla!* (released on DAVE MATTHEWS' label) might even turn into this year's *Buena Vista Social Club*.

Whenever the music industry is on the ropes—and with a 10 percent slump in annual sales, now is one of those times—there's an opportunity for innovation to slip through. So whether you still pay for CDs, rip 'em or burn 'em, or just nod your head to whatever the hell is booming in the car next to you, heed the words of MARSHALL MATHERS: "Lose yourself in the music, the moment." —ALAN LIGHT

MUSIC BUZZ

DAVE GROHL
FOO FIGHTERS

PLAYBOY: What would we see in your CD changer these days?

GROHL: My Morning Jacket. They're the best Sunday-morning hangover, psychedelic-country Neil Young experience—beautiful music with passionate lyrics. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club is a band to fuck to. It's the sexiest music. I can say Queens of the Stone Age because, even though I've drummed for them, I'm not in the band. *Songs for the Deaf* is one of the best rock records in the past 10 years. Cave In is a great up-and-coming rock band.

PLAYBOY: What current music trend do you hate?

GROHL: I look at a lot of bands today and see piercings, spiky black hair, tribal tattoos, wife beaters, Doc Martens. In 10 years, those guys will be saying what the hair metal guys say now: "What was I thinking?" I've never been into the image thing—it's irrelevant. If I see a band getting too dressed up, I won't buy their record.

PLAYBOY: Is that true of the Hives?

GROHL: That's different, they're more of an homage than an image. That's another great record—the Kinks meet the Buzzcocks meet the Stones meet the Who. Live, they're fucking unreal.

PLAYBOY: What is it about sex, drugs and rock and roll?

GROHL: Musicians are all about escapism. The best musicians are dreamers. When I was a teenager I was really into weed, and I fucking loved acid. It gave me license to go insane for eight hours.

PLAYBOY: Are you still into drugs?

GROHL: I smoked a joint five years ago.

Otherwise, I haven't done drugs for 14 years. I never saw heroin until I moved to Seattle.

PLAYBOY: Did you realize that as a rock star you would be able to get a lot of girls?

GROHL:

No, not really. I never believed that I would be in a popular rock band. Growing up with punk rock, I didn't subscribe to rock-and-roll idolatry. You made music with your friends, for your friends. We played for beer or for gas money.

PLAYBOY: Once you made it big in Nirvana, did you indulge in groupies?

GROHL: Nirvana represented everything against conventional rock-and-roll ethics. We thought the groupie scene was degrading. That's not to say I didn't meet girls and get laid, but it wasn't the sport it is on a Motley Crue tour. Fucking some faceless girl on the road isn't a good idea if you're afraid of catching something.

PLAYBOY: You've described drumming as a sexual experience. Explain.

GROHL: You're using your whole body to make expressive music. It's like the best night of dancing and fucking ever.



MUSIC BUZZ

BRETT ANDERSON
THE DONNAS



PLAYBOY: Which city has the best groupies?

ANDERSON: None. You'd be amazed how few guys we meet. The guys who try to get backstage are wasted and dirty and probably wouldn't be hot if they were clean and sober. They're either young enough to be illegal or old enough to be our dads.

PLAYBOY: Britney, Christina or Avril?

ANDERSON: That's so easy—Britney. She's head and shoulders above the rest. She has a better attitude, a better body. I

love her body. We talk about it constantly.

PLAYBOY: What's the most annoying trend in music?

ANDERSON: The rap-rock mixture—I'd say no to that whole genre. It's testosterone and nothing else. It would have been fine if Limp Bizkit blew up and then just went away. But they had to spawn a goddamn revolution in music.

PLAYBOY: Favorite Osbourne?

ANDERSON: Because Kelly's close to our age, she's fascinating. But Jack has way funnier lines. And he likes *Zoolander*, which is a plus.

PLAYBOY: Can you defend a bad song?

ANDERSON: The Fat Boys' *Are You Ready for Freddy?* Fred Krueger raps with the Fat Boys. How can you not love that song? It's a fucking musical masterpiece. We have it on the bus. Sometimes we listen to it before we play.

PLAYBOY: Favorite Madonna phase?

ANDERSON: Before the accent, before the Pilates, before the babies.



DETROIT COBRAS

"Village Of Love" "Shout Bama Lama"



THE FIFTIES ARE THE NEW SEVENTIES

The White Stripes were the revenge of classic rock radio—the blues-rock swagger of Led Zeppelin given a post-Brit-pop makeover. But the newest garage bands dig deeper and look back past the Sixties and Seventies to the dusty trove of Fifties sounds. Maybe it has something to do with the explosion of underground alt-country or the resurgence of Elvis. But listen to the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, the Raveonettes and the Detroit Cobras, and you can hear the stinging guitar licks of Link Wray, the cowgirl rave-ups of Wanda Jack-

son and the iconic rockabilly of Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins. Yeah Yeah Yeahs guitarist Nick Zinner says Fifties sounds are an ace in the hole. "Link Wray was an inspiring guitarist," he says. "I spent many an hour playing poker with Mr. Wray on the hi-fi." Raveonettes guitarist and songwriter Sune Wagner says, "I'm a big Buddy Holly fan—I love all the old stuff. I'm a huge Everly Brothers fan and a girl-group fan." The Raveonettes' debut, due in May, was

into straight-ahead rock and roll, which I think the Fifties were. It was a pure form of rock and roll, very simple and to the point." Detroit Rock City is home to the White Stripes, the Sights, Von Bondies, Come Ons, Dirtbombs, and Ko and the Knockouts. But the best sound is that of the Detroit Cobras. The Cobras, who also have the best vocalist, are so into vintage tunes they don't even bother writing new ones. "One of the first songs we ever did," says singer Rachel Nagy, "was *Tunnel of Love* by Wanda Jackson. I

THE COBRAS ARE SO INTO VINTAGE TUNES THEY DON'T EVEN BOTHER WRITING NEW ONES

produced by Richard Gottehrer, the knob-twiddler behind Blondie's early success. "I know a lot of bands these days have a bit of psychedelic influence—late-Sixties music," says Wagner. "But I'm pretty much

love old country—the roots of rockabilly. There's an innocence to it. Our music is, 'Grab a girl, let's go dance.'" Look for the Cobras' new EP—all covers—on Rough Trade. "It's just honest, juke-joint stuff."

MUSIC BUZZ

RIVERS CUOMO

WEEZER



PLAYBOY: What's in your CD player?
CUOMO: Jay-Z, *The Blueprint*. He's tough.
PLAYBOY: What was your first concert?
CUOMO: Men at Work in 1983. That was my last nonmetal show for 10 years. After that it was Kiss, Scorpions, Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Metallica.
PLAYBOY: Have you seen a show recently that you really liked?
CUOMO: The Strokes.
PLAYBOY: Were they all falling off the stage drunk?
CUOMO: Yeah, definitely. But I also went through that phase.
PLAYBOY: What's the first song you learned to play?
CUOMO: *Cold Gin* off the first Kiss record. Then I wrote my first song, *Fight for Your Right*. I still remember how to play it.

It's extremely gay.

PLAYBOY: Do you know that the Olsen twins covered a song of yours?

CUOMO: Yeah, I think that's hilarious. I seem to enjoy a lot of things that piss off our fans. For example, Rice Krispies just called and asked me to write a commercial, and I think that's great. I totally want to write a Rice Krispies song.

PLAYBOY: Are you in the studio?

CUOMO: We'll be in the studio on and off for the rest of our lives. We're constantly recording. My best lyrics come from an emotionally disturbing experience, like getting into a fight with a girl. I can't write when I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: No girlfriend?

CUOMO: Hell, no. Girlfriends are for chumps.

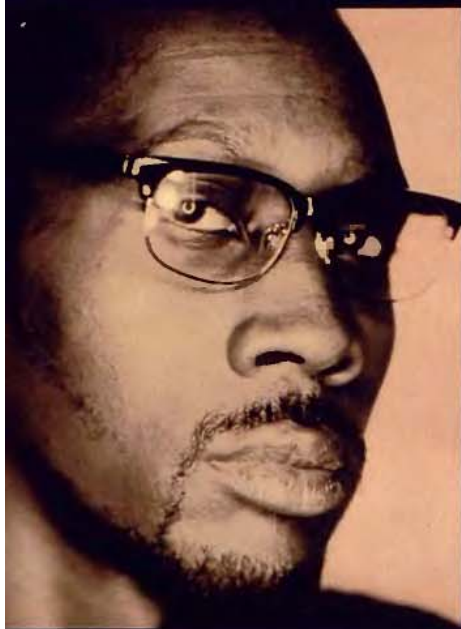
TrendWatch

DIGGIN' IN THE CRATES

The Essential SLY & THE FAMILY STONE

Back catalogs used to be backwater for record companies. Then Bob Marley's "Legend" sold more than 15 million copies and changed everything. Classical music labels have long known there was gold in catalogs—it costs next to nothing to remaster and repackage stuff you've already paid for. The music industry realizes the old stuff is the closest thing to a sure bet. Following the lead of Sony Legacy (check out its long-awaited Sly Stone anthology), other majors are mining their backlists. EMI-Capitol issued a great series of New Orleans R&B last year, and BMG-Heritage had the best reissue of 2002 with its four-volume "When the Sun Goes Down: The Secret History of Rock and Roll." Look for BMG to bring out two more "Sun Goes Down" discs this month. For the CDs the majors don't bother with, labels such as Blood and Fire and Sepia Tone cherry-pick lost classics. We're looking forward to Fat Possum's release of folklorist George Mitchell's delta blues. Sometimes, as is the case with Sanctuary's Trojan reggae series, the reissues are better than the originals.





PLAYBOY: What are you listening to?

RZA: Lauryn Hill's live CD. It's from her soul. I keep Harold Melvin in my CD player; Curtis Mayfield. And the new GZA and new Jay-Z albums, definitely.

PLAYBOY: Who is overrated?

RZA: Christina Aguilera. Justin Timberlake is overrated. They're forcing him down the throats of the people.

PLAYBOY: Who is underrated?

RZA: Well, me!

PLAYBOY: Who is the best live act?

RZA: System of a Down. The metal guys tear the house down.

PLAYBOY: Who should we watch for?

RZA: I like Amerie, she's coming up well. System of a Down for the hard-core rock stuff. Ghostface Killah is about to deliver something special.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of Memphis soul in your music.

RZA: The chord progressions of Memphis soul really stuck in my heart—I think because of their struggles, from the civil rights movement to the honesty of the men in their struggle with love. Nowadays love is a "freak-me freak-me" thing. Back then those guys were compelled by love.

PLAYBOY: What would black music sound like if hip-hop never happened?

RZA: I think hip-hop was destined. A lot of kids inside their houses do a lot of crazy shit. If you go to the projects, you see people make something out of nothing. We were doing that at 11 years old. We used to have drumsticks, comic books and a shoe box and bang on it, record ourselves and make rap songs. Hip-hop was destined to come, no matter what.




PLAYBOY: Anything else you'd like to say to PLAYBOY readers?

RZA: Keep the truth naked.

PARTY LIKE A mockstar

groups, including a few that have become famous in their own right. **ROCK ON.**

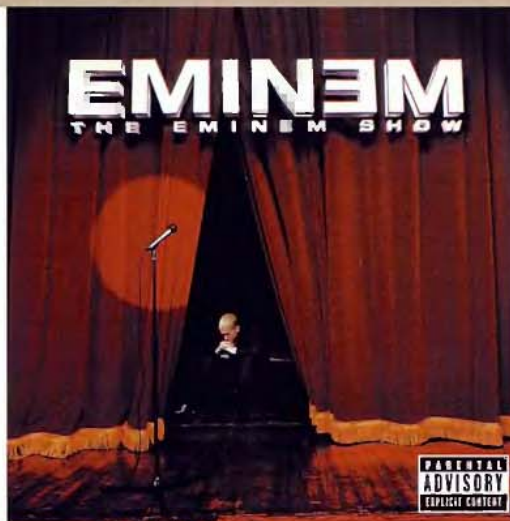
Struggling musicians with subpar talent and an excess of Aqua Net form tribute bands faster than you can say "Send in the clones." Forget about Beatlemania—even the shittiest bands have their doppelgängers these days. We unearthed a few of the most disturbing of these new tribute

| mock stars → |  |  |  |  |  |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|--|
| WHO THEY IDOLIZE | SUPER DIAMONDO NEIL DIAMOND | ATOMIC PUNKS VAN HALEN: THE DAVID LEE ROTH YEARS | ALCOHOLICA METALLICA | ROCKET QUEENS GUNS N' ROSES | HUMAN CLAY CREED |
| HOME | SAN FRANCISCO | STUDIO CITY, CALIFORNIA | LOS ANGELES | PLEASANTON, CALIFORNIA | CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND |
| 15 MINUTES OF FAME | GIVEN A SHOUT-OUT IN VH1'S "BEHIND THE MUSIC: NEIL DIAMOND." | LEAD SINGER RALPH SAENZ AND GUITARIST RUSS PARRISH APPEARED IN A DISCOVER CARD COMMERCIAL AS FICTIONAL HAIR BAND DANGER KITTY. | OPENED FOR LIMP BIZKIT ON 2000 NAPSTER-SPONSORED TOUR. "WE'RE NOT BIG FANS, BUT IT WAS GOOD MONEY," SAYS BANO MEMBER HOWIE SIMON. | ACCORDING TO LEAD SINGER ASSHOLE ROSE, "WE'VE NEVER ACTUALLY PLAYED OUTSIDE OF CALIFORNIA." | STOOD OUTSIDE OF CREED'S TOUR BUS AT THE TWEETER CENTER IN MANSFIELD, MASS., BUT WERE DENIED ACCESS BY SECURITY. |
| FANS | NEIL HIMSELF—HE JUMPEO ONSTAGE AT HOUSE OF BLUES IN LA. | BRAD PITT, KEANU REEVES, JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT, JOHNNY DEPP, SLASH. | 15-TO-1 SWEATY-GUY-TO-GIRL RATIO. | WHITE TRASH DECKED OUT AS IF IT WERE 1987. | CHRISTIAN-ROCK FANS JONESING FOR POWER BALLADS. |
| WHAT TO EXPECT | UP TO 150 SOLO-OUT GIGS PER YEAR AND "SWEET CAROLINE" UP TO FOUR TIMES PER SHOW. | ACCORDING TO ONE DRUNK FAN: "TIME WARP COMPLETE! IF YOU LOVE LOUD, SCREAMING GUITARS AND REAL SLUTTY BROADS, THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO BE." | SAYS SIMON, "SONGS FROM BEFORE THE BAND CUT THEIR HAIR. OUR HAIR IS REAL, UNLIKE THOSE KIDS WHO WEAR WIGS THAT NO ONE TAKES SERIOUSLY." | YOUR "APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION" FAVES. SAYS ASSHOLE ROSE, "PEOPLE REQUEST 'NOVEMBER RAIN' AND WE'RE LIKE, 'WHAT? WE HAVEN'T WRITTEN THAT YET!'" | "ALL THE LIVE POWER, FEEL AND EMOTION OF A CREED CONCERT, ON A SMALL STAGE." |
| USELESS TRIVIA | FRONT MAN RANDY CORDERO'S SELF-APPOINTED NICKNAME IS "THE SURREAL NEIL." TO PISS HIM OFF, CALL HIM AN IMPERSONATOR. | DAVID LEE ROTH'S ADVICE TO SAENZ: "MAN, YOU'VE GOT THE FIRE ONSTAGE. CONTINUE TO CARRY THE TORCH." SAENZ' FORMER JOB: LEAD SINGER OF LA GUNS. | HOURS OF REHEARSAL PER WEEK: ZERO. | HAS WEBSITE SECTION DEVOTED TO HATE MAIL. TYPICAL LETTER: "FUCK YOU GUYS ARE THE WORST THINGS I'VE EVER SEEN. PLEASE DISBAND YOUR WEBSITE SUCKS." | SELLS HUMAN CLAY T-SHIRTS (XL ONLY) FOR \$20 A POP. "COMING SOON: BABY-DOLL T'S, SPAGHETTI-STRING SHIRTS, BUMPER STICKERS AND MORE." |

MUSIC POLL WINNERS



HH

HIP-HOP ARTIST
EMINEM

⊕

HH

HIP-HOP CD
EMINEM

THE EMINEM SHOW



⊕

ST

SOUNDTRACK
SPIDER-MAN

RB

R&B ARTIST
JENNIFER LOPEZ

RB

R&B CD
ASHANTI

ASHANTI



JZ

JAZZ ARTIST
NORAH JONES

E

ELECTRONIC
DIRTY VEGAS

NBT

NEXT BIG THING
AVRIL LAVIGNE

C

COUNTRY ARTIST
TOBY KEITH



RI

REISSUES
ROLLING STONES
FORTY LICKS



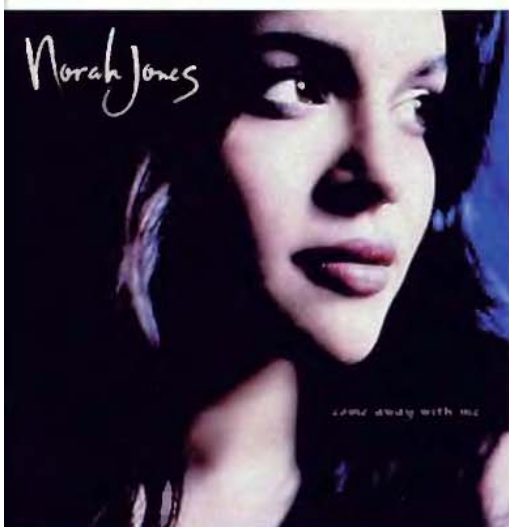
R

ROCK ARTIST
OZZY OSBOURNE



HOF

RUN-DMC



JZ

JAZZ CD
NORAH JONES

COME AWAY WITH ME



R

ROCK GROUP
DAVE MATTHEWS



CC

COUNTRY CD
DIXIE CHICKS

HOME



R

ROCK CD
DAVE MATTHEWS

BUSTED STUFF

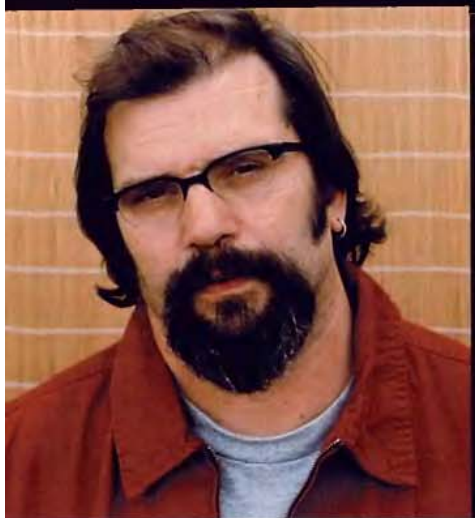
HALL OF FAME

RUN-DMC'S influence on music is as profound as Elvis' or the Beatles'. As the Seventies unfolded into the Eighties the airwaves were, with limited exception, a vapid wasteland of postdisco New Wave swill. Around this time I was licking my wounds in a hospital bed, recovering from a motorcycle accident and a badly bruised ego from sagging record sales and the looming breakup of our band. I seriously questioned where Aerosmith's down-and-dirty swagger was going to fit into this frighteningly trite fashion-driven music scene.

While we were dragging our asses out of the ashes of our stratospheric over-indulgences, they appeared in our lives. They were the slap from the muse doctor's hand on the ass of a newborn sound! The transition was as dramatic as the switch from the bleak black-and-white gloom of Kansas to the Technicolor majesty of Oz. It was the music of the streets, the music of the people. Our collaboration on *Walk This Way* was the first true marriage of rap and rock, reel-in' and rollin', hippin' and hoppin'. It introduced our music and rhythms to completely new listeners and brought two audiences together.

Run-DMC were New Age preachers, spoken-word subway prophets, always making it relevant and always keeping it real. Jam Master Jay, you'll be missed, brother.

—STEVEN TYLER, AEROSMITH



PLAYBOY: What are you listening to?

EARLE: I just got done making a record and I try not to listen to anything while I'm doing that. My favorite record last year was the Flaming Lips' *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*. The new Johnny Cash album is really good.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the garage rock hype?

EARLE: The White Stripes are kind of cool, but I'm old so I think they really need a bass player. The Strokes are the best band to come from New York in a long time, but New Yorkers should be ashamed of themselves for eating their own. Once people write about a band and the band sells a few records, people in New York City are horrible to them.

PLAYBOY: Seen any great live shows?

EARLE: I saw a great fucking Mudhoney show. I hadn't seen them in eight or nine years and they were amazing. And Pearl Jam has turned into one beast of a great rock band. That little fucker Vedder sure can sing.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to hip-hop?

EARLE: I'm listening to Eminem right now. I've listened to a lot of hip-hop, especially during some of the low periods in my life. We live in a society where if you want drugs, you go to the poorest section of any city; hanging out there a lot, I got into hip-hop. There was one summer where I almost always had a copy of Dr. Dre's *The Chronic* because I could trade that for drugs just about anywhere.

Trend Watch



T.A.T.U.

POWER pop GIRLS

Just a few years ago, women in rock were feted with self-congratulatory compilations and vaguely political big ups. Things have definitely changed. If anything was made clear in 2002, it's that the record industry has created a never-ending, interchangeable, self-propagating supply of girlie pop stars. There's one for every taste. Fluffy. Slutty. Punky. All low-fat, all low-calorie—some with a shelf life as long as a quart of skim milk. In the old days, the Madonnas, Janets and Mariahs—hell, even the Taylor Daynes—of the world were viable for a few years. Now, each time a girl fades—even a little bit—a new one is hauled out to take her place. Usually one even younger than the last. Britney in self-imposed exile? Usher in a little self-immolating

number by the name of Pink, a younger version of Tori Amos in Vanessa Carlton and middle-school pseudo punk rocker Avril Lavigne—pop tarts with some *soul*. Are they still too earnest? Try the cute and teeny Russian duo T.A.T.U., who parlayed their lesbian appeal into a top 10 single. Is this still too contrived for you? Are you suffering from tart fatigue? Don't worry about it—some-one new will come around any day now. We guarantee it.



BRITNEY

FLUFFY. SLUTTY. PUNKY. LOW-FAT. LOW-CALORIE



PLAYBOY: We hear you have an extensive collection of Seventies porn. What's your favorite title?

MALAKIAN: *Taboo 2*. It's one of the greatest films ever. And *Tangerine* kicks ass. It has a good plot. The pornos these days don't have plots.

PLAYBOY: Favorite Madonna phase?

MALAKIAN: I liked her around the time she put out the *Sex* book and *Justify My Love*. She changed things. She added a lot of pornography to rock and roll.

PLAYBOY: Any new bands you like?

MALAKIAN: The Eighties Matchbox B-line Disaster. They're like psychobilly meets Bauhaus meets Nick Cave.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is overrat-

ed in music right now?

MALAKIAN: A lot of these hip-hop guys. They sing about having big balls and having so much guts and stuff. But they don't have any artistic guts. There's not one new Public Enemy. If there is, we've never heard of them, because they don't get promoted. There's no freshness. It's all bullshit.

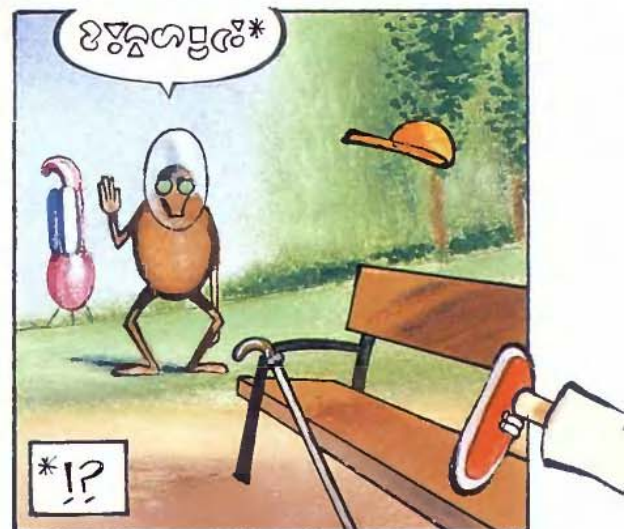
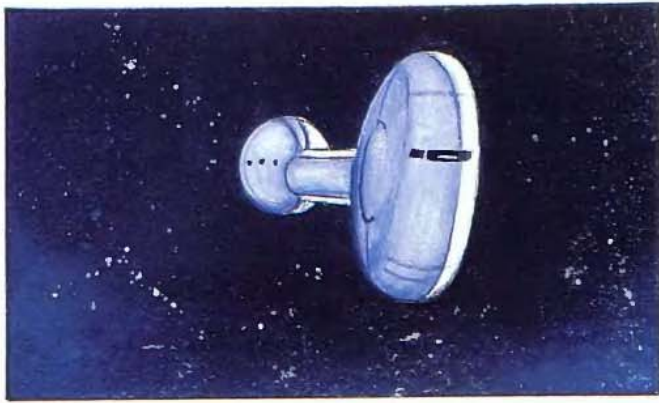
PLAYBOY: Who's underrated?

MALAKIAN: Kyüss is one underrated group that has influenced me a lot. They're just as underrated as the Stooges were back in their day.

PLAYBOY: What song should be universally banned forever?

MALAKIAN: System of a Down, *Chop Suey*. Even I'm sick of hearing it.

Close Encounters





SPRING FEVER

miss decesare came, saw, conquered

IT SEEMS Carmella DeCesare, a fresh-faced 20-year-old from Westlake, Ohio, took her share of knocks in high school. "I was the girl everybody liked to tease," she confesses. "I wanted to be friends with everyone and have a good time, but it just didn't work out that way. I had three good girlfriends in high school and they stuck by me. Kids at that age are horrible and look for someone to pick on, and I guess I was it. I hadn't grown up yet—I had big red-frame glasses and no style. My mom and my stepdad always told me, 'Those boys who make fun of you are going to want to date you later.' I never believed them, but now it's my time to shine." Her first triumph over her tormentors came when she beat out thousands of hopefuls to become one of the 12 chosen for Fox' *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. Unfortunately, she was one of the two girls who dropped out of the show early. "When I went to California, I was excited and had a different vision," says Carmella. "I



Carmella is a self-proclaimed movie freak who likes to hang out at home and watch flicks with her boyfriend and two dogs. "When my boyfriend takes me out, we'll go to a nice restaurant and then downtown to the clubs or to local bars," says Carmella. "But I'm not the kind of girl who follows her boyfriend's every move. I'm confident in our relationship—he's not going anywhere."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

thought I would meet all these girls and we would hang out and have fun. Everybody was cutthroat and really wanted to win—it wasn't the friendliest contest. It freaked me out. I decided to leave because it wasn't for me." But Hef wouldn't let Carmella just disappear. "He asked me if I wanted to rethink my position," she says. "Hef invited me to a Mansion party and I had a blast with him and the girls. He asked me to do a test shoot in Chicago, and I accepted. I became February's Cyber Girl of the Month on Cyber.Playboy.com."



"My favorite shoot was the day we went to a laundromat, because I got to dress casually and just have some fun," says Carmello. "I'll go out without wearing any makeup—I don't core. I just want to kick back in my bonbonno and sweats."





Now that she's Miss April, Carmella says she'd welcome a full-time modeling career, but she's been working on a back-up plan. "I'm a college senior studying business administration, and I work as a marketing representative who recruits accounts from mortgage companies. One day while calling on a client, I heard about an open casting call for PLAYBOY in Cleveland. I had done some local modeling, so I thought it would be fun to audition. Interestingly, my mother had auditioned for PLAYBOY 20 years ago. My tryout was her way of living through me, being proud of me and offering support." Carmella's boyfriend also supports her PLAYBOY appearances. "He's respectful of my feelings and understands this is a dream of mine," she says. "He's really cute and we get along remarkably well—he's my best friend."

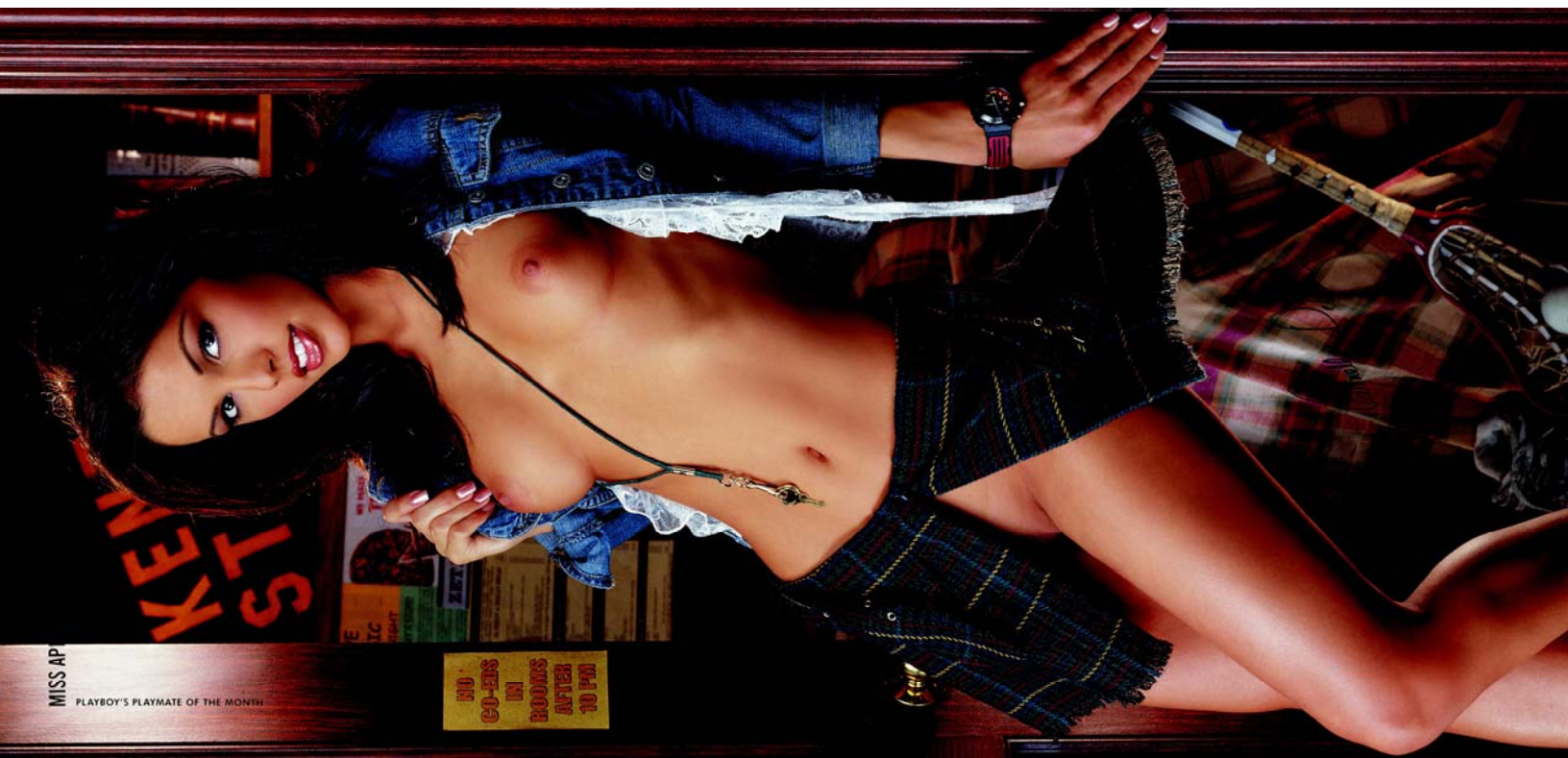
Right now Carmella is back in Ohio working and studying at night, but she breaks up the routine by wakeboarding and Jet Skiing on Lake Erie. Every once in a while, Hef invites her and her girlfriends to fly out to the Mansion for a weekend.



"When I'm busy with work and school, I take my best girlfriends to Los Angeles for an awesome night out," she says. "When I think about those kids who teased me in high school, I don't get mad anymore. I don't want to fit in and be like everybody else. If people can't accept me for me, then they don't need to hang out with me. I just want to be Carmella."







MISS AP

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carmella Danielle PeCesare

BUST: 34B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 27

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 07/01/82 BIRTHPLACE: Avon Lake, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To obtain a successful career in pharmaceutical sales, get a master's degree & eventually become an awesome mom.

TURN-ONS: Ambition, sense of humor, blond hair, green eyes, muscles & a handyman with great power tools!

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, bad pickup lines & people who are fake, rude or jealous.

MY POOCHES: Two of my favorite dogs! my cuties always make me laugh.

IF I WEREN'T MODELING, I'D WORK AS: An actress! Something I have not yet done but hope to accomplish.

PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Those who start at the bottom and strive to make it to the top.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE: my family & best friends!



my thanks to whoever invented contacts!



always a love for animals!



Her's Halloween party 2002 perfect angel... Sure!



SEE MORE PICTURES AND VIDEO OF
CARMELLA AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mickey Mouse woke up one morning and looked out his window. Someone had urinated "Mickey Sucks" in the snow. Furious, Mickey called the police. After a detective performed a DNA test, he said, "Well, Mickey, I'm afraid I have good news and bad news. The good news is, we found out who did it. It was Goofy. The bad news is, it was in Minnie's handwriting."

What do a folding chair and a hooker have in common? Both are useless unless their legs are spread.



BLONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: How do you sink a submarine full of blondes? Knock on the door.

At Gore's decision not to run for president in 2004 has disappointed some who were looking forward to wife Tipper's clever campaign strategy. "I have shaved off all my pubic hair," she said. "And from time to time, I will flash the crowd without wearing panties. This will send a strong message to the American people."

"And just what would that message be?" a reporter asked.

Tipper answered, "Read my lips. No more Bush."

What's the big problem with the Cary Grant stamp? Some gay men are getting the wrong side sticky.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why are guys so good at video games? They've developed superb hand-eye coordination after all those years of browsing through PLAYBOY.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines mistress as something that's in between a mister and a mattress.

A man and a woman met aboard a cruise ship. "I feel it's only fair to warn you," the man said, "that I'm a real golf nut. I live, eat, sleep and breathe the game."

"Well, since you're being honest, so will I," the woman said. "I'm a hooker."

"I see," the man said. "Well, it's probably because you're not keeping your wrists straight when you hit the ball."

A man with a pet octopus walked into a bar and said, "I'll bet \$50 that no one here has a musical instrument this octopus can't play."

A man in the bar fetched a guitar. The octopus picked it up, tuned the strings and began playing a Hendrix song. With a big smile on his face, the octopus' owner pocketed \$50. Another man brought over a trumpet. The octopus picked it up, licked his lips and began playing a jazz solo. The man handed the octopus' owner \$50. The bartender brought over a set of bagpipes. He put them in front of the octopus and said, "If he can play that, I'll give you \$100."

The octopus looked at the bagpipes, lifted them up and turned them over. His owner bent down and whispered, "What the fuck are you waiting for? Hurry up and play the damn thing."

The octopus replied, "Forget playing it. If I can figure out how to take off its pajamas, I'm gonna fuck it."

What do you call an animal with two wives? A cheetah.

A married couple came upon a wishing well. The husband leaned over, made a wish and threw in a penny. The wife did the same, but she leaned over too far and fell into the well. The husband was stunned for a moment, but then smiled and said, "Wow. It really works."



Ally Neiman

Where do you find a dog with no legs? Right where you left him.

The horny husband said to his wife, "Do you want to have a quickie?"

She replied, "You mean this whole time I've had a choice?"

A man walked into a confessional and said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

The priest scoffed and said, "You think you have problems?"

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



"Would someone please turn off their fucking beeper?"

KID, ROCK

A

erosmith

Fiction By ETHAN HAUSER

Early Aerosmith—*Dream On*, *Toys in the Attic*, *Walk This Way*. Definitely not the *Love in an Elevator* and *Janie's Got a Gun* type of power balladry that today's youngsters are familiar with. (Is it just me or is there some correlation between the rise of Liv Tyler and the decline of Steven Tyler?) My best friend at the time, who lived down the block, was into REO Shitwagon. When I went to his house, he insisted on playing *Hi Infidelity*. His father was an audiophile, which meant we were forbidden to touch the bass or treble dials on the stereo and were occasionally subjected to dinnertime lectures on the superiority of reel-to-reel tapes over cassettes. My friend's devotion to the Shitwagon most likely came from his older sister, since sisters tend to have girly taste in music. I, however, was fortunate to have an older brother, which is much more important (music-wise, not beatingwise) when you're that age. Once we started getting interested in girls, a few years later, the balance shifted. It was then much more impressive to have a sister, preferably one who invited her friends along on family beach vacations.

This is embarrassing, but I'll admit it: I tried to replicate the cover art of *Get Your Wings* on my school spiral notebooks. I used tracing paper, matched the precise shades of yellow and black with Magic Markers. I

if music doesn't get you through, nothing will

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY





thought my rendering was pretty faithful until I showed it to my brother (the same one who had turned me into an Aerosmith fan in the first place) and he ridiculed me. Either he had already moved on or he was jealous.

MINOR THREAT

In my high school, you were into punk rock or you listened to the Grateful Dead. It was easy to figure out who was who: The Deadheads grew their hair past their shoulders and wore Birkenstocks or no shoes at all. There was patchouli involved, bandannas and incense and dreadlocks, and their cars were stickered with those silly dancing bears. We punks gelled our hair into spikes and stenciled our leather jackets with the names of our favorite bands. When we wanted to pick a fight, we graffitied the hippie hangouts with a line from a Teen Idles song: "The only good Deadhead is one that's dead." (They rarely took the bait, owing to their peace-and-love ethos.) We combed the singles bins of record stores for vinyl limited-edition seven-inchers under the glares of the bitter staff. They were too old to be working behind the counter at a record store, and too old to be making fun of us. But we didn't realize that yet. We clipped dog collars around our necks and rolled up our tapered black jeans to show off our combat boots. The music was raw and hostile, often political, and it could drive our parents from the room within seconds of the stylus biting vinyl. I wonder which was more alarming to parents: the Deadheads and their aversion to soap or our fiery, affected snarls and steel-toed Doc Martens.

We were all the sons and daughters of doctors and lawyers, academics and scientists, and part of the appeal of the music must have been its working-class roots. Maybe we had fantasies of upending our privileged lives and joining the proletariat, because then the fury we felt—the fury that bubbles in all adolescents, rich or poor, British or American—could be blamed on a sociopolitical situation rather than on our universal teenage angst and thirst for rebellion. After all, what, truly, did we have to be angry about? Our loving, attentive parents? Our spacious homes? Our lenient, progressive schools?

THE WHO

I rarely listened to song lyrics, and I still don't. It was always melody, guitar riffs and bass lines that drew me in, the poetry of instruments rather than the poetry of words. This isn't because I made some judgment that most lyrics are hackneyed and superficial. I just don't really hear them. I'm much more attuned to the fuel of melody, the tap

of rhythm. I remember listening to the lyrics of *Behind Blue Eyes*. Roger Daltrey understood all my teenage loneliness, and we even have the same eye color. Once you've decided on an idol, it's not hard to start identifying with him.

It was also the song I was playing on my stereo when my father came into my room, sat on the edge of my bed and told me he was cheating on my mother. He didn't use the word cheating, or even affair. He stared at the clothes-strewn floor and said, "I've been seeing another woman. I think I might be in love with her."

The second-best Who song was *Baba O'Riley*, with its long, slow buildup, its

**I remember
listening to the
lyrics of "Behind
Blue Eyes." Daltrey
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my teenage
loneliness.**

crashing climax. As a rule, I hated anything with keyboards—I was a purist and thought rock music should be limited to guitar, bass and drums—but I didn't mind them in this song. They were redundant and hypnotic, surprisingly unwimpy. *Pinball Wizard* and *Substitute* are also great Who songs, though I recognized the excellence of *Substitute* only after I heard Richard Thompson cover it during a free summer concert in Central Park. Sometimes it takes someone else's version to realize how great the original is.

I had a picture of Pete Townshend on my wall that I'd cut out of *Rolling Stone*. He gazes glumly at the camera, with his right hand against his face and his fingers streaked with blood. It was supposed to symbolize—to me, at least—his commitment to rock and roll, that he'd play guitar until his hand bled. He'd strum through the pain and only notice the wounds long after the song had ended. Hurt could wait, the music couldn't.

To say I didn't know how to respond to what my father had told me doesn't encompass what I felt. I didn't know

what to say, I didn't know where to look, I didn't know how to move—I didn't even know if I should move. I didn't know anything. He might have said something more; I can't recall anything other than the heft of those brief sentences. They're the kinds of words that have the weight of a historical event; they stop time. I remember thinking, The music is still playing, the record's still turning, the lights on the equalizer are still dancing. That's the difference between human beings and machines: Machines don't hear the fireworks wrapped in a few words. Computers will do our math and build our skyscrapers and launch our space shuttles, but they'll never save us.

WAYLON JENNINGS

"Your father's a lawyer, you're Jewish, you're from Boston. How the hell is it that you're listening to Waylon Jennings instead of chamber music?" My friend Sherry, who grew up in small-town eastern North Carolina, said this to me. We were jealous of each other; we both wanted to be from somewhere else. I met her in Virginia, when we were in graduate school, and she was amazed that I had the same taste in music as her family did. "I can't wait to tell my daddy, Hal," she said. "I'll tell him there's a guy in the program from Boston. That'll make him suspicious, but then I'll tell him, 'Don't worry, he's country at heart.' Then he'll invite you to watch a car race with him." For a time Sherry was my tutor in all things Southern: barbecue, fatback, sweet tea.

She thought I was gutsy for hanging out in the redneck bars of Roanoke. I went only because the whiskey tasted better anywhere they were blasting Charlie Rich. Once, when we were drinking in one such dive, she asked me about Judaism. When I told her we read only the Old Testament, not the New, she said, "Y'all only get half the book?"

My love of country music had begun several years before, in college, under the influence of another friend. He argued that it was a natural progression from the punk and indie rock we were so enamored with. These guys were the original punks, he said, explaining the bridge from Black Flag and the Angry Samoans to Hank Williams. And indeed the country music we treasured was the work of the outlaws—Hank, Waylon, David Allan Coe. We found one of the few country bars in New York City, a narrow grimy place in the middle of the East Village, and we impressed the cute bartenders with our jukebox sets. *Crazy* and *Ring of Fire* are for tourists; we played *Rainy Day Woman* and *Willie, Waylon and Me*. The bartenders wore cowboy hats and called us baby
(continued on page 151)



Buck Brown

"Y' better try me now, sugar—tomorrow I turn pro!"

SUPERSTARS OF WEIRD SPORTS

Even the most bizarre contests have their Michael Jordans.
Meet the world champions you'll never see on a Wheaties box

by Steven Chean

Ed "Cookie" Jarvis, Competitive Eater

When International Federation of Competitive Eating 2001 Rookie of the Year Ed "Cookie" Jarvis (opposite) went to Las Vegas for the all-you-can-eat buffet competition last September, he knew he was facing "the marathon of all competitions"—three days, five buffets: breakfast, lunch, appetizers, dinner and dessert, Vegas style.

"I knew if I made it to the finals—dessert—that was my category," he recalls. "It was half a gallon of Häagen-Dazs ice cream, six ounces of chocolate fudge with toppings and a banana, a pound of strawberries, plus a lemon meringue pie." Five and a half minutes later, Cookie had won another eating competition. "Most people, they have a pastry, they have a cannoli. They don't have 21. That's what I do."

Six-foot-six, 409-pound Cookie is a 36-year-old real estate agent on his native Long Island, married and a father of two. He's also a man who has inhaled record amounts of food since competitive eating became an organized sport in 1995: six pounds, 14 ounces of ice cream in 12 minutes; 21 cannoli in six minutes; 15 and a half zeppole in four minutes; and a 17-inch pizza in three minutes.

Destiny came calling in the form of a newspaper ad for an IFOCE-sanctioned matzoh-ball event. Ever since, Cookie has had a thirst to quench, a need to win. "This is my professional sport," he says. "The goal is to be number one in the world. The glory is major to me, but money would sure help." Purses are scant (and primarily edible) in this sport; the promise of true riches comes in endorsements. "I'd like to do a Tums commercial, or maybe I could get a commercial like the Subway guy."

Like the Subway guy, Cookie is losing weight. So far he's lost 60 pounds; only 120 more to go. Why the diet? Compet-

itive eating is a sweet science. "There's a theory—it's called the Belt of Fat," says Cookie. "The girth of your waist prevents your stomach from expanding to your skin, because there's more fat there. If you're thinner, there's obviously less girth in front of you, which allows the stomach to expand out. More stomach, more food, more world records."

The age-old image of competitive eaters as "big fat Americans," as he puts it, is giving way to a smaller, slimmer figure from the Far East—Japan, where competitive eating has become a national obsession.

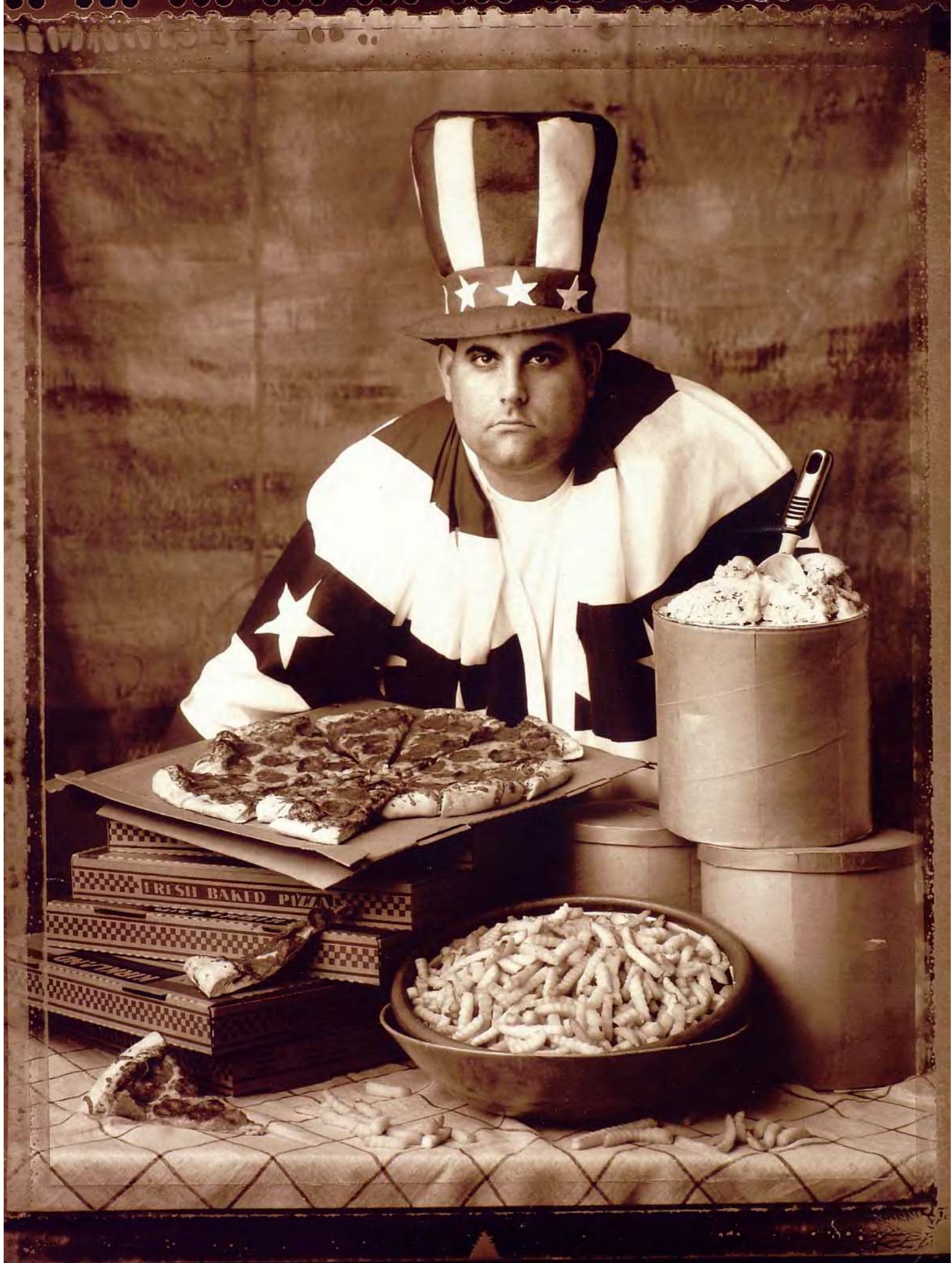
"If you're in this game to win, you're watching how these ridiculously tiny Japanese guys are putting it away," Cookie explains. "Exercise has given their smaller bodies bigger stomachs as well as better eating endurance. That's the lesson, and all of us are taking notes."

But Cookie still knows strategy. "Every food has a challenge," he says. "Take ice cream, for example. Most guys get brain-freeze. If you face the spoon up, the ice cream's hitting the top of your mouth, which makes you get brain-freeze. Face the spoon down, no brain-freeze." Then there's his cannoli-disappearing act: "I brought four cups of coffee. Everybody looked at me like, What do you have in that bag? I

said, 'It's my secret weapon.' You dunk them, and it softens them. It makes it easier to swallow them, because cannoli are very rough."

Cookie is a champion, but he remains grounded. "We were at the cannoli championship, and after me and [fellow champion] Eric Booker were done, these women were like, 'We want your autograph! We're your biggest fans.' And these were real-good-looking women. But I'm married to the most beautiful lady of them all. I'm taken."

"Every food has a challenge. Take ice cream, for example. Most guys get brain-freeze. If you face the spoon up, the ice cream's hitting the top of your mouth. Face the spoon down, no brain-freeze."





James Pratt, Shit Slinger

"As long as my arm will let me throw, I'll keep throwing," says James Pratt, three-time World Cow Chip Throwing champion. "My goal is to beat the record of 185 feet. I'm not about to quit until I get it."

Beaver, Oklahoma, a quiet town with one school and one coffee shop, has hosted the World Cow Chip Throwing Championship every April since 1969. In 1990 Pratt, his wife and their two daughters moved to Beaver to be close to his in-laws. Once they settled in, Pratt, 45, assumed dual roles of city maintenance supervisor and fire chief.

"This town takes its cow-chip throwing seriously," he says. "Working for the city, we had to set up the throwing arena every year, and 10 years ago I started thinking, I can do this!" The rest has become fecal folklore. Pratt was a natural. He has won the 1996, 1999 and 2002 Men's Division Cow Chip Throwing titles, and the Beaver fire department has captured top team honors six out of the past seven years. The championship has become so competitive that chips used in the contest are stored under lock and key to prevent dung doctoring, such as applying fishing weights to enhance balance and distance.

The rugged six-foot-four, 260-pound Pratt keeps his arm prepared for all comers.

"Say I'm out hunting, looking for deer or pheasant, and I see a cow chip that's about the size I like to throw. I'll just pick it up and toss it. You've got to keep the arm in shape."

"You need a good arm and a running start. And you need a good feel for the chip," Pratt says, emphasizing that a firm grip means minimal breakage. "But here's the secret to a good throw: Lick your fingers between the first and second throw. It's good luck. A little doo on my tongue don't bother me none. It's just grass come around the long way."

"A lot of folks don't realize that 90 percent of chip throwing is mental," he says. "I don't pay attention to who's talking to me, who's around me, nothing. I get in the zone, man—focus on the orange cone where the record sits. I pay attention to the chip, my arm and that cone. The rest, I believe, will happen on its own."

How to Power-Eat a Cannoli

Step 1:
Hold the cannoli tightly in your dominant hand.

Step 2:
In one quick motion, dunk the cannoli in a large mug of black coffee, making it soft.

Step 3:
Using a swift under-hand sweep, shove the cannoli into your mouth, chew minimally and swallow.



How to Toss a Cow Chip

Step 1:
Grip is critical: Grab the cow chip as if it's the handle of a frying pan. A firm grip means minimal breakage.

Step 2:
Pull back your throwing arm as far as possible (think discus or javelin). Take a running start.

Step 3:
Bring your arm forward in a windmill motion and let the turd fly. Secret good-luck move: Lick your fingers between your first and second throws—and don't be a baby about it.



How to Soup Up a Mower

Steering
Lower the steering by 2½ inches. That gives you better handling.

Rods
Use billet aluminum rods for more horsepower.



Seat
Drop the seat by two inches. The lower center of gravity helps on turns and avoids tipping.

Brakes
Replace tiny stock disc brakes with bigger hydraulic disc brakes for better stopping at high speeds.

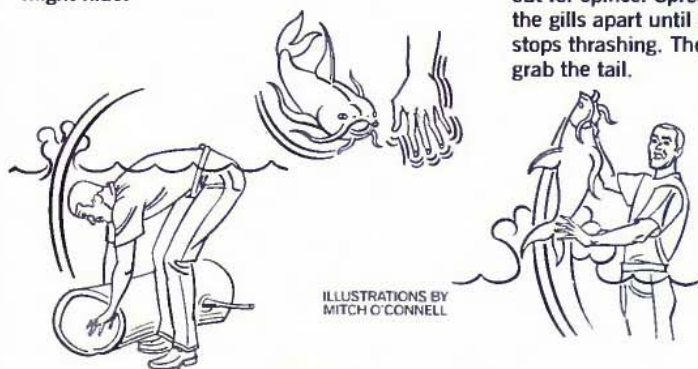
Front axle
Lower the front axle by 2½ inches for faster turns.

How to Noodle a Catfish

Step 1:
Plunge a hand into a sweet spot—holes or logs where catfish might hide.

Step 2:
Wiggle your fingers. That's your bait.

Step 3:
When the catfish bites, fight it into submission. Watch out for spines. Spread the gills apart until it stops thrashing. Then grab the tail.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MITCH O'CONNELL



Bobby Cleveland, Lawn Mower Racer

Bobby Cleveland has a philosophy: "Live to mow, mow to live. What else is there, man?" The seven-time U.S. Lawn Mower Racing Association champion is known around mower race tracks as Turbo Bob. "When it comes to racing mowers," he says, "you don't choose it—it chooses you. It's in the blood."

Mowing and racing are in Cleveland's blood. The 45-year-old native of Locust Grove, Georgia has been doing both since he was a kid. "I used to cut grass for my parents and neighbors to make spending money. But I was always thinking, How can I cut it faster than anybody else? I'd always race go-carts, minibikes, scooters and motorcycles, too. I guess you could say I was a speed demon."

"It all came together for me when I went to work at Snapper," he recalls. He was 18, fresh out of school and looking for work. His dad knew somebody at the famed lawn mower manufacturer. "When I got there, I had access to all these mowers. When you're young and you want to go fast, it's like being a kid in a candy store."

Cleveland explains the sport's allure: "It's cheap fun. Instead of buying a car for \$5000 and spending \$20,000 to make it go fast, you can spend \$1000 on a mower, drop \$500 in there and you're ready to go." The Association sponsors 20 regional races per year; the crown is handed down at Labor Day weekend's Challenge of Champions.

The 5'10", 180-pound Cleveland, who set the 85 mph mower speed record at a 1985 Atlanta 500 prerace show, is serious about his sport. "I got about 10 mowers," he figures. There are the four "wheelie machines"—rear-engine riding mowers he uses for show in parades. The rest? Front-engine lawn tractors, or, as he calls them, "pure speed machines."

His crown jewel: a candy apple-red Snapper LT 2820 BVE, with a 20-horsepower overhead valve engine. "That's my main racing mower," he says. "I take her to 75, but she can go 100." Over the past year, Cleveland's been coming home from his day job as Snapper design engineer to his evening job. "I would pour me a drink, go to the garage and get to work on my baby. I'm talking about a V-twin, 45-horsepower beauty with 31-inch tires, racing shocks and springs, four-wheel drive and four-wheel steer. You've heard of monster trucks? Well, this is the monster mower. I got about \$10,000 in there, and \$20,000 worth of my time. I'm going to crush all the other lawn mowers with her."



Jerry Rider, Catfish Noddler

"I'm infatuated with them," says Jerry "Catfish" Rider, explaining the passion that not only earned him his nickname but also made this Oklahoman the world's foremost catfish noddler. "It's the look of them—they're prehistoric-looking, and they got these little beady eyes and long whiskers."

Rider's affection for catfish prompted an epiphany: While there were plenty of bass-fishing tournaments, not a single tournament was devoted to bare-handed catfishing—a hunter-gatherer technique currently practiced as a sport called noodling. He changed that with the Catfish Noodling Tournament.

After work and on weekends, the married father of two jumps into his pickup, drives a mile to the North Canadian River and wades into the water up to his ribs. He then scours the water for mud banks or hollow logs—anywhere a catfish may be guarding its eggs. Then he wiggles his fingers, waiting for a catfish to chomp.

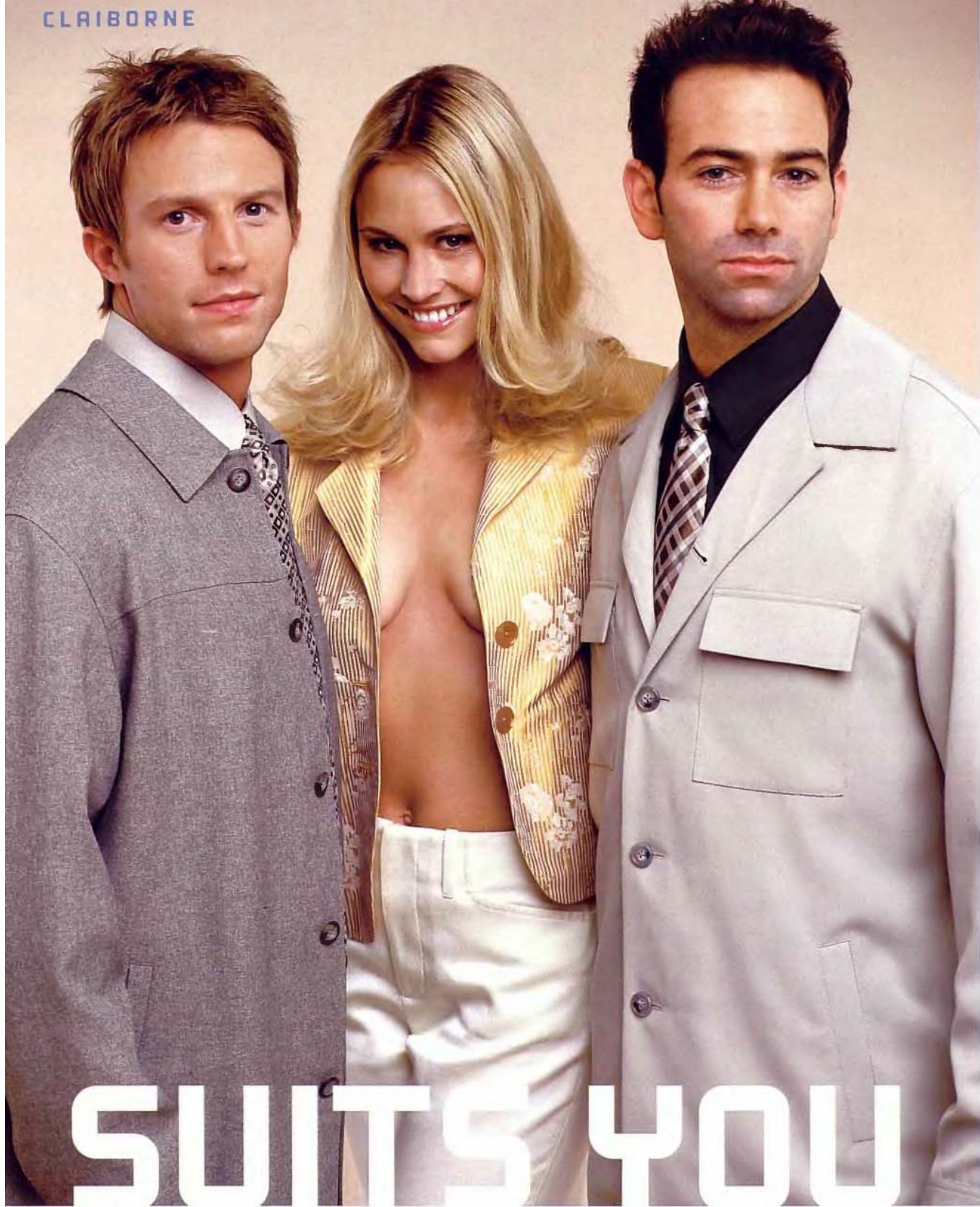
The noodler's opponent should not be underestimated. A catfish clamped to an arm—one too heavy to pull to the surface—can drown a man. And a poke by a catfish spine can hurt for weeks. Snapping turtles and snakes hide in the same holes as catfish. "I been bit by copperheads, and a turtle can take a hunk out of you. The big ones can lop a finger off."

A variety of corporations, from Budweiser to Eagle Claw hooks, sponsor the June Catfish Noodling Tournament. The tournament rules are simple: 24 hours of hands-only fishing with a three-fish limit—flathead catfish only. All fish must be brought to tournament headquarters in Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, alive and bearing no hook marks. Two prizes are awarded: biggest fish, \$200; biggest stringer (combined weight of all three fish), \$300.

Despite the sport's dangers, Rider, 46, is now coaching his 17-year-old son to eventually take the championship mantle from the old man. "This is the greatest sport of them all," Rider declares. "Your game fishermen need tackle and a rod and reel, but we don't need none of that junk. With us, it's man against beast, the way that God intended it. When you're dealing with that catfish, you have to be just as much of an animal as he is. But if you win, you not only got yourself the thrill of victory, you also got yourself dinner for four."

"This is the greatest sport of them all. With us, it's man against beast, the way God intended it. If you win, you not only got yourself the thrill of victory, you also got yourself dinner for four."

CLAIBORNE



SUITS 4 YOU

NEW LOOKS FROM SOME OF TODAY'S BEST DESIGNERS SHOULD MAKE IT ONTO
ANY WELL-DRESSED MAN'S SHOPPING LIST

This page features outfits by **Claiborne**. At left is a light, five-button wool suit (\$285), cotton shirt (\$39) and silk tie (\$35). At right is a three-button wool suit with flap pockets (\$169), cotton shirt (\$39) and silk tie (\$35). Janie Chang, design director at Claiborne, says the company's spring line uses "updated traditional menswear fabrics, deconstructed silhouettes and light seasonal colors. The overall look successfully combines dressy and casual elements for a variety of lifestyle needs." Her gold printed jacket is by **Gianluca Isaia** (\$1495) and pants by **Belvest** (\$456).

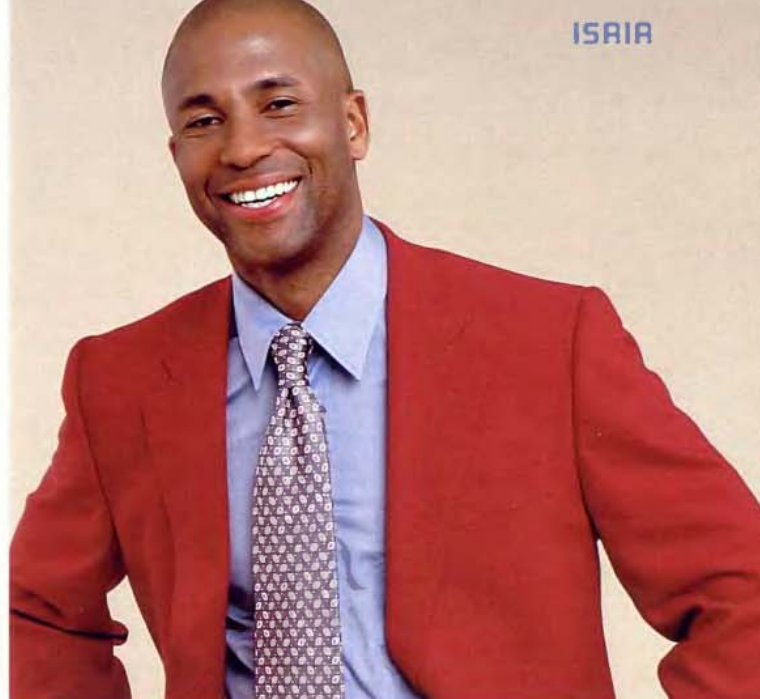
fashion by joseph de acetis > photography by gary suson > produced by jennifer ryan jones

The outfits on this page are all by **Belvest**. At left is a herringbone three-button wool suit (\$1855) and cotton shirt (\$285). In the middle is a houndstooth sports jacket (\$1555) and linen camp shirt (\$285). At right is a cashmere sports jacket (\$1555), linen camp shirt (\$285) and flat-front trousers (\$325). Roberta Cocco, president of Belvest, trumpets "a lot of color in the collection."



Both of these men are in outfits from D&G by Dolce & Gabbana. At left is a one-button suit (\$880) and cotton shirt (\$240). His shoes are by John Lobb (\$790). At right is a one-button suit (\$880) and a cotton shirt (\$220). His shoes are by Cole Haan (\$255), and the white-gold watch is by Piaget (\$8000). A Dolce & Gabbana spokesman suggests establishing a "personal style by mixing sportswear with classic looks, wearing a tailored suit jacket over cargo pants or pairing a striped sports top with elegantly tailored pants." The folks at Dolce & Gabbana also say it's all about linen this year.



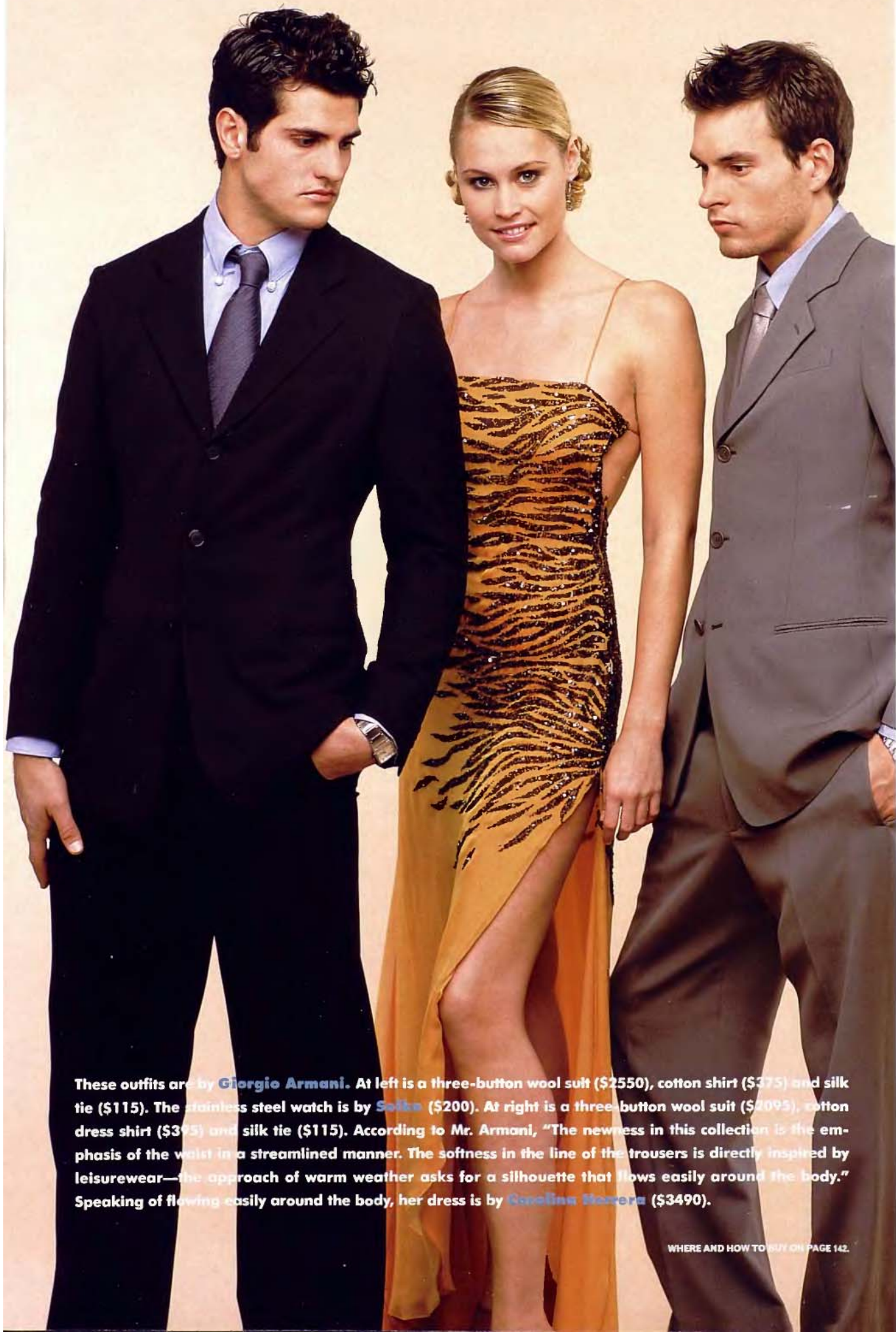


Above, at left, is a seersucker suit (\$700), short-sleeve shirt (\$165), V-neck sweater (\$195) and white shoes (\$140), all by **Michael Kors**. His watch is by **Piaget** (\$19,500). Above, at right, is a wool jacket (\$1795), cotton shirt (\$295) and silk tie (\$135), all by **Gianluca Isaia**. Below are two outfits by **Canali**. At left is a linen jacket (\$1295) and cotton shirt (\$195). At right is a plaid jacket (\$895), cotton shirt (\$195) and silk tie (\$95). Elisabetta Canali says her collection shows "distinct yet discreet taste and intense colors."





The outfit on this page is by **Thierry Mugler**. The wool pinstripe suit (\$840), cotton shirt (\$98) and knit tie (\$110) show Mugler's flair. "We always aim for elegance, and we're not at all afraid to get into new shapes," says Mugler's Renato Caverio. "We do such things as pinstripes over stripes. Our spring collection is oriented toward a svelte and easy-fitting silhouette, and the fabrics we use are mostly linen or linen blends."



These outfits are by **Giorgio Armani**. At left is a three-button wool suit (\$2550), cotton shirt (\$375) and silk tie (\$115). The stainless steel watch is by **Solito** (\$200). At right is a three-button wool suit (\$2095), cotton dress shirt (\$395) and silk tie (\$115). According to Mr. Armani, "The newness in this collection is the emphasis of the waist in a streamlined manner. The softness in the line of the trousers is directly inspired by leisurewear—the approach of warm weather asks for a silhouette that flows easily around the body." Speaking of flowing easily around the body, her dress is by **Carolina Herrera** (\$3490).

Leather lace-up by Johnston & Murphy (\$158). The split toe gives the shoe contemporary detail. It's dark enough to wear to work and offers an alternative to black for spring and summer.



seven steps for a cooler look

brown is not the new black. it's better

fashion by joseph de acetis
photography by mark platt
produced by jennifer ryan jones

Tan leather loafer by Cole-Haan (\$175). The high vamp (that piece of leather across the top of the shoe) means you don't have to worry about your sock selection—there won't be any foot cleavage. Still, don't skip the socks. The sockless look is for drug dealers.



Slip-on loafer by A. Testoni (\$295). The elastic straps afford comfort and high-fashion props. They're also perfect for putting a twist on dress-down day.



Lace-up with welt seams by Cole-Haan (\$245). The shoe offers a sleek dress look—and the color is perfectly suited for warm weather. It goes great with a suit for spring and summer elegance.

Cordovan slip-on with signature horse-bit hardware by Salvatore Ferragamo (\$285). This is a driving moccasin—you can see the squared heel that makes it gas-pedal friendly. The soft, pliable sole allows you to jump on the brake if need be.



Dark-brown lace-up dress shoe by Bostonian (\$100). It can be worn with dark suits, which makes them more appropriate for the season. A tip: Be sure to alternate use of leather shoes to allow them to retain their shape and to get rid of moisture—especially in hot weather.



Tan penny loafer by Gordon Rush (\$195). The updated color goes great with jeans. And the strap of a penny loafer makes it look slimmer and more elegant than an unadorned slip-on. By the way, you can try a euro in the slot, but ditch the penny.





"My husband said we should have sex more often—but he didn't say who with."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

*Stephanie
Heinrich*

HOW I PREPARE FOR ORAL SEX

I always like my mouth to be wet because if you go down on a guy with a dry mouth, forget it. When I go down on my boyfriend, I usually take a drink of water or something. When I start sucking on him a little come leaks out, and that helps with the lubrication. Then I'll just spit on it to make it even wetter. Wetter is better because my hand can easily slide up and down it. Then I'll put my mouth over the head and either go really fast or just rub up and down slowly with my hand. He loves that. And then I'll twirl my tongue around the head. At this point his face is buried in the pillow because he lives with two other guys, and he tries not to make a lot of noise.

*Stephanie
Heinrich*

MY PET NAME

He calls me his sex machine because when I get on top of him I really work. He compliments me on what I do when I'm on top. I guess some girls get on a guy and don't really know what the hell they're doing. They don't move or anything. And we joke about it because I've developed muscles in my lower back from doing a lot of hip work.

MY FAVORITE TIME OF DAY FOR SEX

I like the middle of the day. My boyfriend and I have had incredible sex at two o'clock in the afternoon. It's different from having sex when you're going to sleep or first thing in the morning, which is when most people do it. It's best when we really don't expect or anticipate having sex.

SEE STEPHANIE IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



**CANTON
KARAT L
800 DC**

\$4200 a pair



**KLIPSCH
REFERENCE
SERIES RF-7**

\$2200 a pair



**INFINITY
KAPPA 600**

\$2400 a pair



**B&W
CDM 9NT**

\$2600 a pair

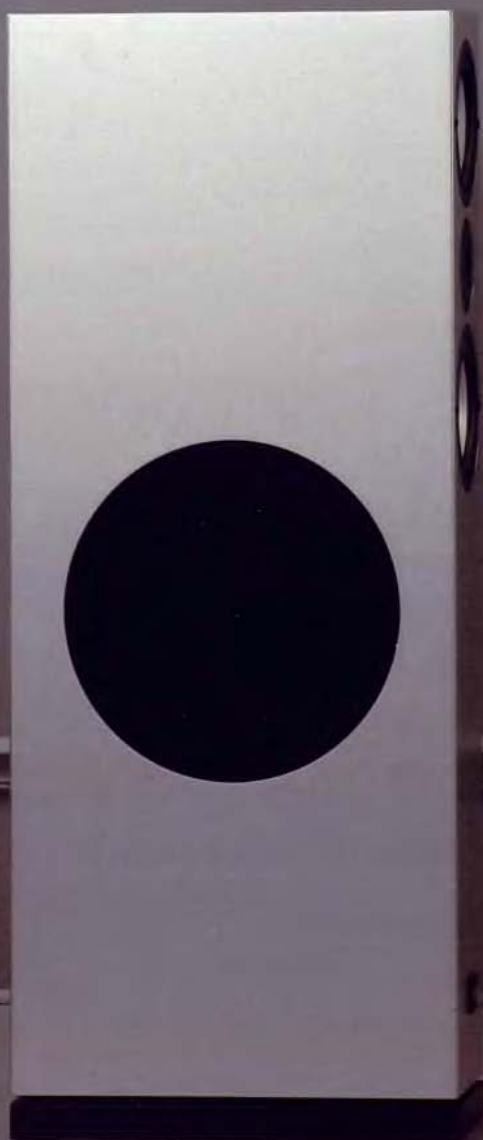


• W.K. SAYS: I love the way classical music sounds on them. You can almost smell the violinist. It's not that he doesn't bathe, he just smells funky. These pull off the side-firing woofer concept better than the Infinity speakers. Turn up the mids and these start to boom. Then the neighbors knock and say, "Andrew, why must you play your music so loud?"

• W.K. SAYS: These are excellent for metal because they pump more midrange. Plus, they have a horn (like concert speakers), so you can put a NO STAGE DIVING sign on it and spill beer inside. They're loud and harsh—I love it! These are extreme enough for Vin Diesel. He's restrained but he lets you know he could blow at any time. Just like these speakers.

• W.K. SAYS: My dad would love these because he has Infinity speakers in his car. Then again, he's the type of guy who wouldn't buy speakers if he didn't like the color of the wire. These aren't really cutting it for me. They sound like they're covered by people standing around at a cocktail party. Then again, if you can build a speaker, you know more than me.

• W.K. SAYS: Rick Rubin has these. They look cool. People see these in your house and go "Woah!" even before you turn them on. The *Tranzworld* CD sounds best, but the *Brandenburg Concertos* are a little less present. These are really true speakers, though, so I respect their modesty. These don't look to thrill. They just want to play the song. I like that.



HOPE I GO DEAF BEFORE I GET OLD

ANDREW W.K. CRASHES OUR PARTY
AND THRASHES OUR SPEAKERS

Sound geeks suggest that before you buy a pair of quality speakers you should test them with a "torture track," a song with extreme frequencies that can expose a speaker's thresholds. We did that one better: We invited Detroit rocker Andrew W.K. to bring some of his favorite CDs and blow out our speakers, figuring that the guy behind a debut album with three party titles—*It's Time to Party*, *Party Hard* and *Party Til You Puke*—is best equipped to pick a pair that can rock the house. His technique: "I always start at a low vol. Why say volume? Just save time and say vol." OK, vol.

ANDREW W.K.'S TEST-CDs

Aerosmith, *Ultimate Hits*
Full Blown Chaos,
Prophet of Hostility
Shania Twain, *Up*
(pop version)
J.S. Bach,
Brandenburg Concertos
Tranzworld 5



Andy Richter

20Q

conan's former couch potato on pornography, overeating and his plan to rebuild iraq

It wasn't that Andy Richter had a problem with being second banana to Conan O'Brien for seven years. The problem was, Richter, 36, star of Fox' *Andy Richter Controls the Universe*, had the acting bug and couldn't shake it. The Michigan native attended the University of Illinois, studying film and video. He then worked with several Chicago-area improv pros, including the late Second City veteran Del Close.

Before joining Conan, Richter appeared in Chris Elliott's notorious bomb, *Cabin Boy*. Toward the end of his *Late Night* run, Richter upped the ante with appearances in Robert Altman's *Dr. T and the Women* and, in 2002, Barry Sonnenfeld's *Big Trouble*.

The Emmy nominee for Best Comedy Writing (*Late Night and Universe*) continues his big-screen career with roles in *The Guest* and Frank McKlusky *CI*.

Robert Crane caught up with the posse-free Richter at La Luna in Hollywood.

1

PLAYBOY: What does your Richter scale measure?

RICHTER: Just my passing judgment on everything and everyone at all times. It's my dark secret how truly judgmental I am. I try to be nice about it. I used to get criticized a lot for being cynical or too critical, so I had to surround myself with like-minded, professional bitches. And now I'm one of the more sunny people from my circle.

2

PLAYBOY: How did you remain interested in the process during all those years of sitting there listening to celebrities babble?

RICHTER: This is nothing against Conan, but frequently the interviews are pretty much the same. So, as a diversion, you look for the plastic surgery scars. I had a good angle, because I was looking right at the backs of their ears, which is where all the flesh gets gathered and is snipped off. Then you be-

gin to notice the liposuction scar in the middle of the chin, the face-lift scar that's in the hair. Also, you notice the beard growing behind the ears, because all of that skin has now moved north a few degrees. You can see that some men have to shave behind their ears after a while. The things I love, and that I feel are intimate little secrets, are the spider veins on a supermodel's leg. Or the pit stains of famous actresses are exciting—I felt lucky to see them. One supermodel was wearing clear plastic pumps and her feet were getting hot, so the shoes were fogging up with her foot sweat, and I just thought that was one of the best things I'd ever seen.

3

PLAYBOY: Any tips on how to behave on a couch for hours on end?

RICHTER: Well, if you want to look good, don't sit on the couch, because it makes you slouch. That was always the secret on the talk shows. And you'll notice the host gets to hide behind a desk, because everyone looks good from the sternum up.

4

PLAYBOY: Define second-banananess.

RICHTER: In the *Ziegfeld Follies*, there was a number where all the dancers came together dressed in banana costumes and formed a bunch of bananas. The star of the show was at the top and the second star was the second banana. It's a good thing to be a supporting player. It makes you less vulnerable, that's for sure.

5

PLAYBOY: List styles of obsequiousness that approached the line but didn't cross over.

RICHTER: I didn't have to worry about it that much, because in instances where I've had to actually conduct interviews

when I've guest-hosted, or when I'm interviewing someone whose work I'm not particularly fond of, I don't think I'm ever obsequious. I'm a little susceptible to people laughing at my every word. When my wife asks me what my opinion of somebody is I say, "He laughs at everything I say. I think he's fantastic." That's a hard one to beat, unless you're not trying to be funny.

6

PLAYBOY: You are the third-highest scorer in *Celebrity Jeopardy* history. Was there a question that was particularly hard?

RICHTER: One thing you have to understand about *Celebrity Jeopardy* is that it's really not in the show's best interest to make celebrities look stupid, so the questions are pretty simple. Because it was taped in New York, there was a category about naming stores in New York. Like, "It starts with a Z and has lots of food." "What is Zabar's?" *Jeopardy* is also a unique athletic competition, because it is a battle of thumbs. You have to get the rhythm of when to push the button, because if you push it before the question is over you're locked out for two seconds. There are lights on the side of the board that the audience doesn't see—the countdown is three, two, one and then you're free to answer. A friend of mine, who was head writer on the Conan show for a couple of years, was a legitimate *Jeopardy* champion—he took home 60 grand. When I was done he said, "You didn't try to ring in on the questions you didn't know the answers to. That's an interesting strategy." And, I thought, No, it isn't. I would look like an ass if I rang in and didn't know. But I guess other *Jeopardy* people figure that they'll take a chance, no matter what the question.

7

PLAYBOY: Give us your blueprint for rebuilding Iraq. (continued on page 149)

THE WORM HAS TURNED

superpremium mezcals—don't hide these bad boys in a margarita

By James Oliver Cury

Still think mezcal is tequila's bastard cousin? Obviously, you haven't tried the good stuff that comes without the worm. Superpremium mezcals smooth as fine scotch or cognac are now status sips. Robert De Niro and Harrison Ford have been known to knock back a few. Most premium mezcals are made in small batches by families who have been distilling agave plants for hundreds of years. They range in price from \$20 to \$200 a bottle, so you'll want to drink them from a snifter. First there's a smoke-and-fire kick that flares your nostrils, followed by a cavalcade of floral and citrus notes, along with the flavor of butter, vanilla, even chicken. Here are our blind-tasting notes and ratings. If your girlfriend is in the mood for a mezcal cocktail, by all means go ahead and mix her one. Follow our recipes and study the glossary. Salud!



Donaji Mezcal Añejo: \$35

The nose on this añejo suggested "a beautiful Mexican girl's panties" to one panelist, while another commented on its "earthy, deep pit-roasted flavor" and rated it excellent "but not for the faint of heart." Donaji's aftertaste struck some as "long-lasting and smoother than the others," but one taster likened it to "Chinese herbal medicine" and another to "cassia oil." The "slight sweetness in the foretaste" prompted one taster to ask, "Is this a home brew?"

333

Del Maguey Crema de Mezcal: \$36

The winner of the World Spirits Championship 2002 contains 20 percent unfermented agave honey; its marketing pitch is "For Women Only—and a Few Strong Men." One taster would enjoy it "after dinner, in a snifter." Others thought it was too sweet, with one going so far as to say it would appeal mainly to "wimps and margarita drinkers." Vanilla, pineapple, almond and pear flavors were detected in the aftertaste, as was an "intense smoky finish." "It doesn't drink like a mezcal."

333

Don Amado Añejo Mezcal: \$35

"Smells like good coke—the snorting kind" was several tasters' immediate impression (where are we getting these tasters?), along with the observation that "one shot made me want more." Don Amado's "smoky, woody taste" reminded another panelist of a good single malt scotch. However, the bitter aftertaste that made panelists' eyes water "like a hot Chile" bothered the majority, even if some continued to sing the praises of its "low sweetness and nice balance."

33

Ethnic Mix

Bloody Mez

- 2 ounces mezcal
 - 8 ounces tomato juice
 - Tabasco
 - Celery salt
 - Pepper
 - Worcestershire sauce
- Combine ingredients in a tall glass. Stir and garnish with lime wedge.

Mexican Volcano

- 1 ounce mezcal
 - ½ ounce white rum
 - ¼ ounce Cointreau
 - Squeeze of lime
- Shake with ice, garnish with a lime twist and embrace your inner lava.

Silk Stockings

- 1 ½ ounces mezcal
 - ½ ounce grenadine
 - 1 ½ ounces milk or cream
 - 2 ice cubes
- Mix ingredients in a blender, sprinkle with ground cinnamon, garnish with a cherry and serve to your date. Repeat as needed.



El Glossary

Agave (also maguey): It takes up to 12 years before Mexican mezcal makers can harvest this plant and get you plotzed. Please don't call it a cactus.

Añejo: It means "aged," but not like the 25-year-old scotch your dad kept in the liquor cabinet. To earn its lofty title, añejo mezcal is stored for at least one year in oak barrels. Look for a golden pee-like color. Yes, amigos, that's a good thing.

Blanco: Fancy for "fresh from the still"—in other words it's the cheap stuff. The color is usually white or silver, not gold or amber.

Mezcal (versus tequila): As the not-particularly-famous Mexican saying goes: All tequilas are mezcals, but not all mezcals are tequilas. Specifically, tequila, which comes from the Jalisco state in Mexico, is made from blue agave that is steamed. Mezcal comes from Oaxaca. It's made from a far less pronounceable type of agave that is roasted.

Piña: As in colada? Sort of. This is the pineapple-shaped heart of the agave plant that can weigh more than the folks who drink it. A 200-pound agave yields about 15 liters of mezcal.

Reposada: This translates to rested, which means not quite aged. Generally, it's been stored in wooden casks or vats for two months to a year.

Worm Trivia: There are two types—gusano de oro (white or gold) and the more prized gusano rojo (red). The latter is considered a delicacy. It's also quite nutritious. Contrary to urban legends, the worms are neither aphrodisiacs nor hallucinogens. Why is mezcal sold con worm? Because distillers of the cheap stuff need a gimmick that will attract the frat boys.



Del Maguey Pechuga Mezcal: \$200

Fewer than 200 bottles of this rare triple-distilled mezcal are produced annually in Oaxaca, but that didn't stop one panelist from asking "Is there a touch of anise, or is that anus?" Others thought it had "a bite like a real mezcal" and a "heavy aftertaste." Its "bitter finish" reminded one taster of grappa. In Pechuga's distillation process, a skinned chicken breast suspended in the still is said to give this mezcal "balance." Only one panelist detected an essence of chicken.

Mezcal del Maestro Citrus: \$32

Del Maestro is infused with lemons, oranges and a bit of honey, three additives that reminded one panelist of "lighter fluid, bug spray and Mr. Clean." Lemony-fresh dishwashing detergent and perfume were also mentioned. "Thank God this stuff tastes better than it smells," said one. Most liked the aftertaste more than the initial taste, commenting on the "lingering lemon-and-honey finish," which "crept up on you slowly like a back-alley pick-pocket on the prawl."

Mezcal del Maestro Añejo Reserva: \$52

"Smoother than smooth. Long oaky finish. Must be the charred Kentucky white oak barrels they use to age it," and "mezcal meets Jim Beam" were some of the raves given to this premium reserva. "Rich, complex taste," "woody," "good smell" and "this must be the most expensive mezcal of the lot" were other observations. "I suspect I'd like it more after a little time. It seems an acquired taste," concluded one panelist, but after evaluating six mezcals in one afternoon, who can know for sure?

THE DR. PHIL S.A.T.

YOUR GIRLFRIEND LIKES TV'S REIGNING SHRINK SO MUCH IT'S DRIVING YOU CRAZY.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN FIGHT BACK

To watch Dr. Phil is to hate him. TV's most popular shrink exploits more innocent wackos than Jerry Springer. Pathetic creatures—are there any other kind on daytime TV?—flock to be on his show, where they spill their guts about their darkest secrets, humiliating their friends and families. But here's the worst thing about Dr. Phil: The woman in your life loves him. She thinks his advice makes sense. We feel your pain, pal. We say take our Dr. Phil SAT and you'll get inside Dr. Phil's bald head. Ready? All you need is a sharp number 2 pencil.

FOR INSTRUCTOR USE ONLY



ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS BOEHM

SECTION ONE: ARE YOU AS SMART AS DR. PHIL?

Here are three problems ripped from Dr. Phil's show. See if you can pick Dr. Phil's actual advice—a unique blend of psychobabble, tough love and painfully obvious observations designed to segue into the commercial breaks.

1 Meagan and Rod have been married six weeks. Meagan constantly wants to have sex. Rod, on the other hand, prefers cuddling. Meagan's incessant demands make poor Rod feel like a sex slave.

☐ [A] "Are you being real with yourself, Rod? Do you find yourself watching shows on the WB? Are you overly excited when you read 'Men's Health'? Do you own any Streisand albums? Wake up and smell the frappuccino."

☐ [B] "Meagan, it's up to you to make him interested. Perhaps if you lost 120 pounds or purchased a vat of Nair. It's the little things that keep passion alive."

☐ [C] "Are you some kind of weirdo or something? [Reads cue card] 'Can't a man just cuddle?' That must be some sort of typo."

2 Dr. Phil and son Jay (a regular contributor to the show) have discovered a terrifying new problem—teens are having oral sex! Dr. Phil sends the overly earnest Jay out in the field to interview a few eager-to-please teenage girls. "It's a crisis," says Dr. Phil.

☐ [A] "Do the girls understand what these hairy-legged boys are thinking? If you haven't talked to your teens about sex, chances are they're having it. And it probably never occurred to you to talk about oral sex. I know it never did me."

☐ [B] "Look at my son Jay: He's 23—do you think he's ever gotten a blow job? Parents: Listen to me. If you want your kids to avoid the perils of oral sex, you have to make them as unappealing as possible."

☐ [C] "Let me tell you, no one can control a teenager. You might as well try to herd cats. The time to teach your teenager about sex is before he or she is a teenager and hates your guts."

3 Susan likes felines. She currently cares for 17 of them, and would gladly take in more ugly, smelly strays. Her boss says it's distracting her from her work. Her father is convinced she'll get a disease "like the bubonic plague" from the filth. Only her idiot boyfriend doesn't seem to mind.

☐ [A] "Good lord, woman, I can smell you from across the stage. Ever hear of Lever 2000?"

☐ [B] "It's normal. Enjoy your cats. And if your boyfriend likes cats, you'd better hold on to him."

☐ [C] "It's time for you to get real about this problem, and the problem isn't about cats. You're hiding behind 17 feral balls of fur. What are you hiding from?"

SECTION TWO: DR. PHIL VS. DR. DAN

No one does the English language prouder than a Texan. A pair of Lone Star TV personalities—Dr. Phil and Dan Rather—have taken this tradition to new heights. These two men use their roots to justify an endless barrage of faux homespun homilies: colorful and tortured sayings that make about as much sense as bifocals on a ferret. Which Texas brainiac said the following?

[1] "There ain't no Santa Claus, there ain't no pony and Elvis is way dead." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[2] "Nobody slipped you a stupid pill, and you aren't some moron who should be in an institution." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[3] "If a frog had side pockets, he'd carry a handgun." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[4] "I've gone walleyed, steerheaded, over-the-top selfish crazy." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[5] "I think you can be an honest person and lie about any number of things." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[6] "An intellectual snob is someone who can listen to the 'William Tell Overture' and not think of the Lone Ranger." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[7] "I'm going jackass batty here. I hate to tell you this, but I think a huge part of my life absolutely sucks." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[8] "Somebody needs to put a muzzle on my wife." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[9] "So much of what I did was as unnatural for me as it would be for a dog trying to fly." ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

[10] "Have I just gone insane?" ☐ Dr. Phil ☐ Dr. Dan

HOW YOU RATE

11–13 CORRECT: Shave your head and put on a few pounds, you connoisseur of clichés: You may be the next Dr. Phil. Be afraid, be very afraid.

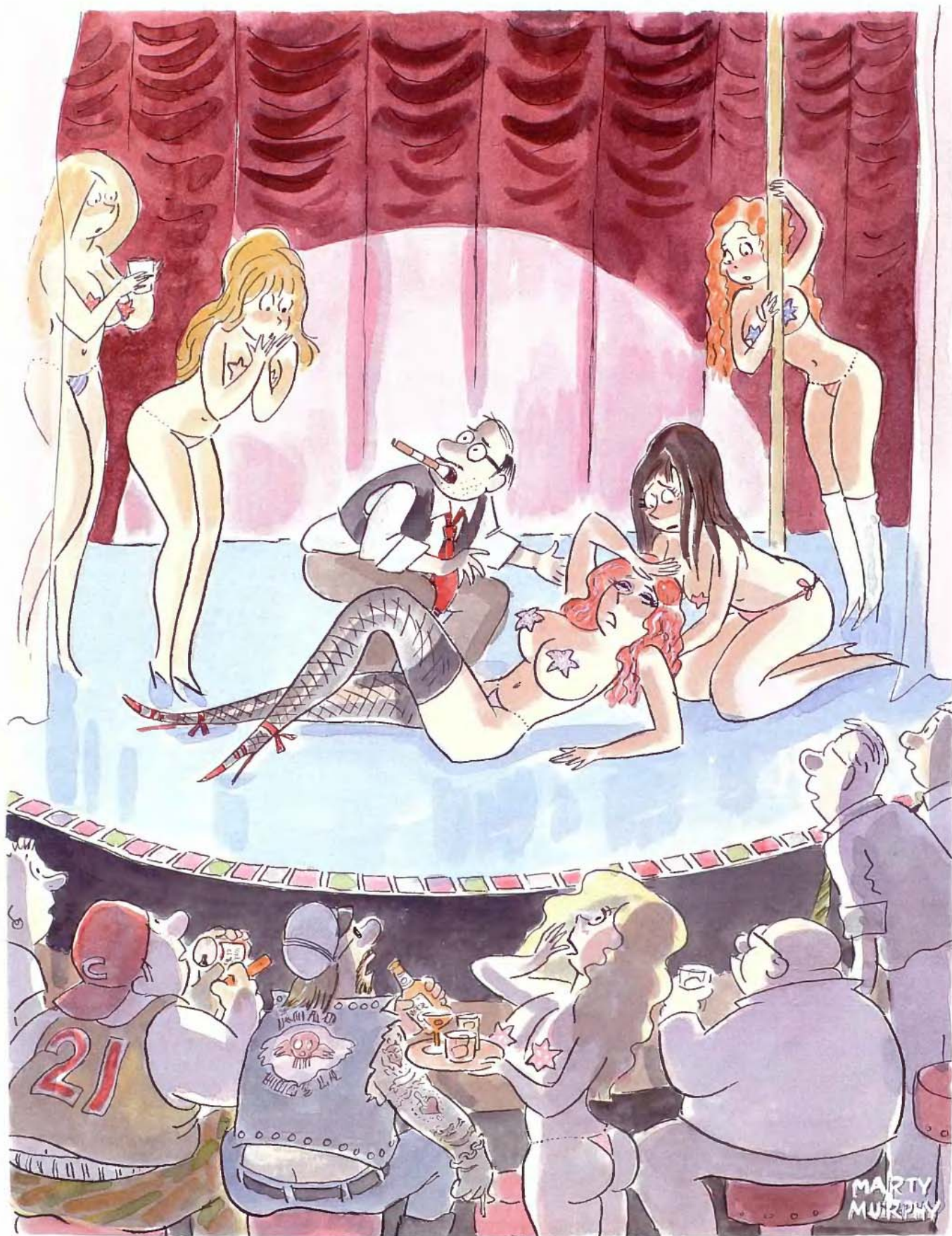
8–10: ADMIT IT. You're the demon spawn of Oprah. You're almost on Dr. Phil's wavelength.

5–7: GET REAL. You're really not in tune with your authentic self and you clearly don't watch much daytime TV. This is not a bad thing.

4 OR BELOW: EXCELLENT NEWS. The lower your score, the less you have in common with Dr. Phil. You're the winner. But be careful—your girlfriend will hate you for it.

ANSWER KEY:

Dr. Phil vs. Dr. Dan: (1) Phil, (2) Phil, (3) Phil, (4) Phil, (5) Dan, (6) Dan, (7) Phil, (8) Phil, (9) Phil, (10) Phil. Are You as Smart as Dr. Phil?: (1) C, (2) A, (3) B.



"She's fainted! Somebody get her a glass of water while I loosen her pasties!"

ELECTRIFYING

Carmen

SHE'S GOT
THIS MUSIC
THING LICKED



CARMEN ELECTRA rocks. Let us count the ways: (1) Prince released her first CD on his record label. (2) She's engaged to Dave Navarro of Jane's Addiction. (3) She's received rave reviews as the lead singer and dancer in the Pussycat Dolls, a modern cabaret revue in Los Angeles. "We're working on putting together a tour and recording a CD," says Carmen. "Even though it's burlesque, I feel like we're a rock band."

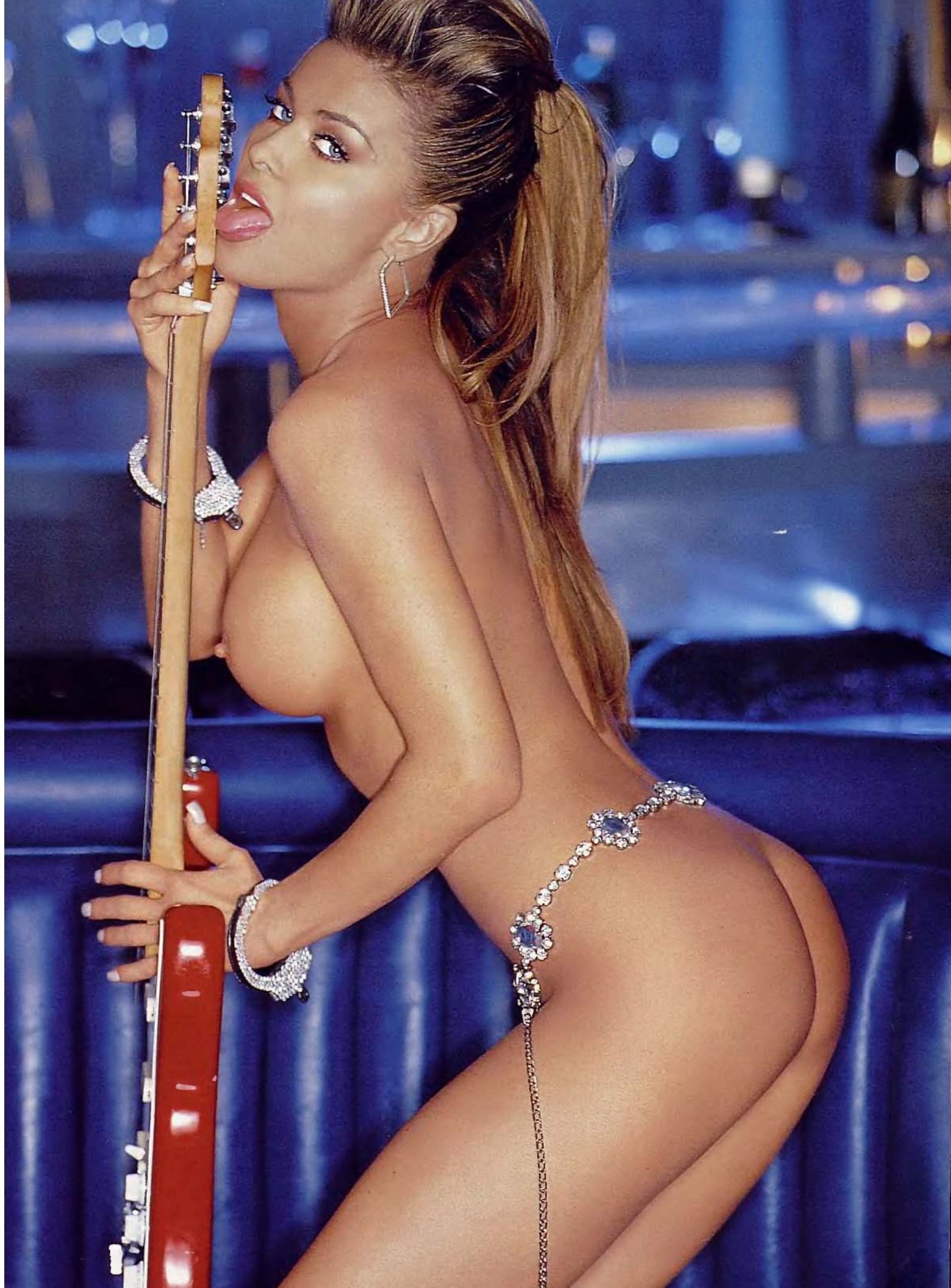
Gwen Stefani, Christina Aguilera, Brittany Murphy and Charlize Theron have slipped into sexy corsets, garter belts and loads of lace to share the stage with Carmen as guest Pussycats. "Who knew that Brittany Murphy has such an amazing voice?" she asks. "To see her onstage blew me away. That's what is so special about the Pussycat Dolls."

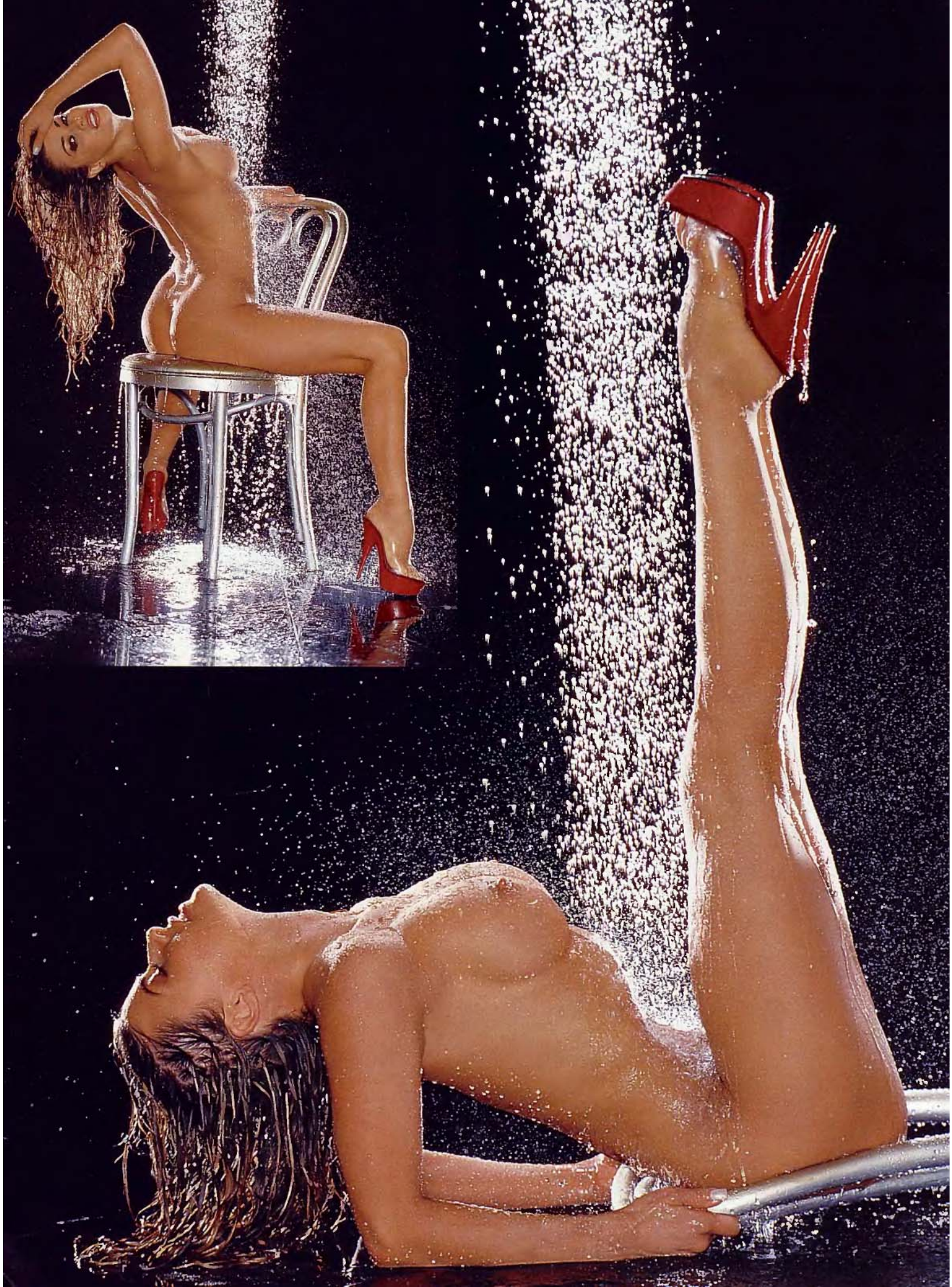
Carmen just completed a movie with Ashton Kutcher and Tara Reid, and she is co-host of the new series *Living Large*, an updated take on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. She also suited up with the rest of the gang for this year's *Baywatch: Hawaiian Wedding*.

Carmen met and fell in love with Navarro after a year of being unattached. "Dave had ended a four-year relationship and was single for about a year as well, so it was perfect timing," she says. "We have had such similar experiences. I think we're really lucky to have each other." The couple recently moved in together, but they haven't set a wedding date. "Dave and I have great communication and don't act out," she says. "We talk about our problems, and it's beautiful. That has changed my life because there are no insecurities."

Carmen doesn't trip over tabloid gossip anymore, either. "At one point it really hurt me," she confesses. "You go out on a few dates with someone like Fred Durst, and for the rest of your life you hear about this person. I mentioned that to Dave and he just started laughing. I let it all go now."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



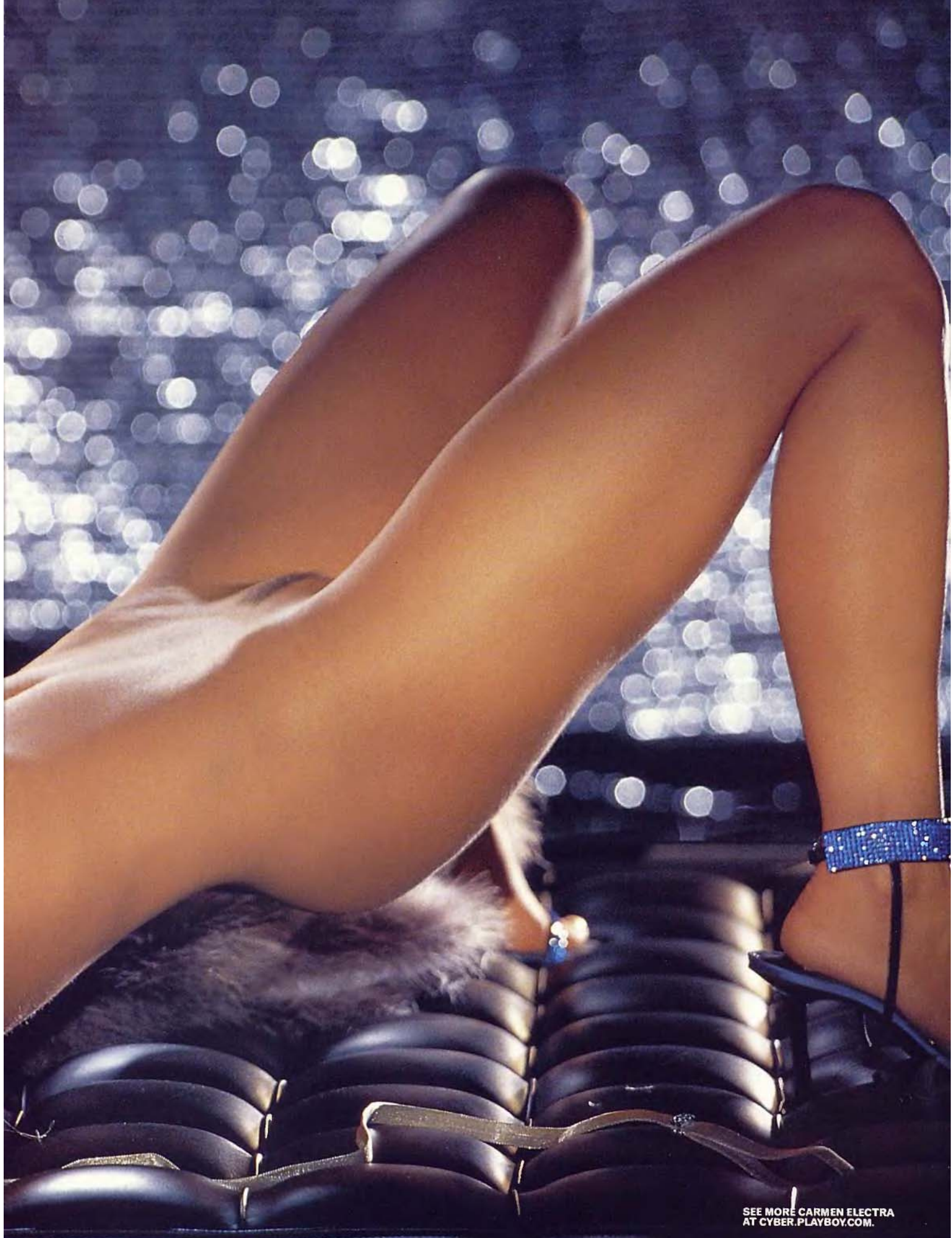












SEE MORE CARMEN ELECTRA
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

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 33, 34, 43-44, 86-92, 116-121, 122-123, 126-127, 130-131 and 163, check the listings to find the stores nearest you.



Foo Fighters, rcarecords.com. *Detroit Cobras*, sympathyrecords.com. *EMI-Capitol Crescent City Soul series*, holly woodandvine.com. *Raveonettes*, crunchyfrog.dk. *Sly and the Family Stone*, legacyrecordings.com. *Weezer*, interscope.com. *When the Sun Goes Down: The Secret History of Rock and Roll*, rcarecords.com. *Yeah Yeah Yeahs*, tgrecc.com. *Steve Earle*, artemisrecords.com. *System of a Down*, sonymusic.com.

MUSIC

Page 33: *Cat Power*, matorrecords.com. *Cave In*, rcarecords.com. *CKY*, islandrecords.com. *Alex Cortiz*, Swirl Records, 910-350-0086. *Dirty Three*, tgrecc.com. *Rob Jungklas*, madjackrecords.com. *Kinski*, subpop.com. *Lai-ka*, toopure.com. *Johnny Marr and the Healers*, imusic.com. *Mickey and the Soul Generation*, quannum.com. *Roots*, mcarecords.com. *Thee Michelle Gun Elephant*, alive-to talenergy.com. *T. Rex*, rhino.com. *Turin Brakes*, astralwerks.com. *Unwritten Law*, lavarecords.com. *Paul Weller*, yeproc.com.

GAMES

Page 34: *Capcom*, 408-774-0500 or cap.com.com. *Disney Interactive*, tron20.net. *EA Games*, 877-324-2637 or ea.com. *Id Software*, idsoftware.com. *Lucas Arts*, lucasarts.com. *Sony*, 800-222-7669, sony.com or station.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Atlantic Luggage*, atlanticluggage.com. *Chronicle Books*, chroniclebooks.com. *Driven Image*, 877-437-4836 or drivenimage.com. *Hard Rock*, 407-599-7625 or hardrock.com/vault.

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

Pages 86-92: *Ashanti*, defjam.com/murderinc. *Dirty Vegas*, hollywoodandvine.com. *Dixie Chicks*, sonymusic.com. *Eminem*, interscope.com. *Norah Jones*, bluenote.ca. *Auril Lavigne*, arista.com. *Jennifer Lopez*, sonymusic.com. *Dave Matthews Band*, rca records.com. *Ozzy Osbourne*, sonymusic.com. *Rolling Stones*, virginrecords.com. *Run-DMC*, arista.com. *Spider-Man*, sony music.com. *Donnas*, atlanticrecords.com.

FASHION

Pages 116-121: *Suits: Belvest*, belvest.com. *Canali*, canali.it. *Carolina Herrera*, carolina herrera.com. *Claiborne*, 212-626-3905. *Cole-Haan*, colehaan.com. *D&G*, by Dolce and Gabbana, dolcegabbana.it. *Gianluca Isaia*, gianlucaisaia.com. *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. *John Lobb*, 212-888-9797. *Michael Kors*, 212-452-4685. *Piaget*, piaget.com. *Seiko*, seikousa.com. *Thierry Mugler*, thierrymugler.com. Pages 122-123: *Shoes: A. Testoni*, testoni.com. *Bostonian*, bostonianshoe.com. *Cole-Haan*, colehaan.com. *Gordon Rush*, gordonrush.com. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonmurphy.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, salvatoreferragamo.it.

SPEAKERS

Pages 126-127: *B&W*, 800-370-3740. *Canton*, 612-706-9250 or cantonusa.com. *Infinity*, 800-553-3332 or infinitysystems.com. *Klipsch*, klipsch.com.

MEZCAL

Pages 130-131: *Del Maguey Crema de Mezcal* and *Del Maguey Pechuga Mezcal*, mezcal.com. *Don Amado Añejo Mezcal*, 800-548-3332 or donamado.com. *Donaji Mezcal Añejo*, 773-545-2777 or viprofix.com/iru/mezcal.html. *Mezcal del Maestro Citrus and Mezcal del Maestro Añejo Reserva*, 520-888-7008, 888-751-7648 or tequilatrail.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 163: *Bentley Motors*, bentleymotors.com.

JAY-Z

(continued from page 64)

JAY-Z: You get angry, but at the end of the day, I'm not going to do nothing. It just pushes you to make better records. I got mad and went into the studio.

PLAYBOY: Which got you angrier: When he called you ugly or when he implied you're gay?

JAY-Z: Ugly? A guy's not supposed to judge another guy. So that didn't bother me. But there's an imaginary line in the sand, and most people cross it when they are off balance. You don't say things about another guy's genitalia.

PLAYBOY: He said that you should suck his dick.

JAY-Z: Yeah. You can't say that to a man. It's like when you have nothing else to grab on to and you say, "Fuck you! Your mother!" I take comfort from that. I dropped some heavy records, and he was a little off balance.

PLAYBOY: You offered to settle the fight in a boxing ring. Was there ever a chance that would happen?

JAY-Z: No, too much to lose. Especially in rap. People get knocked out, they lose that image. When you're listening to a record, "I'm the illest!" I don't know, man, I just saw you get knocked out [laughs]. I hear what you're saying, but my eyes are seeing something different. I would have boxed him.

PLAYBOY: How do you know you would have won?

JAY-Z: My will. My will alone. I'm too strong, man.

PLAYBOY: *Blueprint 2* is a double album. What's next, a triple album?

JAY-Z: Never. That was too much music. Eminem said, "Yo, I love the album, man. I ain't finished listening to it. But I'm gonna get to it."

PLAYBOY: On *The Ruler's Back*, you liken yourself to Martin Luther King Jr. and Rosa Parks.

JAY-Z: What did I say?

PLAYBOY: We have to tell you? You've written so many songs, you can't remember your own lyrics?

JAY-Z: Word up. Friends have to tell me my rhymes all the time.

PLAYBOY: "I'm representing..."

JAY-Z: "I'm representin'" for the seat where Rosa Parks sat/Where Malcolm X was shot, where Martin Luther was popped." Yeah. I believe that every black person has a responsibility. When you do good, everyone is looking at you—every black person. So you're the same person as Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. I'm not just representing the hood and Roc-A-Fella Records, I'm representing for the whole culture. A lot of people look at me like they looked at Martin Luther King.

PLAYBOY: Some people might say, "What's a rapper who used to deal drugs doing comparing himself to Dr. King?"

JAY-Z: I'm not like a politician who says

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he never did nothing wrong. I'm not a saint—I did bad things. I fucked up. But I'm a very legit person. I try not to do bad things anymore. I try to be a decent citizen.

PLAYBOY: But you're not always so level-headed and orderly. In December 1999 you were arrested for stabbing Lance "Un" Rivera in a nightclub and pleaded guilty to misdemeanor assault. What happened that night?

JAY-Z: A fight got out of hand.

PLAYBOY: The rumor was, you were mad because he was bootlegging your music.

JAY-Z: That doesn't make sense. My stuff gets bootlegged every year. It had nothing to do with bootlegging.

PLAYBOY: If the story's been told wrong, set the record straight.

JAY-Z: No. There's a lot of stories being told wrong. I can't correct every story. Me and Un, we talk—we're not cool, but we're not mad.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have a knife on you that night?

JAY-Z: I don't want to talk about the knives. Just leave that one alone.

PLAYBOY: Let's put it this way: At any given time, do you have protection on you?

JAY-Z: No. One time I heard Russell Simmons say, "I don't even want to see a gun. I don't want no friends with guns."

I was like, He's crazy. But now I feel the same way. What's wrong with me? I'm a gangsta rapper. *[Makes a mean face]* From the hood.

PLAYBOY: But a few months after the stabbing, you were arrested again because your bodyguard was found with an unlicensed Glock semiautomatic.

JAY-Z: I'm seldom with a bodyguard. I like to go and come as I please. I go to games by myself all the time. But if I'm going to be in a partylike atmosphere, where there's a bunch of people? Yeah, definitely, 100 percent. Like Michael Jackson or Britney Spears would.

PLAYBOY: If he had the gun, why were you charged? I don't understand.

JAY-Z: Me, neither. I didn't have a gun. I was in a limousine with a partition. The partition was up. I don't know what's going on in the front. But I'm thinking, All right, he's going to straighten it out. I was joking around with the cop. I was laughing. Then the cop was like, Turn around, put your hands behind your back. I wasn't laughing no more. They said they charged me because it was my car. Took my fingerprints and a picture. I understood it later. It was just for the media. The DA has a publicist who came down to the station house. That was all about imaging.

PLAYBOY: From your first album to the last, you use the word *fag* a lot. Are you homophobic?

JAY-Z: Um, I think rap is homophobic. I don't know. I could be. My friends and I play a game called *Pause*—if you say something that sounds gay, like, "I was with the dude the other day," you have to say, "Pause." That could be viewed as homophobic. I stopped playing *Pause* this year—I'm too grown. So maybe I'm getting better.

PLAYBOY: But not playing *Pause* doesn't mean you're no longer homophobic.

JAY-Z: I mean, it's a start, man. Shit. Goddamn *[laughs]*.

PLAYBOY: Could there ever be a successful gay rapper?

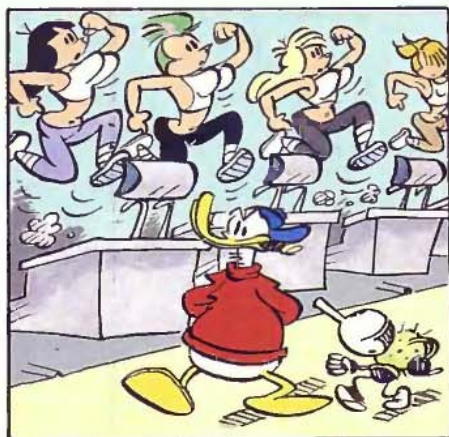
JAY-Z: That would be extremely tough. Rap is all, "Pickin' off a motherfucker like that." *[Makes a mean face]* I'm from the hood."

PLAYBOY: Every time you say, "I'm from the hood," you screw up your face like a cartoon villain.

JAY-Z: Because it's funny. "I'm from the hood." It's a joke. You can't take that seriously. Rappers, we ain't from the hood. We got nice homes and nice cars. We from the mansion.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



LAST SCORE

(continued from page 84)

He'd probably seen *The Poet and the Bandit*, a documentary made about my wife and me, half a year earlier. "Hey, come on up, I want her to meet you."

And there it was. My conundrum, my Rubik's Cube without colors, the puzzle that doesn't respond to logic. My feet followed him up the fire escape and into the building. It wasn't his old lady I hungered to meet, but a much paler lady from my past.

Why would I succumb to the urge after all the clean years? The answer is that I don't know the answer.

The ponytail dude rapped on a door, and we walked into a small airless junkie apartment that smelled of toadstools and cat urine. A woman with the slow eyes of a lizard bid me to be seated on a worn-out couch. It seemed the perfect place to unmake my life, just for today.

I smoked the dope that afternoon. There was no euphoric buzz, just a nice bump into that warm and safe place, which is all I ever expected or wanted from heroin. Using, for me, has never been about the pursuit of bliss—it was merely a way to break even.

I nodded out on the couch, then woke up startled by the lateness of the evening. I stopped twice on the rush home—once to throw up and once to buy a pack of cigarettes. I arrived past my daughters' bedtime. My wife smelled the tobacco on my breath and saw the long-distance holes in my eyes. She retreated to our bedroom, closed the door and wept. On the table I found a birthday cake, surrounded by some presents and a hand-

made card with "Happy Birthday Daddy" scrawled across the top. Even having spent so many years in the can, that was the loneliest moment of my life.

I slept on the couch that night and in the morning I said my junkie prayers—never ever again, Lord—and made all the junkie promises my wife could listen to. Within three days I was back in the toadstool apartment for another afternoon with Dude and the Lizard Lady. Within three weeks I was injecting five speedballs a day.

Before my wife was able to confiscate my plastic, I flew to Toronto and cuffed a shitload of coke from a crew of old friends, major earners known as the Graduates. I used my reputation as collateral. By the third month my home life was in shreds. I had either shot or fronted out the coke to some gypsy junkies from whom I had no hope of ever collecting. I was 90 grand in debt, payday was looming and my life was in the toilet.

Time to go to the bank.

I'm standing in the middle of the Royal Bank of Canada holding a weapon the length of a Volkswagen Jetta and wearing a Halloween mask, yet people just stare at me, wondering what it is I want. No one is moving. I've been a holdup guy so long I know the words for "This is a robbery!" in five languages, and two dialects (Mandarin and Cantonese) for the casinos. Today I give the 15 or so bank customers the lowdown in English. People begin to fold, to lower themselves cautiously to the polished floor. A tall guy, six and change, gives me a look. I raise the shotgun and move toward him.

He folds reluctantly. With that attitude I figure he's a cop—and could be ankle-strapped. I turn a full 360 and step between the sprawled bodies. The scene looks like a crowded swimming pool that has been drained too quickly.

There's a certain rush you get once you're inside, holding the gun. It's like shooting a movie in real time. You own all those characters' lives, whether you want to or not. Around me all is quiet except the whir of the security cameras clicking away at five frames per second. My gun barrel comes to rest on the mustachioed man behind the desk in the glassed-in manager's office. He emerges, sleeves rolled up, tie loose. His hands pose surrender but his face wears a confidence not warranted, as if he knows something I don't. But I already know. A hidden alarm button somewhere in the bank has been pushed, probably the one under his desk. That this score was going to be on the police radio frequency within 15 seconds of my entrance is simply a bank-robbing fact of life.

The manager starts for the floor but I stop him. Just then, another man wearing the same shirt-and-tie ensemble scoots out of a back office already down on his butt. I now have the mustachioed manager standing there still showing me his elbows and palms and what I assumed to be the assistant manager on his butt on the floor.

For a few long seconds everyone stays frozen, then I realize they are waiting for me. I had never done a bank alone. Usually I just wore the stopwatch and all I had to do was command the floors and doors while my guys cleaned the place out. Finally I click into gear. "You!" I jerk the barrel at the assistant manager. "Get off your butt and get the back door unlocked! And you," I swing around to the manager, "get the night deposit bags brought out and the safes opened up!"

The two managers stare at each other helplessly then cry in unison, "Helen!"

A 50ish woman—Helen, I presume—rises timidly from the floor and speaks hesitantly. "The safes can't be opened for another hour, the night deposit bags are already gone and the key to the back door is in the middle office, first drawer on the right. All we have on hand is the cash in this drawer."

With that she steps over to a desk behind the counter and begins emptying the drawer. My heart crashes at the sight—a pitiful pile of fives and 10s. There sits the hard evidence, the difference between a drug-fueled fantasy and the reality of a well-planned score.

The clock's ticking. I get the assistant manager to open the back door, then swing around to hold sway on the bank. That's when I spot it, the punch line to the old joke *When is a door not a door? When it's ajar*. This jar leads to the room behind the automatic teller machines. A



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new plan ka-chings into place like three cherries and an anchor on a slot machine. I throw the duffel bag at the manager and tell him what I want—the cash in the ATMs. He rolls his eyes and calls, “Helen! I need you to open the machines.” He rounds the end of the counter, joins up with Helen the Teller and together they head into the loading room. I check the floor again. The assistant manager has the back door opened and I catch a new jolt of fear. The car is nowhere in sight.

Stacks of \$10s and \$20s are flying into the duffel bag in three-foot lengths, but it's taking too long to withdraw and unload each cassette. “Hurry!” I yell. “Just throw the whole tray in.” They do, and out comes the manager carrying the bulging duffel bag. I point toward the back door. A woman customer enters, sees me, sees the gun and then crouches down against the wall by the door. As the manager passes her he says, “Welcome to Victoria.”

The car and Lint Ball are there, much to his credit and my relief. The manager drops the bag into the open trunk and I

thank him. He slams the lid shut and storms back into the bank without saying “You're welcome.”

Time to scam. Suddenly a red Volvo comes out of nowhere and stops bumper to bumper in front of us. Blocked in! The driver, an ancient woman, squints through her windshield, her bony fingers clutching the steering wheel. Beyond the Volvo, across the street, stands a cop in her summer uniform—short-sleeve tunic and navy shorts. Her bare legs are planted two feet apart. She and her gun are in a three-point stance aimed right at us.

“Stop! Right where you are!”

We gas-pedal our way out of there and fishtail onto a narrow street, nearly side-swiping a line of parked cars. The *thunk* of the bullet never comes. I'm still expecting the shot as we hit the T-section at the end of the block and turn left, out of the line of fire. Lint Ball accelerates. His jaw is tight and he's strangling the steering wheel as we tear up two blocks then lean into a hard left.



“I didn't hear any complaints from you before we watched this damn porn tape.”

I'm twisted around, looking out the rear window. There's a three-way intersection coming up, a right will put us on a shortcut through Beacon Hill Park. Make that without the cops spotting us and we got a win. I can hear sirens, but there is nothing with us yet. We make the turn, but before I can twist back around, Lint Ball hits the brakes so hard I pitch forward into the dash. We are forced to a moving crawl, trapped behind a horse-drawn tourist carriage. Before I can stop him, Lint Ball cranks the wheel and speeds off down a paved bicycle path. The entrance is marked by a yellow NO VEHICLES sign, but that seems like the least of our worries.

I'm kneeling in the front seat facing back. A cruiser stops broadside at the yellow sign, spots us and turns in. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I snatch the shotgun, wrangle my body halfway out the window and take aim across the roof. It's only bird-shot, but the boom of the gun and the yellow flame spitting from the barrel should be enough to knock a couple of rookies off our tail. Sure enough, the cruiser brakes, but before I can say yahoo, a motorcycle cop steers around the cruiser and comes roaring at us down the lane. I raise the shotgun and fire again. He swerves, reguns the throttle and keeps coming.

We fly over a small stone bridge, pass a duck pond and a petting zoo. Park strollers are frozen in midstep, openmouthed and gawking. Lint Ball is again braking hard. My focus shifts. Behind us the motorcycle, lights flashing, crosses the bridge. Ahead are steel posts sunk into the pavement, the space between them too narrow for the car to pass through.

Lint Ball halts the car about two feet in front of the posts, apparently ready to toss in the towel. I throw my leg over the paneling, put my foot over his and push the gas pedal all the way to the floor. The engine screams. All he can do is steer. The metal posts rip both sides of the car, hurling sparks everywhere, and we pop free into a four-wheel slide across a busy intersection, barely missing a kid holding a skateboard under his arm. The other cars stop on a dime, a couple wrenching sideways. We somehow get righted, find an opening and barrel straight down into the heart of the James Bay neighborhood.

I begin to think we've lost the motorcycle cop, but then I see him—the white bug shield, emergency lights still pulsing. We start a long dance, us and that lone cop. We're racing down the street and he's staying just out of shotgun range while maintaining a visual. We're flat out, doing 80, maybe 90, an hour, almost flying velocity on a residential street. I'm wedged out the window, wind whipping my hair, and for one glorious moment, when that shotgun bucks against my shoulder and all four tires lift

free of the ground, I'm no longer bound to this earth. But we bounce right back down and the motorcycle is still coming on like a bad consequence.

I think of the Chinese assault rifle lying under the blanket. But today isn't a day for killing. I come up with another plan as we near a sharp, almost 90-degree curve on Dallas Road. "Round this corner and stop!" I scream. Lint Ball slams on the brakes.

I jump out of the car and straddle the middle of the empty road, shotgun poised, staring straight into dead man's curve. I can hear the roaring growl of the approaching motorcycle. The cop accelerates into the curve and when he spots me, he spills. The bike slides out, the front wheel bounces off a concrete barrier and the cop tumbles ass over teakettle down a grass embankment.

I get back in the car. Lint Ball is jumping out of his skin. "You did it, man, you did it!"

Now we're clear, mere blocks from where we had earlier planted a fresh car. For reasons only he will ever know, Lint Ball turns back into the chase, straight toward a posse of cop cars that had been trying to catch up to the action. Before I can get him turned around, an unmarked but unmistakable cop car comes off a side street onto our tail. A hundred yards ahead a black and white pulls sideways, blocking the road. A cop jumps out and points his pistol straight between my eyes. Lint Ball brakes, wheels into a driveway. I bail. For a split second I look over my shoulder and see Lint Ball, standing in that driveway, his hands raised in the air.

I struggle over a high wooden fence and sprint across a lawn, but my body betrays me. I lean against the rough bark of a tree and throw up. Then I stagger toward an apartment building, the cries of "There he is, there he is" audible in the near distance. I'm expecting to catch one between the shoulder blades any second now, but I'm so worn out I feel more resignation than terror.

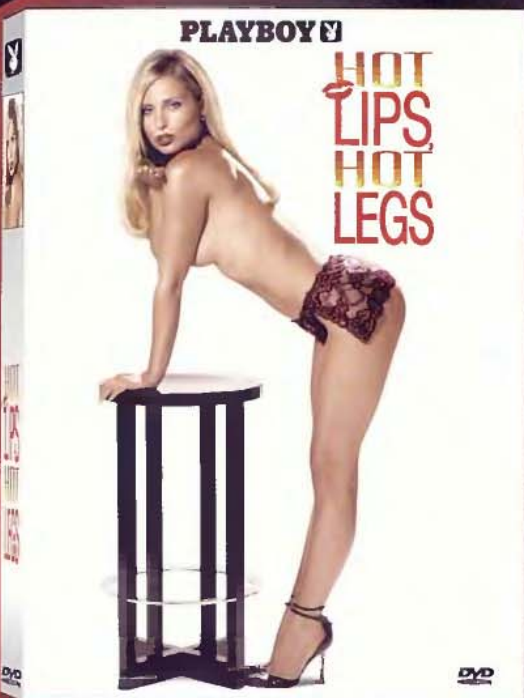
I make the lobby of the apartment building, push through and start knocking on doors, trying to find an entry into one of the apartments facing the rear. If I can go straight through and out the back door I might be gone, leaving the cops to believe I'm still inside. Here's a laundry room, no exit. I open the stairwell door and through a plate-glass window I see a cop, revolver drawn, in a crouched run along the side of the building. I'm trapped. So I head up the stairs and start knocking on doors on the second floor.

Number 206 opens. A woman is standing there and I push my way inside. It takes all of two seconds for the futility of my predicament to flood through my body. I slide the shotgun under the couch and walk into the bathroom to wash my face. When I come out, I spot

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

the woman who answered the door. She is sitting in a chair in the bedroom, holding the hand of an elderly man who is under the covers. I imagine they are praying.

I return to the living room and sit on a couch, slumped with the knowledge that my life is over. The couple come out of the bedroom and introduce themselves as John and Kathy, as if I were some kind of distant relative stopping in by surprise.

"You're sweating so much," Kathy says. She fetches me a glass of water. The old man comes out, sits down next to me and starts rolling a cigarette. He speaks with an accent. "I don't know what you are doing in my house. You must be in trouble with police." He hands me the cigarette. "I was in trouble with police,

back in Serbia."

"God moves in mysterious ways," says Kathy.

There is a pounding on the door. "Police—everybody out!" John opens the door and he and Kathy are whisked away. The police don't enter. They leave the door open and light up the hallway with blazing klieg lights. An hour goes by, minute by agonizing minute. I can hear them emptying all the apartments in the building.

And then the strangest thing happens. I fall asleep, a deep timeless sleep. I'm floating, and my wife and kids are with me—everybody smiling, the sun blazing. There's no sound, only the vision. And then the dream is shattered in an instant as an army in black padded uniforms and Plexiglas shields storms the apart-

ment like a casting call for a *Star Wars* flick. They're all over me before I can wipe the snot out of my eyes.

My fall from grace complete, I find myself stripped bare and all out of illusions in a prison cell like every other prison cell I have lived in far too long.

The metal food slot on the cell door drops open and the hollow flushing of stainless steel toilets echoes through the hallway—the gut-wrenching sounds of city cells in the morning. I lay my arm across my eyes and try to shut it all out. I am coming down like a Boeing 747 on fire, all broken bones and busted spirits.

Later that morning a phalanx of officers escorts me into a courtroom. I'm barefoot, wearing only white paper coveralls and 40 pounds of chains. They are laughing at me and congratulating one another over the morning's headlines. Turns out I spent four and a half minutes inside that bank—long enough to apply for a loan.

Weeks pass, more court appearances. My wife hires a good lawyer, but we both know I can't beat this beef with a bazooka. My daughters bring me GET OUT OF JAIL FREE cards from their Monopoly set. After seven months of remands, I plead out. Although the judge listens to my junkie alibi, he knows what everyone, including me, knows: We deal in choices, and now I'll have to live with this one. He levels me with 18 charlies and sends me off to the pen.

The media vilified me as the man who had won redemption and then tossed it aside. The mayor of the city passed out hardware at the Cop Oscars. Meanwhile I lay on my bunk staring at the ceiling.

I studied that ceiling for almost a year. I had another birthday. On that day, at 50 pieces, I swung my feet down to the floor and began to pace, seven steps in one direction and seven steps back. I have fallen through the crust of the earth so many times that only on this small and familiar pad of concrete have I learned to touch down with any certainty.

I started to work out in the weight pit, to build strength. I began to find dignity in my punishment rather than participate in the degradation of it, and reentered my life in small, ordinary ways.

I'm now living in a prison by the sea. I wake up at first bell and go outside to watch the sun rise over the Olympic Mountains. I use no heroin and have no expectations. I enjoy one cup of coffee at a time. I no longer devise ways to end my own life, nor have urges to light it on fire.

There is always this: As long as I'm alive, something extremely interesting might come up.



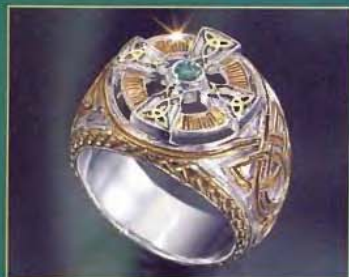
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Andy Richter

(continued from page 129)

RICHTER: Satellite dishes for everybody wouldn't hurt. I'm not a real political guy. I get confused and have a hard time seeing only one side of an issue. That's why much of my comedy is apolitical. There's something political about saying, "Everyone should be nice to each other." That's a political statement, but in terms of any particular issue or taking a particular stand, aside from murder being bad I'm not sure.

8

PLAYBOY: Any plans to visit Baghdad like Sean Penn did?

RICHTER: No, no, no. It would be embarrassing, because nobody would know who the hell I was. Did they know who Sean Penn was?

9

PLAYBOY: Any plans for all those palaces?

RICHTER: Starwood Resorts. I'm in their points program, so I might get something out of that.

10

PLAYBOY: Does the word Scud actually describe the aerodynamics of that particular missile?

RICHTER: I'm not sure. Maybe that word sounds better when it's said in Arabic. Maybe it means something really good.

11

PLAYBOY: Share some of the sartorial tips you've gleaned from the great one, Jackie Gleason.

RICHTER: Don't be afraid of color. A purple suit looks good on anybody. As Anjelica Huston says in *Prizzi's Honor*, "Shapes come and go, but colors are eternal."

12

PLAYBOY: We've heard you're an office hooligan. What are some fun things we can do without getting caught?

RICHTER: If you find a camera at someone's desk—not a Polaroid but a regular-film camera, disposable or not—it's always fun to go into the bathroom and take a picture of your genitals and then replace it without being discovered. It's always a nice surprise, and, depending on how well known you are, you're probably not going to be identified. At Conan's show, NBC had firewalls against accessing porn. Some of it was silly, like if you wanted to look up information on breast cancer, they would keep you from doing it. So I started to find different code words that the NBC firewall people didn't know, one of which was bear—which is slang for big hairy gay men. So, you could look up bears and find lots of interesting stuff. I got the knack of sidestepping the industry firewalls and



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accessing terrible pictures and leaving them as somebody's wallpaper on their computer. And I could do it quickly. It got to where I could find some really unnerving pornography in less than a minute—in the time it would take someone to go to the bathroom.

13

PLAYBOY: What was the worst image you left on someone's computer?

RICHTER: I've done it only once on my show this year, to one of the writers. I put a picture of a dolphin vagina on his computer, and that was pretty disturbing. I assume it was a vagina.

14

PLAYBOY: Are the days of bare butts on Xerox copiers over?

RICHTER: Well, I know somebody who broke the copier glass with his ass. People are aware of the dangers now.

15

PLAYBOY: Janeane Garofalo has said that you're the sexiest person on TV. How

does that make you feel?

RICHTER: Pretty good. She's a friend of mine, so I don't know. She's ironic—she might have meant something else. She could have just been in a publicity mode. It's nice. Who doesn't want to hear that about themselves? Even clerics like to know they're sexy.

16

PLAYBOY: What pranks and dumb things from our childhood should we resurrect for our adult lives?

RICHTER: I think the wedgie has a lovely equalizing feature. The world would be a better place if people were giving those out more freely.

17

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite subdivisions of porn?

RICHTER: I'm really not a big pornography consumer, because I mostly get distracted by wondering, "Whose house is that? Look at the weird socks that guy is wearing. Yeah, I think they rented that bedspread." Also, when I find myself wanting porn, I need it for only three or

four minutes. How can you be a connoisseur? After that, it's goodbye Spectravisision, hello Discovery Channel.

18

PLAYBOY: If you had to guess, were you not replaced on *Conan* because you're irreplaceable, or was it an occasion for the network to economize?

RICHTER: I don't think the network is allowed to economize. They hired a couple of writers—that money was spent somewhere. The budget doesn't go backward, it only goes forward. I don't know if I was so much irreplaceable as Conan probably didn't want to break anybody else in. You know, you've got a roommate you're pretty comfortable with and he moves out and you can afford the rent yourself. Why the hell would you want to get another roommate?

19

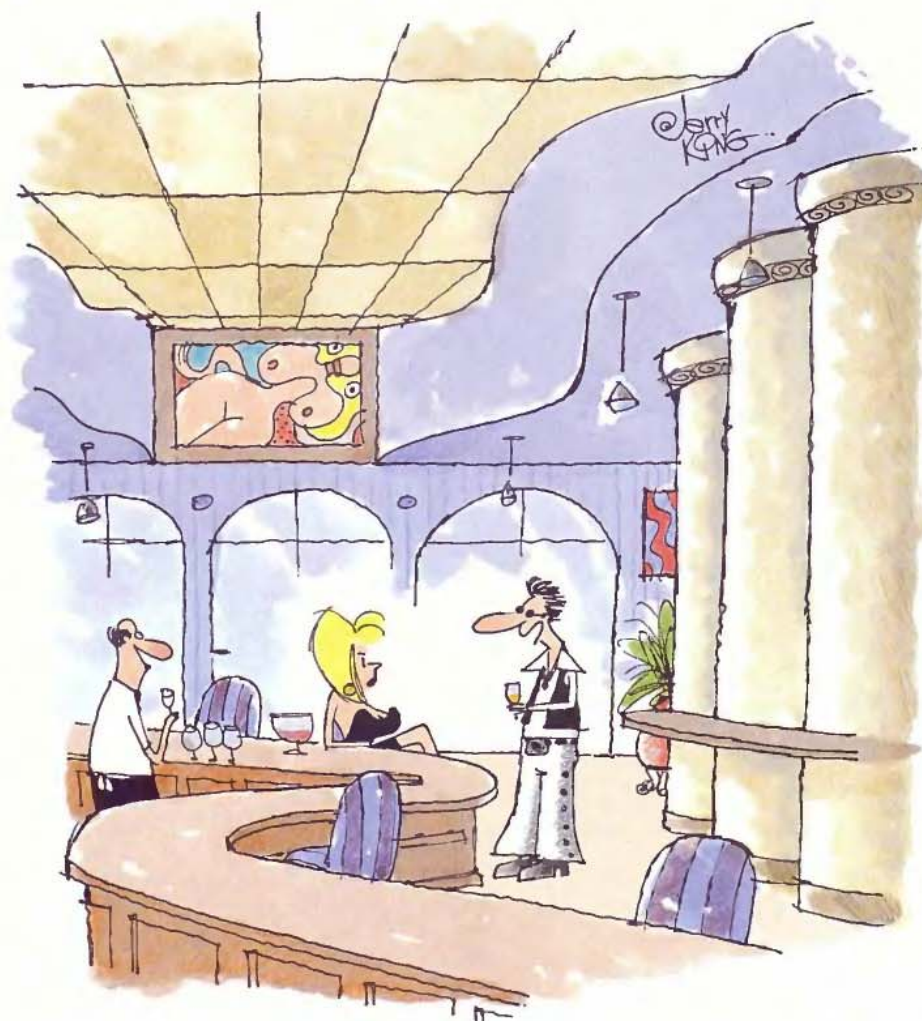
PLAYBOY: Describe the Andy Richter diet.

RICHTER: I try moderation. My family lives in the Midwest, and the way people eat there just blows my fucking mind. I mean, I'm a carnivore, I enjoy meat and I like cheese, but there has to be some moderation. I don't have a steak at every meal. You go back to Illinois and everything is a Fred Flintstone meal with cheese sauce on it.

20

PLAYBOY: Describe the Andy Richter workout regimen.

RICHTER: When I started working out, for the longest time I had an adversarial relationship with my body, and I still somewhat do. Janeane Garofalo talks about how she and her vagina are like roommates—"We just happen to share the same space; we're not pals or anything." That was the way I was with my body. My wife talked me into going to yoga once, and I am the only person who doesn't want to go back because yoga made me so angry. It's supposed to make you feel good, but it was all about getting into these contorted positions. "Now you should be feeling this on the right side of your lower back." "I don't feel it there, fuck this!" If I'm not able to do something well, I usually don't do it. And it took a long time to get over that and learn how to lift the weights right and to isolate the thing you're supposed to be isolating. I need to start up again with a trainer, because that's the only way. I'm not getting out of bed to lift weights unless I'm paying somebody who's waiting for me. It's a combination of the money and the fact that there's another human being I've committed to. I'll back out on my own commitment. A commitment I make to myself? That's easy. Fuck that guy.



"For me, the Seventies was a time when I got laid a lot. So I'm hoping it was the clothes."

KID, ROCK

(continued from page 110)

and made us want to move to Texas to find more of them. Fuck college—we'd brand and raise cattle. We scored free drinks, joined them in shots that made us happy. They lit our cigarettes, and we read miles of intent into their kindness. We read so much into so little.

THE CHILLS

The band in this story that you are least likely to have heard of. Which is a shame. They're from New Zealand, a land where sheep outnumber people and the government doles out grants to rock bands (paradise, in other words). I saw them play their first show in America, at a bar in Cambridge. I had to borrow my brother's ID to get in, and for months afterward he extorted favors from me by threatening to tell our parents. Martin Phillipps, the singer and songwriter at the heart of the band, is a genius on the level of Bob Dylan, Faulkner, Gram Parsons. This is not the delusion of a rabid fan, though I will gladly cop to being one. I honestly believe it, and someday, whether it's next week or 100 years from now, so will everyone else in the world. All the records will be reissued and millions of people will have the joy of hearing *Pink Frost* and *I Love My Leather Jacket* for the first time. I sent my professor friend a CD recently, and he told me he walks the hallways of his English department singing *Oncoming Day*. "My students and colleagues look at me like I'm crazy," he wrote on a postcard. "Ask me if I give a fuck."

My definition of genius is the ability to turn loss—terrible, wrenching, inevitable, ineffable loss—into something holy and beautiful. Something transcendent. In the end, really, do we have the right to demand anything more?

NEIL YOUNG

It's a rare woman who appreciates Neil Young. Many like the softer stuff—*Powderfinger*, *Pocahontas*, *Sugar Mountain*. But play them the true rockers—*Cinna-*

mon Girl, *Barstool Blues*—and they'll lose interest and start scanning your record collection for Tori Amos (Sarah McLachlan if they're really trying to piss you off). They don't like all the warbling, the suddenly unpretty voice, the hostile guitar work. It's OK, it's not necessarily a character flaw.

Shelly, my father's mistress, was a Neil Young fan. I know this because I was listening to *Live Rust* one night, a week after he told me of his affair. Again he came into my room and sat on the bed. I'd had seven days to think about what to say to him, but I still didn't have a clue. I had this absurd fantasy that he would tell me he had been joking. It's a strange dream I had, he'd say, or, I wanted to know what those words sounded like. I would have gladly accepted a warped sense of humor instead of his cheating on my mother.

"This song sounds familiar," he said.

I handed him the album jacket.

"Oh," he said, opening the gatefold and gazing at the concert photo blowup. "Shelly plays this record a lot, too."

Great, I thought, you're sleeping with someone half Mom's age. I don't know why I assumed this, other than it being difficult to imagine anyone over the age of 25 sharing a 14-year-old's taste in music. *Shelly*. I didn't like the name; I didn't even want to know it. There was nothing special about it, nothing gorgeous. My mother's name is Sofia. I would have hated the name of anyone he was screwing.

He read the liner notes silently, waiting for me to say something. I wanted to leave the room, but it was my room and I didn't know where I'd go if I left. Downstairs to tell my mother? Out the door to hide in the backyard and punch the frozen ground until my knuckles split open? I could snap a self-portrait and hang it next to the picture of Pete Townshend. It was deep winter, the time of premature darkness, and the hard black sky outside the window was aching and accurate. No gesture I could make seemed right, no sentence perfect.

Snow was in the forecast, two or three inches, just enough to blanket the already quiet streets and spur the hope of

school cancellations. Later the plows would come out, muscle all that innocent precipitation off the highways. Then the salt spreaders, to soften the ice and make the pavement safe. I remembered the blizzard of 1978, when we got three feet and skied down the middle of Beacon Street. We dove in and out of the tall snowbanks; we hoped it would never melt.

THE CLASH

After my father told me of his affair, he came to my room about once a week. It was always at the same time, during the hour after he arrived home from work and my mother announced from the kitchen that dinner was ready, her voice trilling up the stairs. He sat on the bed or leaned against the doorjamb, his natty three-piece suit looking out of place amid the mess of my room. He had those suits custom-made, and he was so fucking proud of them.

I stared at everything except him: my *London Calling* poster, my desk littered with magazines, the homework that I was avoiding. Sometimes he tried to steer the conversation away from the bomb he'd dropped, asking about my day or telling me about his. He recounted utterly forgettable anecdotes about partners at his law firm. He stabbed at current events, making references to newspaper articles or the radio newscast he had listened to on the way home from work. Or he would offer something about the music. "This is turning into quite a collection," he said one evening, fingering the spines of my records. I never wanted to hit him for cheating on my mother, but I wanted to punch him for saying that.

The Clash, *The Clash*—the album with the green cover—was the surface my friends and I used to roll joints on. I wasn't a major stoner, but we indulged on many a weekend. We would gather at someone's house where the parents were out for the night, and we'd spill our pot onto this record jacket, sift out the seeds and tuck the weed into papers or a pipe. I don't know why we always used that record, but I do know that rituals are important, and this was ours.



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I'm not sure what my father expected me to say. Maybe he wanted forgiveness, my assurance that he wasn't ruining anyone's life. Maybe he simply needed to tell someone because the guilt was chewing him up. But why not one of his work colleagues or a friend outside the law firm? I resented that he chose me. I'm too young, I wanted to say. You have no right to make me shoulder this. What makes you think that I'm strong enough?

THE ONLY ONES

Any guy who knows anything about music has at one time or another used his knowledge to flirt with girls. The mix tape is the most common manifestation of this phenomenon. If you look at the cassette collections of women of a certain age you will probably come across several homemade, occasionally elaborately decorated tapes filled with obscure songs meant to showcase both our record collections and the depth of our longing. Sometime after college we move on to more direct forms of seduction, and women are left to buy movie soundtracks, which are essentially mix tapes with slicker cover art and duds thrown in.

On the tapes I made, I always included an Only Ones song. The recipient of one such gift dubbed it "kill yourself music." I know what she meant. It's moody, frequently downtrodden stuff. And there is actually a song called *Why Don't You Kill Yourself?* (No, this was not the song I recorded to communicate my love.)

I kept wrestling with the question of whether to tell my mother. I didn't want to, didn't even know how I could, but I thought she should know. I didn't like that she was the only person in the house (my brother was away at college) who didn't know this huge secret. Keeping it from her made me feel I was in collusion with my father, that we were both making my mother into a fool and she had done nothing to deserve it. Those early evenings my father spent in my room seemed especially cruel. We could smell her lasagna, her lemon chicken, and it was like we were up there plotting. Our own war room. Then we'd sit through dinner and pretend it was a night like any other.

I was also afraid of the violence that might ensue if I told her. She had a temper, one she blamed on her Italian heritage, and far lesser offenses had induced slammed doors, profanity-laced tirades. Once while she was giving me a ride to school, another driver cut her off and she tailed his car for 10 minutes just to have the opportunity to pull up next to him and give him the finger. She didn't acknowledge that this was in any way strange or extreme behavior. I imagined the revelation of the affair might lead to smashed plates and wineglasses, my father's books and clothes hurled from second-story windows. I could hear her screaming, her threats, the names she

would call him. I even pictured her taking my old aluminum Little League bat to the hood and windshield of his car, envisioned the newly spider-webbed glass. It would be one of those scenes in a movie: the neighbors parting their blinds to peek out at the commotion, the sad, inevitable police sirens zeroing in.

There's an Only Ones song called *Another Girl, Another Planet*. The line "I think I'm on another world with you" makes me think it's an ode to love. Maybe Peter Dinklage wrote it in the heady days of a new relationship, when the minutes and hours look most like magic. Before you have to start digging for the sexy moments.

NEW ORDER

Almost every person I know has gone through a period of self-destructiveness. I don't think it's because I know an inordinate number of troubled souls. I think it's just the way of the world. One friend liked to hang out in biker bars and slowly reveal that he was gay. Another friend was fond of drinking and driving, and more than once I'd been in the passenger seat of his car as it weaved across the yellow line on stark country roads. It felt almost like flying. Still another friend had a thing for stealing from her co-workers. Money, jewelry, even office papers—she hardly discriminated. Most of us have managed to soldier on and emerge from the darkness with our lives more or less intact. We just wanted a taste of what it's like to wreck ourselves.

My own bout lasted two years or so, 24 months during which I alternated whiskey and cocaine. Like most people on these jags, my nights were indistinguishable: I'd start around seven, with bourbon to relax me enough to do the coke—then a couple lines, then more bourbon to close the night out and ease the harsh comedown. Sometimes I went to a bar and sneaked bumps in the bathroom, and sometimes I just stayed in my apartment. At home I had control of the stereo.

I was listening to a lot of New Order at the time. I liked the longer songs, the ones you could turn up and get lost in for five, six, seven minutes. It seemed like cocaine music—the pulsing beats, the driving melodies. And it's music that's not grim in the least. This was important: If I were intent on poisoning myself, on sampling disaster, the least I could do was put on a record that promised morning would come.

BIG STAR

The band between the poppier Box Tops and Alex Chilton's depressive solo career. They recorded just three albums: *#1 Record*, *Radio City* and *Third: Sister Lovers*, three gems of heartbreak and shimmering harmonies.

Six months after my father confessed to me, he moved out and my mother tried to commit suicide. I was the one

who found her, groggy, stumbling around her bedroom clutching an empty bottle of sleeping pills in one hand and a fifth of vodka in the other. I called 911 and they rushed her to St. Vincent's, where her stomach was pumped and she was sedated. The doctors hooked her up to an IV to rehydrate her. She shared a room with a cancer patient whose bedside table was bright with flowers and pastel-colored Hallmark cards. This made my mother's half of the room, with no bouquets and no cards, all the more sad.

My father came to the hospital almost immediately and joined me in the waiting area after he had poked his head in to her room and had seen her dozing. He was white with fear and kept dabbing at his eyes with a dirty, crumpled Kleenex. "I don't know what I'd do if she had died," he said.

"Me either," I told him.

"Thank God you got home when you did."

I nodded.

There was a television on in the background, and we could hear the chatter at the nurses' station punctuated by announcements over the PA system. The pacing of everything seemed off; it felt too fast and too slow.

"I hate hospitals," my father said.

"Who doesn't?" I said.

My brother showed up about four hours later. He was in college in New York and had jumped on a shuttle as soon as I'd called from the emergency room. Before he even went in to see her, he lunged at our dad. "You fucking asshole," he shouted. "This is completely your fault." His arm was headed for our father's throat, his other hand curled into a fist. I managed to step between them, and an orderly rushed over and gently but firmly guided my brother to a chair. Once seated, he buried his face in his hands and started weeping. I had never seen him cry before, and I was mesmerized and troubled by his convulsing shoulders; true sadness comes on without warning. My father retreated to a chair as well. He looked up at the TV, then at me. He wanted my help again, but my brother had just told him something I was too afraid to say.

HOLE

I know, Courtney Love is a hard person to like. There's the egomania, the questionable mothering skills (at least early on), the legal wrangling over Nirvana recordings, the involvement with Smashing Pumpkins. *Live Through This*, though, is totally fucking brilliant. I don't even care if Kurt Cobain wrote most of the songs, as many people have charged. Whatever. There's a time to pay attention to the background story and a time not to. When I put the record on, I don't give a shit about any of it. The songs are explosive, the guitars sharp as cut glass. It's a masterwork of rage.

My mother never tried to kill herself again. She began seeing a shrink. At the beginning, when she got out of the hospital, she went twice a week. A year or so later, she tapered down to once a week. She saw him for four or five years. Beyond telling me when her appointments were, she never talked about it. I'm grateful to him, whoever he is.

Several months after the suicide attempt, she apologized to me. We were eating dinner, just the two of us, and she said, "I'm sorry to have put you through all that. And I'm sorry to have scared you." She reached across the table and sifted her hand through my hair. "We don't have to say anything more about it. I just wanted you to know that." I nearly cried at her gracefulness.

KID ROCK

You could argue that the first album is the great one. *Cocky* doesn't break a lot of new musical ground, but it contains one of my all-time favorite lines: "I can love you like that/I'd rather fuck to Foghat."

It's been more than a decade since my father told me his secret. He and my mother divorced a year or so later, and he's remarried now, not to Shelly but to a woman named Susan. I don't know if Shelly was his only affair. One or 10—are you a better person if it happens fewer times?

My mother stayed in the house when they split up and my father moved into an apartment in the South End of Boston. I spent most of my time in my mom's house, though my dad made a big, ceremonious gesture of furnishing a spare bedroom for me in his apartment. He bought a desk, a crummy halogen lamp, pinned a calendar to the back of the door. He encouraged me to paint the walls whatever color I wanted, because he knew it looked like a hotel room. I rarely used the desk, and the calendar was always months behind. No matter how many nights I slept there, the bed always felt overly new and springy. I hung a few shirts I didn't like in the closet.

When I tell people I love Kid Rock, they don't believe me. They think I'm one more white boy who wants to be down with the homies. Or people think it's a feint, that I like the novelty, the kitsch and bragging and macho posturing, the tales of strippers and drugs. But I love Kid Rock for the same reason I love other music: the honesty. I don't think he's hiding anything; I think he means everything he says, and there's something ridiculously seductive about that. Plus he samples riffs from Lynyrd Skynyrd.

And this is why I never knew what to say to my father. I knew he was being cruel to my mother. I knew he was betraying her. I knew it was unforgivable. But how, finally, can you hate someone for telling the truth?



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sex & 2 cities—Anna

(continued from page 70)

nod and hands me his business card.

When I talk to Peter the next day, I pretend he's a girl and share way too many details about what happened. He tells me Mag Man called him the previous night, complaining that he was alone because I wouldn't come in with him. I'm incredulous—I've been spending the morning contemplating the softness of his lips, and all he seems aware of is that I didn't fuck him. I take out that bloody business card. After toying with the idea of e-mailing, I remember there's no time for clever and cute. I dial determinedly, leaving a message that I have plans for the night but I'd like to meet up with him afterward. It's New York, so I decide to be aggressive.

Later that night I swing by his place. I've been to third-floor walk-ups as much as I have penthouses. But when the elevator opens directly into MG's apartment I'm horrified to admit that I can actually feel my legs spreading at the same rate as the doors. He lounges on a couch near a table that holds a bottle of Dom Pérignon with an attached card from Tom Ford positioned for maximum effect. What happens later in the king-size bed (yes, there is a queen-size, too) is not sex, but it's highly enjoyable. (I, like many women, subscribe to the Clintonian definition of sex.) Suffice it to say I feel a need to check out what he's learned from the article he claimed to be editing. While the information is not earth-shattering, I believe most men could benefit from following the advice. When he puts

me in a cab and hands me money, he does it in a way that doesn't make me feel like a prostitute or as if I've sacrificed all my pseudofeminist sensibilities.

The next morning my cell phone flashes a text message: "Thanks for staying over—Norm Bates." I message back, "Thanks for not being psycho." He messages, "Thanks for tracking me down." Me: "It was worth the trouble."

It's been weeks and I still haven't gotten a response to that. The last I heard, he had turned down a chance to star in *The Bachelor* and was dating an actress. I guess I'm not the only one with an MG fetish.

THE ACTOR

If you live in Los Angeles, the last guy you're looking to meet in New York is an actor. So it's ridiculous that as I'm fawning over MG, one of New York's most reputed skirt-chasing boldfaced names stops by to say hi to Peter and ends up joining us. Because my focus isn't on the Actor—and because I'm the only woman at the table—he becomes increasingly interested in me.

"What kinds of things do you write?" he asks, glancing down from his cigar.

"Mostly pieces on celebrities," I say with a smile.

"What bullshit," he laughs, tapping ash on the table. "You should write about something interesting."

I can't argue with him on that point. If I inform him of my current project, he's sure to take his cigar and go, so I listen as he tells me I should read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky (I'd mentioned that my great-grandparents were from Russia)

and care more about politics. In LA, I can't help thinking, an actor guy would probably tell me I ought to read movie scripts about Russian submarines and care more about what's in the trades. I nod flirtatiously, not bothering to mention that *Notes From Underground* is sitting (unopened, but there) on my bedroom table.

Since I have two games going at once, this entire exchange is happening in front of Magazine Guy and Peter. And so begins a fascinating verbal swordfight between Actor and Editor. MG makes a reference to a movie Actor was in and Actor counters that Mr. Magazine spends too much time watching bad movies. At first I think Magazine Guy is unsophisticated, like a fan who happens upon a famous person, but as the dialogue continues I realize he's brought up the movie role both because smart people know the movie sucked and because Actor's part was tiny. Actor seems completely indifferent. Is this a sophisticated New Yorkers' version of a dick-swinging contest? When Magazine Guy wanders off briefly, Actor grabs my hand, asking me if MG and I are serious.

"Please," I say, shaking my head. "I just met him."

Actor smiles. "Well, I'm going to get your number from Peter," he says. "We'll go out in LA."

He points to the pendant on my necklace, a picture of a naked woman (not me). "Get her dressed, will you?" he flirts, affixing me with that cocky gaze he's done so many times on his TV series (which is nothing like Dostoyevsky or Tolstoy, believe me). I promise. He squeezes my hand. I leave with MG, figuring that's the end of that.

Several days later, as I'm running through the streets of Brooklyn, my cell phone rings.

"Hey, I'm calling from the *National Enquirer* and I've got a story for you," says someone in a guy-doing-a-flirty-crank-call voice. I hate guy-doing-flirty-crank-call voices.

"Who is this?" I counter, using my I-don't-have-time-for-this voice.

He says his name, first name only, and I draw a blank. Only when he mentions Peter do I make the connection, trying to decide if the *National Enquirer* joke is funnier or less funny based on who it is. I decide less, then change my mind.

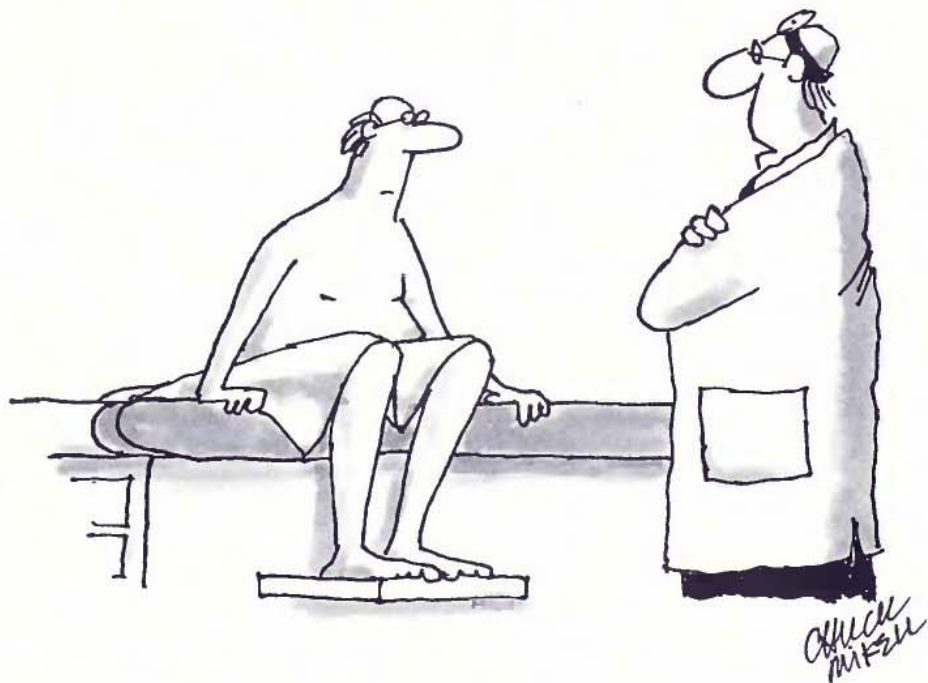
"Are you back in Los Angeles?" he asks, now sounding completely recognizable.

"I will be in a few days."

"Are you free next Monday or Tuesday?" he asks. "Could we go out one of those nights?"

"Probably."

Monday and Tuesday pass without a word. But if LA has taught me anything, it's don't ever take an actor's treatment personally. It's almost a relief, oddly, to find out that the New York version is just as flaky as the LA one.



"They say that time is a great healer. If only you had more of it. . . ."

Back when my best male friend from college, Jack, lived in LA, he liked to set me up with incredibly wealthy bores. All he tells me now is that he's found me an Investment Banker who, of course, I'm going to fall in love with.

I meet Banker at a French restaurant on the Upper West Side. When I walk in, I realize I've been given no physical description, so all I'm looking for is someone who appears to be rich. That describes everyone in the restaurant. I mention his name to a waiter and am led to a table where a young-faced, graying man in a button-down shirt and blazer sits.

We haven't looked at the menu and Banker is telling me about his divorce—he had a miserable quickie marriage to a woman he'd known for only a few months. By the time we order I've heard about Banker's chef (on vacation), celebrities he lives near and the 500-plus employees he controls. The shocking part is that he's not coming off as horrible. Or maybe I'm just surprised he's such a talker—bad dates in LA usually mean awkward pauses. In this case I'm struggling to get in a "You're kidding" or "Oh, my." By dessert, Banker begins to reveal a darker side.

"Do you have nightmares?" he asks.

I don't.

"I've been having a lot of nightmares lately," he responds. "The same one over and over. Or variations of it."

He frowns the way people do when they're trying to remember their dreams. "It's really violent."

"Violent how?" I imagine he dreams about people tearing up dollar bills.

"Well, my ex-wife has this ax—and she's trying to kill me. No, not me. . . ." Another frown. "She's trying to kill a woman I'm seeing."

He smiles, satisfied, the way people do when they remember their dreams.

Huh. I down a glass of water, wondering if I'm blushing. I have this inconvenient, Zelig-like quality of being embarrassed for people when they aren't embarrassed for themselves.

"So, do you see a difference between women in LA and New York?" I ask him. Anything to get off this "paging Dr. Freud" track.

"Absolutely," he smiles. "Women in New York are much more aggressive."

Then he regales me with a story about how a woman once overheard him giving a clerk his address in a video store and slipped a note under his door a few days later. I'm trying to decide if there's something supremely excellent about him that I fail to see or if his address screams "I'm a billionaire" in that indecipherable-to-Angelenos New York speak.

"Who says you have to go back home tomorrow?" he asks suddenly. "I mean, couldn't you just as easily write in Central Park as you could at home?"

I'm not exactly sure what Banker is



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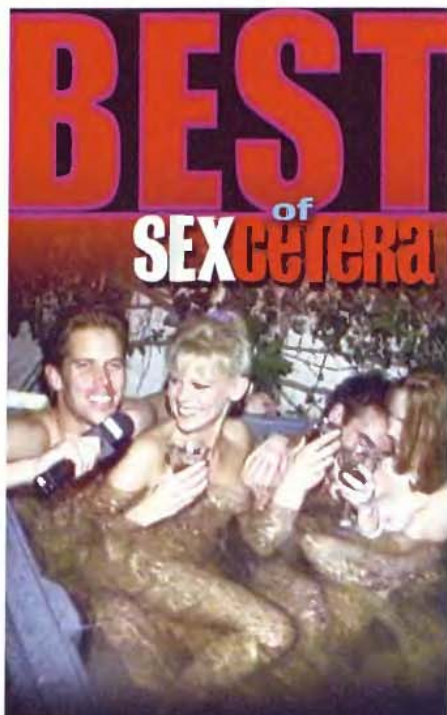
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suggesting, so I explain that I'm actually ready to go back. He looks hurt. "Because I've had such a wonderful time," I add.

When I make my move to leave, he walks me to get a cab. At the moment when the kiss on the cheek turns into a kiss on the lips, I let it last about half a second. The truth is, much to my Jewish mother's chagrin, my years in LA have shown that I'm more drawn to the out-of-work actor than to the guy who can give him work. If I were a really good person, I would probably tell Banker to lose the ex-wife-murdering-the-new-girlfriend-dream bit from his rap, but it's much easier to wave enthusiastically as the cab pulls away.

THE SINGLE DAD NOVELIST

When Single Dad Novelist comes to pick me up—by foot, how quaint—I already know he doesn't stand a chance. I'm far too obsessed with MG. During dinner at a local Italian eatery, Novelist actually reveals himself to be more interesting than he seemed over the phone. Before becoming a writer and editor, he lived in Seattle and played in a semisuccessful band. Nothing about him screams former band member—but then, nothing about him screams anything. He just seems like an unbitter guy who stands back after having been slightly ruffled by the world.

The only topic that seems to get Novelist animated is his daughter. He talks about their trips to Coney Island, their garage sales, their recent cruise (and shows me pictures of that one, to boot)—even the disco party this eight-year-old center of his life wants to have. Maybe it's my biological clock ticking, but I can listen to cute kid stories all night. Problem is, this isn't making me fall for Novelist so much as it's making me feel happy that his kid has such a great dad. I don't care what the premise of that Adam Sandler movie was: On a first date, a guy with a kid is not sexy.

After dinner, Novelist and I take a walk around the neighborhood. I ask him all kinds of questions about being a novelist, an occupation that doesn't much exist back home. Of course, there are screenwriters—the whole town, right down to the guy who bags my groceries at Gelson's (true), is one of those. But they talk about the selling, the percentage, the pitch meeting. If they're really creative, maybe they talk about their three-act structure.

We stop at his apartment, which is filled with art made by friends-turned-successful-artists and stacked to the brim with toys and mementos and books on top of books on top of books. I tell him I want to read his books and he digs through a closet for copies, which he signs while I snoop. He's sitting under a painting he did of Jesus smoking a cigar and we're listening to a record he says he likes to play when he deejays parties

(which he seems to do when he's not writing, editing or fathering). I'm almost won over by his Renaissance man array of skills, his modesty, his calmness, his (in LA terminology) good energy, when he looks up from signing.

"Hey, we should go to an ATM," he says. "I can get some money and we can go into the city together."

His eagerness somehow translates to desperation. I shake my head and tell him I'm going to the city on my own.

He's the nicest guy in the world. Too bad I seem to be a sucker for assholes, no matter the city.

AND ALL THE REST

I meet many other men during my stay—an adorable hotelier with a lisp and a girlfriend, a music manager who seems to manage only the violinist of a band I didn't know used a violin, a writer who tells me that *Sex and the City* has ruined the dating scene in New York. "People think because something's been on that show, it's a big deal," he says. That's the last thing New York needs—more things for girls to analyze.

For the hell of it, and because I'm not used to it, I try different ways of walking down the street. At first I try to attract attention with a male companion in tow—hey, I'm happy and I'm on vacation—and I find men that avert their eyes from my hip-swinging, big-smiling gestures. (A hot dog vendor actually looks past me, to the guy, and asks him how he's doing—prompting my male companion to wonder if he was actually just hit on by a man selling hot dogs.) But when I do my best imitation of the New York street gaze—distracted yet tough-looking eyes seemingly fixed on something at neck level—I get the random catcalls from construction workers and the like. Perhaps even more than Angelinos, New Yorkers want what they can't have.

On the way home my plane stops in Vegas, where an overweight, drunk and angry man takes the aisle seat to my window. (No one's in the middle seat, so I put my bag in its leg area.) Vegas wants to stretch, though.

"Look, you better move that bag," he snorts, by way of greeting. My sweetest side does not emerge and before I know it, Vegas is yelling. A Good Samaritan walks by, insisting I move to his seat while he handles Vegas. I'm overwhelmed with gratitude, the fact that a stranger would come to a girl's rescue like that. I almost feel myself tearing up. But when we land, Hero Man doesn't zip off into the night. He waits for me.

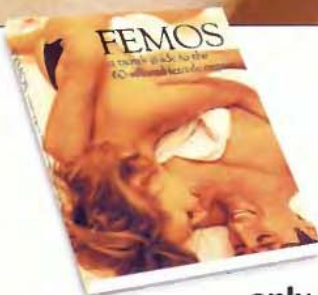
"So, you live in LA?" he asks, reaching a hand out to hold the offensive bag. For a second I try to figure out why he looks familiar—and then I realize he's a dead ringer for Anthony Perkins playing Norman Bates. No joke.



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sex & 2 cities—Amy

(continued from page 78)

I get something from my purse and we go outside. He sits on the chaise and I climb on top, trying to give his Hollywood Hills view a little competition. As we move he makes small hollow sighs, like a failing respirator, and his face looks different. Vulnerable. I grow addicted to that look because it makes me think I've produced this change in him. But when we finish he gets up and goes into the living room. I walk in and find him sipping scotch and staring out the window.

"That was the perfect farewell to this house," he says. "A period at the end of the sentence."

We go up to his bedroom. He has a walk-in closet with shorts and socks on labeled shelves. It's hard to trust a man whose closet is bigger than mine.

His bed is warm, but his two cats keep hopping in. "There's only room in this bed for one pussy," I say.

"Just kick them out," he says, picking one up by the scruff.

In the morning he goes into the bathroom, and after he showers I hear something horrifying. A hair drier. I haven't even brushed my teeth, and Bald Balls has already blown his hair. It's too much competition for a girl to take.

He calls later that day from Malibu and says, "Is it normal for a grown man to cry when he leaves his first house?"

I start to answer, but the cell phone goes out and I lose him.

THE ROCK STAR

The day following my agent hookup I stand in the shower and decide to go totally LA. I take out a Gillette for Women and shave off the valley below, leaving a perfect triangle on top. It takes a long time and it's a little scary, but I have to

do as a Roman would if I want to fit in.

I meet my friend Gina, a bartender, to go barhopping on the Sunset Strip. She takes me to Red Rock, a wild bar pulsing with young people on the make. After a few Coronas she grabs a sweet boy and pulls him toward me. He has pale skin and black hair—Crispin Glover, but hot. His name's Patrick, he's 25 and he's a musician.

We go out onto the smoking deck and he gives me an American Spirit and leans in close. "What kind of music do you play?" I ask.

"Singer-songwriter, folk-influenced."

"I bet you have a strong mother," I say.

"I do," he says. "How'd you guess?"

"I'm intuitive," I say. I have a feeling about him, and since it's LA, where you can say these things, I do. "I bet you're incredibly good at going down on women," I say. "You love doing it and are happy if that's the only thing you get to do."

"Are you psychic?" he asks. I nod. "Why are you asking me that?" he says. "Would you like me to do that for you tonight? Because I would."

His white teeth are gleaming. Everyone out here acts like they're on ecstasy all the time. Suddenly, I feel like I am, too. It would be nice to show off my new puss, and this guy's such a pushover I know I could boss him around.

But then I wise up. It's crazy to waste free cunnilingus in LA when I could save it for the Big Apple, where I really need it. New York musicians are nothing like this—they're just as fey, but mean.

"Why don't you call me the next time you have a gig in New York?" I say, scribbling down my number. He pouts, but I tell him to keep his chin up.

THE HAS-BEEN

Because the city is teeming with more has-beens than A-listers, I call my buddy James and ask him to set me up with his

friend Marc Price—a.k.a. Skippy of *Family Ties*. Skippy was the dorky friend of Alex P. Keaton, and I'd always had a secret crush on him. I loved his fedoras and whiny lisp. Now he's 35, does stand-up and is developing a bunch of game and comedy shows. He still has the lisp, though it's less prominent.

I pick him up at the Improv. He's heavier but has the same bright face.

"I'm so excited to meet you," I say.

"You, too," he says. "Just to give you a heads up—I'm distracted by work right now. In case I seem out of sorts."

Great, I think. We walk about 10 blocks to his car and I start thinking he must not have a lot of dough if he skimped on the valet. Then I spot the car itself—it's a 1994 Infiniti, and the backseat is loaded with crap—clothes, an economy-size box of Cap'n Crunch, a laundry basket.

I try to sit in the passenger seat, but something's in the way. "Are these crutches?" I ask.

"Trim for my house," he says with the patented Skippy giggle.

He tosses the trim to the backseat and drives me to a Hawaiian-themed bar in a strip mall, the Lava Lounge. It's cozy. Skip just earned some points.

"So, do you still get juice from your role?" I ask.

"You'd be amazed how many people recognize me," he says.

"But it was so long ago!"

"That's true," he says. "My Skippy superpowers are beginning to wane."

I ask if he ever got down with Justine Bateman and he says, "No, with one of her friends." Then he tells me he hooked up with Lisa Bonet when she came into town for an NBC anniversary event. He says he was a Ferris Bueller type on the set of the show—sometimes he'd tell his tutors he was working and instead go to Venice Beach. I don't like this amoral side; it makes me wonder whether he has ethics when it comes to women.

"What are you looking for in a woman now?" I ask.

"I definitely want to meet someone special, but there's a point in life when you're not interested in investing a lot of time for a little something. I'm in love with the comedy biz."

Just my luck. I come all the way to LA to meet another neurotic Jewish guy who is obsessed with his career.

When we finish our drinks he says, "Do you want to see my house? It's got an incredible view."

"Where do you live?" I ask.

"In a Forties trailer in Laurel Canyon. I bought the property and put the trailer there to live in while I build my house."

"How far along is it?"

"I haven't started."

"How long have you been living in the trailer?"

"Eleven years." I give him a funny look

(concluded on page 161)



"It's Sunday morning, the Attorney General wants to know why you're not in church."

PLAYMATE NEWS



THE MUSIC EDITION

FIVE THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT STRIPPERELLA

Pam Anderson has temporarily retired from live-action TV, but here's a cure for your jones: *Stripperella*, the cartoon created by Pam and cartoonist Stan Lee, airs soon on TNN. Wondering if it will live up to Pam's

Baywatch bounce and her *V.I.P.* vim? Here, five facts that just may convince you. (1) Stan Lee is the man. He's the comic-book genius behind Spider-Man and X-Men. (2) Pam's arch-enemy: Dr. Cesarean.

He is a surgeon who gives patients explosive breast implants. (3) She knocks dudes out with her thighs. Her signature move? The Scissorella. (4) She shows off her breasts. That is nothing new, but now she has a trick up her blouse: a lie detector. (5) Her best friend is

hot. Persephone, who kicks it with Erotica Jones (*Stripperella*'s alter ego), can handle two guys at once—she dates twins.



LL COOL J LUVS NICOLE BETTER

What went down on the set of LL Cool J's video *Luv U Better*, an homage to *Pretty Woman* starring Nicole Narain? "LL is way hot," she says. "He works his lips every chance he gets." Was there any on-set nookie? "What happens on set stays on set," she says. "I will tell you that he is extremely intelligent. When he talks, everyone listens. The video is sexy. I was turned on. I was destined to have this part. During the audition they asked if I could drive a stick, and though not many girls in Los Angeles know how, I do. I knew the part was mine." What's up next for this would-be Julia Roberts? A Keith Murray video. Stay tuned.



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

If you were into cheesy shows such as *BJ and the Bear* and *Magnum, P.I.* in the late Seventies and early Eighties, you probably spotted Pamela Jean Bryant on your television screen. Pamela was Miss April 1978 at the age of 19, and by the time she was 25 years old, she had appeared on 86 TV programs.



Pamela Jean Bryant.

LOOSE LIPS

"The biggest misconception is that we have to sleep with Hef to become a Centerfold. I didn't meet him until three years after becoming Miss March 1994."

—Neriah Davis

"I don't want women's rights. I want to be at home, barefoot and pregnant, and let my man do all the work."

—Anna Nicole Smith

ROCK-AND-ROLL FANTASIES

Rock stars flock to Playmates like groupies to a backstage door. Here is a roundup of the latest rockers to fall under the Centerfold spell. Left to right: Lisa Dergon and Fred Durst of o pojomo party; Backstreet Boy A.J. McLean and Miriorn Gonzalez of the Monstion; the Dohm triplets adding beauty to a Sammy Hagar and David Lee Roth press conference; Barbara Moore with Gene Simmons at Glamourcon in Los Angeles; Shanno Moakler of the MTV Video Music Awards with her beau, Trovis Borker from Blink-182; Bunnies Victoria Fuller, Deonno Brooks and Jessico with Marc Anthony; Pamela Anderson and Wyclef Jean hamming it up onstage at MTV's European Music Awards.



HOT SHOT



SUZANNE
STOKES
AND BUFFY
TYLER.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

April 1: Miss March 1971
Cynthia Hall
April 5: Miss August 1989
Gianna Amore
April 16: Miss April 1959
Nancy Crawford
April 18: Miss November 2000
Buffy Tyler
April 30: Miss May 1998
Deanna Brooks



FEMME FATALE

Cynthia Myers
appears in Femme
Fatales magazine.
(See more Cynthia
info in "Gossip.")

POP QUESTIONS: CHRISTINE RICHTERS

Q: We hear that you're adept with a screwdriver.

A: I love to build and fix things. Home Depot is my favorite store—I'm there five days a week.

Q: Is that a great place to meet guys?

A: Actually, I met my boyfriend when he moved in a couple of houses down from me. He was the cute new neighbor, so I went over there and asked him out.

Q: What's in your CD player?

A: The Dave Matthews Band.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Nikki Sixx

There's only one for me—my wife, Donna D'Errico. After years of marriage, my jaw still drops when I look at her. Her look is unique.

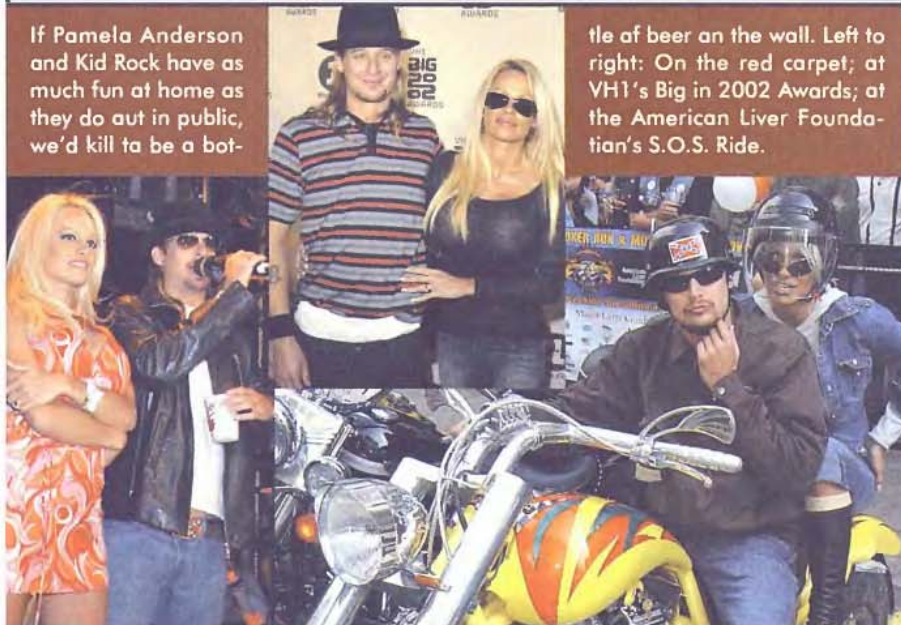
We met on a blind date. Any time you get the opportunity to go on a blind date with a Baywatch actress, chances are your evening is going to turn out pretty good.



PAM AND HER KID

If Pamela Anderson and Kid Rock have as much fun at home as they do out in public, we'd kill to be a bot-

tle of beer on the wall. Left to right: On the red carpet; at VH1's Big in 2002 Awards; at the American Liver Foundation's S.O.S. Ride.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Sexnrocknroll.com, hosted by Gillian Bonner, names Sahara Hotnights, the Distillers and Chevelle as music's next big things. . . . Serria Tawan (pictured) strutted the catwalk in a Frederick's of Hollywood fashion show. Check her out in the Internet comedy *The Low-Budget Time Machine*. . . . Our hearts go out to Cynthia Myers, who was in a terrible accident and suffered two broken vertebrae and a broken arm. Says her good friend Victoria Valentino, "She can't lie down, even to sleep. While her husband tries to work several hours a day with his injuries, Cynthia is left home alone propped up in bed with food, medication and the TV within reach. They can't afford a nurse. Cynthia is being very brave and funny and presenting a cheerful face to the world, though she'll have to wear a body cast for four to six months." . . . Neferteri Shepherd has a lead role in *A Miami Tale*, a film about a group of young women who are trying to stop neighborhood violence. She also appears in the Bobby Brown-Ja Rule video *Thug Lovin'*. . . . From the home-run department: Congratulations to Laura Cover and Aaron Boone (below), third baseman for the Cincinnati Reds, who got hitched in San Diego.



Serria getting catty.

Mr. and Mrs. Boone.



sex & 2 cities—Amy

(continued from page 158)

and he says, "I thought my house would be built by now. But it's very expensive. Besides, it gives me a reason to wake up in the morning, to look around and imagine it." It seems this man has a problem getting things started. I wonder whether that's a by-product of early fame: You get lazy. He tells me I should come see his hot tub. I tell him I gotta jet.

THE CELEBRITY

On Monday night I go to a fancy restaurant called Les Deux Cafes with my friend Cindy. There's a garden in the back, and as we walk in I feel like I'm at the Oscars. Owen Wilson's at one table, Harvey Keitel's at another, Stella Tennant's having a gathering at a long table, Vincent D'Onofrio's sitting with a bunch of hangers-on. I need somebody in my league. I spot an Indie Auteur from New York leaning against a wall, eyeing me. He's emaciated and handsome in a bedraggled way, and I've had a humongous crush on him forever.

Cindy and I take a seat at a table near Indie and I beckon him over. He does the "Are you talking to me?" gesture. I nod. He comes over slowly, playing it cool. I stare at his straggly hair and say, "When was the last time you washed that?"

"Three hours ago," he says. I touch it. It feels surprisingly smooth.

"What kind of shampoo do you use?"

"It's very expensive."

"Like 50 bucks a bottle?"

"Try 300."

I wolf-whistle and ask him to light my cigarette. "You shouldn't smoke," he says.

Cindy gets up to buy a drink and asks if we want one. IA orders a water and I order a grapefruit and Stoli.

"You drink too much, you talk too much and you smoke too much," he tells me.

"I've been told all those things before," I say. "But I can do magic tricks."

I hold a match and make it disappear from my hand. Then I do the one where I make my hand look like it can spin around 360 degrees. "I like your magic thing," he says.

"I like you," I say. "What do you look for in a woman?"

"I like her to be lying on her back. Sometimes I like her to be lying on her stomach. I really like her lying on her stomach."

"You're into rimming?"

"Yeah," he says. "I'm into rimming."

I lean in close. "Do you hook up with a lot of girls?"

"No," he says. "I don't like to have indiscreet sex."

"What about kissing?" I say. "Do you kiss indiscreetly?" Since I'm a little afraid of him I feel the need to set boundaries.

He nods. "Maybe we should go in the back and do that," I say.

He shakes his head no. "What do you

want from me?" he says with a hint of hostility.

"I just told you."

"What else?"

"Creative or uncreative?"

"Uncreative."

This is not a man for whom subtlety works. I have to get a reaction out of him to keep him at the table.

"I don't know," I say. "Maybe I could lick your balls?"

"Really?" he says, appearing awake for the first time all night. "I'd like you to do that, and then I could come all over your lips."

I've opened a door I don't know how to slam shut. I want to fuck a star, but the whole point is to be able to tell your girlfriends afterward. With what IA has in mind, though, I'd have to keep my mouth shut.

"I have to go to the bathroom," I say. I throw some water on my face and decide I've gotten something from IA that is far more important than sex: dialogue. Cindy and I will slip out when he's distracted and I'll never have to see him again.

When I return, Cindy's alone. "Where did he go?" I ask.

"He said he saw a friend of his."

I look around the room but can't spot him anywhere. That's the good thing about actors' short attention spans: They leave as soon as they get bored. Thank God for that.

THE B-LISTER

The next night I stop in an unpretentious bar downtown and spot a really cute B-list actor sitting a few seats down. He's done movies and a little TV, and he's funny in a sardonic way.

Halfway into my grapefruit and Stoli I notice Mr. B. smiling at me. He doesn't say anything, though. There's this mellow reggaeish music playing, so I say, "What is this?"

"Jack Johnson," says Mr. B. "He used to be a surfer and now he's a musician."

"I like it," I say. "It's mellow. Is he big here?"

"Yeah. So you don't live in LA?"

"No. I'm from New York."

"I love New York," he says.

"You mean you *heart* it," I say, raising a brow.

"Right. I *heart* it."

He moves closer to me and buys my next cocktail. We talk for a long time and eventually he invites me to his house. I follow him in my car and he waits for me at every light so I don't get lost. When we get to his place he puts on the same Jack Johnson album that was playing in the bar. I sit on the couch and Mr. B sits next to me and slips his arm around my shoulders. I could elaborate on what happened, but it would make Mr. B really mad. He says he's been screwed by journalists too many times.



"Poor Lot—his wife a pillar of salt, and he's on a low sodium diet." 161

LEX

in the city



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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE PEOPLE'S BENTLEY

Although Bentley Motors Ltd. is now owned by Volkswagen, the Continental GT scheduled to arrive in showrooms this fall is hardly a "people's car." In fact, with specs that boast a 0-to-60 time of less than five seconds and a top speed of 180 mph, we'd have thought Porsche was the parent company. Under the Continental GT's sleek hood is a 500-

horsepower, 12-cylinder twin-turbo engine coupled to a six-speed automatic gearbox and computer-controlled suspension. Would you expect anything less for \$165,000? The company's target buyers are young, rich dudes who appreciate superb craftsmanship but haven't previously owned a Bentley. Women, too. Call us from the road, ladies. We'll be at the curb.

—DAVID STEVENS



Bentley's famous wings have taken flight. The Continental GT's rich expanse of wood-

and-leather trim is a visual treat, but the car also incorporates such subtle technology as electronic suspension and a cleverly hidden spoiler that silently rises at high speeds.



A six-speed automatic shifter and other electronic goodies are part of the Continental GT's pillarless package. Bentley claims the car is the world's only true GT four-seater. Deeply sculpted rear seats provide lots of space for knees, heads and elbows without sacrificing visibility. The driver's seat is designed to accommodate someone extratall—an NBA player, perhaps? Downhillers take note: The trunk can swallow both skis and snowboards.





Julia Is Totally Topless

JULIA TUKIAINEN modeled all over Europe, was a page three girl, did promotions for Bacardi rum and Absolut vodka and appeared in techno videos. Isn't Finland's loss

164 our gain?



Go Ask Alice

Keep your eyes on singer-songwriter ALICE PEACOCK. Her self-titled debut CD got a boost from *Dawson's Creek* and good reviews. Touring with John Mellencamp and Aimee Mann was OK, too. A spring tour will put her in your sights.



007 Babe

After working in design and marketing, and modeling lingerie, Scottish actor CATHERINE MCQUEEN played a Russian spy out to seduce James Bond in *Die Another Day*. It's hard to believe he could resist.



This Kitchen Has Her Own Heat

KARA KITCHEN poses for magazines and is a poster girl for *Big Gun Exhausts*. We're not tired of her at all.

© CRAIG A. SORRES



© PAUL NATHAN PHOTO DESIGNS, INC.

In Search of America

Actor CHRIS TUCKER went on the road in the Midwest with BONO at the end of last year to raise awareness about the African AIDS epidemic. They got great press and they connected with people who normally wouldn't have been involved. Catch Tucker and Bono in their day jobs: *Rush Hour 3* and U2 on tour.

Nothing but Net

Baby got back: Model MOLLY BINGHAM can be found on pay-per-view in *I'll Pay You to Get Naked* and in *Full Throttle* magazine. We find her irresistible.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

Water, Water Everywhere

Let's hear it for low tide: MAIKI MADDIX does worldwide promotions for Hawaiian Tropic—even pitching it on Howard Stern's show. She models for calendars and commercials—and sits in the surf.

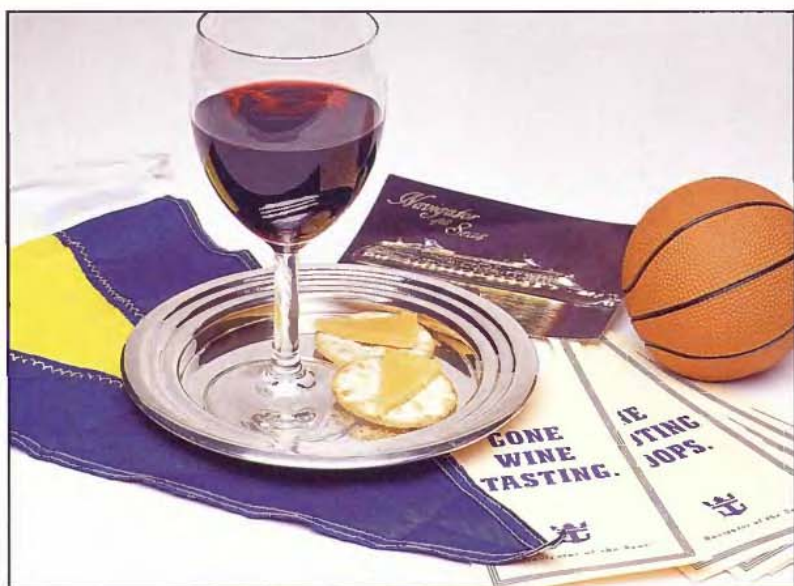


© MICKY KATZ/RETNA



NAKED TRUTH

The best thing about Naked Tan sun-care lotions is that you get to see naked women wearing the products when you go to nakedtan.com to order. SPF from zero to 30 is offered. Plus, there are logoed Naked Tan T-shirts, baby Ts, polo shirts, tank tops, caps and accessories. Admit it: You have always wanted a beer-can holder emblazoned with "Expose Yourself With Naked Tan." The lotions sell for about \$8.



THE ROYAL CARIBBEAN

Still think cruise ships are for newlyweds, overfeds and half deads? Try a week in the Caribbean aboard Royal Caribbean's luxurious new *Navigator of the Seas*, a 3000-passenger vessel that's more fun than some small cities. You can try rock climbing, skating, basketball and volleyball, miniature golf, video games, a unique wine bar that offers special tastings and a shopping promenade that's longer than a football field. If that doesn't do it, you can swim, barhop, gamble or dine in a variety of restaurants ranging from swank to Johnny Rockets. There are even teens-only sections, so the ship's main areas cater to adults. For more information, go to royalcaribbean.com or phone 800-327-6700.

PAINTED LADIES

Great hair, red lips, a thirst for revenge and a gun—that has to be the work of Niagara, a Detroit artist known for her "psycho pop art." She and other contemporary female artists are featured in *Vicious, Delicious and Ambitious*, author Sherri Cullison's hardcover celebration of these babes-with-balls talents. The price: \$39.95, from Schiffer Publishing at 610-593-1777.



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The Slinger lets you fire a fresh tennis ball for your pooch to retrieve. When he brings it back, you can shoot a dry ball and store the slimy one without having to touch the nasty thing. Whew! Or use it with baseballs to shoot pop flies. Good Time Productions sells the Slinger for \$30, including four balls. Call 888-545-6834 or go to goodtimeproductions.com.



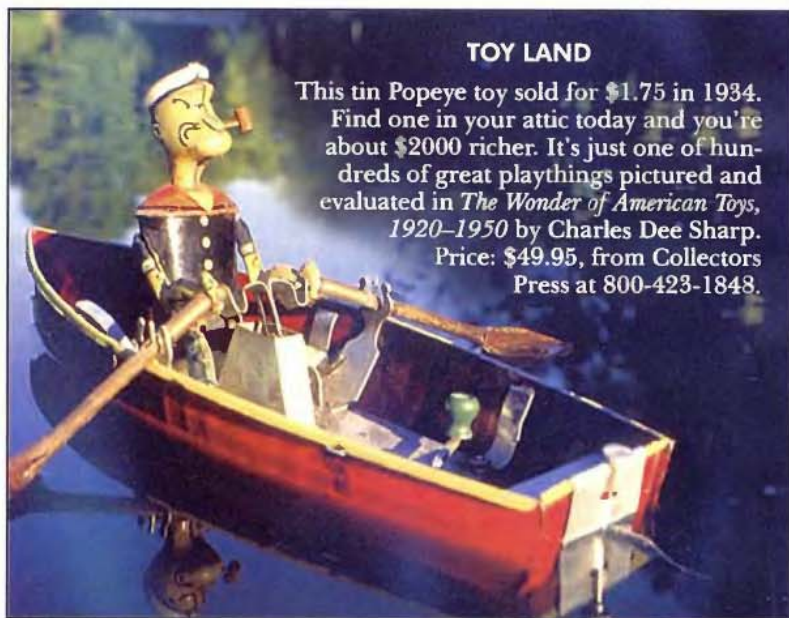
HIT MITT

The praying mantis folds its forelegs, as in prayer, before it devours its prey. Praying Mantis is the name of Akademia's new catcher's mitt—and it's a good choice. If we ever had to catch a Randy Johnson fastball, this would be the glove we'd wear while we were praying. The mitt's unique sting-reducing design makes it ideal for catching and for transferring the ball from glove to throwing hand. No wonder former catcher Gary Carter endorses it. Price: \$175. Go to the website at akademapro.com.



TOY LAND

This tin Popeye toy sold for \$1.75 in 1934. Find one in your attic today and you're about \$2000 richer. It's just one of hundreds of great playthings pictured and evaluated in *The Wonder of American Toys, 1920–1950* by Charles Dee Sharp. Price: \$49.95, from Collectors Press at 800-423-1848.



BIG-SKY SKIN CARE

Porter's Lotion is the stuff Ralph Lauren should slap on his face. For more than 60 years, this witch hazel-and-camphor-based product was made in the back of a drug-store in Bozeman, Montana. Now the line has expanded to include liquid, bar and shaving soaps, lip balm, bug repellent and Hired Hand cream. There are even shaving brushes, a shaving mug, a baseball cap and a coffee mug. A bottle of Porter's Lotion will set you back \$11. Call 800-806-1161 or go to porterslotion.com.



THE IRISH IN US

Raise your glass to the Irish. If you're adventuresome, fill it with Póitín, Irish moonshine. Póitín is now legal to distill, and a bottle from www.hi-spirits.com costs \$59. About \$40 more gets you Bushmills 21-year-old single-malt Irish whiskey, which is aged in bourbon and sherry casks before being finished in madeira drums. The taste suggests raisins and dark chocolate with a hint of mint. Check top liquor stores. Supply is limited.



TWO-WHEEL ARMAMENT

More than a million bikes a year are stolen and only a fraction of recovered bikes are returned to their owners. If you want to keep your \$4000 titanium Lite Speed, mount a Cy-Curity alarm under the seat and see how far a thief can get when the bike he's pedaling emits a shrill siren. The Cy-Curity is motion-sensitive, or it can be activated by remote control. Price: \$49.95, from 800-971-0778 or cy-curity.com.



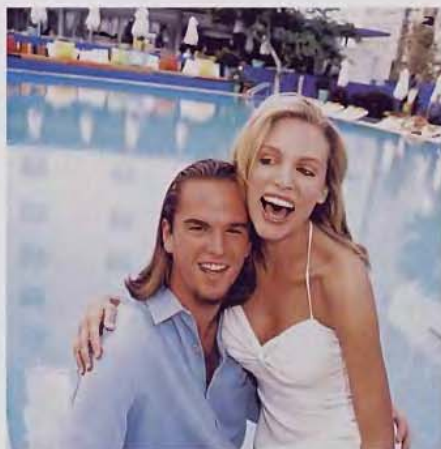
Next Month



TORRIE TITILLATES



APPROPRIATE SEX



OUTSIDE THE LINES



REMEMBERING RITTS

TORRIE WILSON—YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT TOUGH ENOUGH TO TAKE DOWN THE LATEST WRESTLING SUPERSTAR, BUT WE'RE REASONABLY SURE YOU CAN LOOK AT HER NAKED WITHOUT GETTING MAIMED. A BOMBASTIC PICTORIAL

THE CHINA SYNDROME 2003—WHISTLE-BLOWERS FROM THREE NUCLEAR FACILITIES VOICE OUR WORST FEARS: NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON IS ONLY A CAR BOMB AWAY. HOW WORRIED SHOULD YOU BE? LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY: IT'S TIME TO STOCK UP ON BOTTLED WATER AND CORNED BEEF HASH. AN EXPOSÉ BY **RENE CHUN**

BILLY BOB THORNTON—THE RUMORS ENCIRCLING HOLLYWOOD'S QUIRKY GENIUS RANGE FROM A FEAR OF ANTIQUES TO MARITAL INFIDELITIES. DOWN IN HIS DUNGEON (OK, IT'S A RECORDING STUDIO) BILLY DEBUNKS SOME RUMORS, VALIDATES OTHERS AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, SPEAKS IN DEPTH ABOUT WHAT WENT WRONG WITH HIS MARRIAGE TO ANGELINA. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

THE VELVET ROPE ORGY—A NEW FORM OF SEXUAL EXPERIMENTATION IS HAPPENING AMONG HIP URBAN WOMEN: THEY'RE NOT SWINGERS, THEY'RE PLAYERS. IF YOU WANT TO JOIN THEM, YOU NEED AN INVITE. IN THEIR WORLD THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SOFT SWAP AND A FULL SWAP—AND THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING. BY **TANYA CORRIN**

BATTER UP—OUR OPENING DAY GUIDE TO BASEBALL 2003 INCLUDES EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED TO SCORE: TEAM PRE-

VIEWS, CHATS WITH THE WILDEST PERSONALITIES, 10 REASONS WHY THE GAME IS ENTERING A GOLDEN AGE AND FIVE THINGS WE'D DO TO MAKE IT BETTER. BY **ALLEN ST. JOHN**

REMEMBERING HERB RITTS—IN MEMORY OF THE RENOWNED PHOTOGRAPHER, WE PULL HIS BEST WORK OUT OF OUR ARCHIVES: ONE-OF-A-KIND PICTORIALS OF **CINDY CRAWFORD** AND **ELLE MACPHERSON**. IT'S A KEEPER

WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE COCKTAILS—TIME TO DRINK YOUR MONEY AWAY. BEHOLD THE WORLD'S ULTIMATE LUXURY COCKTAILS, FROM A \$48 SIPPER TO A \$12,750 MARTINI THAT INCLUDES A DIAMOND RING. THEY'RE WORTH THE HANG-OVER. BY **RAY FOLEY**

MIXED DOUBLES—WANT TO IMPRESS THE KOURNIKOVS OF CLUBLAND? TAKE STYLE TIPS FROM TENNIS PROS **JAN-MICHAEL GAMBILL**, **ROBERT KENDRICK** AND **XAVIER MALISSE**, WHO TORE IT UP IN MIAMI WHILE FLAUNTING THE LATEST FASHIONS

APPROPRIATE SEX—LATE IN THE SPRING TERM THE PROFESSOR'S SEXUAL FANTASIES TAKE CENTER STAGE. IT'S THE STONER WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO CONFRONT EVERYONE'S SEXUAL TENSION. FICTION BY **STEVE ALMOND**

PLUS: 20Q WITH CSI LOOKER **JORJA FOX**; **DAPHNEE DUPLAIX** TALKS SEX; LONG-DISTANCE MOTORCYCLES; PERVERTED LICENSE PLATES THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT AT THE DMV; SPRING RAINGEAR; AND MISS MAY, **LAURIE FETTER**