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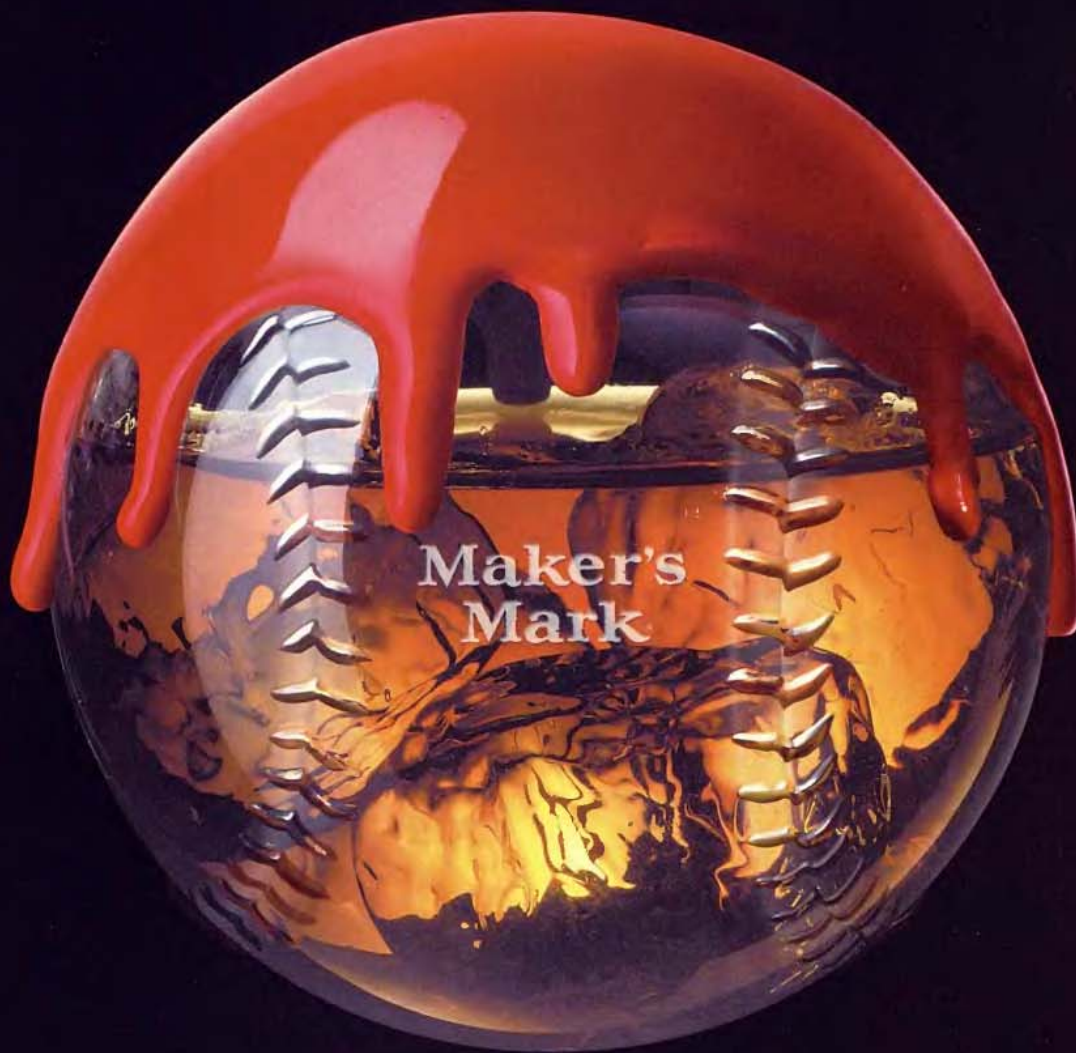
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Phil Spector met Lana Clarkson one evening in February, and within hours she was lying on the floor of his foyer, dead of a gunshot wound. This month Steve Pond reconstructs the fatal convergence of the once-powerful producer and the aging starlet. **Bob Love**, *PLAYBOY*'s new Editor at Large, directed Pond's efforts. The result is an atmospheric journey through the less glamorous side of Hollywood, replete with shades of *Sunset Boulevard*. "Even as strangers Spector and Clarkson were bound by a common sense of desperation," says Pond, "a feeling that they'd lost their juice and would never get it back. It's true of many in LA, celebrities and strivers alike. As hope slips away, they make bizarre moves and odd choices."

Two generations of readers grew up on **Asa Baber's** *Men* column. Baber's success is a testament to his ability to speak to us as brother, father figure and worldly uncle. He is also an avowed positivist—but now he brings us sad news. Because of his struggle with ALS, this is his last column. "Many thanks to Hef for having the guts and the audacity to start *PLAYBOY* when I was a teenager," Baber says. "I admire him highly. He created the one magazine in America that delivered millions of avid readers to my doorstep every time I showed up."



This month's interview with **Mike Piazza** is the first by **Kevin Cook** to be interrupted by a fire alarm—twice. "It was more like a Klaxon," Cook says. "The second time was just as we were getting into the sex stuff. Thankfully, it didn't throw him off base." The two talked long after the tape stopped rolling. "Like most players, he's concerned about his masculinity," says Cook. "He has to deal with guys throwing at him and writing about him. In the World Series, he showed more class than Clemens—he kept his team in mind. To me, that makes him a better man than Roger."



Together with Features Editor **Christopher Napolitano** and Associate Art Director **Rob Wilson**, new Deputy Editor **Steven Russell** has crafted a new look for our popular *After Hours* and reviews pages, complete with a clean, innovative design and fresh regular features. "After Hours is our way of speaking directly to readers, so if you want to talk back, go ahead," says Russell. "Say you work with someone who should be Employee of the Month—send the pictures straight to me!"



The period from 1953 to 1968 included very good years indeed for **Frank Sinatra** and for his valet **George Jacobs**. For much of that time, Sinatra was the most powerful man in Hollywood. In an excerpt from *Mr. S.: My Life With Frank Sinatra* (HarperCollins) by George Jacobs and William Stadiem, Jacobs shares wild secrets, such as when he watched JFK snort cocaine. "I was at the greatest party the world had ever known," says Jacobs. "I partied with the kings and queens of the planet. It was an amazing trip."



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An ornate Hollywood mansion, a pistol-packing genius recluse, a striving starlet. And, finally, a dead body. How did a late-night rendezvous between famed record producer Phil Spector and actress Lana Clarkson turn deadly? BY STEVE POND

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Sinatra was a lot of things to a lot of people, but to his friend JFK, he was first and foremost an enabler. Frank's Palm Springs pad was the anti-Camelot, where Kennedy could snort coke, nail Hollywood's finest and boast of his conquests. Sinatra's valet saw it all—and wrote it down. A Playboy exclusive. BY GEORGE JACOBS AND WILLIAM STADIEM

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Cathy loves backdoor action. But she says it took some convincing. Her story could help you get a backstage pass to your girl. Get ready for full access!

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When the best-batting catchers in baseball history are discussed around the water-cooler, one name dominates the talk. So we sat down with the Mets' all-star slugger to get the full story. There are no walks in the Playboy Interview, so Piazza swings away on his sex life, Roger Clemens and taking creatine—and on an opponent who lets loose while swinging for the fences. BY KEVIN COOK



cover story

Here's the Joe Millionaire surprise ending we all wanted. Money honey Sarah Kozer bares her significant assets in PLAYBOY. We sent Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda to shoot the Millionaire runner-up—and second place never looked so good. Our Rabbit stakes out the middle ground.



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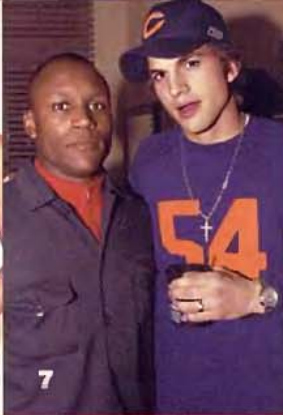
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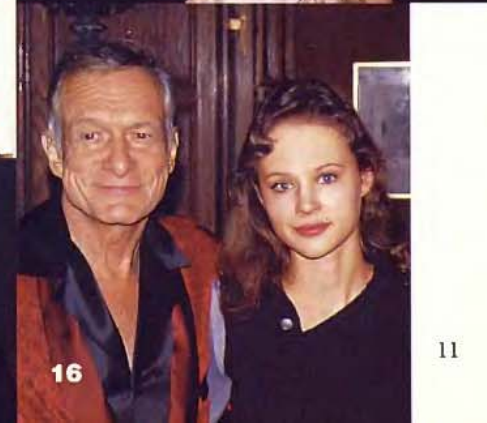
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Hef hosted a pair of Super Bowl parties: one in San Diego on Saturday night and the other at the Playboy Mansion on Sunday. (1) In San Diego, Bunnies greeting guests at the House of Hospitality in Balboa Park. (2) Co-host Tom Arnold, his wife, Shelby, and John Rocker at Casa de Playboy. (3) *The Shield* star Michael Chiklis with football great Marcus Allen. (4) Jon Lovitz with Lisa Dergan. (5) Tara Reid, Lance Bass and Queen Latifah. (6) Miller Lite catfighters Tanya Ballinger and Kitana Baker. (7) Future football Hall of Famer Barry Sanders with Ashton Kutcher. (8) Jeremy Shockey of the New York Giants getting some tail from Jennifer Walcott. (9) Co-host Carmen Electra. (10) Doing *The Jimmy Kimmel Show*. (11) With Corey Feldman and bride Susie Sprague at a *Surreal Life* party. (12) Making the scene with Justin Timberlake at Ivar. (13) With O-Town's Ashley Angel at Katana. (14) Hef and Adrien Brody at the Golden Globes. (15) Pam Anderson and Kid Rock at a Mansion movie. (16) Hef with Thora Birch on Movie Night.





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COLIN'S BLARNEY

I just wanted to put my two cents' worth in on Colin Farrell (*Playboy Interview*, March). Even though he can act, I think anyone who cannot communicate even the most elementary thoughts or emotions without using the F word is a fucking moron.

Jim Witt
Muncy, Pennsylvania

Colin Farrell uses the word fuck(ing) 132 times in his interview. If the acting thing ever dries up, he would make a damn good sailor.

Bob Hallden
Atlanta, Georgia

We're not so sure. His sheepshank skills are atrocious.

I love you for quoting Colin Farrell in all his raw glory. Reading other, more edited interviews didn't give me as much of his real flavor. Cussing aside, he seems genuine.

Susan Shaw
Huntington Station, New York

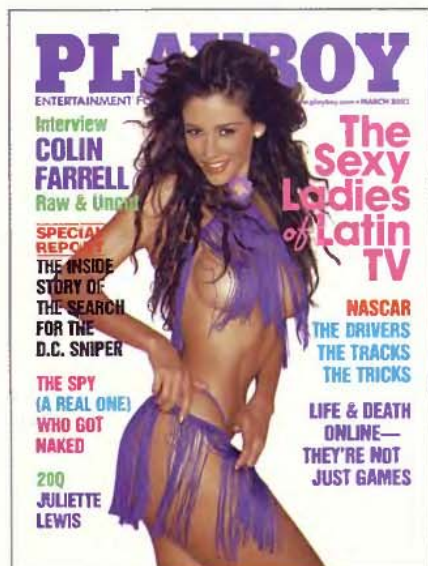
I fucking want to congratulate you on your fucking interview with Colin fucking Farrell in the fucking March issue.

John Dacey
Alexandria, Virginia

RABBITS, RABBITS EVERYWHERE

On the cover of the March issue, did you place two Rabbits on the model? There seems to be another one located in the flower around her neck. The ears are purple and the head is yellow.

Dwayne Stout
Wabash, Indiana



Are two Rabbits better than one?

Before I dive into the magazine each month, I challenge my wife to find the hidden Rabbit on the cover. She disagrees with the clue in *Cover Story*, and I tend to agree with her. It looks as if the Rabbit is actually hidden in the flower on the woman's necklace. Are there two of them?

David Swartzel
Greenville, North Carolina

So many readers thought they were seeing double that we asked Art Director Tom Staebler if he had put an additional Rabbit Head on the cover. He claimed to have had no part in the spare hare's appearance. All we can say is, when Rabbits are left to themselves, they seem to multiply.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

I love the Olivia De Berardinis illustration of the Bettie Page-like woman in the March issue. Please keep them coming. Olivia is the female equivalent of Alberto Vargas.

Bill Kelly
Mound, Minnesota

SNIPER TERROR

What a great article on the D.C. snipers (*In a Room With Madness*, March). I live less than five miles from where one of the victims was shot. Learning that the police couldn't really accomplish much with all their personnel and effort left me wondering if I am really supposed to believe the government can protect me from more-amorphous terrorist threats.

Sam Pett
Falls Church, Virginia

Wow. I just read the piece on the D.C. snipers and couldn't put the magazine down.

Mike Miller
Canton, Ohio

Any high-powered-rifle enthusiast realized from the beginning that the so-called snipers were nothing but hack wannabes.

Richard Lasseter
Valdosta, Georgia

ONLINE MISERY

Lazlow's *Online Treachery* (March) misses its mark. Instead of providing insight into the real-life causes of player-griefing, the article treats both griefers and hard-core players as corruptions. It's another case of dismissing hard-core computer gamers as inferior to those who choose other hobbies. Spending four hours a night watching television is not superior to spending six hours a night playing a

computer game. But a game is no more to blame for a suicide than a movie is. People who kill themselves are unstable, unable to differentiate fact from fiction. No matter how passionate the hard-core gamer is, a stable



Sinister Net games.

player knows the fantasy world simply fades into irrelevance once the power button is pressed.

Jaymie Esch
Lansing, Michigan

WE SPY

Katrina Barillova (*The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, March) may say she's had weapons training, but the bullshit flag is all the way at the top of the pole on that. She either paid no attention or her good looks led her instructors to pass her despite a lack of progress. As any weapons-trained professional is aware, you never place your finger inside the trigger guard of the weapon until you are ready to fire on your target. Your weapon may be loaded and charged, with the hammer back and the safety off, but the final precaution is to keep your finger outside the trigger guard until it is time to fire. Also, for someone who professes to have been trained in the use of the AK-47, Barillova demonstrates a lack of familiarity with it. Her right-hand grip is incorrect. Yeah, she certainly looks hot,

The Beverage Testing Institute, world renowned for its knowledge of fine spirits, ranked Jim Beam® Black the highest among leading North American whiskies. Jim Beam Black was judged to be better in overall nose, depth of flavor and finish. That's because Jim Beam Black is aged for eight years, creating a rich texture and extremely smooth flavor. With each sip, you'll recognize Jim Beam Black to be an exceptional whiskey of superior quality, worthy to share with good friends.

Rating	Whiskey
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91	Maker's Mark®
89	Wild Turkey® 101*
82	Gentleman Jack®
81	Crown Royal®
81	Jack Daniel's®



Source: (BTI) Beverage Testing Institute, Inc., Chicago, IL - 2003

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but if there's ever any real shooting, I don't want her on my side.

J. T. Digitt
Alexandria, Virginia

BREAKUP

Your useful, informative article *Divorce* (March) failed to mention the master, Mick Jagger. He claimed—and the courts agreed—that his marriage in Bali was not valid. So, when it was over, Jerry Hall couldn't claim the traditional half.

Gregg Harris
Roeland Park, Kansas

QUESTIONING 20 QUESTIONS

I am writing to respond to Juliette Lewis' negative comments regarding tattoos (March). I found what she said to be surprisingly ignorant, judgmental and pretentious. I am a heavily tattooed, bilingual fifth-grade teacher. I also have a master's degree in educational administration, run a record label that puts out female-fronted bands, sing in a hard-core punk band and write for numerous punk zines. I seem to be able to find enough time for everything (which includes reading *PLAYBOY*) while decorating my body any way that I choose.

Renae Bryant
Norco, California

PENNELOPE

I've always admired the beauty of Latinas. Your March pictorial *Latin TV Stars* and Centerfold Penelope Jimenez are *muy caliente*. I don't know why I deluded myself into thinking I was the only one watching Telemundo and Univision without caring that I couldn't understand the dialogue.

Steve Brown
Washington, D.C.



Viva Latinas.

Only one word can be used to describe Miss March: Wow! I had the opportunity to meet Penelope in Houston before I picked up the March issue. Everything about her radiated confidence and sensuality.

Geoff Semmelrogge
Houston, Texas

Penelope really took the chill out of the month of March and made me proud to be Mexican.

Victor Rivera
Mexico City, Mexico

Chris Rock was right in his *Playboy Interview* (September 1999) when he asked, "What's better than some woman calling you Poppy?" Thank you for celebrating Latin beauties.

Michael Tan
London, England

SPEAK NO EVIL

Asa Baber's March *Men* column ("Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil") is long overdue. American boys are either denied or dismissed. The sexual revolution is over and women won—but they've lost our young men.

Bruce Lang
Chico, California

I've been an avid *PLAYBOY* reader since the early days. After Baber's column debuted in 1981, I looked forward to it every month. He has helped me through deaths in my family and couples divorcing, plus many of the other issues men face every day. Asa was diagnosed with ALS and will be giving up his column, so I want to thank him for being there for all of us.

Reggie Oates
Louisville, Kentucky

MICHELE'S WORLD

I was against human cloning until I read the March issue. In *Centerfolds on Sex*, Michele Rogers says, "I will always swallow." She even likes it on her face occasionally. If we could clone roughly 10 million just like Michele, the world would be a better place.

Sean Smith
Ontario, California

We agree. Not only would your plan eliminate that pesky problem of the wet spot, but we wouldn't have to be so careful about where we step at the office.

HOW AMY RATES

Give Amy Olds (*Grapevine*, March) an A. She's a hottie.

Ryan Foster
Los Angeles, California



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AT SOME POINT, YOUR KIDS WILL STOP THINKING YOU'RE THE
COOLEST PERSON ALIVE. UNTIL THEN, MAKE SURE YOU LIVE UP TO IT.

Like it or not, the time will come – sooner than you think – when your kids will want to be off doing things on their own. The 280-horsepower, twin four-stroke SR230 sport boat from Yamaha was designed to keep that day as far away on the horizon as possible. The key to it all: an innovative walk-through stern design and a two-level swim platform that becomes your own perfect patio on the water. You'll want to spend hours upon hours here – relaxing as the sun goes down, or teaching the kids how to catch and release a fish. It's your time together – use it all. Learn more at yamaha-motor.com or call 1-800-6-Yamaha.



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PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Charlotte Ayanna

the actress proves that serenity can be sexy

Soft-spoken starlet Charlotte Ayanna wants to make you believe in divine intervention. "My last name means blessed and everlasting bloom," says Ayanna. Recently she has started to fulfill the promise of her name. She peeled it all off in *Dancing at the Blue Iguana* and offers the only respite from strung-out meth freaks in this year's dark comedy *Spun*. But her life hasn't always been charmed. "I was taken from my real mother when I was an infant,"

"I never thought I'd be a cliché, like dating a rock star and living below the Hollywood sign."

she says, "and I never knew who my real dad was." In 1996 Charlotte wrote a well-received book, *Lost in the System*, about her chaotic years in foster care. "Right now I'm writing a more raw and mature book about my life once I got out of the adoption system," she says. And what a ride it has been. She won a teen beauty contest, appeared in a Ricky Martin video and turned to acting. "It's funny how one minute you're just another girl on the block and the next you're catapulted," says Charlotte. "I nearly got the part of Rogue in *X-Men*, which led to parts in *Kate and Leopold* and *Training Day*, and people started noticing me." Now single, Charlotte was with 60-year-old legend Robbie Robertson from the Band for three years. "I never thought I'd be a cliché," she says, laughing, "like dating a rock star and living below the Hollywood sign. But we're all a little crazy out here."



you wanna ayanna?

She's no C. Lo: Born in Puerto Rico, the 26-year-old changed her name from Lopez because it was the name of her maternal grandfather, who abandoned her mother as a child.

She is a podhead: "I never leave home without my iPod. I have 800 songs on that puppy! I like a variety of musicians, like Soundgarden, Radiohead, Robbie Robertson and Sade."

Dream teen: Charlotte won the 1993 Miss Teen USA pageant in a \$38 gown. "They give you \$3000 to prepare, but I wanted to stick it under my mattress."

Leaving *la vida loca*: "I was surprised how little attention I got from being in the Ricky Martin video. But I was happy—I didn't want to be known as the Ricky Martin Girl."

Praise for older men: "I really learned a lot from Robbie. He taught me how to be successful and still be a good person."



barometer

IT'S JUNE AND ...



...you covet the comeback Ford GT. In 1966 the GT40 broke Ferrari's grip on Le Mans (coming up June 14-15). This year, Ford will produce just three GTs, with more to come.



...you're thanking God for the return of the miniskirt. The results are in from the spring and summer runway shows, and the message to women is clear: Shorter is better. Now pray for a long, hot summer.

...you can't believe they're still playing hockey. Look outside, NHL, the ice has melted. Cut the Stanley Cup Finals to one game and let those pasty Canadian boys get some sun already.



...you're dreaming of lesbian beauty contests. But clear your mind before this month's Ms. Lesbian UK and Ireland contest—the pageant is not about you. It is so not about you.

...you want to bag a bridesmaid. It's open season on misty-eyed maidens in ugly pastel dresses, gowns they are dying to shuck for a taste of romance—or a quickie in the cloakroom.



...you wish you were Ryan Adams. He's dated Winona Ryder, he's prickly (he once called Jack White of the White Stripes a "fucking ponce") and he's back with the CD *Love Is Hell*.

jizz fusion



GAMETE ON!

MEET SOME SPEEDSTERS WITH REAL SPUNK

Men will bet on anything. That's why Los Angeles-based chemist and artist Mike Roof is gambling that he has come up with the next big extreme sport: sperm racing.

Roof has developed a method of observing, via projector, the world's most primal sprint. Using donations from willing participants, Roof isolates individual sperm samples under a microscope and colors them with a dye. Then he deposits the racers onto a tiny maze etched into a slide mount. Placed at one end of the maze, the sperm instinctively race to the other end, behaving as if they are battling to fertilize an egg. A video unit, linked to a microscope designed for filming purposes, projects the speedy sperm onto a wall or screen for your wagering pleasure. First shown at an LA art gallery, the races generated a mixed response. Some religious zealots actually told him he was going to hell. "Most people loved it," says Roof, who is marketing his concept as Sperm Wars. "I received praise from men, women and couples who took part and helped redefine the idea of audience participation."

Roof is refining his equipment, spending thousands of hours to create specially engineered components. He's aiming to adapt a version of Sperm Wars for Las Vegas, complete with odds and accompanied by frenzied catcalls from the crowd ("Your mother was a spirochete!"). "I want to use the slogan, 'The only game in town where you can actually bet on yourself,'" he says. Ready, set, goo.

drink of the month

PUCKER UP

and she'll come back for seconds

From the White Lotus supper club in LA comes the Red Apple Saketini: Combine three quarters of an ounce each of sake and vodka, an ounce and a half of Sour Apple Pucker schnapps (by DeKuyper), a half ounce of cranberry juice, a spritz of citrus and ice in a shaker. Shake, strain and serve with apple wedges.



magnificent obsession



THE CHIP HITS THE FANS

TIME TO CASH IN ON SOME TOKENS OF APPRECIATION

Casino chips are the new baseball cards, thanks to an army of high-rolling collectors. The most valuable tokens, some worth more than \$10,000, are usually from long-defunct Vegas dens of iniquity such as Bugsy Siegel's Flamingo or the old Hacienda. (Above, the Hacienda \$5 chip is worth more than \$8000, while the Desert Inn \$5 can fetch \$7500.) As a rule, \$100 markers are worth more than common \$1s and \$5s, but values sometimes defy logic, particularly if a casino destroyed its expired chips. Playboy chips, from our Atlantic City casino, "have become extremely coveted because the brand name gives them dual collectibility," says collector Michael Haas, known in eBay circles as Mr. Playboy Chips. Chip fever has been spreading fast with the help of eBay, where about 2000 old and new chips are up for auction at any given time.

The craze has also launched a thousand new chips, as casinos rush to mint novelties just for collectors—such as the Hard Rock's chip of the Who. Allan Anderson, who edits the *Casino Chip and Token News* quarterly magazine, says that's a sucker bet. "There are absurd chips that say things like I GOT DIVORCED IN VEGAS," he says. "They lack history."

classic moves

BABY GOT BACH

TRY SOME VIOLINS BEFORE YOU FIDDLE



You talk your way into a beauty's bedroom. The curtains are drawn, the candles lit. Then you start fumbling with her Dvořák and the night goes to hell. The answer to your mood-music problems may be RCA Red Seal's series *Love Notes*, the first classical CDs to bear a parental advisory sticker. First up: *Making Out to Mozart*, *Bedroom Bliss With Beethoven* and *Shacking Up to Chopin*.

OK, it's a gimmick, but the music will still get little Ludwig riled up. And future CDs are rife with possibility: We suggest *Tchaikovsky This at Home*, *Rump Riding With Ravel*, *Backdoor Brahms* and *Sucking Face to Strauss*. And, for the edgier crowd, *Shagging to Shostakovich*.

employee of the month



INTERNEED OUT

PLAYBOY INTERN JENNY HAASE'S RECOMMENDATION LETTER IS IN THE BAG

PLAYBOY: What makes a good intern?

Jenny: The key is being willing to run around and learn. I bust my butt and stay late, and I've made a million copies. Now I'm in the photo library filing stuff—everything that's ever been in the magazine. They really have to trust you to lock you in there.

PLAYBOY: Did you think the job might include posing nude?

Jenny: I never thought about it. When they asked me, I was completely flattered and in shock. I'd never modeled. I was nervous, but the people on the shoot were the people I see every day. They made it comfortable and fun.

PLAYBOY: Any funny looks?

Jenny: Not at all. This is what PLAYBOY is all about; we're not uptight.

PLAYBOY: Has working at the magazine enhanced your sex life?

Jenny: It gives you a unique type of self-confidence. I feel sexier at home with my fiancé, and I would feel fine about going to a nude beach now. I hate tan lines.



Black Sceptre - Swiss made

NEW SWATCH NABAB. WHO SAID IT'S ONLY FOR MEN?

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pubic affairs

FASHION
HITS THE
G SPOT

For Euro eyes only. Readers of *British Vogue* were recently treated to a graphic new ad for Gucci. While official lips are sealed as to whether the Gucci coochie was shaved or Photoshopped, there is talk of selling a waxing kit. Should make for a nice box.

indecent proposals

EVERYBODY HAS A PRICE

YOUR SELF-RESPECT, GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE . . .

- \$ Would you have sex with an 80-year-old woman—with the lights off—for \$1000? \$5000? \$10,000?
- \$ Would you chop off your pinkie for \$250,000? \$750,000? \$2 million? What about your thumb?
- \$ Would you eat a spoonful of soiled cat litter for \$500? \$5000? If Heidi Klum promised to have sex with you afterward?
- \$ What would it take for you to stand on the 10-inch ledge of a 60-story building? \$10? \$1000? \$50,000?
- \$ Would you get into the ring for three rounds against Mike Tyson for \$50,000? \$250,000? \$500,000?
- \$ Would you post photos of your mom having sex on the Net for \$25,000? \$100,000? \$500,000? What if she's with a donkey?
- \$ If your brother turned up on *America's Most Wanted*, would you sell him out for a reward of \$25,000? \$10,000? Nothing?

Log on to *Playboy.com* and vote in the *Everybody Has a Price* poll. Results will be published in the September issue.

stupid little list

WORDS BESIDES "TEAM" IN WHICH THERE IS NO "I"

CHEESE, LAMP, OPRAH AND YOU

tip sheet

WE'RE PUTTING WORDS
IN YOUR MOUTHNOW YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO
SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO SAY

Hasbian: A one-time lesbian who is now into men—à la Anne Heche and the imaginary woman of our dreams.

Neuromarketing technology: A new technique used by Atlanta consulting firm Brighthouse Institute for Thought Sciences. They run MRI scans on demographically desirable consumers while showing them products to determine which parts of their brains are stimulated by the images.

Carbon-dated: Something that's so over as to be prehistoric—as in, "She's a good-looking girl, but her hair is carbon-dated."

Gurgitators: What chowhounds who compete professionally in those most-grub-in-the-shortest-time eating contests call themselves.

Pot hunters: Neither narcs nor weed poachers but archaeological rustlers who loot pottery from ancient Native American burial sites in national forests and offer it for sale to collectors on the Net.



Legore: Artist Brian Frisk uses small plastic toy blocks to create macabre dioramas of beheadings, crucifixions, dismemberments and suicides.

It's all on his online gallery, block death.com. The dead-Elvis-on-the-toilet tableau is particularly charming.



Qibla-Cola and Mecca-Cola: New anti-Coke soft drinks meant to provide an alternative to American colas in the Muslim world. Their respective slogans? "Liberate your taste" and "Don't drink stupid, drink committed."

Jerry: According to *The Hipster's Handbook* by Robert Lanham, a hippie or stoner—as in, "My pits smell lousy. I feel like a total jerry."

Hoochie, coochie: It's a comeback summer for words that have long been the poor cousins to cooze. Keep an ear out for Hot Action Cop's budding anthem, *Fever for the Flava*, with the couplet, "She got the power of the hoochie/I got the fever for the flavor of the coochie." Who doesn't?



Slavercize: Workouts for the B&D crowd. As practiced by New York City dominatrix Mistress Victoria, these include bound-and-gagged yoga, riding-crop aerobics and the popular fetch. Feel the rope burn.



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R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Fly Girls

Dutch polyesterphile Cliff Muskiet has collected more than **200** stewardess uniforms from various airlines worldwide and proudly displays them on his website, the appropriately named uniformfreak.demon.nl.

Cutting in Line

In 2002, U.S. airline security confiscated more than **34,000** box cutters from passengers.

Misery, Company

According to *USA Today*, if stranded on an island with one of the Osbournes, Americans would choose...



Confess!

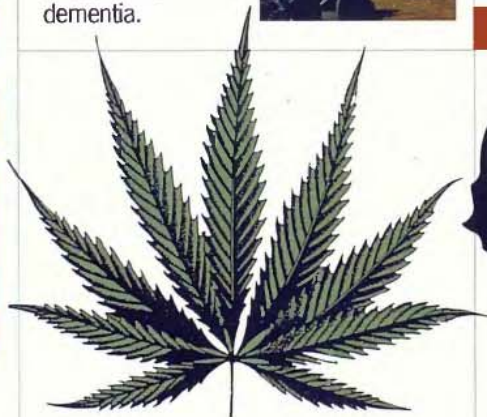
Population of Vatican City: **455**
 Number of crimes (mostly robberies and purse snatchings) committed there in 2002: **608**

The Holy See is, per inhabitant, the world's most crime-ridden state.

Road Warriors

40,000

licensed Australian drivers suffer from dementia.



0 Cannaba

The four most profitable agricultural sectors in Ontario (with annual revenue in Canadian dollars):

- (1) Dairy **\$1.36 billion**
- (2) Cattle **\$1.22 billion**
- (3) Indoor marijuana **\$1 billion**
- (4) Hogs **\$958 million**

Guess which farmers don't pay taxes.



If the Shoe Fits

Cobblers in the Philippines have made the world's largest pair of shoes:

18 feet long, **7½** feet wide and **6** feet high.

The cordovan leather wing tips were constructed at a cost of **\$22,641**.

Chance



This month's odds, brought to you by Irish bookmaker Paddy Power:

THE NEXT POPE
 Francis Arinze **4:1**
 Joseph Ratzinger **12:1**
 Miroslav Vlk **16:1**

MICHAEL JACKSON'S NEXT MOVE
 Have or adopt another child **5:4**
 Marry again **4:1**
 Do another Martin Bashir interview **12:1**
 Legally change name to Peter Pan **50:1**

Marketing Terror

Safer America sells products that promote "Homeland Security" and "Peace of Mind." For instance, its "High-Rise Kit":



The Bottom Five

Countries With the Fewest TVs

(number of units per 1000 people)

- Chad** **1**
- Gambia** **3**
- Malawi** **3**
- Haiti** **5**
- Mozambique** **5**



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



Hu: Deadly, but can she tie her own shoes?

movie of the month

[X2]

X marks the start of summer movie season.

X-Men lit the fuse of the superhero-movie boom three summers ago, but after the success of *Spider-Man* and Hollywood's rush to throw every do-gooder in tights onto the silver screen, this month's sequel can't afford to rest on its laurels. So while returning director Bryan Singer keeps the high-minded message (tolerance of even the freakishly different) firmly in focus, expect upgrades in action and pacing, and for Professor X, Wolverine, Storm and the gang to be joined by a slew of new mutants.

"Now that the premise is nailed down, the sequel develops relationships and takes stories further," says Kelly Hu, the lithesome actress portraying Deathstrike, minion of a former military commander who leads an invasion of our heroes' mutant-training academy. "And the fighting is cooler. They wanted it to look quick and vicious. My character is a mutant like Wolverine, but I'm an advanced version. While he has three claws, I have five sprouting out of my fingertips."

"They wanted the fighting to look quick and vicious."

Although her showdown with Wolverine required Hu to spend days flying on wires, she was spared the blue full-body makeup Rebecca Romijn-Stamos endures as slinky villain Mystique. "Thankfully, I look like a fairly normal person," says Hu. "Or as normal as a mutant can look." (May 2)

now showing

BUZZ

Envy

(Ben Stiller, Jack Black, Rachel Weisz, Christopher Walken) Masters of hip comedy Stiller and Black play best pals, until flaky Black invents Vapoorizer, a spray that makes dog poop disappear. As Black's fortune grows, Stiller, who scoffed at a chance to invest, becomes consumed by jealousy.

Our call: He who laughs last... might be watching this revenge tale. Given *Envy*'s quirky cast and premise, the Hulk isn't the only green-eyed monster to see this summer.



Bruce Almighty

(Jim Carrey, Jennifer Aniston, Morgan Freeman) We thought dissing God was a bad idea, but when TV reporter Bruce Nolan gets blasphemous after a bad day, the fed-up deity hands over all his powers and responsibilities for a week. Bruce's best miracle: Making Aniston's breasts bigger. Praise the lord.

Our call: Casting a ham of such biblical proportions as Carrey seems obvious, but the sight gags will keep us in our pews. Hmm: Doesn't Carrey already wield more power than God?



Daddy Day Care

(Eddie Murphy, Steve Zahn, Anjelica Huston) Murphy violates the rule about never acting with children—big time—by playing a downsized exec who starts his own rugrat-care center. When Murphy's wacky methods prove popular, the diaper hits the fan in the form of a rivalry with a chic crosstown baby mill.

Our call: Murphy's dire need of a hit is flipping him back into family-comedy mode, but we'd rather watch a documentary on the making of *Pluto Nash* than endless potty-training jokes.



The In-Laws

(Michael Douglas, Albert Brooks) In a loose remake of a criminally overlooked 1979 laughier, Brooks plays a mild-mannered podiatrist and father of the bride who suspects that his potential in-laws are international smugglers. Hilarity and adventure ensue, not necessarily in that order.

Our call: The original's stars, Peter Falk and Alan Arkin, were a match made in comedy heaven. We doubt Brooks and Douglas have the chemistry to turn this into another classic.



critical mass

[THE SEQUELS STRIKE BACK]

Like reruns? You'll love this year's big movies. By Richard Roeper

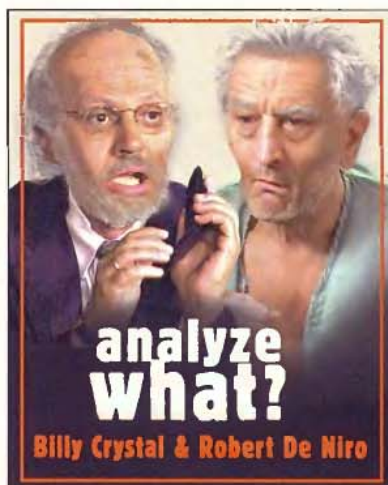
Walk into your local multiplex on any given weekend this summer, and chances are you'll meet up with a familiar friend: Arnold Schwarzenegger as a time-tripping cyborg trying to save the world; Reese Witherspoon as a not-so-ditzy blonde lawyer charming her way through the judicial system; Drew, Cameron and Lucy taking another dangerous assignment from the mysterious Charlie.

Sequels are pouring into theaters at an appalling rate this year, with some two dozen follow-ups slated for release. Titles range from the highly anticipated *Matrix* films to the anticipated-by-nobody *Final Destination 2*, which vanished faster than it takes to ask, "How can there be a second final destination?" Of course, most sequels have names that are even less imaginative than their plots. Just picture the brainstorming sessions that produced such titles as *The Whole 10 Yards* and *2 Fast 2 Furious*. Or *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*, which sounds more like a movie starring Ron Jeremy than starring Bernie Mac.

Why the outbreak of sequel-itis? They're safe. They require little creativity. And they are profitable. In 2001, seven of the top 12 highest-grossing films were sequels or remakes; in 2002, five of the top 10 were sequels. There could be even more in the top 10 this year, with such blockbusters as *Terminator 3*, the *X-Men* sequel, the *Charlie's*

Angels entry and the third installment of *The Lord of the Rings*.

With films like *Legally Blonde* and *Bad Boys*, the material was pretty thin in the first place, so we don't expect much from the next chapter. In fact, sequels rarely offer more than a second-rate echo, as the routines rapidly lose their charm (see the *Lethal Weapon* franchise). But films such as *The Matrix Reloaded* and *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King*



offer hope, as they're not so much sequels as new installments in a saga. Like *The Godfather: Part II*, they become worthy companion pieces and, with the original works, are regarded as one great epic. That will likely never be the case with *Bad Boys II*.

art house



Owning Mahowny

Philip Seymour Hoffman's aptitude for playing sympathetic schlubs makes this true story of a Toronto banker who embezzled millions all the more harrowing. Scenes with Mahowny's girlfriend edge into soap territory, but his co-dependent bond with a slick casino baron produces a crackerjack study of compulsive behavior.

—Graham Robinson

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by Leonard Maltin

BASIC John Travolta is a hired gun called in to interrogate a soldier after a military exercise goes wrong. Everyone involved is hiding something, including the screenwriter. The final twists are unsatisfying because the audience is hoodwinked once too often. **★★**

BETTER LUCK TOMORROW MTV Films acquired this potent little movie after a smashing Sundance debut. Its stark, unsentimental look at the amorality of a group of Asian American high school kids in southern California is sure to get people talking. **★★★★**

CONFIDENCE Edward Burns is a grifter who is forced to orchestrate a con job to repay the money that he scammed from slimy crime boss Dustin Hoffman. This drama is never as surprising, or satisfying, as it seems to think it is. Andy Garcia and Rachel Weisz also star. **★★**

LEVITY Billy Bob Thornton plays a murderer who has served his sentence—20-plus years—and must leave the safe haven of the penitentiary to return to normal life. Kirsten Dunst, Morgan Freeman and Holly Hunter co-star in director Ed Solomon's thoughtful look at guilt, blame and responsibility. **★★★★**

RAISING VICTOR VARGAS This diamond-in-the-rough movie follows a cocky Latino teenager from New York who fancies himself a lady-killer. Its unexpected intimacy is a tribute to the skill of director Peter Sollett and his astonishing cast of nonprofessionals. **★★★★**

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY Michael and Kirk Douglas have finally made a movie together, along with Michael's son Cameron. But this multigenerational story about family—and other bumpy—relationships is self-consciously cute and heavy-handed. **★★**

THE SHAPE OF THINGS Rachel Weisz unpredictably responds to Paul Rudd's awkward advances and a relationship blossoms—but since this is a Neil LaBute film (*In the Company of Men*, *Your Friends and Neighbors*), you know there's got to be a hitch . . . and that it won't be pretty. Gretchen Mol co-stars. **★★½**

VIEW FROM THE TOP Gwyneth Paltrow, Christina Applegate and Kelly Preston are great to look at, but this fairy-tale story of an unsophisticated girl who dreams of finding glamour and fulfillment as a flight attendant is a surprisingly bland Sixties' Hollywood homage without the satiric edge it needs. **★★**

★★★★ Don't miss

★★ Worth a look

★★★ Good show

★ Forget it



SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES: Applying new Gillette Series Power Caps with breakthrough odor-fighting capsules can cause dangerous overconfidence with the opposite sex. If sudden success with females causes swelling of the head, see physician immediately. If head is too swollen to fit in car door, call for an emergency vehicle with those double doors that swing open pretty dam wide. If that doesn't work, try a cold shower.

cd of the month

[LIMP BIZKIT * BIPOLAR]

Is the new Bizkit rising, or just flaky?



Has Fred Durst met his hard-rock Waterloo? First came the abrupt desertion of Bizkit guitarist Wes Borland, then Durst's dalliance with Britney Spears threatened his nu-metal reputation. (Doing it all for the nookie is one thing, but Britney doesn't exactly ooze street cred.) But Durst refuses to apologize on the appropriately named *Bipolar*, which represents a step forward for the band. The rap-metal crunch of *Armpit* and *Crack Addict* will keep fans moshing (and lines like "Tell 'em stop at Hef's house/and pick up some Playmates" amuse us), but it's the acoustic kick of *Build a Bridge* and a surprising trip-hop take on *Behind Blue Eyes* (yes, that one) that prove rock's loudest-barking dog still has some bite. (Interscope) ★★ —Dan Catalano

BUZZCOCKS • Buzzcocks

Manchester's rebels never attained the fame of contemporaries the Clash or the Sex Pistols, and maybe that's why they're still around to teach punk wannabes how it's done. This self-titled release, their first in four years, bursts with energetic, catchy anthems, and you're left sweaty and wanting more. Young turks, take note: There is a lot to be said for staying power. (Merge) ★★ —Alison Prato



PORCH GHOULS • Bluff City Ruckus

Porch Ghouls' stripped groove is akin to the new-school juke of the White Stripes, but it takes its blues clues from the legacy of the Ghouls' hometown—Memphis. The slide guitar is particularly menacing, and the band's stickman whomps a suitcase in lieu of a bass drum. It's no wonder Aerosmith's Joe Perry signed them to his new imprint. (Roman/Columbia) ★★ —Tim Mohr



YEAH YEAH YEAHS • Fever To Tell

This garage punk trio has ranked among the hottest live acts in New York City since the Strokes graduated from the sticky-floor circuit. Their debut major-label release kicks off in a torrent of jittery energy, but by mid-album front woman Karen O masters the swagger. The frenzied pace slackens only for *Maps*, a love song that any man would lick the stage at CBGB's to have sung to him. (Interscope) ★★ —Jason Buhrmester



CHRIS WHITLEY • Hotel Vast Horizon

Throughout a career defined by restlessness, blues provocateur Whitley has been best when his music is stripped to its basics. *Hotel* is about as pure and elemental as you can get. Whitley's stark guitar is accompanied only by drum and bass, leaving room for his haunting voice. This is his most powerful music since 1998's *Dirt Floor*. It's a breakthrough for an underrecognized artist. (Mes-senger) ★★ —Leopold Froehlich



phoning it in

[THE LAW CALLING]

We asked San Diego punk rockers Unwritten Law to check in from the road. Note to selves: Never give home number to raucous band.

Sunday, 10:14 P.M.—Washington, D.C.
Scott Russo, singer: "We just played for 67,000 people. Crazy. After the show, someone showed up with coke. We're never looking for shit—shit al-



ways finds us. Rock and roll is suddenly full of sissies. I'm not an addict. I'm a fan of experimentation. I'll try anything twice. Maybe three times."

Saturday, 3:13 P.M.—Dallas

Steve Morris, guitarist: "I'll have a beer before I go onstage, but I can't play drunk. All it takes is that first beer and, 'See ya.' Next thing you know, you're plastered and naked with no clue why."

Tuesday, 2:15 P.M.—Toronto

Wade Youman, drummer: "I took seven Prozac this morning. I heard they take a month to work, but I feel happy. We did karaoke last night. I sang Pat Benatar's *Hit Me With Your Best Shot*, but I changed it to *Fuck Me With Your Big Cock*. I've been racking up the phone-sex bills—it gets expensive, man. I've gotten laid a few times lately. I'm the only single one. This chick Penny in D.C. was great. Kelly Osbourne was like, 'If you do that girl, I'm gonna kill you.' Kelly thinks I'm psycho. So I waited for her to go to bed and I penetrated Penny."



Friday, 2:02 A.M.—Amsterdam

Wade: "I went swimming in a canal on mushrooms and four hits of ecstasy. I did a swan dive and lost my wallet. I loved everything and everybody for eight hours. European girls are hot. Not in London, though. Their teeth are fucked up." —Alison Prato

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game of the month

[ENTER THE MATRIX]

The first *Matrix* game lives up to the hype. Whoa.

What's *Enter the Matrix*? (Infogrames, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC) Easy, it's the first video game based on the hit science fiction movie franchise. No mere blockbuster cash-in, the game is produced, directed and scripted by *Matrix* honchos the Wachowski brothers, and includes one hour of exclusive film footage. Since there is only one "the One," you play as either Ghost or Niobe on a quest to deliver a special key to Neo. The game's seven missions provide nearly nonstop martial arts showdowns with agents, and the trademark "bullet time" effect lets you dodge gunfire and run up walls. Somehow the plot ties into the first movie, *The Matrix Reloaded* and *The Animatrix*, a series of nine animated shorts available online. Confused? Think how lost Keanu Reeves must be. **★★★★** —John Gaudiosi



MIDTOWN MADNESS 3 (Microsoft, Xbox) You could grind your gears through Washington, D.C., but since this new racing game's other cityscape option is Paris, we think you'll do what we did: Jump behind the wheel of 30 different vehicles ranging from a Mini Cooper to a garbage truck and crash through outdoor cafes. Though watching Frenchies scatter is fun, not being allowed to run over any beret wearers is more frustrating than a traffic jam. **★★**

—Jason Buhrmester



MACE GRIFFIN BOUNTY HUNTER (Black Label, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) In this futuristic world, hip-hop mogul isn't the only career option available to ex-cons. Mace Griffin chose bounty hunter, a vocation that lets him hunt the jerks who falsely convicted him of killing his special ops comrades. An ingenious control system shifts seamlessly between airborne vehicular battles and on-foot action. No riding the alien super-cattle. **★★★★**

—Scott Steinberg



GLADIUS (LucasArts, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) This gladiator game took a lesson from the WWE: Toss in enough scantily clad Amazons and the loincloths seem less creepy. You still strip down and oil up, but at least you're armed as you travel with a team of warriors, doling out death with broadswords and spells. The game's 20 arenas are loaded with lion traps, pits and other nasty surprises to keep the action fresh when killing for the emperor's approval grows tedious. **★★** —S.S.



RETURN TO CASTLE WOLFENSTEIN: TIDES OF WAR (Activision, Xbox) Think you deserve a little R&R after fighting on the frontlines of great WWII games like *Medal of Honor* and *Battlefield 1942*? Tough beans, soldier. Your new orders are to infiltrate Heinrich Himmler's secret Nazi laboratory, an environment so graphically rich you may feel bad about machine-gunning his mutant army. Sorry, war does strange things to a man. **★★★★** —J.B.



pixel profile

[NINJA SEE THAT?]

She's as pretty as a geisha, but don't count on a happy ending.

HER NAME: Ayame

HER GAME: *Tenchu: Wrath of Heaven* (Activision, PS2)

MISSION: To assist her partner Rikimaru in stopping a wicked sorcerer and his six dark lords from attaining a powerful sword in Japan, circa 1570.

A LEG UP: So what if she runs like a girl? Trained as a ninja assassin since childhood, Ayame sneaks up on her prey and quietly takes him down with her favorite twin knives. She's also more acrobatic than her male partner, enabling her to pull off a headspin attack that makes us want to enter her in a break-dancing contest.

ARSENAL: Among her weapons are throwing stars, exploding arrows, swords, poison rice and a whistle designed to convince gullible guards that a wayward panda—definitely not a cute assassin—is rustling in the bushes. And if the whole stealth thing does not pan out, Ayame can disappear in a hail of fireworks.

COSTUME CHANGE: Black may be her favorite color, but you can unlock a hot red armor outfit.

NICE MOVE: You'll wish you were the lucky fool she leaps on and wraps her legs around—at least until she neatly breaks his neck.



wired

Neuros MP3 Player (\$250) Looking for something to wipe the self-satisfied smirk off an iPod devotee's face? Try the Neuros, a portable MP3 player that broadcasts your favorite files through an FM radio. Or record a sample to its 128 MB memory and have the device identify the song via the Internet. An optional 20 GB hard drive add-on (\$400) expands storage to 5000 tracks.



dvd of the month

[CATCH ME IF YOU CAN]

A con artist's tale that's no sham. Trust us.

Leonardo DiCaprio went toe-to-toe with himself this past holiday season when this Spielberg movie opened a week later than Martin Scorsese's *Gangs of New York*. It seems audiences were more interested in seeing him as a 1960s grifter than as an 1860s street fighter. *Catch* stylishly tells the true story of a real fake. At 17, Frank Abagnale Jr. (DiCaprio) leaves his divorcing parents and stumbles into a con artist's life. He impersonates an airline pilot, a doctor and a lawyer, all the while honing his real talent—check kiting. Tom Hanks is solid as the G-man on Abagnale's trail, and Christopher Walken adds emotional depth as his father. **DVD extras:** a behind-the-camera peek at the 56-day production, an in-depth look at the real Frank Abagnale Jr. (who served as a consultant on the film) and an FBI perspective on tracking bank fraud and paper-hanging crimes. One sad omission? A section on how to get away with it. **YYY** —John Rezek



ZULU (1964) Michael Caine burst onto the scene in this celebrated military epic, the tale of 100 British soldiers defending a remote outpost in Africa from attack by more than 4000 Zulu warriors in 1879. It's a ripping good tale that tips its sword to Britain's imperialist past, not that there's anything right with that. The politically incorrect perspective may be one reason why it took so long to produce a DVD from a decent print of the film. **Extras:** Keep a stiff upper lip because, sadly, there are no significant bonus features. **YYY½**

—Gregory P. Fagan



25TH HOUR (2002) Prison-bound New York City drug dealer Edward Norton reviews his wrong turns during a long, final day of freedom in this moody Spike Lee effort. Although the book on which *25th Hour* is based was written before September 11, 2001, the terrorist attacks reverberate throughout the film, which includes a poignant scene at ground zero with Norton and his friends (played by Philip Seymour Hoffman and Barry Pepper). **Extras:** deleted scenes; Lee and writer David Benioff offer commentaries. **YYY½** —G.F.



ANALYZE THAT (2002) Mafia comedy *Analyze This* made too much money not to have a sequel, even if it was an offer moviegoers could refuse. This time Mob boss Robert De Niro fakes psychosis and is released from prison into the custody of his shrink, Billy Crystal, and the chase is on to find out who's trying to whack the don and take over his family. The movie reunites De Niro with Cathy Moriarty, his co-star from *Raging Bull*. (This time Cathy gained the weight.) **Extra:** a test to see if you're Mob-worthy. **YY** —J.R.



THE MISSION (1986) Jeremy Irons is a 1750s missionary who has devoted himself to the South American rain forest Indians. Robert De Niro is a mercenary who captures those Indians and sells them into slavery—until he has a change of heart. Roland Joffe's waterfall-rich visual feast, with a screenplay by Robert Bolt and hypnotic music by Ennio Morricone, is beautifully reproduced. **Extras:** a feature-length commentary by Joffe and film highlights from the cast, the director and the writer. **YYY** —J.R.



quick study

[FILM SCHOOL]

This month's lesson: all you need to know to watch film noir.

Film noir is French for black film, but dark film more accurately describes the gritty genre that made its mark in the Forties and Fifties. Bad people in worse circumstances. Dames who can't be trusted. Clouds of cigarette smoke, shadows cast by streetlights and seething jazz in minor keys, please. At the center is an antihero, a guy who—like hard-boiled private dick Humphrey Bogart in *The Maltese Falcon*—doesn't see all the cards but plays his hand anyway. In classic film noir, these elements combine with visual and aural tropes to create a sense of life's seamy side, while the storytelling focuses on the inner workings of the subconscious in ways that were ignored in earlier films. Postwar audiences welcomed these stylized forays into the lives of cynical people teetering on the brink of moral bankruptcy. And we still love them, especially landmarks such as *D.O.A.* (1950), which finds Edmond O'Brien with only a few days left to live, searching for the person who fatally poisoned him. It's not hard to connect the dots from O'Brien's dead man walking to Guy Pearce's memory-challenged protagonist in the 2000 art-house smash *Memento*. Additional home study: *Double Indemnity* (1944), *The Third Man* (1949), *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946).—G.F.


O'Brien: *D.O.A.*

sleaze frame

There are greater thrills in John Frankenheimer's *The Gypsy Moths* (1969) than the aerial stunts involving barnstorming sky divers Gene Hackman and Burt Lancaster. In the midst of all this free-falling, neglected Kansas housewife Deborah Kerr takes up with Lancaster and (at about 2238 on our DVD counter) ends up naked and in the clinch with him—a full 16 years after their more famous roll in the sand in *From Here To Eternity*. We'd jump out of a plane for that.

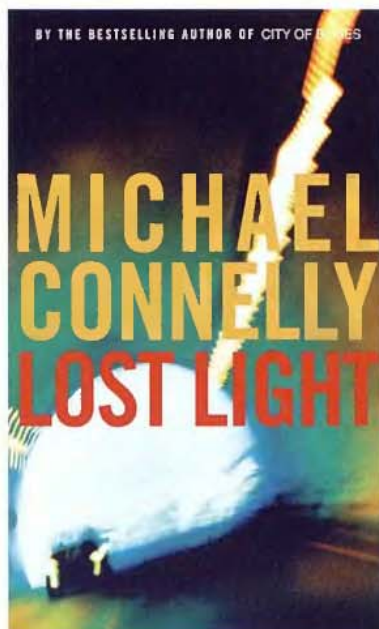


book of the month

[LOST LIGHT * MICHAEL CONNELLY]

The Harry Bosch series takes a mysterious turn.

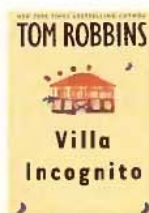
Best-selling mystery novelist Michael Connelly doesn't have to belly up to the craps table to prove his gambler's cred. In *Lost Light*, a West Coast-based thriller that takes a few side trips to the Las Vegas casinos, Connelly rolls the dice with his long-running Harry Bosch series. Not only does Harry trade in his LAPD badge for a private eye license, but for the first time the semidepressed sleuth tells the tale in his own voice. It's a hard-boiled piece in which Harry's determined probing of an almost-forgotten unsolved murder pits him against friends and foes in the police department and overzealous antiterrorist feds. There's also a final big surprise designed to further shake up the series. Does the change-of-format gamble pay off? In spades, with Connelly's taut yarn-spinning as well as a new introspective look at his complex hero. It adds up to a big win for old and new readers alike. (Little, Brown) ★★★½—Dick Lochte



VILLA INCOGNITO * Tom Robbins

The first 37 pages of this book are a Buddhist-like tale about a tanuki, an animal from Japanese folklore. It's not as bad as it sounds. The tanuki likes to eat, get drunk and get laid. Once you get past this, Robbins does what he does best—tells funny stories about bizarre characters. His eighth novel interweaves seemingly disconnected plots about a traveling circus, the tanuki's human daughter and three American MIAs who chose to remain

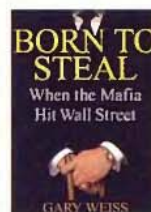
missing in Laos to sell morphine to clinics. When one gets nabbed by intelligence agents, the others flee through the dregs of Asia. Part of the fun of reading this rambling story is figuring out who's a bad guy and who's a good guy. *Villa Incognito* can't breathe the air of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, but it's an entertaining read. (Bantam) ★★★—Patty Lambert



BORN TO STEAL: WHEN THE MAFIA HIT WALL STREET * Gary Weiss

At first glance, this true story exposing the links between organized crime and the stock exchange (which started with a *Business Week* article) would seem to be a page-turner. But what could have been a riveting cross between *The Sopranos* and *Boiler Room*—a wild ride involving money, debauchery and deception—doesn't deliver on your investment. Louis Pasciuto, a gas station minion tapped by the Mob to implement its Wall Street schemes, tells a lackluster tale, which hasn't stopped Hollywood: The upcoming film stars Mark Wahlberg. For once, the movie may be better than the book. (Bantam) ★½

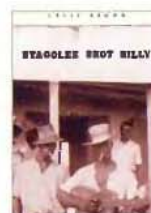
—Alison Prato



STAGOLEE SHOT BILLY * Cecil Brown

In a St. Louis tavern on Christmas night in 1895 Lee Shelton (a pimp also known as Stack Lee) killed William Lyons in a fight over a hat. There were other murders that night, but this one became the stuff of legend. Songs based on the event soon spread out of whorehouses and ragtime dives across the country. Within 40 years, Stagolee had evolved into a folk hero, a symbol of rebellion for black American males. With commendable scholarship and thoroughness, Brown shows how we got from murder to myth. (Harvard) ★★★

—Leopold Froehlich



library of lust



REVENGE * Ellen von Unwerth

There's not much to the story line, but a lot to von Unwerth's photos. The German photographer, whose provocative work has appeared in such glossies as *British Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, began as a knife-thrower's assistant in a circus. That bravado is apparent in her sexy black-and-white images—a baroness, her stepdaughters, water, masks, a little S&M here, a little B&D there. Typical family life. (Twin Palms) ★★★

—Barbara Nellis





- ☐ A. Foundation for entertainment center.
- ☐ B. Foundation for house.



YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR GERMANY'S FUN-LOVING BEER. HERE'S TO MOVING ON.

THE BRIDE WORE NOTHING— WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S LARGEST NUDE WEDDING

Besides saving a bundle on tuxedo rental, why would anyone want to get hitched in the buff? To flesh out the answer, we accepted an invitation from 29 couples who shed tradition, and their clothes, for the world's largest nude wedding. The ceremony took place at—where else?—Hedonism III in Jamaica and even included clothing-free bachelor and bachelorette parties. We spoke to nudist newlyweds Burnam Hudson and his bride, Caddis, who persuaded him to carry her buck naked across the threshold. Now, that gives new meaning to the word honeymoon.

PLAYBOY: Was the minister nude, too?

CADDIS: No, but he and his wife are nudists. They're from Florida, where he's part of the Universal Life church. He's been arrested for being nude.

PLAYBOY: What's the best part of participating in a nude wedding?

CADDIS: There's not much to think about besides the veil and the bow tie.

PLAYBOY: Surely there are grooming issues to consider.

CADDIS: For brides, full pubic hair is not kosher. It's trendy to be neat down there. It's happening more with men,

too. I've seen a guy with his pubic hair shaved into a heart.

PLAYBOY: Do you eat in the nude?

CADDIS: Why not? There's a grill on the nude side of the resort.

We also play volleyball nude, and I'm a fan of nude oil wrestling with other women.

PLAYBOY: What if a guy gets a surprise erection?

BURNAM: No one pays attention. If

PLAYBOY: When did you first take off all of your clothes in public?

BURNAM: A year ago. Nudists share a bond. We're more free.

CADDIS: I started at a bachelorette party at a club in Cincinnati. We were so hot from dancing that we took off our clothes. We figured they couldn't arrest all of us, and they didn't.

PLAYBOY: How do you stay warm during the winter?

CADDIS: Fires and hot tubs.

PLAYBOY: Is there jealousy within the nudist community?



Look, Ma—no tan lines. Another advantage of naked nuptials? "You don't have to worry about anyone stepping on the train of your dress," says newlywed Caddis Hudson (left), who convinced her beau to shed his cummerbund for the world's largest nude wedding at Hedonism III in Jamaica. Below: Designer Vera Wang had better hope this doesn't catch on. Twenty-nine couples have their coke and eat it in the raw.



you get one, you just move on.

PLAYBOY: Does being a nudist enhance your sex life?

BURNAM: Yes. The atmosphere is so relaxed that you're automatically turned on. The entertainment at Hedonism III is all about sex. Last night there was an orgasm contest.

CADDIS: Not with us, because if one wants to leave, there's the door. My friend's husband said before we came here, "I would take off my clothes if I were in shape, but I would want to look better than everybody else." I'm like, who cares? No nudist is trying to be the center of attention. It's just a big party.

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF NUDE NUPTIALS

DO:

1. Make sure the only rolls on the table are the edible kind.
2. Hire a clothed gal to jump out of the bachelor party coke.
3. Match the corset to the drapes.
4. Trim your thighbrows.
5. In case of erection, picture yourself getting hitched to Rosie O'Donnell.

DON'T:

1. Brog about seeing the bride naked. Everybody has.
2. Insist on doing the hokey-pokey.
3. Kiss the bride's mother while storing at her knockers.
4. Seat your guests on vinyl-covered church pews.
5. Store the rings in "a very safe place."

THINGS OVERHEARD AT A NUDE WEDDING



"If anyone here objects to this union, please speak now or forever hold your piece."

"Has anyone seen the breast man?"

"I'd tip the bartender, but I can't find my wallet."

"Far better or worse, for richer or poorer, in toutness and in cellulite. . . ."

"No doubt about it—he is his father's son."

"Please raise your asses—I mean, your glasses."

"Who ever heard of personalized tea bags as a party favor?"

"With this cock ring, I thee wed."

"I now pronounce you penis and wife."

"Ow—that rice really hurts!"

Far more naughty nuptials, don't forget to watch Sex-cetera's coverage of the world's largest nude wedding on Playboy TV. To find out when Sex-cetera airs, click on playboytv.com.



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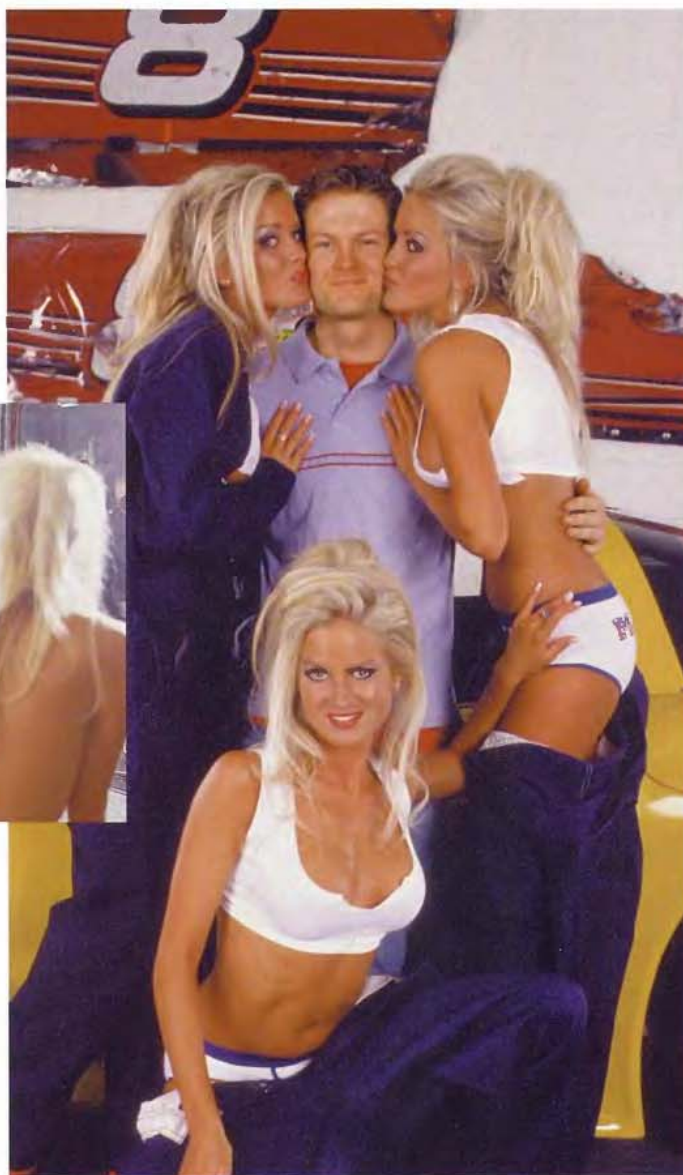
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DALE EARNHARDT JR.'S PLAYMATE PIT STOP

Lucky bastard. That was the underlying tone of the press coverage regarding Nascar bad boy Dale Earnhardt Jr.'s stint as a guest Playboy.com photographer. His nude shoot with Erica, Nicole and Jaclyn Dahm—a.k.a. Misses December 1998—was touted everywhere from *Sports Illustrated* to *The Boston Globe*. Earnhardt



told one reporter, "I don't know which is more fun—hanging out with Playmates or driving a race car. I haven't seen all the pictures, but who knows? Maybe I can do this when I retire as a driver." Just before he won this year's Daytona 500, Michael Waltrip was asked about Junior's side job: "There is one reason he would agree to be a photojournalist: if there were three girls instead of one," Waltrip said. The photos reportedly gave Nascar chairman Bill France Jr. whiplash. According to one article, "When a reporter slid a laptop in front of France and asked for comment on Earnhardt's extracurricular activities, France said, with an arched eyebrow, 'Interesting. I have no other comment.'"



DALE'S TOP STREET CARS



1. 1967 Camaro.
This mother runs as good as it looks.

2. 2002 Corvette. May be the coolest cor ever. A babe magnet.

3. Ferrari F335. One look and you're hooked.

4. 2000 Lamborghini Diablo GT. My day's coming to drive one of these.

REASONS TO DATE AN INDIE ROCK CHICK

For every Britney, Shakira and Sheryl, there's a little-known indie musician with kinky-as-hell stage antics. Here, find out why you should date one, then vote for the hottest indie rock chick at playboy.com/indie.

- (1) It's cool to introduce a girl with a last name like Auf Der Maur.
- (2) On *Behind the Music*, she'll talk about how she cheated on you with the Strokes.
- (3) She has her own van.
- (4) Your friends ask you which Donna she is.
- (5) You get to describe her music as "about, like . . . stuff."
- (6) You awake to the smell of vintage clothes.
- (7) She'll get your name tattooed on her thigh—right under the names of her last three boyfriends.
- (8) She's not above going cowboy.
- (9) Two words: clit ring.
- (10) If her guitar licks ore any indication, you're in for a hell of a blow job.



Sahara
Hotnights'
Maria
Andersson.

DALE'S TOP CDS FOR DRIVING

- 1. Pink Floyd—*The Wall*.** Anyone who doesn't like Pink Floyd should get out of the car.
- 2. Third Eye Blind—*Third Eye Blind*.** It's great from start to finish.
- 3. Tim McGraw—*Greatest Hits*.** I can't decide why I listen to this—because of the music or because he's married to Faith Hill.
- 4. Flaming Lips—*Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*.** Driving gets your mind going, and this puts you into memory overdrive.
- 5. Foo Fighters—*The Color and the Shape*.** It packs a punch.
- 6. Three Doors Down—*The Better Life*.** They have a blue-collar style that fits in with racing.
- 7. Ludacris—*Back for the First Time*.** Luda trips me out. This makes you want to dump the clutch at every light.
- 8. Sheryl Crow—*Tuesday Night Music Club*.** There is nothing sexier than Sheryl asking if you're strong enough to be her man.



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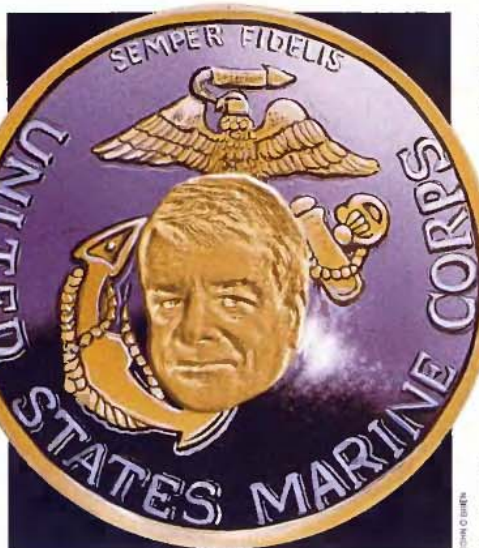
By ASA BABER

A MAN HAS to know when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em, and I am now in a folding phase of my career. The cards have been dealt and I've played a good hand. But the time has come for me to pull up stakes and move on from this rewarding assignment (the best job a writer of my temperament could ever hope to have) and concentrate on other things—like writing a book about what's happening to me.

This is the last *Men* column you will read under my authorship. I offer it to you in the spirit of friendship and gratitude and without an ounce of self-pity. Because this is a success story. I have had an outstanding run with this column for the past 21 years, and I hereby celebrate the things that made it possible—especially the support and guidance of my editor, Arthur Kretchmer, and the overwhelmingly favorable response I received from my readers. I assure you I have not been fired and am not resigning in a snit. This decision is mine alone, arrived at after much thought and based on the conditions of my life.

As I told you in my June 2002 column ("Lou Gehrig and Me"), I am dealing with a disease called amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, an illness that is slowly paralyzing me, as certain nerve cells die and my muscles atrophy from lack of use. Right now my legs are almost useless, and I will probably lose the function of my hands and arms in the near future. There will be myriad medical problems. Then, toward the end, as the muscles in my diaphragm decay, I will lose the ability to breathe. The bottom line is that I may not be physically able to write much longer, so time is critical. (ALS is currently considered an incurable disease, but this won't be the case forever; medical research will find a cure, and it could happen soon, so I wish good luck to my ALS companions. There will be better days ahead.) As you can imagine, it takes a lot of time and energy to complete the simplest tasks, and that complicates my world. On good days I can focus on my work. On bad days I may not be able to write a word. Since I'm a realist, I recognize my need to bow out of the column before I start handing in copy that isn't meaningful to me. I have never done that in my career, and I don't intend to start now. (One advantage of having a terminal illness is that you learn to sort through your priorities ruthlessly and determine what you want to accomplish in the time you have left.)

There is another reason I am retiring, and this one is personal: I simply do not have a lot more to say about men and women and the gender wars. When I



MY LAST MEN COLUMN

started this column in 1982, the feminist movement was in full flower and masculinity was being trashed as an evil and unacceptable form of life by feminists (both female and male). In the mainstream media and on college campuses, regular guys were receiving negative and prejudiced reviews. This magazine was often cited by both radical liberals and radical conservatives as an example of rampant sexism, and vigorous male sexuality was targeted for mockery and scorn. (Echoes of those war cries can still be heard, but they are nothing like the previous incantations. The so-called women's movement has split into factions across the political spectrum, which is a healthy thing.)

By my assessment, I did a good job covering the sexual revolution from a male perspective over the past two decades. My mission was clear and I fulfilled it. All of my published writing (fiction, nonfiction and essays) has been about common men, their victories and defeats, the forces that shape them from childhood through adulthood and the difficulties they have dealing with a culture that doesn't always view them with empathy. In addition, almost all of my writing since the late Sixties has appeared exclusively in this magazine, which means I have been flapping my punk Irish lips about these subjects to this readership for a long time.

My first publication in *PLAYBOY* was a short story called *Revelations*, which appeared in October 1969. It's about a moving man who hauls freight and furniture around the country and ends up in a bad place after too many hours on the road and too many stimulants in his

system. It came straight out of my life and it set the focus for my work. I knew then I had to write about regular guys and I had to employ a direct and simple voice, blunt and unsophisticated by academic standards.

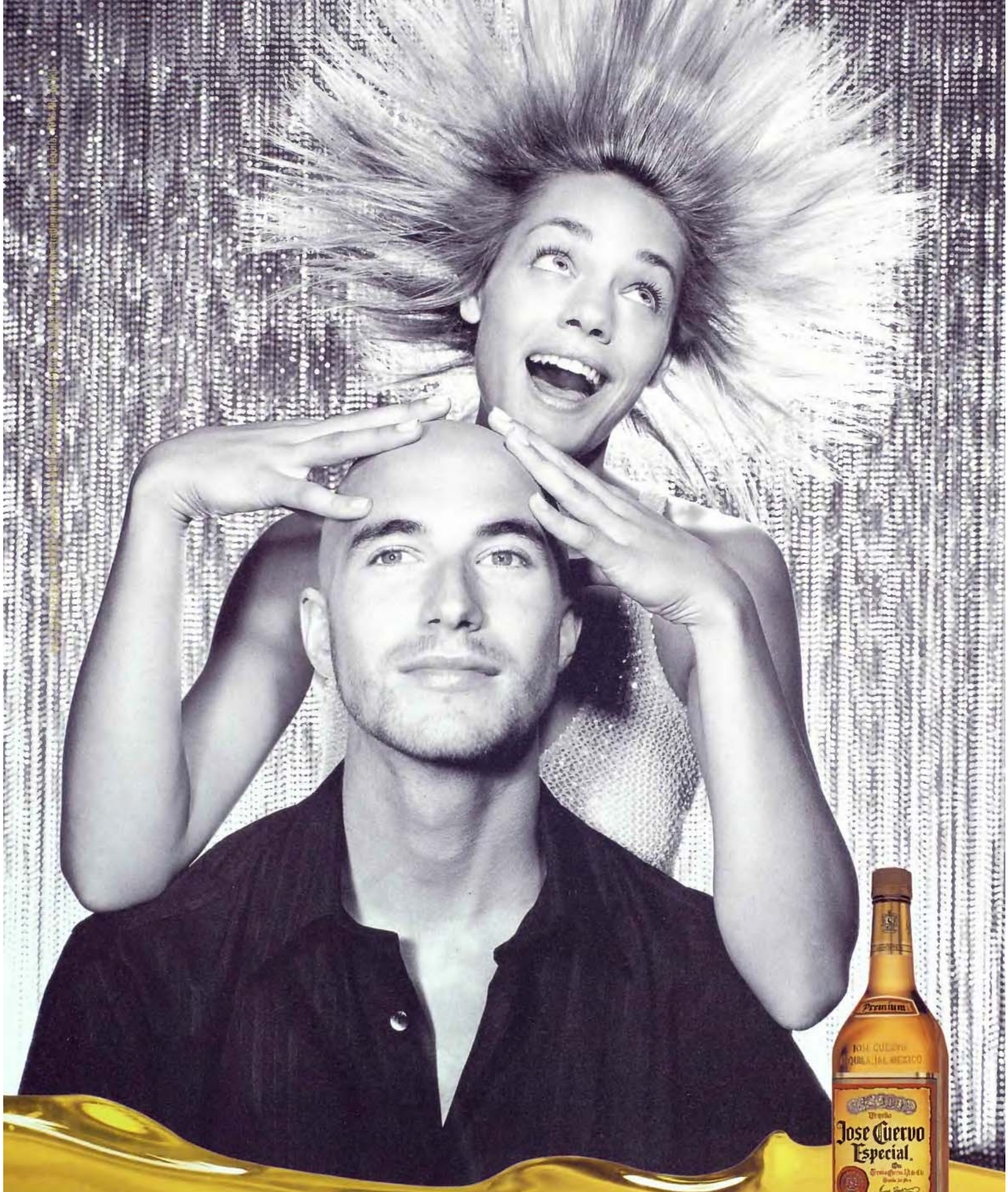
(FYI, I have never seen myself as a writer in the conventional sense of the word. I do not produce volumes of work, I do not hang around with other writers and I never discuss literature with anybody. In short, I'm a maverick, and that is both my strength and my weakness. By avoiding literary politics and academic debates, I have shaped my work on my terms, without catering to tastemakers and power brokers. At the same time, my independent thought has made those same people wary of me. They can tell I'm a renegade who will say what he has to say, regardless of their disapproval, making me an unfit product for polite discussions.)

These, then, are the fundamental facts and themes of my checkered career. I spoke up for men before it was fashionable. I am proud I did so, and I accepted the terms that came with the job. However, since this is my last column, let me move toward the territory I will be writing about next. I hesitate to mention it, because it may seem inappropriate for my readers. But you have traveled with me through many climates and reassured me that you enjoyed the voyage, so here goes: What we really need to do as men is admit that death scares the shit out of us, and we will do almost anything to avoid thinking about it or preparing for it. We will drink to distraction, fornicate to exhaustion, eat to satiation and pursue money and power and popularity like truckers on speed, all to create the illusion we are immortal, that death cannot touch us, that we are just too damned busy and clever and self-absorbed to allow it to interrupt us.

But I am here to urge you to be a little more brave, a tad more courageous and self-controlled, and to take some private time to contemplate the mysteries of the universe and ask yourself how you plan to spend whatever time you have left. How can you avoid wasting your life? And how can you find the maturity to ask the deepest metaphysical questions about the nature of life and death—without distracting yourself immediately and taking a nice nap to forget it all?

Don't worry about me, amigos. Without joining any religious establishment, I have come to a solid understanding of what's ahead for me, and it will all be good at the end. I thank you for your support and attention, and I say, not lightly or cynically, "*Vaya con Dios, compadres.*" It has been a privilege writing for you.





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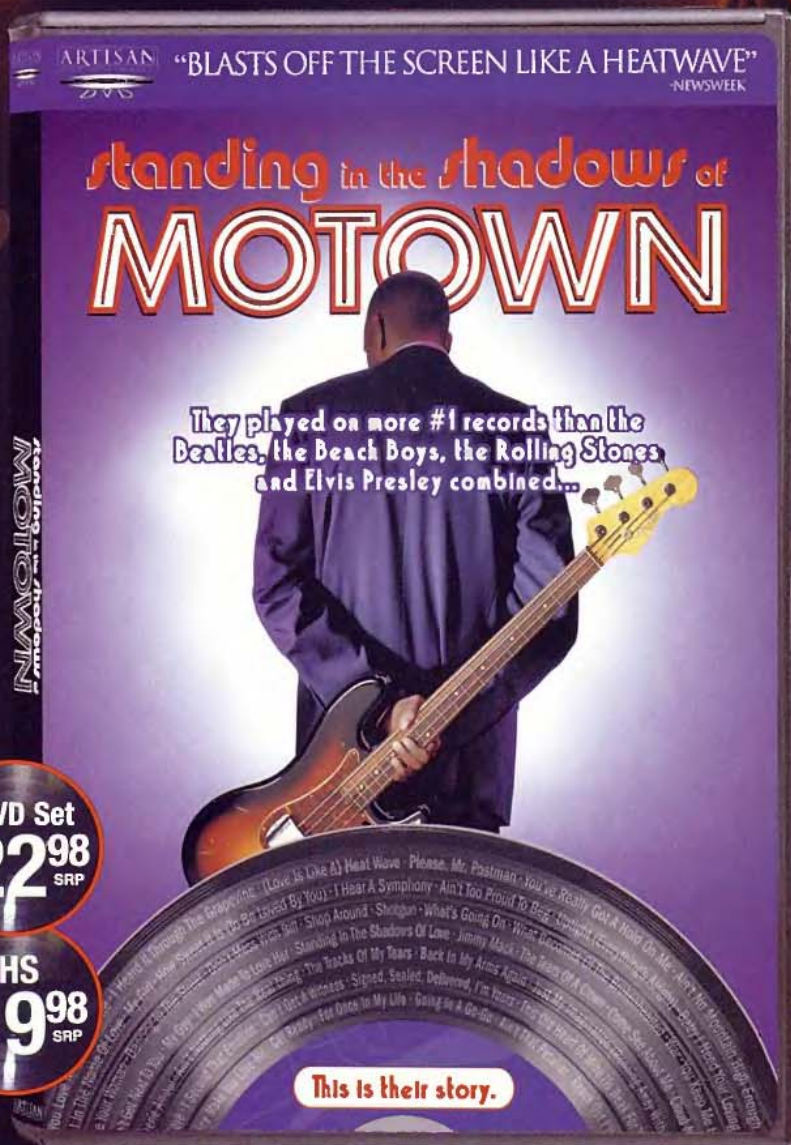
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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Turbo on Board

Who cares if the hood scoop and trunk spoiler say "Ticket me, officer." Where's the nearest winding road?

Subaru's World Rally team inspired the new Impreza WRX STi and, for once, we didn't get a neutered version of the model offered in Europe and Asia. In fact, the STi's 2.5-liter turbocharged power plant (that's 300 hp) is exclusive to North America. Standard equipment includes all-wheel drive, sporty suspension, oversize analog gauges, 17-inch wheels and a six-speed transmission with a leather-covered shifter knob. A stereo system is optional.

Price: Around \$30,000—which should leave you enough extra cash to bribe a state trooper.



HOW TO MAKE GREAT FRENCH FRIES

- ① PREHEAT OVEN TO 450 DEGREES.
- ② CUT BAKING POTATOES LENGTHWISE INTO QUARTER-INCH-WIDE STRIPS. SOME PEOPLE PREFER TO LEAVE THE SKINS ON. IF SO, SCRUB THE OUTSIDE OF THE POTATOES BEFORE SLICING.
- ③ TOSS STRIPS IN A LARGE BOWL WITH A FEW TABLESPOONS OF OLIVE OIL AND COARSE SALT.
- ④ SPREAD POTATOES IN ONE LAYER ON A COOKIE SHEET.
- ⑤ BAKE IN OVEN FOR 20 TO 25 MINUTES UNTIL LIGHTLY BROWNED, TURNING POTATOES OCCASIONALLY WITH A SPATULA.
- ⑥ SERVE ON A PLATTER LINED WITH PAPER TOWELS.



On the Edge

Anybody can buy a sharp-looking kitchen. It's the sleek accessories that call for some thought. Instead of just dumping your knives in a drawer (eventually you'll get bit reaching in there), invest in Mundial's new Future Collection—four seamless high-carbon stainless-steel knives proudly housed in a lacquered-wood and acrylic block. Blade sizes include a four-incher for paring, a six-inch utility and two eight-inches. That's all you need, unless you're tassing brontasaurus T-banes on the grill.

Price: \$144 for the set.

MANTRACK



Smells Like Summer

While you're breaking out your warm-weather wardrobe, we say it's time to try some new summer scents. Grapefruit, plum, apple, cinnamon and rum sound like ingredients for a Caribbean cocktail. They also make up the blend of whiffs in Lacoste's new Pour Homme eau de toilette (\$39). Another tropical scent, Kouros Cologne Sport by Yves Saint Laurent, includes hints of bergamot, tangerine, jasmine and cedar (\$44), while the equally mysterious Tsar aftershave, by Van Cleef and Arpels, combines lavender, sandalwood, cinnamon and patchouli (\$40). Feeling lucky? Grain de Plaisir by Maître Parfumeur et Gontier is the first men's fragrance to contain the aphrodisiac celery grains (\$90). Kenneth Cole New York Men eau de toilette combines lavender and spices and is as sophisticated as the city it's named after (\$55). We like Hugo Boss's Boss in Motion's spherical bottle as much as the scent (\$37). Himalaya by Creed is an exotic sandalwood-and-cedarwood fragrance (\$178).

BLT to Last

Anybody who doesn't love a BLT can leave the room. The classic sandwich, of course, is made with bacon, white bread, iceberg lettuce, a tomato, mayo, salt and

pepper. Wars are still waged over whether you toast the bread or not. A stand at Pike Place Market in Seattle creatively alters the blueprint to engineer a BSLT (the S is for salmon). That's only one of 60 recipes in Michele Anna Jordan's *The BLT Cookbook*, a \$14.95 William Morrow hardcover that also includes plenty of BLT lore. What do you drink with a BLT?

Jordan suggests Beaujolais, cold dry rosés

and Rhône-style reds from California, and Laphroaig scotch from Islay, on island in the Inner Hebrides. With its "hints of salt, smoke, seaweed, leather, tobacco and fat, Laphroaig is not unlike bacon in a glass."



Clothesline: George Lopez

The star of ABC's creatively titled sitcom George Lopez has two different looks. "When I do stand-up, I always wear a suit. It came from my attempt to change the image of Latino people. If I showed up in jeans and a T-shirt, people would think I came from work. When I first started, I'd go to a clothing shop on Hollywood Boulevard, a storefront where they sold silk suits with two pants. Now I only wear Hugo Boss. Offstage, I wear jeans with my ass falling out. But I always have nice shoes. You might be able to see my balls, but I've still got my Prada loafers on."

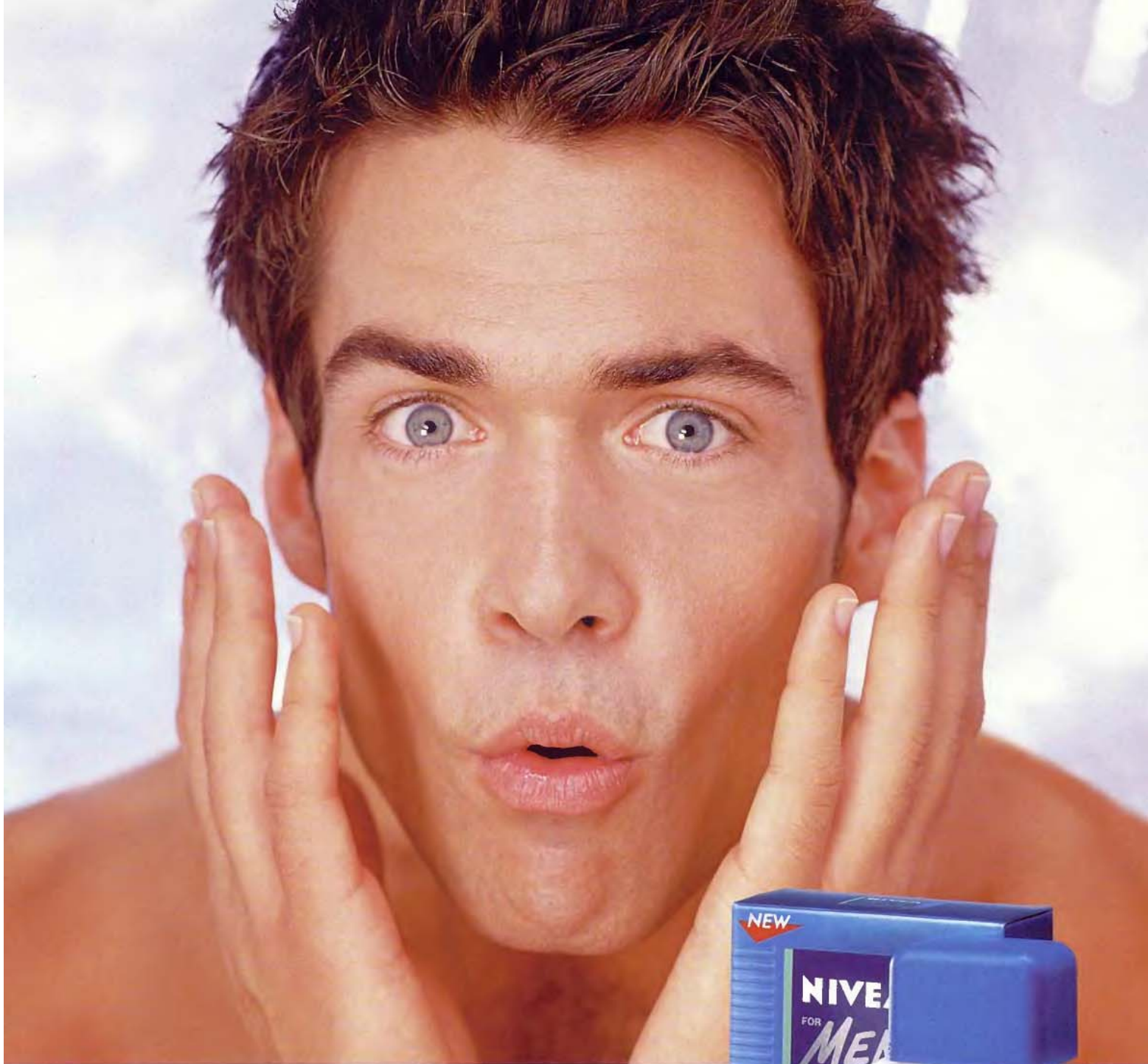


The Perfect Time . . .

- **To schedule an operation.** Midweek, in the fall. Forget about Fridays, when staffing levels are thinner. Also, doctors are unlikely to be around on the weekend if complications develop. Avoid Mondays, too, because your procedure is more likely to get bumped or canceled by a weekend emergency. Seasonal timing also matters: Medical residents, the least experienced doctors, start work in early July, and senior staff physicians frequently vacation in the summer. So don't go under the knife until the pros are back and the residents have settled in.
- **To visit a tropical island resort.** Within a few weeks after a hurricane. Resort hotels are built to withstand hurricanes and quickly repair any damage. But tourists are easily scared off by a storm, forcing resorts to slash rates to lure them back. Pay attention to weather news and you can scoop up a fantastic vacation deal during hurricane season, June through November.
- **To get a haircut.** Tuesday or Wednesday. Guys preening in anticipation of the weekend crowd into the barbershops on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158



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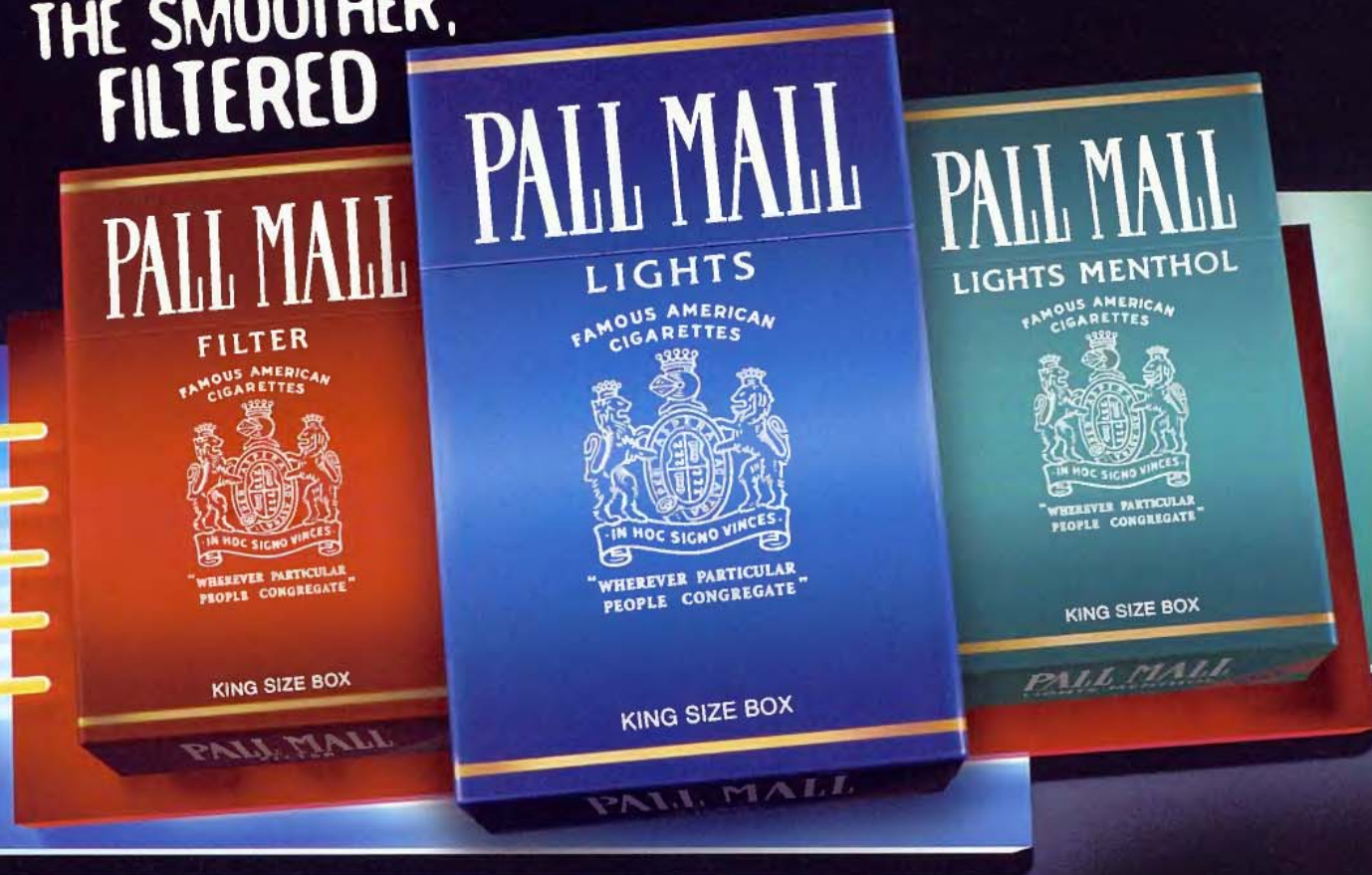
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The Playboy Advisor

My girlfriend insists that I answer my cell phone whenever she calls. For her, it's a tracking device. Sometimes I can't answer, or I turn off the ringer. But no matter what reason I give for sending her to voicemail, she assumes I'm with someone else. What does the Advisor think? —D.P., Austin, Texas

How does answering her call prove you're not with someone? This disagreement may seem trivial, but it reflects a serious lack of trust. Our guess is that you'll disconnect.

Has any research been done on whether cracking your knuckles causes arthritis? I've been doing it a dozen times a day for 30 years but haven't had any problems. —T.C., Tallahassee, Florida

There's no evidence it leads to arthritis, but it may harm ligaments. A study of 74 habitual knuckle-crackers found they had less grip strength and more hand swelling. However, the ability to crack could be a symptom of existing damage rather than its cause. The sound is actually the popping of a carbon dioxide bubble that forms in the joint when it's pulled out of position. We know this because of an experiment in 1971 by the Bioengineering Group for the Study of Human Joints at the University of Leeds. The team glued a ring to the right middle finger of each of 17 volunteers, attached twine (so it could be tugged to create a crack) and had the subjects place their hands under an X-ray machine. It found that the carbon dioxide, which is released from the fluid that lubricates the joint, takes about 20 minutes to be reabsorbed, which is why you can't crack your knuckles in succession. That's nature's way of keeping the rest of us sane.

In her book *Five Minutes to Orgasm*, D. Claire Hutchins writes that "most women can achieve orgasm in three to five minutes while masturbating. And this is starting cold, before fantasy or stimulation begins." It takes me at least 15 minutes to come, and then only with intense concentration. Are her numbers real? —W.S., Appleton, Wisconsin

*Hutchins took her figures from a survey conducted by Alfred Kinsey in the Fifties of about 1900 women who said they had masturbated at least once. Seventy percent of the women reported that they climaxed within five minutes. However, it's not clear that each "started cold," and later research in a sex lab found the average closer to 20 minutes (the fastest orgasm took 15 seconds, but many women needed an hour or more). We asked Betty Dodson, author of *Sex for One*, what she thought of the race to climax. "What's the goddamn hurry?" she said. "The longer we spend getting there, the more pleasurable the orgasms will be. When I'm working with a woman who is learning to*



come, I may have her masturbate for two hours." In other words, coming fast isn't a skill, but coming slow can be.

Why do men save every PLAYBOY for years on end? My husband stores each issue in plastic but has never gone back to "reference" anything. He can't explain his need to keep them. Can you? —R.C., Chicago, Illinois

Your husband is planning ahead. Someday civilization will collapse. Cities will burn. Roaming packs of angry delinquents will pound on your boarded-up doors. As they break through, your husband will hold up a pristine copy of PLAYBOY and say, "Look here, boys." Friendships will form amid the chaos, leading to a new and better society. By the way, why do you keep all those shoes?

You did a disservice in March with your flippant response to the question "Guys get blue balls. What do girls get?" You said, "They get laid." A woman's genitals become engorged with blood during arousal. If that blood isn't released back into the body by orgasm, the woman feels the same swelling, pressure and discomfort that a man would. —D.S., Pullman, Washington

You're right. Women can get frustrated to the point of painful vasocongestion, but it's reported far less often. That's why it doesn't have its own slang. When a woman has the equivalent of blue balls, her inner labia may double in size and burn bright or deep red, depending on whether she's given birth.

My human sexuality professor at Arizona State calls the female equivalent of blue balls "violet vulva." It's actually

known as protracted resolution, because the genitals return to their unaroused state without orgasm prior to the resolution stage. —D.S., Chandler, Arizona

Never heard that before. Most guys live in a state of protracted resolution.

Im a 28-year-old married bisexual woman. I laughed at your blue balls remark because it assumes that women can get sex whenever they want. As any woman can tell you, that isn't true—especially if you're dating another woman. —S.J., San Francisco, California

You're married, bisexual and female and still get frustrated? What does it take?

The Nevada Gaming Control Board website notes that last year casinos kept 2.9 percent of the money wagered on professional baseball. That's lower than any other sport (the house kept 5.9 percent of the money bet on basketball and 4.7 percent on football). What is it about baseball that makes it less profitable for casinos? Are the bettors smarter or the oddsmakers dumber? —A.K., San Francisco, California

The oddsmakers are never dumber. Relatively few people bet on baseball. That creates intense competition among the casinos, especially since baseball is the only major league sport played for most of the summer. So while football has a 20-cent line, baseball has traditionally been a dime. A few casinos have edged that up to 15 cents; some online bookies have dropped it to five.

My girlfriend first sat on my face, then arched her back and gave me head. Does this position have a name? —K.R., Telluride, Colorado

It's a yoga move called the chakra-asucka.

Whenver I tan nude at the salon, I feel the need to cover my penis. Is my package in any danger from the ultraviolet rays if I don't cover it? —B.G., Evansville, Indiana

They won't boil your sperm, if that's what you mean. Because your penis and testicles haven't been dangling in sunlight, they'll be more sensitive. Ease them into the rotation.

The other morning I was awakened by a gentle rocking of the bed. I looked over at my wife, whose eyes were closed and lips slightly parted. I could see her hand under the blanket moving in tight circles over her crotch. As she reached orgasm, she emitted a long, slow sigh and fell back to sleep. I'm 79 years old and my wife is 78, and this is the first time in 59 years of marriage I have caught her masturbating. Does it have anything to do with our sex life (I thought it was

satisfactory for both of us)? How should I react if I discover her pleasuring herself again? What do you think of a 78-year-old woman who touches herself?—C.B., Redondo Beach, California

We think she's a keeper. Masturbation is healthy at any age, and it usually doesn't indicate anything more than a horny spouse. Partner sex is great, but sometimes it's OK to enjoy a quick stroke. There's no need to bring it up, but if the bed moves again, offer to lend a hand.

A friend told me how to get a free visit to the cockpit during a flight. He says I should write "fast, neat, average" on a piece of paper and ask an attendant to give it to the pilot. Is he putting me on?—H.T., Anaheim, California

No one is visiting the cockpit these days. "Fast, neat, average" is a standard response on a dining hall comment card given to cadets at the Air Force Academy. The idea is that the pilot will recognize the note as being from a cadet or grad and invite him or her up front. That was before September 11. Earlier this year, a passenger waiting to take off in Washington handed an attendant a napkin with the code on it, saying it was for the pilot. The pilot, who had no military experience, didn't know what to make of it. He returned the plane to the gate. The passenger, who was detained, said he learned the trick from a neighbor who is a cadet.

After my girlfriend dumped me, I had a heavy feeling in my chest. I feel better now, but I wondered: Is heartache a psychological or physiological response?—D.K., Homestead, Florida

It's a bit of both. A doctor might say you were suffering from psychosomatic symptoms, or that you "somaticized" your grief—your body reacted to the emotional stress. This may not be much solace, but the most productive periods of our lives have been between girlfriends.

Let's say I pay a woman to let me suck her toes. Can I get into trouble with the law?—M.L., East Chicago, Illinois

As long as she removes only her socks, we'd call it a massage. It would help your defense if you didn't climax.

I've been served white wine in a chilled glass—complete with condensation—at several restaurants. Is that how white wine is supposed to be served?—E.B., San Diego, California

Most restaurants overchill white wine; there should never be condensation on the glass. Even when it's served properly, we cup the glass for a minute or two to allow the wine to find its full expression.

The other day one of my girlfriends, who is also dating a married guy, asked me, "Hypothetically, would you date me exclusively if I kept sleeping with my married friend?" I said no way, then asked her, "If we got married, would you

still see your married friend?" She said yes. Is this woman so in love with the guy that she can't break away, even with the promise of a steady relationship? I think he's the love of her life, but she says she wouldn't be with me if that were the case.—P.D., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

She's holding out hope. You shouldn't.

Whenver I finger my girlfriend and sniff my fingers, I smell a foul odor. It isn't horrible, but it sure isn't great. Is there a way to decrease the smell?—V.T., Tucson, Arizona

Yes. Don't sniff your fingers. Every woman smells different, and some could use more soap, but we'd describe the odor as pleasantly musky. Your girlfriend may have vaginitis, but usually that produces itching, burning, a discharge and an odor that you would recognize as unquestionably bad. If you're concerned, tell her, "You know I love how you taste, but lately I've noticed it's different. I want to make sure you're OK." You may be the best friend her pussy's ever had.

I met my husband's new boss at the company picnic. He looked familiar. Then I realized why: We had a one-night stand before I met my husband. Should I tell my husband before he finds out some other way?—L.R., Pasadena, California

No. He won't find out another way.

A reader recently claimed his wife had secretly collected his sperm in used condoms and impregnated her friends. I've practiced domestic relations law for 25 years and the best true story I've heard is this: A couple in the front seat of a parked car had sex. The couple in the backseat wanted to do it, so they asked the guy in the front if he had a condom. He didn't, so he handed back his used one. Nine months later the girl who sat in the back had a baby. DNA tests showed the infant was not the child of her date. After much discussion, the man who donated the condom was tested and found to be the father. It's not close enough to Christmas to go into our virgin birth, but we had one of those too, and dad is now paying.—S.R., Chicago, Illinois

Good story, but couldn't the front-seat guy and the backseat woman have been having an affair? That seems more likely.

My girlfriend's past sexual experiences turn me on. She recalls everything for me in detail. The problem is, that's all I want her to talk about, whether we're on the phone, riding in the car, in bed, anywhere. I masturbate to her stories, and when we have sex I ask her to call me by the names of her ex-boyfriends—in particular the one she liked best. Is there a name for this condition, and where can I get help?—A.C., Boston, Massachusetts

We suspect you wrote because your girlfriend is beyond annoyed, especially if you're dating Monica Lewinsky. She has reason to be upset—she's doing all the work. Take a

minute and find out what turns your girlfriend on. She may want to pretend she's fucking you. But she also may be more receptive to your fixation if you dilute it with general role-playing. Ex-boyfriend is just a character, after all, as are cop, student, doctor and quarterback.

My wife and I have found a way to avoid the marriage penalty: We got divorced. We still live together, love each other and are raising our kids together. We don't plan to tell our families or friends. Do many couples do this?—S.B., Detroit, Michigan

As you know, joint filers with similar incomes often pay more income tax than they would as singles. That prompts many couples not to marry and others to get paper divorces, a practice that the IRS discourages but which doesn't appear to be illegal. Thank Angie and David Boyter for paving the way. They divorced in November 1975 (your filing status is determined by whether you're married on December 31), remarried in January 1976, divorced in November 1976 and remarried in January 1977 before the IRS told them to knock it off. They split one last time in November 1977 and remain separate but together to this day. "Anyone considering a tax divorce would be foolish not to establish powers of attorney and a carefully drawn will and maybe a retitling of real estate," says Angie Boyter, who someday hopes to remarry her ex. "There may be inheritance-tax issues, because you aren't eligible for a spousal exemption. There also may be complications in states that recognize common-law marriages." The penalty is scheduled to be reduced in coming years.

This past February PLAYBOY quoted a college sex advice columnist who said, "All a guy has to do is grunt, give a body shudder or throw on a porn-star face and he can fool his partner." Her point was that men don't have to work as hard as women to fake an orgasm. That's true for the most part, but there is a sure way to tell if a guy is coming. As one of my girlfriends and I were having sex, she asked, "Ever heard of Lucky Pierre?" Before I could respond, she slid a lubed finger up my ass. As I ejaculated she nibbled my ear in time with the contractions in my sphincter. There was no way that I could have faked that. Anybody care to validate this?—A.A., Santa Ana, California

Sure. What's her number?

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 our website at playboyadvisor.com.



GOODNIGHT GUN

children's book authors tackle firearms

By DANIEL RADOSH

Goodnight kittens and goodnight mittens. Goodnight room and goodnight moon. Goodnight Beretta 92 FS double-action semiautomatic with 15-round capacity and delayed-blowback recoil.

Everyone knows children and guns don't mix. Bolstered by the modern parent's certainty that there's nothing children can learn from real life that can't be taught better by a didactic storybook, there's a new genre of kid lit to drive the message home.

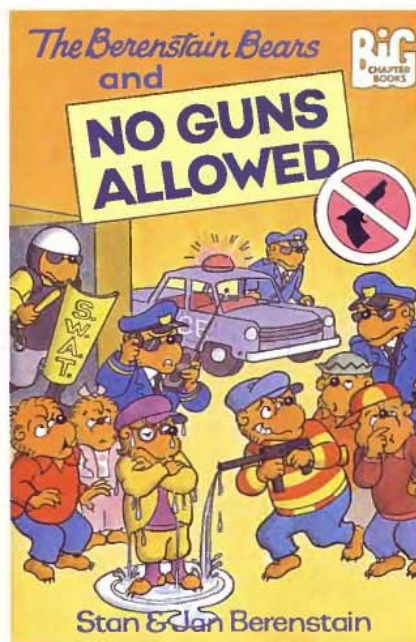
While most of the books are by gun control advocates, the National Rifle Association gets into the act with the Second Amendment antics of its mascot, Eddie Eagle. In *The Attic Secret*, Eddie peeks into windows to see if anybody has left guns lying about. (Imagine how Charlton Heston would feel if the government tried a stunt like that.) Sure enough, a group of children are poking around Granny's attic when they find an old rifle. Before they can touch the improperly stored firearm, Eddie bursts in—and is promptly blown away by a responsible citizen protecting his home. Well, not really, but if that did happen, you can bet the NRA would defend the shooter.

Instead, Eddie delivers a stern lecture: "Don't touch it. Then don't stay around. Leave the area. Tell an adult what you've found." Party pooper. Granny returns the rifle to its proper place—alongside two gleaming guns in a living-room display cabinet. There's a padlock on the case; still, this is not the happy ending you'll find in any of the children's books not published by the NRA.

One of those books, *Dana Doesn't Like Guns Anymore*, tells the story of a boy and his bird friend Meadowlark. Dana loves his feathered companion but wishes he could sometimes play cops-and-robbers with his human friends. "Dana could not have a toy gun because his mom and dad said that guns only hurt people and animals." Eventually Dana rebels against his crypto-fascist parents by squeezing

off a few rounds with his friend's BB gun, accidentally nailing Meadowlark. This is a tale with two unintentional morals: (1) Parents should let kids play with toy guns or they'll end up using real ones; and (2) a boy will play with guns even if you give him a girl's name.

The Berenstain Bears and No Guns Allowed is part of a series of social-issues



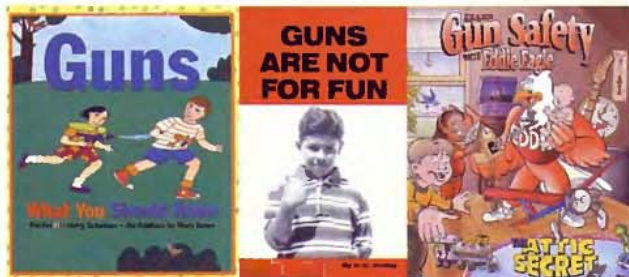
books that includes *The Berenstain Bears and the Drug Free Zone*. Written in the aftermath of the Columbine shootings, *No Guns Allowed* addresses not just guns but also "the culture of violence," because kids clearly need to learn about safety—and sociological jargon. Still, the book is astute enough to give fair hearings to differing views and to challenge simplistic solutions. When one teacher suggests removing "all violent literature

from the library," another replies, "That would mean getting rid of such great authors as William Shakesbear and Robert Grizzly Stevenson." Of course, the most disturbing premise of this book—bears with guns—is never explored. Would it be all right if guns were available only to hunter bears for shooting humans?

Other kids' gun books have special moments, too. *Guns: What You Should Know* includes illustrations of the innards of a handgun and gleeful children racing a bullet. *Guns Are Not for Fun* offers a lesson in the danger of mixing firearms with bad poetry. "A bullet would burn a hurting hole right through your flesh/And turn your muscles and organs into a big mess!" Later: "Never ever again a soft puppy to feel/Just because you played with a gun that was real."

The strangest book of all is *The Stray Bullet*. While other authors have been informed by the latest pedagogical research—rendering their work tedious and predictable—the creator of *The Stray Bullet* claims she was inspired by her fright upon seeing two boys aiming what turned out to be water pistols at each other. The author's insight from this scene: Teach kids not about how they can get hurt by a bullet but about how sad the bullet feels when a pull of the trigger forces her to leave her home inside the gun. In this watercolor book, the bullet let loose into the air decides to save her own life, and that of whoever she is destined to hit, by simply refusing to land. Joyful again, she flies through a planet populated by hippies in T-shirts with slogans such as "The smart in you is the art in you." After a while these people seem so smug in their feel-good spirituality that you begin to wish the stray bullet would change her mind.

But no, she flies on, even fantasizing about the life she could have had (bullet wedding, baby bullets) had the gun not been fired. *The Stray Bullet* ends with empty pages where children can add their own illustrations. Inspired, I drew a Glock.





IN GOD

the prevailing beliefs about sex from the

Buddhism

MASTURBATION: A Buddhist precept exhorts believers to "refrain from committing sexual misconduct," which is defined as not causing harm to yourself or others. So masturbation is not a problem for most Buddhists, though some believe that sex distracts from the quest for enlightenment. They cite Buddha's First Sermon, in which he called the pursuit of sensual pleasure "vulgar, coarse, ignoble and unbeneficial."

PREMARITAL SEX: One scholar argues that Buddha encouraged celibacy only because he wanted to stem the birthrate so followers would have time for spiritual pursuits. The Tantric school, which many see as a corruption (and which also arose in Hinduism), emphasizes sex as a tool for enlightenment. One early Tantric leader said, "Buddhism is in the female generative organs."

INFIDELITY: Adultery is prohibited, as it harms another.

CONTRACEPTION: One feminist scholar has commented that Buddhist reproductive health education would emphasize "wholesome living, mindfulness, compassion for all sentient beings and the wisdom to make sensible decisions."

ABORTION: The first precept of Buddhism is "not to kill, not to let others kill and not to condone any act of killing in the world." However, there may be situations in which a Buddhist could justify abortion, such as if it would prevent the suffering of a severely handicapped child.

HOMOSEXUALITY: Most Buddhists aren't hung up on the topic. However, there is controversy about whether the Buddha allowed gays to be among his followers. The Dalai Lama caused a ruckus during a visit to San Francisco when he declared that gay and lesbian sex "is generally considered sexual misconduct."

CLERGY: Most but not all monks and nuns are celibate. Centuries ago, Tibetan monks made crude sex toys.

Hinduism

MASTURBATION: Rather than condemn masturbation, the *Kama Sutra* explains how best to do it: "Churn your instrument with a lion's pounce: Sit with legs stretched out at right angles to one another, propping yourself up with your two hands planted on the ground between them, and rub it between your arms."

PREMARITAL SEX: Many Hindus believe that teenagers and young adults should be celibate while they are students.

INFIDELITY: Bad karma.

CONTRACEPTION: The earliest scriptures in Hinduism, the Vedas, include references to birth control, and India was the first nation to develop a population-control plan founded on artificial contraception. But some Hindus believe the procedure interferes with reincarnation by interrupting "nature's arrangement to provide a soul with a new body."

ABORTION: Hindus believe that life begins at conception, and most oppose the procedure. However, because of its practical use as birth control, abortion has been legal in India since 1971.

HOMOSEXUALITY: It's generally accepted, though ancient writers cautioned that men who had sex with other men would be reincarnated sterile, or in a lower caste. A section of the *Kama Sutra* focuses on gay men, known as "the third sex." It also mentions women who have sex with other women (usually because they can't find men) and advises them on which vegetables are useful as dildos.

CLERGY: Conservative Hindus believe celibacy is necessary among the devout to convert sexual energy (*retas*) into spiritual energy (*tejas*). Rather than dissipating into the world, the sexual energy of the celibate is redirected up his spine, where it activates his higher chakras. For decades after Gandhi took his vow of chastity, he had virgins or young brides sleep nude with him to "test his resolve."

Islam

MASTURBATION: Known as *istimna*, the practice is forbidden. The cure is marriage.

PREMARITAL SEX: "What Islam fears most in unregulated sexuality is its ability to cause social chaos," says one scholar. In response, Muslim cultures often segregate men and women. Female genital mutilation shortly before puberty is also common in many countries, although the women who perform the operation sometimes can be persuaded to "leave some fire for the husband." Muslim men are encouraged to marry as soon as possible. If a man cannot find a wife, he may benefit from a clergy-sanctioned "temporary marriage," which allows him to be wed (often to a prostitute) for as little as an hour. For a man found guilty of fornication, the most severe application of Islamic law calls for him to be whipped 100 times.

INFIDELITY: Some conservative cultures punish adultery with stoning, although by one interpretation the Koran calls only for flogging. Unless the couple is caught in the act or confesses, the charge is a difficult one to prove—it requires at least four witnesses.

CONTRACEPTION: Coitus interruptus was practiced as birth control during the time of Muhammad. Many Muslims believe that modern contraceptives are the equivalent and therefore are permitted.

ABORTION: The Koran states, "Kill not your children for fear of want; it is we who provide sustenance for them as well as for you." Some Muslims believe the verse refers to a fetus only once it resembles a child.

HOMOSEXUALITY: Many Muslims believe homosexuality indicates weak character, sexual permissiveness and inadequate religious instruction. Most of the shame is directed at the passive partner.

CLERGY: Chastity is discouraged. Men are encouraged to marry and produce children.

WE LUST

world's major religions By JOHN D. THOMAS



Christianity

MASTURBATION: St. Thomas Aquinas thought that touching yourself was more heinous than mating with your mother, because at least the latter abomination could lead to conception. The traditional source for this belief—the story of Onan from the Book of Genesis—is commonly misinterpreted. Onan had been instructed by God to impregnate the widow of his brother. Instead, he spilled his seed. Most theologians agree that Onan's sin was not masturbation but defiance of God.

PREMARITAL SEX: According to the Catholic Catechism: "Fornication is gravely contrary to the dignity of persons and of human sexuality, which is naturally ordered to the good of spouses and the generation and education of children."

INFIDELITY: Forbidden but forgivable. In a story from the New Testament, a crowd brings a woman accused of adultery to Jesus. He says, "Let he who is without sin throw the first stone." He says to the woman, "Go, and sin no more."

CONTRACEPTION: The Catholic Church prohibits artificial contraception, but other denominations aren't as strict. In 1951 Pope Pius XII said it was OK for married couples to use the rhythm method.

ABORTION: Many Christians believe that abortion violates the biblical law against killing. In 1974 the Catholic Church decreed that life begins at conception.

HOMOSEXUALITY: Many Christians condemn homosexuality as a sin. But according to a 1997 pastoral letter by U.S. Catholic bishops: "Homosexual orientation is experienced as a given, not as something freely chosen. By itself, therefore, a homosexual orientation cannot be considered sinful, for morality presumes the freedom to choose."

CLERGY: The Catholic Church is unique among denominations in requiring chastity from its leadership.

Judaism

MASTURBATION: Some rabbis condemn masturbation as wasteful of the seed (see Contraception, below). For the most part, there is little embarrassment attached to sex. One scholar points out that Leviticus, which is filled with instructions about prohibited sexual activities, is the book traditionally chosen to begin teaching biblical Hebrew to children.

PREMARITAL SEX: Most Jews view sex as an act reserved for a husband and wife. However, one liberal rabbi says she believes that "mutually respectful relationships for the purpose of intimacy and pleasure are within the Jewish tradition."

INFIDELITY: The bonds of marriage are sacred, so adultery is out.

CONTRACEPTION: Some conservative rabbis advise against the use of condoms because it is forbidden to spill one's seed (*hashchatat zera*). But more-liberal teachers believe that if a couple cannot afford to have children, contraceptives are acceptable. Forms of contraception that do not involve spilling semen, such as the pill or diaphragm, are not a problem. The consensus on condoms is changing because of their effectiveness in preventing STDs.

ABORTION: Most Jews believe that life begins at birth. However, most condemn abortion as a casual method of birth control.

HOMOSEXUALITY: This is one of the more controversial issues in Judaism. Most orthodox Jews condemn homosexual acts and reject the idea of gay rabbis, based on the admonition in Leviticus that "you should not lie with a man as with a woman." But like liberal Christians, a good number of Jews argue that if homosexuality can be shown by science to be a natural state, then it must have been created by God and cannot be considered wrong.

CLERGY: The Torah instructs all Jews, including rabbis, to "be fruitful and multiply."

Hedonism

MASTURBATION: A natural way to relieve stress and give yourself pleasure, as long as it doesn't get you arrested. Women should be encouraged to masturbate more frequently.

PREMARITAL SEX: As one guy has asked, is it premarital sex if you don't plan to get married? Hugh Hefner wrote in the *Playboy Philosophy*: "The place for the conceiving and rearing of children is marriage, but sex has other purposes as well. It can serve as a significant source of physical and emotional pleasure, it offers a means of intimate communication between individuals and a way of establishing personal identification within a relationship and within society as a whole. And it is when sex serves these other ends, in addition to or separate and apart from reproduction, that it is lifted above the animal level and becomes most human."

INFIDELITY: It's not the sex, it's the lying. Swingers have worked out this problem by freely sharing their partners' bodies but not their commitment. That's the theory, anyway.

CONTRACEPTION: The pill has made it possible "for a sexual woman to act like a sexual man," notes one doctor. Teens should know how to use a condom before they learn to drive.

ABORTION: No one says it's a good thing, but it's hard to imagine it again being illegal. Better to take a practical rather than a moral approach: Educate kids and make birth control free and accessible to keep the numbers to a minimum.

HOMOSEXUALITY: Who cares who other people are sleeping with? Hugh Hefner: "A free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own, so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults and does not involve any kind of coercion."

CLERGY: Let them marry so they can enjoy sex with other adults. Look at what happens when they can't.

KANGAROO COURT

the feds play bully in oakland
By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Many Americans first heard of marijuana grower Ed Rosenthal this past February, when the jury that convicted him of three felonies (growing more than 100 plants, conspiring to cultivate and maintaining a growing operation) demanded that its verdict be overturned. Five panelists and an alternate stood on the steps of the federal courthouse in San Francisco and said they had been duped into sending a man who was not a criminal to prison. What the hell happened?

Seven years earlier, California voters had approved Proposition 215. It stated that sick people who had a doctor's recommendation could use marijuana to alleviate pain, to relieve nausea that accompanies chemotherapy, to restore appetite.

City officials in Oakland passed an ordinance designating a local cannabis club as an official source for medical pot. It issued Ed Rosenthal a license to grow and distribute the drug to a medical co-op. Rosenthal, who has written 20 books on marijuana, took over an empty warehouse and cultivated plants.

California's attorney general, Bill Lockyer, urged the Drug Enforcement Administration to adopt guidelines on medical marijuana that would show "a proper sense of balance, proportion and respect for states' rights." DEA chief Asa Hutchinson shot him down: "Surely you are not recommending we sidestep our country's long-standing practice of rigorous scientific research before declaring a potentially harmful drug to be medicine. The FDA has never in the past approved medicine by popular referendum." (What Hutchinson didn't mention is that the feds must approve any study using actual marijuana. So far they have refused to do so.) The DEA chief added, without citing evidence, that "medical marijuana laws are being abused to facilitate traditional illegal trafficking."

On February 12, 2002, the same day Hutchinson gave a speech in San Francisco praising the war on drugs,

federal agents raided Rosenthal's warehouse. They seized 3163 plants and arrested the man who had grown them. When Hutchinson boasted about the arrest during his speech, his audience booed.

A DEA spokesman told reporters: "There is no such thing as medical marijuana. We are Americans first, Californians second."

U.S. District Judge Charles Breyer, brother of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Stephen Breyer, caught the case. In pretrial hearings he ruled that the defense could not mention Proposi-

tion 215. Further, the judge said, Oakland officials could not testify that they had given Rosenthal a license. He refused to let a county supervisor discuss the defendant's motives for growing pot or describe the work he'd done for the city. Breyer also blocked the appearance of several character witnesses.

In a pretrial motion, Rosenthal's lawyers argued for immunity, citing a law that protects federal, state and local officials who possess or transport illegal drugs as part of their jobs (e.g., taking evidence to court, working undercover). The judge wouldn't have it. Congress intended the law to protect cops, not caregivers. Breyer also prohibited a defense based on the doctrine of "entrapment by estoppel"—that is, a traffic cop can't tell you it's OK to cross against the light, then ticket you for jaywalking.



During jury selection, Breyer stacked the deck. He questioned 80 potential panelists, weeding out those who had positive opinions about

medical marijuana, who had voted for Proposition 215 or who understood the conflict between state and federal law and favored the former. These decisions eliminated Rosenthal's defense before it even began.

Supporters paid for billboards emblazoned with the message COMPASSION, NOT FEDERAL PRISON. Protesters stood outside the courthouse, their mouths taped shut.

In his closing remarks, a prosecutor told the jury: "Cultivation of marijuana is a federal offense. Period. Nothing else matters." As for the vote on Proposition 215, the prosecutor said: "This is a federal courtroom. It is not a polling place."

Judge Breyer's remarks were even more dismissive. The judge had told the jurors to disregard the 1996 vote. "You are not to consider the purpose for which the marijuana was grown. You cannot substitute your sense of justice, whatever that is, for your duty to follow the law."

Jurors delivered the verdict the government wanted. Then they rebelled. They told reporters that they had felt manipulated, intimidated and controlled. One juror reportedly worried the judge would send them to jail if they voted their conscience. When the panel realized it had been duped, its foreman read a public letter of apology: "I fail to understand how evidence and testimony that is pertinent, imperative and representative to state government policy and regulation, as well as doctor and patient rights, and indeed your family, are irrelevant to this case." Another juror added: "I did something so profoundly wrong that it will haunt me for the rest of my life. I helped send a man to prison who does not belong there." So much for justice.

Judge Breyer will sentence Ed Rosenthal on June 4. The man with the benevolent green thumb faces at least five and as many as 85 years in federal prison.

Asa Hutchinson has moved on to tackle homeland security.

READER RESPONSE

THE STELLA AWARDS

In March you noted that the online Stella Awards are named after Stella Liebeck, who sued McDonald's after she accidentally spilled coffee on her lap ("The Stella Awards," *The Playboy Forum*). PLAYBOY mocked Liebeck but conveniently left out details about her case. Liebeck suffered third-degree burns over six percent of her body, including her genitals and groin. She was hospitalized for eight days and underwent treatment that cost around \$20,000. She did not sue immediately. Instead, she asked McDonald's to reimburse her for her medical expenses. The company offered her \$800. During the trial, McDonald's admitted they'd had more than 700 complaints from customers burned by hot coffee. They nonetheless kept their coffee at 180 degrees (other vendors keep theirs at much lower temperatures). The \$2.9 million Liebeck won is about what McDonald's makes in two days on coffee sales. A judge reduced the initial award, and the two sides settled. It isn't clear how much Liebeck ended up collecting, but it was probably far less. I have practiced law for more than 30 years, and I don't know any lawyer who would file the other suits you cited. Don't give tort reformers any more publicity.

Patrick Bennett
Indianapolis, Indiana

And yet someone did file those lawsuits. Liebeck's injuries sound terrible, but why should the company who sold you a cup of hot coffee be responsible when you spill it in your lap in a moving vehicle? The argument that it was "too hot" is specious. You expect coffee to be hot.

I am the aunt of Dustin Bailey, the 22-year-old man who was killed after he crawled under an idling truck while drunk. Dustin's mother did not file lawsuits against the company that owned the truck, the driver and the bar where Dustin got drunk just to become rich. Her intention was to point out actions leading up to the accident that could have prevented her son's death. You failed to mention



FOR THE RECORD

NO DICE

"There is no sexual activity. The nipples are covered."

—Allen Lichtenstein, general counsel for the ACLU of Nevada, when asked about the Hard Rock Hotel billboard shown above. It stood for six months near the Las Vegas airport before county planning officials decided it was obscene and ordered it removed.

that it is illegal to serve someone who is intoxicated. It is the responsibility of the bar to determine when one has had enough. The bar obviously knew it did something wrong—it's no longer open. Your article did not mention the fact that it is illegal to leave an idling vehicle on a public street. The recipients of Stella Awards should be those who are trying to come into easy money by manipulating the legal system, not those who are trying to find closure on a death by attempting to prove that this terrible mishap could have been avoided. My sister lost a son, and I lost a nephew. Somebody ought to sue you for your tasteless article.

Arlene Chambers
Willard, Ohio

We're sorry for your loss. But you didn't mention the two most important events that led to this tragedy: (1) Your nephew chose to drink. (2) Your nephew chose to climb beneath the truck. For most people, death is closure enough.

HOLLYWOOD POLITICS

While I admit that George Bush is fond of wartime rhetoric that sounds like it came out of Hollywood, I agree with his message: Do unto others who are extremely likely to do unto you ("Dirty Georgie," *The Playboy Forum*, March). Do you wait until your child has been scalded before you remove

the pot of boiling water from the stove? No—you remove it before a disaster can occur. Saddam Hussein is that pot of boiling water.

Mark Harris
El Paso, Texas
Isn't that a line from GunsMoke?

SECRET PLOTS

Sam Loewenberg dismisses those who theorize about the government's complicity in the attacks on September 11 as conspiracy freaks ("9/11 Conspiracy Freaks," *The Playboy Forum*, March). Would he have us instead accept the official version of events? We have a duty to question the government, especially the current one, not only because it failed us with regard to security, but also because it has a sordid history of lying to conceal a despicable foreign policy.

If Loewenberg thinks that it is a stretch to connect the dots between oil in Iraq and Afghanistan and U.S. military intervention, he doesn't read enough. President Jimmy Carter's national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, spelled it out in his 1997 book, *The Grand Chessboard*. The Bush administration has blocked any real investigation into September 11 while using the tragedy to manipulate our fears and trash our liberties. Loewenberg ridicules those who dare question these actions. I leave it to PLAYBOY readers to conspire about what his actual agenda might be.

Carolyn Gray
Jupiter, Florida

Loewenberg responds: "What makes conspiracy theories attractive is they have the ring of truth. But by mixing serious criticism with sloppy theories, they trivialize serious opposition. These days, that's the last thing we need."

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 us at forum@playboy.com or fax your comments to 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UN COVER-UP

NEW YORK—As part of its “shock and awe” tactics during the Spanish Civil War, the German air force destroyed a Basque village in 1937. Pablo Picas-



so portrayed the horror of the attack in his landmark painting *Guernica*, a replica of which has hung outside the UN Security Council since 1985. During a debate on the Iraq conflict, officials covered the tapestry with a banner displaying the UN logo. A spokesman said, “We’re only doing this until the cameras leave.” He claimed officials didn’t have a problem with the antiwar artwork but rather “with the horse.” The podium where diplomats speak to the press is near the ass of a stallion in the work.

SPLIT RIGHT

HELENA, MONTANA—When police arrived at the scene of a stabbing they encountered a 58-year-old woman by the name of Tessa, who had blood on her clothes. She said she didn’t know anything about a stabbing, then asked for a lawyer, which meant the police could no longer question her. Minutes later Tessa began calling herself Martha. When an officer asked if she knew the victim, she replied, “I stabbed her.” Police then took Tessa/ Martha for a mental evaluation to determine if she suffered from multiple personality disorder. A judge

ruled that prosecutors could not use Martha’s confession because Tessa had already asked for a lawyer.

TOUGH GLOVE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—During Scared Straight-style tours designed to deter troubled teens from crime, overzealous guards at the city jail allegedly gave at least 10 students an all-too-real demonstration of the system. According to one lawsuit, officers told a teenage visitor to change into a prisoner uniform, locked him in a holding cell for 30 minutes and strip-searched him, including his body cavities. The boy was sent home with a pair of standard-issue shoes on which a guard had scrawled, “Don’t come back.” A jury awarded the teen \$150,000 and the jail suspended the tours, which it had conducted for more than a decade.

NUN ABUSE

ST. LOUIS—Earlier this year the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* unearthed a report dating back to the mid-Nineties in which researchers at St. Louis University asked 1164 nuns from 123 orders if they had ever been sexually harmed. Nearly 20 percent said they had been abused as children by family members, priests or nuns (one victim recalled being fondled during confession; another said a priest anointed her genitals with oil to keep her safe while dating), 12.5 percent said they had been exploited as adults and 9.3 percent said they had been harassed. The Leadership Conference of Women Religious assisted with the survey on the condition that the results would not be publicized.

BIOLOGY OR BUST

LUBBOCK, TEXAS—A biology professor at Texas Tech told his students that anyone who wanted his recommendation for postgraduate studies in medicine or biomedical sciences had to affirm his or her support for the theory of evolution. “How can someone who does not accept the most important theory in biology expect to practice in a field that is so heavily based on biology?” the profes-

sor asked. A premed student who said affirming evolution would be “denying my faith as a Christian” filed a complaint with the federal government. The Justice Department says it will investigate whether the professor’s policy discriminates on the basis of religion.

BAD VIBE

PHILADELPHIA—Scientists have documented an unusual case of HIV transmission between two women. According to a report in the journal *Clinical Infectious Diseases*, a college student appears to have acquired the virus by sharing a vibrator with her HIV-positive partner. The partner had used the vibrator so vigorously that it became tinged with blood.

LOVE LESSONS

NAPLES, FLORIDA—In an attempt to educate his students about safe sex, a high school teacher dimmed the classroom lights, turned on some music and slipped a latex condom over a banana. He said he wanted to recreate a situation that students might find themselves in. “We promote total



abstinence, but some students might be seduced,” he explained shortly before he was dismissed by the school board. The superintendent said, “It’s those kinds of demonstrations that we don’t want in our schools.”



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

MIKE PIAZZA

a candid conversation with baseball's best-hitting catcher about fighting roger clemens, playing heavy metal, dating playmates and, oh yeah, that gay stuff

The best-hitting catcher in baseball history gets off on speed metal, Rolling Rock, belt-high fastballs and women with excellent breasts. He says he is not gay—you may have picked that up from the “excellent breasts” comment. But he mentions it because a tabloid paper made news with a rumor about his sexual orientation. In fact, Mike Piazza is the only ballplayer ever to hold a press conference to discuss his sexuality.

Piazza, 34, has hit 347 home runs in 10 big league seasons. His .321 career batting average, astounding for a slow right-handed hitter, beats those of Barry Bonds, Willie Mays, Derek Jeter and Pete Rose. His .362 average in 1997 is the highest ever by a catcher. Piazza could quit tomorrow and be a lock for the Hall of Fame. But the New York Mets star is nowhere near quitting. He says he's just hitting his stride.

Pretend you're Piazza for a night. You hammer a homer or two, then find your way to a club in Soho or Tribeca, with every sports fan in sight trying to buy you a beer and girls jostling to sit on your lap. If you weren't careful, your helmet size might swell a bit. But Piazza? “Dude, I just laugh,” he says. “I remember when nobody wanted me.”

He was born in Norristown, Pennsylvania and in 1988 went to Florida's Miami-Dade

Community College, where he was grabbed by the Los Angeles Dodgers. Well, not grabbed. Piazza was selected in the 62nd round of that year's draft of high school and college players, the 1390th player chosen. The slow junior college first baseman might not have been taken at all if it weren't for Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda, a family friend who persuaded the team to use a draft pick on the kid. Five years later, after converting to catcher, Piazza reached the bigs with a bang. Thirty-five bangs, 112 RBI and a .318 average made him Rookie of the Year. Waving one of the National League's biggest bats as if it were a swizzle stick, he has intimidated pitchers ever since.

A model of consistency good for about 35 homers and a .320 average every year, Piazza is also a magnet for controversy. In 2000 he was beamed by Yankees headhunter Roger Clemens, then had a bizarre face-off with him in the World Series. Tabloids and trash TV reported on his many romances, then turned around and questioned his sexuality.

We sent Kevin Cook to meet with Piazza in Florida as spring training began.

PLAYBOY: You got a raise this season, from \$9.5 million to \$14.5 million.

PIAZZA: A raise? It's really just the way

my contract is structured. Some players' deals are front-loaded, some are back-loaded, some get their money deferred.

PLAYBOY: You're loaded. You get a paycheck every two weeks for \$618,557.85. Do you plan to buy something you've been holding off on?

PIAZZA: Nah, I'm not extravagant. Some people get fanatic about cars, like the hip-hop guys—they've got six or seven rides with cool tires and rims. Cool houses, too. I'll admit that I have a sick fascination with *Cribs* on MTV.

PLAYBOY: You have two cribs in Florida—a house in Boynton Beach and a condo in Miami—plus an apartment in New York City.

PIAZZA: But they're modest. So I might have *Cribs* inferiority. I bought a big house when I got traded to the Mets. It was in Alpine, New Jersey. Suburbia. I got a little bored sitting out there in 12,000 square feet. There were rooms I never went into.

PLAYBOY: With your raise you could buy it back, put in some stripper poles and call *Cribs*.

PIAZZA: No, I'll just watch. You know what amazes me on that show? The security systems that some guys have. I don't



“What if I fight and get thrown out of the game? So I prove my manliness—does that help my team? No. I stayed in the game and hit a home run. It would not have happened if I had gone out and punched the pitcher.”



“There was this weird buzz around the team, so the Mets called a press conference. I just went and told the truth: I'm not gay. And from now on, when I hear that Actor X is gay, I'll have a healthy doubt about it.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY C.J. WALKER

“At school I was this weird metalhead-jock. I had the jeans and boots and black concert T-shirts, but then I'd go to baseball practice. Maybe that's why I never got any chicks—the metal negated the jock.”

want to think about what they're filming with all those cameras.

PLAYBOY: A little over a year ago, the big story in baseball was your sexuality: The tabloids said a Mets star was gay. People thought it was you, and you called a press conference to say it wasn't.

PIAZZA: I didn't call that press conference. A newspaper writer came up to me and said, "Mike, it's none of our business, but are you gay?" I said no, but the story wouldn't go away. There was this weird buzz around the team, so the Mets called a press conference. I just went and told the truth: I'm not gay. And from now on, when I hear that Actor X is gay, I'll have a healthy doubt about it.

PLAYBOY: So you won't gossip about Tom Cruise?

PIAZZA: No. But maybe Cruise should stand up and talk about it. Maybe his gossip keeps going because he never addressed it.

PLAYBOY: Has your experience made it easier or harder for gay players to come out?

PIAZZA: Harder. They can't help seeing what a huge deal those rumors were. It's too bad, because it shouldn't be an issue.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any gay friends?

PIAZZA: Yes, and they were supportive. They were glad I was honest.

PLAYBOY: Let's assume there's a gay ballplayer reading this. Should he come out?

PIAZZA: That's his decision. But if some guy in our clubhouse is confident enough to come out, I'll support him. If he does his job on the field, I'll regard him as a regular guy.

PLAYBOY: You've dated Darlene Bernaola, Playmate of the Millennium. What did she make of the gay rumors?

PIAZZA: Darlene stood up for me. She said that we had a very healthy sex life. Wasn't that nice of her?

PLAYBOY: Darlene isn't the only Centerfold you've gone clubbing with. What is it with you and Playmates?

PIAZZA: People also ask rock stars why they date Playmates. I heard one of them say it's like the old joke about why a dog licks himself: "Because he can."

PLAYBOY: Do you still have Darlene's initials tattooed on your ankle?

PIAZZA: [Showing off his bare ankle] Not anymore. Now I've got this.

PLAYBOY: It's a unicorn.

PIAZZA: It's a stallion. With a horn. Isn't it cool?

PLAYBOY: The Italian uni-stallion?

PIAZZA: Darlene's initials are under it.

PLAYBOY: Answer a stats question. What's your career sex-partner total?

PIAZZA: Do I have to give a number?

PLAYBOY: Well, since it's you, a ballpark

figure will suffice.

PIAZZA: More than five, fewer than 100. I'm not macho about having a lot of girlfriends at one time. There were years when I had three or four at a time, but I'm selective. I try to be faithful when I'm in a relationship. Of course there are the girls you know here and there who you don't have relationships with, but they're not just friends, either.

PLAYBOY: Friends plus sex?

PIAZZA: Right. Friends with benefits.

PLAYBOY: Are you in a relationship now?

PIAZZA: I am, and she is without a doubt the most beautiful girl I've ever dated. And you know what? The first part of my life was totally focused on baseball, but

major league teams, lecturing the players about safe sex.

PIAZZA: It's not a scolding; it's informative. The FBI comes around, too, and tells us about drugs. That's how I first heard about ecstasy.

Guys need to hear the sex stuff. Lenny Harris used to say, "When I was younger, you didn't worry about nothing. Now you gotta wrap that thing up." I'm not implying Lenny was promiscuous, just funny. "You go out tonight," he says, "something can jump into your system and kill your ass."

PLAYBOY: How about you? Do you practice safe sex?

PIAZZA: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite brand of condom?

PIAZZA: God, I hope my mom doesn't read this. Trojans work for me. The ones in the blue package. Trojan large—they're fine. It's tricky, though, putting on a condom.

PLAYBOY: Your hero Ted Williams called hitting a baseball the hardest task in sports. Is it tougher to put on a condom than it is to hit?

PIAZZA: [Laughing] It definitely takes coordination.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite home run? In 1997 you hit one out of Dodger Stadium. It was only the second time that ever happened.

PIAZZA: That was cool, but my favorite might be one in Philadelphia. I hit a fastball off Mike Williams and it just kept going. It went into a tunnel in the center-field seats, a couple of levels up. I'm glad I got that one, because Williams developed a nasty split-finger pitch. Now he's the Pirates' closer, and I don't think I've had a hit off him in three years.

PLAYBOY: Do fastballs go the farthest?

PIAZZA: Sometimes an off-speed pitch travels far because you hit

it in front of you. And since I tend to swing down a little, I'll put backspin on the ball. Backspin makes a ball carry.

PLAYBOY: Ted Williams had terrific vision. His eyesight was 20-10. What's yours?

PIAZZA: Same. But for me, hitting is all feel. I never watch myself on tape. I just step into the box and let it flow. I try to slow everything down. I'll take my time, make the pitcher slow down.

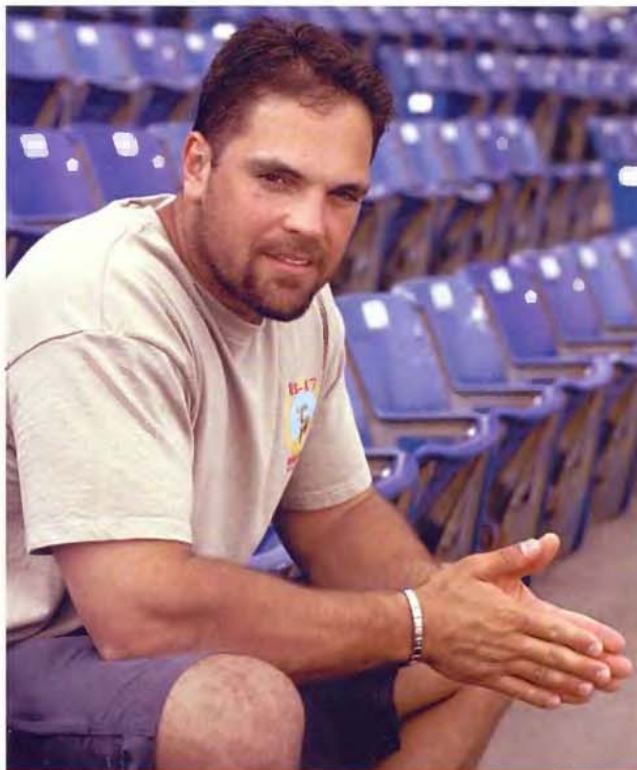
PLAYBOY: You're deliberate at the plate. Is that a message to the pitcher?

PIAZZA: Not consciously. But if I project my confidence, it's OK if he sees it.

PLAYBOY: You're a psych artist.

PIAZZA: I'm not. I'm relaxed. But if the pitcher sees I'm in the mode, he might not feel so confident.

PLAYBOY: What goes through your head



If some guy is confident enough to come out, I'll support him. I'll regard him as a regular guy.

I've grown up a little. Living through September 11 in New York, that has to change you. I'm thinking the next chapter is settling down, starting a family.

PLAYBOY: With your current girlfriend?

PIAZZA: That's a tough question. Maybe. I hope so.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a little about her.

PIAZZA: Geez, I'm nervous now. Her name is Alicia Rickett.

PLAYBOY: A Playmate! Miss October 1995.

PIAZZA: And she's an actress. We met in LA last October. I don't want to spin it or jinx it by talking about her too much, but she is a great girl. She's got her career in LA, and I'm in New York, but we're having fun. Let's just see what happens.

PLAYBOY: Most fans don't know it, but every spring a doctor goes around to

when he throws a 95 mph fastball? Is it words? Images?

PIAZZA: More like music. Last year there was a stretch when I was hot and I was hearing Led Zeppelin's *No Quarter* in my head. The stadium's full of noise, but all I could hear was Robert Plant going, "The dogs of doom are howling more!"

PLAYBOY: You're an amateur drummer, a heavy metal fan.

PIAZZA: I discovered it in high school. I went to hundreds of concerts: AC/DC, Van Halen, Iron Maiden, Metallica. At school I was this weird metalhead-jock. I had the jeans and boots and black concert T-shirts, but then I'd go to baseball practice. Maybe that's why I never got any chicks—the metal negated the jock. I didn't have sex until I got to college.

PLAYBOY: So you were your high school's home run-hitting metalhead virgin?

PIAZZA: Funny, huh? I didn't date much, didn't even go to the prom. Then in my freshman year of college, I finally had sex with a girl. It was alcohol-enhanced. We started drinking, and then boom.

PLAYBOY: How did you perform?

PIAZZA: OK, I guess, but—I was really nervous. I come from a pretty conservative Catholic family, and I'm proud of my faith. So I had a moral problem, the idea that what we were doing was wrong.

PLAYBOY: So premarital sex is a sin?

PIAZZA: Yes, of course it is.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think that?

PIAZZA: It's definitely not right. But on the same note, sex is a natural progression in a relationship. You meet a girl and fall in love and it happens. It's natural, but I was taught it's wrong.

PLAYBOY: After you have sex with a girl, do you go to confession and tell a priest?

PIAZZA: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: You stick to your beliefs.

PIAZZA: I struggle with this. I think an intimate relationship is better if you care about the girl. But as a man, you want to get physical.

PLAYBOY: You must have had some one-night stands.

PIAZZA: Yeah, and I admit I felt a little numb afterward.

PLAYBOY: What's the penance for premarital sex?

PIAZZA: It depends on the priest. There's been a lot of negative stuff about priests lately, but there are some cool, hip ones. I've got friends who are priests. If I confess to them, they'll say, "Hey, we teach that you should wait for marriage, but if you care for the girl, that matters, too." They might not condone it, but they understand it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had sex and said, "That was worth 10 Our Fathers"?

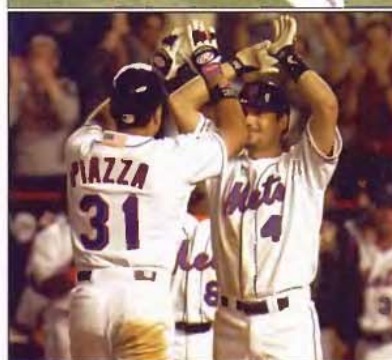
PIAZZA: Of course. There's always part of a man that's ready to launch into animal instinct.

PLAYBOY: So we're all sinners?

PIAZZA: Life is all about forks in the road. Too many of us look to others for direction. You need to follow your own heart,

MIKE PIAZZA'S GREATEST HITS

A superstar's decade in the big leagues proves there's danger, revenge and plenty of crying in baseball



Game: Dodgers vs. Cubs, 9/1/92

The Shot: With his dad in the stands, Piazza doubles in his major league debut. He adds two singles and a walk and finishes his first day as a big leaguer with a batting average of 1.000.

The Upshot: The following spring, Mike beats out Dodgers catcher Mike Scioscia (now the Angels' manager) and goes on to hit .318 with 35 homers. The 1993 Rookie of the Year signs a then-huge three-year, \$4.2 million contract.

Game: Dodgers vs. Rockies, 9/21/97

The Shot: In the third inning at Dodger Stadium, Piazza launches a moonshot off Frank Castillo. His 478-foot homer lands in the parking lot, making him only the second player to hit one all the way out of the Dodgers' home park.

The Upshot: The next day's *Los Angeles Times* reads PIAZZA'S HOMER DENTS SOME CARS. His .362, 40-homer, 124 RBI season is the best ever for a catcher.

Game: Mets vs. Yankees, 7/8/00

The Shot: A rising Roger Clemens fastball beans Piazza, who drops like he's been fired upon and goes to the hospital with a concussion. Infamous headhunter Clemens shows no remorse.

The Upshot: At a press conference, Piazza says that he no longer respects Clemens, while Mets manager Bobby Valentine pines for revenge. "I hope someday he'll pitch in the National League, so we can pitch to him."

Game: Mets vs. Yankees, 10/22/00

The Shot: Facing Clemens in game two of the World Series, Piazza swings and breaks his bat. The barrel spins toward Clemens, who grabs the bat and hurls it at Mike. Knowing a fight might get him ejected, Piazza keeps cool, stays in the game and clubs a ninth-inning homer.

The Upshot: ROGER STICKS IT TO MIKE AND METS says New York's *Daily News*. The Mets lose the game and the Series but win over a few million fans.

Game: Mets vs. Braves, 9/21/01

The Shot: The first pro sporting event in post-9/11 New York comes down to one at-bat: Piazza's two-run homer off Steve Karsay gives the Mets a 3-2 win.

The Upshot: Pitcher Karsay kicks himself for walking the previous hitter: "You don't put a guy on base in front of Piazza." In the Mets clubhouse, Lenny Harris watches cheering fans in Shea Stadium and says, "Whoever thought this raggedy old place could look so good?"

and if what you do isn't popular, do it anyway. But I'm not one to judge anybody. If you don't believe what I do, I might think you're missing something, but you choose your own road.

PLAYBOY: Do you still go to Mass every Sunday?

PIAZZA: I miss a few, but then I go to confession.

PLAYBOY: In July 2000, the Yankees' Roger Clemens beamed you with a fastball. After you got out of the hospital you said you'd lost respect for him.

PIAZZA: I felt he'd insulted me. Sure, I could have said, "It's part of the game," and getting hit is part of the game. It looms over every hitter. But there were variables with him. I had swung the bat well against him.

PLAYBOY: In your 12 career at-bats against Clemens you were hitting .583.

PIAZZA: And he is a tremendously precise pitcher. He knows where the ball is going. So he hit me and I called him on it. End of story, I thought.

PLAYBOY: Then came the 2000 World Series, the Yankees-Mets Subway Series. Your first time up against Clemens was the most hyped at-bat of the year. You swung and broke your bat, and it bounced toward the mound. Clemens picked up the barrel of the bat and threw it at you.

PIAZZA: Surreal. The ball went foul, but I didn't know that. I jog toward first and the bat goes whizzing by me. So I yell at him: "What's your problem?" I had to see if it was calculated. But he says no. He says, "I thought it was the ball." He was obviously jacked up. In essence, I think he kind of cracked.

PLAYBOY: You were calmer.

PIAZZA: I can't play all jacked up. I don't think that way and I could never hit that way. I would freakin' spin myself into the ground. Some people called me out and questioned my manhood—why didn't I go out and fight him? Like I need to prove my macho in a World Series game. If I had thought he was lying, I'm sure we would have fought. But he was all excited and he thought it was the ball. And what if I fight and get thrown out of the game? So I prove my manliness—does that help my team? No. I stayed in the game and hit a home run in the ninth inning. It's one of the proudest homers in my life, and it would not have happened if I had gone out and punched the pitcher. It's amusing to me—and typical—that in all the hype and coverage, my thinking about that was never discussed.

PLAYBOY: You were thinking ahead.

PIAZZA: As Russell would say, "That's just it, mate."

PLAYBOY: Russell?

PIAZZA: Russell Crowe. He's a cool dude, man. Met him backstage when I went to see his band, 30 Odd Foot of Grunts. Russell is obviously a great actor, and he's just a good dude.

PLAYBOY: You must be the only person who hangs with both Russell Crowe and Fabio.

PIAZZA: Fabio and I hung at a Super Bowl party. We both love hi-fi equipment. My brand is Krell: class-A amplification for people who demand the most out of music and movies at home. I get off on that. I have a killer home theater. Come over and watch *Patton* or *Ben-Hur* or *Glory* with me. You'll think you're in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Some players call you Pizza Man. Do you have other nicknames?

PIAZZA: Skull. Eric Davis and I were taking batting practice, trying to hit homers, and I said, "You gotta drop the skull on it." The head of the bat. So he started calling me Skull.

PLAYBOY: There used to be a lot more clubhouse pranks—rookie hazing, hot-foots, putting Heet ointment in a guy's jock. Is baseball less fun than it was when you came up?

PIAZZA: There is not as much hazing. There's so much player movement you may not know the other veterans, so you don't have the sort of cohesion you need to gang up on the rookies. But we do what we can. Last year we made the rookies dress up on a road trip to Montreal. One kid had to walk through the airport dressed as Superman. Jim Malone, our strength coach, is a 250-pound guy who looks like Goldberg—we dressed him up as a ballerina. A lot of people stared at him in shock, but the Customs agents had seen it before. They look at Superman and Jim the ballerina and they say, "Oh. Rookies."

PLAYBOY: You were with the Dodgers when Chan Ho Park got hazed. He found his clothes cut to shreds and went ballistic. Park is from Korea. He didn't know about the tradition.

PIAZZA: I think he knew. He just wasn't very accommodating. We were trying to get him to lighten up.

PLAYBOY: Here's a heavy topic: switching to first base. Catching is brutal. Your knees ache, you had groin and thumb problems last year. You're not a great defensive catcher. Why not switch and prolong your career?

PIAZZA: One day I'll switch, but not this year. Mo Vaughn's our first baseman.

PLAYBOY: You were still with the Dodgers when the issue first came up. Did it enter your mind that Eric Karros, one of your best friends, was their first baseman?

PIAZZA: Of course it did. But I also look at how I help the ball club, and that's by being a catcher who hits. OK, I don't throw runners out like Ivan Rodriguez, but who does? I hit more than some .220 hitter who bats eighth in the lineup, and I do my best on defense. Just don't compare me to Johnny Bench, because nobody compares to him.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying Bench was better than you? He hit 389 home runs in

his 17-year career. You started this season with 347. His career batting average was .267. Yours is .321.

PIAZZA: I'm not discounting myself. I help the team more than a guy who throws out 10 percent more runners and hits 10 homers.

PLAYBOY: Bench had huge hands. He could hold seven baseballs in one hand. How many can you hold?

PIAZZA: Probably two. He had meat-hooks, but I have small hands for a catcher. Small hands don't help.

PLAYBOY: When you're catching, do you talk to the hitters?

PIAZZA: Not much. I don't like guys talking to me when I hit, so I give them the same space. Funny things happen, though. There was one hitter—Tim Lincecum, a good dude—who swung at a pitch and farted. From that day on he was known as Stinky.

PLAYBOY: What goes on during mound conferences?

PIAZZA: They're not clean.

PLAYBOY: You and Mets pitcher Al Leiter are buddies—

PIAZZA: One night I called time and went out to Al on the mound. We looked around at the guys on base and I did the Chevy Chase bit in *Caddyshack*: "You're not that good," I said. "You suck." When it comes to mound conferences I always think of John Roseboro, a great old Dodgers catcher who was one of my first catching coaches. "Sometimes, babe," he told me, "sometimes you gotta go out there and let the wind blow a little bit."

PLAYBOY: Let the wind blow?

PIAZZA: Make the next hitter wait. That's how you take away the other team's momentum. You let them wait and think. You stand out on the mound and let the wind blow.

PLAYBOY: Pretty Zen.

PIAZZA: One time Mark Cresse, another catching coach, was teaching technique—footwork, weight shift, getting the ball from the mitt to your throwing hand, making an accurate throw to second. Johnny Roseboro is standing on the baseline, smoking a cigarette, and he says, "Babe, here's my catching lesson: There's 50,000 people in the stands—don't let them see you throw it into center field."

PLAYBOY: You used to catch Tom Candiotti's knuckleball.

PIAZZA: That's a catcher's nightmare. But we had our moments. One night we had a big lead. Candiotti wants to have some fun, so he decides to throw nothing but fastballs. His slow fastballs. So we try it, and the hitters are puzzled. We get a couple of outs, but then they figure it out and they're just teeing off, hitting rockets all over the lot. Candiotti calls me out. We kick a little dirt around and let the wind blow. He says, "Forget plan B."

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PLAYBOY: Didn't you hit Candiotti with a throw to second base?

PIAZZA: My rookie year. We're ahead 10 to 3 and Ozzie Smith was trying to steal second.

PLAYBOY: That's bad form.

PIAZZA: The pitch was down and away. I should have just eaten the ball, but it's annoying that Ozzie is stealing, so I throw off-balance and hit Candiotti in the butt. The next day our pitchers all showed up with targets taped to their back pockets.

PLAYBOY: Catching is dangerous. You've got base runners crashing into you, foul tips off your meat hand.

PIAZZA: My right index finger is crooked. It's probably broken, but I just tape it up. A nicked hand is better than getting hit in the head with a bat. Gary Sheffield followed through on a swing and hit me with his bat, cut my head wide open.

PLAYBOY: In the course of a season, how many days are you pain free?

PIAZZA: First day of spring training. After that, you're never pain free.

PLAYBOY: How does a hot streak feel?

PIAZZA: You're so dialed in you can feel the power in your hands. It's musical. Sexual. But it's not bump and grind—it's more karmic, like walking on the beach with a girl.

PLAYBOY: Music and sunsets? But hitting is violent.

PIAZZA: Only when you swing. Then it's four one-hundredths of a second of controlled violence. That's when I'm trying to hit the ball so hard it takes the third baseman's dick off.

PLAYBOY: What's your worst moment on the field?

PIAZZA: My rookie year, in a tie game with a guy on third, I called time out and went to the mound. But players can't call time, the umpire has to do it, and the ump didn't give me time. Runner comes home, we lose. After the game I grabbed a pack of cigarettes from somebody's locker and started chain-smoking.

PLAYBOY: You were a smoker?

PIAZZA: No, I was just punishing myself. Smoking five or six cigarettes in a row, saying, "Man, I fucked up."

PLAYBOY: Who was the pitcher?

PIAZZA: Orel Hershisier. He knew that I had made an honest mistake, but he was bummed out. I didn't expect him to say, "Here, have a Lifesaver, kid."

PLAYBOY: Name a hitter you admire.

PIAZZA: Barry Bonds. He's such an enigma. If I could be another ballplayer for a day, I would want to be him. He just brims with confidence, and there's nothing he can't do on the field. At an age when a lot of ballplayers are slowing down, he elevated his physical presence and got better. He's one of the top three or four players of all time.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it annoy you when he

hits a home run and stands there admiring it?

PIAZZA: Bonds is exempt. But when a rookie stands and looks, it really gets under my skin.

PLAYBOY: Some people claim that Bonds is on steroids.

PIAZZA: That's a broad brush. In the past couple of years a few guys have done amazing things, and because everybody lifts weights, people say it's steroids. But hitting isn't just strength. If it were, you would have Mr. Olympia contestants coming off the stage and hitting homers.

PLAYBOY: A lot of hitters look like Mr. Olympia contestants.

PIAZZA: And a lot of pitchers aren't doing the job. Some of them give up on getting guys out. They're thinking, I don't care if I make a good pitch—if the guy's on steroids, he'll hit it out of the park.

PLAYBOY: You're blaming the pitchers?

PIAZZA: I am not denying that some guys use steroids. But when you see a lot of home runs, it's not just steroids. It's the way the game is changing. There's so much emphasis on power. Guys are working out and getting strong, and homers are bound to go up. You've got leadoff hitters who aren't ashamed to strike out 100 times a year, because hitters get paid for homers and RBI, nothing else. "Oh, I struck out 100 times and hit .250, but I hit 30 homers. That's good for \$6 million or \$7 million a year." Nobody cares if you get the runner from second to third with no outs.

PLAYBOY: Baseball now has a steroid-testing plan. It's more of a survey, really. The players union says it wants to see if there's a problem before any serious testing starts.

PIAZZA: It's a first step. But once you open that door, where does it end? Some guys drink a pot of coffee before a game. Is that performance-enhancing? Guys have used greenies—amphetamines. It's amazing how selective enforcement can be. Painkillers don't carry the same sort of stigma, but they can be abused. Teams are worried about steroids, but they'll load up a pitcher with an anti-inflammatory so he can pitch.

PLAYBOY: What do you take?

PIAZZA: Vitamins. Ripped Fuel is kind of cool. I've used creatine, but I'd rather eat a good dinner. From what I've read, there's more creatine in eight ounces of salmon than two tablespoons of powder.

PLAYBOY: One drug that's caused trouble is GHB. You had a friend who died, supposedly from abusing it. GHB has been used as a nutritional supplement, but it's also a date-rape drug.

PIAZZA: Everyone's always looking for a new kick. People were doing a lot of GHB a few years ago. They could slip it into your drink and you wouldn't know.

PLAYBOY: And then you would wake up

without your wallet.

PIAZZA: I'm careful when I go out. If somebody hands me an open beer, I say thanks and go get my own. I've had guys say, "What, my beer's not good enough for you?" I say, "If you want to buy me a beer, let me see the guy open the bottle." It's not an insult, it's just being smart.

PLAYBOY: For a club-hopping superstar, you're low-key.

PIAZZA: I don't have a posse and I never try to pull rank. I don't try to get a table by saying, "Do you know who I am?" Of course, that doesn't stop me from sitting there looking like a puppy dog, like, "Perhaps you might know who I am."

PLAYBOY: You're one of the game's top power guys, but you've never struck out 100 times. Is there anything you hate more than striking out?

PIAZZA: Getting hit in the nuts. One time I took one on the cup and my left testicle turned purple. And people laugh! It pisses me off when that happens and guys laugh. That's when I really wanted to grab somebody, because it's not funny.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your boyhood. How did you learn to hit?

PIAZZA: When I was 11 my dad built me a batting cage with a pitching machine. I would hit every day after school. In the winter I'd warm up the baseballs on a wood-burning stove—you had to heat them or they felt like cueballs—and put pipe insulation around the handles of my bats. I'd hit for hours after school. It became an addiction. I dreamed about the major leagues, but it was really more about Little League. The more I hit, the better I did in Little League. By the time I was 13, I'd made the all-star team. In 10th grade I got cut from varsity but made JV. I was 16 the day Ted Williams came over. He was doing an autograph show in Valley Forge and had a couple of hours to kill. So this scout, a friend of my dad's, brought him by to see me hit.

PLAYBOY: Did Williams give you advice?

PIAZZA: He told me, "Don't let anybody change your swing." And then, walking out of the cage, he said that hitting the ball is only half the battle. He taps his head and says, "The other half's in here. It's working the count, thinking ahead, reacting to the pitcher's deception." He told me to read his book. So I run upstairs to get my copy of *The Science of Hitting*. He signed it for me: "To Mike. Follow this book. As good as you look now, I'll be asking you for tickets in 1988." So he undershot by five years.

PLAYBOY: Your father was close friends with Tommy Lasorda, the longtime Dodgers manager.

PIAZZA: My dad knew lots of people. He was a car salesman and a driven man. He's almost 70 now and still works on his farm. He's got 80 acres in Valley Forge
(continued on page 150)

CAMEL

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phil SPECTOR with a BULLET

He was an aging eccentric rock genius, more famous for guns and tirades than for hit records. She was a beautiful B-movie actress who needed a break. When the sun rose on their late-night meeting, she was dead, and he was in handcuffs. The timeline of a tragic Hollywood intersection



by STEVE POND

On another night, under different circumstances, Lana Clarkson's visit to the house in Alhambra would have been mysterious and exciting: A chauffeur piloting a white 1964 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, or maybe a new black Mercedes S430, picks her up at her modest rented bungalow in Venice and drives her across Los Angeles to a suburb a few miles northeast of downtown. They travel a short distance down Alhambra's main drag, Valley Boulevard, a nondescript street lined with aging one-story buildings and dingy mini-malls; turning off, they drive a couple of blocks up a small hill, past single-story homes. Near the top of the hill, the chauffeur drives through a pair of 10-foot iron gates that bear three signs warning interlopers of high voltage and security cameras.

Once inside the gates, the driver stops and opens the door for the six-foot, 40-year-old blonde actress. "Mr. Spector," he says, "likes people to walk from here." A broad stone stairway leads her from the driveway up the hill to her left, until she approaches an imposing, turreted château. Over the

front door is a weathered sign that once hung above the Sunset Strip offices of the hottest producer in the recording industry: PHIL SPECTOR INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTIONS.

Inside the house, Clarkson would have noticed the mementos: John Lennon's guitar, a photo of Spector in his cameo role as a drug dealer in *Easy Rider*, candid photos of him with Chuck Berry, Nancy Sinatra and others. There are no family portraits. Heavy draperies cover every window, and a musty smell hangs in the air. As an actress who studied the classic films of Hollywood's golden age, Clarkson might have conjured thoughts of Charles Foster Kane alone in his Xanadu, or of Norma Desmond, the aging star whose mansion became a mausoleum in *Sunset Boulevard*.

Then he appears, wearing a velvet jacket, perhaps, or another favorite, a monogrammed black silk robe, three-inch heels on his shoes, sunglasses on his nose. "Hello," he says softly. "I'm Phil Spector." He is known to be a gracious host—a touch theatrical, but a solicitous and friendly man who is ready to regale a guest with stories from a life spent as





one of the titans of rock and roll.

But that's not how Lana Clarkson came to be at Phil Spector's home on the morning of February 3, 2003. She arrived there in the middle of the night with her host, compelled to his faux castle in the suburbs by the promise of something. A job? A connection? A friend who would understand what it's like when youth slips away and you realize that your moment has passed? Any of those comforts would have made Clarkson grateful. Even if Spector spoke not a single promise to his beautiful partner in the hours they spent together, she had to know that simple proximity to him created a world of possibilities.

What was the exact nature of the transaction between these creatures of Hollywood? Clarkson had turned 40 in April 2002, a B-movie actress of fading beauty, though that summation seems unfair to the orderly, striving life she led. Spector, a gun-loving eccentric, one of the original architects of rock and roll, hadn't produced a hit in 30 years but had battled to a standstill personal demons that included alcohol and mental illness.

The evening Spector and Clarkson spent together ended two hours before dawn with gunfire and a call to 911. When police arrived, published reports asserted, Clarkson was already dead from a head wound, blood puddling around her on the cold marble floor. Spector was led away in handcuffs and booked on suspicion of murder. The full story of what happened in their final moments alone will take months for police to piece together. What's becoming clear is the progression of events that drew them together from opposite sides of Los Angeles only hours before.

The town considered them past their prime, but Phil



TO KNOW HIM IS TO FEAR HIM: PHIL SPECTOR THROUGH THE YEARS

With the Teddy Bears, Spector releases his first hit, *To Know Him Is to Love Him*. Teddy Bears singer Carol Connors says Spector once pulled a gun on someone who made fun of his hair.

Marriage to Ronnie Bennett of the Ronettes. According to Ronnie, Phil would not let her leave the house without permission and used intercoms to spy on her. At one point, Spector shows Ronnie's mother a glass coffin and says if Ronnie leaves him, he'll kill her and stow her corpse in it.



Spector appears in *Easy Rider* as a coke dealer.

Spector works on John Lennon's *Rock 'N' Roll* album. Lennon later claims Spector pointed a gun at Stevie Wonder—"an awkward way to threaten to kill a blind man."

According to Ronnie, Spector coerces her into signing away all future royalties in her divorce settlement: "Phil threatened me several times. He told me, 'I'm going to kill you.'"



1958

1968-1974

1969

1973

1974



IN CUSTODY: Phil Spector, who produced hits by the Beatles, the Ronettes and other groups, leaves the Alhambra police station.

Music Legend Phil Spector Arrested in Woman's Killing

The record producer is taken into custody after actress' body is found in his Alhambra mansion.

By OZOFF BOUCHER, RICHARD WINTON AND ANDREW BLANKSTEIN
Times Staff Writers

Phil Spector, the influential but erratic rock 'n' roll producer best known for his layered "Wall of Sound" recording technique, was arrested on suspicion of murder early Monday after an

Lana Clarkson, 40, of Los Angeles, an actress who attracted a cult following from her roles in films by director Roger Corman, and has appeared widely in TV programs and commercials. Her body was sprawled in the marble foyer, Los Angeles County sheriff's investigators said.

Alhambra police immediately arrested Spector, 62, the sound-board genius behind such hits as "Be My Baby" and "You Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." He was released late Monday on \$1-million bail, accompanied by his defense attorney, Robert Shapiro. Sheriff's investigators would

This page, clockwise from above: Spector with his daughter, Nicole, in 1997; the troubled music legend gets the perp-ride treatment at the hands of the *Los Angeles Times*; detectives at the front gate of Spector's mansion; outside the House of Blues nightclub, a frequent haunt of Spector's, where Clarkson had taken a job as a VIP hostess. Previous page, clockwise from top left: Warning: Genius demands total privacy (note the Einstein reference); Spector's Alhambra mansion, named Pyrenes Castle, was actually a faux chateau with 10 bedrooms and eight and a half baths; cops establish a crime scene there after Clarkson's tragic death on the morning of February 3; Clarkson in the title role of *Barbarian Queen*, the Roger Corman film that brought her fame as a B-movie star. Clarkson in 1996, in the lead role in *Vice Girls*, one more gig in a 20-year career; at the Hollywood Collectors show in 2001, peddling her celebrity for die-hard fans.



Spector and Lana Clarkson were still pursuing their dreams in Hollywood. Spector, who turned 62 last December 26, had the growing urge to make music the way he once had. "He was ready to go," says David Kessel, a guitarist who had played with Spector many times since 1975. "He said to me, 'Let's make some records.' I hadn't heard that in a long time, so I said, 'Do you really want to make records, or is this just wishful thinking?' And he said, 'No, I'm really ready to do it.'"

For Clarkson, it wasn't a matter of getting back to where she'd been; the actress wanted to move on. "She was reinventing herself," says actress Athena Massey, a friend of Clarkson's. "Whatever that took, Lana was driven to do it. She was a lifer."

From the upstairs windows of his hilltop mansion, Phil Spector could look out through the trees and survey his domain. He'd wanted a castle, a hard thing to come by in southern California these days. But in 1998, Spector found his dream house atop a small rise in Alhambra, a middle-class community tucked between the high-rises of downtown LA and the hillside mansions of Pasadena, where Spector had been living.

Sitting on a heavily wooded hill, the 8600-square-foot, 10-bedroom house was dubbed the Pyrenes Castle, though the beige walls and red tile roof gave the home more the appearance of a chateau than a castle. Spector bought it for \$1.1 million, a bargain in the southern California housing market; its value to many buyers was diminished by its proximity to fast-food joints and the occasional tattoo parlor.

To his neighbors, he was indeed a specter. He rarely, if ever, spoke to those who lived on the other side of his high walls. (Local teens believed the castle was owned by skateboarder Tony Hawk.) But Spector had always stood apart, separate and often distant from those around him. He was a short, asthmatic boy, the son of a father who'd killed himself in a bout of depression and a mother who smothered and protected her child. He had lived in New York City, and then, after his father's death when Spector was eight, in the Fairfax district of Los Angeles.

"I don't know that we had an official 'least likely to succeed' tabulation, but if we did he'd have won the honor," says writer Burt Prelutsky, who attended Fairfax High School with Spector. "It always seemed like he was on the outskirts, the only person at Fairfax who didn't plan to go to college. Of course, a year later he had the number one record in the country."

That came when Spector wrote, produced and helped perform the song *To Know Him Is to Love Him*, borrowing the title from a phrase on his father's tombstone. His group, the Teddy Bears, didn't stay together long, because the teenaged

IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, SPECTOR ADMITTED HE IS BIPOLAR. "I WOULD SAY I'M PROBABLY INSANE TO AN EXTENT," HE ADDED.

Spector points a gun at Leonard Cohen. "He put his arm around my shoulder," says Cohen, "and shoved a revolver into my neck and said, 'Leonard, I love you.'"



During recording sessions for the Ramones' *End of the Century*, Spector threatens Dee Dee Ramone and "levels his gun at my heart," according to Dee Dee.

According to his son Donte, the 10-year-old runs away from home after what he describes as years of abuse. Years later, he refers to their relationship as "a thin line between love and hate."

Spector's then girlfriend Devra Robitaille adds to the Spector legend by saying, "He'd turn from a lover into a monster in a split second. He always carried two guns."

Spector is inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

In January, Spector tells the UK's *Daily Telegraph*, "I have devils inside that fight me." In February, Spector is arrested after Lana Clarkson is shot dead in his home.

1977

1979

1980

1987-1989

1989

2003

Spector quickly realized he preferred producing to performing—a wise choice, say classmates who remember his notoriously bad debut at a high school talent show. He started up Philles Records and began masterminding hit after hit: *Be My Baby*, *Da Doo Ron Ron*, *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'*.

More important, Spector revolutionized the sound of pop music and gave the role of producer an importance seldom enjoyed by others. He used an army of musicians to fashion what became known as the wall of sound: two drummers, three pianists, four guitarists, background vocalist upon background vocalist. He mixed the records in mono, adding layers to make a dense sound that captured the intensity of teenage passion and would have a profound influence on musicians like John Lennon and Brian Wilson.

Still, he felt hated and resented. Prelutsky remembers that Spector showed up at his 10-year high school reunion in a limo, with three bodyguards to keep his former classmates at bay: "He said he did it to let everybody know that he felt about them the same way they felt about him when he was in high school." Twenty years later, Spector again attended a reunion,

but this time he didn't even deign to enter the hall. "He sat in the foyer," says Prelutsky. "But he made sure everybody saw him on their way in."

Spector essentially retired when he was in his mid-20s. He married Veronica (Ronnie) Bennett, lead singer of the Ronettes, and took her to his heavily guarded Beverly Hills estate. He went back into action to produce the Beatles' final album, *Let It Be*, as well as solo hits for John Lennon (including *Instant Karma* and *Imagine*) and George Harrison (*My Sweet Lord*). By the mid-Seventies, though, Spec-

tor's output had become sporadic, and stories about his eccentricities and his rages grew. Ronnie Spector fled in 1972, later saying that she was sure she would have died in the house had she stayed.

On Sunday, February 2, Spector prepared for another late night on the town. He has been falsely accused of being a recluse, says Bob Merlis, a Los Angeles-based publicist who has been friends with Spector since 1979. "He goes out, goes to clubs. When he shows up at your house, it's in a white Rolls, not a Toyota Camry. But that's the only difference."

Although Spector would sometimes put on a wig to go out in public, this time he didn't bother. His hair, long and curly, was once dark; now gray and white strands dominated. In the Sixties, he dressed in Edwardian sueded and velvets, often with a gold watch fob in his vest. But this night he threw on a wrinkled gray jacket. He was rumpled and disheveled. Before leaving, though, he slipped on his tinted sunglasses. Whenever Spector left the house, or when people came to see him, he wore shades. They were theatrical, mysterious. The sunglasses made Spector seem a little bit (continued on page 78)

BAD VIBRATIONS

IN ROCK AND ROLL, GENIUS AND MADNESS CAN GO HAND IN HAND



WHO: BRIAN WILSON. MOMENT OF GENIUS: 1966's *Pet Sounds* by the Beach Boys. CRACKING UP: Wilson had his first nervous breakdown in 1964, following a screaming fit on an airplane. He had another breakdown during the sessions for *Smile*, an unreleased "teenage symphony to God." FULL-ON LUNACY: Wilson installed a huge sandpit so he could feel the beach beneath his feet as he played piano. During the *Smile* sessions, orchestra members were forced to wear fireman's helmets. LAST SEEN: Released solo material and continues to tour.



WHO: SYD BARRETT. MOMENT OF GENIUS: 1967's *See Emily Play* by Pink Floyd. CRACKING UP: Barrett was legendary for his intake of LSD and erratic behavior. He was booted from the band in early 1968. FULL-ON LUNACY: In 1974 he surprised his bandmates at their studio. He had shaved his head—and eyebrows—and "was jumping up and down, brushing his teeth," recalls Rick Wright. Ironically, they were recording *Shine On You Crazy Diamond*, a song about Barrett. LAST SEEN: On the doorstep of his family home, in his undies. He's diabetic and nearly blind.



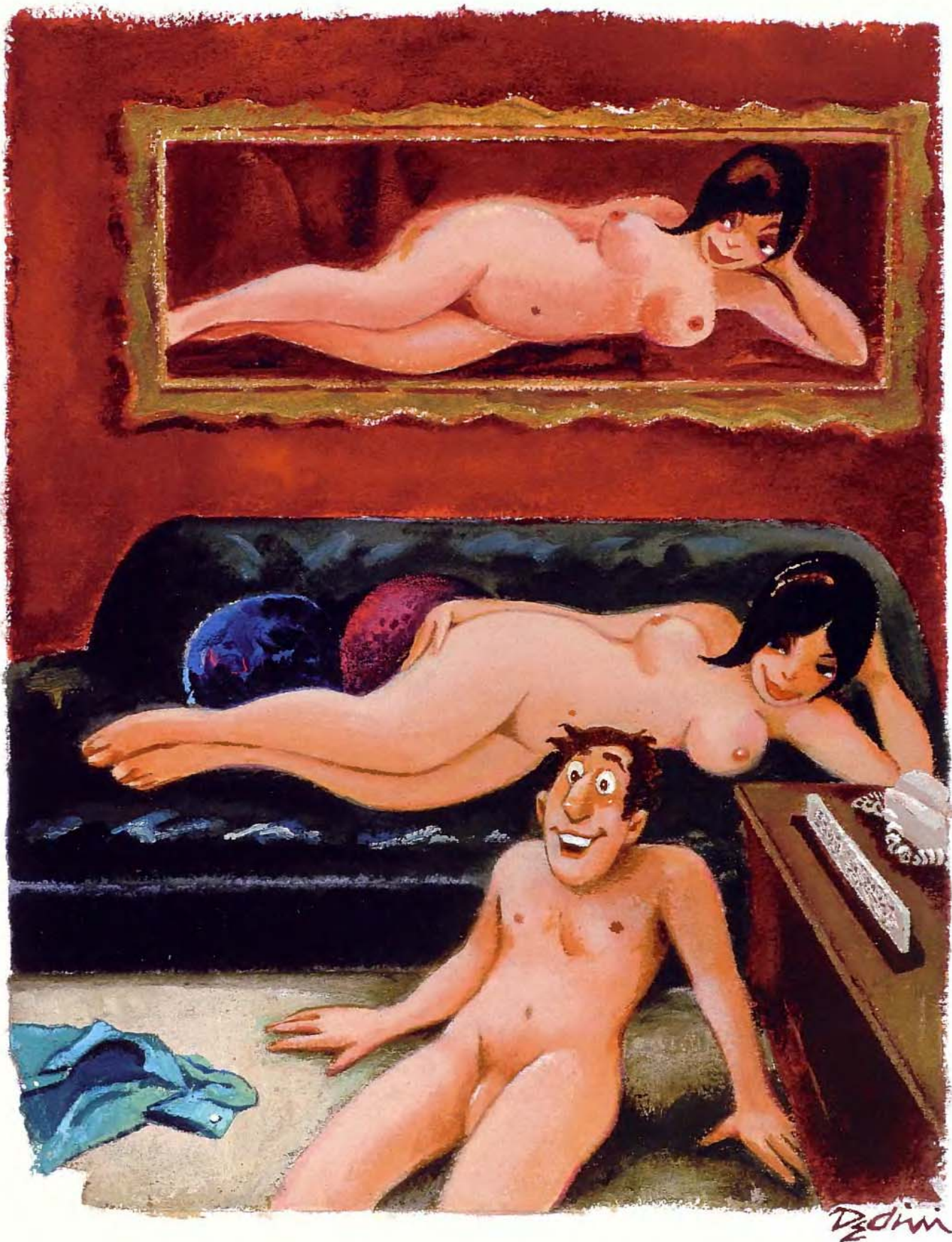
WHO: ROKY ERICKSON. MOMENT OF GENIUS: *You're Gonna Miss Me* (1966) by the 13th Floor Elevators. CRACKING UP: Arrested for pot possession in 1969, Roky pleaded insanity rather than serve a prison term. He was diagnosed as "floridly psychotic" and received electroshock therapy and huge doses of Thorazine. FULL-ON LUNACY: By the Nineties he was living in subsidized housing near Austin, Texas. He would leave multiple TVs and radios constantly blaring to drown out the voices in his head. LAST SEEN: Released a solo album, *All That May Do My Rhyme*, in 1995.



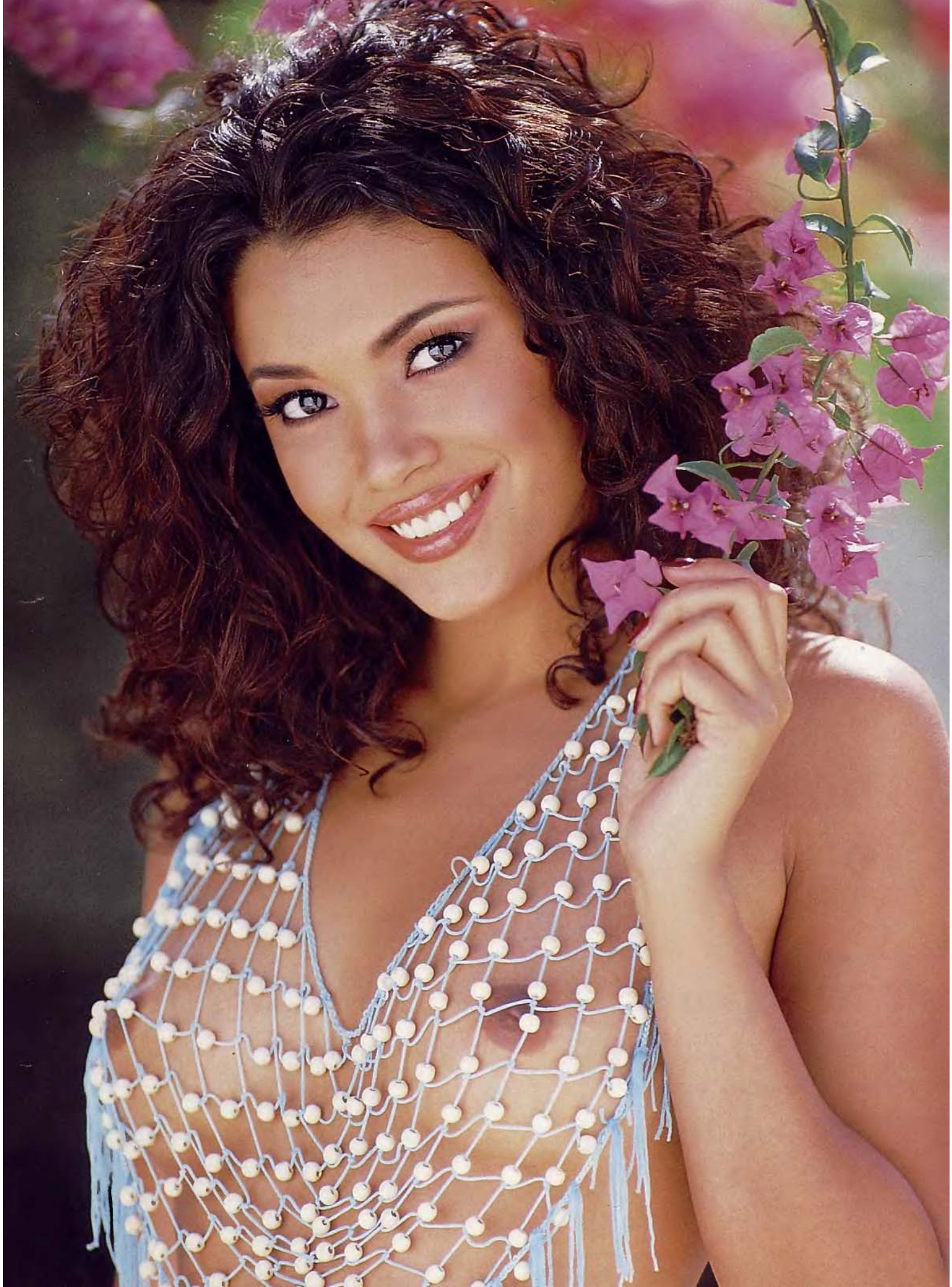
WHO: JIM GORDON. MOMENT OF GENIUS: Co-wrote *Layla* with Eric Clapton. CRACKING UP: By 1969 relatives were urging him to get psychiatric help because of voices in his head. FULL-ON LUNACY: Gordon became convinced his mother had killed Karen Carpenter and Paul Lynde. In 1983 he attacked his mother, hitting her head repeatedly with a hammer, then stabbing her to death with a knife. Gordon maintained he was acting in self-defense to shield himself from her voice. "She's tortured me for years," he told police. LAST SEEN: In the California prison system.



Tribute to a B-movie queen: A makeshift shrine outside the front door of Clarkson's Venice bungalow.



"I never imagined I'd be invited into the boss's office on casual Friday."





CHRISTINA is the PLAYMATE of the YEAR

The road leading to Playmate of the Year has more twists than a contortionists' convention, and no one knows this better than Christina Santiago. Last year, when the no-nonsense Puerto Rican beauty from Chicago lost out on Fox TV's reality series *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*, it seemed her Playmate dream was over. But finalist Christina had made a lasting impression and soon returned as Miss August.

Christina says she's proud to help demonstrate that PLAYBOY features genuine beauties, and she isn't shy about touting the benefits of a natural physique. "First of all, real breasts feel better—they don't feel like you're squeezing volleyballs," she says. "Plus, more than a mouthful is just too much."

We caught up with Christina as she was settling into the Playboy Mansion while looking for an apartment in Los Angeles. She plans to share her digs with Miss September Shallen Meiers, whom she met on *Girl Next Door*. "Shallen and I just jelled," she says. "She's a cool, sweet girl. First impressions are important to me." Christina has a matter-of-fact attitude toward her showbiz career, too. "I'm taking classes and going around to agencies," she says. "I still want to act, but if a few years go by and I'm still not where I want to be, I'll drop the idea and do something else."

You don't have to worry that Christina will be blinded by the klieg lights. "I'll always try to keep a straight head on my shoulders," she says. "I'm very friendly, but it's hard to meet people in L.A. I welcome good conversation with men who are funny and ready with a compliment, but I don't like phony lines. I've been to lots of Hollywood parties and I've met a few famous people: Robert De Niro is really cool, and Eminem is on my to-do list. But half the time I'm just Chill Girl—I'd rather go to a club or some dive bar and drink beer with friends. If I ever see myself turning into something else, I will get on an airplane and go back home."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

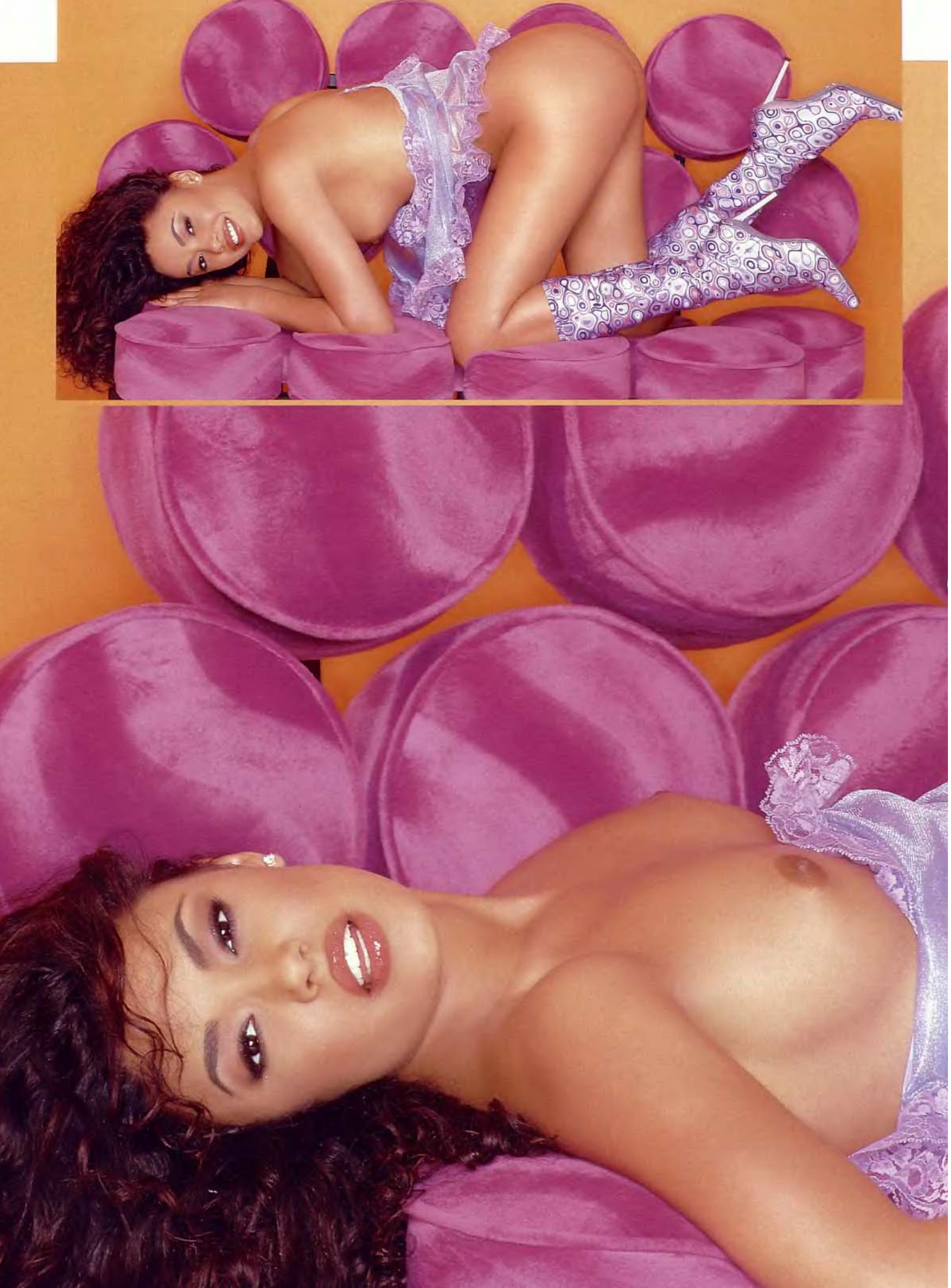






Much of this pictorial was shot at the Ploy-mote House—a multimillion-dollar pink-hued ranch-style home—just down the street from the Playboy Mansion. It's where Christina's PMOY journey began on TV's *Girl Next Door*. The reigning beauty is being sensible about her \$100,000 in prize booty. "You consider going on a shopping spree, but I won't," she says. "I'd rather invest in a home, because that's where you are going to hang most of the time."







SEE MORE NUDES OF CHRISTINA SANTIAGO
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

SEE CHRISTINA IN VIDEO CENTERFOLD: 2003
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR AVAILABLE ON VHS
AND DVD.

phil spectator

(continued from page 68)

forbidding. He liked that.

"He knows he has that reputation: Phil Spector, megalomaniacal hermit," says Hudson Marquez, an artist (and co-creator of the famed Cadillac Ranch in Texas) who calls himself a longtime acquaintance of Spector. "People go nuts around him, and he knows that. He's aware of everything he does. He knows the effect of what he does on people before he does it."

Spector's life had been slowly changing. On the night of February 2, he employed a single driver, a radical departure for a man who'd routinely used three bodyguards. He'd curtailed his drinking three years earlier—and since late 2002, his staff had been shrinking as well. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that Janice Spector, the third of his ex-wives, who worked for him for more than 10 years after their divorce, had recently left his employ. So had Jay Romaine, a former LAPD officer who served as Spector's bodyguard. In an unpublished manuscript about Spector, LA writer and producer and longtime friend Harvey Kubernik noted the changes and wrote, "Thankfully, the only beverages offered around Phil this century are diet colas and Sprite, and I'm in no danger of being hit by a stray bullet. The mind games and bodyguards have been replaced by a lone driver. I am really happy to see him function like this around town the last few years. He's a gas."

But not everyone was convinced that Spector's irrational days were behind him. Writer Ruben Carson, who rented a garage apartment in the San Fernando Valley to an alleged girlfriend of Spector's, says he received strange, abusive letters from the producer when Carson tried to evict the woman late last year.

"A messenger would show up with a threatening letter in which Spector would drop the names of about five lawyers, including Robert Shapiro and Marvin Mitchelson," says Carson. "It was basically extortion—he was making these outrageous demands and saying, 'If you don't do this, I'll get my entire legal team after you.' Like any sociopath, he thinks if he wants something it becomes reality."

On this night, though, the main thing Spector must have wanted was to leave the suburbs behind and find some nightlife. He slipped into the backseat of a black Mercedes sedan so new that it still sported dealer plates, and his driver negotiated the long, curving driveway that led from Spector's house to the gates of his property. Within minutes, the car was speeding west on Interstate 10, heading for Hollywood.

Twenty miles west of Alhambra, in the seaside town of Venice, Lana Clarkson got ready to make the half-hour drive across town to West Hollywood, where she worked at the House of Blues. Clarkson, who had a husky voice and a firm handshake, idolized old-time movie stars like Lana Turner, Bette Davis and especially Marilyn Monroe. Actress Sally Kirkland befriended Clarkson back in 2000 when the two co-starred in *Powder Room Suites* at the Court Theater in West Hollywood. "She reminded me of a younger sister," Kirkland says. "We're both big and blonde, and simultaneously shy and outrageous."

If it were up to her, friends say, Clarkson might have dressed in something colorful for work—bright red, maybe, or a leopard print and high heels to emphasize her height. "The Big L," she called herself at clubs around town. But the House of Blues preferred its hostesses to dress in black, and spending an entire night on your feet was tough in heels. So Clarkson subdued her flamboyant nature.

"I'm used to Lana being 5'11", over six feet with heels, with mounds of blonde hair and a spectacular figure," says Kirkland. "But when I saw her at the House of Blues there was this woman with her hair in a bun, with flat shoes, wearing a very straight, boring black suit. The corporate Lana. She told me she was hosting there as a part-time gig. I told her I thought it was great because she was always so friendly and charming and outgoing. Lana's nature was a trusting one. Whether it was Phil Spector or John Doe, she wanted to see the good in everyone. That was the last time I saw her alive."

At the age of 40, recuperating from an accident at a charity event in December 2001 in which she had broken both wrists, Clarkson, a native of California, knew it was time to compromise and regroup. Her résumé already listed modeling, television ads and TV shows that included *Happy Days*, *Fantasy Island* and *Three's Company*. Her film debut consisted of a one-word role ("Hi!") in 1982's *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, but she became best known via producer Roger Corman's B-movie factory, playing the title role in the sword-and-sandal flick *Barbarian Queen* and its sequel.

Clarkson embraced the role of a queen B, putting in long hours at comic book conventions. She even made it a point to carry extra Sharpies for signing the autographs.

A gig as a ticket taker and hostess at the House of Blues was far from ideal for an actress looking to sustain her ca-

reer. But acting jobs had been tough to come by, particularly after her accident. "I think her career might have gone further if people hadn't typecast her," says Corman. "Because she was so tall and beautiful, they thought of her as a James Bond girl or Barbarian Queen."

As she drove up Sunset Boulevard toward the House of Blues, Clarkson had to notice a building across the street, a large, squarish structure, painted black with a round marquee affixed to the front and dozens of celebrated entertainers' names adorning the awning. It was this venue, the Comedy Store, that represented the direction she hoped her career would take.

"She had been the starlet, the ingénue," says Ray Cavaleri, Clarkson's agent for the last few months of her life. "She wanted to make a transition to sitcoms, and we were gearing toward pilot season." In addition to doing stand-up comedy, Clarkson had recently gone into Corman's office to assemble a reel to spotlight her comedic skill. In it, she played a variety of characters, including a lesbian police officer, Little Richard and a Barbie Doll-type character. Lana Unleashed, she called it.

But the video hadn't won her any serious gigs; that's where the House of Blues came in. "She wanted to get a job that didn't interfere with her being able to go out and audition," says Cavaleri. "The House of Blues kept her free during the day."

When Clarkson walked into the club Sunday night, she might have felt as if she'd already been at work all weekend. The club had held its monthly staff meeting the previous morning, which meant Clarkson had to be there some nine hours before her usual starting time. She'd gotten dressed up for the meeting, too: One of the items of business was the ceremony for the Employee of the Month award, and Clarkson had joined in the presentation, donning a little black dress, long black gloves and even a mock tiara to hand out the award—as if, said one co-worker, "she were a *Price Is Right* presenter."

When Clarkson returned to work in the early evening the next day, at least one colleague thought she looked unusually tired. (House of Blues employees have been ordered not to speak about Clarkson and Spector, so those who did talk requested anonymity.) By the time she got upstairs, though, she knew better than to let her fatigue show.

"She was a hostess, she was using her personality," says Cavaleri. "People do what they have to do to get by."

Driving through West Hollywood on his way to dinner, Phil Spector would
(continued on page 155)

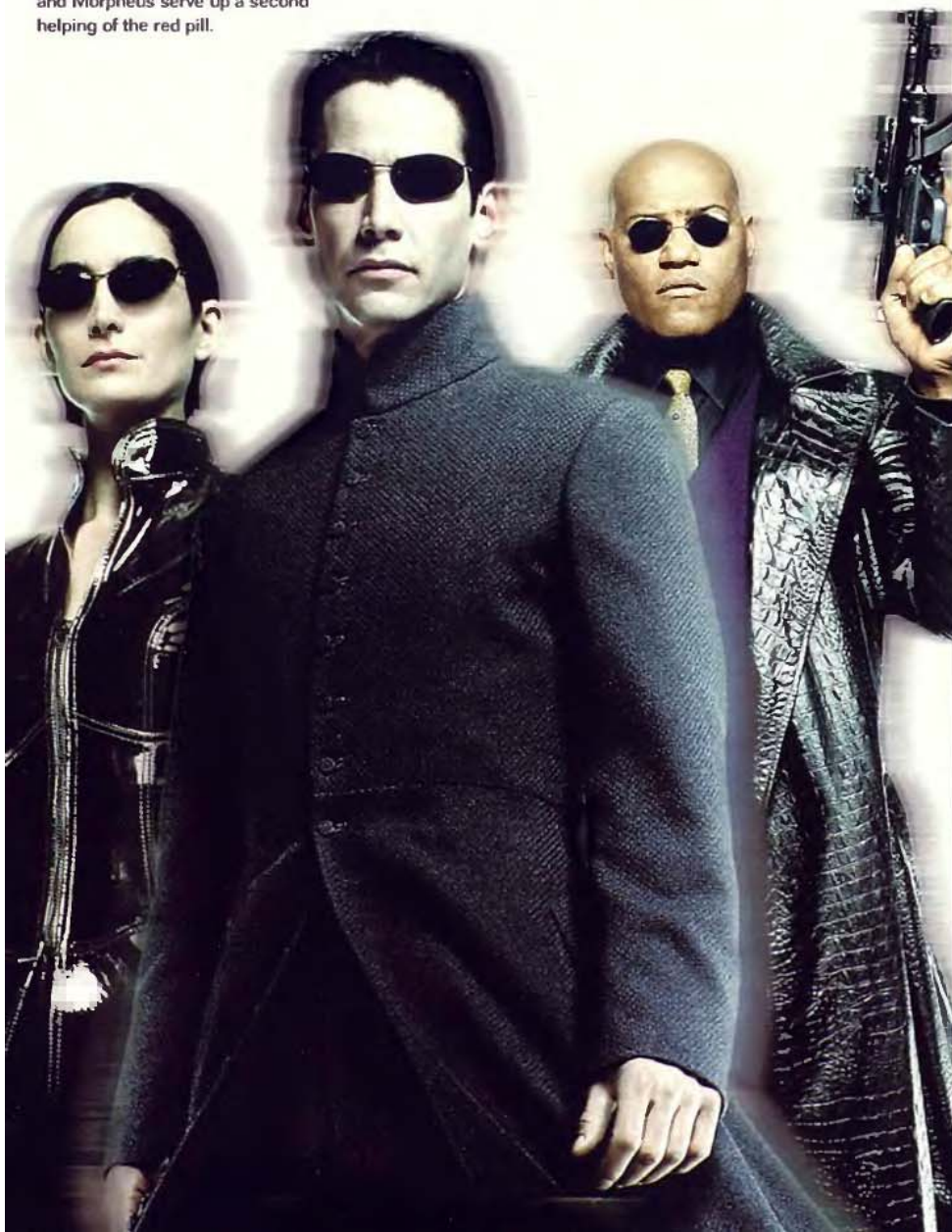


*"When you're whackin' off by some lonely campfire, Chickenleg, jes' remember
me an' the sheep are here waitin'."*

PLAYBOY'S SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW

WE SAVED YOU THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE FOR AN INSIDER'S LOOK AT THE SEASON'S BIGGEST FILMS

Made in the shades: Trinity, Neo and Morpheus serve up a second helping of the red pill.



★ THE MATRIX RELOADED

WHEN IT COMES TO SUMMER BLOCKBUSTERS, THIS HYPERANTICIPATED SEQUEL IS "THE ONE"

THE PITCH In the first of two sequels to the *Star Wars* of our age, Neo and the gang must protect Zion from computer overlords, or the human race will be deleted quicker than a chain e-mail. (May 15)

THE PLAYERS Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Anne Moss, Laurence Fishburne, Hugo Weaving, Monico Bellucci. **DIRECTORS:** Andy and Larry Wachowski.



INSIDER Now that *Reloaded* is cocked and ready to fire, über-producer Joel Silver looks back on his \$456 million-grossing *The Matrix* as a virtual

ort film. "It was o very small story about one renegade crew," he says. "Now you're going to see Zion, whot the machine world is oll about, and a panoramo of characters and programs that will blow everyone away." Already stoking fan fever is a car chase sequence so vast ond complex it necessitated constructing 1.6 miles of freeway at an abandoned navol station in California. "GM gave us more than 100 vehicles," boasts Silver. "When we were done, I don't think they got any of them back."

Reportedly, the Wachowskis wonted November's concluding chapter, *The Matrix Revolutions*—which will feature humans and machines in full-scale war—to open this summer as well, but the post-production work couldn't be finished in time. Too bod, because when *Reloaded* ends smock in the middle of a cliffhanger, the audience wail is sure to be deafening. "Oh boy, we will want to hide," admits Silver. "But every single thing that was set up in the first movie pays off in the next two."

TRIVIA TIP The sequels' visual-effects budget is almost twice the entire budget of the first *Matrix*.

CRITIC'S ADVOCATE One reason *The Matrix* seemed so cool was that it hit theaters without hype. The buzz on the sequel is louder than a thousand hornet nests. Can it deliver?

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



The freedom fighters' new pursuers include these dreadlocked gents known as the Twins.

Purists may prefer the classic model, but we think the upgrade offers some exciting new features.

★ TERMINATOR 3 RISE OF THE MACHINES

ARNOLD SAID HE'D BE BACK. BUT IS THE BIG GUY PACKING ENOUGH FIREPOWER?

THE PITCH Put a faltering action icon back in his most famous role, crank the man-vs.-machine mayhem to 11 and, just to be safe, toss in a killer fembot in red leather. (July 2)

THE PLAYERS Arnold Schwarzenegger, Kristanna Loken, Nick Stahl, Claire Daines. **DIRECTOR:** Jonathon Mostow (U-571).

INSIDER If you think building the perfect killing machine is a big job, try assembling the parts required to make another *Terminator* sequel. It's been 12 years since *T2: Judgment Day* raised the bar on science-fiction action, and still the new model is being delivered without a key component—director James Cameron. The pressure of steering the \$170 million—budgeted third installment, which depicts the first all-out battles between humans and SkyNet's merciless machines, has been intense, admits anointed director Mostow. "It's a cross between being a chess player and a coal miner. It's got the physical and the mental," he says, noting that an ankle he sprained jumping off a camera truck had to wait a week for medical attention. But at least he's got Schwarzenegger back on board as our favorite monosyllabic cyborg, this time protecting 25-year-old hope of the future John Connor (Nick Stahl) from the T-X (Kristanna Loken), a female Terminator with looks, a laser-cannon arm and dominion over all things mechanical. Even with the stakes this high, Mostow admits the job had its perks: "To go to work every day and tell the Terminator what to do is pure fun."

TRIVIA TIP Former WWF personality Chyno was also considered for the part of the Terminatrix.

CRITIC'S ADVOCATE Why does a cyborg need a pound of pancake makeup to make him look younger?

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



Grave situation: Now there's something you don't see every day.

★ PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN

SCALAWAG DEPP SETS SAIL TO SAVE THE GIRL AND DIG FOR BOX-OFFICE TREASURE



Though it's inspired by the venerable Disneyland attraction, don't expect some Mickey Mouse production. This Jerry Bruckheimer-produced action behemoth features Johnny Depp as a good pirate, *The Lord of the Rings'* Orlando Bloom as a British naval hero and Geoffrey Rush as an evildoer who kidnaps newcomer Keira Knightley and seeks the treasure that will remove a curse from his crew of ghouls. Will director Gore Verbinski (*The Ring*) evoke classic swashbuckling adventures, or recent waterlogged wrecks like *Cutthroat Island*? Spooky special effects and a splash of high-seas humor from *Shrek* scribes Terry Rossio and Ted Elliott can't hurt. Pass the Dramamine just in case.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



★ THE ITALIAN JOB

A CLASSIC HEIST REMAKE AIMS FOR A BIG PAYOFF



Remakes starring Mark Wahlberg have been iffy prospects (*Planet of the Apes*, *The Truth About Charlie*), but at least this one promises a great car chase. The 1969 original had Michael Caine diverting attention from a heist by creating an enormous traffic jam. In the new incarnation, a heist goes off as planned in Italy, but when thief Wahlberg is double-crossed, he plans to reswipe the swag by manipulating traffic signals across Los Angeles. Charlize Theron and Edward Norton also appear, but the real star may be the Mini Cooper, which we'll see barreling up sidewalks and zipping through subways.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



Lean and green: The Hulk tries his hand at interior redecorating.

★ THE HULK

WHEN WE RIP OUR PANTS, WE LOOK EMBARRASSED. WHEN THIS GUY DOES, WE RUN LIKE HELL.

THE PITCH Hire an A-list art film director to give Marvel Comics' unjolly green giant a touch of class, and keep the big-screen superhero bonanza rolling. (June 20)

THE PLAYERS Eric Bana, Jennifer Connelly, Nick Nolte. **DIRECTOR:** Ang Lee.

INSIDER Much has been made of how Lee's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* demonstrated he had the action chops to handle a big-budget superhero spectacle. But what has been overlooked is the contemplative soul of that martial-arts masterpiece. Which means the \$120 million *Hulk* could be a radical mixture of whiz-bang effects and meditations on the beast within. "You never felt you were working on a summer blockbuster," says Bono (*Chopper*, *Black Hawk Down*), the relatively unknown Australian actor portraying Bruce Banner, a scientist who, while searching for the secret to superhuman strength, receives an overdose of gamma rays that unleashes his primal, destructive alter ego whenever he loses his temper. "It was an unnecessarily dark and depressing set." Which part of filming was most intense? "Days one through 100," says Bana. "I'm not joking."

After the live shoot, Lee spent five months personally "directing" the CGI Hulk smashing through walls and tossing tanks over the horizon, relieving Bana of the need to sport a pea-soup point job. To play Banner, Bana says, "I made him 100 percent outback Australian, based on the Crocodile Hunter." That is a joke—we hope. Still, what would an Aussie Hulk act like? "He'd be way too laid-back to get angry," says Bana. "He'd get vaguely pissed off and then just have a beer. If he could even be bothered to turn green."

TRIVIA TIP Keep an eye peeled for former bodybuilder Lou Ferrigno, star of the 1978–1982 *Incredible Hulk* TV series, in a cameo role.

CRITIC'S ADVOCATE If the Hulk looks too much like a cheesy cartoon, we'll get angry. You wouldn't like us when we're angry.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



The beast's beauty: Oscar winner Connelly.

★ TOMB RAIDER THE CRADLE OF LIFE

ONLY A BOMBSHELL LIKE ANGELINA JOLIE COULD TEMPT US INTO THIS TOMB AGAIN



Video-game seductress and slyer Lora Croft is back in action, better served (we hope) by this Jan de Bont-directed sequel. (Did we really need that treedy father-daughter subplot last time around?) Angelino will scole



cliffs, ride motorcycles and get slippery wet on a personal watercraft, all in the service of thwarting a Chinese crime syndicate. If any residual anger at Billy Bob got channeled into the fight

scenes, we might be in for some cathartic violence. Lora's a globe-trotter, so expect location work in Greece, China and Africa, including an underwater opener and a sequence on the rim of a volcano. Like we'll be looking at any scenery besides Angelina.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



★ SEABISCUIT

Winner's circle: Maguire and Cooper (at right) hope for happy trails.

SUMMER WITH SUBSTANCE? MEET A DARK HORSE WORTH BETTING ON

THE PITCH Based on the surprise best-selling book by Laura Hillenbrand, this nostalgic drama trots out the hottest sports star of the Thirties—a stubby-legged, ornery race-horse whose win-streaked career inspired millions. So what have you done lately? (July 25)

THE PLAYERS Tobey Maguire, Chris Cooper, Jeff Bridges. **DIRECTOR:** Gary Ross (*Pleasantville*).

INSIDER Turning a popular nonfiction book into a heart-warming film isn't unusual, but putting it up against mutant superheroes and ass-kicking angels might seem like a 100-to-1 shot. Star Tobey Maguire, however, sees a crowd pleaser in this horse tale. "You've got the themes of an underdog sports movie as well as a character-driven epic," he says. "The scope of this film is huge." In prepping to portray jockey Red Pollard, Maguire discovered that being short wasn't the only job requirement. "I didn't realize what athletes jockeys are," says Maguire, who worked on a simulator called on Equicizer to shed his Spider-Man bulk. "Unlike in other sports, their season lasts 52 weeks, so they've got to make weight every day of the year. These guys are balancing on the balls of their feet for two minutes at a time on a 2000-pound animal galloping 40 miles an hour."

So do jockeys trash-talk at the starting gate? "They do a little bit," Maguire says. "I think they have real respect for each other, though, because you can die in a race. You go down, get trampled, you're dead."

TRIVIA TIP A horse sired by Seabiscuit played his dad in the 1949 movie, but kept losing during the filming of the races, so newsreel footage had to be used.

CRITIC'S ADVOCATE They shoot horse movies at the box office, don't they?

ANTICIPATION LEVEL 



★ LEGALLY BLONDE 2 RED, WHITE & BLONDE

THE BEST THING ABOUT CHICK FLICKS? THE CHICKS

Since you'll be drogging your significant other to *Matrix Reloaded* and *Terminator 3*, you're going to have to sit through one of her picks. We vote for Reese Witherspoon's return as empowered sorority babe Elle. (OK, maybe we're biased because she wore a Playboy Bunny costume in the first movie.) The sequel finds shallow yet crafty Elle—now a high-powered lawyer—lobbying Congress to stop cosmetics companies from testing their wares on cute little dogs. Yes, this comedy is pinker than a bubble-gum explosion in a Laura Ashley store, but Witherspoon is one of Hollywood's most watchable comediennes, and the legendary Bob Newhart has a key role as a doorman who provides Elle with inside political information.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



★ 2 FAST 2 FURIOUS ★ BAD BOYS II

WILL A SEQUEL SPUTTER WITHOUT DIESEL?

When Vin Diesel demanded \$20 million to do the sequel to *The Fast and the Furious*, Universal decided that the franchise's success was more about cool cars than one bold strongman and told him to hit the road. Metropolis-of-the-moment Miami is the backdrop for returning star Paul Walker and ex-MTV-host Tyrese as they go undercover to nab a drug kingpin (Cole Hauser). The original's multiethnic appeal is still in force, with Cuban-American actress Eva Mendes getting our motors hot. *Boyz n the Hood* director John Singleton is behind the wheel, and has promised something faster than his usual snail-paced dramas.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL



WHATCHA GONNA DO WHEN THEY COME FOR YOU AGAIN?

Think of it as a cacophonous class reunion, as Will Smith, Martin Lawrence and director Michael Bay return to the project that established all three as action-movie players. A lot has changed since *Bad Boys* rocked the multiplex in 1995, including Smith's becoming one of Hollywood's biggest stars, but in *Bad Boys 2*, he and Martin are still streetwise cops equally quick with banter and bullets. This time they're taking on a Miami drug lord, white supremacists and citywide corruption, leaving just enough space between Bay's earsplitting explosions for Smith to get jiggy with

his partner's sexy younger sister (Gabrielle Union). Maybe that wild-looking chase scene is just him trying to get the hell out of town.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL





Halo again: Proof that God is a man.

★ CHARLIE'S ANGELS FULL THROTTLE

AN ACTION MOVIE FOR HORNY LITTLE DEVILS

THE PITCH The trio returns with lots of strictly-germane-to-the-plot jiggling. (June 27)
THE PLAYERS Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, Lucy Liu, Bernie Mac, Crispin Glover, Demi Moore, Luke Wilson, Matt LeBlanc. **DIRECTOR:** McG.

INSIDER This time, it's sort of personal. During the Angels' mission to save Witness Protection Program participants, we learn that one of the girls is herself in the program. "That's just one surprise," says McG. "Everyone has a secret in this picture." Like the first film, the sequel mixes over-the-top action with infectious camp such as a dance number set to *You Can't Touch This*. Explains McG, "Our philosophy is that when you're having the most fun you can possibly have, you're either laughing or dancing." He expresses special awe for Diaz, who in one scene helps with the birth of a calf, "up to the shoulder, if you know what I mean. She's the most game individual you will ever meet." With no rumors of Angel infighting, gossip has centered on Bernie Mac's replacing Bill Murray as Bosley. (It seems the Bosley family is African American, and Bill was the lone white guy.) In comparing the two, McG says, "Bill and I spent a lot of time working on the character, and Bernie, like most great comedians, puts his energy into being in front of the camera."

TRIVIA TIP Demi Moore plays an Angel emeritus, turning in her first performance since reportedly undergoing \$350,000 worth of plastic surgery.

CRITIC'S ADVOCATE Can you name your favorite moment from the first *Charlie's Angels* flick? We thought not.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL

★ WONDERLAND



BOOGIE NIGHTS GET DEADLY IN A QUIRKY BEHIND-THE-PORN TALE

Not much about John Holmes was small, but this under-\$10 million take on the porn star's involvement in a 1981 drug-related quadruple homicide has a distinctly indie feel. Val Kilmer channels 13-inch Holmes, Lisa Kudrow plays his wife, Dylan McDermott is nearly unrecognizable as a smack-dealing biker, and Kate Bosworth, Eric Bogosian, and Janeane Garofalo round out the ensemble. The murders were never solved, so the film plays around with shifting perspectives, plus offers Kilmer in a bloody, confessional nude scene. The filmmakers are mum on whether the budget allowed for prosthetic enhancement.

ANTICIPATION LEVEL

MORE NOTABLE SUMMER RELEASES >> DUMB AND DUMBERER
THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN > S.W.A.T.
MATCHSTICK MEN > THE SCHOOL OF ROCK > TOUGH LOVE

HULK VS TERMINATOR



THE PLANET ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF THESE BLOCKBUSTER BEHEMOTHS

Let Hollywood predict which movie monster will win at the box office; we asked experts who'd survive if Hulk and the Terminator met in a dark alley.



THE SOLDIER

COLONEL AVERY CHENOWETH
 MARINE COMBAT ARTIST AND
 AUTHOR OF "ART OF WAR"

"Hulk, no question. He's much more powerful and agile, while the Terminator is vulnerable to pressure and heat. Hulk could just pound his fists together and crush the Terminator's circuitry. In fact, with his unlimited strength, Hulk could toss T into the ionosphere, where he'd burn up on reentry. No robot can withstand that much force. In direct combat, it's of the utmost importance that you have a weapon, or are able to improvise one. Hulk could rip off the Terminator's leg and beat him with it."



THE SCIENTIST

DR. CLARK HUNG
 ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF
 BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING,
 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

"The Terminator is more intelligent. Hulk is governed by rage, making him more fallible. If the Terminator sensed this, he could lull Hulk into a calm state and strike quickly. The Terminator also has the advantage of being prepared for every situation, and is able to build upon his own knowledge: If something doesn't work, he can immediately adjust and try something that does. Hulk doesn't have that sort of capability. Because the Terminator is more adaptable, he would win. It's a classic case of brains (or in this instance, circuitry) over brawn."



THE GEEK

JIM MCLAUCHLIN
 CONTRIBUTING EDITOR,
 "WIZARD: THE COMICS" MAGAZINE

"Arnold may be more erudite than Hulk—barely—but this is no battle of the bons mots. In a knock-down-drag-out slobber knocker, there is one possible outcome: Hulk smash! See, the Terminator is just a blender on steroids. But Hulk was forged in the heart of a gamma bomb explosion—just like water is made of hydrogen and oxygen, Hulk's two constituent elements are rage and power. The madder Hulk gets, the stronger Hulk gets. Plus, he has the will to win. What's the Terminator got? Diodes? Copper wire? I'll take meat over microcircuits any day." —JACOB KALISH





"But enough about me. Let me tell you about the fishing in these parts."

MAJOR TURN-ONS

our pick of the best things to plug into



By Stewart Wolpin



Smartest Phone

Call in sick on Kyocera's pocket-size 7135 SmartPhone. It's a combination Palm Pilot, 3G cell phone, MP3 player and e-mail device with a color touch-screen, GPS navigation and wireless web. If you had an assistant, you could fire her now (\$500).

Most Tech in Your Palm

The Panasonic SV-AV30 combines an MP3 player, MPEG-4 format camcorder, digital still camera with 2x zoom, voice recorder along with flip-up two-inch LCD screen inside a device that's smaller than your now-empty wallet (\$400).

Mother of All Flat-Panel TVs

Samsung's 63-inch HPN6339 is the biggest plasma-screen TV available. Only three inches thick, it produces a 1200:1 contrast ratio and a 1366 x 768 resolution that looks so good we'd like to come over when you get it (\$20,000).





Skinniest Camera

The credit card-size Cosio Exilim Zoom EX-Z3 is a mere 0.9 inches thick, making it one of the slimmest digital cameras available. It features 3.2-megapixel resolution and 3x zoom, and is ready to shoot within two seconds of being turned on. Better it than us (\$450).

Next Year's Crib Accessory

Store music, home movies, photos and downloaded clips on the 80 GB hard drive inside Pioneer's DL-1000-S DigiLibrary. Then wirelessly access your files via DL-500AV receivers scattered about your abode. Instant ambience. (DL-1000-S costs \$1200; DL-500AV is \$900.)



Most Muscle in a Laptop

Raw PC power doesn't come more compact than the Sony Vaio PCG-V505AX—the first laptop with a Pentium 4 processor. It includes a DVD/CD-RW drive and a 12-inch screen, weighing in at a total of 4.5 pounds—roughly a tenth the weight of John Modden's head (\$1900).



HDTV Survival Guide

Do you remember pimples? Wet dreams? (We sure do.) Television is going through its own form of puberty as it moves from analog to digital. And while the result is sure to be pretty, the process of getting there will be filled with awkward moments. Bottom line: There's a lot of gear in stores that you should stay away from.

Have you noticed those fire sales on older big-screen TVs? Avoid them. When the analog TV spigot is turned off January 1, 2006, you'll need TV gear with a built-in HDTV tuner and digital connectors for FireWire and Digital Vid-

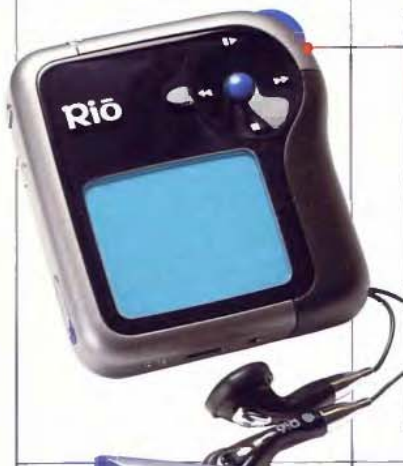
eo Interface—or its smaller sibling, High-Definition Multimedia Interface. A DVD recorder can make digital copies of your camcorder footage but won't record HDTV. That's because current models are equipped with old-fashion analog video jacks that are incapable of reproducing HDTV quality recordings. Like your HDTV, you'll want to wait for A/V receivers with FireWire and HDMI connectors. Unfortunately, not a single receiver has these connectors yet. The next generation receivers are unlikely to have DVI connectors because they are bulky. Stay tuned.



Most Advanced Camcorder

Scarsese wannabes should pick up JVC's GR-HD1, the first consumer high-definition camcorder. It can record footage in widescreen 720p resolution on Mini DV tape. Motivating your actress to drop 15 pounds is your problem (\$3500).





Most Tunes in the Least Space

Got 10,000 songs stuck in your head? Store all of them on the 40 GB Rio Pearl portable MP3 player by Sonicblue. It can store twice as many tracks as on Apple iPod and is nearly 15 percent smaller. As for the voices, you're on your own (\$500).

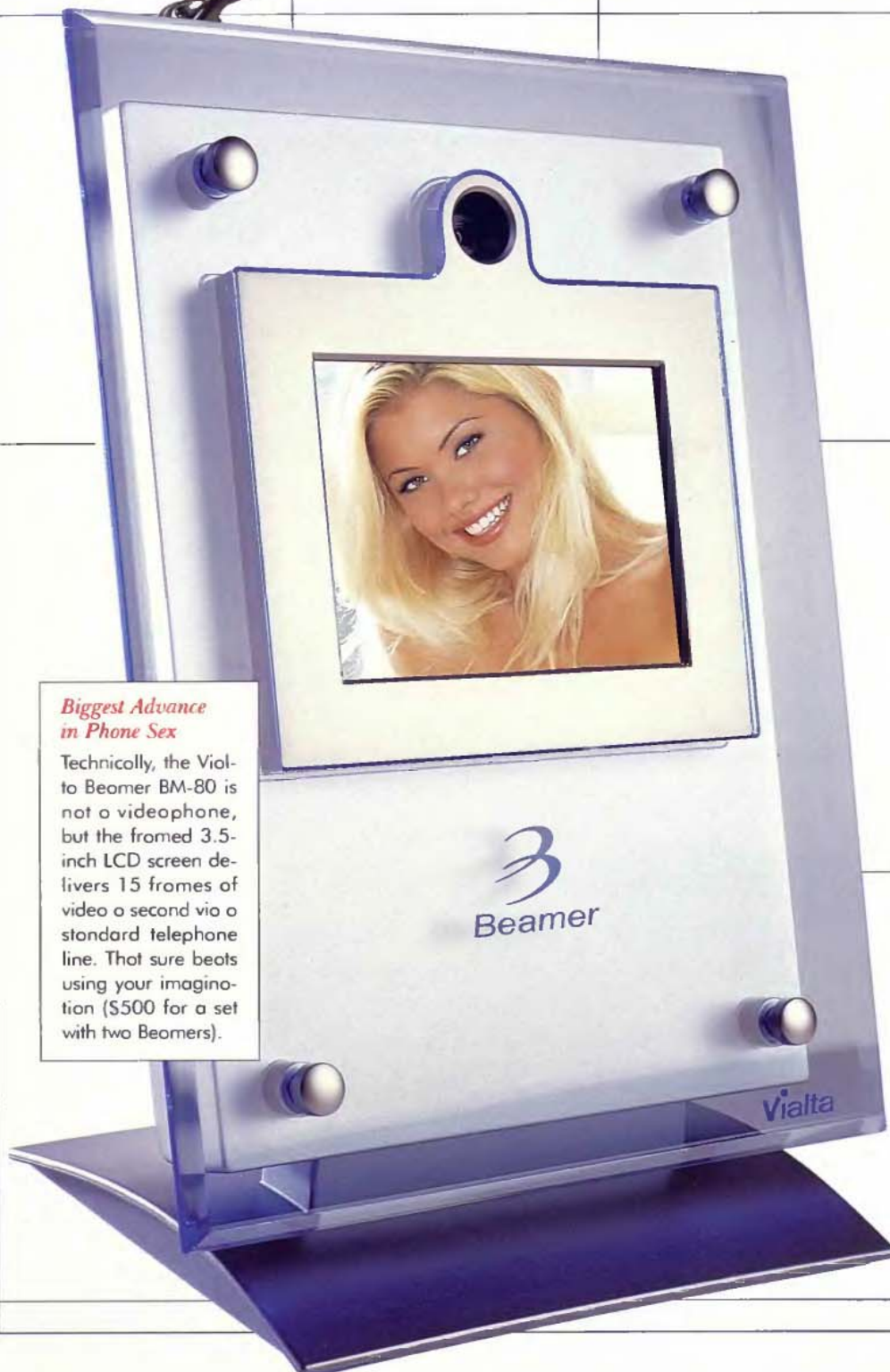
Swingingest PDA

Sony's PEG-NZ90 Clie is a combination Palm PDA, voice recorder, MP3 player and digital camera with two-megapixel resolution and 2x zoom. This was written with the touch-screen flipped up and turned around. Why? Because we could do it (\$800).



Biggest Advance in Phone Sex

Technically, the Vialto Beamer BM-80 is not a videophone, but the framed 3.5-inch LCD screen delivers 15 frames of video a second via a standard telephone line. That sure beats using your imagination (\$500 for a set with two Beomers).



Smallest Camera

Philips Key Ring digital cameras, with 1.3- or two-megapixel resolution as well as 64MB or 128MB of memory, can be worn around your neck. The upshot: No more carrying your camera in your Speedo while cruising the beach (\$100 to \$150).



When will I...

• **Take my cell phone number with me when I switch carriers?** November. So-called local number pooling regulations are in place. Now it's just a matter of the carriers' making the necessary adjustments to ensure your calls don't go to John Ashcroft.

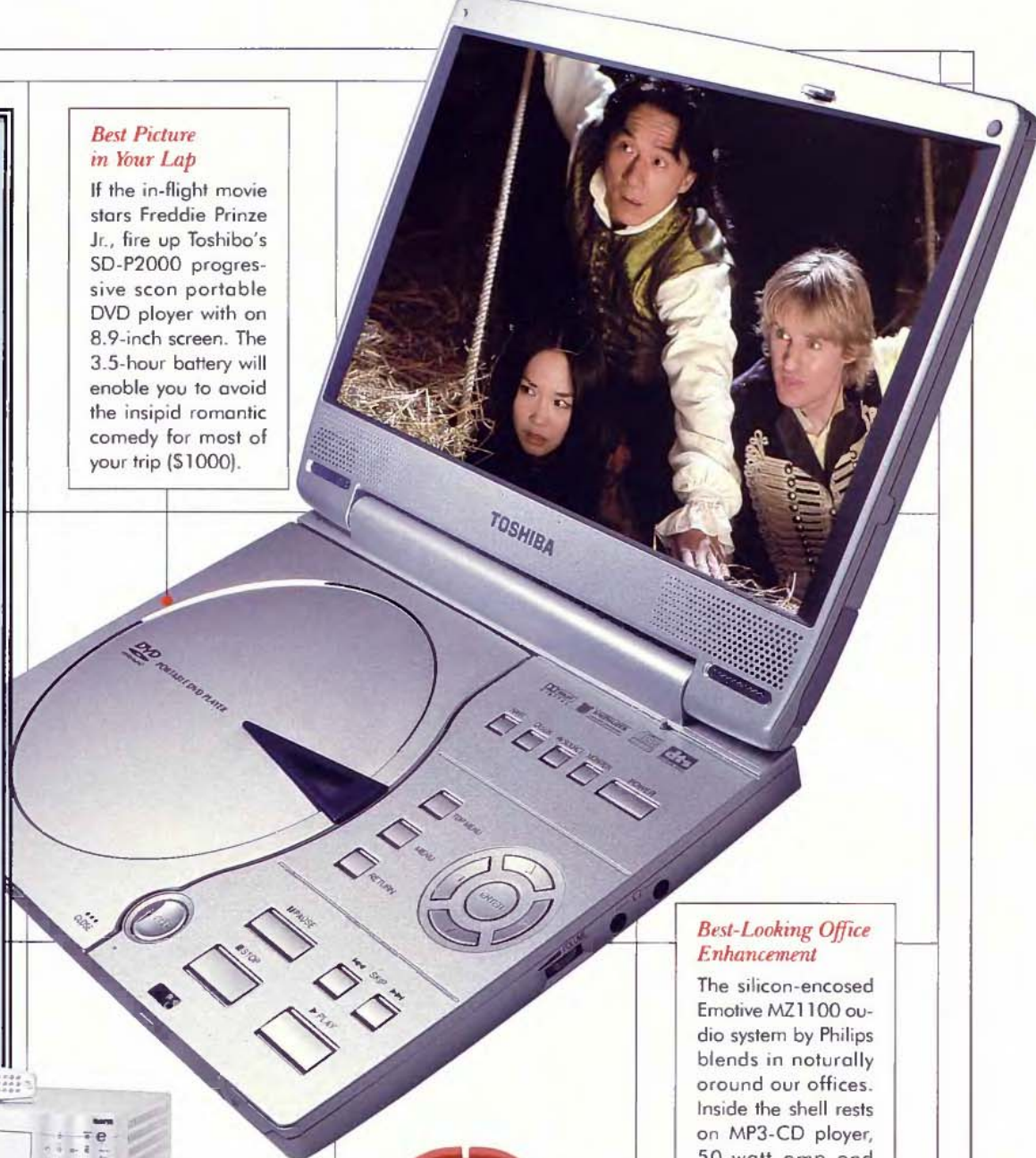
• **Watch 3D TV without glasses?** Demanding, aren't you? Sharp already has a cell phone with a 3D liquid crystal screen for sale in Japan, and computer monitors using the technology are in the prototype stage. A 3D version of *The Sopranos*? Don't hold your breath. Let's get HDTV off the ground first, then we'll talk about 3D.

• **Digitally record HDTV?** Later this summer the Dish Network will release the Dish-PVR921, a satellite receiver equipped with a 250 GB personal video recorder capable of storing 40 hours worth of HDTV programming from Dish's five HD channels or 250 hours of standard definition *Simpsons* reruns.

• **Talk to my house?** Want to tell your house to make some coffee and dim the lights until your hangover wears off? You'll have to wait until 2005 for the first prototypes of MIT's Project Oxygen. Founded in the fall of 1999, the program is working to automate your house by integrating computing, A/V communications, home networking, artificial intelligence and speech recognition so you won't have to leave that comfortable couch for anything ever again.

Best Picture in Your Lap

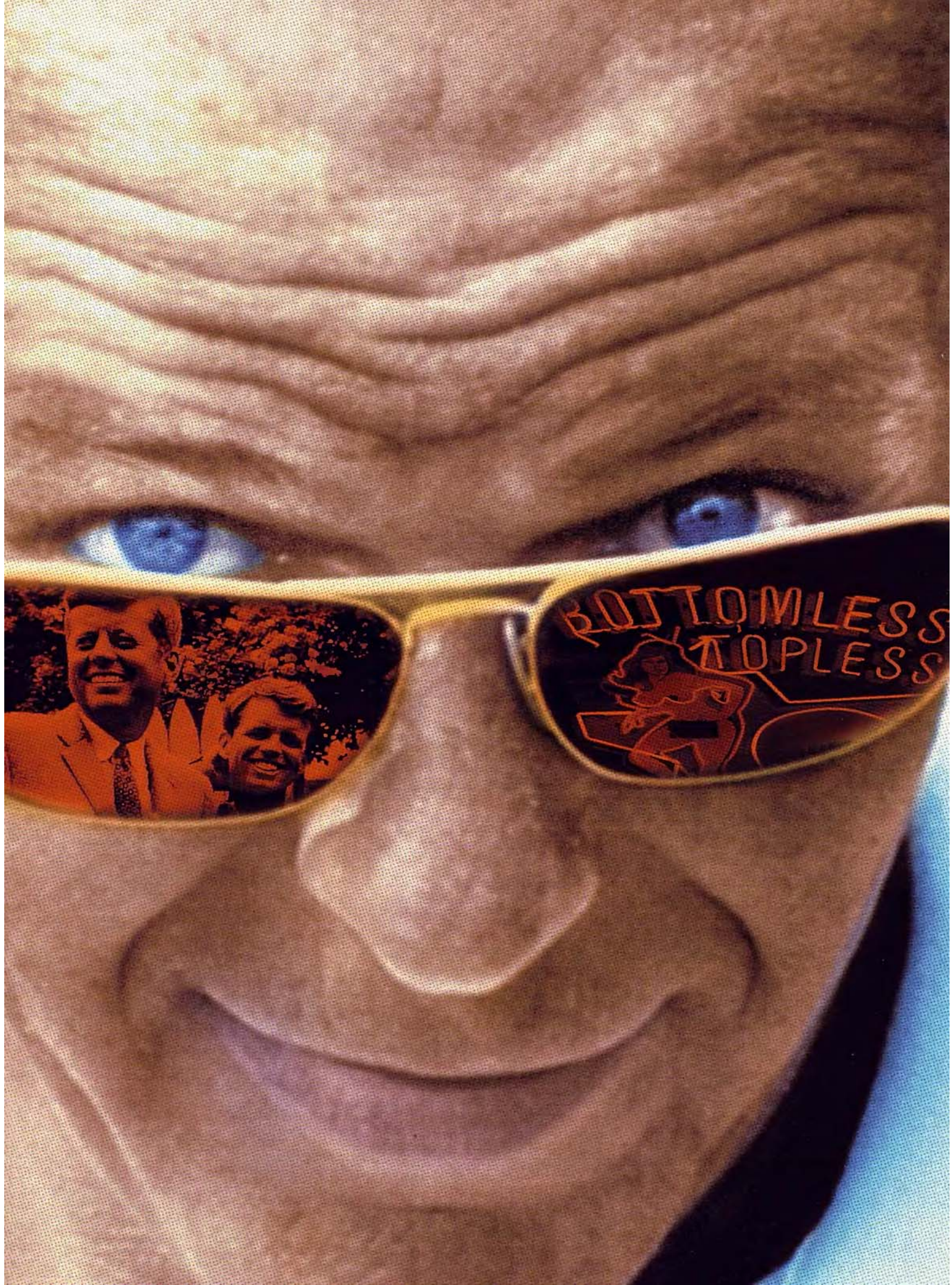
If the in-flight movie stars Freddie Prinze Jr., fire up Toshiba's SD-P2000 progressive scan portable DVD player with an 8.9-inch screen. The 3.5-hour battery will enable you to avoid the insipid romantic comedy for most of your trip (\$1000).



Best-Looking Office Enhancement

The silicon-encased Emotive MZ1100 audio system by Philips blends in naturally around our offices. Inside the shell rests an MP3-CD player, 50-watt amp and an AM/FM radio tuner with 40 presets. We call it "desk augmentation" (\$400).





SINATRA AND THE DARK SIDE OF CAMELOT

Frank and JFK had a lot in common: Gangsters, starlets, hookers and unquestioned power. The view from inside the Pack

by George Jacobs & William Stadiem

GEORGE JACOBS WORKED AS FRANK SINATRA'S VALET FROM 1953 TO 1968. FOR MR. S., AS JACOBS CALLED HIM, THESE WERE THE GLORY YEARS, WHEN SINATRA REIGNED AS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS. JACOBS NOT ONLY DRESSED HIS BOSS, HE ALSO COOKED FOR THE MAN'S GIRLFRIENDS, PAID HIS HOOKERS AND BABYSAT SOME OF THE MOST GLAMOROUS NAMES IN HOLLYWOOD. THE CLOSEST THING SINATRA HAD TO A CONFIDANT, JACOBS WAS ALSO A KEEN OBSERVER OF SINATRA'S INNER CIRCLE, WHICH INCLUDED DEAN MARTIN, SAMMY DAVIS JR. AND THE REST OF THE RAT PACK. BUT SINATRA'S MOST COMPLICATED—AND MYSTERIOUS—RELATIONSHIP WAS WITH THE KENNEDY BROTHERS, THE ARCHITECTS OF CAMELOT. JACOBS HAS NEVER SHARED THESE TALES WITH ANY REPORTER OR SINATRA BIOGRAPHER—UNTIL NOW.

THE STORY BEGINS IN 1958. AS SINATRA, IN HIS QUEST FOR POLITICAL INFLUENCE, PREPARES HIS CALIFORNIA HOME FOR A PARTY TO HONOR JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, THE POWERFUL PATRIARCH OF THE KENNEDY DYNASTY AND THE FATHER OF JACK, BOBBY AND TEDDY.

Mr. S. had entertained so many gangster types in his Palm Springs compound that I assumed the wiry, bespectacled man who spoke in long a's was another pillar of the underworld. I had met Italian gangsters and Jewish gangsters. Why not an Irish gangster?

Mr. S. certainly rolled out the red carpet for him: five fantastic hookers flown down from Vegas, and a whole staff of waiters and maids in starched gray uniforms, some from Watts, others he had me round up from the Indian reservation in the Coachella Valley. We had plenty of bedrooms, but when things got too crowded the hookers would double up and bunk together. They'd see the guests



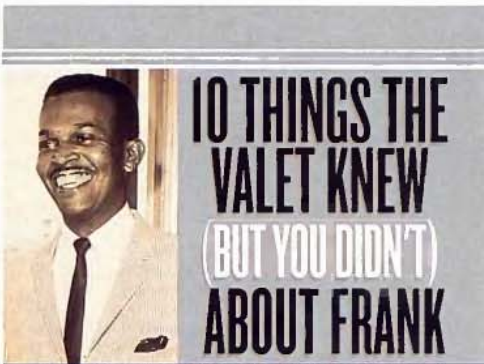
in the guests' bedrooms, so space was never a problem. When they weren't "in session," the girls would swim in the pool, work on their tans, eat and drink like any other guests. Mr. S. wouldn't stand for orgies on his property. He was too much of a neat freak. We treated them as honored guests, not as hookers. They just got paid when they went home.

The hospitality that was laid out that weekend was truly extraordinary. Even Sam Giancana didn't get this kind of treatment. Nor did Mr. Sam lay on the abuse this 70-year-old guy (whom Sinatra called Mr. Ambassador) heaped on all of us. He told nigger jokes throughout the meals, he'd call Indians savages and

blacks Sambos and curse the hell out of anyone who served him from the wrong side or put one ice cube too many in his Jack Daniel's. "Can't you get any white help?" he would needle Mr. S. "Aren't they paying you enough?"

Such was Mr. Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, father of our country's most captivating president. If anyone had the guts to spit in his face—a bravery that my boss sadly lacked—Mr. Ambassador should have been called Mr. Asshole.

Joseph Kennedy was, if anything, cruder about Jews than he was about blacks. As a guy who once owned a Hollywood studio (RKO), he must have had a tough time with his competition. To him they were "sheeny rag traders." He referred to the august Louis B. Mayer as a "kike junkman." The Jewish jokes didn't stop. The worst one I can recall: "What's the difference between a Jew and a pizza? The pizza doesn't cry on its way to the oven." Poor Mr. S., having to sit through this, having to force a smile when he should have thrown the guy out to the coyotes. The anti-Semitism was shocking, yet it was nothing new. I was too young to remember Joseph Kennedy's craven appeasement of Adolf Hitler when he was Franklin Roosevelt's ambassador to the Court of St. James, a position, like every other, he was said to have bought. I was even younger when he made his fortune as a bootlegger in Prohibition and as an insider trader on Wall Street before it was illegal and, ironically, before Roosevelt made him head of the Securities and Exchange Commission.



GEORGE JACOBS REVEALS THE CHAIRMAN'S SECRETS.

- 1 HE WAS A NEAT FREAK WHO SHOWERED AND CHANGED CLOTHES FOUR TIMES A DAY.
- 2 HE HAD AN ENORMOUS PENIS, WHICH HE CONCEALED BY WEARING CUSTOM-MADE UNDERGARMENTS.
- 3 HE DESPISED MARLON BRANDO, WHOM HE CALLED "MUMBLES." BRANDO CALLED HIM "BALDIE."
- 4 HE ALWAYS GOT LAID THE NIGHT BEFORE A RECORDING SESSION.
- 5 HE REWARDED HIMSELF WITH A HOOKER THE NIGHT HE ALMOST NAILED PAT KENNEDY LAWFORD.
- 6 HE STOOD FIVE-FOOT-SEVEN AND WORE LIFTS IN ALL HIS SHOES.
- 7 HE LOATHED ELVIS BUT STUDIED HIS RECORDS TO SEE IF HE COULD UNDERSTAND THE KING'S MAGIC.
- 8 HE TALKED LIKE A GANGSTER IN BED AND HATED SEXY LINGERIE.
- 9 HE ONCE SET FIRE TO PETER LAWFORD'S CLOTHES.
- 10 HE WORE A GOOD-LUCK TOUTEE ON OPENING NIGHTS.

Because everybody loved JFK, we have mythologized his family into our American aristocracy and our image of Joe Kennedy is that of a Boston Brahmin patriarch. That's about as far off the mark as saying JFK was faithful to Jackie. Joe was mobbed up to his fancy collar pins, with Sam Giancana at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, the world's largest commercial building, which he owned; with Meyer Lansky in Miami; with the one-armed bandit Wingy Grober in Tahoe. If anyone's fortune was tainted, it was that of Mr. Ambassador. Mr. S. worshiped Joe Kennedy's brute force. His money was fuck-you money. Old Joe said fuck you to everyone. Sinatra respected his arrogance. Here was a poor mick, a street guy who had "passed" for class, getting into Harvard, buying his way into government, laundering his entire image. He was the embodiment of the great American success story.

By 1958, Frank Sinatra was so successful in movies and music that even taking control of the business side of show business looked as if it might be too limiting to the juggernaut he was on. What else could there be for the man who had everything? The answer was power, political power, and crafty old Joe Kennedy knew just how to play to Mr. S.'s vanity, as well as to his insecurity. The road to power would be his road to respect. Kennedy dangled an ambassadorship to Italy, he threw out the idea of senator from Nevada.

I never lied about how I felt about Joe Kennedy. Mr. S. felt the same way about the old man, but (continued on page 126)

Sinatra worshiped JFK (top left) despite his distrust of the Irish. But he seethed at Bobby Kennedy's crusade against pal Sam Giancana (bottom left), the Chicago Mob boss. Frank helped JFK bed Marilyn (top right). Judith Campbell (bottom right), the hooker involved with Frank, JFK and Sam.



Home Security



JUAN IVAREZ JORGE



TAILOR MADE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

miss june paints a pretty picture

YOU HAVE SEEN Tailor James before. The 22-year-old Canadian ice-melter was one of the girls featured in our February 2003 *Cyber Girls* pictorial. "A friend of mine is a photographer, and it was his idea to try the whole PLAYBOY thing," says Tailor. "It's funny—most of my baby pictures are of my cousin and me running around nude in my grandmother's backyard. I guess things haven't changed much."

Tailor calls the Toronto area home and has lived there her entire life. She started modeling at 17, posing for calendars and doing catalog work. "I was extremely independent, and when I was 18 I wanted to move out on my own," she says. "Well, you know how teenagers are: They don't want to obey rules. I had a good upbringing and sometimes I wish that I had stayed home a little longer, but that's life." Even on her own, Tailor had the discipline to broaden her horizons. "I've studied marketing, aesthetics and image consulting, and I am very interested in homeopathic medicine," she says. "It has

"I'm a girly girl, but a lot of my friends are guys," says Tailor. "I like to roller-skate and do guy things. My friends play roller hockey in the streets during the summer. I'm a Toronto Maple Leafs fan, so I decided to wear my jersey for the shoot."





"I love painting and drawing and making things," says Tailor. "I've always been creative—it comes down to that. I get stressed-out easily, but when I start painting it makes me forget everything else that's going on."





never been my goal to become an actress, or famous. When I was little, I really wanted to go to Los Angeles because I was a big Barbie fan and it seemed like she was from LA. It was a little girl's dream come true."

Miss June says she's over the club scene and is more interested in her career. "I'm designing a line of panties that I plan to sell on my website and in stores. I'm a stay-at-home kind of girl now," she admits. "I have a few close girlfriends, and I find it's really important to surround myself with good people. With guys, the first thing that I notice is eye contact, or lack thereof. I love big hands, but it has nothing to do with the myth, even though I think that's pretty much true. They just make me feel tiny. I love to cuddle, so when a guy has big hands it makes me feel safe. It's also a psychological thing." Don't get the impression that Taylor is house bound, though. "I love life and don't get bored easily," she says. "Any evening can be romantic provided I'm with someone whose company I enjoy. One day I'd like to have a family and a rewarding career. As long as I'm healthy and happy in whatever I choose to pursue, that's all that matters."

See behind-the-scenes video of Miss June's pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.

Taylor says she prefers roaming with Toby, her Russian Blue pussycat. "Toby is my baby—he's so gorgeous," she says. "He cuddles with me, kisses me and sleeps with me every night. Toby plays fetch like a dog, and when I first got him I took him for walks around the block on a leash."





Miss June has a black belt in karate and started practicing when she was nine years old. "My dad thought it would discipline me," she says. "I studied about four times a week until I was 17. I was all over the place and hyper when I was young, swinging off cupboards. I had a lot of energy. I didn't take karate for self-defense, but I've had a few little fights where I've had to defend myself. If I feel like I'm being hassled, I can definitely put a guy in his place if I want to. I'm not shy when it comes to that."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: TAYLOR JAMES

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 07/21/1980 BIRTHPLACE: MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO (TORONTO)

AMBITIONS: TO BE HAPPY & SUCCESSFUL WITH WHATEVER I CHOOSE TO PURSUE, AND TO BE A GREAT MOTHER & WIFE.

TURN-ONS: INTELLIGENCE, CONFIDENCE, HONESTY, COLOGNE, HOT BUBBLE BATHS, FOOD, CANDLELIGHT.

TURNOFFS: EGOTISTICAL, MATERIALISTIC & SUPERFICIAL PEOPLE, JEALOUSY, IGNORANCE, LACK OF INDEPENDENCE, POOR HYGIENE.

WHY I TOOK TIME OFF FROM MODELING: TO MAKE SOME TIME FOR MYSELF & TO CLEAR MY MIND. NOW I AM READY TO GO!

WHY SHOULD PEOPLE VISIT TORONTO? TORONTO IS A GREAT CITY FOR SHOPPING AND NIGHTLIFE, AND IS AN ALL-AROUND BEAUTIFUL CITY TO EXPERIENCE (WITH LOTS OF SNOW IN THE WINTER ☺).

TWO BOOKS ON MY NIGHT TABLES: I KNOW THIS MUCH IS TRUE (WALLY LAMB), MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS (JOHN GRAY).

THREE THINGS ALWAYS IN MY FRIDGE: HELLMANN'S MAYONNAISE, HUMMUS & VEGGIES.



KICKING OFF MY
MODELING CAREER AT 17.



WITH MY FAVORITE
PERSON IN THE WORLD
— MY DAD.



AT A SHOOT WITH
A STRAY BARN KITTY.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A husband returned home early from work to find his wife lying naked in bed. He noticed a cigar in the ashtray on the nightstand. The husband yelled, "Where in the hell did that come from?"

A voice from under the bed said, "Havana."

Two cows were standing next to each other in a field. One cow said, "I was artificially inseminated this morning."

The other said, "I don't believe you."

The first cow said, "It's true. No bull."



TASTELESS JOKE OF THE MONTH: What do a plastic bag and Michael Jackson have in common? One of them is white and harmful to children, and the other is a plastic bag.

A man walked into a fur store with a beautiful blonde on his arm. "Show the lady your finest mink," the man said.

The owner brought out a beautiful full-length mink coat. As the woman tried it on, the owner said, "That sells for \$95,000."

The man said, "No problem. I'll write you a check."

"Very good, sir," the owner said. "Today is Friday. You may come by on Monday to pick it up, after the check has cleared."

The man wrote out the check and left with the blonde. On Monday, the man returned. The store owner was obviously upset. "How dare you show your face in here? Do you know that your check bounced because of insufficient funds?"

"I know," the man said. "I just wanted to stop by and thank you for one of the best weekends of my life."

A doctor and his wife were having a heated argument at breakfast. As he stormed out of the house, the man angrily yelled, "You aren't that good in bed, either."

By midmorning he had decided to make amends, and called home. After many rings, his wife answered, clearly out of breath. He asked, "What took you so long to answer the phone, and why are you panting?"

She replied, "I was in bed with the gardener, getting a second opinion."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A doctor gave his blonde patient a packet of birth control pills. A week later, she returned and told him they weren't working. "What's wrong with them?" the doctor asked.

She replied, "They keep falling out."

A lion woke up one morning feeling rowdy. He cornered a monkey and roared, "Who is mightiest of all the animals in the jungle?"

The trembling monkey replied, "You are, mighty lion."

Later, the lion confronted a deer and belted, "Who is mightiest of all the animals in the jungle?"

The terrified deer stammered, "You are by far the mightiest animal in the jungle."

The lion swaggered up to an elephant and roared, "Who is mightiest of all the animals in the jungle?"

Annoyed, the elephant picked up the lion with his trunk, slammed him against a tree and stomped on him. As he hobbled away, the lion said, "Man, just because you don't know the answer, you don't have to make such a big deal about it."

What do a turtle and a prostitute have in common? If they're on their backs, they're fucked.

What's the difference between oral sex and anal sex? Oral sex makes your day. Anal sex makes your hole weak.



A young boy walked into the kitchen and asked his mother, "Is it true that people can be taken apart like machines?"

"Of course not. Where did you hear something like that?" his mother replied.

The young boy answered, "Well, the other day, Daddy was talking to someone on the phone, and he said that he screwed the ass off his secretary."

Why were men given larger brains than dogs? So that they wouldn't hump women's legs at cocktail parties.

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.



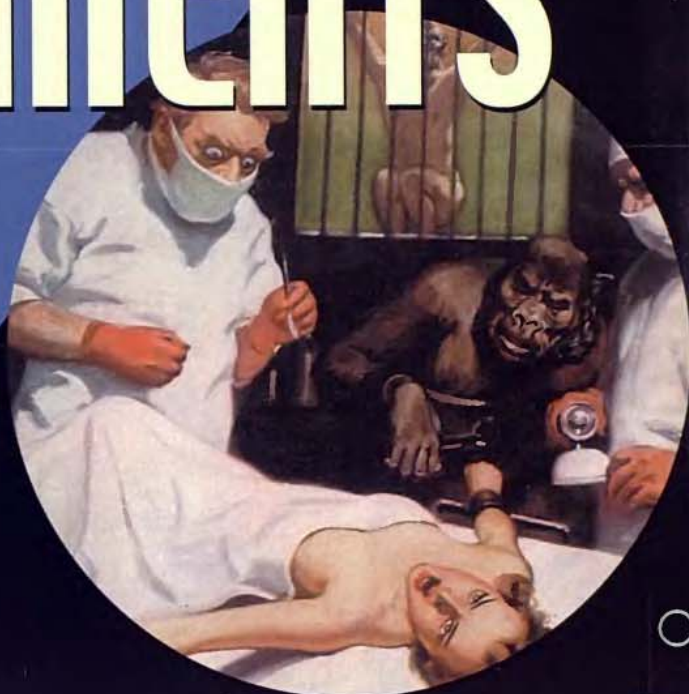
*"Goddamn it, Myra—when are you going to get up off your
ass and clean this place?"*

SEXPERIMENTS

Promiscuous college girls, animal sex, strippers and Centerfold analysis. Some scientists have all the fun.

Modern science has cured plagues and mapped the outer reaches of the cosmos, but what about important issues like boob symmetry and porcupine fornication? We dove into 50 years of sex studies and made this startling discovery: There's no topic too weird, or too obvious, for the lusty lab-coat crowd—especially if someone can get a grant for it. Just be careful with that Bunsen burner, Dr. Horndog.

by
Chip Rowe



BOOBOLOGY 101

In 1987 Dr. William Loughry of Akron City Hospital in Ohio snapped wide-angle photos of the bare breasts of 248 women, then graphed them with a computerized plotting device. Two years later, Dr. Loughry photographed 598 topless women but this time included more charts. **Eureka!** Loughry discovered that 90 percent of women's right and left breasts are roughly the same size. For some reason, the Nobel Prize committee continues to overlook his achievement.

In the mid-Sixties, psychologist Stephen Lawrence of San Bernardino, California organized a 24-hour group therapy session at a nudist camp. The session began with the participants sharing their feelings about being nude. Next they walked to a pool, disrobed and jumped in. The group then discussed its voyeuristic needs, control of sexual impulses and the emotional adjustment required to be nude. During the session, participants watched a videotape of themselves being nude. **Eureka!** "Data suggest that nudity as a facilitator in the group process can be significantly effective with some therapists and some clients in some settings," Lawrence wrote. Group nudity—better than Prozac.



FOUR BIG BREAKTHROUGHS

(1) After interviewing 60 men and 22 women who said they hadn't had sex in at least six months (many belonged to an online discussion group for "involuntary celibates"), five female sociologists from Georgia State University concluded that the longer a person goes without getting laid, the more he thinks he'll never get laid.

(2) After quizzing 120 students, a University of Northern Iowa professor learned that while gay men use more sexual slang than straights, 43 percent don't have a favorite word for vagina.

(3) In 1994 a Rutgers professor hypothesized that obscene callers operate under an "opportunity proposition." That is, in order to make an obscene call, the caller needs a phone, spare time, privacy and a woman to answer the call. The prof suggested that the more opportunities an obscene caller has to make obscene calls, the more obscene calls he will make.

(4) After surveying 223 college students, researchers found that for most sexual activities "pleasure ratings were higher among respondents who had engaged in the activity." This bolstered the idea that "pleasure motivates sexual behavior."



DOGGY STYLE

yes, these questions were tested on animals



How do porcupines pork?

According to observations made at the University of Buffalo in 1946, the male walks on three legs, clutching at his genitals with the free paw. Then he rears up, flashes his erection and covers the female with a stream of urine. This ritual continues for several weeks. When it's time to actually mate, the animals relax their spines so the bristles lay flat. Scientific conclusion: Porcupines do it carefully.

What gets your goat hot?

In 1984 researchers conducted three tests: (1) A male goat mated with a female goat while another male goat watched. (2) The male that had just watched mated with the female while another male watched. (3) The male that had just watched mated with the female with no goats watching. The study found that the male goats were equally aroused in every situation.

Are castrated mice still horny?

In 1964 psychologists from Williams College in Massachusetts paired 72 male mice with female mice. After six weeks of fun, half the males were castrated. The nutless mice were placed with the females "until the ejaculatory reflex was lost." The study found that fast-recovery castrated mice had more ejaculations than slow-recovery castrated mice.

What's up with rabbit penis, doc?

Last year three urologists from Harvard Medical School implanted lab-grown penis tissue into 18 rabbits. "The penis is more complex than any of the organs we've engineered so far," said one.

Why do animals attack?

In 1996 veterinarians collected semen from wild seals by inserting a greased probe up the animals' rectums to a depth of 14 inches and then zapping the probe with a charge from an idling ATV. That same year, other vets began a field report with the sentence, "Electroejaculation is difficult to perform on a rhinoceros."

What is the effect of loud noise on copulating deaf rats?

According to a study published in 1964, nothing.



POCKET ROCKET SCIENCE

(1) After measuring 63 men, Canadian scientists found no strong link between penis size and height. After measuring 104 men, English scientists found no link between penis and shoe size. After measuring 52 men, Greek scientists found a link between penis and index-finger size. Next up: finger surgery.

(2) In a 1971 textbook, child psychiatrist Bertrand Cramer observed that "the capacity of the penis and testicles to move and retract may contribute to a boy's interest in machinery and physics."

(3) What does a boner sound like? In 1971 a medical journal reported on a \$30 accessory that allows laboratory researchers to hear subjects' penile expansions.



(4) Two urologists in Brussels tested the limits of penile extensibility, which is "the difference between the length of the flaccid penis and the penis submitted to a maximal constant traction." The doctors extended the flaccid members of 17 fresh cadavers and four live specimens. They found that a penis can be stretched an average of 1.5 inches—or slightly more if the skin has been removed.

(5) In 1980 two psychiatrists at the State University of New York at Stony Brook reported that they had designed a device to measure the force at which an erection buckles under pressure. They're still looking for volunteers to test it.



(6) After reading a 1968 study that concluded the left testicle hangs lower in right-handed men (and vice versa) but that the higher ball is heavier and larger, Chris McManus of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in England examined the testicles on 107 ancient sculptures in Italian museums. He found that most artists got it wrong and made

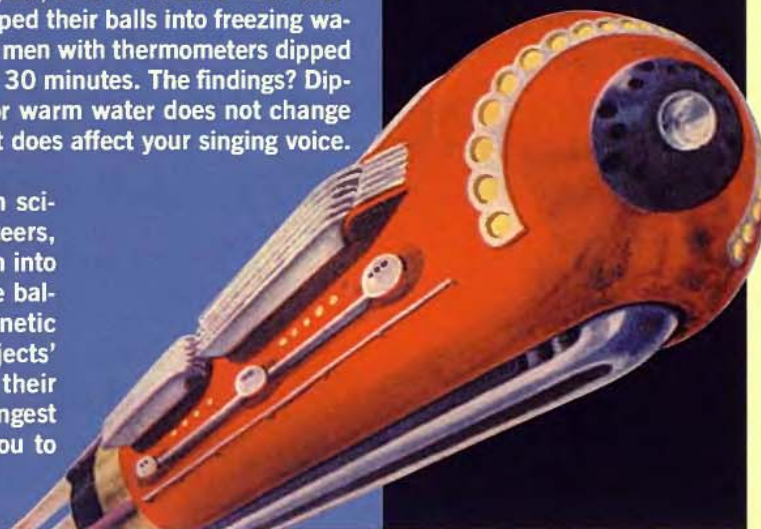
the left ball smaller. Forty percent of the artists decided not to study their models' testicles too closely and made them the same size.



RECTUM PHYSICS

> In a study published last year, two volunteers with thermometers in their rectums dipped their balls into freezing water for 20 minutes. Next, eight men with thermometers dipped their balls into warm water for 30 minutes. The findings? Dipping your balls into freezing or warm water does not change your rectal temperature. But it does affect your singing voice.

> An Italian and five German scientists recruited eight volunteers, stuck a catheter with a balloon into their rectums, slowly filled the balloon with air, then took magnetic resonance images of the subjects' skulls to see which parts of their brains lit up. Activity was strongest near the part that prompts you to yell, "What the fuck?!"



XXX FACTOR

Two psychologists from the State University of New York at Albany asked 56 college students to watch a porn video four times in four days. On the fifth day the students were shown a new video. The professors learned that people who are bored watching the same porn over and over become interested again when you give them fresh porn.

Psychologists from the University of Utah hooked up 48 volunteers to penis meters, sat them in recliners, showed them three-minute nature videos (including scenes with "small animals, forests, plants and rain") and told them to get hard without touching themselves. It didn't work. In 1992 University of Georgia scientists hooked up 12 straight guys to penis meters, sat them in recliners, showed them gay porn and told them to get hard without touching themselves. That didn't work either.

Four psychologists from the University of Georgia asked 24 volunteers wearing penis meters to drink measured amounts of 100 proof vodka and engage in a little "tactuo-motor manipulation" as they watched a porn video. The scientists found that the drunkest guys had the hardest time coming.



PLAYMATE SCIENCE

In 1986 psychologist John Rosegrant of Taylor, Michigan analyzed 324 Centerfolds and concluded that the more bush a Playmate shows, the more likely it is she's wearing shoes. In 1993 Devendra Singh of the University of Texas analyzed 312 Centerfolds and reported that their waist-to-hip ratios had remained steady over the decades at 0.70. Last year two sociologists at the University of Wisconsin analyzed 524 Centerfolds and disputed Singh's figure. This past December a researcher in Vienna and a Toronto psychologist analyzed 577 Centerfolds and found that their waist-to-hip ratios had increased over the years—as had their waist-to-bust ratios and the number of times scientists now must study our Centerfolds to reconcile all the conflicting data.

LAB DANCERS

Four professors from the University of California at Santa Barbara invited 33 customers at a strip club in Las Vegas to watch three-minute routines by nude or seminude dancers from four feet away, six inches away with no contact and six inches away with a brief touch on the shoulder and a single stroke down the arm. **Eureka!** Men prefer nude dancers who stand close and touch them.

THE HOT ZONE

Sweden reported a downturn in gonorrhea in the early Seventies after introducing a campaign that included a drawing of a winged penis flying over a patch of flowers. Rates of gonorrhea did not go down in Denmark. One scientist noted that rather than the flying penis, linguistics may have played a role in how often men bought rubbers. The Swedish word for condom is *kondom*. The Danish word is *svangerskabsforebyggende middel*.

A team led by a psychologist from Ohio State suggested that sexual interest in the female foot peaks during epidemics of STDs (most recently, AIDS). So researchers counted the number of bare feet shown in every issue of *PLAYBOY*—as well as *Adam*, *Club*, *Fox*, *High Society*, *Live*, *Penthouse* and *Velvet*—over 30 years. They found an average of seven photos with bare feet in 1965 had jumped to more than 20 per issue by 1994.

In 1979 Dr. James Gilbaugh of St. Vincent Hospital in Portland, Oregon brushed a sanitized toilet seat with the discharge of men with gonorrhea. The bad news: The discharge survived on the seat for up to two hours. The good news: The doctor found no gonorrhea on samples he collected from 72 public rest room seats. That guy in the white coat wasn't the janitor.



4 MORE BREAKTHROUGHS

(1) A University of Glasgow professor asked 40 people who had each drunk two pints of beer and 40 sober people to rate photos of 120 college students. The drinkers found the students in the photos 25 percent more attractive than did those who had not imbibed.

(2) Psychologist Russell Eisenman of the University of Texas—Pan American recruited two popular male student athletes to survey 50 female undergrads “considered by the males to be sexually active, based on the males’ prior social experiences and knowledge of the females.” The men asked half of the women, “In having sex, which feels better, length of penis or width of penis?” To counter any linguistic bias, they asked the rest of the women, “In having sex, which feels better, width of penis or length of penis?” Forty-five of the 50 women surveyed said width felt better. It was not reported how many times the questioners got laid.

(3) Nine researchers observed 15,008 couples holding hands and concluded that men are more likely to put their hand on top.

(4) Two psychologists from Northwestern University used a newspaper ad to recruit women ages 25 to 35 who had slept with a large number of men. The professors paid each woman (who averaged 58 partners) 10 bucks to spend 90 minutes describing her sex life. The study revealed that promiscuous women are generally more attractive. It also revealed an easy way to meet slutty babes.

BACHELOR OF ARTS

* In 1961 Gary Fisher of Fairview State Hospital in Costa Mesa, California asked 1154 juvenile delinquents to draw a human figure. He concluded that when a teenage boy draws a nude, it is likely to be a female nude.

* Researchers asked 40 students at Purdue to draw nudes. They reported that the students with the most positive attitudes about sex were more likely to draw nipples, pubic hair and the pee hole.

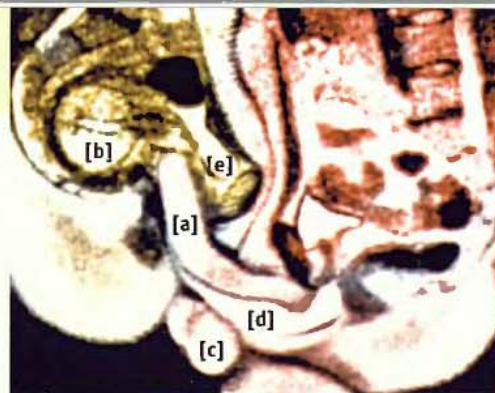
* In 1954 a psychologist at the University of Sydney tested 779 children and found that boys prefer rounded shapes while girls prefer pointed ones. He added, helpfully, “The female form differs essentially from the male in its curved aspects.”

* Stephen Schmidt of Middle Tennessee State University reports that when men are shown photos of naked women, “the nude impairs memory of background details as well as pictures immediately following the nude.” He calls it anterograde amnesia. No wonder we can never remember any Party Jokes.

INTERNAL FINDINGS

Gynecologists at the University Hospital in Groningen in the Netherlands recruited couples to have intercourse inside an MRI scanner. Once penetration had occurred long enough to get clear images (12 seconds), the man slid out of the scanner so the woman could masturbate to orgasm. Only one couple—street acrobats in their 40s—managed full penetration without Viagra. The team’s chief discovery was that during sex, the penis bends like a boomerang until it’s almost parallel to the woman’s spine. And, like a boomerang, the penis always returns to the same spot.

KEY
a. penis
b. uterus
c. scrotum
d. perineum
e. bladder



FLUID DYNAMICS

(1) In 1985 three Harvard Medical School researchers added chilled semen to test tubes of warm Coca-Cola. Diet Coke killed sperm within 60 seconds, while Classic Coke had five times the spermicidal effect of New Coke.

(2) A professor at the State University of New York at Albany surveyed 293 coeds. The women who reported being in the worst mood were those whose lovers almost always wore condoms (they were even more depressed than the women who weren't having sex). The prof suggested that contact with semen makes women happier. Said one porn star, "I must be the happiest woman on the planet, because I've consumed quarts of the stuff."



AROMATIC EROTICA

Neurologist Alan Hirsch of Chicago hooked up penis meters to 31 men, then placed scented masks over their faces. He found that a combination of pumpkin pie and lavender increased blood flow to the penis by 40 percent, while a mix of doughnut and Good & Plenty did so by 32 percent. No scent decreased arousal. In a study of 30 women, vaginal blood flow increased 13 percent with the scent of baby powder or a combination of Good & Plenty and cucumber. Arousal decreased with the smell of cherry or barbecue.



SPICE EXPLORATION

Urologists at the University of Ferrara in Italy shot capsaicin, the active ingredient in hot peppers, into the urethras of 10 men suffering from unexplained impotence. Each got an erection. (Do we even need to say, "Don't try this at home"?)

In a similar experiment, scientists in Mexico asked 25 women to masturbate using a plastic cylinder covered with a condom and connected to a strain gauge. Each woman pressed the cylinder against the front and back walls of her vagina until she felt discomfort. The research revealed that the women who consumed the most hot peppers each day had the highest tolerance for vaginal pain.

HIGHER KINK

In his book *Lovemaps*, sexologist John Money introduced scientific terms for kinky sex, including:



ophidiophilia arousal by snakes

acrotomophilia arousal from sleeping with an amputee

autoassassinophilia arousal by play-acting your own death

formicophilia arousal from snails or frogs on the genitals

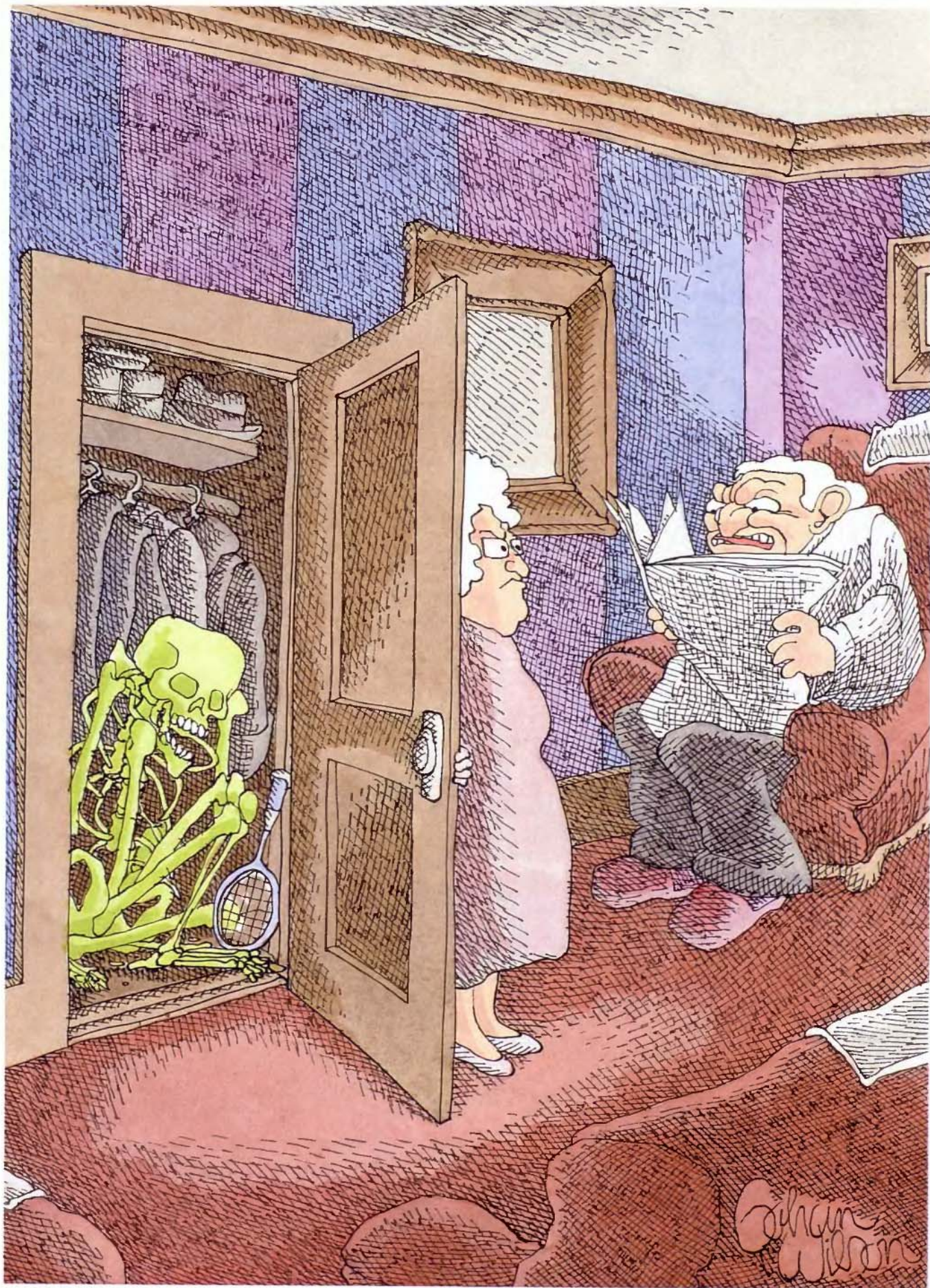
mysophilia arousal from chewing sweaty underwear

peodeiktophilia arousal from flashing penis to evoke shock

somnophilia arousal from awakening a sleeping stranger with caresses or oral sex

FURTHER READING

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- "Massage Parlors and Hand Whores: Some Sociological Observations," *Journal of Sex Research*, 1975
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- "Potential DNA Mixtures Introduced by Kissing," *International Journal of Legal Medicine*, 1998
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- "Sperm Drinking by Female Catfishes: A Novel Mode of Insemination," *Environmental Biology of Fishes*, 1995



"Must you bring that up every time we have an argument?"

EXTREME ATHLETES CATCH A
WAVE AND HIT THE PAVEMENT
IN CALIFORNIA'S FINEST

SURF &

LEFT TO RIGHT: Big wave rider Titus Kinimaka is in a shirt (\$60) and pants (\$56) by **Quiksilver**, sunglasses by **Ray-Ban** (\$99), flip-flops by **Globe** (\$20) and watch by **Nixon** (\$120). Brad Gerlach—runner-up in the 2002 Tow-In World Championship—is in a shirt (\$40), jeans (\$56) and T-shirt (\$18) by **O'Neill** and shoes by **Globe** (\$35). His watch is by **Vestal** (\$90) and the **Gucci** glasses are his own. Pro Shane Beschen is in a shirt (\$58), T-shirt (\$19) and jeans (\$98) by **Monument**, glasses by **F.A.B.** (\$80) and watch from **Wired by Seiko** (\$125). Josh wears a shirt (\$40) and jeans (\$50) by **Abercrombie & Fitch**, flip-flops by **Reef Brazil** (\$22) and watch from **Pulsar by Seiko Sport** (\$70). Atop the woody, our surfer girl is in a bikini by **Hobie** (\$54).



SKATE

fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS photography by KARIN KOHLBERG produced by Jennifer Ryan Jones

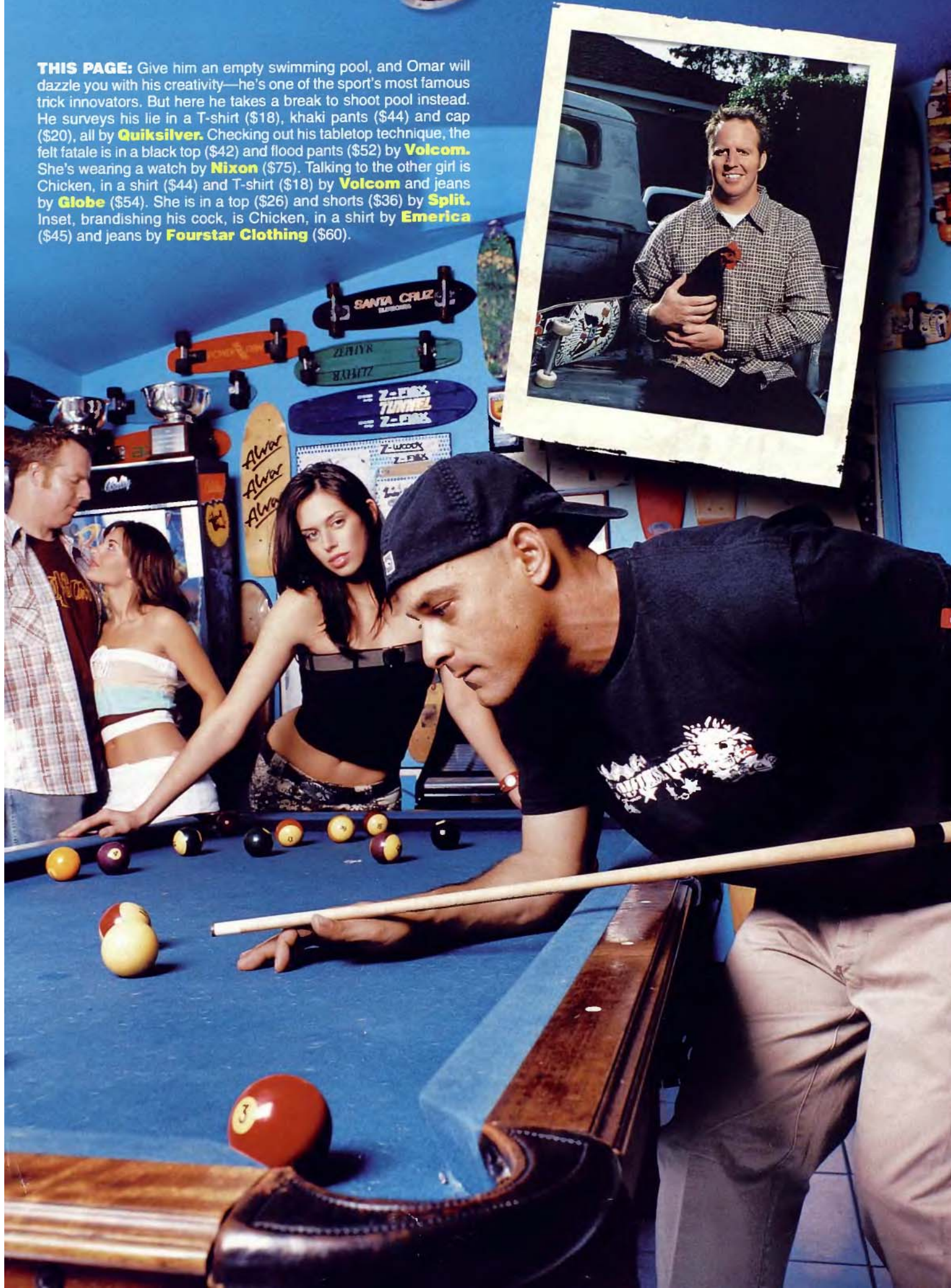
LEFT TO RIGHT: Pro skaters in line. Chris Gentry has been one of the world's top five vert ramp skaters for 13 years. He's in a T-shirt by **Silver Star** (\$18), pants by **Dickies** (\$32), glasses by **Gentry** (\$50), cap by **Black Flys** (\$25) and his own **PTS** shoes. Next to him is Chicken, whose backyard pool is hallowed ground to skaters from around the world. He's in a T-shirt by **Nixon** (\$20), jeans by **Fourstar Clothing** (\$60), leather cuff by **Nixon** (\$90) and shoes by **ES** (\$79). Frankie is in a shirt (\$41) and shorts (\$37) by **Hurley**, shoes by **Converse** (\$45) and cap by **Black Label** (\$25). Omar Hassan's T-shirt (\$18) and belt (\$25) are by **Black Label**, jeans (\$70) and cap (\$27) by **Quiksilver** and glasses by **Black Flys** (\$45). Omar was the 2002 Overall Street and Vert World Champion.



THIS PAGE: Below, left to right, Shane's in a shirt (\$44) and shorts (\$50) by **Ambiguous**. The legendary Titus wears a T-shirt (\$18) and shorts (\$45) by **Quiksilver**. Brad is wearing a shirt (\$40) and board shorts (\$46) by **O'Neill** and his own watch. Her bikini is by **Monument** (\$68). Inset, left to right, Titus is in a top (\$40) and trunks (\$45) by **Quiksilveredition**. Brad is in trunks by **O'Neill** (\$46). Shane is wearing a T-shirt by **Monument** (\$19) and his trunks are by **Zoo York** (\$46).



THIS PAGE: Give him an empty swimming pool, and Omar will dazzle you with his creativity—he's one of the sport's most famous trick innovators. But here he takes a break to shoot pool instead. He surveys his lie in a T-shirt (\$18), khaki pants (\$44) and cap (\$20), all by **Quiksilver**. Checking out his tabletop technique, the felt fatale is in a black top (\$42) and flood pants (\$52) by **Volcom**. She's wearing a watch by **Nixon** (\$75). Talking to the other girl is Chicken, in a shirt (\$44) and T-shirt (\$18) by **Volcom** and jeans by **Globe** (\$54). She is in a top (\$26) and shorts (\$36) by **Split**. Inset, brandishing his cock, is Chicken, in a shirt by **America** (\$45) and jeans by **Fourstar Clothing** (\$60).





OPPOSITE PAGE: In the skate shop, Omar, at left, is in a shirt (\$50) and jeans (\$70) by **Quiksilver**, hat by **Black Label** (\$25) and watch by **Nixon** (\$200). Frankie wears a sweatshirt by **Smith** (\$44), jeans by **Hurley** (\$60) and cap by **Lithium** (\$28). The watch is his own.

THIS PAGE: Shane is in a silk shirt (\$55) and khakis (\$45) by **Axis**. He is the only big league surfer ever to score three perfect 10s in competition. (Another reason to start surfing? That's his wife in the **OP** bikini.) Inset is nine-time skimboarding world champion Bill Bryan. His trunks are by **Lost** (\$46).

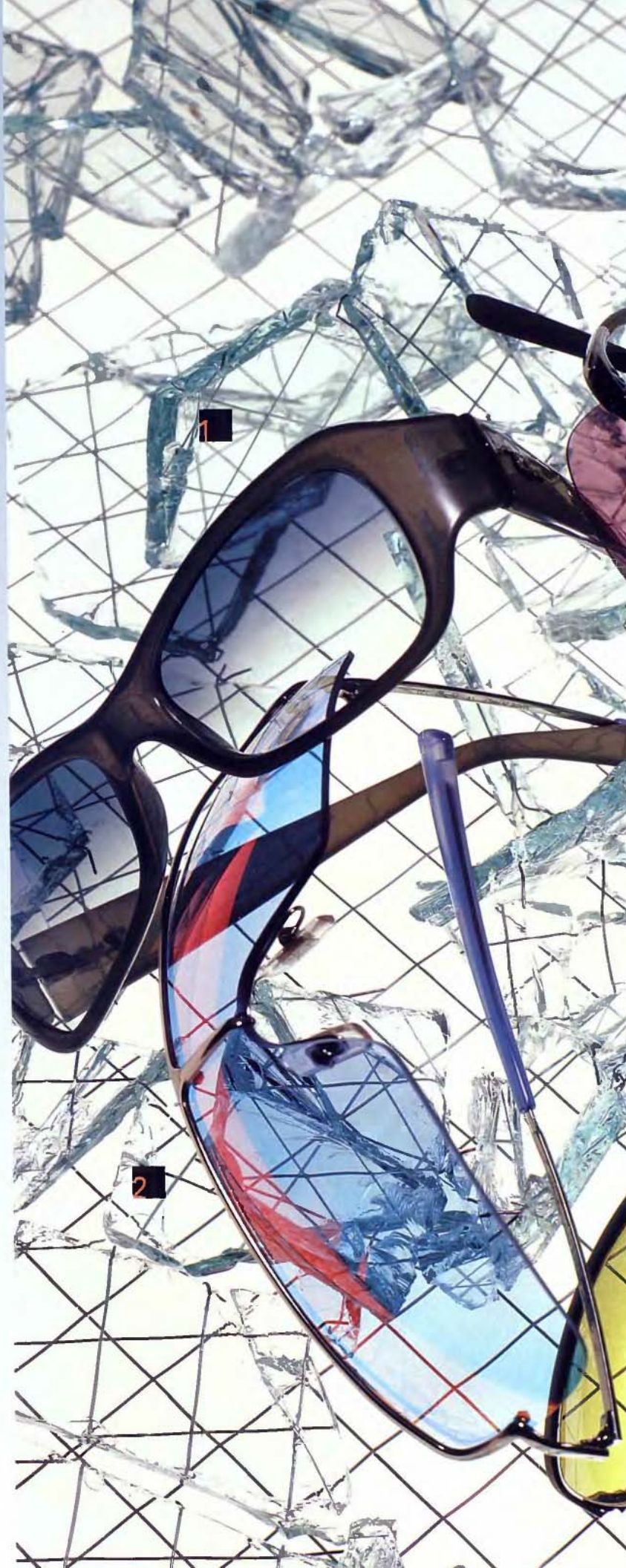


SLIM SHADIES

**Slick new sunglasses
make you the star**

Fashion By **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

The overarching reason to invest in quality shades: You'll be wearing these fashion statements on your face. This summer, a couple of trends are emerging. Forget the yellow-and-amber conformity of the past two seasons—lens colors are multiplying fast. Purple? Rust? It's all part of the current mix. And while most styles come in larger sizes this year, they're still extremely lightweight. These days, sunglasses go everywhere—so it's best to own several pairs. The glasses that help you maintain your poker face while sealing a business deal are not what you need for slurping cocktails at a beachfront bar or paddling toward the sun in a sea kayak. **Ray-Ban** makes the rectangular glasses (1) with gray lenses (\$130). The pair with metal frames (2) is by **Calvin Klein** (\$200). The titanium-frame glasses with green lenses (3) are by **Morgenthal Frederics** (\$365). The copper-colored pair (4) is by **Bevel** (\$375). **Paul Smith** makes the amber plastic wraps (5) (\$215). The wrap-arounds (6) with amber lenses are by **Donna Karan** (\$340). The gold aviators (7) are by **Selima** (\$250). The pair of metal-frame glasses with purple lenses (8) is by **Nike Eyewear** (\$140).



7

6

8


5

4

3



"I would love to stay longer but my wife is waiting for the groceries."



Centerfolds On **SEX**

Cathy St. George

I LIKE WHEN A GUY TALKS DIRTY

I love talking dirty. I want a lover to talk dirty, to tell me during dinner what he's going to do to me afterward. For instance, "When I get you home I'm going to pull up your dress, I'm going to go down on you, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you." I like hard fucking. I like making love, too, but I really enjoy sexy sex. I like having my hair pulled. I want him to say, "You're so hot, you're so sexy, your breasts are so beautiful." I don't necessarily like sitting at a table and hearing, "You're such a beautiful girl." During sex I want my lover to say, "I could eat your pussy all day. I love the taste."

WHAT MAKES A MAN SEXY?

A lot of men aren't well built or good-looking, but if a man feels sexy and he loves salsa dancing—getting out there and shaking his little heinie—he's very sexy to me. I dated a guy whose penis was the size of my pinkie but I didn't care because he was really sexy and he did the salsa and I was so aroused by the time I had sex with him. Actually, I've had the best orgasms—G spot ones—when I had sex with a guy who had a small penis. A small penis actually hits my G spot easier.

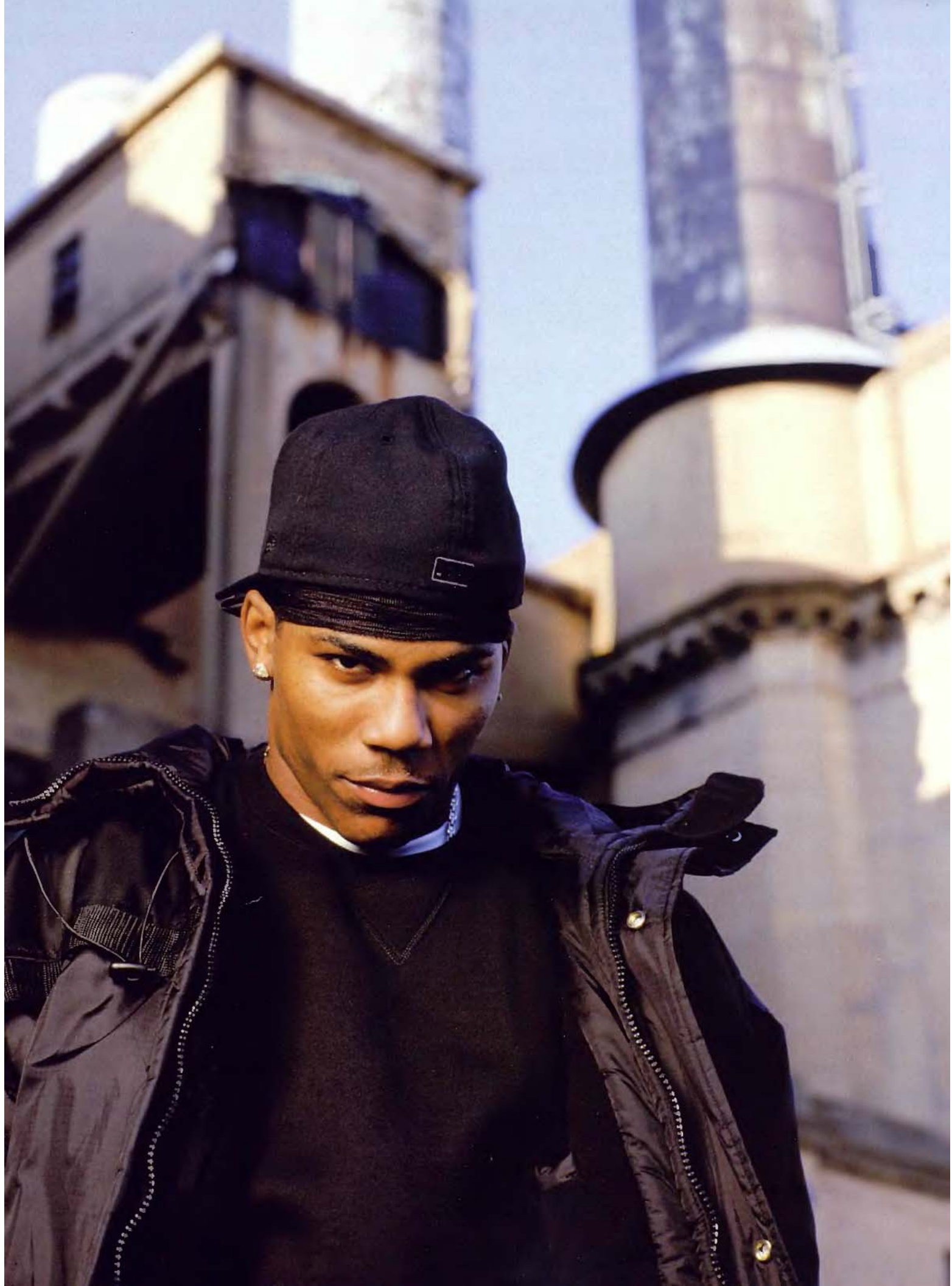
SOME MEN ARE REALLY GOOD AT BACKDOOR ACTION

I enjoyed anal sex the most with a guy who really took control. He made me feel safe because he talked me through it. He said, "It's OK now, just relax." Then he tickled me and said, "Don't be scared, you'll be fine." I totally trusted him and relaxed and it was fine. He was completely with me. He didn't just try to put it in there. He said, "You're such a good girl, you're being so good." He turned me on because he knew what he was doing and what I was feeling. He said, "I'm going to make you feel so good." He made me a part of the whole thing and guided me to a big finish.

Cathy St. George



Cathy St. George



Nelly

20Q

the multiplatinum mayor of nellyville holds forth on halle, hummers and—whoa, it's getting hot in here

1

PLAYBOY: It's common among guys who suddenly reach your level of success to get a Ferrari, a huge house and an entourage. You now head a corporation. Give us a sense of your payroll and health plan.

NELLY: Yeah, I'm a businessman now—Dirty Entertainment. The payroll is about \$30,000 a month. That's if nothing's going on, if we don't do a show. My mom is probably the only one who gets paid who's not traveling with me now. But the payroll can range anywhere from 30 to 150 grand. It depends. We all just took physicals for our insurance plan. We got our cards. My movie production company is under Dirty Entertainment, as is Vokal, my clothing line. It's in stores now.

2

PLAYBOY: Before you made it big, you worked at McDonald's. What would revitalize the Golden Arches?

NELLY: Broadening the menu a little. I think people are getting tired of the McDonald's regular menu, especially with so many other franchises opening up. People's tastes are changing. But there will always be kids who can't wait to get a Happy Meal.

3

PLAYBOY: If you can't have it your way, which way would you have it?

NELLY: Probably Halle Berry's way.

4

PLAYBOY: How does one dress for hip-hop success?

NELLY: That's the thing: Hip-hop allows you to do it any way you see fit. Hip-hop doesn't limit you to the Wall Street type of success. It allows you to be a businessman and an artist. I like to chill out in athletic clothes, but I want to put on a suit every now and then, clean

it up a little bit. As long as you have clothes, you can handle your business. Hell, you can be dressed in your underwear and still make a lot of bills.

5

PLAYBOY: When you're selling apparel, is it a good idea to have a song urging women to take off all their clothes?

NELLY: Unfortunately, when I sang that song, we didn't have a women's line out yet. Apple Bottoms—that's the name of my ladies' line. So look for the Vokal *Hot in Herre* remix. I'll be singing about putting 'em on.

6

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned with how the clothes will look on the floor?

NELLY: Maybe lingerie. You're on your way to the bathroom, then you see this nice thong that used to be on her. It gets you back in the mood real fast.

7

PLAYBOY: What makes for better mood music—Nelly or Barry White?

NELLY: It depends. Barry White puts it out there for you. He sets the mood—probably not for my generation, but for my father's. When I was little, if you walked in the house and Barry was on, you'd go to your room and shut the door, you know what I'm saying? Because there was something going down you didn't need to be a part of.

8

PLAYBOY: Is bling-bling a competitive sport?

NELLY: If you have jewelry, you notice jewelry. It could be earrings, watches. You'll notice a bang-ass ring—you may not stare at it, but you notice it. The first guy who really excited me about jewelry was Jermaine Dupri. He had that big "72" necklace and it was all diamonds. I had seen it before I had a

deal, and I was like, "Oh! I've got to get one of them!" It was extra inspiration for me. So when I got my first deal, I bought a big "Nelly" in diamonds on a chain. All of us take notice of what other guys have around their necks.

9

PLAYBOY: But Jermaine Dupri is having money problems now. Aren't you supposed to put the money in the bank and not around your neck?

NELLY: As long as you have more in the bank than you do around your neck, you'll be cool. The problem gets mixed up when it's the other way around. But luckily we don't have that problem.

10

PLAYBOY: Ice-T, Ice Cube, LL Cool J, DMX, Puffy—whose career would you like to emulate?

NELLY: What I'm going to do is try to take pieces. I would try to get the longevity of LL. Everybody would like Puffy's status, because even if he's not doing as well as he would like with his records, he still maintains his fame. I'd like to extend my acting career like DMX has. So for me and my generation of hip-hop, we're looking at those guys and trying to branch out.

11

PLAYBOY: Do you drive a Hummer?

NELLY: Yeah. I had the big steel one but recently got rid of it. I've got the H2 now. I liked the big one, but driving it was a workout. There's no power steering. You can't just drive that up and down the block every day, park it, take it back out. The H2 is more streetwise, but it still gives you a little Hummer feel if you're ready to go all-terrain.

12

PLAYBOY: Can you do drive-through with that? (concluded on page 138)

SINATRA

(continued from page 92)

he liked the boy. He believed in the product the old hustler was promoting. It was the best investment, the ambassador said, that Sinatra could ever make. But to do this, Mr. S. had a lot to overcome. He had an instinctive hatred of the Irish from Hoboken, when the shanty gangs were the dago gangs' worst enemies, never to be trusted. Mr. S. had an immediate mistrust of Joe's son Bobby, though he hadn't met him in person. How could he trust this nasty kid, a street-fighter type despite his Harvard sheepskin? This kid was working for Joseph McCarthy one day, chasing Commies in Hollywood among Mr. S.'s friends. Then the next day he was working for another kind of witch-hunter, Senator John McClellan, the phony devout Southern Baptist chasing Teamsters in Chicago, again among Mr. S.'s friends.

What was worse was Bobby's efforts to harass Sinatra's sacred cow, Sam Giancana. When Bobby subpoenaed Mr. Sam before him, the polite don took the Fifth, and always with a smile. "I thought only little girls giggled, Mr. Giancana," Bobby said, insulting the owner of Chicago on national television. "Can you believe this little weasel?" Mr. S. shouted when he saw it. "Can you believe how crazy this goddamn mick is!"

If Mr. S. didn't naturally cotton to the Irish, he had even more reservations about the English. "Never trust that fancy accent," he warned me. That was especially true, he said, of Peter Lawford, the slimy limey himself: Cheap, weak, sneak and freak were the words Mr. S. most often used to describe Lawford, who happened to be his showbiz link to the Kennedys. Sinatra and Lawford had met in their early days in Hollywood on the MGM lot in 1946, when they co-starred with Jimmy Durante in *It Happened in Brooklyn*, and to Mr. S., Lawford had been one of the "classiest" guys he had met. Young Peter the child star was a cash cow for his parents and he would always be under the gun, whether from his family or from the Kennedys.

Because Lawford was an eligible bachelor in the swinging late Forties, Mr. S.—still married to look-away Nancy—brought him into his circle of musical swingers, including Jule Styne, who wrote the score for Sinatra's *Anchors Aweigh* and later for Marilyn's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Peter Lawford, like these other guys, preferred hookers. Peter was whips-and-chains kinky and not the slightest bit ashamed

of it, at least around me. He told me how his mother used to dress him up as a girl, then beat him with a hairbrush if he became a mischievous boy while in little-lady drag. His remembrance of things past would get him going. "Let's go buy some puss, old boy" was his call to action. Alas, his expensive tastes were not matched by his struggling-thespian pocketbook, and he got a reputation for stiffing working girls. That was a real no-no among the Mr. S. group, which had deep respect for hookers and treated them with gallantry. Sinatra often said to me he preferred an honest hooker to a conniving starlet.

Peter had married Pat Kennedy in 1954, in one of the society weddings of the year. Now, propelled by this front-page marriage, he was star of the TV version of *The Thin Man*, a detective comedy that made him the Cary Grant of the small screen. Suddenly he was the smoothest, slickest guy in America: debonair, English, a Kennedy, a star. He had it all. Except the full acknowledgement of Frank Sinatra, which at that point was in Hollywood what a BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY tag was in Britain.

Pat gave birth to a daughter, Victoria Francis, that the Lawfords said they were naming after their dear friend Francis Albert. Talk about flattery! Mr. S. ate it up. With Mr. S.'s eyes trained on Pat, Peter became his new best friend. Lawford overnight became one of the clan. Sinatra cast him in the new war movie with Gina Lollobrigida (*Gettalongbitch*, Sinatra droolingly renamed her), *Never So Few*. They drove twin Dual-Ghies, a supercool Euro-style roadster produced by Chrysler. I think they got them free, for the publicity.

At the Sands, when he was singing something like *I've Got the World on a String* and Pat Kennedy was sitting at the front table, he would come up and train his baby blues right on her, as if he were serenading her. She was gone. I don't know exactly what went on between Pat and Mr. S., but they spent a huge amount of time together, both in Los Angeles and in Palm Springs, and Peter, who never lost his penchant for hookers and walks on the wild side, was often missing in action. There was definitely something in the air between them.

"Do you find Pat attractive, George?" Mr. S. asked me.

"She's a lovely lady, Mr. S."

"Are you saying she's a dog, George?"

"No way, Mr. S. How can a Kennedy be a dog?"

"Be honest, George. Don't shit me."

"If she wore makeup and did her hair..."

"You wouldn't fuck her, would you, George?"

"I'm a married man, Mr. S."

"I suppose you wouldn't fuck Gina Lollobrigida either?" Mr. S. gave me a "gotcha" smirk.

I couldn't believe Mr. S. was asking my opinion of Pat, but sometimes he would if he was truly confused about a situation. Pat was an outdoors girl. Sports were her thing, a Kennedy thing, but somehow I didn't see Mr. S. playing touch football in Hyannis Port.

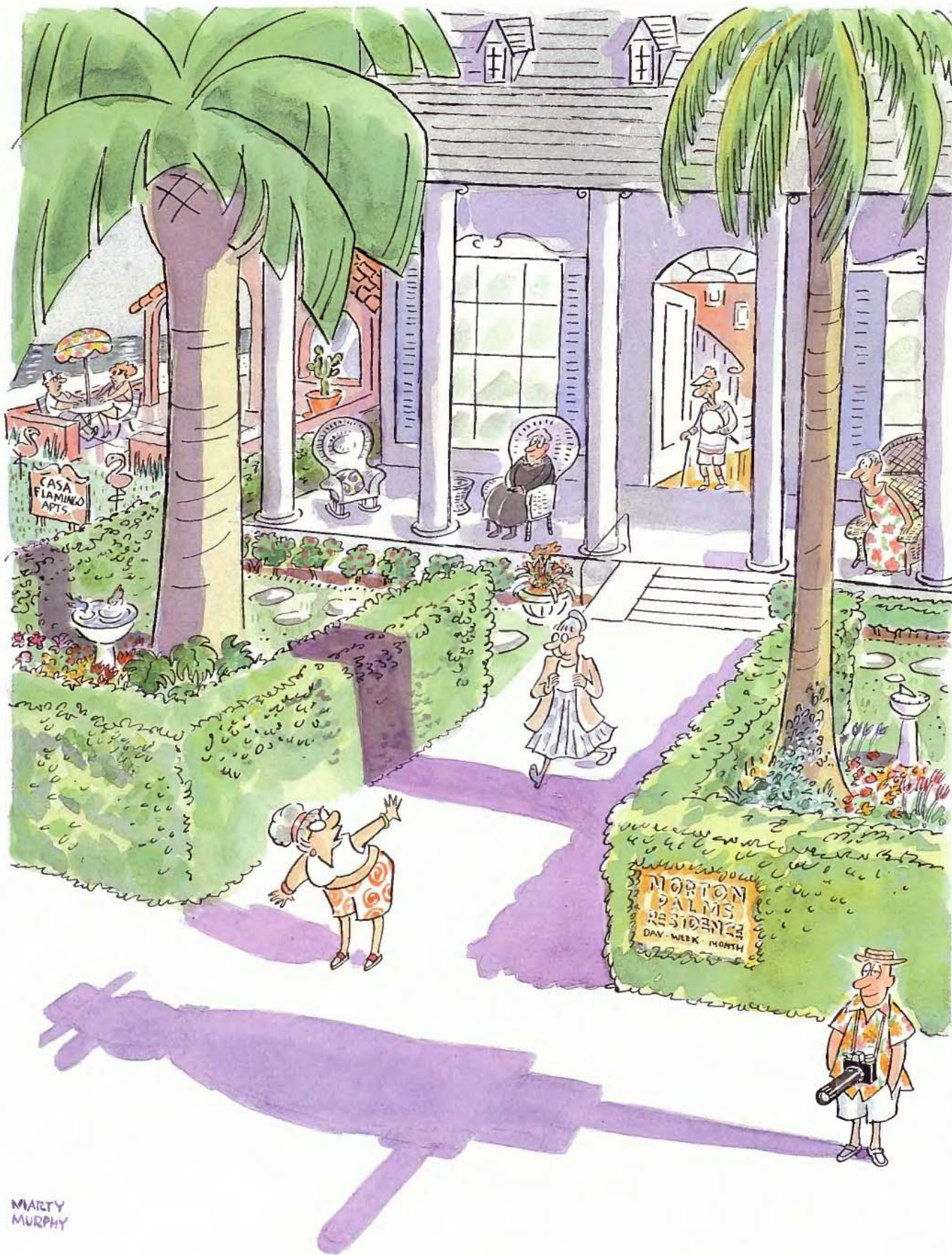
One area where Lawford was clearly ahead of the curve was drug use. Drug-hater that he was, Mr. S. would have cut Peter dead if he had known about his enormous ingestion of cocaine, not to mention a level of pot smoking that would have impressed the hippies in Berkeley nearly a decade later. I feel bad about it, because I was something of what the folks in AA call an enabler. I would go with Peter on coke runs to Watts in a nondescript Chevy that he owned for his maids to use. It was the only time I ever saw him spend his own money on anything.

I also babysat him many times when he got high. He talked about sex and about celebrity body parts, often in the company of his brother-in-law Jack Kennedy. To Jack's delight, Peter had actually been with some of the stars he described, hence tales of Lana Turner's perfect breasts, Judy Garland's perfect blow jobs, Judy Holliday's perfect ass, before she got fat. For all his stars, however, Peter said flat-out that he preferred whores. I can see how he and JFK bonded—over pussy. Peter had a special thing for black girls. Not for mulattoes like Lena Horne, but for jet-black pure African types, who were not seen on the silver screen in those days nor readily available through Hollywood madams.

On his visits to Palm Springs, Joe Kennedy, who expected to be serviced gratis, courtesy of his host, took a liking to one of Mr. S.'s favorite call girls at the time, a dark Irish Catholic beauty named Judy Campbell. She was the perfect Eisenhower-era pinup of the girl next door. That she charged for her wholesomeness was beside the point. Money was incidental to Mr. S. and friends. Judy would go on to American infamy as the fourth corner of a quadrangle that included Sinatra, Giancana and JFK. But before the son took a bite of this poison apple, father Joseph was there first.

In her memoirs, Judy Campbell was the lady who protested too much. She insisted she never took a penny from either JFK or Sam, that she traveled to Washington, Chicago, Vegas—planes, trains, luxury hotels—all of it at her

(continued on page 140)



MARTY
MURPHY

"Save your breath, Edith . . . false alarm . . . !"





Sarah



see what joe millionaire is missing



Everyone who watched Fox's megahit *Joe Millionaire* was shocked when Evan Marriott picked Zora over Sarah Kozer—everyone except Sarah herself. "I think the other girls on the show were happy that Evan picked Zora, because we thought Zora really liked him," says Sarah. "I didn't know there was supposed to be a millionaire on the show when I agreed to go to Paris, and I never went into this expecting to get any money or compensation. I figured out quickly that Evan didn't have any money. I thought, Who inherits \$50 million and calls Fox to say that he needs a girlfriend?"

The show portrayed Sarah as a conniving temptress who tried to seduce the supposed millionaire when the cameras weren't rolling. She scoffs at the

"I knew Evan wasn't going to pick me because I saw the chemistry between him and Zora," Sarah says about Fox's *Joe Millionaire* (that's her with contestants, at top). "Millionaires have courted me before and I never went out with one. I date house-painters and unemployed actors, but I still want someone who is a little refined."










suggestion. "I never did more than kiss Evan," says the 29-year-old. "The woods scene was a set-up. I was portrayed as seducing Evan on the show, but my heart was with someone else. Before I went to France, I met a house-painter from Belgium who was visiting Los Angeles. I really started to like this guy. Thinking of him kept me from falling for Evan."

Sarah says her stint on *Joe Millionaire* should have been called *How Far Will You Go for a Free Trip to France?* "I love to jump into a situation and try to swim my way out of it," she says. "I'm really turned on by intrigue and mystery, and you can't get more









mysterious than being on a reality show and not knowing why you're there." During the show's run, it came out that Sarah, who holds degrees in philosophy, communications and women's studies, has done some light fetish modeling to help pay off school loans. "The shoots had no nudity or sexual content," she says. "I couldn't believe I was getting paid for someone to tie up my feet—it was silly. I don't have a fetish for that sort of thing, so I always thought it was innocent."

After attending law school, Sarah worked in an advertising agency and studied real estate, but now she's putting the final touches on a novel and a cookbook.

Her busy schedule and all the hoopla surrounding *Joe Millionaire* soured her relationship with her Belgian beau, and she hasn't had time to date anyone else. Still, Sarah seeks romance coupled with adventure. "During college, I moved to Spain and fell in love with a guy," she says. "He spoke no English and I spoke no Spanish. The language barrier ended up being funny. If you connect with someone and you have chemistry, you find ways to understand each other."

"This whole 'gold digger' thing is a joke," Sarah adds. "One of my girlfriends said, 'Sarah has always had guys with money chasing her, but she'll go for the sweet guy who is unemployed and needs to sleep on her couch.' It's true."

See more nudes of Sarah at cyber.playboy.com.



Nelly

(continued from page 125)

NELLY: Yeah, with the new one. It's just a hassle trying to turn tight corners and stuff. A lot of times I just go over shit. It's like, "The hell with it." One time I ran over this guy's hedges and he came out—he wasn't really tripping off it, because he saw it was me. I said I was sorry, and then I gave him 100 bucks and told him, "Here, buy yourself some new bushes, man." He was cool with it.

13

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite drink?

NELLY: We drink a lot of pimp juice—

Malibu rum with peach schnapps and pineapple juice. They call it pimp juice because it's real sweet and ladies like to drink it. It's easy for them. But after you've had about six and you go to stand up, you're like, "Whoa!" Between the rum and the schnapps, it kind of sneaks up on you. It's real good.

14

PLAYBOY: Xzibit, Outkast, Ludacris, Fabolous. Ever thought about giving these guys a dictionary?

NELLY: It's all about being original. It's about putting your mark on it and making it something of your own. When we spelled Vokal, of course we took it off the

word vocal, but we thought, Vo-kal—just let the clothes speak for themselves.

15

PLAYBOY: East Coast versus West Coast. If you had to shoot somebody, who'd it be?

NELLY: Right now probably Rams coach Mike Martz for putting Kurt Warner back in the game. Me and a host of others in St. Louis would line up.

16

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever said, "Whoa, Nelly" and meant it?

NELLY: Yeah, I've had quite a few people say, "Whoa, Nelly." Usually girls.

17

PLAYBOY: You've said you like it doggy style. Whose head would you most like to see the back of?

NELLY: Halle's. Who else? Although J. Lo is engaged, the back of her head would look very nice. Actually, I doubt I would see the back of her head, because I'd be looking down too much.

18

PLAYBOY: Women say they like lovers, not fighters. What do you think?

NELLY: I think they really like a combination. I don't think women like a man who's unmanly, so to speak. I consider myself both, so I guess if they're messing with me, they get a lover and a fighter.

19

PLAYBOY: How can you tell when a guy is lying about his sex life?

NELLY: Nine times out of 10, the guy who raves on a lot isn't doing it like he says. Because if he is, he doesn't have time to talk about it too much.

20

PLAYBOY: Why will a guy hook up with a random skank even if he has something nice at home?

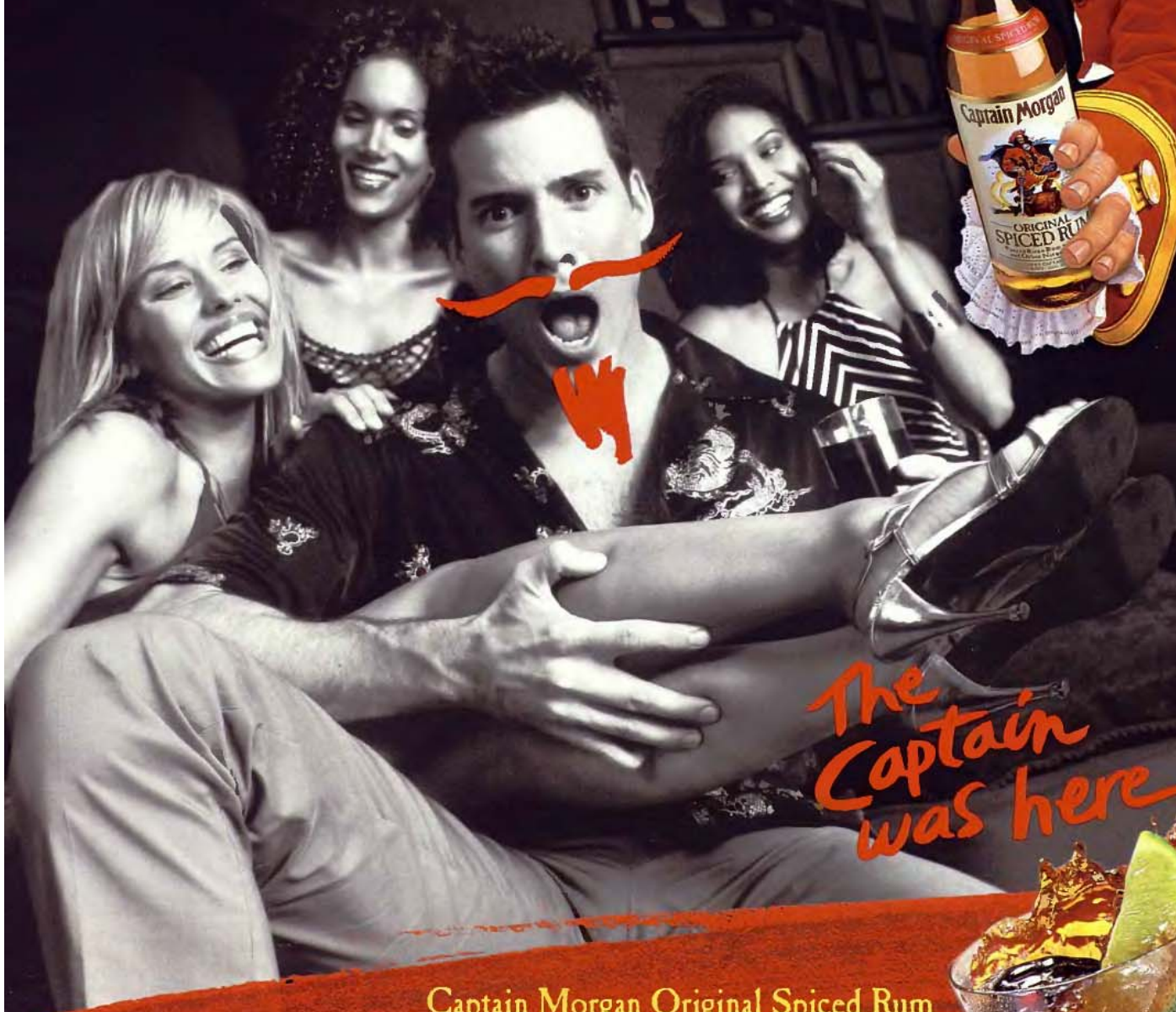
NELLY: I watch a lot of the Discovery Channel—animals in the jungle, stuff like that. The lion spreads his seed endlessly in different territories. Man is the only species that really narrows it down and says, "You must be with one." Why would we have millions of sperm for just one partner? It's a willingness to be devoted. When we do that, we're showing our commitment to the female. It's more mental than physical. Otherwise, I think a man would just run wild in a world without diseases. A world without diseases would be heaven for men. They just get that urge. They don't mean anything by it. It's just that they get on, they let it roll. It's a hard life.



"I'd ask you in, but I have to get up early tomorrow to shoot a porno film."



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SINATRA

(continued from page 126)

own expense, because she cared so much about them. Barbara Hutton could barely have afforded Judy's travel bills.

Frank Sinatra had a terrible weakness for Sweet Irish Rose convent-school types. So how did Judy Campbell go from the convent to Sinatra's den of iniquity? Just in her early 20s, she had already escaped a bad marriage and, before that, a broken family. Still, she acquired a taste for

the good life. So Judy began turning discreet tricks. If there was a new trickster on the block, Mr. S.'s good friend, the notorious whoremaster Jimmy Van Heusen, would sniff her out. That's how she got to Mr. S.

Aside from her looks, which combined a little Liz Taylor with a little Jackie Kennedy, Judy had other special qualities. A former Jersey girl, she knew all Frank's songs, and knew a lot more about music than the typical call girl. Mr. S. liked to talk to his hookers, and Judy

spoke his language. He may have been one of the best Johns in history, because he treated his whores like ladies. I'd feed them, buy gifts for them on his orders, pick them up, drive them home, take care of the money for them (a top girl would get \$100 a night back then). And, if they were good, and Judy was supposed to be very good, he'd invite them back and pass them through to his special friends. It was like a hot tip on a new restaurant. I may have given the money, typically inside a Hallmark "thank you" greeting card, to Judy at the beginning, but once she graduated to the inner circle, she stopped charging Frank, as a commission for the introductions.

Sometimes Mr. S. would treat his call girls so well that they forgot, as they would love to forget, how they met him. Judy may have been that way at first. But when she started making the rounds, to Eddie Fisher and "Cheap Pete" Lawford (who I'm sure was the one guy who got away without paying), then to Mr. Ambassador and Mr. Sam and Mr. President, she knew damn well that she was not the innocent "good-time girl" she pretended to be.

Given that old Joe had had a long famous affair with Gloria Swanson and that young Jack would have a short famous one with Marilyn Monroe and other stars, I was surprised that either guy would have bothered for more than a session or two with Judy Campbell. But I guess the Irish boys liked coming home to roost.

As much as I disliked his father, that's how much I was crazy about John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He was handsome and funny and naughty and as irreverent as Dean Martin. "What do colored people want, George?" he asked me the first time he came to visit Palm Springs, not long after Sinatra and Peter Lawford became bosom buddies.

"I don't know, Mr. Senator."

"Jack, George. Jack."

"What do you want, Jack?" I asked.

"I want to fuck every woman in Hollywood," he said with a big leering grin.

"With a campaign promise like that you can't lose, sir."

"You're my man, Jack."

"No, it's George, sir."

"Who's on third?"

"Pardon me, sir?"

"Jack, goddamn it. Call me Jack, or I'll send you back to Mississippi."

"Louisiana, Jack. They eat Catholics down in Mississippi. They hate you worse than me."

That was the way we'd go on, giving each other shit all the time, no master-servant games. He and Mr. S. got along great. They had everything in common: charisma, talent, power. They were about the same age, but JFK seemed much younger. After all, like his dad, he was a



"Protection? But, Mom—I'm wearing sunblock, sunglasses and a big hat! What more do you want?"



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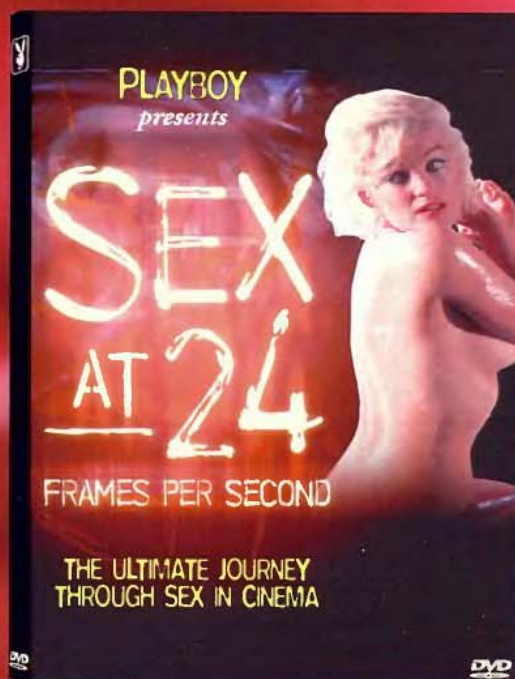
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Harvard man. And a war hero. And a Pulitzer Prize-winning author. And a senator. Mr. S., dropout 4-F Hoboken man that he was, stood in awe of JFK and his Ivy slickness, his heroics, his acclaim. Yet JFK was far more in awe of Mr. S. than Mr. S. was of him. Because Frank Sinatra controlled the one thing JFK wanted more than anything else: pussy. Mr. S. was the pope of pussy, and JFK was honored to kiss his ring. The pontiff could bestow a Judy Campbell or, if he was feeling magnanimous, a Marilyn Monroe, such was his beneficence.

Marilyn was Mr. S.'s celebrity version of Judy. He brokered assignments not only between her and JFK, but also Giancana and fellow gangster Johnny Rosselli. I saw father Joe pinch her ass many times, but that may have been as far as it went, though with Marilyn it was hard to tell. She was the ultimate Girl Who Can't Say No. If a man showed interest (and rabid passion was the more typical emotion) she was so flattered that she thought it would be terribly rude to turn him down. Marilyn was nothing if not polite.

So here was Mr. S., the big Hollywood matchmaker, the Hello Dolly of Sunset Boulevard. As far as he was concerned, he was just as happy to fix up his friends with the girls of Hollywood as he was having them himself. It was a case of been there, fucked that.

I don't think Jack had a clue about Frank's interest in his sister. Jack didn't worry about things like that. For all his charm, he was one of the most self-centered guys I ever met. He focused on what was essential to him. That, I suppose, is how he got the job done. I am, however, amazed he achieved anything politically, given his endless obsession with sex and gossip. He wanted to know all of the Hollywood dirt—who was a drunk, who was a junkie, who had black lovers, everything. Maybe it was because being with Sinatra was a holiday for him that he showed so little enthusiasm for politics. I would ask him about Castro or Khrushchev, but he wanted to know if Janet Leigh was cheating on Tony Curtis. He read every issue of *Confidential* magazine. To him, that scandal sheet was a lot better than *Foreign Affairs*.

Aside from gossip and scandal, John Kennedy was obsessed with Mr. S.'s love life. Because Mr. S. wasn't a kiss-and-teller, JFK figured he could get the real skinny out of me. He loved getting massages when we talked, and he claimed that I gave the best rubdowns outside the Senate gym. JFK lived with enormous pain. He wore a kind of stiff girdle to support his bad back, which must have been hell to get into and out of for all the quickies he got. I would work on his back for a good hour, all the while being peppered with prurient questions about his favorite topic: celebrity poontang, as he liked to call it.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

"George, does Shirley MacLaine have a red pussy?"

"I've never seen her pussy, Jack."

"Come on. Isn't Shirley here in Palm Springs all the time?"

"Why would she be here?" I asked.

"To fuck the boss."

"It's not happening, Senator. No red puss from old Shirl."

"Then why in blazes did he cast her in those movies?"

"Her acting, Jack."

JFK roared. "You kill me, George. George, tell me something."

"What?" I asked.

"If she's not doing Frank, and she's not doing Dean, who is she doing?"

"Maybe she's doing herself, Senator."

"I like that, George. I like those legs of hers, don't you?"

"They are good, yes, sir."

"As good as Dietrich?"

"Hard to beat, even now," I answered.

"She stroked my dick once, George."

"Good for you, man."

"It was in the south of France. Hôtel du Cap. I was visiting my father for the summer from boarding school. I think she may have been fucking him. He may have put her up to it."

"Where did she do it, Senator?"

"The whole thing. Up and down."

"I mean, in your room, the pool . . . ?"

"Grand ballroom. I think it was Cole Porter. *Begin the Beguine*. It was dark and hot, lots of candles. She smelled like a French whore, George, this terrific perfume. She was leading me, holding me so tight, and then she slipped her hand right down my trousers." JFK was getting into some heavy nostalgia. "Can you imagine what that was like for a god-damn teenager?"

By the time I rolled him over to do his trunk and thighs he had an enormous erection. He turned beet red, but he didn't ask me to stop, or to stop talking. "We better get you laid, Jack."

"You darn well better," he agreed. "There's something about this desert air."

Even after John F. Kennedy declared for the Democratic presidential nomination, I never heard him talk about government or the plans for his New Frontier. I didn't expect him to talk about this stuff with me, except maybe as an ear to the black community, of which I was not really a part. I did, however, assume he and Mr. S. would have a lot of politics to talk about. After all, Mr. S. did have that framed and signed photo of FDR in a place of honor on the wall, and I figured that once he agreed to board the Kennedy campaign train, he would get deeply versed in politics. But, no. Here Mr. S. was with the man who was en route to becoming the great leader of our time, and what do I hear them talk about? Juliet Prowse's shaved mons veneris, what we now call a Brazilian

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wax. A lot of dancers and showgirls were shaved, but few normal women were, and JFK was intrigued by the whole thing; he pushed Mr. S. to arrange for him to meet some dancers, for the sake of "scientific curiosity," as the senator put it. "Naked lunch" was what he wanted. Mr. S. didn't get the joke. JFK had to explain his reference to the title of the hip heroin novel by William Burroughs. Mr. S. said he'd never heard of it. Why the hell would a guy like the senator be reading about a heroine? Sometimes Mr. S. could be incredible funny, usually at someone else's expense, and sometimes he could be as square as a Dubuque Rotarian. Where pop culture was concerned, if he himself wasn't the culture, he didn't want to know about it.

The other thing Frank Sinatra didn't want to know about was JFK's drug use. On several occasions in Palm Springs, I was there when Peter Lawford and the future president did lines of cocaine together in Lawford's guest room. The first time it happened Jack must have seen the shocked look on my face. "For my back, George," Kennedy said to me, with his bad-boy wink. Peter was more direct. "For god's sake, George, don't tell Frank," he beseeched me. But to his

brother-in-law, it was all one big lark. "National security," he added, laughing, then offered me a line. Just as I kept the secret from Mr. S. about Peter's drug obsession, I wasn't about to break the bad news about Jack, who Mr. S. had put on a pedestal. Sex and alcohol may have made Jack a better man in Sinatra's sight. Cocaine was a different story.

While Mr. S. and JFK kept their dialogue to the affairs of the flesh, whenever Sinatra was with Sam Giancana, their former long sessions on the casino business now gave way to talk about politics, handicapping the odds whether Kennedy could beat Nixon, and whether or not it was a good idea. Mr. Sam preferred Nixon. "Bobby Kennedy is the fruit that poisons that whole tree," Sam said, summarizing his deep misgivings. Sinatra did his best to pacify the Chi Man, to assure him the little brother was chump change. "Jack's the candidate, not the weasel," Mr. S. said, hard-selling the kingpin. "Jack's our friend." I am certain, however, that had Mr. Sam not given Mr. S. his blessing, Mr. S. and company would never have devoted most of 1960 to getting the Kennedys their impossible dream. But given how much Mr. Sam distrusted Bobby, he surely ex-

pected some serious tit for tat.

The first tangible token of Mr. Ambassador's gratitude was the Cal-Neva Lodge, a rustic wigwam-inspired fish-and-game retreat that straddled the state line on the shores of Lake Tahoe. The Kennedys had been coming to this Alpine paradise since the Roaring Twenties. Because of its unique situation halfway in anything-goes Nevada, the lodge had been a haven for gangsters from its earliest days. Pretty Boy Floyd and other bullet-ridden legends had played there. The Kennedys loved the place. So did Sam Giancana.

In the late Fifties the nominal owner of the lodge was "Miami hotelier" (and Meyer Lansky lieutenant) Wingy (because of his missing arm, perfect name for a slot-machine guy) Grober. Mr. S. liked Wingy, who cozied up to the Sinatra crowd by bringing out Sinatra's dear friend Skinny D'Amato from Atlantic City to run the place. Wingy was a front man for the ambassador, Mr. S. said. In 1960, before the election, Grober "sold" a half-interest in the lodge for hundreds of thousands of dollars, a fortune back then, to a consortium including Sinatra, Dean Martin and Peter Lawford, who were fronting for Sam Giancana.

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London

NOW THAT I'VE HAD YOU SHUT DOWN YOUR LITTLE HATE SITE IN MY HONOR, WEEVIL, I REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT POSSESSED YOU TO PUT UP SUCH A VILE, MEAN-SPIRITED AND WHOLLY ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF MY PERSONAL LIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE.



I DON'T KNOW, MR. DUCK.

I MEAN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAPPY BEING MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT. YOU GET THREE HOT MEALS A DAY, FOUR WHEN THE MAID ISN'T ON THE RAG, AND ALL THE SMUT YOU CAN SHAKE YOUR LITTLE STICK AT IN EXCHANGE FOR BRINGING ME MY NIGHTLY SCHNAPPS. SO WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?



THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ADVANCEMENT.

YOU HAVE A PRETTY EASY LIFE AROUND HERE, YOU KNOW...WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, NEO-GNATZIES WERE PULLING YOUR ANTENNAE OFF AT PRO-INSECTICIDE RALLIES IN BERLIN...WHO GOT YOU A JOB DYING PUBIC HAIR FOR THE LOCAL STRIPPERS?



THAT'S TRUE, MR. DUCK.

I LITERALLY PICKED YOU UP OUT OF THE GUTTER AND GAVE YOU A CAREER...YOU SAW THE WORLD BECAUSE OF ME...WHEN WE WERE STRANDED IN AFGHANISTAN WITH THAT SUITCASE FULL OF STROKE BOOKS, WHO TOLD THE AUTHORITIES YOU WERE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL SWINGERS' CLUB?



THAT WAS VERY BRAVE OF YOU.

YOUR WELFARE WAS ALWAYS TOP PRIORITY WITH ME AND I TOTALLY FORGIVE YOU FOR YOUR INSUBORDINATION. IN FACT, JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH YOU'RE VALUED AROUND HERE, I CONVINCED THE MAID TO GIVE YOU ONE OF HER WEEK-OLD G-STRINGS...IT'S ALL YOURS, PALLY, WHADDYA THINK?



I...I'M TOUCHED, MR. DUCK.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE STILL FRIENDS, WEEVIL, OUR RELATIONSHIP IS LOW-MAINTENANCE.



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The Rat Pack was how the public came to know the crew that made *Ocean's 11*, which was based at the Sands in 1960. (The option on the script was paid for by Pat Kennedy Lawford.) The name the guys used for themselves was the Clan, but that sounded like the Ku Klux Klan. Jack Kennedy already had problems as a Catholic in the South without being connected to a bunch of ethnically diverse performers with a moniker like the Clan. These guys were inflammatory enough on their own. That was the point, to use these hip Hollywood Unsquares to play at being cool Mob-Vegas types and get a young and changing America to vote for JFK and against the ultimate square, Dick Nixon. If the whole *Ocean's 11* experience was something of a long subliminal liquor ad, the famous Vegas shows at night during the filming were a frequently direct plug for the Kennedy campaign, as key to JFK's image as the Broadway musical *Camelot*. You didn't see Nixon at the Sands, but Kennedy was right there at the A table for the country to ogle. The way the Rat Pack was used to sell the president—including the Sinatra-sung, Cahn-Van Heusen-written campaign song *High Hopes*—was all the brainchild of Mr. Ambassador.

Mr. S. was happier during the Kennedy campaign than at any other time since I began to work for him. He was in even better spirits than when he won the Oscar for *From Here to Eternity*. Now he had a purpose, a higher calling than Hollywood stardom. "We're gonna take this mother, George," he would say constantly. Despite JFK's decadent indulgences, I never sensed that Sinatra was personally troubled in any way by the character of "his leader." Nor did he seem repulsed by the repulsive behavior of his leader's father. That is, not before two occasions during the run for Washington when old Joe made Mr. S. feel lower than studio head Lew Wasserman or producer Sam Spiegel ever had.

The first was when he was trying to

put a movie together based on the book *The Execution of Private Slovik*, about a soldier who was executed by the Army for desertion. Mr. S. was planning to direct it, his first venture behind the camera. It was a total downer, but, as Mr. S. put it, "you don't win Oscars for comedies." He hadn't given up on being taken seriously as a filmmaker, and he knew that *Ocean's 11* wasn't going to do it for him. But he made a fatal mistake. In trying to get a great script, he hired an old friend he thought was a great writer, Albert Maltz, who was known as a master of "message" movies. Unfortunately, Maltz was even better known as one of the Hollywood 10. Blacklisted in the McCarthy witch-hunts as a Red, Maltz had fled to Mexico. He had not had a screen credit, at least not under his own name, for years. Mr. S. was giving him a chance at a comeback. That was something Mr. S. loved to do.

But not Joe Kennedy. When Sinatra's movie plans hit all the papers, Joe freaked out over what he read. "What is this commie Jew shit? You stupid guinea!" the ambassador unloaded on the Chairman over the phone, and Mr. S. took it. Of course, this was after half the country had been whipped up into a Red scare by the press. In Hollywood, John Wayne had come out against poor Maltz. Mr. S. had told the press to fuck themselves, he told the Duke to fuck himself, took out ads in the trade papers asserting his right to free speech, his right to make his own movies. But he didn't say fuck you to old Joe. He said, "Yes, sir." Mr. S. justified dropping Maltz (he paid him in full) and the project on the grounds of helping Jack, but it still killed him to have to eat humble pie and give up his dream. He went on a three-day Jack Daniel's binge and totally destroyed his office at the Bowmont Drive house. "Who gives a shit? I'm outta this fucking business!" he screamed, ripping up books and scripts, turning over bookcases.

Nothing, however, got Mr. S. more crazed than old Joe's edict that Sammy

not be allowed to perform at JFK's inaugural. Sammy was the ambassador's sum of all fears. He was black, he was Jewish, he was married to a blonde Aryan, he was a superstar. It drove old Joe crazy that Sammy had beaten all the odds. But he wasn't going to beat Joe's odds. Joe had absolutely no gratitude for the indefatigable campaigning Sammy had done for Jack as a key pillar of the Rat Pack. To him, Sammy was just a pushy nigger who could only give his son a worse name in the throwback places like the South, where he already had a bad one. Sammy had to eat a lot of shit during the campaign, jokes like he was going to be JFK's ambassador to Israel or to the Congo. He also had postponed his wedding to Swedish goddess May Britt until after the election, so as not to turn off voters at the last minute.

So it was brutal when old Joe put his jackboot down on Sinatra's fingers one more time and, in a dictatorial telephone conversation with Mr. S., barred Sammy from this show of shows, a cavalcade of America's greatest talent. If anybody belonged in the program, front and center, it was Sammy. Mr. S. begged him, but Joe said no. Ella Fitzgerald was OK, so were Mahalia Jackson, Harry Belafonte, Nat King Cole. To Joe, they were "nigger niggers." They knew their place. They kept in their place. But "the nigger bastard with the German whore," as the presidential patriarch referred to America's most controversial "fun couple," that was beyond the beyond. Not at his son's debutant ball for the world to see.

At the pinnacle of his new power, the master of ceremonies of the coming of the New Frontier, Mr. S., in all his glory, could only see an ugly past filled with bigotry, prejudice and elitism that, minus a few breaks, could have mired him forever in the slums of Hoboken. He looked like the king of the world, but all he could taste were ashes. It was a foretaste of worse, far worse, to come.



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MIKE PIAZZA (continued from page 62)

I knelt down and kissed the Pope's ring and the Pope said, "God bless Michael Piazza, the baseball player."

and about 15 head of buffalo.

PLAYBOY: How do you raise buffalo?

PIAZZA: Stay out of their way and let them graze.

PLAYBOY: Vince Piazza is a self-made millionaire, but his father—your grandfather—was a welder, an immigrant from Sicily. Ten years ago, baseball held your dad's heritage against him when he was part of a group that tried to buy the Giants. The owners rejected him. They said he had a "background" problem, which was code for a Mafia problem.

PIAZZA: That's the stereotype, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Major league baseball ended up paying your father a multimillion-dollar settlement.

PIAZZA: It was bizarre, but my dad was vindicated.

PLAYBOY: In 1988, as a favor to your father's buddy Lasorda, the Dodgers drafted you in the 62nd round. You were the 1390th pick. How could several hundred scouts think you sucked?

PIAZZA: I was slow. I played some bad high school games when the scouts came

around. I'd hurt my hand, and maybe I was pressing. When the Dodgers drafted me, it was a courtesy pick, a favor to Tommy. Even then I had to change positions. They figured I'd never make it as a first baseman, because first basemen are good hitters. So Tommy said, "Would you draft him if he was a catcher?" They said yes. He said, "OK, he's a catcher." I worked my butt off learning to catch. For months I was like a Labrador retriever, running back to the backstop after every pitch. I went to the Dodgers' training complex in the Dominican Republic, where I could catch every day. This place was 45 minutes from Santo Domingo, out in the jungle.

PLAYBOY: And not the Jim Rome jungle.

PIAZZA: It was the jungle. There were tarantulas in the complex. They never bit me, but you don't want to wake up with one. I was 19, the only player who spoke English. We drank sugarcane juice, which is brown and tastes like extra-sweet iced tea. Breakfast was poached eggs, bread and a little ham. To the Do-

minican kids, it was a feast.

PLAYBOY: Some of them start out with cardboard gloves.

PIAZZA: I caught one kid who was 14 or 15, really small, but he could bring it. I said, "How the hell can this little guy throw so hard?" It was Pedro Martinez. But I didn't last long down there. I got sick from the food and lost 25 pounds.

PLAYBOY: You had to fight for playing time in the minors. Some of your teammates and managers thought you were Lasorda's pet.

PIAZZA: I was frustrated and hurt and I quit. Left the team. But after a couple of days I went back, and one day we had an intrasquad game in the same complex with minor league teams from the Mets and Orioles. I got hit with a pitch and complained, so this other catcher, a guy I didn't get along with, says, "Stop being fussy and hit." I said, "Fuck you." Unfortunately, another guy—a big guy—thought I said "fuck you" to him. He charges me. I tackle him. We're rumbling around and we're all fighting. The other teams look at us and say, "What the hell is wrong with the Dodgers?"

PLAYBOY: Is Lasorda the most profane man in the world?

PIAZZA: Never with women around. And Tommy can be so funny. One year we were struggling and he gave us a speech. "If you don't like me because I want you to win for this organization and for yourselves," he says, "and if you don't like me because I want you to concentrate on the field and do your best, and if you don't like me because I tell you to stop running around all night, then fuck you! I don't like you either!" We all busted out laughing at that.

PLAYBOY: Can you cuss at an umpire without getting tossed?

PIAZZA: Yes, if you don't turn around and face him. You can't show your displeasure to the fans. And you can't make it personal, either. You can look out at the mound and tell the umpire, "That was a shitty call," but you can't say, "You're shitty."

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that New York is the Yankees' town and the Mets just play there?

PIAZZA: Maybe a little bit. You might roll your eyes a little because we all know they're great and they know they're great, but what can you do? I remember when a friend of mine sold Russell Crowe a car—that's how I met Russell. My friend says, "You've got to meet my man Mike Piazza." So what does Russell say—this guy from Australia? He says, "I'm more of a Yankees fan."

PLAYBOY: When you signed with the Dodgers as a courtesy pick, what was your signing bonus?

PIAZZA: I got \$15,000, which is pretty good for a guy they didn't really want.

PLAYBOY: How did you spend it?



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PIAZZA: I've still got my bonus. I save my money, man.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're worth \$14 million a year, what are you driving?

PIAZZA: BMW 745.

PLAYBOY: Do you drive fast?

PIAZZA: No, and a lot of witnesses will attest to that. My friends all say I drive like a senior citizen.

PLAYBOY: They want you to speed up?

PIAZZA: But I won't. I'm a cautious driver. I haven't won a World Series yet.

PLAYBOY: You got a star perk when you played drums onstage with Motörhead and Anthrax.

PIAZZA: I don't remember much about those nights.

PLAYBOY: Do Anthrax groupies actually have anthrax?

PIAZZA: I wasn't with them enough to qualify for groupie treatment. But there were a couple of baseball groupies who flashed me one night. I was driving out of the players' parking lot at Dodger Stadium, surrounded by fans, and two girls pulled up their shirts. I'm thinking I should stop and get their phone numbers, but if I stop a thousand kids will converge on the car.

PLAYBOY: Note to Piazza flashers: Write your number on your chest.

PIAZZA: Or they could pass it to me like a baton.

PLAYBOY: Are you still a metalhead?

PIAZZA: I love Guns n' Roses. And Slayer—I've seen them 10 times. You know Zakk Wylde, the guitarist? I'm his kid's godfather. Zakk plays for Ozzy Osbourne and I sang on his last album.

PLAYBOY: You sang?

PIAZZA: One word. I sang "Yeah."

PLAYBOY: From the metallic to the sublime: Last winter you had an audience with the Pope.

PIAZZA: That was humbling. He's very frail. I mean, he's 80. But he has an aura. I took him one of my Mets jerseys but didn't know if I should give it to him. Is that proper? But there was a gentleman next to me who said, "That's your hammer. Be proud of your craft. Give it to him." So I was proud and euphoric and I gave the Pope my jersey. He put his hands on my head.

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

PIAZZA: I know only a few words of Italian, but there was an American cardinal there to introduce me. The cardinal said, "This is Mike Piazza. He is a baseball player in the United States." I knelt down and kissed the Pope's ring and the Pope said, "God bless Michael Piazza, the baseball player."

PLAYBOY: That must be a memorable moment for a good Catholic boy.

PIAZZA: You bet. I sure like that last part. "Michael Piazza, the baseball player."

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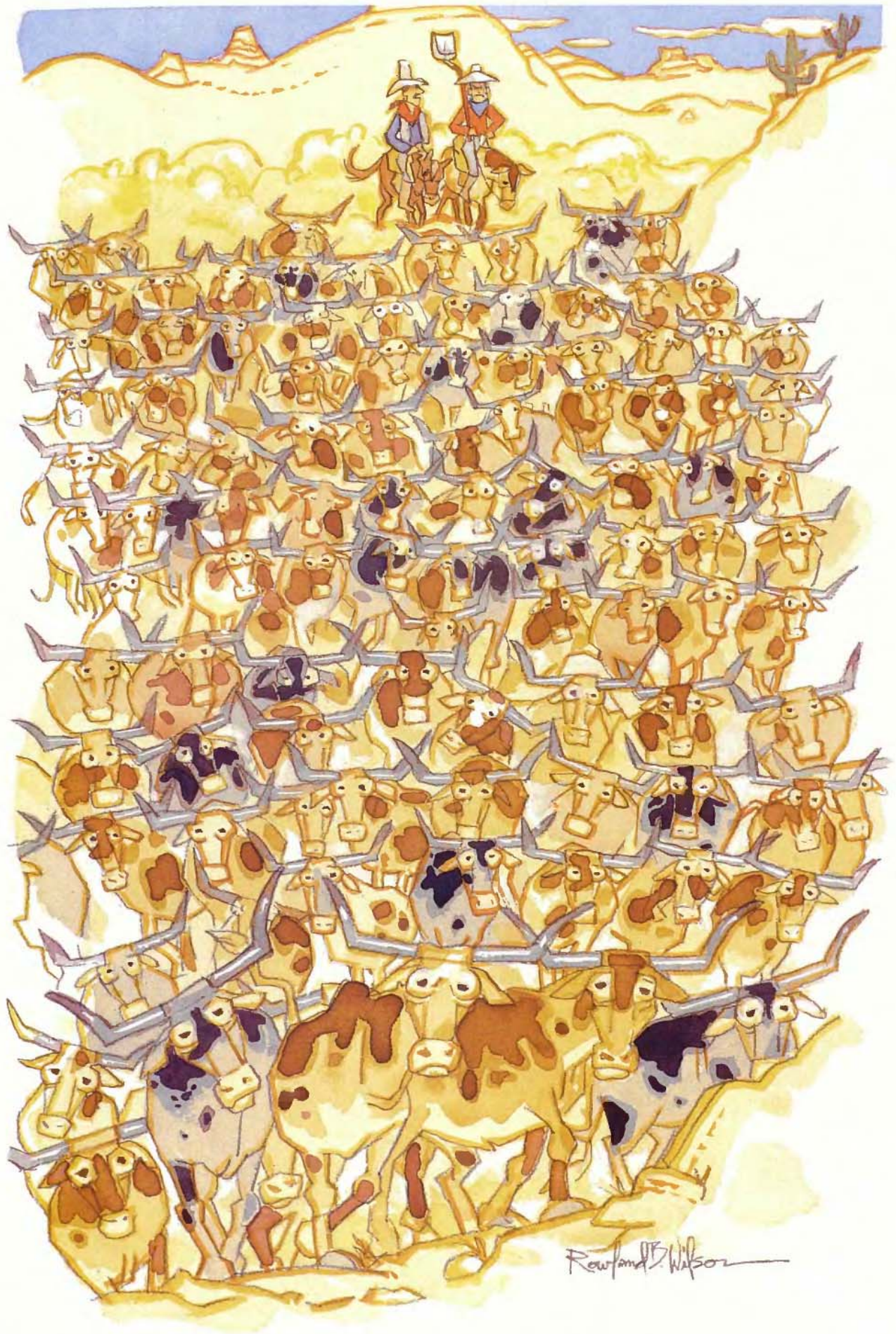
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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

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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 Ogoplex.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



cyber  club

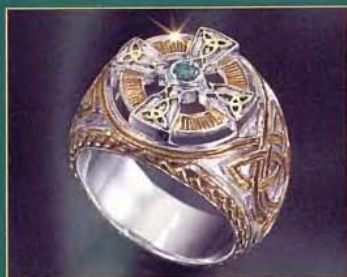
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phil spectator

(continued from page 78)

have had time to reflect on the things he
was doing to get by. If most of his friends
thought the signs were good for the fu-
ture, Spector himself knew he was also
facing serious setbacks.

Spector stayed out of the studio for
most of the Eighties and acquired a last-
ing reputation as a gun-toting recluse.
But he began making public appear-
ances late in the decade, became actively
involved in the Rock and Roll Hall of
Fame—championing everyone from TV
host Dick Clark to Chantels singer Ar-
lene Smith—and started attending Los
Angeles Lakers games and going to clubs.

His latest studio project, however, had
not gone as planned. His 20-year-old
daughter, Nicole, with whom he had a
close relationship, had taken him to see
the British band Starsailor at a concert in
LA. He loved the band and produced two
songs for them. Then, in late 2002, he
had gone to London's Abbey Road stu-
dios to record what he hoped would be
an album. But after four songs the ses-
sions ended, and Spector returned home.

In January, Spector gave his first ex-
tensive interview in decades to the
British paper *The Daily Telegraph*. Admit-
ting that he has a bipolar personality and
takes medication for schizophrenia,
Spector stated: "I would say I'm proba-
bly relatively insane, to an extent."

Sometime between midnight and one
A.M., Spector's driver pulled up to the
yellow cottage that houses Dan Tana's
restaurant. The old-fashioned Italian
joint hasn't been trendy in decades, but
it's a favored hideaway for stars more in-
terested in anonymity than celebrity. It's
dark and clubby with tuxedoed waiters,
chianti bottles hanging from beamed
ceilings, red leather booths and red-and-
white checked tablecloths. The cluttered
walls sport the occasional movie poster,
but much more common are unremark-
able art prints and soccer posters, evi-
dence of owner Dan Tana's former life as
a soccer player in Yugoslavia.

Dan Tana's was a quiet celebrity hang-
out even before Tana agreed to lend his
name to the character played by Robert
Urich in the Seventies television series
Vegas. Clint Eastwood used to be a regu-
lar. Bob Dylan ate there often; so did
Bruce Springsteen when he lived in Los
Angeles in the early Nineties. Drew Bar-
rymore, Jim Carrey and Jay Leno are
frequent visitors. In 1999, Jerry Seinfeld
held his 45th birthday party at the res-
taurant and was visited during the bash
by Milton Berle and George Clooney.

Spector, who has been a regular at Dan
Tana's for years, walked into the dimly lit
interior accompanied by a conservatively
dressed strawberry-blonde woman car-
rying a portfolio. Reports later identified



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the woman as Spector's "caterer" and said she was working at the Grill on the Alley, a popular entertainment-industry business-lunch restaurant in Beverly Hills. Suzannah Mays, a woman who often bragged to friends about being Spector's girlfriend and on whose behalf Spector had intervened in a rent dispute, works at the Grill. (Mays did not respond to repeated calls and e-mails.)

Spector and his companion sat at the producer's usual table, number four, at the back of the restaurant, far from the front door and close to the kitchen. Over the booth hangs a framed poster from an obscure Karl Malden movie from 1983, *Twilight Time*. "Its truth will set you free," reads the poster's tag line, "and its dream will keep you going."

"It looked like a date," says Martin DeLuca, a Los Angeles talent manager who says he was seated near Spector that night. But DeLuca also thought the producer looked as if he had been drinking. "He was kind of sweaty, and he kept getting up and going to the bathroom," he says. "He looked like he was under the influence of something."

Spector picked at a small salad but showed little interest in it. He downed one rum cocktail, then ordered another. To the staff at Dan Tana's, this was unusual: They knew Spector hadn't been drinking lately, so the bartender delivered the second drink himself, walking to the table and asking Spector if everything was OK. Spector assured him it was.

Others close to Spector would have viewed the drinking as a warning sign as well. "I don't know if his drinking was a problem," says David Kessel carefully. "But it certainly aggravates his agitation." Kessel's brother Dan, who has also known Spector for years, adds: "He just seemed a little more relaxed after he stopped drinking."

Jim Bessman, a New York-based writer who has been friends with Spector for more than a dozen years, remembers alcohol-related problems at one party. "There was one night when Phil got in trouble because he was drinking," says Bessman. "People were goading him into the behavior that was legendary."

Nobody tried to goad Spector into anything at Dan Tana's, but DeLuca approached the producer. "I tried to give him my business card and have a conversation with him," he says, "but he didn't say a word. He just stared at me."

Spector's friends say they've seen him in this kind of situation before. "Being Phil Spector takes a lot of energy, because there are a lot of people who want something from him," says David Kessel. "I don't know how many times I've been with him in a restaurant when a stream of people come up to him and say, 'I've written this song,' 'I've got a demo in the car,' 'Can you listen to this?'"

"He's a funny guy, and very clever, but he's also shy and uncomfortable in social

situations," says Bessman. "It was very hard for Phil to become a social person."

At Dan Tana's, Spector spoke briefly to the bartender and the headwaiter, shot dirty looks at DeLuca and spent most of his time deep in conversation with his guest. Spector paid the \$55 bill, left behind a \$500 tip and walked past the worried staff. It was past 1:30 A.M.

Tall blondes are rarely in short supply in the House of Blues' Foundation Room, but Clarkson was one of the tallest, blondest and most striking. She stood under a sign that read CAPACITY 256, but as Rob Halford played his loud, slick, hard rock music downstairs, the room was nowhere near full. Only a few people leaned against the long, carved wood bar, setting their drinks on the pounded-copper top. A few more sat on the two velvet sofas opposite the bar, flanking a large gas fireplace framed by an intricately carved dark wood mantle. A handful of guests eyed the room's three video screens, which showed Halford, former lead singer of Judas Priest, going through his paces on the stage two floors below.

Clarkson couldn't have been expecting a big crowd this early in the evening. In the short time she'd been on the job, she'd learned that the Foundation Room didn't get busy until close to midnight, when the musicians downstairs finished and the action began to migrate upward.

Since it opened on the Sunset Strip in 1994 (third in the chain of clubs co-owned by a consortium that includes Dan Aykroyd), the House of Blues had become the preeminent nightclub for touring musicians in L.A. The music hall had a capacity of almost 800, with room for more in the restaurant upstairs. The club was packed for shows that featured everyone from Lucinda Williams to Tom Jones.

The building sits across a side street from the Mondrian Hotel and Skybar and directly across Sunset Boulevard from the Hyatt West Hollywood. The club is designed to look like an old shack on the Mississippi Delta—in fact, its exterior is said to be adorned with tin imported from the Delta. But sitting as it does on this particularly flashy and crowded section of the Strip, the effect is less of a genuine juke joint and more of a Disneyland simulation.

The stage is on the bottom level of the club, which is situated on a hillside that drops away from Sunset. The restaurant takes up the middle level, while the dressing rooms and the Foundation Room sit on the top level. The Foundation Room, where Clarkson spent most of her time, is at the end of a long hallway covered in tropical-print fabric and hung with paintings of legendary blues musicians. Designed to be used by guests who pay membership fees that are reportedly about \$2500, the room is also open to performers and their guests—and

sometimes to the general public, or at least the members of the public who dress well enough and look presentable.

One of Clarkson's jobs was to decide who fit that criterion. As Halford performed, she stood by the entrance to the main room, manning a small desk with a computer keyboard and video screen. She greeted members and took care of those who'd reserved the private rooms, but she was also supposed to eye everyone coming into the room to make sure they had the right wristbands.

Halford finished his set sometime after midnight, and things began to pick up. Guests filtered into the main lounge, where Persian-style rugs covered the floor and walls. At the far corner of the room, a deejay spun records and an anemic light show flashed red, blue and white spots on the ceiling. Small sets of stairs led to the Buddha Room and the Ganesh Room, two smaller, Indian-themed areas designed for smaller parties that could shut the curtains for privacy.

On Sunday nights the Foundation Room was more accessible to the public because a couple of outside promoters took over for what they dubbed "Club BS." House of Blues employees had their own name for it: "Suck Night"—or, to be more accurate, "Suk Night," because the name of one of the promoters is Suk.

As Clarkson handled the influx of patrons arriving for Suk Night, she didn't expect to see many celebrities. Compared to Skybar only a block to the west, the place was purely hit or miss. But Christina Aguilera had brought in a party a few weeks earlier, taking over the Ganesh Room. And Phil Spector himself had been in a short time after that, escorting Nancy Sinatra.

"He came in frequently," says one House of Blues employee. "He would ask for a private room for his group. He was sort of a valued guest."

Close to two in the morning, Spector's black Mercedes pulled into the House of Blues driveway, stopping in front of a small desk, above which sat a blue neon sign that read FOUNDATION ROOM. Spector passed the desk and headed up a few short flights of stairs on the outside of the building. At the top, he turned right into the main hallway; another right turn would have taken him into Halford's dressing room. Instead he made a quick left into the Foundation Room, to the desk where Clarkson was stationed.

With the House of Blues closing at two o'clock, Spector didn't have much time to hang out. "He went into one of the private rooms," says another employee, "and I know he ordered at least one rum drink. Somebody else said Lana was in there with him and they had a bottle of champagne, but I didn't see it."

Several employees did, however, see Clarkson and Spector talking for some

time in the parking lot after the club had closed. Between 2:15 and 3:00 A.M., they got into the Mercedes and left.

"From the get-go," says one employee, "some people around here said she should have been smarter than that. But she was an actress looking for work, and she wasn't the type of person to turn something down. A lot of the people who work here are actors, and some members have a lot of money, or they produce. It pays to be friendly with those people, because you never know."

There were guns in the Alhambra house. Not everyone saw them—Bob Merlis was a friend for more than two decades, and he said he never saw the producer armed—but some claimed there were times when Spector carried a different gun every day. In the studio in the Seventies, his bodyguard George was always armed; Spector would often show up sporting a .38 as well. Both Leonard Cohen and the Ramones, whom Spector produced in 1977 and 1979, respectively, tell of firearms in the studio. On occasion, Dan and David Kessel would pack .38s in shoulder holsters when they went into the studio to record.

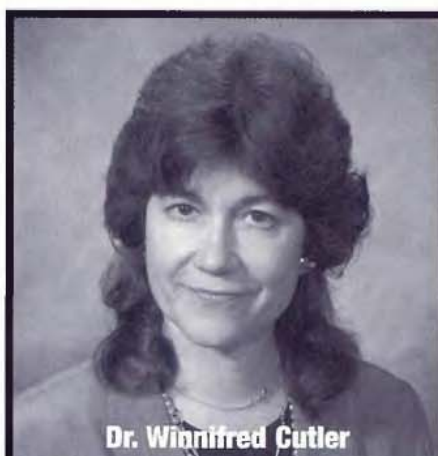
"When he would have visitors in the studio," says Dan Kessel, "he would do a run-through to balance the sound, and he'd call to the musicians section by section. 'OK, horn section!' The horns would play. 'OK, string section! OK, gun section!' People would react, but it was just in fun. He didn't mean 'pull out your guns,' he meant 'play guitar.'"

"It was just a gag," insists David Kessel. "You could say, 'What kind of a gag is that?' But Phil had so many gags in the studio. Still, the guns alarmed people more than the other gags."

What happened after Spector and Clarkson left the House of Blues is murky. At least two hours remain unaccounted for prior to her death. All that is known conclusively is that Spector's driver heard gunfire coming from the house around five A.M. and called the police. Response was almost immediate. Clarkson was lying on the imported Italian marble of the foyer, dead from a shot to the head. Spector, wearing what looked like pajamas, was standing nearby.

Spector resisted arrest and was subdued with a Taser-like device. He was booked on suspicion of first-degree murder. But after calling attorney Robert Shapiro, he posted \$1 million bail and was released later in the day. (In California, bail is automatically granted in murder cases that do not involve special circumstances.)

According to his friends, Spector did not say a word to police about the circumstances of Clarkson's death. "Bob Shapiro is the only person he's spoken to about any of it," says one friend. "He hasn't even said a word to his kids about



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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 32, 43-44, 86-89, 114-119, 120-121 and 163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 32: *Activision*, 310-255-2050, activision.com. *Black Label Games*, blacklabelgames.com. *Infogrames*, enthermatrixgame.com. *LucasArts*, lucasarts.com. *Microsoft Game Studios*, xbox.com. *Wired: Digital Innovations*, 888-SMART58 or neuroaudio.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Creed*, 877-273-3369. *Harper Collins Publishers*, harpercollins.com. *Hugo Boss*, at select department stores. *Kenneth Cole*, kennethcole.com. *Lacoste*, at select department stores. *Maître Parfumeur et Gantier*, 800-HBENDEL. *Mundial*, 800-487-2224 or mundialusa.com. *Subaru*, impreza.subaru.com. *Van Cleef and Arpels* and *Yves Saint Laurent*, at select department stores.

MAJOR TURN-ONS

Pages 86-89: *Casio*, casio.com. *Dish Network*, 800-333-DISH or dishnetwork.com. *JVC*, 800-252-5722 or jvc.com. *Kyocera Wireless*, 800-349-4188 or kyocera-wireless.com. *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262 or panasonic.com. *Philips Electronics*, 800-531-0039. *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337 or pioneerelectronics.com. *Samsung Electronics*, 800-726-7864 or samsung-electronics.com. *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277 or sharpusa.com. *Sonicblue*, 800-468-5846 or sonicblue.com. *Sony*, 888-315-SONY. *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. *Vialta*, vialta.com.

SURF AND SKATE

Pages 114-119: *Abercrombie & Fitch*, abercrombie.com. *Ambiguous*, [ambiguousclothing.com. *Axis*, \[axisclothing.com. *Black Flys*, \\[flys.com\\]\\(http://flys.com\\). *Black Label*, \\[blacklabelsates.com\\]\\(http://blacklabelsates.com\\). *Converse*, \\[converse.com\\]\\(http://converse.com\\). *Dickies*, \\[dickies.com\\]\\(http://dickies.com\\). *Emerica*, \\[americaskate.com\\]\\(http://americaskate.com\\). *ES*, \\[esfootwear.com\\]\\(http://esfootwear.com\\). *F.A.B.*, \\[fabproductions.com\\]\\(http://fabproductions.com\\). *Fourstar Clothing*, \\[fourstarclothing.com\\]\\(http://fourstarclothing.com\\). *Gentry*, \\[flys.com\\]\\(http://flys.com\\). *Globe*, \\[globeshoe.com\\]\\(http://globeshoe.com\\). *Gucci*, \\[gucci.com\\]\\(http://gucci.com\\). *Hobie*, \\[hobie.com\\]\\(http://hobie.com\\). *Hurley*, \\[hurley.com\\]\\(http://hurley.com\\). *John Lithium Manufacturing*, 888-8-LITHIUM. *Lost*, \\[lostenterprises.com\\]\\(http://lostenterprises.com\\). *Monument*, 949-548-4791. *Nixon*, \\[nixonnow.com\\]\\(http://nixonnow.com\\). *O'Neill*, \\[oneill.com\\]\\(http://oneill.com\\). *OP*, \\[op.com\\]\\(http://op.com\\). *PTS*, \\[ptsskate.com\\]\\(http://ptsskate.com\\). *Quiksilver*, \\[quiksilver.com\\]\\(http://quiksilver.com\\). *Ray-Ban*, \\[rayban.com\\]\\(http://rayban.com\\). *Reef Brazil*, \\[reefbrazil.com\\]\\(http://reefbrazil.com\\). *Seiko*, \\[seikousa.com\\]\\(http://seikousa.com\\). *Silver Star*, \\[buysilver.com\\]\\(http://buysilver.com\\). *Smith*, \\[smithsport.com\\]\\(http://smithsport.com\\). *Split*, \\[splitusa.com\\]\\(http://splitusa.com\\). *Vestal*, \\[vestalwatch.com\\]\\(http://vestalwatch.com\\). *Volcom*, \\[volcom.com\\]\\(http://volcom.com\\). *Zoo York*, \\[zooyork.com\\]\\(http://zooyork.com\\).\]\(http://axisclothing.com\)](http://ambiguousclothing.com)

SLIM SHADIES

Pages 120-121: *Bevel*, bevelspecs.com. *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000. *Donna Karan*, 866-240-4700. *Morgenthal Frederics*, morgenthal-fredericsny.com. *Nike*, nike.com. *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. *Ray-Ban*, rayban.com. *Selima*, selimaoptique.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 163: *Corky's*, 800-926-7597 or corkysbbq.com. *Hemingway*, ernesthemingwaycollection.com. *Maverick Industries*, 800-526-0954. *Montgomery Inn*, 800-872-7427 or montgomeryinn.com. *Smith & Wollensky*, 877-783-2555. *By Viking*, 888-VIKING1 or vikingrange.com, also at *Collins Fireplace and Patio*, 561 West Dundee, Wheeling, IL or collinsfireplace.com. *Weber*, 800-446-1071 or weber.com.

what happened."

Spector had made his way back into the headlines, but not the way he wanted. "I'd be willing to bet you that Phil posted his bail and got to a TV that night to see his own media coverage," says a person who has spent a lot of time with Spector. "And he had to wait 20 minutes into *Entertainment Tonight* to see himself pop up briefly as 'Sixties Beatles producer Phil Spector.' I'm sure he was watching, and I'm sure that destroyed him."

Arraignment was originally scheduled for March 3 but has been postponed indefinitely. Early that month, the Los Angeles County Sheriff's homicide investigator in charge of the case said he was awaiting results from the crime lab and was planning to conduct additional interviews. "It's our job to conduct a very thorough, nonbiased and comprehensive investigation before we present our findings to the district attorney," said Lieutenant Daniel Rosenberg. "It's only speculation, but I don't think we'll be ready for another three or four months."

On February 23, some 250 friends and family members attended a memorial service for Clarkson at the Henry Fonda Music Box Theater in Hollywood. Spector, meanwhile, remained out of sight, though among his friends different scenarios began to circulate. Many agreed with the assessment of one of Spector's longtime friends, attorney Marvin Mitchelson: "I believe his defense will be that this was a tragic accident." Others began to advance what became known as "the intruder theory," that an unidentified person was present in the house and had fired the fatal shot. Another theory surfaced that Clarkson had left Spector's house and was planning to have the driver take her home when she realized she'd left something behind. When she returned to the door, the theory went, Spector thought she was an intruder and shot her in the dark. On March 10, radio station KFI-AM in Los Angeles suggested that leaked evidence has shown that Clarkson had shot herself accidentally; the sheriff's department declined to comment other than to say it had ruled out suicide, but within hours of the initial report, Spector had sent out a flurry of e-mails suggesting he'd been vindicated.

"We hate to use the words 'I told you so,' but I did tell you so," his e-mail reportedly read. He went on to claim to a reporter that he never should have been arrested that night.

The homicide investigators, though, continued sifting evidence and, according to Captain Frank Merriman, "investigating this thing as a criminal act."

Along the canals of Venice, the bouquets that had been laid at Clarkson's front door had long since withered and died. In the hills of Alhambra, the gates to Spector's castle remained closed.

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PLAYMATE NEWS



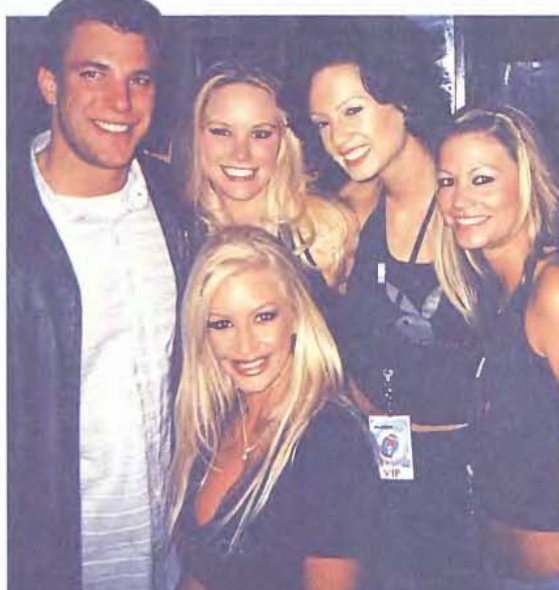
CRISTY THOM: BABE WITH A BRUSH

Cristy Thom has an eye for beautiful women—her series of Fifties-style oil paintings was prominently showcased in *New American Paintings* magazine.

"My work is a combination of contemporary realism, pop and satire," she says. Cristy, who lives in Los Angeles, was inspired by the balance of repression and freedom in the lives of modern women. "I wanted to create a series on



women who were obviously inspired by the Fifties in terms of their look, but who carry the empowerment of the current times." Want to hang one of her sexy masterpieces over your sofa? Her paintings are for sale and typically cost between \$7000 and \$18,000. For more information or to check out more of Cristy's creations, click on her website, cristythomart.com.



CHARIS SPINS THE BOTTLE

Remember smooching your sixth-grade crush during Spin the Bottle? Thanks to Miller Lite spokesmodel Charis Boyle, the game has gotten a face-lift: At bars around the country, lucky guys spin a beer bottle to win a lip-lock with Charis. (The promotion has something to do with Miller's new look, but that's less important than the kissing, no?) Even Aaron Buerge (a.k.a. the Bachelor) took a spin in Chicago. What else keeps Charis spinning? For five years she has helped run some of Washington, D.C.'s hottest nightclubs. *DC One* magazine even put her on its cover (above) and called her entertainment group "the biggest influence on D.C.'s music scene."



10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Born in Tampa, Florida, Miss June 1993 Alesha Marie Oreskovich aspired to "become a college professor and do what makes me happy." After posing for a splashy pictorial, she got permission to finish her Latin and British literature courses by correspondence. Lest you think she was all work and no play, Alesha showed up in several music videos, including Marty Stuart's *Magic Town*.

Alesha Marie Oreskovich.



LOOSE LIPS

Rebecca Ramos:
"People have no idea how much work goes into shooting. I felt like I was a pink flamingo perched on one heel. I remember thinking, Just hold still!"

Anna Nicole Smith:
"I used to love Texas. When I went back for my trial, everyone turned against me and called me a bitch. I don't like Texas anymore."

CENTERFOLD V.I.P.

Wherever they go, our sultry Centerfolds cause whiplash. Left to right: *Surreal Life* star and Playmate of the Year 2001 Bronde Roderick at the WB Network All-Star Celebration in Los Angeles; 40th anniversary Playmate Anna-Morie Goddard hanging out in Holland; Carrie Stevens on the red carpet of the CineSpace Digital Supper Club and Lounge opening party; Shauna Sand root, root, rooting for the home team of a movie premiere; Lisa Dergon with longtime beau Michael Bay at the opening of Bliss restaurant; Christi Shake working it at a party at Ivar in Los Angeles.



HOT SHOT



DANELLE FOLTA AND DEANNA BROOKS

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

June 6: Miss July 2002
Lauren Anderson
June 13: Miss April 2000
Brande Roderick
June 16: Miss May 1999
Tishara Cousino
June 25: Miss March 1960
Sally Sarell
June 30: Miss May 1990
Tina Bockrath



In *Boat Trip*, now on DVD, Victoria Silvstedt plays Ingo, who odds much-needed T and A to the high seas. Typecast? Yeah—but she still hoists our mainsail.

POP QUESTION: SHAE MARKS

Q: Shae, have you done any fun work lately?

A: I have been doing voice work for a cartoon called *Captain RibMan*. I also produce photo shoots. It's so much fun to work with models in that capacity.

Q: What are your guilty TV pleasures?

A: *Alias*, 24, *CSI* and *The Bachelorette*.

Q: Does size matter?

A: Not at all. It's the motion of the ocean, baby.

Q: What's in your CD player?

A: Mercedes, a singer who just got signed. She is going to be a huge star—she rocks.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Slash



There's one Centerfold from back in the day, Miss September 1977 **Debra Jo Fondren**, who had the most incredible long, blonde hair. It was almost all the way down to her ankles. She had a silver brush and I remember her running it through her hair.



I MARRIED A ROCK STAR

Jessico Lee has always been a rock chick—her first PLAYBOY gig was in the August 1995 *Girls of Radio* issue. Now she's married to Papa Roach's Jerry Horton. "I gained a big rock family," she says. Not that she need worry, but is she threatened by groupies? "Not at all," she says. "Jerry is loyal. I trust him. Actually, groupies interest me. I like to watch them work."



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

In a riveting cover story on *shemag.com*, **Stephanie Adams** becomes the first Centerfold to step out of the closet as a lesbian.



"I'm definitely not what people would consider the norm, including my sexuality," she explains.

"I've always been more attracted to women—physically, emotionally

and spiritually." . . . **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** provided "cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and positive energy" at a baby shower in honor of her twin boys, Jaylen and Sebastian. Congrats to Daph and daddy **Ron Samuel**. . . . **Jessica Lee** is opening a women's clothing store in Sacramento. "Fashion has always

interested me, and Sacramento could really use some style," she says. **Jaime Bergman** (right) bussed husband **David Boreanaz** at the Golden Globes. . . . The latest Playmate-St. Pauli Girl? **Lisa Dergan** (below), who follows



former barmaids **Jaime, Angela Little, Neriah Davis** and **Heather Kozar**. . . . **Kelly (Gallagher) Wearstler**, an interior designer for the *Trina Turk* boutique, was recently profiled in *Vogue*. "My favorite accessory is my baby boy, Oliver," she says. . . . *The Anna Nicole Show* has been picked up in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland, which begs the question, How do you say "Fuck you, Bobby Trendy" in Norwegian?

New St. Pauli girl Lisa Dergan.



"A LITTLE BLING BLING FOR YOUR TING TING!"



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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GRILL JUNKIES

Slaving over a pyramid of barely glowing coals is an ancient manly art, but wouldn't you rather be knocking back a margarita with the rest of the barbecue crew on the deck? The newest gas grills fire up restaurant-level BTUs in seconds and offer more counter space than some studio apartments. And don't forget all the accessories absolutely essential to any grill mas-

ter worth his filet mignon: sword-size tongs, forks and spatulas, along with marinades and sauces from famous rib joints. You can even catch an inning or two of the game on television while burgers, chops and ribs—sizzling to perfection—are monitored by a digital gizmo that transmits cooking time and temperature to a receiver in your pocket.

—LARRY OLMSTED

Right: Smith & Wollensky's five-piece grilling set in a canvas apron that doubles as a carryall keeps tools handy (about \$45). The electronic doo-hickey is Maverick's ET-7 Remote Check, a wireless thermometer that can keep tabs on two meats inside your grill and send the data to a receiver up to 100 feet away (about \$80).



Below: A battery-powered grill handle light by Weber makes backyard midnight snacks a reality (\$25). **Bottom:** Viking's 53-inch stainless steel grill, which operates on natural gas or propane, features electronic ignition, a hooded rotisserie, side burners and more. You may never cook indoors again (\$5100, from Collins Fireplace).



Above: You can buy these famed finger lickers on the Internet or from gourmet specialty stores nationwide. Slather on Montgomery Inn's Barbecue Sauce (\$9.95 a two-pack), Corky's Bar-B-Q Sauce (\$25 for six bottles) or Hemingway Collection's Kenya Marinade for Seafood and Chicken (\$4.75 a bottle). Next to the sauces is a chunky Smith & Wollensky steak knife (\$40 for a set of four).

RICHARD IZUI



Kate the Great

After taking some time off to hang with her husband, Chris Robinson (the front man for the Black Crowes), Kate Hudson got busy with the movies *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*, *Le Divorce*, *Loosely Based on a True Love Story* and *Raising Helen*, making her more than almost famous. But it's this see-through number that gets our heads up.

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If You've Got It, Flaunt It

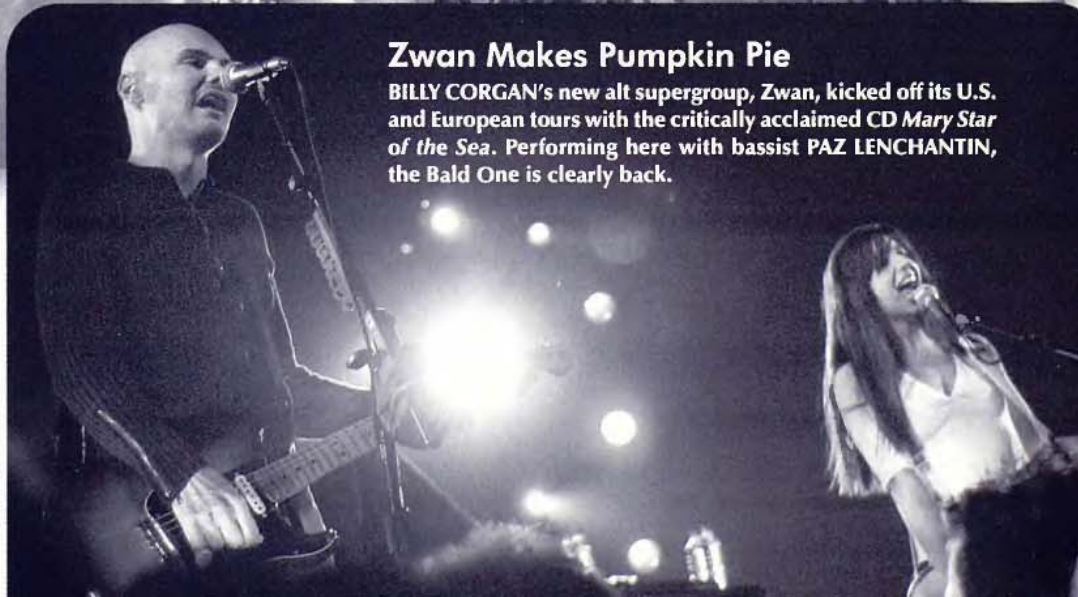
LISA RINNA is a sheer delight. She went from a successful daytime and prime-time soap opera career to co-hosting *Soap Talk*. Of course, we know her best for gracing the cover of *PLAYBOY* in 1998.



JENNIFER LEE/RETNA

Zwan Makes Pumpkin Pie

BILLY CORGAN's new alt supergroup, Zwan, kicked off its U.S. and European tours with the critically acclaimed CD *Mary Star of the Sea*. Performing here with bassist PAZ LENCHANTIN, the Bald One is clearly back.



©PAUL MONTAG PHOTO BILLY INC.



Is Fiction Greater Than Truth?

FICHTION PLANE's *Everything Will Never Be OK* might remind you of early Police. Vocalist Joe Sumner (with his hands up) is Sting's kid, but this band doesn't need any extra star power. Hear them sing, "I don't care if sex is casual/ Fantasies or feelings actual," and you'll know what all the buzz is about.

Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy

Your first sight of **JOY BRYANT** (in *The Antwone Fisher Story*) will not be your last. Look for her with Jessica Alba in *Honey*, which co-stars Lil' Romeo and features Missy Elliott, Ginuwine and Tweet. We're filled with joy.



Malia's Undercover

Hawaii's own **MALIA SONG** has worked on *Baywatch*, modeled for a Corona beer poster, strutted the catwalk for designers in the Aloha State, won bikini contests and made us wish for a mai tai and a lei.





June's SEX HIT

WAX ON, WAX OFF

If your girlfriend has her hedge trimmed at a salon, tell her to think outside the box. The Just Kitting personal grooming kit contains waxing strips and stencils that enable her (or, better, the two of you) to create a pubic patch in the shape of a heart, a star, a four-leaf clover, an arrow—use your imagination. A pair of tiny scissors, a comb, tweezers and a container of soothing gel (let's hope she doesn't need it) are included in the kit. Who would have thought that personal preening could be such fun? For more information, go to justkitting.com or call 866-WAXXING. Price: \$34.95.

FUNNY BUSINESS

Forget all the crap you learned at Harvard Business School. The skills you need to survive in America's big-business culture are how to pad an expense report and earn a raise by kissing butt. Stand-up comedian Fred Pollack tells all in *The College Senior's Survival Guide to Corporate America*, a Ten Speed Press softcover for \$10.95. Check bookstores.

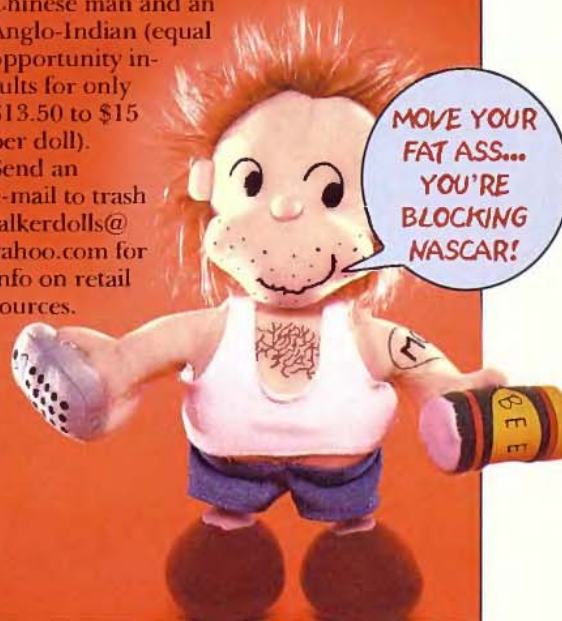


FEELING CHIPPY?

Need a salty snack to go with your favorite local brew? Grab some hometown potato chips. Anchor O'Reilly's Chip of the Month Club sends you six different bags a month for three months (\$75), or nibble your way from coast to coast for \$295 a year. Maine Coast Chips go well with a frosty Rip Tide from the same Northeastern state, but good luck finding a local brew powerful enough to wash down a bag of Dakota Style Industrial Strength Kettle Cooked Chips. Visit chipofthemonth.com or call 800-313-2332 to place an order.

FOULMOUTHED DOLLS

When it comes to politically incorrect one-liners, Trash Talker dolls are right up there with George Carlin and *South Park*. Bubba the Redneck (below) makes one of five obnoxious remarks when you smack his head. There are also Princess Babs, two gay guys, a black pimp, a Chinese man and an Anglo-Indian (equal opportunity insults for only \$13.50 to \$15 per doll). Send an e-mail to trashtalkerdolls@yahoo.com for info on retail sources.



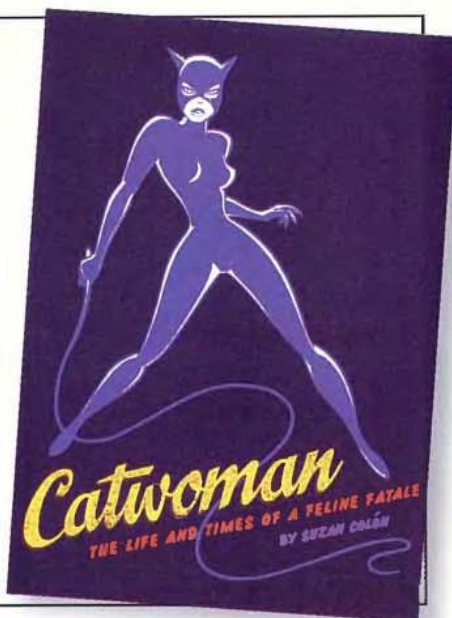


TIME'S UP . . . AND DOWN

We're not suggesting you dive to 320 feet just to test Wilson's claim that the new Three Series 100-percent forged-titanium chronograph watch won't fog up. The company also swears you can wear the watch in a hot tub or sauna, and we assume you're at least that adventurous. Wilson describes its new line as "user friendly with no unnecessary gimmicks" and invites buyers to compare the watches with models that cost \$2000. The chrono price is \$275, and it's available from orders@wilsontime.com.

KITTEN WITH A WHIP

Catwoman, the world's sexiest burglar, has had her claws sunk into Batman since 1940, hanging on through countless comic book confrontations and three TV incarnations. Her kitschy career, including her whip-cracking techniques and kinky leather wardrobe, is visually celebrated in *Catwoman: The Life and Times of a Feline Fatale* by Suzan Colón, with an introduction by TV's first Batman, Adam West. It's an \$18.95 Chronicle book with a vinyl cover in purple—Catwoman's favorite color.



GLOW, SPEED RACER!

Does this object look familiar to you, road warriors? It should—especially if you've been spending a lot of time under the hood of your car. West Coast architect Greg Tate, inspired by California's custom-car culture, used an air filter for a shade and a chrome-plated jack stand for a base to create the Motor Head, a handsome \$250 table lamp for grease monkeys. (Good news, automotive purists: A model with a black jack stand is only \$170.) Go to Tate's website, gregtatedesign.com, to order.



RUM TO THE RIM

Now you have three more reasons to sip something cool in the shade. Spirits infused with raspberry, vanilla and coconut have joined Bacardi's lineup of flavored rums. Try Bacardi Razz with tonic, and Vanilla with ginger ale. Make a cócotini with three ounces of Cóco and an ounce of triple sec. Shake with ice, strain into a chilled martini glass rimmed with coconut shavings, garnish with a lime wheel and serve to your girlfriend. Anyone for skinny-dipping? The price: about \$13 a bottle.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS BOOK

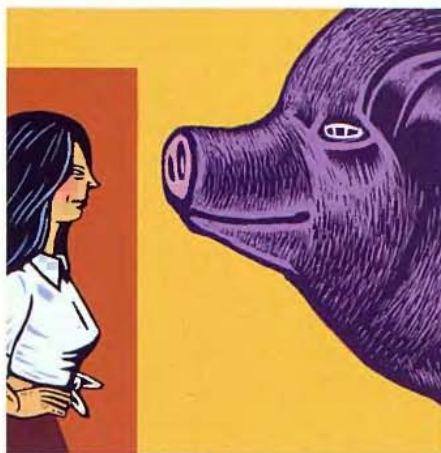
AAA Outdoor Clothing in Laguna Beach is the first entry in the *Outdoors Yellow Pages* ("The World's Best Outdoors and Sports Directory") and Yentna River Lodge in Anchorage is one of the last. In between are more than 110,000 listings in categories that range from archery to vacations. You'll also find stadium seating charts, wildlife refuge maps and other alfresco services, products and associations. We got winded just flipping the pages. Price: \$29.90. Go to outdoorsyp.com, or call 888-386-8600.



Next Month



LISA MARIE REVEALED



THIS LITTLE PIGGY



THIRSTY? WE ARE



FAST AND FURIOUS—AND NUDE

LISA MARIE PRESLEY—THE KING'S PRINCESS TELLS ALL ABOUT HER DOOMED MARRIAGE TO NICOLAS CAGE, HER EVEN STRANGER UNION WITH MICHAEL JACKSON, LOVING SCIENTOLOGY AND GROWING UP WITH A DADDY NAMED ELVIS. CLEARLY, LISA MARIE HAS NOT LEFT THE BUILDING. A ROCKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **ROB TANNENBAUM**. **PLUS:** FAMOUS ROCK DAUGHTERS—AN ALL-ACCESS PASS

THE GREAT MEDIA WARS—WHAT MAKES WRITERS HEAVE MUDBALLS ON EACH OTHER'S REPUTATIONS? WHY DO WE LOVE IT WHEN THEY DO? INSIDE THE BIGGEST MEDIA FEUDS, FEATURING SUCH LUMINARIES AS WOLFE, UPDIKE, MAILER, EGGERS AND IRVING. BY **SIMON DUMENCO**

SEX ON THE EDGE—TO HELL WITH ECSTASY—THE 21ST CENTURY DESIGNER SEX DRUG IS CALLED FOXY, AND AFTER SEEING ITS EFFECTS, ONE ADVENTUROUS WRITER AGREES TO SWALLOW. ARE PHARMACEUTICALLY CHARGED ORGASMS BETTER THAN THE REAL THING? DO SEX DRUGS HAVE A DOWNSIDE? **HEATHER CALDWELL** GOES ALL THE WAY

A LETTER FROM THE FUTURE—IF YOU THINK THE WORLD IS GRIM NOW, LISTEN TO A GUY FROM 2053, WHEN EXISTENCE MEANS SUV JET PACKS, SHOWER PILLS AND CELL PHONE LIP IMPLANTS. WISH YOU WERE HERE. BY **DAVID CROSS**

JOINT CUSTODY—OWNING A POTBELLED PIG IS FINE IF YOU'RE GEORGE CLOONEY, BUT DATING A WOMAN WHO SHARES A JEALOUS SWINE WITH HER EX-BOYFRIEND IS A TOTAL BOAR. ESPECIALLY ON PIGGY BATH NIGHT OR WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO GET IT ON. FICTION BY **STEVE AMICK**

WAR RELICS—THE PEACE MOVEMENT WAS IN FULL SWING BEFORE THE WAR EVEN BEGAN. BY EARLY MARCH, TYPING "ANTIWAR" AND "IRAQ" INTO GOOGLE.COM RETURNED 787,000 RESULTS. THANKS TO THE INTERNET, WE'VE COLLECTED THE MOST MOVING—AND SHOCKING—SLOGANS, POETRY AND SIGNS

THE SPLASH MENAGERIE—YOU CAN'T WALK ON WATER, BUT YOU CAN CERTAINLY FLY ON IT. SUMMER'S COOLEST WATER TOYS INCLUDE A TRANSPARENT KAYAK AND A WATER BIKE. ALL YOU NEED NOW IS A CHICK IN A BIKINI

PLUS: A FAST AND FURIOUS PICTORIAL (DON'T WORRY—VIN DIESEL ISN'T NAKED). 20 QUESTIONS WITH MOVIE MADE-MOISELLE **RACHEL WEISZ**, BOURBON STREET HEDONISTS SHOW US THEIR BEADS, IN BED WITH CENTERFOLD **REBECCA SCOTT**, CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES FOR THE NEW PLAYBOY MAN, AMERICA THE BREWFUL—A SUDSY TASTE-TEST AND MISS JULY. **COLLEEN MARIE**