

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 2001 • www.playboy.com

**THE
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INTERVIEW**

**WE INTERROGATE
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SHOW
ON TV**

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STAR
LEILANI
RIOS**

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GIRLS
NUDE**

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ROWDY AND
READY TO
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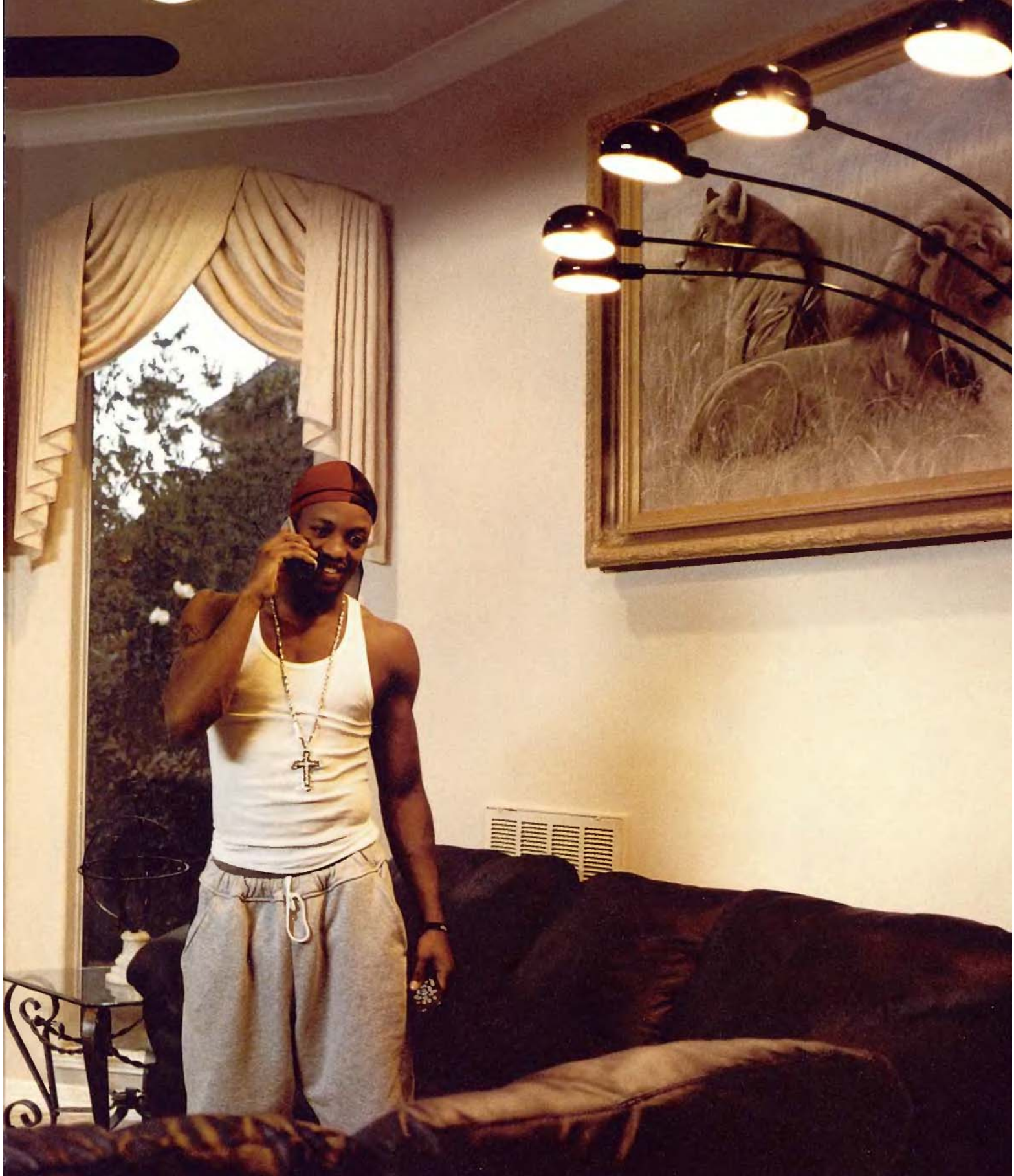
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WHICH SPORTSCENTER DO YOU WATCH?

5 AM - 12 PM, 6 PM, 11 PM, 1 AM, 2 AM ET

ESPN

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STEVE FRANCIS WATCHES THE 6 PM SPORTSCENTER.

Miller

HIGH LIFE



34-25-36

Hike!

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Playboy College Bowl
Sweepstakes.



One lucky winner will win a trip for two with two tall blondes, **Miller High Life and Miss April 1999, Natalia Sokolova** to the college bowl game of your choice.

Prize package includes round-trip airfare to the city hosting the game, two tickets to the game and dinner with the Playmate.

To enter log on to Playboy.com.

Presented by Playboy and Miller High Life

PLAYBOY/MILLER HIGH-LIFE COLLEGE FOOTBALL SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

1. HOW TO ENTER. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER. Sweepstakes begins on August 15, 2001 and ends on October 2, 2001, 11:59 p.m. midnight NY time. Complete and submit the entry form on www.playboy.com/millerhighlife or print full legal name, permanent address, date of birth, daytime telephone number and e-mail address (if available) on a piece of paper and mail in an envelope to LuVerne Williams c/o Playboy.com, 730 Fifth Avenue, 4th Floor, NY, NY 10019. All email entries must be received by Tuesday, October 2, 2001 at 11:59 p.m. (NY time) and U.S. postal entries must be postmarked by October 2, 2001 and received no later than October 9, 2001 at 3:00 p.m. (NY time). Enter as often as you like, but only one entry per day, per envelope will be accepted. Only those entrants with completed entry forms, or containing the complete information described above will be entered for a chance to win. No photocopies or reproductions of the entries will be eligible and each entry must be mailed separately. Entries that are incomplete or illegible will be disqualified. Playboy.com, Inc. (PCI), Miller Brewing Company and their parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and agents (collectively, the "Group") are not responsible for incorrect, inaccurate, lost, late, misdirected, undeliverable or damaged mail or e-mail or malfunctions, interruptions or disconnections in phone lines or network hardware or software whether caused by web site users, or tampering or hacking, or by any of the equipment or programming associated with or utilized in the sweepstakes. By entering, entrants agree to abide by and be bound by these Official Rules. All potential winners release PCI, Miller Brewing Company and their parent companies and the Group and their respective distributors, affiliates and subsidiary companies and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors (including advertising and promotional agencies) from any and all liability with respect to acceptance, receipt, use or misuse of any prize or participation in this sweepstakes (including damage to computers).

2. GENERAL CONDITIONS. PCI reserves the right, at its sole discretion, to disqualify any individual it finds, in its sole discretion, to be tampering with the entry process or the operation of this sweepstakes or web site; to be in violation of the terms of service of the web site, to be acting in violation of these Official Rules; or to be acting in a non-sportsmanlike or disruptive manner, or with intent to annoy, abuse, threaten or harass any other person. Any use of robotic, automatic, macro, programmed or like entry methods will void all such entries by such methods. In the event of a dispute as to entries submitted by multiple users having the same email account, the authorized subscriber of the email account used to enter the sweepstakes at the actual time of entry will be deemed to be the participant and must comply with these Official Rules. Authorized account subscriber is deemed to be the natural person who is assigned an email address by an Internet access provider, on line service provider or other organization which is responsible for assigning email addresses or the domain associated with the submitted email address.

If, for any reason, the sweepstakes is not capable of running as planned by reason of infection by computer virus, worms, bugs, tampering, authorized intervention, fraud, technical failures, or any other causes which, in the sole opinion of PCI, could corrupt or affect the administration, security, fairness, integrity or proper conduct of this sweepstakes, PCI reserves the right at its sole discretion to cancel, terminate, modify, or suspend the Internet portion of this sweepstakes for any drawing(s) and select the winner from regular mail-in and Internet entries received for that drawing prior to the action taken.

3. ELIGIBILITY. Each contestant must be 21 years old or older at the time of entry and a U.S. resident. Employees (and relatives of such employees) of PCI, Miller Brewing Company and the Group, and retailers and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in California, Utah and Rhode Island and wherever else prohibited by law. This sweepstakes shall be governed by and interpreted under the laws of the State of Illinois, U.S.A. without regard to its conflicts of laws provisions. All entrants to this sweepstakes agree that any and all disputes arising out of or relating in any way to this sweepstakes shall be litigated only in courts sitting in Cook County, Illinois, U.S.A.

4. DRAWING AND NOTIFICATION. The odds of winning are based on the number of eligible entries received. Judges' decisions in all matters relating to or arising out of the Sweepstakes are final. There will be one winner who will be chosen at random from the eligible entries for the prize at the end of the sweepstakes. Winner will be notified by phone within two weeks of the sweepstakes completion on October 16, 2001. In the event the winner cannot be reached by phone by October 16, 2001 by 5:30 PM (NY time), an alternate winner will be chosen who will be notified by phone on October 19, 2001. In the event the alternate winner cannot be reached by phone by October 22, 2001 by 5:30 PM (NY time), the prize will be forfeited. Prizewinner will be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity release within 10 days of attempted notification (which will be provided via overnight mail with return pre-paid overnight mail materials included.) Travel companion (who must be 21 or older) must also sign and return liability/publicity release (which will be included in grand prize winner's package) not later than within 10 days of attempted notifications. In the event prize winner's and travel companion's affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity releases are not received by October 25, 2001, the prize package will be forfeited.

5. PRIZE. Prize is nontransferable, and no cash or other substitutions will be offered. All federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. PCI has the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value if listed prize is unavailable. PRIZE PACKAGE: (1) Grand Prize: Trip for two to the college bowl game of the winner's choice (within the continental U.S. and which occurs between December 1, 2001 and January 30, 2002) including round trip coach air transportation for two departing from nearest airport to the city hosting the bowl game; two nights hotel accommodations (double occupancy) as selected by PCI; two tickets to selected bowl game; opportunity to escort one Playmate to the bowl game, drinks, snacks and souvenirs at the game (not to exceed \$500 for the two attendees); and dinner after the game with the Playboy Playmate (total estimated retail value: \$4,500.00). Any taxes, gratuities, ground transportation, and other personal incidentals are responsibility of winner. Winner and travel companion must be available to travel sometime between December 1, 2001 and January 30, 2002.

6. WINNER'S LIST. To obtain the names of the winner, send your name and e-mail address to adsales@ny.playboy.com or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Playboy/Miller High Life College Bowl Sweepstakes, c/o Playboy.com, 730 Fifth Avenue, 4th Floor, NY, NY 10019. Residents of WA or VT may omit return postage. Requests must be received by November 30, 2001.

PLAYBOY

**THINK WHEN
YOU DRINK**

Image of Natalie Sokolova ©2001 Playboy

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Strong Language



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Playbill

WE KICK OFF our college issue with a civics lesson, courtesy of a remarkable TV show. Before President Josiah Bartlet began trouncing Bush and Gore in the polls, *The West Wing* had a few things going against it. It was—and is—smart. Critics took to it like a DC intern takes to lip gloss. This month we asked its cast (only the fifth ensemble in our history) to sit for a *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor **David Sheff**. Keeping things progressive, we also include a liberal helping of skin. Get ready to pass the baton to **Leilani Rios**, our favorite cause célèbre. She was thrown off her college track team for moonlighting as a stripper. Now she paces her way through a pictorial by **Mark Edward Harris**. Does she do a fast lap? Only if you don't tip. Here's our tip. Check out the swamp foxes of South Carolina and rocky top teas from Tennessee in their particularly humid pictorial. We gave you a hint—just a hint—with our cover Playmates, composed by digital artist **Mark Frazier**. Speaking of Lady Vols, when UT alum **Erin Zammett** interned for PLAYBOY two years ago, she regaled us with stories of the sweet and sexy lives of college jocks. Her perspective triggered a debate among us regarding the costs and privileges of top-tier programs. It serves as the basis for her report *College Sports in Crisis*. Running counter to the mantra that young stars are spoiled, in-house football analyst **Gary Cole** complements Zammett's piece with an essay on intense, focused athletes. He should know. He's been putting together our *Pigskin Preview* for years, with uncanny results. This year he predicts the apotheosis of the Miami Hurricanes. Unfortunately, the hero in the winner of our College Fiction Contest is a charming but chronic loser. *Fishboy* by **Matt McIntosh** will leave you gasping for air.

Psst! Want more inside dope? Our sense of privacy is being usurped by technology and by outdated laws. It's not just Big Brother who is watching, either—it could be a wired neighbor or a telemarketing con. For the back story on our changing mores, turn to the chat in *Forum* with **Robert Ellis Smith**, founder of the *Privacy Journal*. For stupid legal tricks, see our excerpt of Smith's forthcoming book, *War Stories III* (*Privacy Journal*).

Mama, don't let your babies grow up to be Nadas. But they may anyway, particularly after they read *The Four-Year Road Trip* by Associate Editor **Alison Lundgren**. The Nadas are rock-and-roll barnstormers. The most recent of their four independent CDs has sold 15,000 copies and they've played at nearly every campus and concert hall in Iowa. Lundgren rode shotgun in their fiery RV, Fox Smolder, and witnessed enough wool-pulling and beer-and-cheer euphoria to fill a notebook's worth of songs. Experience—and looks that could jump-start an old pickup—makes **Marg Helgenberger** a woman who has our eternal devotion. She boxed our hearts in *The Tommyknockers*, drove us to unearthly lust with a sex scene in *Species*, and now has us yearning for a flashback (she plays an ex-stripper) on the hit show *CSI*. Read *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane**.

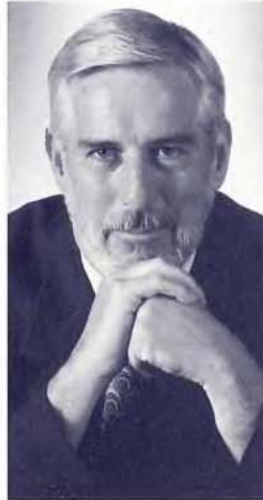
You have music, posters for the wall and a magazine loaded with conversation starters. Now you have to dress like a guy who knows the difference between Bauhaus and Li'l Bow Wow. That's where **Joseph De Acetis** comes in. He's the Contributing Editor for Fashion, and his *Back to Campus* feature gives you a wide range of looks—sports jackets that blow doors off blue blazers, and hoodies for a cute dorm-warmer to steal. You have to pick your own Halloween costume, but we're sure a vamped-out coed will emulate our legendary screamstress **Elvira**. As a seasonal treat, Lady E posed nude for pin-up artist **Olivia De Berardinis**. Take a look and let your imagination run with the wolves. Then enjoy a sugar break with a candy apple—Playmate **Stephanie Heinrich**. She's a fan of the WWE. Pet move? We bet it's the Heinrich maneuver.



SHEFF



HARRIS



FRAZIER



LUNDGREN



SMITH



ZAMMETT



DE BERARDINIS



CRANE



COLE



DE ACETIS



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS CONSTRUCTED BY PETER CRISP, GLASS ARTIST.

P O U R S O M E T H I N G P R I C E L E S S .

PLAYBOY

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As the star of TV's CSI, Marg lights our Bunsen burner every week. In an investigative 20Q, she talks about knockers, Julia Roberts and sex scenes. **BY ROBERT CRANE**
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There are 5000 foreign study programs. None tell you where to drink absinthe, find underground raves or meet topless babes. We do.

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In our annual College Fiction Contest's winning story, a teenage crush on the cute girl in class sends this dude to the bottom of the tank. It's a love story more twisted than an eel in a blender. **BY MATT MCINTOSH**

interview

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Rarely does a TV show create such intense buzz—or influence the nation's politics. West Wing did that and more, grabbing 17 million viewers and a record number of Emmys. To get the dirt on their White House, PLAYBOY sat down with the show's very smart creator and eight cast members, including Martin Sheen, Rob Lowe and Allison Janney. **BY DAVID SHEFF**



cover story

THREE CHEERS FOR THE GIRLS OF THE SEC: Playmates Julia Schultz (right) and Nicole Lenz (left) join Miss October, Stephanie Heinrich (center), as she leads a cheer for PLAYBOY's Girls of the Southeastern Conference. Photographer and digital artist Mark Frozier worked his magic for our special college cover. Our Rabbit gets a kick hanging out with the girls.



MAN DATA

STATS AND FACTS ON THE MARRIED MAN

QUOTE

"Why did I wait so long to get married? It wasn't that I was afraid of commitment. It was that I just didn't want to go into Williams-Sonoma."—JERRY SEINFELD

BUMMER SOONER

Percentage by which the divorce rate in Oklahoma exceeds the national average: 75.

GOING DOWN THE AISLE

Percentage of men who say they receive more oral sex after getting married: 26. Percentage of women who say they receive more oral sex after getting married: 18.

LITTLE GREEN LIES

According to a *Reader's Digest* poll, percentage of married Americans who admit to keeping secrets from their spouses: 40. Percentage of those secrets that concern hiding the real price of something they bought, the most commonly kept secret: 48.

HOUSE OF THE RISON DONE

Value of the mansion that football star Andre Rison's then-girlfriend and now fiancée, TLC singer Lisa "Left-Eye" Lopes, torched in 1994: \$1.3 million.

HAVING YOUR CAKE AND EATING IT

Average cost of a wedding: \$20,000. Total amount of money earned by the wedding industry annually: \$70 billion.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

According to a study in *Psychology Today*, percentage of men who have had extramarital affairs and also describe their marriages as happy: 56. Percentage of women who have had affairs and describe their marriages as happy: 34. Percentage of men who have had extramarital affairs who say they had little or no emotional involvement with their flings: 44. Percentage of women who say they had little or no emotional involvement: 11.

TO HAVE AND TO FOLD

According to Arlene Dubin, author of *Prenups for Lovers*, percentage of second marriages that involve a prenuptial agreement: 20.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Four of five men who die while having sex do so while cheating on their spouse.

MONEY SHOT

Percentage of women who would prefer to wed someone attractive rather than wealthy: 34. Percentage of men who would: 55.

GENIUS ENVY

In a 1997 survey, percentage of potential parents who said they would use genetic engineering to upgrade the intelligence of their future offspring: 42.

EATING OUT

According to a report published in the *Times* of London, percentage of adulterers who not only said their mistresses were better cooks than their wives but also said that the quality of their food was a big factor in deciding to cheat: 36.

NECK BONE

In a *Glamour* magazine poll, percentage of men who say they enjoy nuzzling a woman's neck: 10. Percentage of women who say they find being nuzzled arousing: 97. Percentage of both sexes who find kissing in public erotic: 95.

THANK GOD THE THOUGHT COUNTS

In a survey by Bruskin Audits and Surveys Worldwide, percentage of women aged 25 to 49 who said they commonly pretend to like a gift they actually don't like: 80. Percentage who had faked enthusiasm for clothing: 53. For chocolates: 15.

NATURE, NURTURE, SUTURE

In a survey of 300 parents, percentage who say they want their child to become a doctor: 52. Percentage who want him or her to become a best-selling novelist: 19. A pro athlete: 13. A movie star: 4. President: 3.

ANCHORS, BALLS AND CHAINS

According to *Boating* magazine, percentage of boat owners who would not jump overboard to save their spouses: 13. Percentage who would dive off their boat to save a hat: 25.

PAIN IN THE ASSETS

Average percentage growth in a man's wealth following a divorce: 23. Average drop in a woman's wealth after a divorce: 10.

HBO

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

WIN A MARRIED, OKAY ANY MAN'S, DREAM TRIP

A trip to the world-renowned Playboy Mansion.

Playboy and HBO will fly one winner and his guest to Los Angeles, CA for an exciting two-day trip that includes lunch at the Playboy Mansion hosted by a Playboy Playmate, a private tour of the Mansion Grounds by a Playmate and five-hundred dollars in spending money. To enter follow the directions below:

PLAYBOY/THE MIND OF THE MARRIED MAN SWEEPSTAKES

1. **HOW TO ENTER. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER.** Sweepstakes begins on August 15, 2001 and ends on October 2, 2001, 11:59 p.m. (midnight NY time). In entry, print full legal name, permanent address, date of birth and daytime telephone number on a piece of paper, and mail in an envelope to Playboy/The Mind of the Married Man Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9044, Main Street, Farmingdale, NY 11735. All email entries must be received by October 10, 2001 at 11:59 p.m. (NY time). Enter as often as you like, but only one entry per day, per envelope will be accepted. Only those entrants with completed entry forms, or containing the complete information described above, will be entered for a chance to win. No photocopies or reproductions of the entries will be eligible, and each entry must be mailed separately. Entries that are incomplete or illegible will be disqualified. Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. (PEI), Home Box Office (HBO) and their parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and agents (collectively, the "Group") are not responsible for incorrect, inaccurate, lost, late, misdirected, undeliverable or damaged mail. By entering, entrants agree to abide by and be bound by these Official Rules. All potential winners release PEI, HBO, and the Group and their respective affiliates and subsidiary companies and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors (including advertising and promotional agencies) from any and all liability with respect to acceptance, receipt, use or misuse of any prize or participation in this sweepstakes.

2. **ELIGIBILITY.** Each contestant must be 18 years old or older at the time of entry and a U.S. resident. Employees (and relatives of such employees) of PEI, HBO and the Group, and retailers and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited by law. All entrants to this sweepstakes agree that any and all disputes arising out of or relating in any way to this sweepstakes shall be litigated only in courts sitting in Cook County, Illinois, U.S.A.

3. **DRAWING AND NOTIFICATION.** The odds of winning are based on the number of eligible entries received. Judges' decisions in all matters relating to or arising out of the Sweepstakes are final. There will be one winner who will be chosen at random from the eligible entries for the prize at the end of the sweepstakes. Winner will be notified by phone within one week of the sweepstakes completion on October 10, 2001. Prize-winner will be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity release not later than October 24, 2001. Travel companion, who must also be 18 years of age or older at the time of travel, must also sign and return liability/publicity release (which will be included in grand prize winner's package) not later than October 24, 2001. In the event prize-winner's and travel companion's affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity releases are not received by October 24, 2001, the prize package will be forfeited.

4. **PRIZE.** Prize is nontransferable, and no cash or other substitutions will be offered. All federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. PEI has the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value if listed prize is unavailable. **PRIZE PACKAGE:** (1) Grand Prize: Trip for two to lunch and a private tour of the Playboy Mansion including round trip coach air transportation for two departing from airport closest to the winner's home town to the city Los Angeles, CA; two nights hotel accommodations (double occupancy) as selected by PEI; lunch at the Playboy Mansion with a Playboy Playmate; private tour of the Playboy Mansion grounds by the Playboy Playmate; transportation to/from the Playboy Mansion and the hotel; transportation to/from airport in Los Angeles and the hotel; and five hundred dollars (\$500.00) spending money (total estimated retail value: \$4,300.00). Any taxes, gratuities, ground transportation, and other personal incidents are responsibility of winner. Winner and travel companion must be available to travel sometime between November 15, 2001 and March 15, 2002.

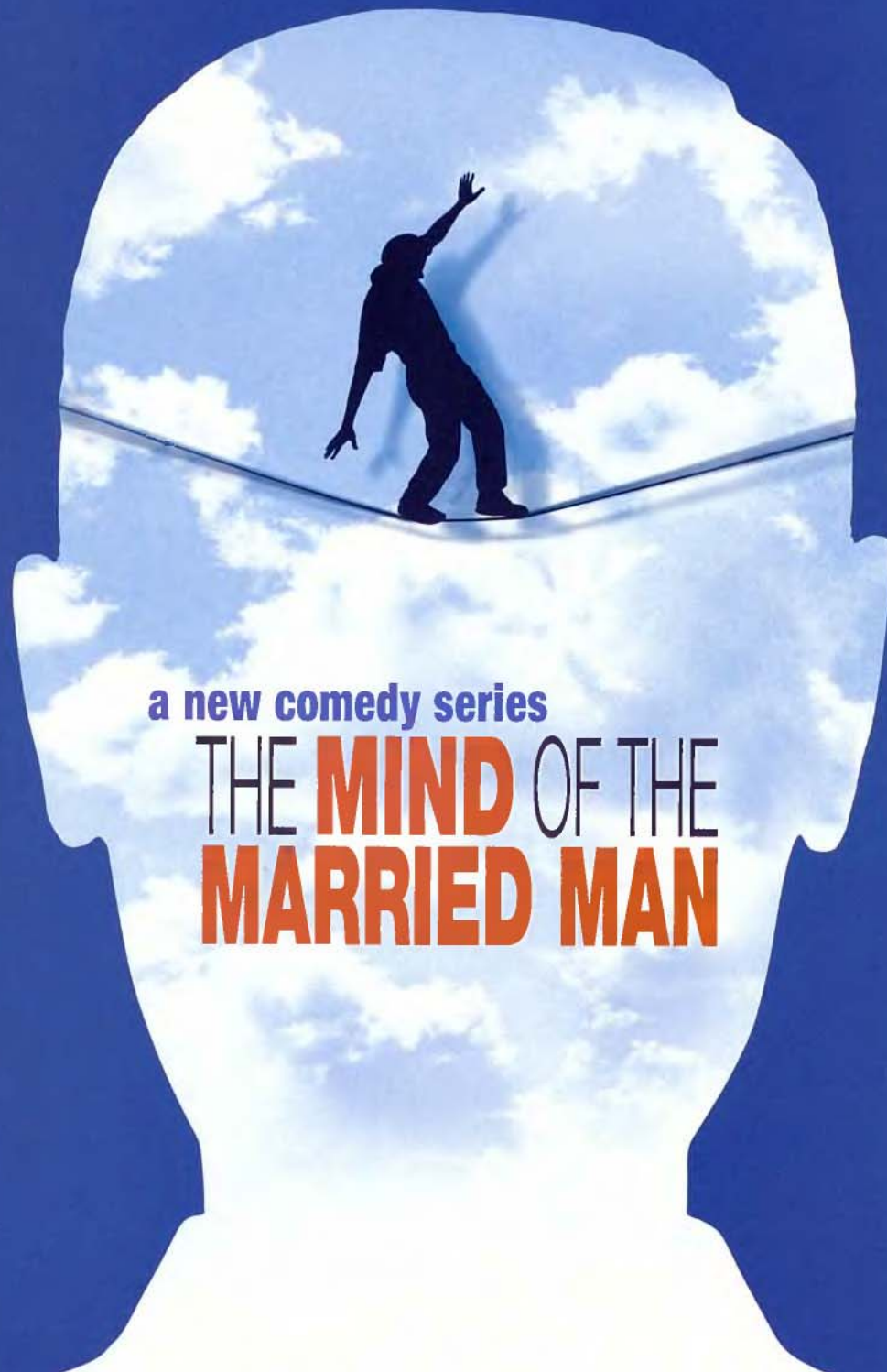
5. **WINNERS LIST.** By entering, all contestants agree that, in the event they are the winner of the Sweepstakes, PEI may release their name, city and state to hosts individuals who request the name of the winner of this Sweepstakes. To obtain the names of the winners, send your name and e-mail address to adsales@playboy.com or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Ken Reed, Playboy/The Mind of the Married Man Sweepstakes, c/o Playboy, 730 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10019. Residents of WA or VT may omit return postage. Requests must be received by October 30, 2001.

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HBO[®]
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.[®]

A photograph of a man and a woman dancing in a nightclub. The man is wearing a light blue shirt and the woman is wearing a yellow dress. They are in a dynamic pose, with the woman's leg kicked high. In the background, a large disco ball is visible, reflecting light. The scene is lit with warm, orange and blue tones.

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RETAILER: Lorillard will reimburse you the face value of this coupon plus the handling and reasonable postage provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of this offer and our coupon redemption policy. Invoices showing purchases of sufficient stock to cover all coupons must be shown upon request. Attempted redemption in violation of this offer may be fraudulent, and Lorillard may, at its discretion, withhold payment on and/or confiscate such coupons. Void where prohibited, taxed, or restricted. Cash value \$.005 (8100) 00 (8100) 00. Mail to: CMS Dept. #28108, One Forecott Drive, Dal Rio, TX 79848. NOT A LORILLARD MAIL ADDRESS. CODE 05360 Expires 11/15/01

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Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms.

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

What is your usual cigarette brand? Menthol Non-Menthol
 Full Flavor Lights Ultra Mild/Medium None

By entering this contest and signing below, I certify that I am a smoker 21 years of age or older. I am willing to receive cigarette coupons and other promotional offers in the mail, subject to applicable state and federal law.

Signature (required) _____

Today's Date _____ Your Birth Date (required) _____

NOT VALID WITHOUT SIGNATURE AND BIRTH DATE! **30402**

50 sweepstakes winners and their guests/200 local dance contest winners and their guests. For details, prizes, odds of winning and Official Rules, call toll free 1-877-744-1234 by 11/15/01.

PLAYBOY

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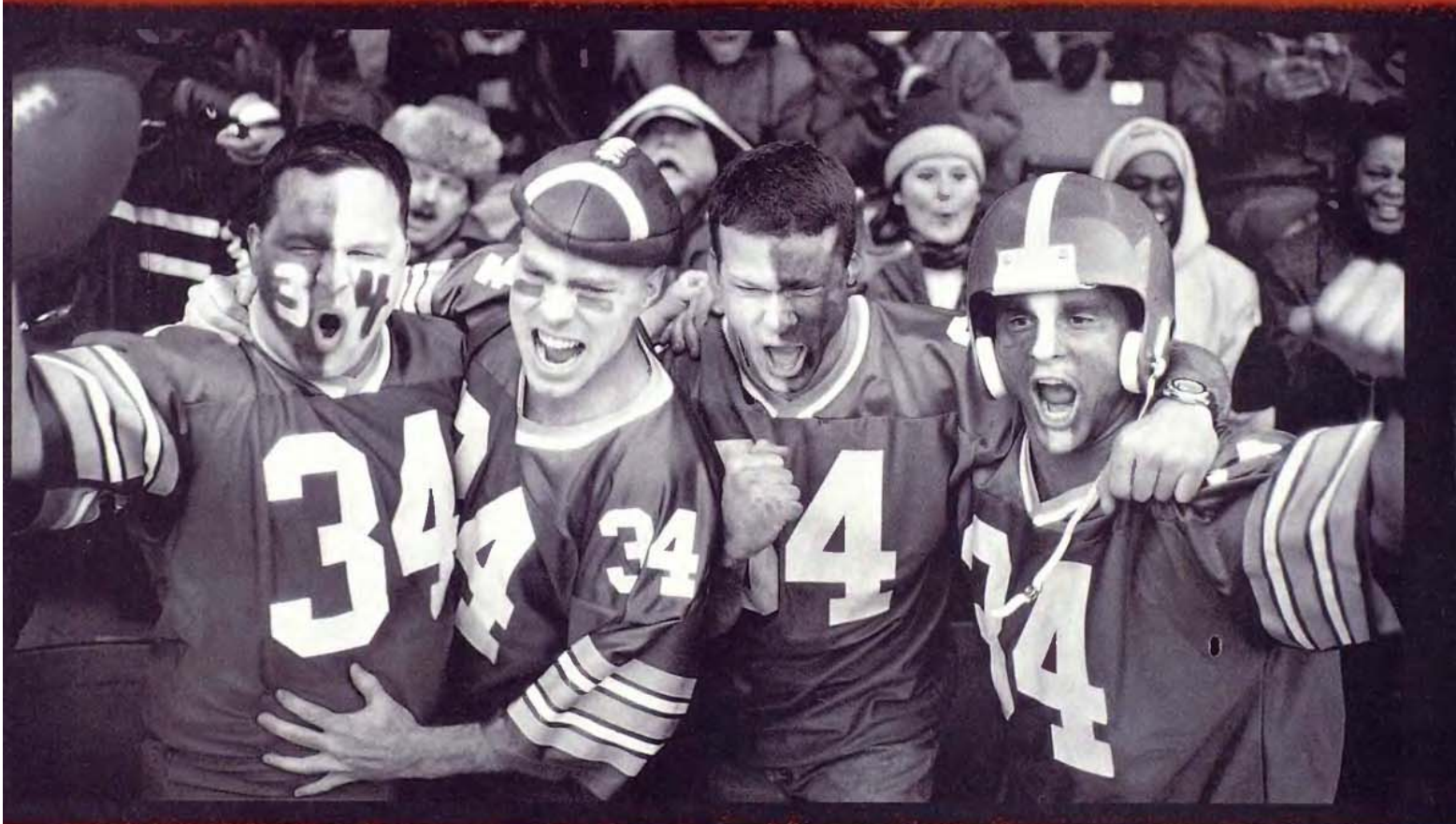
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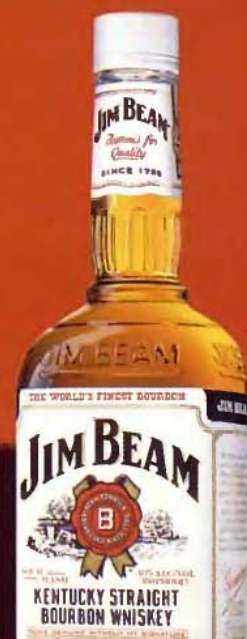
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

A PIECE OF CAKE AT CANNES

Hef and his girls greeted the paparazzi at a press conference in the American Pavilion at the Cannes Film Festival, where he accepted another cake for his 75th birthday. The European tour also took Hef and his posse to Milan, Munich and London, where their arrival made headlines, and the girls got in some serious shopping.



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME

Welcomed warmly by our own Lord of the Manor, Dame Elizabeth Taylor ventured up the hill for a visit to the Mansion on Movie Night. But no jousting at the buffet was permitted.



MARILYN REMEMBERED

Directors George Lucas and Sydney Pollack joined Hef, 20th Century Fox and American Movie Classics in the Mansion Diamond Celebration tribute to Marilyn Monroe on her 75th birthday. On the other coast, Jason Cerbone (*The Sopranos*' Jackie Jr.) and a bevy of Playmate Bunnies partied at the brand-new Hugo Boss store in Manhattan.



BOOKENDS

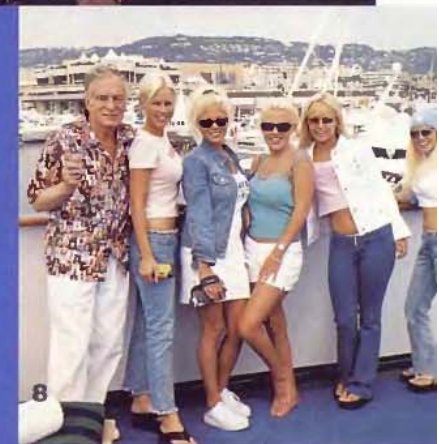
Book Expo, held in Chicago this past summer, is always an excuse for a party. Ours, at Transit, was co-hosted by Chief Executive Christie Hefner and the editors of PLAYBOY. Writers, including novelist Scott Turow (seen here with Christie), Dr. Ruth, John Edgar Wideman and Patricia Schroeder, stopped by for a drink.



Hef's EUROPEAN ADVENTURE



I see London, I see France. Hef chartered a luxury jet for a two-week jaunt overseas, where he and his seven girlfriends partied with international stars and kept the paparazzi up all night. (1) Departing from LAX. (2) Fasten your seat belts—it's going to be a bumpy ride. (3) Kimberley Stanfield and Tina Jordan sightseeing in Milan. (4) A toast at Ristorante al Garibaldi. (5) Meeting the press in designer Elio Fiorucci's Playboy showroom. (6) Hef with Fiorucci and Domenico Dolce of Dolce and Gabbana. (7) Kimberley, Tiffany Holliday, Tina and Hef caught in the rain in Milan. (8) Hef with Dalene Kurtis, Stephanie Heinrich, Tiffany, Kimberley and Regina Lauren aboard their private yacht in Cannes. (9) Hef and his girls get frisky at the Cat Corner Club on their first night in Cannes. (10) Hef and Stephanie enjoy a black-tie moment on the yacht. (11) The gang is ready to depart for a formal evening at the Eden Roc on the French Riviera. (12) Stephanie and Tina hoisting a brew on board the *Esmeralda*.



MARK WAHLBERG

JENNIFER ANISTON

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SEPTEMBER 14

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Hef IN EUROPE

continued



(1) Hef in high spirits at the yacht party he hosted on the last night in Cannes. (2) Sandy and Mandy Bentley (remember them?) made a surprise appearance at the party and danced with the host. (3) Roger Ebert and Hef give the Cannes Film Festival and the yacht party two thumbs up. (4) At the Munich airport, Hef chats with British MTV and the German media. (5) Regina and Kimberley wow the locals during a sight-seeing stint in Munich. (6) Tearing up the dance floor at Munich's Playmate of the Year celebration. (7) Hef stands tall with the German Playmate of the Year and the two runners-up. (8) In England, Hef, the guest of honor at the Union Club at Oxford University, is interviewed by popular talk show host Ruby Wax. (9) Tina, Tiffany, Stephanie and Dalene at Buckingham Palace. (10) Hef and his girls are properly impressed by British supermodel Jordan's notorious ever-expanding bustline at a PLAYBOY party at London's China White. (11) Not to be outdone, Tiffany flashes the Union Jack.



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Dear Playboy



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HARDBALL PLAYER

It's no surprise to me that Chris Matthews talked incessantly throughout his *Playboy Interview* (July). Viewers of *Hardball* know he enjoys nothing more than the sound of his voice. His boorish, bullying and egotistical demeanor are hallmarks of a show that would be more at home in the WWF than on a news channel. It's great that Matthews is no longer a Democrat, because with people like him in my party, there would be no need for Republicans.

Stephen Harris
Buena Park, California

Chris Matthews says that President George W. Bush is unable to compete 45 minutes into an intellectual discussion. I think he is overestimating the Sprout's intellectual acumen by about 42 minutes.

J.R. Laredo
West Peoria, Illinois

PAM ETERNAL

Pam Anderson (*The Adventures of Pam*, July) is fabulous, and I'm



Pam's new nudes.

so thankful that PLAYBOY has recognized her star potential from the start.

Christy Lee
Lenoir City, Tennessee

Pam made headlines when she announced that she'd had her breast implants removed. I missed the coverage when she had them put back in.

John Byrne
Fairfield, Connecticut

Enough already. Please give Pamela a rest and send her home to take care of the kids. If I want to see a naked mother of two, I'll look in the bedroom.

Mark Linkiewicz
White River Junction, Vermont

Enough for you, perhaps, but other readers obviously don't agree. Pamela's issue is the biggest seller of the year.

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOXVILLE

Why waste a 20Q on Johnny Knoxville (July)? I'm the first to admit that his antics can be somewhat amusing in a juvenile way, but he isn't interesting enough to justify star treatment.

Jason Timmons
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

Johnny Knoxville is unique. He's the only living person without a brain.

Nina Wise
Copper Flats, California

My husband and I have watched *Jackass* since its premiere and own several homemade videotapes featuring other cast members. Your interview portrays Johnny as a reckless, immature punk looking for his 15 minutes of fame. We think he lives life to the fullest, and he knows how to laugh while doing it.

Lenny and Brandy Shrecengost
Mayport, Pennsylvania

DOJO MOJO

Nice job on your article *I Can Kiss Your What? A Guy's Guide to Martial Arts*



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(July). Your advice on finding a school is top-notch, and you score lots of points for telling your readers that no martial art is better than another.

Derek Paradis
Southbridge, Massachusetts

Your martial arts article is interesting, but it doesn't teach your readers how to defend themselves in a street fight. A martial art called Contemporary Fighting Arts provides the most effective methods to avoid, defuse, confront and neutralize armed and unarmed opponents.

Bruce Zagnit
Silver Spring, Maryland

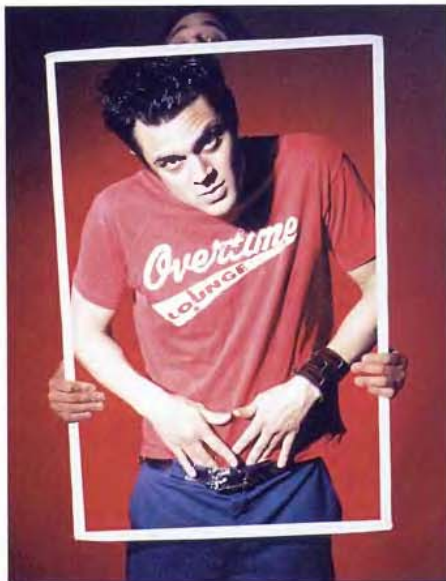
KERISSA'S CRUNCHES

I loved Kerissa Fare's *Centerfolds on Sex* (July). I almost fell to the floor when I read about her special sit-up talent. I'm thrilled to know that I'm not the only one who can come while doing stomach crunches. It happened to me at the gym. The harder I crunched, the better it felt, until I reached one of the best orgasms I've ever had. I've used this technique during sex and it makes climaxing incredibly intense.

Terri Stork
Charlotte, North Carolina

HEAD OF THE CLASS

I gave a weary sigh as I read Asa Baber's July *Men* column ("Swept Away"). I usually like his point of view, but as a fair-minded woman, I just couldn't get behind this one. To complain that white



Hord knocks for Knoxville.

men are on the outs is like a bully in the schoolyard crying like a baby when he's struck back. Come on, boys, excuse us if we don't see your oppression as the emergency you do.

Tamara Moxham
Ann Arbor, Michigan

It's obvious that Asa Baber has never been in a women's studies class. Men

shouldn't let their fears and stereotypes get in the way of learning.

Jean-Paul Yovanoff
Toronto, Ontario

Baber's column on women's studies is a little melodramatic. I'm a male assistant lecturer in a gender and society course. Rest assured that all points of view are taken into account, although some are promoted more than others. Asa, I suggest you take the courses and read the books before you criticize.

(Name withheld by request)
Greenville, North Carolina

Baber responds: OK, I can handle it when a woman disagrees with one of my brilliant and incisive columns; but when men join her, I take it as further proof of a worldwide feminist conspiracy and I can't fight it anymore. America's gender studies programs are shining examples of fairness and balance. God herself approves of them.

THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL

Allen Barra did a great job of digging up a bunch of statistics to try to prove that today's game is the *Golden Age of Baseball* (July). But it's hard to convince me. What's missing from today's game is pride. The golden age ended when baseball became a business and not a sport.

Dave Banning
Minneapolis, Minnesota

THE SINGLE LIFE

I'm a 30-something confirmed bachelor who just read Timothy Mohr's article *Marriage Is in the Air (Here's How to Avoid It)* (July). I laughed and adamantly agreed all the way through.

Chris Jones
Laramie, Wyoming

TIPS FOR YANKS

John Mariani says tipping is considered poor form in a British pub (*Going Abroad?*, July). As a bartender I can tell you that although it isn't the norm, the bar staff always appreciates a tip—even if it's a drink. Of course, you should leave a gratuity only if the service was especially good. Remember Steve Buscemi's rant in *Reservoir Dogs*?

Nick Shove
Leicester, UK

VANCOUVER BEAUTY

I'm gaga for Kimberley Stanfield (*Welcome, Kimberley*, July). My vote for PMOY goes to the fresh and sexy 19-year-old Vancouver native.

Josh Friesen
Vancouver, British Columbia

One look at Miss July and I ran to my garage to remove all the 1996–2001 *Centerfolds* hanging on the walls. Now Kimberley is the only Playmate up there.

Troy Reahard
LaFontaine, Indiana



Kimberley uncovered.

Close down the polls, folks. Kimberley is the next PMOY.

Jim Krout
Baltimore, Maryland

WHO CAME FIRST?

I don't complain when *Big-Titted XXX Anal Whores* (my second-favorite magazine) gets stuff wrong, but I hold you to a higher standard. Chip Rowe's *True Sex Tales of the 21st Century* (July) says Jamie Gillis and Ed Powers are "credited as the first" to make gonzo porn. For the record, my *On the Prowl* preceded Ed's *Bus Stop Tales*. Ed himself graciously makes mention of this at the end of the first volume of his series. He thanks me for being his "inspiration" and for establishing "a new genre in video." Rowe also should have acknowledged Ugly George, who in the Seventies roamed the streets of New York and persuaded a good number of women to disrobe on camera for his cable-access TV program. To the best of my knowledge, every gonzo producer with the exception of myself and George used plants. There's nothing wrong with that, but to me, gonzo means finding total strangers and winging it.

Jamie Gillis
San Francisco, California

Technically, Gillis was the first. But we think of these two pioneers as we do Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin. Ed Powers has a different take: "When you talk about gonzo, you think of Hunter S. Thompson, who lived the part and then wrote about it. I don't think a paid actress riding around in a limo, looking for guys to have sex with, is gonzo." We'll have to let Clarence Thomas rule on this one.





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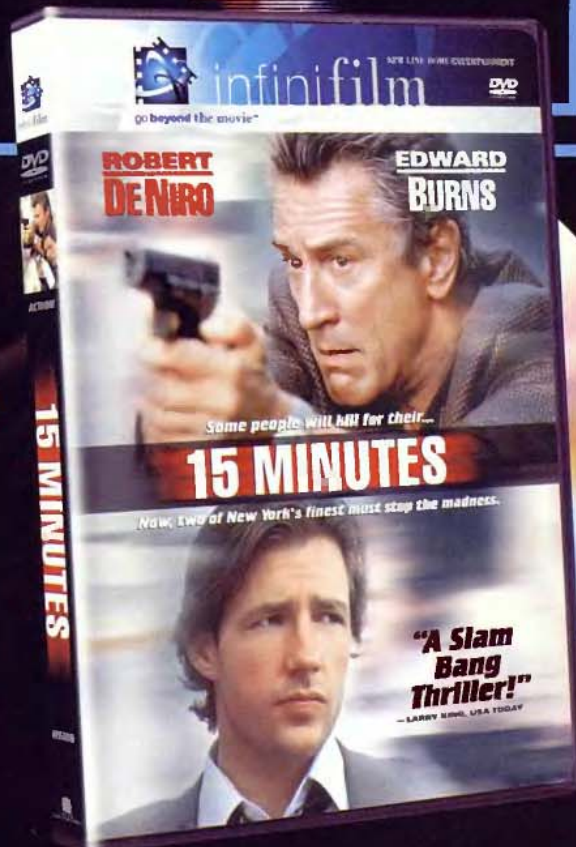


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A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

SPUNK AND WHITE

By the time you get to college, you're supposed to know the distinction between words that seem to be interchangeable, but aren't. Fact is, you don't. As a reader-friendly service—and to help the legions of graduates in the business world who need to bone up—we compiled a handy grammar helper to take the bite out of freshman composition courses. Here are the correct uses of some common pairs that cause confusion. Study them. Memorize them. Just don't let your girlfriend find them.

Accept and except: "Because she had blown everyone in the dorm except me, I was happy to accept her offer."

Appraise and apprise: "When I appraised the blow job at \$25, the 'hooker' apprised me that I was under arrest."

Causal and casual: "I believe her casual morals had a causal relationship to her willingness to blow me."

Chronic and acute: "I had a chronic case of blue balls until I met acute girl."

Complement and compliment: "I complimented her on her lips, which complemented my erection nicely."

Farther and further: "I asked her to kiss



PICASSO'S BLUEST PERIOD

Pablo Picasso was fascinated by the female form as well as depictions of sexuality. *Picasso Érotique* (Prestel), edited by Jean Clair, looks at the great man's lifelong expression of the erotic and how it influenced the rest of modern art. There are watercolor and pen drawings inspired by turn-of-the-century bordellos of Barcelona and delightfully pornographic etchings from the Sixties, produced as variations on an 1814 work, *Raphael et la Fornarina*. The watercolor above is titled *Reclining Nude, With Picasso at Her Feet* (1902-1903).

me farther down, but she said she wasn't going any further."

Imply and infer: "When she implied that she had an oral fixation, I inferred that I was gonna get lucky."

NO HOLES BARED

In *Exquisite Mayhem: The Spectacular and Erotic Photography of Theo Ehret* (Taschen), artists Cameron Jamie and Mike Kelley assembled Ehret's images of famous wrestlers—along with his specialty: shots of struggling, voluptuous women in bikinis, a genre known as "apartment wrestling."

FISSION TRIP

Anybody can careen down whitewater rapids or slog through snake-infested swamps on trendy adventure jaunts, but for neon-green ecotourism you may consider the Nevada Test Site. It's a once in a lifetime chance to wander among the enormous craters (up to 1300 feet across) and assorted debris created by the 900-plus nuclear explosions set off in the desert north of Las Vegas from 1951 to 1992. Since the last test the area has been used for such comparatively innocuous activities as hazardous chemical treatment and conventional weapons testing. Justifiably proud, the Department of Energy offers tours. They are,





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The Xandria collection (xandria.com) has many ladylike contraptions designed to keep your woman's kitty purring. When the Remote Control Vibrating Panty arrived in a staffer's IN box, we insisted she take it for a test drive. Made of faux leather, the g-whiz string holds what is described as a remote-controlled, "practically soundless" vibrator. We haven't seen the unit since, but whenever she sashays by, our cell phone starts buzzing.

understandably, free, and last all day. With any luck you will, too, and emerge to give the place a glowing review.

HEADLINES WE'D LOVE TO USE (IF WE COULD ONLY FIND THE STORIES)

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Das Boot, Dis Shirt

THE COLOSSUS OF HOLMBY HILLS

We work with the guy every day and he still impresses us. *To the Edge* has announced its updated version of the Seven Wonders of the World, and Hef is listed as number four. He beats out the remote control, video games and Pamela Anderson (sort of a double endorsement of our man), but falls shy of breasts (no argument here) and football (hmm). "Not

only is Hef a wonder of the world, he is a godlike creature to most mortal men," the magazine exclaims. (Relax, guys, you still can't have our jobs.) Coming in at number one is ménage à trois. Trois? Haven't they been counting heads on the *Hangin' With Hef* page?

NINE THINGS BESIDES HER WEIGHT NEVER TO TEASE HER ABOUT

Her mother's weight: Think about the implications here. Don't reveal that your fear of the future is greater than hers.

Her new haircut: Yeah, we all know it grows back. You just won't be the guy to touch it when it does.

Her dancing: In fact, you should never criticize anyone's dancing—it's one of the freest forms of expression. You might as well snicker at a smile.

Her cat(s): Girls and their senile, loose-bladdered 16-year-old tabbies have a bond you can't break. Maybe that's why they call it pussy.

The sounds she makes during sex: Doesn't matter if she howls like a Pekinese getting wormed. This is something you keep to yourself. And your buddies.

Her expensive new outfit: If it's



"My husband Mark got some Viagra and we tried it together. It really does work! You know all that business about multiple orgasms? Well, it's true! And not just having two to three, but four and five."

—Kim Cattrall

that bad, just make sure you're not seen with her in public.

Her cooking: You'll be picking up restaurant tabs for months to come.

Her inability to hold her liquor: You like drinking alone? Or sleeping alone?

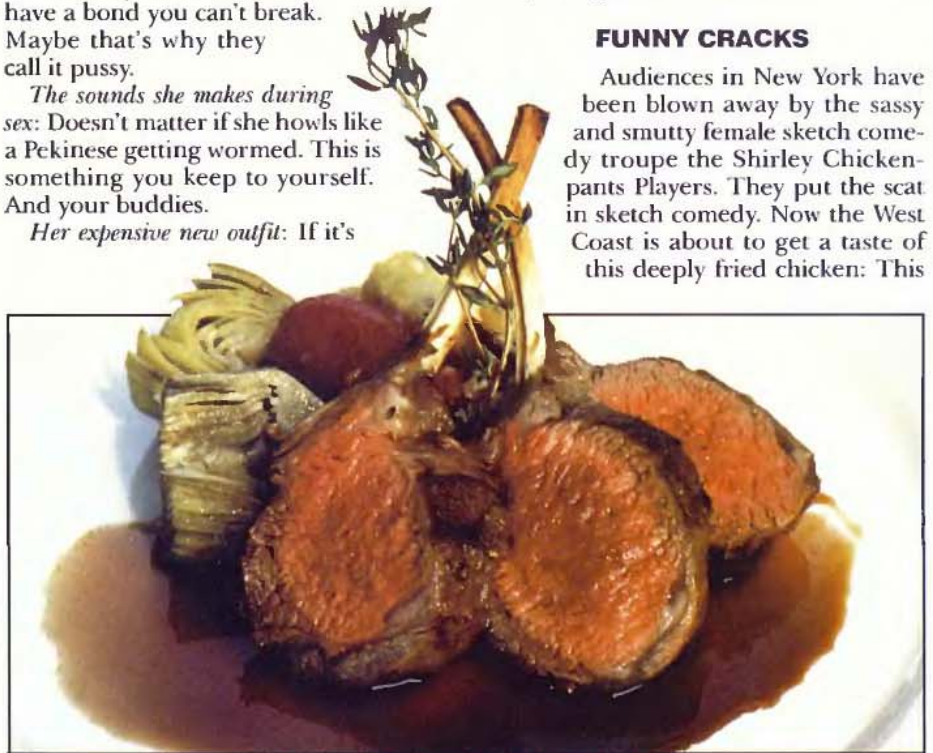
Basically, anything: She's not your sister, she's your girlfriend.

ON OUR BACK PAGES

In 1972 researchers began the Boston Couples Study, in which they surveyed 462 dating college students and have followed them since. According to preliminary analysis of their 25-year roundup, college women are more satisfied with life in their 40s if they were eager to have sex with their college partner. College men, on the other hand, are more satisfied if they waited until they were in a committed relationship before having sex in college. We don't quite understand that last part, and we're not about to try to figure it out, either.

FUNNY CRACKS

Audiences in New York have been blown away by the sassy and smutty female sketch comedy troupe the Shirley Chicken-pants Players. They put the scat in sketch comedy. Now the West Coast is about to get a taste of this deeply fried chicken: This



DISH OF THE MONTH

Lamb with a view. Canoe, one of Atlanta's favorite restaurants, boasts paintings by Georgia artists and a view of the Chattahoochee. What's on the plate looks good too, especially its juicy rack of lamb. Chef Gary Mennie uses locally grown organic lemon thyme to flavor the splash of lamb jus on the plate. Mennie, who is influenced by his former boss Wolfgang Puck of Spago, believes in fresh spices and herbs in simple combinations. Canoe's fans include Elton John, who has a condo in Buckhead and dines at Canoe when he's in town. A few years ago the piano man celebrated his birthday at Canoe, and Chef Mennie baked him a honey-sweetened cake in the guise of a sparkling blue stiletto heel. The fancy footwork paid off—while on their American tour, U2 dropped in and enjoyed a four-hour lunch.

—SHARON BOORSTIN

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WHO GETS THE \$18 YOU SPEND ON A CD



\$2.00=Marketing. (Unlike the cost of label overheads, which drops as more units are sold, marketing costs remain constant even with high levels of sales.)

\$1.80=Artist royalties. (Usually set at 10 percent of retail price, all of which goes directly to the label to pay such recoupable expenses as recording costs and band advances, until all such expenses are repaid—usually at about 500,000 units; it's said that labels routinely underreport royalties to the tune of 30 percent.)

\$1.60=Overhead such as office space, personnel, legal fees, phones, computers, etc. (This cost is assumed to consume 20 percent of gross revenues, though this percentage drops quickly with unit sales; labels supposedly bill these costs with a built-in profit margin.)

\$2.00=Manufacturing, printing and distribution. (Since major labels maintain their own manufacturing, printing and distribution subsidiaries, there is a built-in profit in these costs as well.)

60 cents=Publishing Royalties. (Labels pay \$0.0755 per song for publishing rights, but the average per album cost is held down by deals with bands that write their own material.)

month the raunchy quintet performs at HBO's LA workshop. One of our favorite skits is set in an imagined rival to Hooters called Cheeks. The uniform? Backless pants. The outfits prove that female comics can be both sexy and capable of delivering a well-timed barb. Nothing is sacred to them. *What a Glorious Day* is a mock talk show focused on the joy of "birthing the brown butt baby." *Robo Ho* is set in the Smithsonian House of Presidential Mistresses and goes way beyond the staples of Monica and Marilyn to include Martin Van Buren's Butt Bitch. The Chickenpants are always up for asinine humor, and that's something we can all get behind.

B.A. TO THE FUTURE

If you're too broke to invest in tomorrow, myrichuncle.com will do it for you. Rather than providing loans or grants, the company issues Education Investments. Undergrads and graduate students take the money and fund their education on one condition: Upon receiving their degree, they must pay an agreed-upon percentage of their gross income over the next 10 years. (The percentage is determined through estimates of future earnings based on the student's field of study and choice of school.) Myrichuncle claims that their program is designed to make payback less painful for students since monthly payments increase only in response to a rise in income. Initial comparisons have shown the program takes in slightly less than the total payments of similar student loans. The only participants hurt are those who score a high-paying job af-

ter graduation. Otherwise it's a perfect plan for liberal arts majors who are planning on a future at Starbucks.

THE TIP SHEET

Return of the Killer Tomatoes: The answer to next year's trivia question "What movie featured George Clooney, *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* bridegroom Rick Rockwell and, as an extra,

Congressman and Chandra Levy—intrigue figure Gary Condit?" We couldn't have made this up.

The Meatlover's Special: It was, according to a Washington, D.C. Domino's, the invariable pizza-of-choice ordered by Monica Lewinsky, who once called from the White House to gripe about insufficient meat on her pie.

Listerine Pocketpaks: Forget the mints—these dissolving oral-care strips are like

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #17

Because we could have been caught. "When I went to visit an ex in New York, we went barhopping with his buddy Tony. All night long Tony and I ogled each other. We brushed up against each other constantly. He was intriguing, secretive, alluring and not single. However, the immediate question was how to ditch my ex. Later that night, we all went back to Tony's girlfriend's minuscule one bedroom. She was out of town. The three of us got in bed together to watch TV. My ex posed out. Tony and I started subtly caressing body parts under the covers. Would my ex wake up? Would he be upset? When was Tony's girlfriend coming home? We got so intense we left the bedroom and I gave him head on his girlfriend's kitchen floor. I felt bad not wanting to be with my ex, but I was excited by the danger. Naughty, naughty! Does that make me a slut?"

—Lola H., Chicago



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If you set aside Three Mile Island and Chernobyl, the safety record of nuclear is really very good."—U.S. TREASURY SECRETARY PAUL O'NEILL

HOWL-A-WEEN

According to a study in the *British Medical Journal*, the percentage increase in dog bites on or around a full moon: 100.

1000 POINTS OF LIGHT

Number of General Electric employees with the title chief executive officer: 51.

ALMA MATER

Of women aged 35 to 44, percentage who are married to younger men: 40.

SEX TIPS

Amount bid at auction on Erot icbid.com for labia clippings from porn star Houston's vaginal reduction surgery: \$4510. Amount paid for one of her previous breast implants: \$2800.

DEADBEAT MOMS

Percentage rise in the last decade of single-father households: 62.

COCA PUFF

According to satellite images commissioned by the Colombian government and the UN, number of acres of Colombian land planted with coca: 400,000. Number previously thought by the U.S. government to be planted: 300,000.

GREASE THE HOLE

Number of illegal sewage spills caused by blocked sewers nationwide: 40,000. In an audit of LA sewers, percentage of 2000 overflows blamed (by the EPA) on clots of fat: 41. Number of annual sewer backups caused by fat in New York City: 5000. Number of city



FACT OF THE MONTH

At a 2001 Christie's auction, the white bikini immortalized by Ursula Andress in the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No*, sold for \$60,000.

grease inspectors for the city's 21,000 restaurants: 6.

CARPET CLEANUP

New record paid at auction for a carpet commissioned in 1740 by Louis XV: \$4 million.

TAIL SPIN

In 568 airline accidents since 1983, the percentage of passengers who survived: 96. At current rates of accident and projected flight increase, number of serious airline disasters that will occur per year by 2015: 6.

THE BIG EMPTY

The percentage change in population in the city of New Orleans between 1969 and 1999: -25.

PLUCK OF THE IRISH

Number of years William McMullen, a high school football coach, successfully posed as Detroit Lions half-back Nick Eddy before being busted in 1999: 20.

DILATED PUPILS

Percentage of college undergraduates with credit cards: 78. Average credit card debt carried by undergraduates in 1998: \$1879. Average carried in 2000: \$2748.

MAIDEN USA

According to a study of the quality of reproductive health by Population Action International and CARE, rank of U.S. among 133 nations: 15. In the same study, rank of U.S. among industrialized countries in number of teenage mothers: 1.

SNOWBLIND

The night speed limit imposed on snowmobiles last winter in Wisconsin: 50 mph. Top speed of "muscle sleds," the fastest snowmobiles for sale: 115 mph.

sealing your tongue in icy plastic wrap. Try them in your mouth first. Then you can get creative.

Operation Chicken Snatch: The name that Key West, Florida gave to a municipal program to round up wild roosters and hens—and no, we don't know how many shirtless guys in overalls volunteered under some sort of kinky misunderstanding.

The Mind of the Married Man: HBO's dour new shot at the relationship market. Think: "Guys in the City." Although the writing is often very good, Carrie and company see more action.

Custer and the Little Bighorn: Title of a comprehensive, illustrated history of the boy general's last bad-hair day by Jim Donovan (Voyageur Press). Features more images of Plains Indians than at a nickel convention.

Jumplheshark.com: The site got its name from the *Happy Days* episode where Fonzie jumps over a shark on water skis and refers to that time when a trend or TV show loses its juice. Go on and debate tipping points—was it when Big



GLASS LIGHTS

Cocktail shaker? Check. Swizzle sticks? Check. Glowing ice cubes? Huh? Now you can impress friends at your bachelor pad by putting these plastic ice cubes from litecubes.com in their cocktails. Freeze them first, then turn on the small interior bulb by tapping the ice firmly on a hard surface. Each will last 12 hours. By that time, it's a guarantee your guests will be feeling light-headed.

Pussy got offed?

Light My Fire: Scientists have discovered that bursts of a gas called nitric oxide cause a firefly's tail to light. We have a strong suspicion that it's the same chemical signal that makes Viagra work.



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DOG SHOW

We loved the movie, even those parts we couldn't watch. And now, in honor of *Reservoir Dogs'* imminent release on DVD, come action figures of the principal characters. Have your own Mr. Pink, for example. Collect them, swap them, cut off their ears and set them on fire.

The End of New York: After a two-year hiatus, the final two episodes of Ric Burns' *New York: A Documentary Film* will be aired this fall on PBS.

The Discovery of Lake Vostok: A huge lake exists two miles under glaciers near the South Pole—it's about the size of Lake Ontario and hasn't been disturbed for thousands, perhaps even millions, of years. Our question: Who the hell is Mr. Vostok?

Journeys by DJ: A cool, sexy new music series. First disc is by Nicolas Matar.

Wataru Tsurumi: Japanese author of *Complete Manual of Suicide*. Search for it on Amazon.com and the top match it returns is *A Bride's Guide to Wedding Music*. Coincidence? We think not.

SUNSET STRIP

Crunch LA has a new aerobics class where exercise buffs shed more than pounds. Cardio Strip Tease is a new class inspired by exotic dance routines and invites participants to "explore their sexual energy through movement." Naturally, we had to check it out and arrived armed with our usual strip club accessories—a pack of smokes and enough singles to pay the bills. Pro: As expected, the class attracted aspiring strippers equipped with stilettos, cowboy hats and tear-away pants. Con: Feel the pole burn. Instructor Jeff Costa was serious about all attendants using the stripping poles. Pro: Aerobic body thrusting and floor-humping soon gave way to some choreographed stripteases. Con: We just couldn't get our groove on to Madonna's *Erotica* and *Lady Marmalade* from *Moulin Rouge*. We weren't the only ones to have

to adjust our expectations. "I wish I came dressed for the part," said one attractive female first-timer. "If the music was sleazier and I dressed the part in a hat, boa and spiked heels, then I could really get down and dirty."



keep myself in trim."

—Charlotte Rampling

"The presumption of our society seems to be only men under the age of 25 have sex. You don't have to look like Julia Roberts or have the body of a Page Three girl.

It's in the eye of the beholder. I also

SIMPSONOLOGY

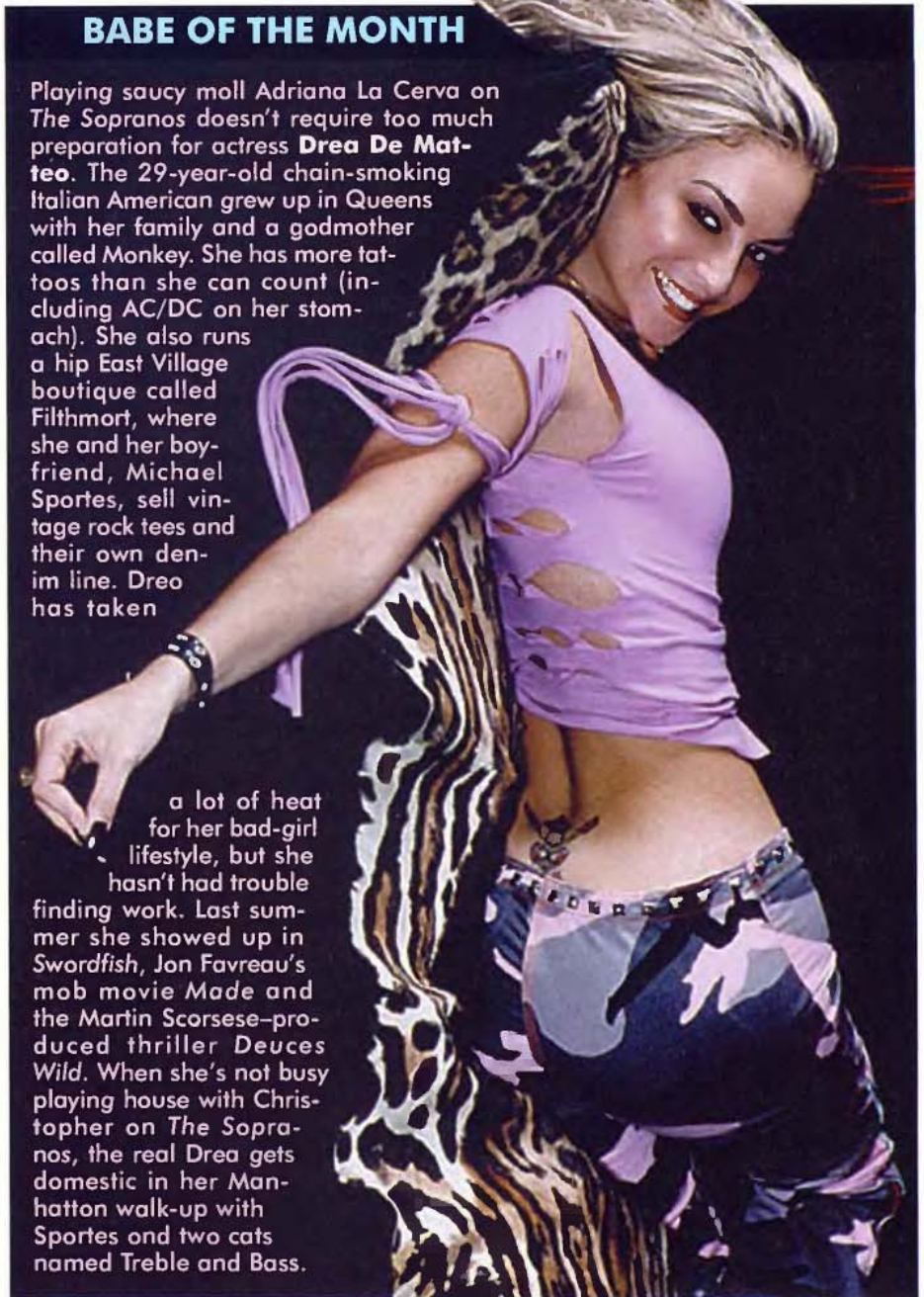
Don't waste any of your time with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The latest edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* now includes the epic Homer Simpsonism doh!, which is defined as a term "expressing frustration at the realization that things have turned out badly or not as planned or that one has just said or done something foolish." Its inclusion, incidentally, was approved by chief *OED* editor John Simpson. And in the groves

of academe, Open Court Press just published *The Simpsons and Philosophy*. It features chapter titles by various authors that not even Matt Groening could make up. "Thus Spake Bart: On Nietzsche and the Virtues of Being Bad," "Why Maggie Matters: Sounds of Silence, East and West" and, one of our favorites, "Hey-diddily-ho Neighboreenos: Ned Flanders and Neighborly Love." The brightest flash of wit comes in the book's subtitle: "The Doh! of Homer."

BABE OF THE MONTH

Playing saucy moll Adriana La Cerva on *The Sopranos* doesn't require too much preparation for actress **Drea De Matteo**. The 29-year-old chain-smoking Italian American grew up in Queens with her family and a godmother called Monkey. She has more tattoos than she can count (including AC/DC on her stomach). She also runs a hip East Village boutique called Filthmort, where she and her boyfriend, Michael Sportes, sell vintage rock tees and their own denim line. Drea has taken

a lot of heat for her bad-girl lifestyle, but she hasn't had trouble finding work. Last summer she showed up in *Swordfish*, Jon Favreau's mob movie *Made* and the Martin Scorsese-produced thriller *Deuces Wild*. When she's not busy playing house with Christopher on *The Sopranos*, the real Drea gets domestic in her Manhattan walk-up with Sportes and two cats named Treble and Bass.



Yes, God is a man.

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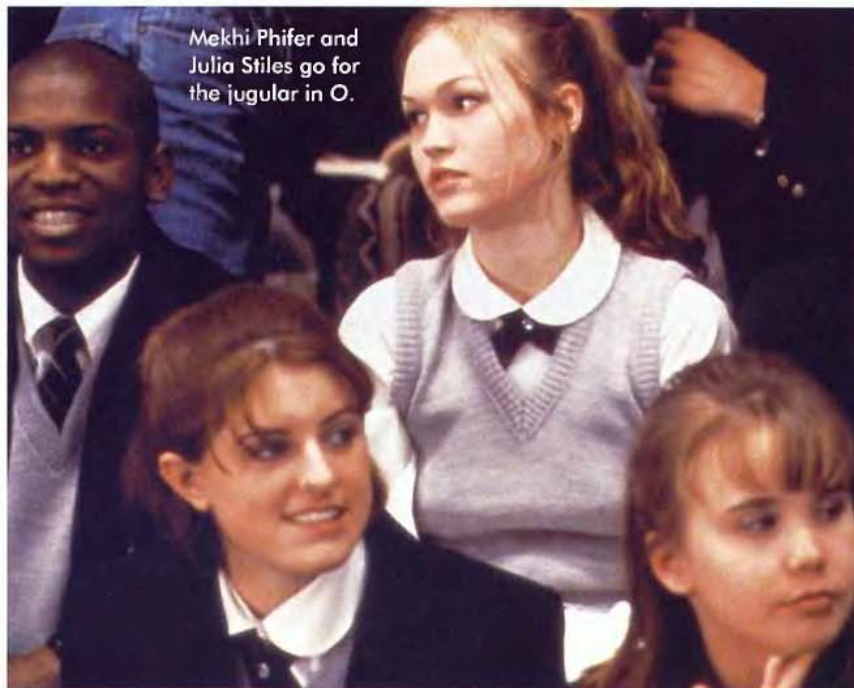
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By LEONARD MALTIN

WHILE WE'VE all been assaulted by idiotic teen comedies, *O* (Lions Gate) has sat on the shelf for two years. Its release was postponed once, after the Columbine High School shooting, and again, after another such incident. Having now seen the film, I can express righteous indignation that a movie with serious intent has been suppressed while brain pollution like *Dude, Where's My Car?* has infiltrated the atmosphere. *O* is a retelling of Shakespeare's *Othello*, with Mekhi Phifer as a black basketball star at an otherwise all-white prep school in South Carolina. Martin Sheen is his coach, who considers himself the boy's surrogate father, while Sheen's son, played by Josh Hartnett, feels usurped and neglected. Hartnett seeks revenge by souring his teammate's relationship with the dean's daughter, Julia Stiles. By layering the issues of teen angst and modern racism onto Shakespeare's already-potent story, screenwriter Brad Kaaya

touches a raw nerve. By casting and staging the film so well, director Tim Blake Nelson has wrung every drop of drama out of it. If *O* strikes some people as melodramatic, they need only recall the heightened emotions of their teenage

ish life, and *Liam* (Lions Gate) gives him that opportunity once again. The milieu is working-class England in the Thirties, and the film takes the point of view of its title character, a sweet, wide-eyed boy who stammers, played by a remarkable eight-year-old named Anthony Borrows. When times are good, everyone sings, dances and drinks together, but when things turn bad during the Depression, it doesn't take long for various ailments to surface. Liam's dad (Ian Hart, in a fine performance) comes to resent the Irishmen who are taking jobs from Englishmen, and the Jews who run so many of the businesses. His pride is equaled only by that of his wife (Claire Hackett), who snubs charity and sends her daughter to find a job—admonishing her not to clean anyone's toilets. Meanwhile, little Liam has the fear of God bludgeoned into him by his schoolteacher and his Catholic parish priest, who try to teach their young charges about good, evil and the fires of hell. *Liam* is not a cheerful film, but it is well



Mekhi Phifer and Julia Stiles go for the jugular in *O*.

years, or consult daily newspapers for a reality check. ★★★½

British director Stephen Frears is usually at his best when he's observing Brit-

while, little Liam has the fear of God bludgeoned into him by his schoolteacher and his Catholic parish priest, who try to teach their young charges about good, evil and the fires of hell. *Liam* is not a cheerful film, but it is well

It's no secret that men dominate the movies nowadays. You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of women who have box-office clout, and it's even harder to think of a mainstream movie in which a woman actu-

WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN?

ally carries the story.

This wasn't always the case. In the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, women not only held their own in Hollywood, but they ruled the roost, too. Strong women such as Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn and Barbara Stanwyck left such "utility" leading men as the ubiquitous George Brent at the starting gate. Comediennes like Carole Lombard and Rosalind Russell won the hearts of men and women, on-screen and off.

Why the turnaround? One theory suggests that in past decades, women chose which movies their spouses or dates

were going to see, so Hollywood catered to them. (This went further than simply featuring females in the leading roles; those women played assertive, independent characters, and even if they melted into a man's arms in the final scene, the impression that audiences took away was one of strength and individuality.) Today, most movies are geared to what marketing professionals call "young males."

One genre from the Forties and Fifties that holds particular appeal for movie buffs today is film noir, and Eddie Muller pays eloquent tribute to a handful of actresses who flourished in those hard-boiled movies in his book *Dark City Dames: The Wicked Women of Film Noir* (Harper Collins), reviewed in PLAYBOY's June 2001 *Books* column. Audrey Totter, Ann Savage, Jane Greer, Evelyn Keyes, Coleen Gray and Marie Windsor are interviewed as the enthusiastic Muller chronicles their often

colorful lives and careers.

Any actress today would die for a part as juicy as Windsor's in Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing*, or Savage's in the B-movie classic *Detour*. Those women all but eat their men alive. Totter was selected by actor-director Robert Montgomery to monopolize the screen in *The Lady in the Lake*, in which the leading character is "played" by the camera itself.

Enthusiastic crowds of mostly young moviegoers cheered these and other performances at the American Cinematheque's third annual Film Noir series this past summer in Hollywood, making me wonder why movie producers are so wary of building up women's roles in contemporary films. It's been left to the indies to pick up the slack, but there is an obvious void that idea-poor Hollywood could easily fill. If it did, it might find a lot more women (and enlightened men) coming back to the movies. —L.M.

You won't find a chat room like this online.

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observed and solidly acted. Too bad it takes a wrong turn at the end, leaving us unfulfilled. **★★½**

A film doesn't have to be an event to be good. *Kill Me Later* (Lions Gate) is an entertaining, darkly comic tale that succeeds in its modest goals. The beautiful Selma Blair plays a woman who is ready to jump off the roof of the bank where she works—until she's taken hostage by the co-perpetrator of a botched robbery (Max Beesley). He can't believe she won't succumb to his threats; she can't believe he's actually interested in her. Filmmaker Dana Lustig balances elements of crime caper, black comedy and romance quite well, no small feat given the movie's far-fetched premise. The key is that the two lead characters are likable despite their considerable problems. **★★★**

For an instant time trip to the era of peace and love, try the Swedish import *Together* (IFC Films). Set in the mid-Seventies, it's a gently humorous look at

a collective where a handful of young people share living quarters and, supposedly, a philosophy of life. For the soft-spoken, unofficial leader of the group (Gustaf Hammarsten), maintaining harmony on a day-to-day basis proves to be much more difficult than he imagined—especially after he invites his sister and her children to move in to escape her abusive husband. For anyone who remembers the hippie movement—its hopes and its hypocrisies—*Together* is bound to bring a smile of recognition. For those who didn't live through the period, it's a vivid evocation of that time. **★★★**

Director Baz Luhrmann has been praised for his visual flamboyance in *Moulin Rouge*. I prefer the equally fantastic (but less cluttered) imagery of Germany's Veit Helmer in the oddly endearing near-silent film *Tuvalu* (Indican Pictures). A dreamlike fable about a dilapidated bathhouse and its denizens, this quaint little film is strong on a commodity one scarcely finds in movies, big or small: whimsy. **★★★**

CHECKING IN

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR: BARBET SCHROEDER. KNOWN TO CONNOISSEURS FOR: *Maitresse, Idi Amin Dada, Barfly* and the current *Our Lady of the Assassins*. **BETTER KNOWN TO MAINSTREAM AUDIENCES FOR:** *Single White Female, Desperate Measures, Reversal of Fortune*. **DOES HE ALWAYS WANT TO ALTERNATE BETWEEN SMALL, PERSONAL FILMS AND BIGGER HOLLYWOOD MOVIES?** "That's what I like, that's how I feel alive. This last movie I did with Sandra Bullock [the upcoming *Murder by Numbers*] was a heavenly experience." **WHY DID HE CHOOSE TO USE DIGITAL MOVIE-**

MAKING IN OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS? "For me, it made the ad-

venture even more exciting. Not only was I doing something crazy like shooting in Medellín, but I

was also exploring the cinema of the future, so

I doubled the stakes. I wanted the city to be one of the characters, and through the in-

creased depth of field of high-definition,

I was able to have the city present in every shot." **WHY DO PEOPLE THINK A DIG-**

ITALLY MADE FILM IS JUST A GLORIFIED HOME MOVIE? "Because people have

not yet seen the new *Star Wars*, and when they do, they will understand that

this is a totally different ball game. *Our*

Lady of the Assassins is a directed movie, it's a written movie and it was lit

like a movie. It's a movie movie."

WHAT DOES HE BRING TO THE TABLE AS A LIFELONG MOVIE LOVER? "I don't know

of any serious artist who doesn't think about what was done before and try to

do something new, try to honor the classic by reinventing. Knowing film is crucial to me in the same way know-

ing painting is for a painter or knowing literature is for a writer." **HAVING**

PRODUCED FILMS BEFORE BECOMING

A DIRECTOR, WHAT DID HE LEARN

WHEN HE FINALLY STEPPED BE-

HIND THE CAMERA? "That

you're alone." —L.M.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Jurassic Park III (Listed only) Here is proof positive that a popcorn movie can be short, smart and fun: Good scares, good dialogue and a good cast make the difference. **★★★**

Kill Me Later (See review) Selma Blair tries to kill herself but instead becomes a hostage for bumbling bank robber Max Beesley. This likable black comedy benefits from two charismatic lead performances. **★★★**

Legally Blonde (Listed only) Reese Witherspoon is delightful as a Barbie type who goes to Harvard Law School and discovers smarts she didn't know she had. **★★★**

Liam (See review) Life is hard for working-class people in England—even a wide-eyed little boy—during the Great Depression of the Thirties. Director Stephen Frears covers familiar bleak territory with a keen eye, but this story makes a serious wrong turn near the end. **★★½**

O (See review) Josh Hartnett is impressive as a modern-day Iago who leads prep-school basketball star Mekhi Phifer and girlfriend Julia Stiles into a trap of Shakespearean jealousy and deceit. Tim Blake Nelson directed this long-delayed variation on *Othello*. **★★★½**

Our Lady of the Assassins (Listed only) Barbet Schroeder's unblinking look at gay relationships amid terror and anarchy in Colombia. A daring and vivid piece of moviemaking. **★★★**

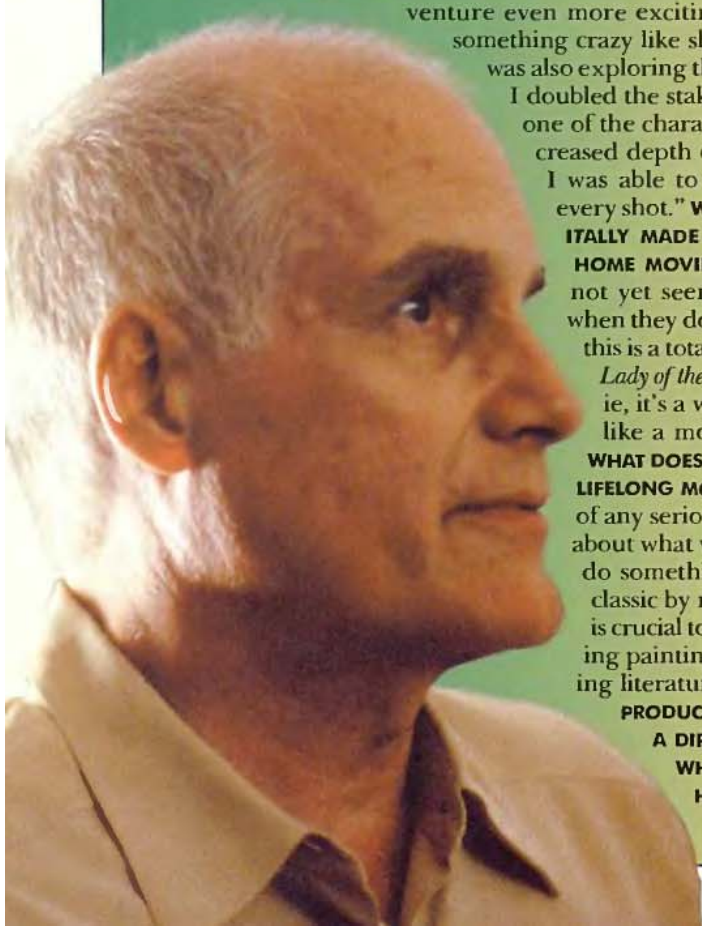
The Score (Listed only) Robert De Niro, Edward Norton, Angela Bassett and Marlon Brando would make any movie worth seeing; this slow-but-steady caper film gives them all a chance to shine and piles on twists till the final frame. **★★★**

Sexy Beast (Listed only) Ben Kingsley gives a ferocious and commanding performance as an underworld go-between who rousts Ray Winstone out of his comfortable retirement to do the inevitable "one more job." The story isn't nearly as good—or cohesive—as the performances, but those performances make this a must-see. **★★★½**

Together (See review) A wry look at a Swedish collective, circa 1975, where peace and love don't quite pan out on a day-to-day basis. **★★★**

Tuvalu (See review) Life, love, drama and suspense converge at a crumbling European bathhouse. This odd little film has virtually no dialogue but lots of charm. **★★★**

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



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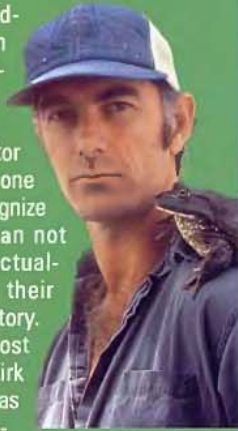
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GUEST SHOT

"My favorite hard-to-find American movie is Billy Wilder's *Big Carnival (Aca in the Hole)*," says director John Sayles. "It's one of the first to recognize how the media can not only distort but actually alter events in their quest for a juicy story. Wilder is at his most pessimistic, and Kirk Douglas is brilliant as the charming, opportunistic newshound. Dark, relentless and beautifully framed, it has one of the greatest last shots in cinema. One of the best films never to make a dime at the box office."



—SUSAN KARLIN

SLICK CINEMA

Although gas prices have moderated, oil barons will never win any popularity contests. In fact, Hollywood has always greased the greedy gas moguls.

King Kong (1976): If it weren't for the nasty Petrox company's looking for new oil-exploration sites in the jungles of a remote island, the big ape would never have fingered Jessica Lange.

Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior (1981): Why do you think Max was so mad? There's no gas in postapocalyptic Australia to run his 1973 XB GT Ford Falcon Coupe. In the end, he risks his life for a refinery.

The Formula (1980): George C. Scott investigates a Nazi-invented fuel that eliminates the need for oil. Marlon Brando, an oil executive who resembles Dick Cheney, burns the only copy of the formula.

Giant (1956): James Dean becomes a sexy rebel with a gushing derrick when oil is discovered on his patch of land. He uses the money to squeeze bigoted Texan Rock Hudson out of his ranch while nailing Hudson's naive daughter, Carroll Baker. Yeehaw!

Dead Ahead: The Exxon Valdez Disaster (1992): Mix one quart alcohol with 11 million gallons of crude oil, and what do you get? An Alaskan nightmare. Based on a true story.

Ffolkes (1980): Crazed terrorist Anthony Perkins promises to blow up a North Sea oil-drilling platform if he doesn't get \$25 million. Ha! You paid that last summer for a fill-up.

Hellfighters (1968): Sweaty John Wayne fights oil-well fires, but the stress burns out the patience of wife Vera Miles. Then daughter Katharine Ross takes up

with flame fighter Jim Hutton just before the big final blaze.

On Deadly Ground (1994): Dismissed when it was released, but maybe it's time to take another look. Corrupt oilman Michael Caine wants to build a refinery in the Alaskan wilderness, but environmentalist and martial artist Steven Seagal steps up and kicks butane.

Boom Town (1940): The star power alone is worth a look. Oil drillers Spencer Tracy ("Square John" Shorty Sand) and Clark Gable (Big John "the Moose" McMasters) compete for subterranean lubricants and the affections of comely Claudette Colbert.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

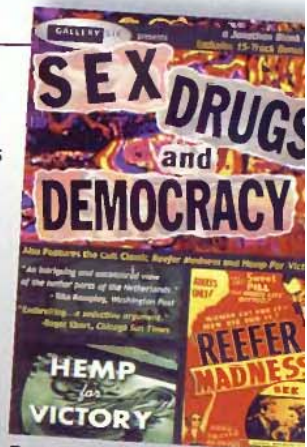
Film buffs collecting DVDs in 2001 will welcome the arrival of *Citizen Kane* on disc (Warner Home Videos, \$30). *Kane*, number one on the American Film Institute's list of the 100 greatest American movies, remains an exhilarating cinematic ride 60 years after its debut, a work of swaggering genius from Orson Welles. With a brand-new transfer from the best elements available, this two-disc edition promises to deliver *Kane* in dazzling digital form. There are two full-length commentaries—one by writer-director and Welles biographer Peter Bogdanovich (*This Is Orson Welles*, Harper Collins), and another by Roger Ebert. This being a collector's edition, there's enough to keep one busy with the remote control for hours, including newsreels from the 1941 premiere, a memo-

GUILTY PLEASURE

The Netherlands has a legalized sex industry, legal marijuana and clean syringe distribution for addicts. Does it work? The documentary *Sex, Drugs and Democracy* (Gallery Six) seems to think

so. Our old friend Bruce Williamson summed it up as "a provocative argument for fighting social taboos by making them legal." Included in the DVD set is the U.S. government film *Hemp for Victory* (1942) and the moronically entertaining *Reefer Madness* (1936). There's also a CD with music by usual suspects such as George Clinton. Despite its preaching to the choir, this film may open some bloodshot eyes.

—JOHN REZEK



rabia gallery and the original theatrical trailer. Instead of the cheesy promotional behind-the-scenes features found on some DVDs, *Citizen Kane* arrives with a bona fide Oscar nominee, *The Battle Over Citizen Kane*, which tells the background story of William Randolph Hearst's efforts to try to stop production and distribution of the film. The 1996 documentary is riveting history, and it served as the foundation for HBO's *RKO-281* (which would have been a nice inclusion here) in 1999.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
THRILLER	<i>Memento</i> (all Guy Pearce can remember is that he's bent on vengeance; director Christopher Nolan's brilliant, twisty noir), <i>Along Came a Spider</i> (a psycho nabs a senator's kid, but D.C.'s top cop is on the case; Morgan Freeman rules).
FOREIGN	<i>Amores Perros</i> (Oscar nominee is a Mexican triptych of dog owners' tales with bite; loose translation—"love's a bitch"), <i>Widow of St. Pierre</i> (condemned killer turns saintly in 1850s Newfoundland; a three-hankie delight from Patrice Leconte).
ACTION	<i>The Mummy Returns</i> (and the WWF's Rock debuts; slick sequel only likely to suffer by association with <i>Mummy III-to-VIII</i>), <i>A Knight's Tale</i> (serf Heath Ledger turns jousting champ to scam the lords and ladies; dopey but innocent).
ADDICTION	<i>Blow</i> (U.S. wholesaler Johnny Depp rides the Colombian cocaine bobsled straight to prison; no <i>Traffic</i> , but it moves), <i>Driven</i> (aging driver Stallone has lessons to learn and impart among Formula I speed junkies; cool racing, tepid script).
COMEDY	<i>One Night at McCool's</i> (three schnooks recall how they fell into Liv Tyler's deadly web; OK, but not up to its trailer), <i>Town and Country</i> (old chums stumble into infidelity; Chuck Heston's self-parody makes this supreme stinker worth a rental).



**THE ECKŌ / PLAYBOY
SWEATER COLLECTION**
Available Winter 2001



CRAFTED BY MARC ECKŌ

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Big Wide Grin (Sony) is Keb' Mo's family CD, with songs by Gamble and Huff, Bill Withers, Slim Gaillard, Sly Stone and Stevie Wonder. There's one for his dad (*Color Him Father*, updated to make the hero a stepparent) and one for his mom. But the best material is Seventies soul converted to sly blues, especially the O'Jays' *Love Train*, Withers' *Grandma's Hands* and Sly's *Family Affair*. —DAVE MARSH

Godmusic (V2), the second album by Chocolate Genius Marc Anthony Thompson, is dark, funny and idiosyncratic. As the confrontational *Bossman Piss* (*In My Lemonade*) suggests, Chocolate

Genius neither suffers fools nor bites his tongue. His introspective tunes come close to combining Otis Redding with Lou Reed. His voice, a

grim, raspy thing that takes on a sweet sourness on songs like *For One More Look at You and Love*, holds these tracks together. For those who are willing to live in Thompson's dark world, *Godmusic* holds deep rewards. —NELSON GEORGE



Dan Baird (Georgia Satellites) and Eric Ambel (Del-Lords and Roscoe's Gang) have joined forces in the Yayhoos. The result, **Fear Not the Obvious** (Bloodshot), is part Humble Pie with some Stones and AC/DC thrown in. The rollicking chord progressions pour out of the amps like hot tar. True to their heartland origins, they are torn between Jesus, sex and alcohol, but nothing dampens their raucous good spirits. Best line, among many good ones: "Baby, I love you, just leave me the fuck alone." —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Although the Yardbirds racked up a number of original hits, their rep as one of rock's most innovative bands was based on their lead guitarists. Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page all used the Yardbirds to fashion new guitar sounds. **The Yardbirds: Ultimate** (Rhino), a superb two-CD set, includes selections from all three guitarists. Clapton teaches his guitar to scream on early blues and R&B numbers, especially the live tracks. Jeff Beck's Eastern-tinged psychedelic riffs fueled most of their hits, such as *Heart Full of Soul* and *Shapes of Things*. Finally, Page's experiments contain ideas he would develop in Led Zeppelin. When Clapton felt the Yardbirds were becoming a pop band, he left to play blues with John Mayall.

The remastered and expanded edition of **John Mayall's Blues Breakers With Eric Clapton** (Deram) contains Clapton's most passionate blues playing. It helped create modern rock guitar as we know it—those fat, sustained tones that most guitarists, including Beck and Page, use to this day. —VIC GARBARINI

Andy Z and Leslie's **Somewhere Near Pop Heaven** (Snow Beach Music, opportunityrocks.com) is an eccentric project that functions as a journal in the form of demos and masters made between 1973 and 1986. What ought to be corny—*She Never Married a Beagle*—is redeemed by confident singing. Former rock critic Andy Zwerling has a law degree but when he plays music, he seems incapable of calculation. How else could he write a song in which a young man tries to explain to his mother how breathless his date left him? —D.M.

Washington Square Memoirs: The Great Urban Folk Boom 1950-1970 (Rhino) documents the era when folk music was appropriated by self-conscious city kids who were looking to express progressive politics and a sense of fun. Only the anarchist wing of punk has this sort of sensibility today. After three CDs, you'll dust off your guitar for a hootenanny. —C.Y.



Keb' Mo's Grin.

Classical music couldn't be in worse economic shape. Orchestras are broke and demographics portend a bleak future for Brahms. The major labels have cast aside serious music, hoping to hit the jackpot with crossover acts. But great classical music is still being composed and recorded—mostly by independent labels, but also by a few bold majors. Three new releases offer hope. When Sony abandoned its traversal of the works of György Ligeti—perhaps the greatest living composer—Warner Classics adopted him for its estimable New Line series.

"Baby, I love you, just leave me the fuck alone."
—The Yayhoos

From the fitful melodies of *Melodien* to the dynamic urgency of his masterpiece *Piano Concerto*, **The Ligeti Project** (Teldec) is extraordinary. Morton Feldman's contemplative music is perfect for string quartet. His **Piano and String Quartet** (Hat Art) is chamber music of the highest order. The rerelease of Cornelius Cardew's **Four Principles on Ireland** (Ampersand) pro-

vides listeners with an opportunity to discover this British composer. In the mid-Seventies Cardew repudiated modernism for folk-influenced miniatures and Maoist anthems. The piano songs here, such as *The Croppy Boy*, are works of genius—postmodern music before there was such a thing. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

Before he died at 51 in 1989, the titanic Congolese guitarist Franco had recorded some 150 albums (only one was released by a major U.S. label). His records have been difficult to find. So **The Rough Guide to Franco** (World Music Network) is a treasure. Compiled by Franco's biographer, Graeme Ewens, the collection spans 30 years of recording, from the catchy Latin tinge of the three-minute *Merengue* through the danceable *Attention na SIDA* (*Beware of AIDS*). As a tour of the rippling pan-African style of *soukous*, which Franco ruled, it's incomparable, and nowhere near as repetitive as you might expect. Compared with Franco, Zairean Samba Mapangala is a minor figure, but **Ujumbe** (Earthworks), his third American release, is a beauty—unimposing and full of pleasure. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Playful, funky and always ready to throw down, the Bay Area's Digital Underground was one of the best party bands of the early Nineties. Today they are mentioned mostly in relation to early member Tupac Shakur. But **No Nose Job: The Legend of Digital Underground** (Tommy Boy) makes it clear this posse will be remembered anytime someone wants to hear old school-attitude hip-hop with new-school production values. Of the 12 tracks in this collection, two are party anthems (*Humpty Dance*, *Doowutchyalike*), a couple are solid jams (*Same Song*, *Kiss You Back*) and the others are amusing curiosities. They attempted to mix hip-hop and P-Funk flavor, without compromising either, and did it well enough to leave their mark on hip-hop history. —N.G.

Anyone conscious in 1962 will know all of the songs on **Girl Group Greats** (Rhino). Anyone conscious, period, will know some of them. But no one will know of a place where legends, from the Supremes to the Jaynetts, sound better together. Easily the finest girl-group collection ever. —R.C.

Rocker Nick Lowe has never shied from showing off his pop sensibilities.

DANCING ON GRAVES DEPARTMENT: Jim Steinman, best known for writing *Meat Loaf* hits, has a vampire musical on its way to Broadway. Based on **Roman Polanski's** *Fearless Vampire Killers*, *Dance of the Vampires* is described by Steinman as a "musical for people who think musicals suck."

REELING AND ROCKING: Former **Blackfoot** and current **Lynyrd Skynyrd** member **Ricky Medlocke** is making a run at acting, with roles on *Nash Bridges* and *Groom Lake*. . . . **Gene**

Simmons, who plans to produce the **Neil Bogart** bio film, wants either **Mike Myers** or **Kevin Spacey** to play the founder of **Casablanca Records**, who launched the careers of **Kiss** and **Donna Summer**. . . . The sitcom **Jennifer Lopez** is working on for NBC will be based on her life but she won't be in it. Look for her to star in her first special for the network this fall. . . . The animated **Sugar Roy** video that appeared on cartoonnetwork.com is a tribute to classic animators.

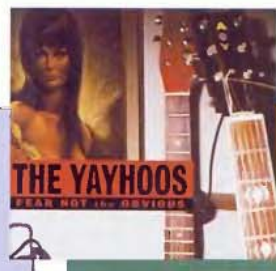
NEWSBREAKS: In stores by Christmas: iRock Interactive's **Ozzy Osbourne** video game, *Ozzy's Black Skies*, in PC, CD-ROM and Sony Playstation formats. . . . And if **Ozzy** doesn't float your boat, the **Cher** doll, dressed by **Bob Mackie**, is now available. . . . **Jim Roberts'** *How the Fender Bass Changed the World* is an illustrated history of 50 years of the electric bass. . . . An interactive DVD of a **Britney Spears** concert will be released by the end of the year. *Experience Britney* will use footage from her latest tour and technology that allows



fans to control what they watch. . . . **Street Scene 2001**, California's largest musicfest, is happening any second now. Promoters expect **James Brown**, **Black Crowes**, **Outkast** and **Social Distortion**, among others, to show up in downtown San Diego for the festivities. . . . **Newmusic** award.com gives an unsigned band or artist a chance to perform on the **American Music Awards** next January. Ten finalists are performing in a playoff in New York City. From that group five bands will be chosen to play several colleges this fall. One band will make it to the awards telecast. Cool idea. . . . It's a **Dylan** world and we're still lucky to be living in it. Up for auction in New

York along with a high school essay he wrote was his 1959 **Hibbing High** yearbook and a slew of his mouth organs. . . . **Gabba Gabba Hey:** Our sadness over

Joey Ramone's death is slightly tempered by our joy over *Hey, Ho, Let's Go!* *The Ramones Anthology*, released recently by Rhino. And as you can see from this early-Eighties photo, the admiration was mutual. . . . **Don** and **David Was** teamed up again to score the TV series *Education of Max Bickford*. . . . Artist **Jeff Koons** has always been controversial (marrying an Italian porn star was just part of it); but now that his sculpture of **Michael Jackson** and **Bubbles** the chimp has sold for \$5.6 million at auction, we can only imagine what's next. . . . We already told you that **Isaac Hayes** went into the barbecue-sauce biz. Now look for joints under his name in Memphis and Chicago. Rock and ribs; sounds good to us. —BARBARA NELLIS



On *The Convincer* (Yep Roc), he dispenses with rock and delivers a collection of ballads that draws on classic soul

and country. **Lowe** is utterly convincing, sorting through broken relationships and shattered career schemes. Even his celebrated sense of humor doesn't interfere—much—with his late-night lacerations of his soul. The ultimate effect is cathartic, and just the ticket for your own late-night lacerations. —C.Y.

Kick It Around (Ruf) shows **James Hunter** as an exemplary British R&B singer. The sometime member of the **Van Morrison** revue wears his influences well: **James Brown**, **Ray Charles** (via **Stevie Winwood**), **Little Willie John** and **Sam Cooke**. **Hunter** is credible even when he's singing standards you don't mess with, like **Clyde McPhatter's** *Lover's Question* and **Mickey and Sylvia's** *Dearest*. But he's even better on originals such as *Because You're Mine* and *Strange But True*. —D.M.

The gospel according to **Wynton** says that **Miles Davis** went bad when he started whoring after rock audiences in the Seventies. Yet, as with most things **Miles**, the story isn't so simple. While his funky mid-Seventies work is mostly disparaged in the States, it remains influential in Europe, where it defines the genres of ambient and drum and bass. In recognition of what would have been **Davis'** 75th birthday, two new releases challenge prevailing opinion. Depending on your point of view, 1969's epic *In a Silent Way* either signaled the end of **Davis'** career or marked the beginning of a new musical era. As the three CDs in *The Complete In a Silent Way Sessions* (Sony Legacy) show, **Miles** wasn't selling out; he was innovating.

Live at the Fillmore East (Sony Legacy) extends the liberties taken with *Silent Way*. Although the music is 30 years old, it's more up-to-date than most of what's being recorded today. **Dave Holland**, who played bass on *In a Silent Way* and *Fillmore East*, has continued working in **Miles'** rhythmic tradition. The **Dave Holland Quintet's** *Not for Nothin'* (ECM) has alluring songs, but the real joy is in the interplay between saxman **Chris Potter** and drummer **Billy Kilson**. —L.F.



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Chocolate Genius <i>Godmusic</i>	5	7	8	6	6
Franco <i>Rough Guide to Franco</i>	10	8	8	9	7
Keb' Mo' <i>Big Wide Grin</i>	6	8	7	9	8
Yardbirds <i>Yardbirds: Ultimate</i>	8	9	6	8	10
Yayoos <i>Fear Not the Obvious</i>	7	8	7	7	8

GHOST TECH GEAR

This Halloween, skip the costume party and take your girlfriend ghost hunting in a graveyard. Of course, to be good ghostbusters you need the proper tools: a camera and a device capable of detecting the supernatural. The TriField Natural EM Meter (\$200) is a handheld gadget designed to measure static electric, radio-microwave and magnetic fields. Parapsychologists use these meters to detect electrical shifts that may signal the



movement of something invisible to the naked eye. When the dial is set to electric, the TriField meter is sensitive to fields as weak as three volts per meter (roughly the energy required to lift a grain of salt $\frac{1}{16}$ ""). So you won't confuse your refrigerator with a creature from beyond, the meter is calibrated to account for "background noise" caused by power lines, appliances and other objects. For hunting spirits in total darkness, the meter emits a squelching tone to signal changes in the reading. To use the meter properly, point it in a specific direction or set it on a tombstone. When it signals a change, snap a photo and see what develops. If you're more interested in aliens than in apparitions, try the UFO Detector (\$75) by Images SI. Similar in shape to a tube of lipstick, the UFO Detector signals changes in the earth's magnetic field through flashing LEDs and an audible beep. The green detector sits upright in a brass base (which houses the nine-volt battery used to power it) and can be rotated to point to any part of the sky. That way, you can set your camera on a tripod, wait for the detector to signal a shift in the magnetic field and then start snapping. —JASON BLURMESTER

RING TONE PIRACY RAIDS

Setting up your cellular phone to ring with the latest Destiny's Child tune or

the theme from *Star Wars* is annoying to those around you, but record companies are taking particular offense. Millions of people worldwide have been downloading musical ring tones to their phones to help distinguish their rings from others in the crowd. While many may consider this practice a form of self-expression, music industry executives consider it piracy and are portraying the trend as "the next Napster." They say cell phone owners and websites offering ring tone downloads (either free or for a fee) should pay royalties to the record companies if their phone ringer mimics a popular song. The International Federation of the Phonographic Industry, a recording-industry group that recently worked with police in Taiwan to seize the computers of MP3 users, maintains it's losing big bucks because of personal ring tones. The IFPI has even hired Envisional, a UK-based company that electronically monitors the Internet for copyright violations. Envisional claims that record companies are losing up to \$1 million a day as phone ringers beep out the tones of popular Limp Bizkit, J. Lo or Madonna songs. Backed by that figure and worried by the drop in sales of CD singles last year, the music industry contends that it's entitled to about seven cents per download. Bowing to legal pressure, sites offering musical ring tones have registered with record companies to pay royalties. The ring tone copyright issue is sure to become further complicated when new mobile phones capable of playing full audio and even streaming video hit stores in the near future. —LAZLOW

Game of the Month

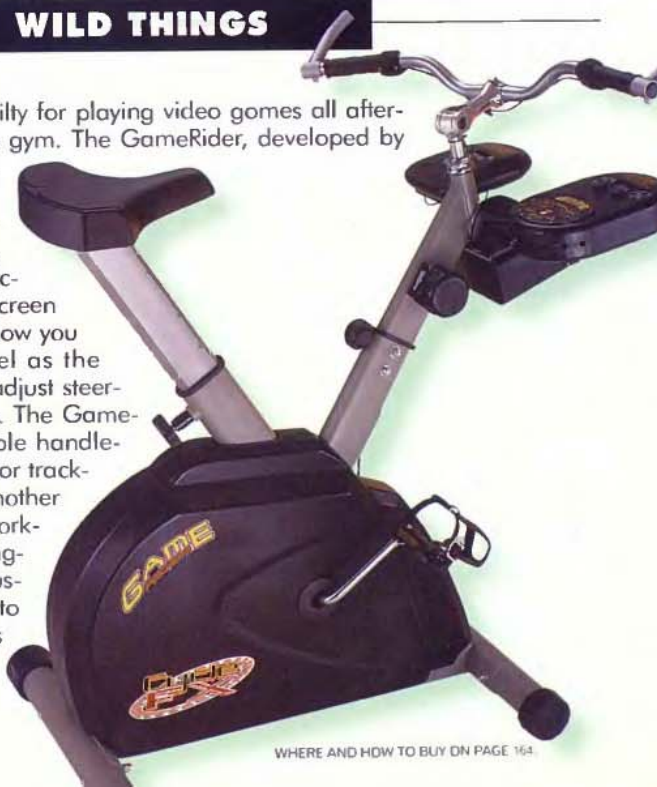


SILENT HILL 2

There are some places we plan to stay far away from: Amityville, the Blair Witch Woods and now **Silent Hill**. The second installment in Konami's *Silent Hill* (the first for PlayStation 2) finds new main character James beckoned by a letter from his wife to meet her in *Silent Hill*. The problem? James' wife is dead. To solve the mystery, you'll have to stumble through fog-filled streets and battle gruesome enemies. To add to the effect, *Silent Hill 2*'s spooky soundtrack is presented in Dolby Surround, so you'll hear every zombie and monster creeping up behind you in the hall. —J.B.

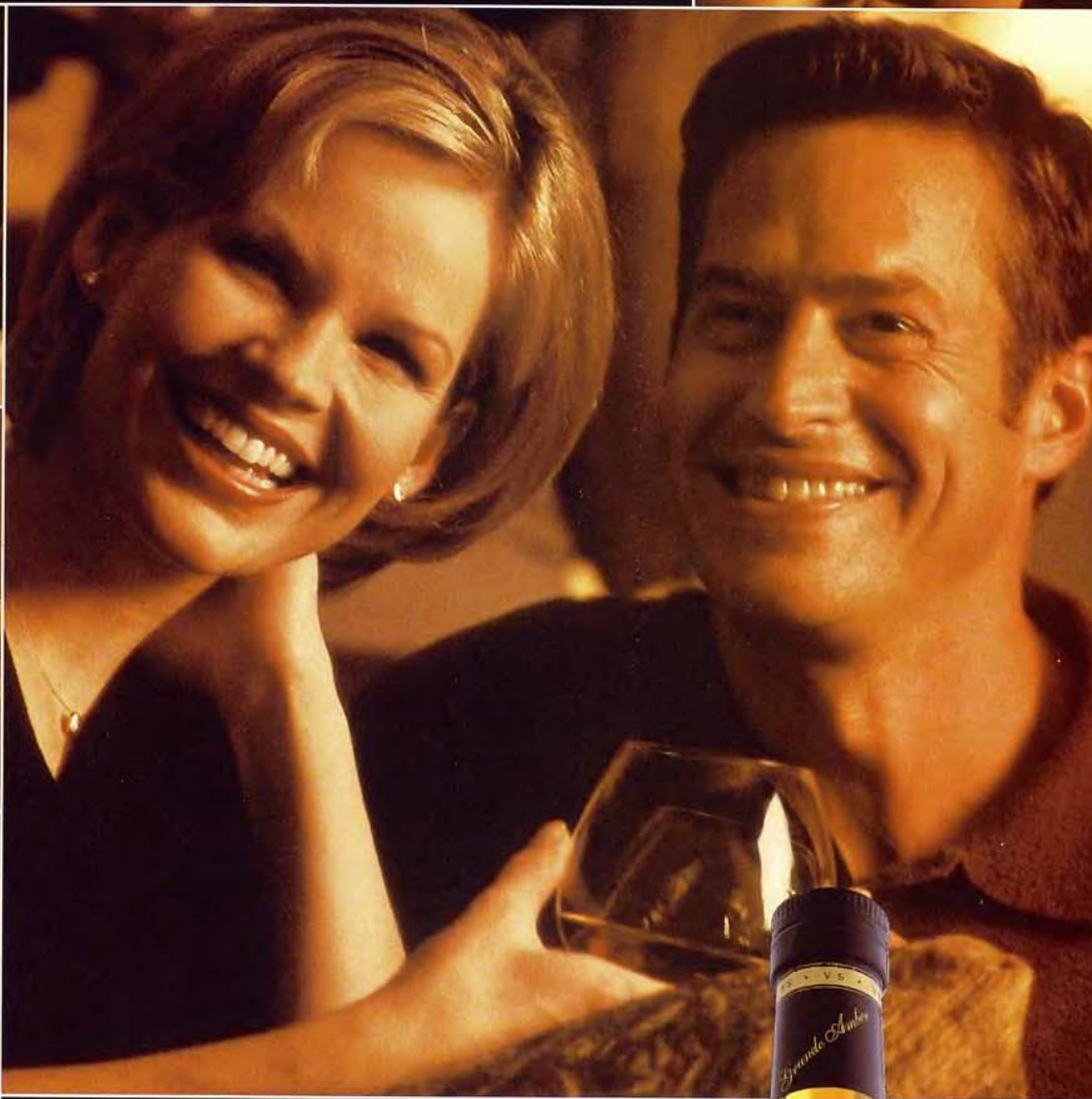
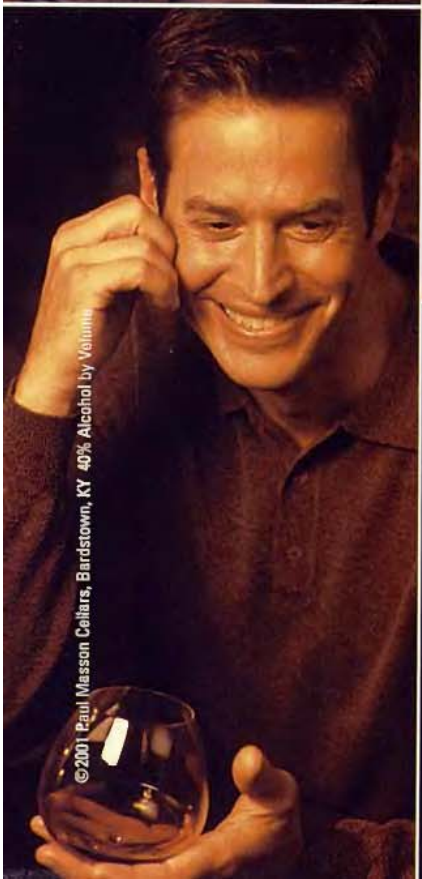
WILD THINGS

Now you can stop feeling guilty for playing video games all afternoon instead of going to the gym. The GameRider, developed by CycleFX, is a stationary exercise bike that is compatible with more than 40 PlayStation racing titles. Pedaling, handlebar movements and action buttons control your on-screen rider. Changeable settings allow you to set your own speed level as the maximum game speed and adjust steering sensitivity for each game. The GameRider includes interchangeable handlebars and a fitness computer for tracking your progress (\$600). Another controller that gives a good workout is Thrustmaster's Fighting-Arena. The square floor mat uses four sets of photo sensors to respond to your movements and re-create them in your favorite fighting game (about \$80). —J.B.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164

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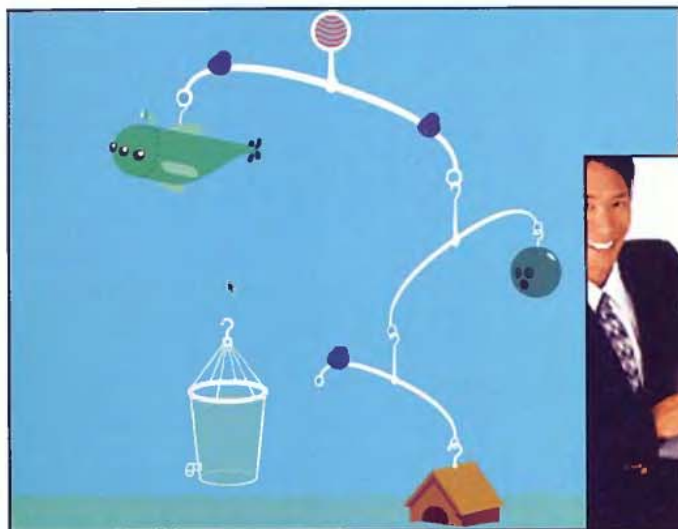
Please enjoy Paul Masson Grande Amber Brandy responsibly.



By MARK FRAUENFELDER

SKIM BEFORE YOU BUY

Gadget hounds love the "Buy-Consider-Stop" page on prosumer.tv. It's an instant color-coded snapshot of electronic devices, arranged by category. For example, I learned that it's foolish to buy a CD player, especially an expensive one, "now that you can buy a combination DVD-audio and progressive-scan DVD player." And if you want to buy a two-megapixel digital camera, the site recommends you wait a little while longer, because prices will come down when a new line of



three-megapixel cameras hit the market.

BIG BROTHER WORM

Your computer might be under surveillance by a kiddie-porn-detecting virus. The program, called the Noped worm, transmits itself as an e-mail attachment. Once it infects a computer, it scans hard drives for file names that sound as if they might contain child porn. If it finds something, it e-mails the image—along with the user's e-mail address—to various law enforcement agencies. Then it sends copies of the virus to every other e-mail address it finds in the user's e-mail program. The creators of the Noped worm claim they serve a noble cause, but they're wrong in a number of ways. First, they break several laws every time the virus penetrates a computer. Any evidence it collects would be thrown out of court. Besides violating the privacy of innocent computer users, the worm threatens to cause traffic problems for e-mail systems as it replicates. To find out if the kiddie-porn worm has infected your computer, go to symantec.com/avcenter and search for "noped."

WEB WITHOUT WIRES

For the last month, I've been surfing the web from parks, libraries and coffee shops. I have a small card in my notebook

computer that gives me a 128K wireless Internet connection. (That's twice the speed of a 56.6kbps modem). Wireless WebConnect (www.com), a wireless Internet service provider, offers the service in Atlanta, Baltimore, Dallas-Fort Worth, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Minneapolis-St. Paul, New York, Philadelphia, Phoenix, San Diego, San Francisco and San Jose. You can also buy the necessary wireless modems, which range in price from \$99 to \$299, from the site. The speed is comparable to many DSL connections, and it is easier to set up than DSL. (It took me months to get my DSL configured properly, and I had to call the phone company and the DSL provider several times before it finally worked.) With Wireless WebConnect, I was surfing a few minutes after I took my modem out of the box. However, high-speed mobility doesn't come cheap—\$75 a month. For someone like me, who uses the Net eight hours a day, it's worth it, because it gives me a chance to work out of the office

when I feel like a change of scenery. For the casual user, I'd recommend sticking with a \$20 per month 56.6kbps, or a \$40 per month DSL setup.

SHOCK-WAVE SKILL TEST

I've been wasting too much time on a couple of challenging online games. The

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the hippest high-tech gadget

symantec.

united

global sites



MINI GOLF

electrotank.
Online gaming at its best.

2 Player (on same computer)
Multiplayer *real-time challenge*

object of Levers (vectorpark.com/levers.html) is to build a well-balanced mobile by grabbing objects floating in a body of water and hanging them on a frame. As you add to your mobile, you have to switch the items to keep the mobile from tilting too far. The other game, miniGolf (electrotank.com/lab/miniGolf.html), is a miniature golf course simulation, and you can play solo, with a friend or with someone else on the web. It's easy to set up shots, but I made quite a few double bogeys before I got used to the "power" adjustment. If you want to join me for a game, I go by the handle livingOL.

QUICK HITS

Make yourself feel smart by reading about fools in the news at morons.org. . . . Search for free magazine articles at magportal.com. . . . One-stop package tracking is available at packtrack.com. . . . Where websites go to die: disobey.com/ghostsites. . . . Make spooky music in a Canadian grain silo from the comfort of your desktop computer at silophone.net. . . . Thinking about taking it all off? Read the Head Shaver's FAQ first: geocities.com/shaverg.

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.



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TEXAS TWO-STEP

We figure Kinky Friedman is responsible for George W.'s winning Florida. Bush's exact margin of victory is accounted for not by soccer moms or derelict seniors but by fans of his mystery series featuring a Jewish Texan country-and-western private eye. The Jews in Florida who didn't vote for Pat Buchanan had, as a result of Kinky's novels, developed a lower resistance to anything Texan: This time, Friedman moves his ragtag collection of fictional Village Irregulars to Hawaii. The staccato-paced plot involves a missing journalist and woven baskets holding the bones of ancient Hawaiian kings. But we suspect that most fans of Kinky read him for his bizarre digressions. *Steppin' on a Rainbow* (Simon and Schuster) will do nicely. Also, look for *Kinky Friedman's Guide to Texas Etiquette*, subtitled *Or How to Get to Heaven or Hell Without Going Through Dallas-Fort Worth* (Harper Collins). It asks what constitutes polite behavior for guys wearing belt buckles the size of license plates and who like to piss off the porch? Or women whose pickups sport bumper stickers like I HAVE PMS AND A HANDGUN? Kinky regales the reader with Texas trivia, last meals requested by death row inmates, famous Texans with mutant genitalia and Aggie jokes. We call this a movable barbecue.



—JAMES R. PETERSEN

TALL TALES

It's hard to pigeonhole Percival Everett. Working between the traditions of the academy and the African American tall tale, he writes with a sharp satirical voice predictable only in its provocation. Everett's 14th novel, *Erasure* (University Press of New England), is the story of a world-weary professor and novelist who returns home to DC to tend to his dying mother. Upset by public indifference to his formalist novels and the success of Oprahfied fiction, the professor writes *My Pafology*, a sort of South Central *Native Son*. This novel within the novel, which is ostensibly written by one Stagg R. Leigh, becomes a huge hit, complicating the narrator's identity and proving once again that bad art drives out good. At the heart of Everett's book are various crises of identity—racial, familial and authorial. *Erasure* demonstrates the folly of racial assumptions in America. It also shows how our culture alters its past—how we repudiate our own histories. We're too quick to assume and we're too quick to forget. Everett is a novelist we should definitely keep an eye on.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

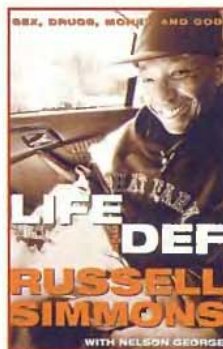
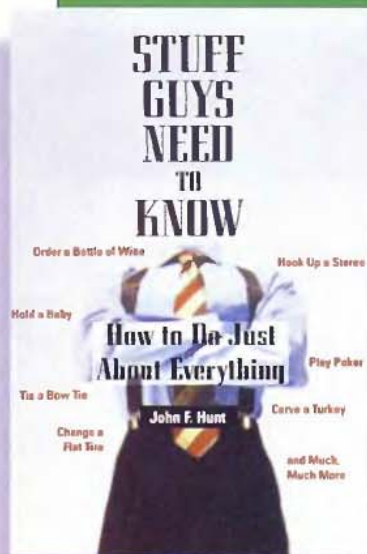


MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

You'll want to get a copy of *Stuff Guys Need to Know* (Citadel) even if you never ask for directions or read assembly instructions. John Hunt gives readers the straight dope on gambling, first aid, auto care and other topics in a tone that sounds more like advice from a buddy than a how-to manual. He takes on tasks most men assume they can do without help—building a campfire, jump-starting a car, setting up a VCR and sewing a button on a shirt. He also includes guidelines for the chores that most men admit they know next to nothing about: selecting a diamond, changing a diaper, removing a stain and other domestic duties. Read up and get set to dazzle

scornful women with your newfound abilities. Learn to order the best wine to complement the food, grill the perfect steak or open a clam without bleeding oil over your shirt. Essential for party setup, Hunt's book includes basic bar knowledge as well as a breakdown of various types of beers, wines and liquors. But the most important thing, for the next morning: "How to Prevent or Cure a Hangover" is told from two different perspectives—a doctor's and a bartender's.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



LIFE AND DEFT

In his autobiography, *Life and Def* (Crown), Russell Simmons reveals how brass-knuckles entrepreneurship made him the Donald Trump of hip-hop. In the late Seventies, while supporting himself by selling fake cocaine in Queens, Simmons started Rush Productions, managing new-school artists. Soon after, he and Rick Rubin founded Def Jam Records, which launched the careers of LL Cool J, Run-DMC, Public Enemy, the Beastie Boys and

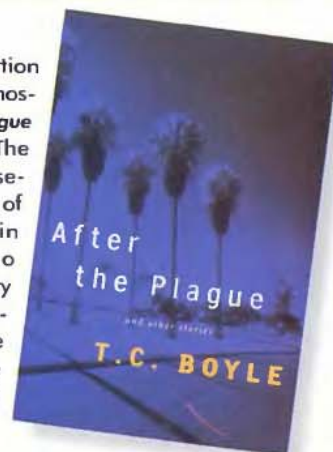
DMX. Foreseeing that hip-hop was more than just the music, Simmons left his mark on other industries, including television (*Def Comedy Jam*), film (*The Nutty Professor*) and fashion (*Phat Form*). Although the book is stiffly written, you won't learn these sorts of secrets to success anywhere else. Here's a sample: Never hold on to grudges, because your enemies may someday work for you; and practice yogo daily—while listening to Tupac, of course.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

BOYLER MAKER

Air rage, first love, Internet porn, abortion and the opocalypse are all fodder for master storyteller T.C. Boyle in *After the Plague* (Viking), his sixth short-story collection. The title tale, a disturbing vision of a disease-ravaged earth and its survivors, is one of 16 (three of which have appeared in *PLAYBOY*) gathered here. Boyle enters a new phase as he tackles contemporary issues. He doesn't disappoint. His intense style and trademark narrative twists are, if anything, more effective than ever.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



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By ASA BABER

HALLOWEEN IS A day eagerly anticipated by those of us who like to party hearty. It is a harvest festival and an illicit orgy packed into one night of bonfires and costumes and masks—a golden moment in autumn when raw emotions are released and mead consumed by drunken warriors who are serviced by luscious and willing wenches. The world goes mad as people prepare for the darkness and cruelty of the winter that lies ahead.

Halloween, that terrifying time when long-legged women (who look a lot like Nicole Kidman and wear only red garter belts and stockings) assault innocent young men—including PLAYBOY readers—in the streets and ravish them against their will in the moonlight, liberating them from their fears of sex and ruining Republican chances to recruit yet another generation of sexually repressed voters. Halloween: so creative, yet so destructive.

Given the manic nature of Halloween, should not every man in America first assess his level of honor and rectitude by taking my Halloween quiz (before his moral center is destroyed by pumpkin dunking and other perverted harvest revelries)? The answer to that question is yes, of course. Take this Halloween quiz now, gentlemen, before it's too late.

Imagine yourself in the following situations and make a decision about how you would behave. Do not ponder.

(1) A man who sounds like Tony Soprano calls you unexpectedly and invites you to his strip club for a Halloween celebration. "I got some girls I want you should meet," he says, "so come on down." You arrive at the club soon thereafter and are immediately accosted by two beautiful women. They pull you into a back room, rid you of your clothes and rub their breasts all over your body. You:

- Cross your fingers in a pixie jinx and run naked out the back door.
- Kiss each woman once on the forehead and then explain that you have to call your mommy first because it's past your bedtime.
- Hold them at arm's length for an hour, repeatedly singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.
- Go for it.

(2) Gwyneth Paltrow shows up at your front door on Halloween night. She is wearing a black raincoat and nothing else. "I was down at vehicle registration today," she says, "and I saw your driver's license photo and had to meet you. You are such a hunk! Let's make a really wild porn tape tonight, OK?" You:

- Ask her to wait outside for a few hours while you search the web for the derivation of the name Gwyneth.



HALLOWEEN: THE QUIZ

b. Invite her in to watch *Jackass* on MTV and burn farts, order pizza and play video games.

c. Tell her that you're willing to kiss her, but no tongues allowed.

d. Go for it.

(3) Former president Bill Clinton sends you a fax by mistake just before dawn on Halloween. The fax contains final authorization (including bank account numbers, valid signatures and all necessary legal releases) for the bearer of that fax to immediately withdraw \$20 million in illegal Chinese campaign contributions to the Democratic Party, such funds now stashed in a bank in Tibet. You:

- Tear up the fax.
- Call Hillary and ask her if she wants the money.
- Call *The New York Times* and ask them if they have any interest in the story (they will not).
- Pack your bags and go for it.

(4) You and your significant other attend a large masquerade party on Halloween Eve. You are dressed as Casanova, complete with cape and sword and boots. You and your significant other become separated in the midst of the action. People swirl around you as the band plays and the wine flows and strange substances are inhaled in the bathrooms. Suddenly a vision of loveliness appears before you. She is dressed as a warrior princess, and she says, "I may be a bull dyke, but I know what I like, and you're it, Casanova." She pulls you into an empty room, flips you over her shoulder and onto the bed, pins you to a wall and then slaps you silly as she calls you her love slave. You:

- Cry like a pussy-boy.

b. Try to repress the revelation that you love being bitch-slapped, and hope that she'll do it again, even if she is a bisexual.

c. Remind her that your body belongs to you alone and that your brother is a lawyer, and these aggressive actions border on sexual harassment.

d. Rise up in full manhood and listen to her gasp as you unsheathe your throbbing zucchini and thrust it vigorously into her glistening pita pocket with a power she's never felt before, not even with Ellen.

(5) You are preparing for a trip to France, and on Halloween afternoon, your French tutor shows up with bread, cheese and a bottle of wine. She looks like a young Marilyn Monroe, with the same baby face and ripe body. You have fantasized about this woman from the day you met her. "We have worked together now for so long," she coos in her French accent as she ruffles your hair and chews on your earlobe, "that I thought we should get to know each other personally, for a change. *Ça va bien, cheri?*" Before you can answer, she gets on her knees and unzips your fly. "Let me show you how we do it in France," she says, smiling up at you, nibbling on your erect penis, then rubbing its head all over her face while she stimulates herself and moans in ecstasy. You:

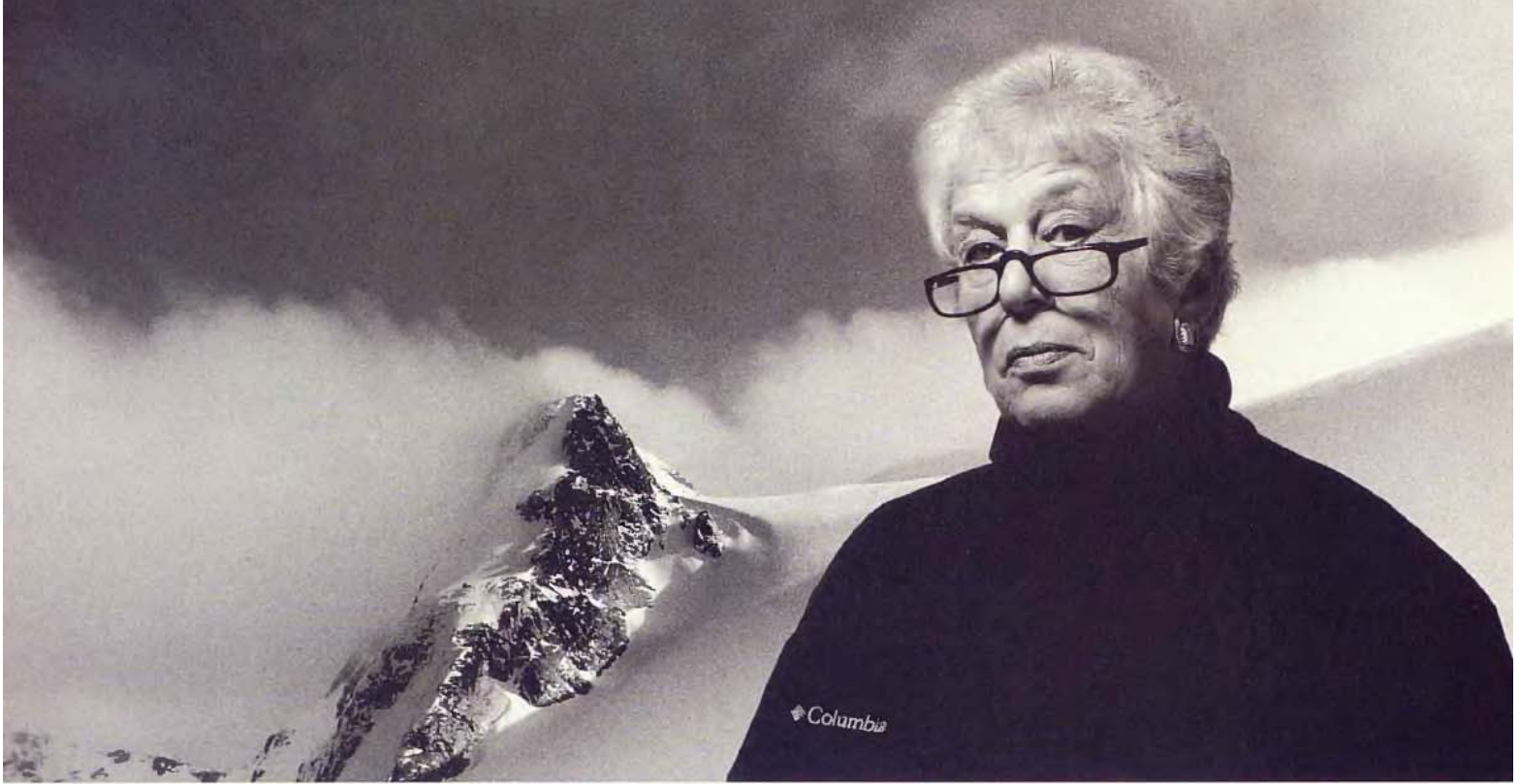
- Pull back in horror and tell her you're not that kind of boy.
- Say something harmless in French that shows you've mastered the pluperfect subjunctive tense, which was your homework assignment that week.
- Help her rise from her posture of supplication, explaining that you hate oral sex and would prefer that the two of you attend a piano recital that night.
- When she's brought you to orgasm, put on your knee pads and lobster bib, then drop to your knees and return the favor, *avec plaisir*.

Here endeth the Halloween quiz.

Because I know I can trust all of my readers—and also because I cannot travel around the country and check on each one of you randy rogues myself—this is a self-scoring exam. If you marked (d) on all five examples, you win our prestigious Man of the Year Award and are guaranteed a sexually active October 31 with the person(s) of your choice. If, however, you listed any other answer after any scenario, you flunk the quiz miserably and should stay home alone.

So be a man, not a wimp, and go back and change all of your answers to (d). Sure, that's cheating, but haven't you learned? When doing the Halloween hustle, honest guys finish last.



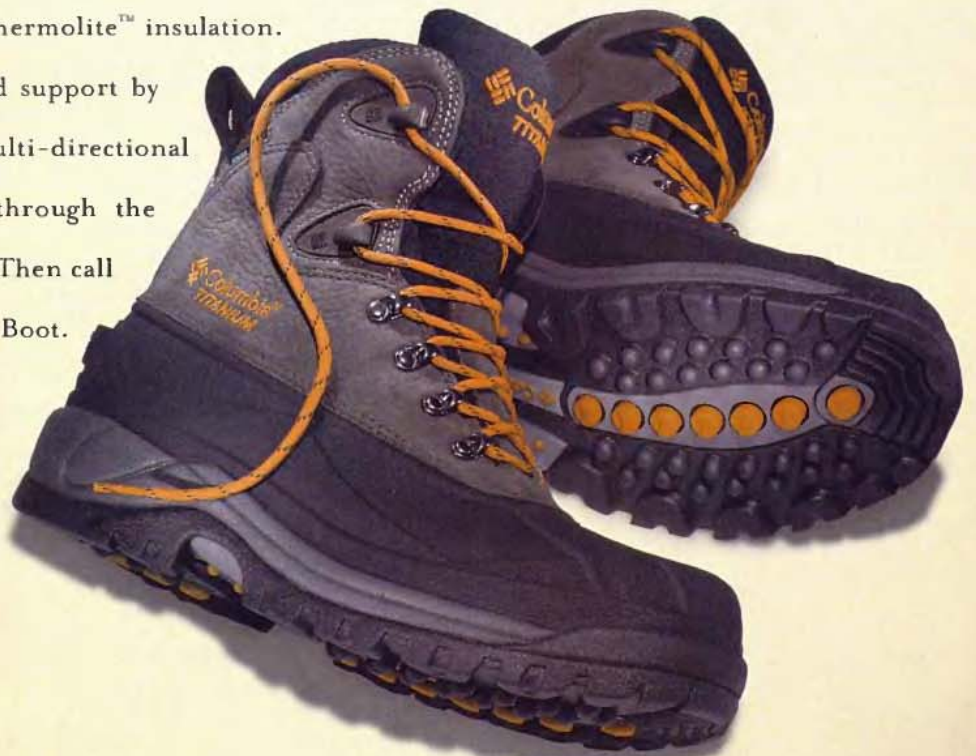


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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



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Sorry, superstars and captains of industry. We're tipping off the world to Cayo Espanto, Belize's best-kept secret. The beaches on this private island (just a few minutes by boat from San Pedro) still won't be jammed, as there are only five oceanfront villas (three with private splash pools, above). Laze away the day or treat yourself to bonefishing, fly-fishing or spearfishing. Or scuba dive above the world's second-largest barrier reef and explore the ruins of a jungle city in Guatemala. Cayo Espanto's daily rate, \$895 to \$1195 double occupancy, includes all meals (they're prepared by the island's private chef). There's a three-night minimum, but we bet you stay longer. Go to aprivateisland.com for more information.



NO-SWEAT RISOTTO FOR TWO

(1) SAUTÉ TWO CHOPPED SHALLOTS IN FOUR TBSP. OLIVE OIL OVER MEDIUM HEAT UNTIL SOFT.

(2) ADD 1 CUP ARBORIO RICE, SAUTÉ FOR 3 TO 5 MINUTES, MAKING SURE RICE IS WELL COATED WITH OIL.

(3) ADD 1 CUP WHITE WINE AND STIR.

(4) STIRRING CONSTANTLY, ADD TWO CUPS HEATED CHICKEN BROTH, 1/2 CUP AT A TIME, WAITING EACH TIME UNTIL MOISTURE HAS BEEN ABSORBED BY RICE. MAINTAIN CREAMY TEXTURE. COOK FOR TOTAL OF 20 TO 25 MINUTES. ADD MORE BROTH IF NECESSARY.

(5) WHEN RICE IS DONE, ADD 1/4 CUP FRESHLY GRATED PARMESAN CHEESE, AND CHOPPED PARSLEY. SERVE IMMEDIATELY.

Tool Time

Twenty-five years ago, Gary Chinn started the Garrett Wade catalog business, which specializes in woodworking tools. Chinn began the business when he couldn't readily find the quality tools he needed to do serious work. He has now produced *Tools: A Complete Illustrated Encyclopedia* (Simon and Schuster) as a guide to and appreciation of the chisel, plane, rasp and riffer. There's also a section on the ideal workspace. This handsome book makes for compelling reading, even for armchair woodworkers.



MANTRACK



The Old Man and the Seat

We can see Ernest Hemingway sitting in this chair, a deep-sea fishing rod in one hand and a mojita cocktail in the other. For about \$1300 you can be Papa too: The Pilar Fighting Chair (*Pilar* was the name of Hemingway's boat) is being added to the Ernest Hemingway Collection of furnishings and accessories that's sold in stores nationwide. Crafted in a mahogany finish with a polished aluminum base, the Pilar chair is barstool height. Ernest would have liked that. E-mail hde hemingway@aol.com for information on it and other Papa products.

Clothesline: David Copperfield

"Asking me about my taste in clothes is like asking Ralph Kramden his opinion of gourmet dining," says magician David Copperfield, who admits his choice of duds has continued to evolve. "I went through a period where I wore a lot of Yohji Yamamoto's stuff. Then I did the leather jacket thing with the motorcycle boots, then suits for a while. But none of it felt right. Now I wear the same clothes as when I'm just hanging out: jeans, sweatshirt and sneakers." Copperfield also describes his personal style as "wash-and-wear. If you can't throw it in a machine, get it clean and put it back on, it ain't happening." He has no patience for shopping, which is odd, because his father owned a men's clothing store. "Show me a three-way mirror and a tape measure and I start looking for the exit sign."



Night Moves: Mexico City



Despite claims that its crime rate has dropped, Mexico City is still a metropolis where you want to stay alert. Never hail a cab on the street—have the hotel, restaurant or bar call one for you. Polanco is

the area where the city's best hotels are situated. It's well lit, so you can barhop. Start with drinks at the lobby bar in the Presidente Inter-Continental (Campos Eliseos 21B), which features a huge tequila menu. Forget the salt-and-shot method: Here you sip tequila from a snifter and chafe it with nonalcoholic sangrita. Locals eat a late lunch, so don't plan to have dinner before nine. La Hacienda de los Moroles (Vozquez de Mella 525) is a terrific restaurant within walking distance of the Presidente. Housed in a former colonial mansion, it boasts three bars and a broad range of entrees that includes such local specialties as *crepas de huitlacoche* (crepes made with corn fungus). La Valentina (Mazaryk 393) is a nearby restaurant that specializes in male dishes. After dinner, head for Barfly (also in the same plaza), a multilevel nightclub with live Cuban music, or Hobito (Mazaryk 201), a boutique hotel. Its rooftop bar, Area, is currently the place to hang out. If Area is too jammed, the hotel's lobby bar is a lively alternative with wall-to-wall señoritas.

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Tipping. Do you want to know the most effective way to get what you want? Tip in advance. That's one of the many secrets on how to give a gratuity in *Tipping for Success*, a book by Mark Brenner. Not only does he clue you in on the art of greasing palms, but he'll also teach you the four things you never want to do when tipping. • **Country club racing.** The Virginia International Raceway, just across the North Carolina border, has reopened as a combination automobile and motorcycle road course and country club. A swimming pool, tennis courts, and hiking and biking trails are just some of the alternatives for members who don't want to make like Dale Earnhardt Jr. Look for more racetrack and country club gambas to open around the country. • **Going low pro.** In an effort to avoid the scrutiny of cops, Los Angeles gangbangers are forsaking baggy jeans and bandannas in favor of more conservative, low-profile clothing. • **Presale concert tix.** Join an Internet fan club for your favorite artist or log on to a subscription-based Internet access service as a way of securing great seats before they go on sale to the general public. • **Timepieces are money.** Piaget is reintroducing its classic Polo watch. It's gold and thin but still weighty. Prices start at \$11,000.



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The Playboy Advisor

While stroking me during foreplay, my girlfriend slid a large rubber band over my cock and behind my balls. After a few more strokes and licks, she had given me the biggest, hardest erection of my life, and it seemed to last forever. My girlfriend loves this trick because it prolongs her pleasure. I am curious as to what it's called and why it works. Are there any side effects?—J.A., Austin, Texas

Your girlfriend improvised a cock ring. It works by restricting blood flow from the penis, which can heighten sensation and provide staying power. But a ring can cause serious damage if worn for more than half an hour (don't fall asleep with it on). Avoid using metal or latex rings, which can only be put on or taken off when you're flaccid. If the metal ring starts to pinch after you're hard, you can either wait for your erection to subside (ice might help) or visit the emergency room. Latex rings are somewhat safer because you can snip them off, although that means placing a sharp point perilously close to your penis. We prefer leather rings that fasten with snaps or Velcro. The deluxe models have straps that separate the testicles or stretch each ball downward, if that's your thing, and/or D-rings to which your lover can attach a leash. Rough, rough.

Im planning my first business trip to Europe. Will my cell phone work overseas?—H.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Probably not. U.S. cell phones operate on a different frequency from the rest of the world's. The only exception would be if you have a triband phone and you're a customer of VoiceStream or Nextel, which have roaming agreements with many overseas providers. If you can't use your phone, you can rent one for about \$50 per week, plus airtime charges of at least \$1 per minute. Investigate services such as Planetfone.com (888-988-4777), WorldCell.com (888-967-5323) and InTouchUSA.com (800-872-7626), which also offers satellite phones. If you need fax or Internet access, add a data card to your order.

My girlfriend and I live in separate cities, so phone sex has become a daily ritual. Her sexual experience consists entirely of the tender-lovemaking variety, so our conversations have become a way to test-drive fantasies. Recently I discovered her deep-seated desire to be dominated. The first time we tried this, she came in less than a minute. I haven't taken the fantasy further than to call her a "nasty little slut" or a "naughty little bitch," but she still feels bad about what she sees as her perverse desires. I have tried to convince her that this fantasy is common and not necessarily indicative



of an underlying pathology, but she still has issues. What else can I say to her?—D.P., Madison, Wisconsin

If you can make your girlfriend come in less than a minute with this fantasy, it's probably a keeper. Continue to reassure her that her desires are normal and common. Once she becomes more comfortable with them—perhaps because you send her a book of erotica with an edge, or because you allow her to dominate you once in a while—look out.

Does getting a massage and having it end in ejaculation constitute cheating?—D.B., Detroit, Michigan

If you have an agreement with your partner that allows for the occasional "full service" massage, then it wasn't cheating. But then, you wouldn't be asking.

In March you quoted a police officer saying a driver has the best chance of avoiding a traffic ticket if he admits his guilt. Standard procedure requires officers to write down relevant comments made during stops, so admitting your guilt may not be wise if you later decide to fight. *Beat Your Ticket* (Nolo Press), a guide written by a California lawyer, advises drivers who are stopped to be pleasant but never to admit guilt. You also should be as forgettable as possible—if the officer is honest and can't remember you in court, you win. Furthermore, many officers and prosecutors are as confused by traffic laws as drivers are. Here in Columbus, a posted speed limit of 35 mph is presumed safe. But if an overzealous officer gives you a ticket for going 43 in light traffic on a wide roadway with no pedestrians and clear

weather, a judge may decide that your speed wasn't unsafe. (That happened to me.) The law you are accused of violating will be noted on the ticket, so make sure you did what the officer accuses you of doing. You may save yourself money on the fine, insurance and work-related problems if you drive for work.—T.D., Columbus, Ohio

Thanks. We'll pass this on to our chauffeur.

Quick, I need a new sex trick. Can you help?—J.N., Aspen, Colorado

*At times like these, we're glad to have friends like Laura Corn, who shared two tricks from her latest best-seller, *The Great American Sex Diet*. The first she calls Popping Her Clutch, and Corn says it can extend a woman's orgasm by several minutes. "You'll need a vibrator with a cord and a separate on-off switch, such as a remote-control egg, positioned on her clitoris," she says. "Your partner needs to tell you when she's about to come. As she's having her first contraction, turn it off. She'll look at you funny, so turn it back on. Then turn it off for a second or two. Then turn it on. You get the idea. The anticipation will drive her wild. This was by far the most popular trick among the couples who tried it for my book. Back for More also got a great response. With the woman on all fours, her partner alternates licking her labia from behind, pressing a vibrator or tongue against them and inserting his erection for a few thrusts. Because it's at the opposite end from the clitoris, the back of the labia usually doesn't get much attention, so the sensations will surprise her." We need to call Laura more often.*

What is the difference between a transvestite, a transsexual and a hermaphrodite?—M.O., St. Louis, Missouri

New to the dating scene? A transvestite is a person (usually a man, and usually heterosexual) who is turned on by wearing the clothing of the opposite sex. A transsexual is a person with gender dysphoria (i.e., he or she feels trapped inside the body of the opposite sex), a situation that often leads to hormone treatments and surgery. A hermaphrodite is born with male and female genitalia and may identify with either sex. These days a transsexual is more likely to be referred to as transgendered, and a hermaphrodite to be called intersexed.

The Advisor stated in June that a black and tan is "a stout mixed with ale." For your information, a stout is an ale. There are two types of beer: ales and lagers. Ales are typically a warmer (faster) ferment and they often have a stronger taste and aroma. Lagers are fermented cooler (longer) and have a smoother

taste. The difference is the type of yeast used. If you want to try something crazy, drop a scoop of vanilla custard in your stout.—S.A., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thanks for the clarification. We should have been more specific. Traditionally, a black and tan is a stout mixed with a lightly hopped ale. But we've also seen recipes that use porter instead of stout and/or lager instead of ale.

A reader pointed out recently that many wives are willing to have sex but don't show much enthusiasm. You recommended several books. Unfortunately, your response may have perpetuated the myth that a woman's lack of desire is always in her head. In fact, there is a treatable medical condition behind most cases. A book can't cure depression, hormone depletion or premature atrophy of sexual nerves, blood vessels and pelvic muscles.—Dr. Daniel Stein, the Foundation for Intimacy, Tampa, Florida

You're right. Sex tricks work only when both partners enjoy healthy desire. Women who have little or no desire for sex or who find their sexual response waning have benefited from testosterone treatments, pelvic exercises, genital creams that increase blood flow and, in rare cases, surgery (in one unusual case, a urologist discovered that a "frigid" 45-year-old had a flap of skin fused over her clitoris). For more information on female sexual dysfunction, visit newshe.com.

We're college students new to the bar scene. Every place we visit serves its mixed drinks with a straw. Is restirring your drink insulting to the barkeep? Is it proper to remove it once you're done? We've noticed lately that a lot of people, especially women, sip from the straw, but to us it's an annoyance.—A.H. and G.H., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Relax. Your method is fine; the barkeep doesn't care. We've heard two reasons from women for using the straw: to preserve their lipstick and to pace their alcohol intake. Either way, lucky straw.

The Advisor scolded a young man in June who wrote to ask why women rejected him, even though he tried to be "the perfect boyfriend." An ounce of empathy would have served the Advisor greatly here. S.G. is not a wimp, and you were wrong to compare his eagerness to please to a dog's. If he's treating women with respect and as intellectual equals, the problem must be his choice of ladies. They're mistaking kindness for weakness. My advice? Take a long break from women and you'll learn some things. In the meantime, the Advisor should stop trying to score points with female readers. It's screwing up your impartiality.—R.J., Cleveland, Ohio

S.G. doesn't need to take a break from women—that would be like not eating. He just needs to stop viewing them as his salva-

tion. As for kissing up to female readers, we know they're too smart for that.

Has anyone ever had sex in space? Or has NASA's attitude been, "When it happens, it happens, and we're not asking about it"?—C.F., Meaford, Ontario

*We first addressed this question in 1997, and then, as now, NASA and the Russians deny that any couple has joined the Approximately 400-Mile-High Club. But the question comes up often as both nations prepare for six-month stays on the International Space Station and a 30-month mission to Mars. We'd bet that masturbation and wet dreams have occurred in space; over breakfast, the cosmonauts aboard Mir would reportedly ask each other, "Dognal devushku?" ("Did you catch up with the girl?") Although it didn't happen in space, at least one zero-gravity orgasm has been caught on film: The director of an adult feature called *The Uranus Experiment 2* hired a plane to go into a steep dive from 36,000 feet. That made his crew and actors weightless for about 25 seconds, during which one stud managed a pop shot. One small step. . . . Finally, a California engineer is raising money to build a space hotel. "There will be zero-gravity romance rooms, each with a window," says Gene Meyers of Space Island Group, which has a staff of 12 people. "The walls will be padded and elastic cords and harnesses will hang from the ceiling." He speculates that the crew sent to construct the \$15 billion structure, which he hopes to open by 2007, will be the first humans to copulate in space.*

A reader asked the Advisor if he was wrong for wanting to know precisely how many guys his girlfriend had slept with. You gave him a sanctimonious response, suggesting that he didn't need to know. But there are valid reasons why a person should know their partner's sexual history, and they have nothing to do with moral judgments. The Advisor needs to get past this tired Madonna-whore cliché, especially in this age of rampant STDs. Knowing the number of lovers a woman has had also tells you something about her relationship habits, such as whether she jumps from person to person or stays committed and monogamous.—B.R., Buffalo, New York

"Relationship habits" don't tell you anything. A woman who had a number of short-term affairs may just have been looking for you; a person who had a long-term partner may be ready to party. And how would knowing precisely how many partners his girlfriend had help this guy? He could be her second lover and end up with herpes. That's not why he was asking; he wanted to know because of the allegedly "tired" double standard that affects, in some way, every woman you know.

I've been told that some car washes leave scratches on paint from embedded dirt in the brushes, and that the hot wax op-

tion is a waste of money. What do you recommend?—M.K., Chicago, Illinois

You get what you pay for. A touchless system uses high pressure to blow dirt away, but some of it may be forced into troublesome places (e.g., salt could wind up under the trim, where it prompts rust). Washes with dancing curtains can pick up grit from previous vehicles and drag it across your pride and joy. Spinning brushes can give your paint a good sanding. One problem with hot wax is that it runs down the windows when it rains, affecting your visibility. If you're not in the mood for do-it-yourself, budget about \$100 for an auto detailer (one guy cleaned every nook of our dash with a cotton swab) or visit a hand wash where two or three scrubbing technicians will supply the elbow grease.

I was surprised that in your response in July to G.T. from Kansas City, you didn't list the most obvious and most likely possibility for his wife's newfound sexual energy—infidelity. It was obvious she had become bored with his "rather standard sex" and found herself in a relationship with an adventurous sexual spirit. She brought that energy home. What do you think?—M.J., San Diego, California

That's one theory.

Your answer to G.T. was all wrong. I've been married for 20 years and can tell you that after about 15, men stop looking at their wives in an exciting way. G.T.'s wife probably tried to get his engine going for some time and finally had to take drastic measures. I am horny most of the time, but my husband is too stressed or tired to respond unless I shower him with affection. I have gotten good at self-satisfaction. A note to married men: Take notice of your wife. If she has stayed this long, she is a keeper. If you are not passionate about her, let her go.—S.C., Scarborough, Maine

And that's another. The transformation of G.T.'s wife remains a mystery. Your own situation may not be one of neglect. Not many people feel sexual when they're stressed or fatigued; your "shower of affection" helps your husband relax. Show him that a quickie is also a way to relieve stress, or, if he seems tired, ask him to lie with you as you pleasure yourself. He may get turned on despite himself.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the *Playboy Advisor*, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



PUBLIC EXECUTIONS

what we want to see when the state kills

In 1936 some 20,000 spectators gathered in Owensboro, Kentucky to witness the public hanging of Rainey Bethea. Bethea, a 22-year-old black man, had been convicted of raping and murdering a 70-year-old white woman. After the hanging, a mob fought for souvenirs. That was the last time an American executioner played to a crowd. Over the years, various groups have campaigned for a return to public executions. Most recently, the killing of Timothy McVeigh renewed the argument that such an act would satisfy a country's need for justice, or closure, or simply revenge.

PLAYBOY has long been opposed to the death penalty, but if we are to have the spectacle in this country, let's do it right. Forget the sterilized IV in a secret chamber. Since 1994, 16 countries have performed public executions. What can we learn from Afghanistan, Burundi, the Chechen Republic, China, Guatemala, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Nigeria, North Korea, Rwanda, Saudi Arabia, Somalia, Syria, Vietnam and Yemen?

In December 1995 the *Los Angeles Times* reported the story of a North Korean political prisoner who had been forced to participate in the public stoning of another inmate. Kang Chol Hwan was 15. During his incarceration, he witnessed 10 or so public executions every year. Prisoners who tried to escape or who gave the guards a hard time were sentenced to hanging and stoning. Kang told the *Times* he still recalls the shock he felt watching the battered bodies being smashed and ripped apart by the crowd's stones. "In the beginning, I felt like throwing up and suffered from nightmares. But after a while I got used to it."

In the summer of 1997 London's *Sunday Telegraph* published an article about a video smuggled out of Afghanistan that depicted a public execution: On a hillside outside Kabul, a hidden camera captured what seems to be an ordinary public meeting. "It is a sunny afternoon and a group of men stand in a circle, listening to Taliban soldiers shouting through loud-

By JOHN D. THOMAS

speakers," the newspaper reported. "But the men look uneasy. They are being ordered to watch a public execution. 'He has murdered someone,' say the soldiers. 'So he should be murdered as punishment.' They bring a young man into the circle. Someone produces a rope and the man's hands and feet are tied together by the soldiers. He is forced to lie on his back, staring up at the crowd around him. A woman, with a veil covering her face, steps forward. She holds a knife to his throat and starts to cut. The



knife is not sharp and the man's death is agonizingly slow. Even as he dies, the Taliban continue to hold his hands and feet. The woman picks up the decapitated head by its hair, proudly displaying it to the crowd. Her expression is hidden by her veil, and no one explains who she is. Under Islamic law, relatives of the victim can choose to take personal revenge on the murderer."

In August 1999 the *Baltimore Sun* reported that Saudi Arabia had embarked on another orgy of head chopping, decapitating 55 people, nearly double its 1998 toll. Two women were beheaded in public for traffick-

ing in drugs. "Hawa Faruk and Aisha Saada Kassem had their heads cut off with swords—after their scarves were torn from their heads by their executioners. Up to five years ago, women were executed in Saudi prisons, sometimes by firing squad. But since 1996 the Saudis have beheaded women in public, often after Friday prayers and in front of hundreds of men. Executioners usually clean their swords by wiping the blood on the white clothes of their victims."

Recent public executions in Afghanistan have been performed in an inefficient fashion. The condemned does not stand with his back to a wall to face a firing squad. The wall itself is the executioner's tool. According to Amnesty International, in early 1998 five men who had been convicted of sodomy were sentenced to die. In one instance, a tank pushed the wall on top of three men as thousands looked on.

In China, officials feel that executions are family affairs, a national pastime. Amnesty International reported that on June 29, 1998, 37 people were sentenced to death before 7000 people at a sports stadium in Guangzhou. All appeals were rejected and eight were executed on the spot.

When a murderer was executed in Yemen in April 1997, a crowd shouted its approval. "A man who shot to death four children and two teachers was executed in front of cheering crowds near the two schools where the killings took place," reported the *Los Angeles Times*. "As a single sharpshooter executed Mohammed Nazari, 48, crowds yelled, 'God is greatest' and 'Long live justice.' Yemen's highest court approved the death sentence ruling, but it overturned an order that Nazari's body should be nailed to a cross and displayed for three days."

In May of this year *The Gazette of Montreal* reported on the execution of a 35-year-old woman in Iran. The woman, who had been arrested eight years earlier for appearing in porn movies, was stoned to death after being partially buried in a hole.

Now that's a crowd pleaser.

WE THE PEEPEERS

one nation under surveillance

What would Benjamin Franklin think of the Internet? How would the founding fathers react to Ken Starr or the *Drudge Report*? Would Alexander Hamilton challenge a telemarketer to a duel? What do we make of a world where Supreme Court nominees scoff at the right to privacy; where business leaders buy and sell information collected in milliseconds; where companies market videotapes claiming to show lovers caught on security tapes; where gossip has become a national industry?

Robert Ellis Smith has been a crusader for privacy since 1974, when he launched the *Privacy Journal*. He has written seven books on the topic, including *Privacy: How to Protect What's Left of It* and the newly published history *Ben Franklin's Web Site: Privacy and Curiosity from Plymouth Rock to the Internet*. We decided to investigate.

PLAYBOY: In *Ben Franklin's Web Site* you write about two great American freedoms, privacy and curiosity, neither of which are mentioned in the Constitution. You describe history as a continual tension between the two. Let's start with curiosity. Are we a nation of snoops?

SMITH: We have a mania for information, for rumor and gossip. I think it originated with the loneliness of the New World. A large number of foreigners came over to check us out, to see what we were like as a people. Almost all were shocked by the "inquisitive nature," "impertinent curiosity" and almost "violent intimacy" of Americans. Travelers were peppered with questions: Where did you come from? Where are you going? What is your name? Perhaps because there was so much space, and we lived so far apart from one another, we felt a need to know what was going on in other villages. There seemed to be a uniquely American preoccupation with gossip. Little has changed. Devouring information seems to be an American trait. We're even willing to give up information about ourselves. Just look at TV talk shows, at talk radio, at the variety

of magazines devoted to confession. Despite the lip service we pay to privacy, we don't seem to be offended by prying questions. In fact, we're flattered to be asked. It starts in school, when children are asked to fill out questionnaires and surveys. By the time we're adults, we've been trained to do it. No one stops to ask why this information is being gathered.

PLAYBOY: You suggest that snooping has religious roots.

SMITH: Colonial churches played the role of government. The first census counters, the first welfare system, the initial moral underpinnings for the

icine for a malignant spirit." That was the remedy for a neighbor who was "more than ordinarily vigilant."

PLAYBOY: In *Ben Franklin's Web Site* you suggest that privacy began as a sense of physical space.

SMITH: The sanctity of the house was a notion that came over from England. The forces of the king had regularly infiltrated the home. Eventually that concept dissolved; even the lowliest serf could not have his house invaded by the sovereign. We developed the custom of building stone walls, of clearly delineating what was ours.

PLAYBOY: Yet the concept of a right to privacy wasn't part of English common law.

SMITH: Not during our colonial period. Privacy as a legal concept is an American invention. John Davenport, a Puritan cleric, used the term in a letter in the 1630s. He described privacy in terms of solitude, reserve, a respite from a day of engaging in public affairs. America offered elbowroom.

PLAYBOY: You note that what we think of as privacy today barely existed in the colonies. Entire families slept in the same bed. Strangers shared beds in inns. The first room devoted to privacy

was not the master bedroom but the library.

SMITH: That's right. John Adams contrasted the demands of public life—the action, debate, business, pleasure and conversation—with the desire for contemplation. One entry in his diary, written in 1761, expresses a desire for escape: "Reading and reflection in retirement will be a relief and a high refined pleasure." There came a time when he withdrew from public life entirely.

PLAYBOY: He sounds like the patron saint of reticence.

SMITH: He thought that dissimulation, the concealment from others of sentiments, actions, desires and resolutions—i.e., avoiding the truth—was not only lawful but commendable "because once divulged, our enemies may avail themselves of the knowledge of them



JOE DAURIO (91)

community came from the church. One Calvinist church decorated its pulpit with the all-seeing eye of God. It was one's duty to keep an eye on others to make sure they were meeting their spiritual obligations. Puritan leaders instructed members to inform on each other. This was not considered snooping but a duty to the church. Congregations provided nightwatches. There were tithingmen who checked out single persons living alone, Sabbath breakers, tipplers, debauchers and the like. They were free to enter houses.

But the church did not, as years went on, have absolute dominance. Many ornery folks moved to rural areas, where they were nonbelievers, or didn't pay homage to the church. There are hilarious accounts of how early Americans dealt with busybodies: "A good cudgel applied in the dark is an excellent med-

to our damage, danger and confusion. This kind of dissimulation, which is no more than concealment, secrecy and reserve, or in other words, prudence and discretion, is a necessary branch of wisdom and so far from being immoral and unlawful and a virtue." I thought Bill Clinton would appreciate that.

PLAYBOY: Did the nation make a mistake inquiring into Clinton's sex life?

SMITH: I was disappointed he didn't invoke his right to privacy. He could have said, "This is beneath the dignity of the president," and gotten away with it. If he had stonewalled instead of lying, he would have had a much easier time.

PLAYBOY: We were surprised to learn that the founding fathers corresponded in code.

SMITH: Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and William Byrd all used ciphers to mask their political opinions. The men who wrote the *Federalist Papers* published under aliases. When Madison first drafted the Bill of Rights, he suggested that "the full and equal rights of conscience" should not be infringed. Individual thought was as important as the right of religion.

PLAYBOY: Ben Franklin, who wrote the famous line, "Three can keep a secret if two are dead," seemed to be on the cutting edge of the American concept of privacy.

SMITH: Franklin was the nation's first celebrity, a man who was constantly stopped on the street. In his autobiography he argued that you cannot have an active intellectual life without safe havens of privacy. As the first custodian of the mails, Franklin developed at least some notion that the message between sender and recipient ought to be protected. In 1753 he passed a regulation requiring his employees "not to open or suffer to be opened any mail or bag of letters." Franklin also first articulated what became known as the principle of secondary use: The information you provide for one purpose ought not to be used for another purpose without your consent.

PLAYBOY: The telegraph had a profound effect on privacy, because it put private information into the hands of the companies who provided the service. How did the nation react?

SMITH: When the telegraph was first introduced people thought it offered greater security than the mail, if for no

other reason than the messages were in code. But it also required a leap of faith. There would be no traces, such as an opened envelope, if the message were intercepted. And the message was in plain view of the telegraph operator. Congress became interested in using telegraph records as legal evidence as early as 1868, in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. By 1877, Western Union was handing over trunkfuls of telegrams to federal investigators. But Congress never extended the telegraph the same rights as the mail. There was a renewed panic in 1881, when Jay Gould took control of Western Union. The public feared and despised this robber baron, and worried about all that power being in one man's hands.

PLAYBOY: Each new technology—from Kodak cameras to Dictaphones to high-speed presses—has stirred concerns about privacy.

SMITH: I'm glad you mentioned the



camera. It must have been traumatic for people to realize that somebody else could possess something they barely possessed themselves—even mirrors at the time weren't that good or common. This image could be carried away and used by someone else, beyond the subject's control. That's what I think led to the development of the concept of privacy in the 1890s. There was an upheaval within the space of a few decades that mostly had to do with information processing. In 1873, we had the first effective typewriter. In 1876, the telephone. In 1886 the *New York Tribune* introduced typesetting with linotype machines. In 1888, Kodak introduced the snapshot camera. And so forth. Each of these advances provided a capacity for gathering information and distributing it widely. This

was shocking to people raised in a rural world.

PLAYBOY: When did our notion of privacy get reduced to sexual privacy?

SMITH: Around the end of the 19th century, although I can't say exactly why. Perhaps it was Freud's doing. Privacy became a code word for hiding mostly illicit sexual relations.

PLAYBOY: You suggest that the convergence of tabloid journalism and various "trials of the century" brought intense scrutiny to the sex lives of public figures. Did this also influence privacy?

SMITH: I think so. Samuel Warren Jr. and Louis Brandeis clearly were reacting to tabloid journalism when they introduced a modern concept of privacy in 1890 in the *Harvard Law Review*. Legend has it that Warren was outraged by Boston press coverage of the social activities of his family. What business had the public in knowing who came over for tea? Warren and Brandeis wrote: "The press is overstepping

in every direction the obvious bounds of propriety and of decency. Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and of the vicious but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as effrontery." They borrowed a phrase from legal scholar Thomas McIntyre Cooley, who two years earlier had described a right of personal immunity, the right "to be let alone." In 1890, E.L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation*, also wrote an influential article in *Scribners* that called privacy a natural right and "one of the luxuries of civilization."

PLAYBOY: What was the first legal recognition of a right to privacy?

SMITH: A few months after the *Harvard Law Review* article, the U.S. Supreme Court recognized something close to a right of privacy. A woman had been injured in a railway accident and sued the railroad, which wanted her to take a medical exam. The court held that you cannot compel a person to disrobe and submit to a personal exam. They declared, "No right is held more sacred, or is more carefully guarded by the common law, than the right of every individual to the possession and control of his own person, free from all restraint or interference of others, unless by clear and unquestionable authority of law. The inviolability of the person is as much invaded by a compulsory stripping and exposure as by a blow. To compel anyone, and especially

a woman, to lay bare the body or to submit it to the touch of a stranger, without lawful authority, is an indignity and assault and a trespass."

PLAYBOY: So within the space of a century, we've seen the right to privacy develop from a sense of place to a sense of the personal to control over reputation.

SMITH: Yes, although we still strongly associate privacy with a sense of place. You see it in the strong reaction people have to video monitoring. Law enforcement says, "What are you complaining about? We only videotape in public spaces." The courts talk about citizens having a reduced "expectation of privacy" in certain circumstances. It's important to remember the private moments of our lives that take place in so-called public spaces. That would include holding hands or showing affection, wearing armbands or political buttons, reading a publication, going to or from an abortion center, going to and from a house of worship. All of these actions are protected by the First Amendment yet can take place in public. I want to disabuse people of the notion that just because something happens in public, it cannot be a private act. We ought to have the right not to have those moments recorded for posterity without our consent.

PLAYBOY: Who were last century's privacy villains?

SMITH: The first has to be J. Edgar Hoover. He was obsessed with people's sexual activities and private affairs. He devoted an entire arm of government not to tracking criminals but to invading people's homes.

PLAYBOY: In *Ben Franklin's Web Site* you describe Hoover's campaign in the Thirties to close the "hot pillow" trade at tourist cabins and motels. Hoover first claimed that the motels were frequented by criminals, so the government needed access to the guest registers. Then, when it was revealed that most people were just there to have sex, he wrote about sin.

SMITH: People in power seem to have this great curiosity that overwhelms them. Hoover used public relations more than law enforcement for his reign of terror. He had entree into magazines such as *Reader's Digest*. He could shape opinion.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider Chief Justice

William Rehnquist to be a privacy villain? The man has never met an athlete he didn't want to collect urine from.

SMITH: He's gotten a free ride. As assistant attorney general under President Nixon, he was among the advisors who told the president that he had the right under executive privilege to conduct investigations and domestic surveillance. During the Watergate period, Rehnquist's fingerprints were all over the Daniel Ellsberg break-in. When he succeeded William Douglas, who was a privacy hero, on the Supreme Court, Rehnquist decided he was the new privacy expert. This is a man who has said he did not see how a two-way mirror in a store's changing room was an invasion of privacy.

PLAYBOY: He turned the definition of privacy on its head.



SMITH: There was a key decision shortly before Rehnquist came on board that gave him a foothold. In *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, decided in 1965, the Court overturned a state law banning contraceptives and defined a constitutional "right to privacy." I remember thinking it ironic that Douglas, a man who'd had three marriages, went on about the sanctity of marriage. But by not also discussing the sanctity of every intimate relationship, he opened the door for Rehnquist, whose court has declined to extend the right to privacy to homosexuals or to extramarital affairs. At every turn Rehnquist has been counterintuitive, saying there is no privacy right in things that to the average American seem the ultimate in privacy, such as giving a urine sample on demand. Nothing surprises or outrages me more than that Americans

seem to have accepted that the government or an employer can extract a fluid from your body and analyze it as they see fit.

PLAYBOY: Who is standing against Rehnquist?

SMITH: Justice Sandra Day O'Connor has become a champion. In one abortion case she wrote: "At the heart of liberty is the right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life. Beliefs about these matters could not define the attributes of personhood were they formed under compulsion of the state." Put another way, the concept of privacy extends to all the intimate attributes of personhood—including sexuality, family life, personal health care and education, spirituality, intellectual activities and possibly how one earns or spends one's personal resources.

PLAYBOY: A privacy expert recently complained that most people seem so unconcerned about government intrusion that we need a Privacy Chernobyl to energize the issue.

SMITH: That notion goes back to Louis Brandeis, who thought the American people would recognize the right to privacy only when there was a cataclysmic violation. To some extent, we have already had them. We've seen masses of leaks from the IRS. We have seen the case of Beverly Dennis, who was subjected to

harassment from a prisoner because Metronail, the largest direct mail business in the country, let inmates process consumer questionnaires. It will take the equivalent of an oil spill for people to realize how sacred their privacy is, and how poisoned the environment has become.

PLAYBOY: Privacy advocates often are tarred with the brush of conspiracy: "What do you have to hide?" Is there a definition of privacy that is its own best defense?

SMITH: I prefer to take a more pragmatic approach. You cannot possibly anticipate what's going to happen that will make certain personal information about you important. And people forget that a shared respect for privacy also allows us to be candid within a circle of trusted friends and colleagues. That's how you build communities.

PRIVACY NIGHTMARES

could it happen to you? maybe it already has

As a man with HIV, John Doe had a difficult time finding the drugs he needed to sustain his life, particularly the HIV protease inhibitor ritonavir. He commended his local chain-drugstore pharmacist for keeping supplies of it. The druggist suggested he write a letter of thanks to the parent company. Doe was shocked later to discover that the company published his letter, including his name, in its widely distributed newsletter. The local pharmacy displayed an excerpt from the letter above the cash register and in a window. Only Doe's family, close friends and his health care provider had known of his HIV status. Once exposed by the pharmacy, he began to receive threatening phone calls and had his home vandalized.

Customers of the Charter Pacific Bank in Los Angeles discovered that their bank had sold their credit card numbers to Kenneth Taves. Taves and two accomplices billed the accounts of about 900,000 customers for services the cardholders hadn't ordered. However, law enforcement officials said they could point to no state or federal law that the bank had violated by selling the information.

Liam Youens posted threats on his website against a former high school classmate named Amy Boyer, then hired numerous firms to retrieve information about her. Internet firms provided her Social Security number and birthdate, but Youens wanted more. He needed to know where she worked. With an address in hand, Youens shot Boyer dead, then killed himself.

A woman discovered that a neighbor had hidden a camera to videotape her taking a shower. Because state and federal laws at the time prohibited only covert audio surveillance, the neighbor's lawyer argued that his client could not be charged. But prosecutors pointed out that the victim's voice could be heard on the video—after she discovered the camera. A judge sentenced the man to six months of home detention. Similar cases have been reported in Alaska, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland and New Jersey.

Officials at Spanish River High School in Boca Raton, Florida required that students who planned to attend the prom with a date who was not enrolled at Spanish River fill out a form with the date's name, driver's license number, date of birth, most recent school attended, grade in school, or employer and the employer's address and phone number. Administrators then used the information to run background checks. A security official said administrators in Palm Beach County rejected eight dates



PAUL LEE

last year for reasons that included "insubordination, being troublemakers, drug use and stealing cars."

A woman lost control of her car and drove over an embankment. When a rescue crew arrived, they found her pinned beneath the vehicle. The anguished victim, who had been paralyzed from the waist down, told an emergency nurse, "I just want to die." Unbeknownst to the woman, the nurse had been wired for sound by a TV show called *On Scene: Emergency Response*. The show later aired the audio, along with video taken in the helicopter that airlifted her from the scene. The victim, who saw the program from her hospital bed, sued for invasion of privacy, and the California Supreme Court ruled she had a case.

A Wisconsin man climbed a tree

and videotaped an ex-girlfriend while she was nude. Prosecutors charged him with violating a state law against video voyeurism. But the Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled the law unconstitutional because it "not only properly prohibits the man's surreptitious videotaping of his former girlfriend in the nude but also improperly prohibits all visual expression of nudity without explicit consent, including political satire and newsworthy images." The ruling prompted the attorney general's office to worry about an "open season for Peeping Toms."

An employee of the Ohio Bureau of Motor Vehicles perused motor vehicle files to find the addresses of drivers who he believed had cut him off in traffic. He then mailed the drivers anonymous, threatening notes.

The *Congressional Record* published the Social Security numbers of military officers receiving promotions. A privacy website posted the names and numbers to demonstrate how easily such records could be legally obtained. The information was used by at least two crooks to open hundreds of fake credit card accounts.

A Phoenix woman had just dropped off a roll of sexually explicit shots for one-hour developing when she got a call from a bartender she had dated. He told her the photo clerk and his buddies were at his bar pawing through a duplicate set of her prints. She rushed to the bar, confiscated her pictures and eventually sued the store.

A member of a group that opposes gay rights infiltrated a workshop on gay sex practices and covertly recorded the sensitive discussion among the young men and women. He then gave explicit excerpts from the tape to a radio station. Participants in the seminar believed that their discussions would be kept confidential. Three people connected with the program lost their jobs.

From War Stories III: Accounts of Persons Victimized by Invasions of Privacy. For more information, visit the Privacy Journal at privacyjournal.net.

REPARATIONS BACKLASH

The uproar over David Horowitz' newspaper ad about reparations for slavery is much ado about nothing ("For the Sake of Argument," *The Playboy Forum*, July). Horowitz has done an excellent job blurring the lines between editorial and advertising practices, but the fact is that newspapers don't have to accept ads. When many papers refused Horowitz' ad, he whined that his free speech rights were violated. That's ridiculous.

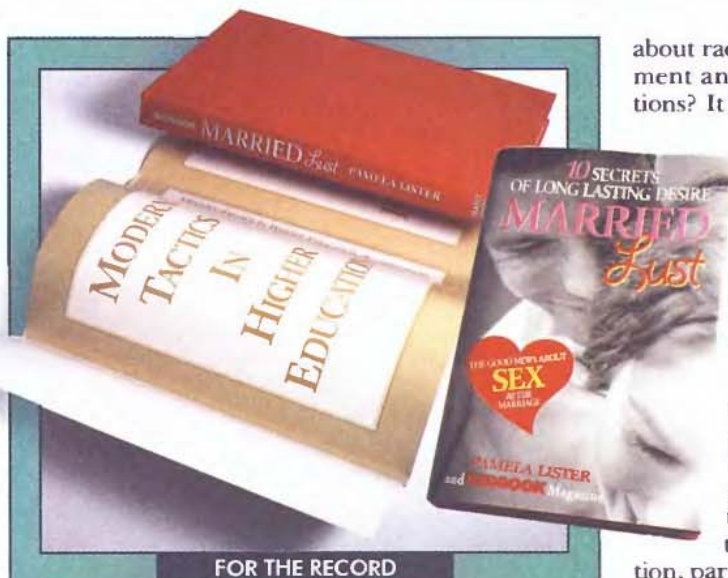
Horowitz portrays himself as a vilified crusader trying to spur debate on a difficult subject. In fact, he's simply intent on spreading his brand of truth and attacking college journalists who don't go along with it. Notice that he hasn't tried to attack anyone in the mainstream media, perhaps because that would be too close to picking on someone his own size.

Ray Marcano, president
Society of Professional
Journalists
Indianapolis, Indiana

I commend you for publishing the Horowitz ad. Had you not, I probably never would have read it. It struck me as reasonable and honest. The time has come to leave prejudice and victimization behind and begin celebrating our cultural unity.

Adrienne Givler
Altoona, Pennsylvania

I don't mind if David Horowitz doesn't agree with the idea of reparations for the descendants of slaves. My concern is how his ad diminishes the concerns of black Americans. We weren't "given" a "gift" of freedom: We fought and continue to fight for respect and equality. I hope Horowitz doesn't believe that the Emancipation Proclamation or the amendments to the Constitution were all it took to get rid of the hardships. Blacks today are not victimized to the same extent as those who came before. But that doesn't mean concerns of bigotry and racism aren't valid. Black history needs to be taught, understood and appreciated by every



FOR THE RECORD

SEX UNDER COVER

"It's not so much about the purchasing of the book as being able to have it around the house without your kids saying, 'Mommy, what does lust mean?'"

—Pamela Lister, who with other Redbook editors wrote *Married Lust: 10 Secrets of Long-Lasting Desire*, explaining why the book has a reversible dust jacket. According to *Publishers Weekly*, the editor of Redbook decided to reinvent the plain brown wrapper "out of consideration for Redbook subscribers concerned about their children's seeing magazine cover lines that contain the word sex. The editors remedied the problem and didn't want to have the same issue with the book."

American. In my view, that would be the most valuable "reparation."

James Cassidy Jr.
Odenton, Maryland

The opinion of *The New York Times* to the contrary, the only place where the idea of reparations for slavery is "gaining urgency" is within the fever swamps of the lunatic left.

Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

Horowitz' ad shows just how entangled America has become in political correctness. Haven't steps already been taken to correct past wrongs? As Horowitz asks, weren't the deaths of 350,000 Union soldiers and one of our finest presidents and trillions of dollars in restitution sufficient gestures? And what

about racial quotas in job placement and educational institutions? It seems that our society is no longer built on the ideal of "may the best man win," but on pacification.

Amy Smith
Wilson, Wisconsin

Whether or not one thinks Horowitz has the better of the argument (I do, but some of his points are better reasoned than others), the most startling aspect of the matter has been the reaction,

particularly at universities, to the mere presentation of the issue for discussion. Here in North Carolina, the Horowitz ad was published in the Duke University newspaper. The knee-jerk reaction on campus made the evening news. The university counseling center felt obligated to offer free services to "traumatized" students. This is the greatest possible indictment of our PC-gone-mad culture. Even supposedly gifted and curious students are so threatened by the discussion of an issue dealing with race (except, of course, when the issue is framed with whites as aggressors and blacks as victims) that they become hysterical.

Michael Vaio
Raleigh, North Carolina

In a narrow but important sense, Horowitz is dead wrong in his first paragraph. There was a single group responsible for slavery in the American colonies. It was the British crown, which developed the triangle trade between Europe, Africa and the Americas and profited hugely from it. If the heirs of the slave trade are to be paid reparations, it should be by the heirs of the original profiteers. Her Majesty could probably afford it, but don't hold your breath.

Edward Robles
Franklin, North Carolina

Newspapers, especially college newspapers, face a double-edged sword. I work for *The Stoutonia* at the University

RESPONSE

of Wisconsin-Stout. What we see day after day is the inability of many readers to distinguish the newspaper from the news. Recently, we reported on an alleged sexual assault. We took the bulk of the story from police reports, but almost immediately received letters telling us we had been one-sided. We also had widespread theft of the issue. It seems people feel that by removing the newspapers, they can remove the problem.

I have two pieces of advice for those who are angry at newspapers for printing the Horowitz ad: Don't kill the messenger and, if you don't like what you're reading, start your own fucking newspaper.

Matt Tracy
Stoughton, Wisconsin

The rise of political correctness was once thought to be a fad that would go the way of leisure suits and tie-dye. Instead, it appears to have attached itself to the underside of our educational system like a barnacle to a rusting scow. The First Amendment is beautiful in its simplicity, yet misunderstood by much of academia. Its purpose is not merely to grant room for foul language. It's designed to provide the broadest possible forum for the interchange of ideas. Instead, dissent has become a hate crime. While we chuckle at the loony-tunes from the left and right, we accept, tolerate and, in some cases, support those who sanction this anti-intellectual hooliganism.

William Broderick
Tampa, Florida

An African American lawyer, writing in *The Washington Post*, recently noted that most Americans know more about Nazi crimes against Jews than about this country's historical crimes against blacks. So she proposed a more manageable way than reparations to remind everyone of the terrible history and lingering consequences of slavery: a federal museum similar to the one dedicated to the Holocaust.

Richard Zimmerman
Washington, D.C.

SEX ON TELEVISION

James R. Petersen's article about our study of sexual content on TV ("Sex on Television," *The Playboy Forum*, July)

misses the point.

Each year, one in four sexually active teen girls becomes pregnant and one in four sexually active teens contracts an STD. Clearly, young people need role models and information to protect themselves if they choose to have sex. Television can play a positive role. When Felicity goes to the health clinic before she has sex for the first time, or when the characters on *Dawson's Creek* go shopping for condoms, they're setting a positive example—in an entertaining way—for teens who choose to be sexually active. When another character on one of those shows doesn't take precautions and suffers an emotional or physical consequence of sex, that sends an important message as well.

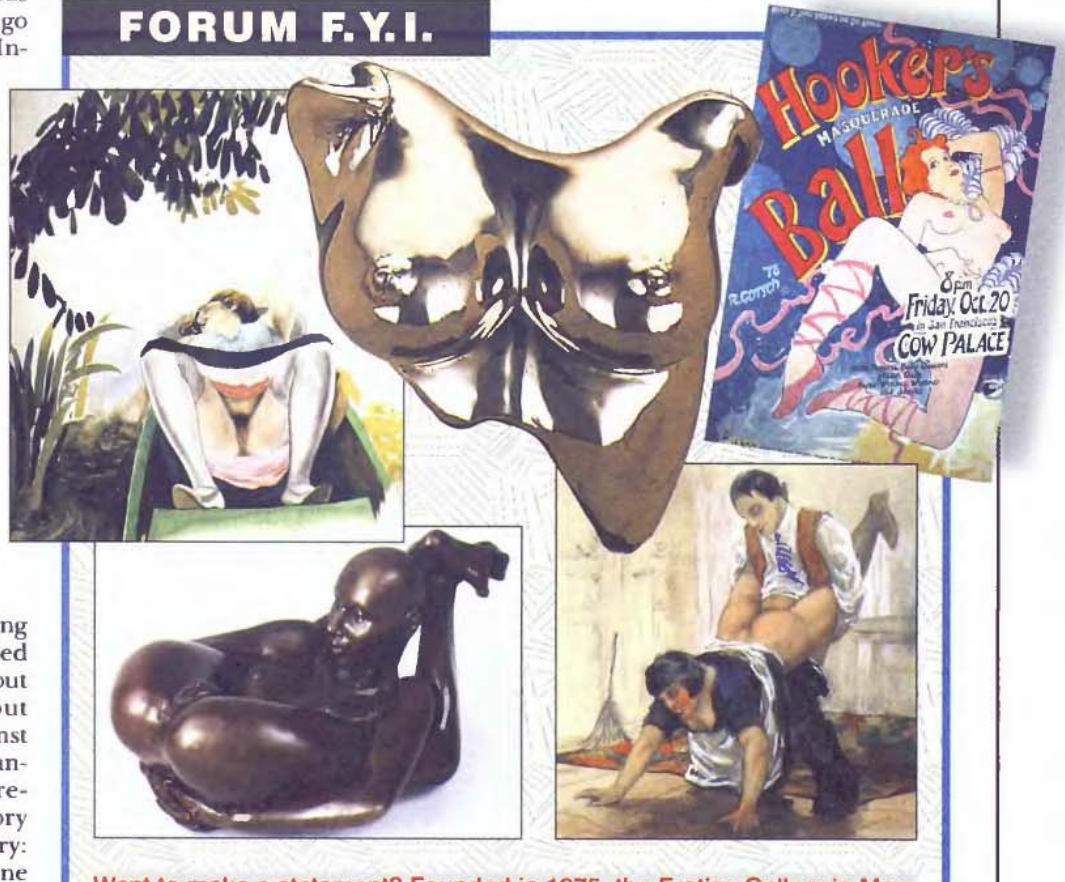
Sexual content on TV is neither in-

herently good nor bad. But the messages the medium conveys about sex and relationships can have an impact on viewers. Television writers should think about the messages that they're communicating—and when they can, they should show a condom on the bedside table. That hardly seems too much to ask.

Vicky Rideout
Kaiser Family Foundation
Menlo Park, California

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

FORUM F.Y.I.



Want to make a statement? Founded in 1975, the Erotics Gallery in Manhattan has an extensive selection of sexually charged artwork from the past three centuries. You can browse its catalog at EroticRarities.com. Shown here are (clockwise from top left) *Rowboat*, a 1920 French watercolor by an unknown artist; Doug John's *Bust I*; an R. Gotsch poster from the 1978 *Hooker's Ball* in San Francisco; an anonymous French watercolor, *Wheelbarrow*; and an unattributed bronze sculpture, *Yogi*.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PATCH PREVENTION

CHICAGO—Research suggests that a contraceptive patch worn on the abdomen or buttocks may be as safe and effective as the pill. Manufactured by Johnson and



Johnson, the matchbook-size device delivers low levels of estrogen and progesterin through the skin to prevent ovulation. A study of 1417 women found the product to be 98 percent effective, about the same rate as the pill. Pending FDA approval, it should be available by early 2002.

HEAT SEEKERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In 1992, two federal agents aimed a thermal imaging device—the Agema Thermovision 210—at a home in Florence, Oregon. Based on tips and utility bills, they suspected the owner of growing marijuana with heat lamps. In court, the suspect challenged the thermal imaging, which detects hot spots on the outside of a structure, as an illegal search. The government countered that its agents measured the heat only after it had left the home. This past summer, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 5 to 4 that thermal imaging and similar monitoring of homes without a warrant violates the Fourth Amendment.

WHY PAY MORE?

CHICAGO—A lawyer waiting in line outside a nightclub noticed that women were being charged \$10 admission and men \$15, so he complained to the state's

Department of Human Rights. Illinois prohibits businesses from discriminating based on gender, and five other states and Washington, D.C. specifically ban clubs from charging different prices for men and women. Following media coverage, including a Chicago Tribune editorial that chastised him for lacking common sense, the lawyer dropped his complaint. "I think it would be better to let it go," he said.

GAS ATTACK

LONDON—Scotland Yard launched an investigation following charges that an officer farted during a drug raid at a suburban home. According to a letter sent by internal affairs to eight officers: "An allegation has been received that a male officer broke wind in the hallway and did not apologize to the family. The complainant felt it was rude and unprofessional."

TERROR TACTIC

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA—Keith Henson considers Scientology a dangerous cult, and he's become one of the organization's most vocal critics. Last year he picketed outside its film studio and participated in a tongue-in-cheek discussion online about targeting the building with a nuclear missile. That led prosecutors to charge the electrical engineer with making terrorist threats. Henson argued that he had been exercising his right to free speech. After a jury convicted him of a misdemeanor hate crime, Henson fled to Canada.

FULL DISCLOSURE

SAN FRANCISCO—A federal judge ruled that state prison officials must allow witnesses to an execution to see the entire procedure, not just the moments before the prisoner dies. The state argued that it needed to protect the identities of the guards who secure the prisoner. The judge suggested that the officers wear surgical masks to conceal their faces, but prison officials said that would "disrupt the human bond that the team tries to establish with the inmate" so he won't resist.

LEGAL AFFAIR

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA—Jeffrey Presser and Debra Oddo dated from the eighth grade through their sophomore year in college. Years later, after each had mar-

ried other people, Oddo phoned Presser to catch up. One thing led to another, and within weeks both had asked their spouses for divorces. Oddo's jilted husband then did what any red-blooded American might do: He sued under an obscure state law that prohibits "alienation of affection" and another that bans adultery. A jury decided that Thomas Oddo should be compensated for the loss of his spouse, including her value as a housewife, and ordered Presser to pay him \$1.41 million.

ZERO SENSE

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA—A school official patrolling a high school parking lot spotted a five-inch steak knife on the floor of a student's car. The school alerted police, who arrested senior Lindsay Brown. Citing the school's zero-tolerance policy toward weapons, officials suspended the National Merit Scholar for five days and banned her from graduation ceremonies. Brown said the knife must have fallen out of a box she had moved over the weekend.

OLDSMAR, FLORIDA—Police led an 11-year-old away from school in handcuffs because he had drawn pictures of weapons. "We need to get it through kids' heads that there are certain things you don't draw," the principal said.



EAST SABLE RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA—School administrators suspended a second grader for a day because he pointed a breaded chicken finger at a classmate and said, "Bang!" The boy earlier had been suspended for forming a gun with his hand.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

THE WEST WING

a candid conversation with the cast and creators of the smartest show on the air about politics (real and imagined), drugs (yes, it happens) and why tv loves liberals

This is definitely not George W. Bush's White House. Secret Service agents play Frisbee with a beefy guy in a Drew Carey Show cap. In place of Lafayette Park and the Washington Monument are the looming Burbank Hills under a brown and smoggy sky. The White House columns are hollow and painted white, and the desk in the president's office is a fake (though a perfect replica of John Kennedy's desk). When the president, played by Martin Sheen, arrives, he's not in a motorcade limousine with bullet-proof windows. He's pedaling an old, fat-wheeled bicycle.

That's life on the set of the NBC television series *The West Wing*, where the day is devoted not to the Arab-Israeli conflict or school vouchers but to a different sort of crisis. Sheen jumps off the bike and ducks into the White House doors just as Rob Lowe careers up on a golf cart, screeching to a stop. Waving a *Newsweek* magazine in his hand, Lowe seems outraged by the magazine's cover. There's a picture of James Gandolfini and other cast members of *The Sopranos* with a headline that reads WHY THE SOPRANOS HAS THE REST OF TV RUNNING FOR ITS LIFE. "Did

you see this?" Lowe yelps, his cobalt eyes flashing. "Did you see this? We're running for our lives? Then how come I'm not even winded?"

Lowe is right. Neither he nor anyone else on the *West Wing* set is looking over his shoulder at *The Sopranos*—or at anything else. The show, which is launching its third season on NBC, is hotter than ever—a smash hit that has broken ground on television and wound its way into our political debate. What other TV show is referenced on the front pages of *The New York Times*, is argued about on op-ed pages and, according to some people, has influenced our presidential election? *The West Wing* tackles gun control, flag burning, nuclear arms, racism, religion and terrorism. *Time* magazine called it "our national civics lesson" and the show is sometimes taken ridiculously seriously. One example: Last season, when the fictional president's secretary was killed in a car wreck, the show was inundated with letters and telephone calls, and the death was mourned by a moment of silence in the California State Assembly.

The West Wing was created and is written

with consistent wit by Aaron Sorkin, whose credits include *A Few Good Men* and *The American President*. Sorkin proposed the show off the cuff at a lunch meeting with John Wells, creator of another successful television series, *ER*. They brought in director Thomas Schlamme, a veteran of the *Larry Sanders Show*, and the trio convinced Warner Bros. and NBC to back a pilot. According to former Democratic pollster Pat Caddell, who is an assistant producer and advisor on the show, the executives had no expectations for the show and gave it a green light only as a favor to Wells.

The pilot was a sharply written and smartly acted glimpse at life in the real White House—albeit a White House headed by a charismatic president and a staff that was unconcerned about polls and reelection. Instead they are fiercely, boldly and passionately committed to doing the right thing. That's right, it's a fantasy.

Television executives put the show on hold during the Monica Lewinsky scandal; they worried that Americans had had enough of politics. However, when it finally aired in 1999, the show was an instant success with



SHEEN: "It's going to take a long time to realize what a magnificent leader Clinton was. His humanity was behind his great flaws, but it was also part of his great heroism."



SCHIFF: "There is an emotional freedom *The Sopranos* has that we don't. It's not about showing breasts and being crude. It's about a greater freedom of expression."



LOWE: "This show has always been about wish fulfillment. The problem is that, regardless of ideology, there will never be an administration as user-friendly as Bartlet's."



SPENCER: "I've always been interested in politics, but I make it clear I'm an actor who plays a politician. I let the problems of the free world go when I leave the studio."



JANNEY: "It was powerful to walk into the Oval Office, but the first time I walked onto our set I got chills. When I got to the real White House, I thought, Oh, ours is better."



HILL: "In school, people called me a nigger. Every time black history month came around and they talked about Martin Luther King, everyone in the class turned to look at me."

critics and with a substantial prime-time audience. By the time the most recent season ended the past spring with a cliff-hanger—despite the fact that he concealed a serious illness, will President Bartlet run for a second term?—the show had become a smash. During its second season, *The West Wing* had an average of 17 million viewers a week. That placed it in 13th place among all shows on all networks for the year (up from 30th place the year before). It dominated its Wednesday night slot and gave NBC its highest ratings among adult viewers at that time since *Seinfeld*. The show has also won numerous awards. In its debut season, it took home nine Emmys, including outstanding drama series. It is the all-time leader with the most Emmys won by a series in a single season. This year it garnered another 18 Emmy nominations. Other accolades include a Peabody for excellence in television, a Golden Globe for best drama series and three Television Critics Association awards. Earlier this year, the cast won the Screen Actors Guild award for outstanding performance by an ensemble.

The cast, headed by Sheen, plays liberal and is liberal. Several members, along with Sorkin, campaigned for Al Gore. Many politicians in the Clinton White House were fans of the show. The cast and creators were invited to Washington. Some columnists wrote that *The West Wing* lost the election for Gore because Gore couldn't live up to Sheen's President Josiah Bartlet.

Sheen's long acting career has spanned decades and includes unforgettable performances in *Apocalypse Now*, *Badlands* and

Missiles of October. During the filming of *Apocalypse Now*, Sheen suffered a heart attack, and later went into recovery for his alcoholism. Sheen, once fired for trying to organize his fellow caddie employees at a country club, has been arrested more than 70 times in political protests. His four children include actors Emilio Estevez and Charlie Sheen.

Another regular on the show is Leo McGarry, the president's chief of staff, played by John Spencer, an actor who has been working since he was a child star on *The Patty Duke Show*. He is known for brilliant stage performances as well as for his roles in *Presumed Innocent*, *Execution of Justice*, *The Rock*, *Cop Land*, *Green Card* and *L.A. Law*.

Brad Whitford is the deputy chief of staff Josh Lyman. Whitford, who was a student studying English lit at Wesleyan University before he attended Juilliard, started on Broadway in Sorkin's *A Few Good Men*. He also appeared in *Bicentennial Man*, *Scent of a Woman*, *Philadelphia* and *The Client*.

Whitford's on-the-show assistant, Donna Moss, is played by Janel Moloney, who studied acting with Roy London and had parts in *Dream Lover*, *Alice*, *Till There Was You*, *Desperate Measures* and in another Aaron Sorkin-Tommy Schlamme collaboration, *Sports Night*, a television series that lasted two seasons.

Allison Janney, who was encouraged in her career by Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward when they met her at Kenyon College, plays the West Wing's press secretary C.J. Cregg. Janney was the catatonic mother in *American Beauty* and had parts in

Big Night, *The Ice Storm*, Howard Stern's *Private Parts*, *Primary Colors*, *Celebrity* and *Nurse Betty*. She won the Screen Actors Guild best actress award for *West Wing* earlier this year. At more than six feet tall, Janney was called by *The New York Times* a "magnificent hero to tall girls everywhere."

Richard Schiff plays Toby Ziegler, the White House communications director. Schiff, who won a best supporting actor Emmy, has worked as a theater director in New York and in *Deep Impact*, *Seven*, *Malcolm X* and *Jurassic Park: Lost World*.

Dule Hill was born in Orange, New Jersey to parents from Jamaica. On the show, he plays the president's personal aide, Charlie Young. Hill went from being "the worst student in class" to a renowned tap dancer who for years starred in *Bring in da Noise*, *Bring in da Funk*.

Then there's Lowe, probably the most familiar name in the cast. He plays deputy communications director Sam Seaborn. Lowe, who, like Sheen and Janney, is from Dayton, Ohio, has worked in politics since he was small enough to walk under police barricades. He has canvassed for George McGovern and Michael Dukakis. At the age of eight, Lowe began working in children's TV and appeared in *The Outsiders*, *Hotel New Hampshire*, *About Last Night*, *Wayne's World*, *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* and *St. Elmo's Fire*.

PLAYBOY has previously interviewed the cast and creators of four groundbreaking television shows. When we decided to add *The West Wing* to 60 Minutes, *Saturday Night Live*, *Thirtysomething* and *Hill Street*



WHITFORD: "People who want to listen to what we have to say about politics wouldn't expect Anthony Edwards to operate on them. On the other hand, why should I shut up?"



MOLONEY: "I come from a pretty liberal household. My mother was a Playboy Bunny in Los Angeles. My grandma was a stripper. My parents love the politics on our show."



SORKIN: "It's easy to view President Bartlet as better than the real thing. So are movie doctors. Anyone who can't tell the difference—well, they watch too much TV."



WELLS: "We have doctors on *ER* and political consultants on *The West Wing* and we do a tremendous amount of fact checking. We take that responsibility seriously."

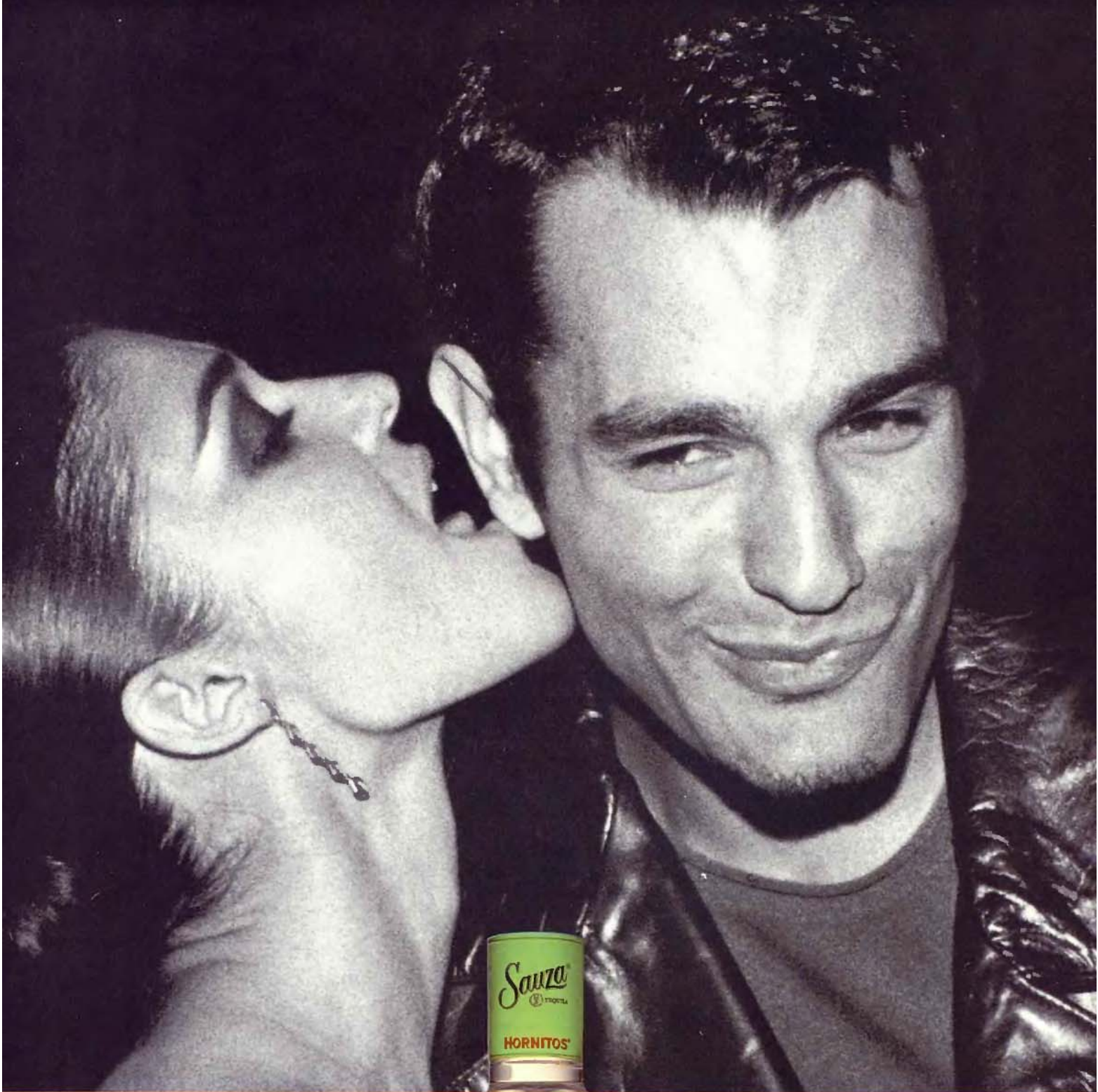


CADDELL: "How many Americans feel as if politics now is about what is good? I left politics because it wasn't. I felt really dirty, like I had been in a slime bath."



SCHLAMME: "I slept in the Lincoln bedroom and, no, it didn't cost me a penny. I'm the son of immigrants. It was the most exciting thing to sleep at the White House."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN CEDENO AND MIZUNO



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Blues, we tapped Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, whose last *Playboy* Interview was with New Mexico governor Gary Johnson.

Sheff reports: "Because of its decidedly liberal politics—Sorkin's President Bartlet takes on the Christian right and the war on drugs—The West Wing could never be confused with the Bush administration. When the actors are in character, the conversation is smart and complex and they often sound like policy wonks.

"Off camera, things quickly degenerate, however. When I was interviewing Brad Whitford in his trailer, Allison Janney poked her head in and asked if she had mistakenly left her diaphragm inside. Without missing a beat, Whitford deadpanned, 'Maybe. And I think your lingerie is hanging in the bathroom.'

"But there are more than practical jokes going on. When I entered Martin Sheen's trailer, he apologized for the clutter and then, without explanation, asked me, 'In the country formerly called Burma, which is now Myanmar, there is a woman who won the Nobel Peace Prize. Do you know her name?' Sheen later explained that he would be narrating a documentary on the weekend and he had to correctly pronounce her name.

"The West Wing is a true ensemble and this a true ensemble interview. I sat down with all of the regular cast members, as well as the show's creator Sorkin, executive co-producer Wells, director and executive co-producer Schlamme and one of the associate producers on the show's staff, former Democratic pollster Pat Caddell. (There are other consultants from real life, including Dee Dee Myers, press secretary for President Clinton, and Marlin Fitzwater, press secretary for the current president's father.) Since I was dealing with a group of people intensely concerned about politics who happen to play people in politics, it wasn't a surprise that the tone was set by the news. One morning, for example, President Bush had moved closer to opening the Alaskan wilderness for oil drilling and had called for a sharp increase in defense spending. On the set, West Wing's pretend president addressed it, speaking very unpresidentially. 'What a thug!' Sheen railed. 'He is dull and dangerous.' Lowe, passing by on his golf cart, chuckled and said, 'Martin, tell us how you really feel.'"

PLAYBOY: Aaron, could you just as easily write a TV show about a Republican administration—say, a president similar to George W. Bush?

SORKIN: Could I or would I? I don't know if I could, and I know that I wouldn't. I'm not interested.

PLAYBOY: How about you, Martin, could or would you play the role of President Bartlet if he were a conservative Republican rather than a progressive liberal?

SHEEN: I would like to believe I could, but my heart wouldn't allow it.

PLAYBOY: Would you turn down the part?
SHEEN: My bank account would want me to take it, but yes. I'd like to think I could have been a good enough sport to do it, but I wouldn't have. On the other hand,

I don't think they would have come to me if Bartlet were a Republican. They probably would have called Charlton Heston.

SPENCER: We're actors. We can play whatever is on the page. Martin wouldn't have taken the job, but he could have. I could play a Republican. Richard Schiff has said he could. I haven't asked the others.

LOWE: I wouldn't have done it. When I read the script, the characters inspired me. I doubt I would have been inspired by the story of a conservative White House. How dreary.

MOLONEY: I have to say I love the fact that I believe in the politics on the show. However, I would be thrilled as an actress to do it if the writing was as exciting as it is. Our job isn't to agree or disagree with the material but to perform it.

PLAYBOY: Would the show have taken off if it had been launched during the Bush administration?

WELLS: I don't think it mattered. The show is about hope and patriotism. It's an antidote to the pessimism and cynicism in this country. We hear from Republicans who tell us they may not agree with the stands our White House takes,

We are in a desperate, desperate time. I don't think anyone should be placated by our show. The Republicans are back in business. The ramrods are rolling.

but they champion the commitment and passion of the characters because patriotism isn't partisan.

LOWE: Like all really magical pieces of work that explode into people's consciousness, a certain part has been timing.

JANNEY: It may not be a complete coincidence that the show took off during an election year when everyone was obsessed with politics.

LOWE: I think it had more to do with the tone of the show than any particular administration in Washington. I don't think it would have worked if Americans were not so tired of the politics of destruction and cynicism and partisan bickering. It wouldn't have caught on if we weren't so disillusioned. America was hungry for another view of politics. Our show is less about Democrat versus Republican than it is about the promise of America.

CADDELL: That's exactly what the show is about: the dream that is America. The show is about a president who is devoted not to any party line but to whatever is good and right. How many Americans feel as if politics now is about what is good and right? I left politics because it wasn't. By the end I felt really dirty. Re-

ally, really dirty. It felt like I had been in a slime bath my entire life.

PLAYBOY: Was there a specific moment when it hit you?

CADDELL: One day I saw how far away from the dream we had come. I was working on the campaign for Alan Cranston, who was running for senator in California. It was a close race. We knew a lot of young people were going to end up voting against us. Cranston was a good man but many younger voters thought, Why do we want this old guy? In the final 10 days of the campaign, our polls confirmed it. We had an emergency conference call during which I told people I was working with, "There is only one way to win. We have to make this campaign so disgusting that young people won't want to vote." We succeeded. I had done my job. Afterward, I was sitting in my office and everyone had gone home. I realized, What the hell happened to me? This is why I got into politics? To make people not vote? At that minute, I quit.

SPENCER: I agree that the show succeeds because it reminds people why we care in the first place. Why we should vote. Aaron seems to bring forth that message in a way that isn't embarrassingly self-indulgent or saccharine. I remember feeling optimistic about politics. I remember a time when everyone was inspired by our president. Like that time, you want to be a part of this administration. In a *New York Times* poll conducted during the presidential election, President Bartlet would have won the election by 75 percent.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to Democrats angry about the Bush victory, who say Bartlet is their president for the next four years?

LOWE: This show has always been about wish fulfillment. It was even about wish fulfillment during the Clinton administration. The problem is that, regardless of your political ideology, there will never be an administration as user-friendly as Bartlet's.

SCHLAMME: We hear a lot from people discouraged by President Bush. They say that they watch our show and pretend. I got this call from someone pretty high up in the Clinton administration and he said, "It's yours now." I thought, No! We don't want the ball. We just want to do our TV show.

MOLONEY: I hope people don't close their eyes to what's going on because they watch a TV show and pretend everything is all right. Watching *The West Wing* isn't going to keep the Alaskan Wildlife Reserve from being drilled. It won't protect women's right to choose. I'm not like Martin out there getting arrested, but I feel like it when I read the paper these days. It's really discouraging. I'm flabbergasted. People have to stay engaged. One thing we learned about the last presidential election is that you matter. Our vote counts.

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SHEEN: We are in a desperate, desperate time. I think we're going to wake up as a nation when the economy and the environment and the unions are in a lot more desperate condition. I don't think anyone should be placated by our show or anything else. The Republicans are back in business. The ramrods are rolling. W. brought back the old man's team. They look at it as their chance to do it right this time. There isn't a lot to be proud of from the Bush administration. What? The Gulf war? We killed more of our people than Saddam did. Now they are back and they are going to try it again, to do some real damage. Where do I start? As one conservationist said, Bush's policy sounds like the energy policies of Exxon and Mobil. Our environment is once again being sacrificed for expedience in politics. Why didn't people see this coming? Rather than make people complacent by pretending that a nice guy is in the White House, I hope we inspire people to say, "We can't wait."

PLAYBOY: Aaron, when you cast your president, were you worried about Martin's longtime association with left-wing politics?

SORKIN: No. Nor was I worried about Rob Lowe and the public difficulties he'd had. We hired Martin the actor. We hired Rob the actor. In truth, I am proud to be working with somebody who so often puts his money where his mouth is. There are times when I wish he wouldn't say some of the things he says about the current president, but would I ever ask him to stop being him? Not for all the money in the world. In fact, we do a shooting schedule around his arrest schedule and keep a couple of thousand bucks in a bail fund if we need it.

PLAYBOY: Many of you worked for Gore. How did you get involved?

SORKIN: Rob Reiner is a great friend of ours. He organized a tour.

HILL: Some of us went out over two weeks to 18 or 19 cities. It was an amazing experience.

WHITFORD: We talked about whether or not we should campaign. Some of us thought it would be better for the show if we just sort of shut up, but we felt strongly and most of us ended up getting involved.

PLAYBOY: It's unlikely that journalists would ask the people who make *ER* their opinions on surgery, yet you're asked about politics.

WHITFORD: It's a weird thing as an actor because you get this ridiculous amount of attention and credibility that you do not deserve. It's hilarious. People who want to listen to what we have to say about politics wouldn't expect Anthony Edwards to operate on them. On the other hand, everybody has an opinion about politics. Everybody should educate himself and exercise his voice. It's funny to me when you hear people complain about Hollywood people voicing

their opinions. What? Should I shut up? It's different from thinking that a lawyer on *LA Law* should try a case before the Supreme Court.

PLAYBOY: What about it, John? After four years playing a lawyer, could you try a case?

SPENCER: There were times on *LA Law* when I felt I could. But in reality, I would need David Kelley to write my lines. Similarly, I could sit in the White House for a day and help the president—if Aaron Sorkin wrote a script for me.

MOLONEY: It got strange around here during the election. It was a little over the top. I mean, We're a TV show. People seem to become excited about joining the worlds of politics and entertainment, maybe because there sometimes seems to be such a fine line. Some of it was fun, but making a TV show takes a lot of time. We don't have time to hang out for hours and talk.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by Gore's defeat?

SHEEN: I was. I know that some people had a moral issue with Mr. Clinton, but why the hell should Mr. Gore have suffered for it? Gore was probably the most qualified individual in the last 25 years to run for the Oval Office.

PLAYBOY: Some people blamed you for Gore's loss, Martin.

SHEEN: Me? Why me?

PLAYBOY: No real politician could live up to your President Bartlet. By comparison, Gore seemed wooden and wishy-washy.

SHEEN: But President Bartlet is a TV character. Gore is neither wooden nor wishy-washy. He is very shy, but he is dynamic and understands the issues on a deep level.

SCHIFF: I don't think we had a real effect. When it comes down to nickels and dimes, people are going to react from their guts. They are not going to be affected by a TV show.

PLAYBOY: Aaron, as the creator of these characters, how do you respond to the people who said Gore couldn't compare to your president?

SORKIN: It's easy to view President Bartlet or President Shepherd [from *The American President*, played by Michael Douglas] as better than the real thing. So are movie doctors and movie lawyers and movie cowboys and movie women and movie men. Anyone who couldn't tell the difference—well, they watch too much TV.

WHITFORD: The problem with the election is the problem with the system. By the time you have kissed asses in junior high schools and raised enough money at society cocktail parties, you look like an idiot. Then we go, "What an idiot!" We make these guys climb a filthy pole and then go, "You're dirty." They have to go through a ridiculous dog show. Al Gore had no instinct for the game, which I like about him.

PLAYBOY: While Clinton was president,

the show seemed like a reflection of the White House. Now it seems like a sharp contrast. How has the election affected the show?

SCHLAMME: It hasn't. The difference is how people perceive us. An example is the final image of one episode last season. We pull back and a man comes in and turns off the lights in the Oval Office. All we were saying is that days do end. However, it happened to air on the night after the election. It already appeared that Gore had lost. The turning off of the lights at the end of the show felt like it was about the end of the Clinton era.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone among you who is glad that Bush won?

JANNEY: Most of us seem to be from somewhere in the middle of the political spectrum to somewhere to the far left with Martin. There's no one on the right. That wouldn't be tolerated [laughs]. I was never political before this show. I don't think I could even have told you who Dee Dee Myers was before I began. I've gotten better since then. I know who [White House press secretary] Ari Fleischer is, which is a huge step. I'm supposed to be related to George Bush, by the way. You have to talk to my mom. She's the one who knows how. She says I'm related to him two different ways. And they still let me be on the show.

HILL: There were always vigorous political discussions at my house, but my parents were not necessarily liberal. I was out there campaigning for Gore, but my father was on the other side.

MOLONEY: I come from a pretty liberal household. I mean, my mother was a Bunny in the Playboy Club in Los Angeles. My grandma was a stripper. My grandfather had a bar and ran shows. My parents love the politics on our show.

SPENCER: I've always been interested in politics, too. I scream at the right-wingers on the talking-head shows. At the same time, I make clear in all of my associations that I'm an actor who plays a politician. I let the problems of the free world go when I leave the studio.

PLAYBOY: Aaron, were you always as politically involved as some of your cast?

SORKIN: In sixth grade, I had a crush on a girl in my class named Jenny Lavin. She was volunteering after school at the local McGovern for President headquarters. I thought it'd be a pretty good idea if I volunteered, too. One weekend they put us all on a couple of buses and took us to White Plains, where the Nixon campaign motorcade was passing. They wanted some McGovern people there among all the Nixon people. They gave us signs. I held up a big sign that said nothing more incendiary than MCGOVERN FOR PRESIDENT. A 143-year-old woman who was shorter than I was at 11 came up from behind me, grabbed the sign out of my hand and whacked me over the head with it. My interest in politics since that minute has been shoving that

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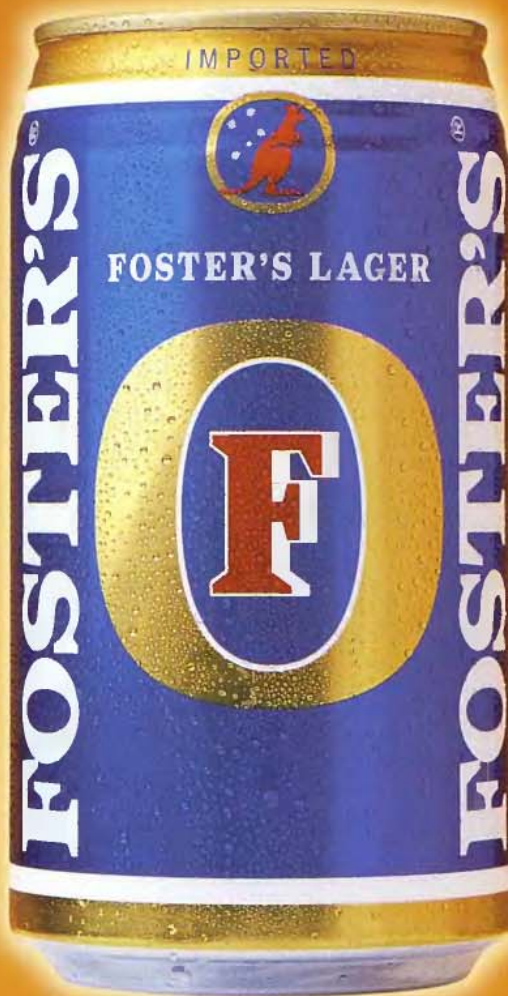


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LOWE: I was interested in politics since I was a child. I sold Kool-Aid for George McGovern when he ran for president. I would have been eight. I can remember being so little that I could walk under a police barricade without stooping. Later I worked for Michael Dukakis. I have all my original buttons. My parents exposed me to a lot when I was young. I admired Thomas Jefferson. I read everything there was to read about Lincoln and Kennedy. The posters in my room when I was 12 were Redford and Hoffman from *All the President's Men*. In the other corner was Farrah.

PLAYBOY: You were on the last cover of *George* magazine before John Kennedy Jr.'s death. How did that come about?

LOWE: Apparently he saw the pilot of *The West Wing* and made everybody at *George* watch it. He felt it embodied everything he wanted *George* to be about. They asked me to be on the cover and we shot that cover on the day they recovered his body.

PLAYBOY: You weren't born when John Kennedy was assassinated, were you?

LOWE: No, but I remember staying up and watching the train carrying Bobby's body. It is one of my earliest memories. I remember the feeling that my family had for John and Bobby. I think the Kennedy administration was as much if not more about wish fulfillment than *The West Wing* is.

PLAYBOY: Martin, you played Bobby Kennedy in *Missiles of October*.

SHEEN: It was difficult since I admired him so much. I worked for him when he ran for the Senate. I sat with him for three hours once. My God, he was heroic. His death was a tremendous blow—he was such a ray of hope. It was devastating, particularly after the deaths of JFK and Martin Luther King. When I was asked to play the part, I didn't think anyone could or should play him. My wife encouraged me to do it. She said, "Maybe it's better that you play him because you loved him." She said it was probably better than someone else playing him—someone who didn't love him. Playing someone as majestic as Bobby Kennedy is hard. It makes you very humble very quickly.

PLAYBOY: In your show, young idealistic campaign workers are looking for "the real thing," a politician who is sincere, honest and passionate. Was Bobby Kennedy the closest you've seen to the real thing?

CADDELL: There hasn't been anyone since then. I had role models when I was a kid. I had Robert Kennedy, I had John Kennedy. I can remember how inspiring he was. Martin Luther King. What have we given our children? Bill Clinton and Newt Gingrich? Compare the Senate of the U.S. now with what I had when I entered national politics. People sit in the same seats, Republicans and Democrats

alike. At the time there were Dirksen, Hart, Muskie, Humphrey and McGovern. These were statesmen. Now the seats are filled with a bunch of pygmies.

SHEEN: I agree that Bobby was the real thing. He was killed and we ended up with Nixon and never recovered. The closest we have gotten since then was Bill Clinton. Our show is a reflection of the fantasy that you can have a human being who remains human. Is it a possibility or fantasy? If it's not a possibility, we have fallen into some measure of unconscious despair. Back when the country was going through the McCarthy hearings, Arthur Miller, one of my heroes, was hung out to dry, betrayed by dear and close friends. How could people have acted so cowardly? There was no heroic leadership. Where are those leaders? Few people are willing to get into the fray because it's so ugly in there. It's going to take a long time to realize what a magnificent leader Clinton was precisely because he was so human. His humanity was behind his great flaws, but it was also part of his great heroism.

PLAYBOY: Many of you visited the Clinton White House. What was your impression?

MOLONEY: What struck me most about the Clinton White House was this sense of privilege they felt right up to the last minute—through all the scandals and everything. It was never lost on them that they had an amazing, historic opportunity. The staff loved Clinton.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the show was postponed because of the Monica Lewinsky scandal?

WELLS: It's easy to ridicule people in hindsight, but at the time it really seemed off to consider a political show. We were not willing to abandon the show, but we agreed to put it on the back burner. They promised that they would make it the following year. When we called up the following year to say we were going to get started, they said, "You're kidding." When they put it off, they really were telling us that they didn't want to make it. They were trying to be nice. But since they agreed, we were able to go forward. Scott Sassa came in at NBC and he heard from everybody about their concerns and said, "We made a promise. Let's take a flier."

SORKIN: They weren't just worried about Lewinsky. Before Sassa, NBC was headed by Warren Littlefield and Don Ohlmeyer, who felt that a political show couldn't work on TV. Everyone said it wouldn't work. However, that's what everyone says before someone comes along and does it. There was a time when Hollywood said you couldn't make movies about baseball. They don't work, we've tried. In one year, *Bull Durham*, *Field of Dreams* and *Major League* came out. In 1970 a CBS executive famously said there are four things you can never have on television: a divorced person, a Jewish person, a person from New York or a

person with a mustache. You can't swing a dead cat anymore without hitting a sitcom about a divorced Jewish person from New York. Rules like those are made up by people who don't know anything.

WHITFORD: Hollywood tends to do a bad movie about bananas and then they say, "You can't do a movie about bananas." There were a lot of recent failed movies, if not TV shows, about politics. After all that, it's a testament to Aaron—he just had the audacity to pull this thing off.

WELLS: Films about politics have not been particularly successful. *American President* is a wonderful movie but didn't live up to expectations. Same with *13 Days*. I don't want to paint the executives as Philistines. If you look at the landscape, it wasn't clear this kind of show would work.

PLAYBOY: Were there concerns about the show's strong point of view?

WELLS: Sure. They were concerned that it might have a limited audience. So why would we want to reduce the audience even more? They were particularly concerned about the final scene in the pilot in which the president comes in and attacks the religious right. But we're more concerned about not taking a point of view. Aaron wants to push things. Far from the fear of ruffling feathers, we are afraid of complacency. These shows are hard to do. It takes a lot of hours. They get harder to do and not easier because you've done the easier stuff. The stories become more difficult.

PLAYBOY: Was there any concern that a show about politics would be unpopular because of Americans' low opinion of politicians?

SORKIN: Doctors and lawyers aren't very popular in America, yet shows about doctors and lawyers have always been successful. I never bought that. By the way, the other thing we were told is the most heinous and most egregious assumption possible, that other people are stupider than we are. At the end of the day, all of us who make this show, if we are going to be known for anything, would like to be known for this: We believe that people who watch television are at least as smart as the people who make the shows.

SHEEN: It's true that when we showed the pilot, many people said it was too good for network TV. Apparently they feel it's the kiss of death to be this good. They have little faith in the American TV audience. The viewing public taught us a lesson.

JANNEY: The attitude is that we have to talk down to the audience.

CADDELL: We have limits of what we can do and get away with. So far, the network and studio haven't paid attention to what we were doing. Now I think they pay close attention to the issues we touch on. I say this as a lowly co-producer of the show, but it seems unlikely to me that Warner Bros., which is now a part of AOL, which has enormous corporate interests, is going to let us run amok.

WHITFORD: For us, we're amazed at the

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writing. I wasn't aching to do anything besides the stage. The last place I expected to run into great material was television. However, things have sort of flipped in the entertainment business. When movies have to play in Manila to make money, they tend to be star-driven and safe. The studios aren't making *Dog Day Afternoon*. They would never make *The Godfather* today. They're not making interesting acting movies; they're making star vehicles. Now the good writing is for television. It's an incredibly lucky time for actors who get to be on one-hour dramas.

SCHIFF: We can't forget that so much TV is schlock. We have to constantly fight to hang on to the edges, away from that horrid vortex of mediocrity. It's a fight to do good work in any context in TV, movies or theater. When you have Martin Sheen and John Spencer and Allison Janney—this crew—along with Aaron's writing and Tommy's directing, you have a chance. You are always fighting against the pressures to dumb down and make it cheaper. It would be lovely if we were on HBO and we could be given a little bit more freedom. But we're on network TV and it makes the battle that much harder. How Aaron can spit it out every week is beyond our comprehension. What it takes to write a new show every eight days astounds me. He keeps topping himself and the next show is more brilliant than the last. We're very lucky to have that as a foundation.

PLAYBOY: How would the show be different if it appeared on HBO rather than on a network?

SCHIFF: We'd speak like human beings. It's not just four-letter words, but it's a manner of expression. There is an emotional freedom *The Sopranos* and *Sex and the City* have. It's not about showing breasts and being crude. It's about a greater freedom of expression. It's the main difference.

PLAYBOY: What does it say that the biggest television stories of the year range from *The West Wing* to *The Sopranos* to *Survivor* and other reality shows?

WELLS: It says that there is a broad audience watching television. When there were only three networks and Fox muscled in, every show had to reach the broadest possible audience. That takes any edges off. The audience of any one channel has dropped, but the total audience hasn't dropped. It's spread out so that lots of different kinds of shows succeed on lots of different kinds of networks—including cable networks and pay television stations and traditional networks. It's a much larger palette. We're not getting the same kind of pressures to homogenize what we're doing. The networks are aware that they have to brand themselves with distinctive shows.

SORKIN: In 1984 Ronald Reagan won reelection by one of the largest electoral landslides in history. I was a year out of college. At that point in my life, I had not met a single person who voted for him. That's the first time I realized this is a big, big country and I hardly know anybody. Everybody has a television set and there's a huge audience out there. Someone asked Charlie Sheen about the competition between him and his father. There's no competition. You know before you go into a video store whether you will rent *Apocalypse Now* or *Major League*. You know if you are interested in *Spin City* or *The West Wing*.

SCHIFF: I never wanted to do TV before this show. I read the script and really liked it but got kind of depressed about it. I was scared of getting caught in one role. I didn't mind doing the pilot, but I was worried about it succeeding. I was absolutely unconcerned about it failing. The surprise is that it has turned out to be consistently challenging and rewarding because the writing is exceptional and because Tommy Schlamme protects the quality. TV gets bashed a lot, but the fact of the matter is that some of my favorite roles have been on TV. On *NYPD Blue*, on which I played a Romanian terrorist, and *Chicago Hope* and *Ally McBeal*. Some of the greatest writers are working on television, including Aaron, David Kelley and David Milch. The writers go where they will have an audience. If Shakespeare were alive today, he would probably be writing ad copy. No, in fact, he would probably be

doing television because he could write as much as he loved to write and get it produced—like the way Aaron works.

SPENCER: Forget television, movies or plays. It doesn't matter. The dialogue on this show is some of the best I've ever had in my life.

PLAYBOY: Aaron, how much of President Bartlet was influenced by your meetings with President Clinton?

SORKIN: The meetings had more to do with inspiring *The West Wing* itself. I was struck by the people around the president. In addition, I was interested in the idea of the president as much as anything. When I began writing, I realized there isn't a minute of the president's day that I didn't want to examine. If he is out of toothpaste, what does he do? I became fascinated. It was based on something James Carville said about election night in 1992, when Clinton won the first time. On the steps in front of the statehouse in Little Rock, he addressed tens of thousands of Clinton supporters. Everyone around him was saying, "My God, he is so presidential! Look at the transformation in just the last three hours!" Carville said, "He hasn't changed, everyone else has." That notion struck me. Writing about the president presented a tricky problem. In storytelling you usually put an ordinary person in an extraordinary circumstance. But how do you put the president in an extraordinary circumstance? Every day of his life is an extraordinary circumstance. Mars has to attack for the president to have an extraordinary day. I thought, I'll bet the reverse works just as well. Take an extraordinary person and put him in an ordinary circumstance.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Clinton?

SORKIN: He's very charismatic, but some of it is the fact that he was president. For my first meeting, I think I would have felt as excited about Bush or Reagan, because when you meet the president for the first time, the floor really does come out from underneath you.

MOLONEY: He's incredibly charismatic. There's an energy in the room that you've just never felt. Forget any movie star you've ever met in your life. He was the president and so controversial in many ways, which made his presence even larger.

SORKIN: The White House on *The West Wing* does reflect the Clinton White House in energy and spirit and passion, but too many people have leaped to an utterly erroneous assumption that there are characters on *The West Wing* based on characters from the Clinton White House. There is no George Stephanopoulos. There's no Paul Begala. People may occupy the same jobs and may have shaken hands a couple of times, but I don't know those people and couldn't write them if I wanted to.

SCHLAMME: It reflects the Clinton White House in style. It had that excitement. That romance.

WHITFORD: The success of the show didn't have anything to do with Clinton. But he happened to be the most exciting television character you could have for eight years. He's a fascinating character.

PLAYBOY: Most of you wound up visiting the White House. Was it a bonus that wouldn't come on a show such as *ER*?

SPENCER: I remember one afternoon at the White House bending over to Martin and saying, "You know, if we were playing cops, this wouldn't be happening."

PLAYBOY: When you visited the White House, did you learn about the real politicians' take on the realism in the show?

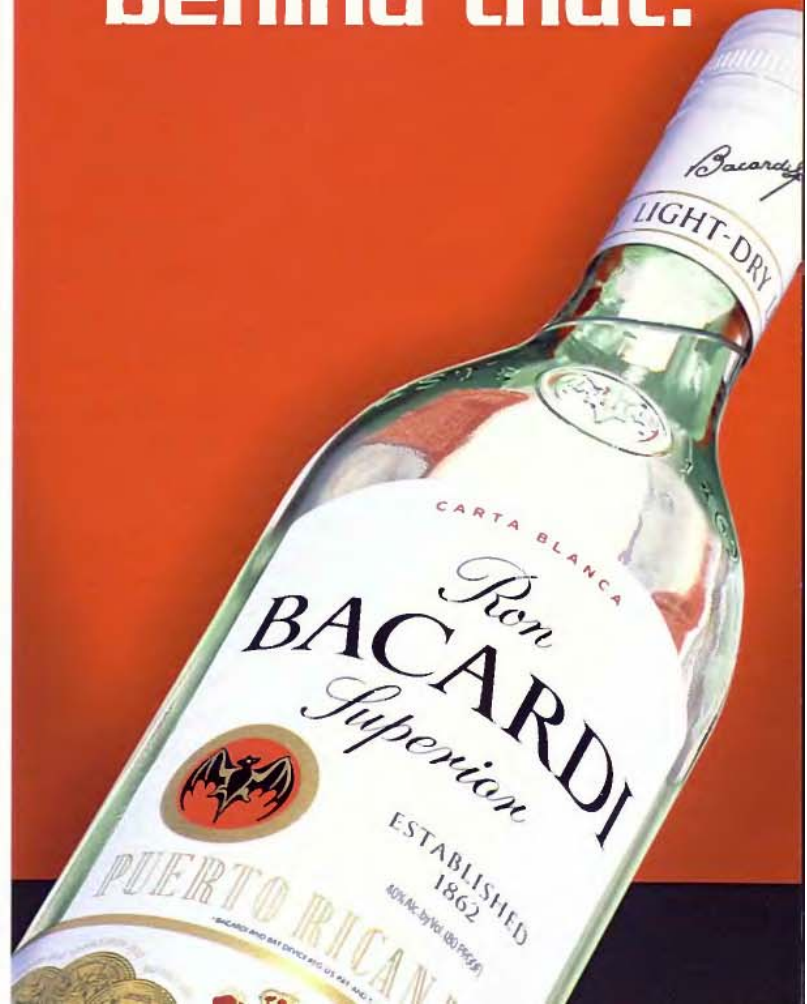
SHEEN: Joe Lockhart told us there aren't as many people in the hallways in the real West Wing. And they could never afford our wardrobes.

SCHLAMME: I spent two nights in the White House and slept in the Lincoln Bedroom and no, it didn't cost me a penny. We were friends with friends of Bill. I'm the son of immigrants. It was the most exciting thing in my life to sleep at the White House. The last morning, the president invited us to the Oval Office. It inspired the way I shoot the show. I kept watching everyone moving. The energy. What are they doing? Who's who? What are they carrying? Everybody's working and it stops when the president comes in. The moment he left, it started again. When I left the Oval Office, I felt exhilarated.

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HILL: I met Clinton's assistant about my second month of working on the show. Dee Dee Myers arranged for us to meet. I was able to pick his brain on what the real job entailed. I brought some of it to my character. The main thing I got out of it was the importance of the job. I play the assistant to the most powerful man in the world. I'm not the assistant to the branch manager.

JANNEY: It was powerful to walk into the Oval Office, but in a funny way, the first time I walked into the Oval Office on the set I got more chills. By the time I got to the real White House, I thought, Oh, ours is better.

SCHIFF: I'm still the only cast member to not meet President Clinton. I kept missing him. Later I was invited to Mrs. Clinton's birthday party when I was in New York. I didn't want to intrude, so I declined. The next day, on the front page of the *Post* you see the 7000 celebrities that were at her party. You know, what am I thinking? She's in a campaign. She's in the middle of a campaign and I'm worried about intruding on her birthday.

LOWE: To be able to take my family and have them sit on the presidential seal while the president gives his radio address was extraordinary. My younger son carries a stuffed frog instead of a blanket. He gave his frog to the president, who marched up the stairs to *Marine One* carrying it. At one point my kids were carrying the football—the briefcase with the nuclear coordinates with all of our launch codes. They carried it across the South Lawn. If you ever have any doubts that maybe there was a little too much access by the people on *The West Wing*, Exhibit A is that my seven-year-old and four-year-old had the nuclear launch codes of the United States.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever received hate mail because of some of your stands on issues?

SCHLAMME: The only hate mail we got was about the interracial relationship between the president's daughter and Charlie, Hill's character. The letters were actually well written. They weren't from some guy out of *Deliverance*. They were typed and articulate. It floored us.

PLAYBOY: Aaron, do you get ideas for your scripts from the front page of the newspaper?

SORKIN: Not necessarily. I will often go on long drives before I write. The music in my car is the same music I listened to 10 years ago. It's not uncommon for me to hear a song in my car and it will make me feel a certain way. That's what happened with the final episode of the second season. I listened to Dire Straits' *Brothers in Arms* and wanted to write something that felt that way. From there, what do I do? It's like a jigsaw puzzle. You first find the corners, then the edges, then pieces that look like a horse and then you put the horse together.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference writing for television?

SORKIN: The most difficult thing is the pace, which is ferocious. I have to write a script once every eight working days. When you finish it, you feel good for about two or three minutes until you realize all finishing a script means is that you haven't started the next one.

MOLONEY: Aaron will be racked with worry and discomfort about not knowing where a certain show is going or what he is going to do. The next day you'll get some beautiful piece of art delivered on your doorstep, and it takes your breath away.

SPENCER: At that stage it doesn't matter that we have fans in the White House or anything else. Actors live for great writing.

PLAYBOY: How would *The West Wing* White House be different if your fictional president was a reflection of President Bush?

SHEEN: It would be a lot less fun. The hairdos on the women would be much more expensive.

SORKIN: Martin is right, and not just about the hair.

PLAYBOY: Why are Republicans less fun?

SORKIN: All I can tell you is that they are. In the last year of the Clinton administration, we were asked to participate in the White House Correspondents' Dinner and we did a five-minute film. This year we were asked by the Bush administration to consider doing it again. I thought we might poke fun at ourselves because our horse lost, that we're now in a position where we kind of have to kiss the ass of the horse that won. I met with people in the Bush administration. I have never met a less funny group of people in my life. By God, they're not funny.

WHITFORD: And they're not sexy. For better or worse, the Clinton administration was. It was an exciting group of young people. Our characters reflect the passion and commitment of those people even though Aaron has consistently noted that we are not the Clinton White House. It's not just sexiness, either. Our show is about heroism. There is something inherently more heroic about a progressive Democrat than a conservative Republican.

PLAYBOY: Most Republicans would disagree with you. Probably all of them.

WHITFORD: It's not a partisan statement. Look back in history. Most people now think that Social Security is a good idea. "Don't let the old people starve in the streets!" It's an example of the type of programs that have come from progressive Democrats. In my lifetime, the conservative Republicans didn't champion civil rights. Though the Democrats got us into Vietnam, conservative Republicans didn't fight against the war. Democrats represent the best of American idealism. If we were a bunch of Republicans, the show would end with swelling music and we'd be jumping up and down and saying, "Hurrah! We have managed to unprotect the land!" "The tax break came through for the dot-com guys!"

HILL: You can't spend time around here and think this is just a job for us. We care about this stuff enormously. However, for some of us, getting a job was what it was all about. It's not easy landing work as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been channel surfing, John, and stumbled on an old *Patty Duke* episode?

SPENCER: Yes, and it brings such a smile to my face. It was before I knew anything about the craft of acting. I was 16. I looked sort of like a toothpick with a head. I had this crew cut and big old ears sticking out. I was a child and I had a lot of freedom. The exuberance was real even if there wasn't a lot of technique.

PLAYBOY: Dule, you were a tap dancer. How did you end up acting?

HILL: My mother was a ballerina and I started dance school when I was three. My brother and my cousins were all going to dance school. I grew up in a middle-class suburb in New Jersey. When we moved there I was in kindergarten, and we were the first two black students in the whole school system. Some idiot drove his car over our grass, put tire tracks on the front lawn. We had things like that happen when we first moved there. Every time black history month came around and they talked about Martin Luther King, everyone in the class turned to look at me. In middle school, during lunchtime people called me a nigger. I don't like people touching my hair—I don't know any black person who does—but people did it all the time. I've had teachers tell my parents that I was the worst student in class, when I saw other people in the class being much, much worse. But at the same time, my parents always let me know I had a gift from God. They made me feel as if I had something to offer. When I was 20, I got into *Bring in da Noise, Bring in da Funk*. During those two and a half years when I did the show, I finally knew what I wanted to do. Perform. Move. Dance. Act.

WHITFORD: I'm from Wisconsin, and it never occurs to you that it's even a possibility to make a living as a professional actor. You don't know anybody who has done it. You don't know anybody's third cousin who has done it. I'm phenomenally indecisive about everything. I still haven't made a choice about whether I should have whole milk, skim milk or two percent. But I loved acting. I thought acting was a great combination of English and recess. When I got into Juilliard, I knew that it was what I wanted to pursue. Out of my class at Juilliard, three of us are making a living. It's very rough out there.

PLAYBOY: Allison, you were discovered by Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. What happened?

JANNEY: We met when I was at Kenyon College and Joanne invited me to her Playhouse in New York and took me

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COLLEGE SPORTS IN CRISIS

ARTICLE BY
ERIN ZAMMETT

BIG-TIME ATHLETES ARE LAVISHED WITH PERKS, SEXUAL FAVORS AND TUTORS WHO DO ALL THEIR WORK. NOW, GET THIS—THERE'S A MOVEMENT TO TEACH THEM TO READ

One day last January, Romogi Huma, a former linebacker for UCLA, joined by nearly two dozen current and former players (as well as NFL cornerback Daylon McCutcheon), held a press conference to announce that the way big-time college athletics is organized has to change.

"We put our bodies and even our lives on the line," Huma said. "Providing maximum medical protection for us is the least the NCAA should be doing, along with ensuring that those who do not go on to professional careers in football—almost 99 percent of us—are prepared academically for other careers."

Huma and his companions demanded a series of reforms—including better medical and life insurance, bigger stipends for student-athletes, the removal of caps on what they earn in the offseason and employment counseling. He also said that administra-

tors—and everyone else who's involved—should "help student-athletes make education their top priority and improve graduation rates."

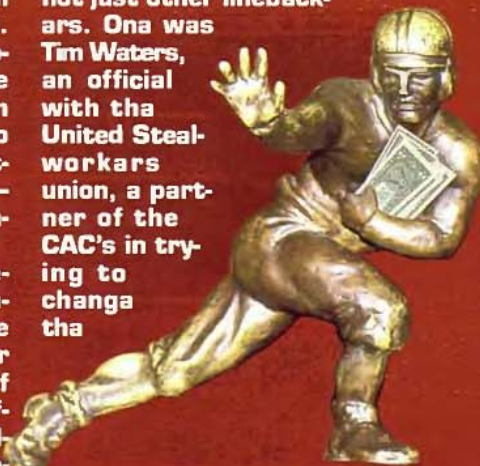
Huma announced the formation of the Collegiate Athletes Coalition, a group dedicated to bringing about those reforms. He had powerful friends with him, and not just other linebackers. One was Tim Waters, an official with the United Steelworkers union, a partner of the CAC's in trying to change the

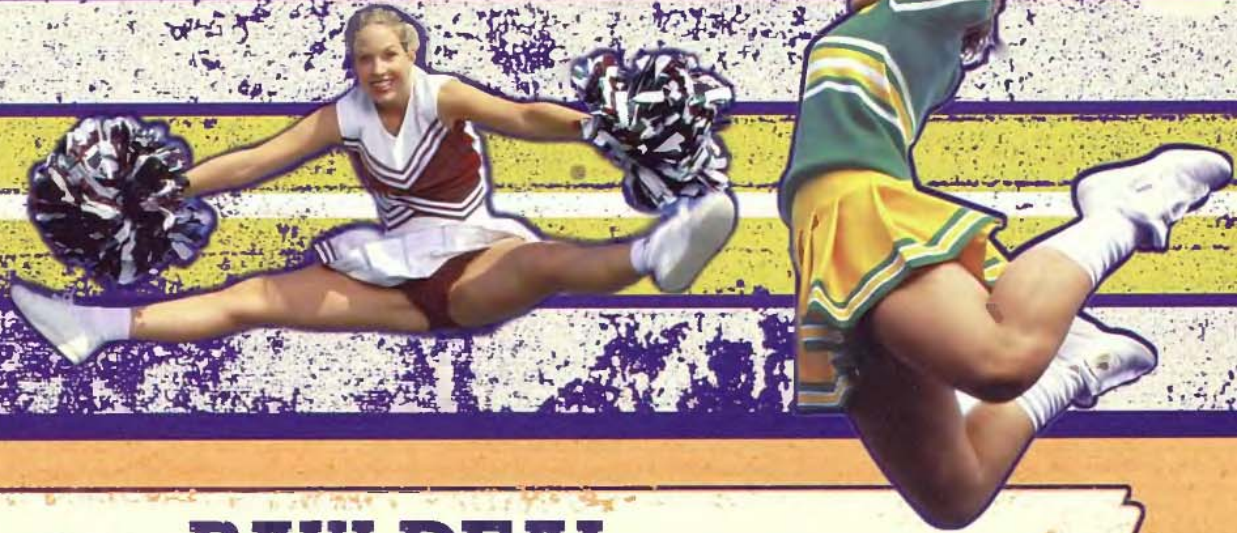
financial and academic look of major college athletic programs.

"It's scary," said Waters, "that all this money is there, and the student-athletes aren't even being considered. It's a sign of exactly what's wrong. The athletes are committed to this. The NCAA had better open its eyes and look at the situation. We are serious. We aren't going to go away."

According to the determined Waters, whose union has worked with students on other issues, "The players are definitely being exploited. You've got some underprivileged students trying to make their way by using their athletic talent. They're not getting a free education like the NCAA would have the general public believe. They work hard and generate a lot of money."

One indication of the money in college athletics is that CBS agreed to pay \$6 billion for the rights to telecast the NCAA man's (continued on page 88)





RAW DEAL

A reform-minded professor attacks the plantation system that robs college athletes of an education

Linda Bensel-Meyers, with a B.A. from the University of Chicago and a Ph.D. from the University of Oregon, has been at the University of Tennessee for 15 years. She supervises the university's tutors and teaches classes as an associate professor of English. Since she began denouncing academic corruption in 1995 and exposed UT tutors who did course work for athletes, her life has been turned upside down. She is embroiled in a divorce and custody battle for her three sons, ages 14, 15 and 17, because her husband claims her efforts to reform college athletics have put the family in danger. But she still plays the organ at her church in Maryville and is more determined than ever to bring about reform. She is one of the most passionate members of the Drake Group, a nation-

al coalition of faculty members who are determined to change the system. Bensel-Meyers spoke



with **PLAYBOY** in her cramped office overlooking Neyland Stadium (population on autumn Saturdays: 107,000).

Q: What's wrong with college sports?

A: There's a default on the contract of the athletic scholarship that promises an education in ex-

change for athletic participation. Many big-time college athletes get no education, in large part because staying eligible academically is made so easy for them. The athletes are just being used.

Q: The common wisdom is that college jocks have plenty of privileges. Not true?

A: This system is not in their favor, though they may feel like it is when they're here for four years.

Q: Why are you concerned about this?

A: Waiving athletes from college requirements is a violation of our responsibility to give them an education in exchange for the huge revenues we gain from their participation in sports. We have systematized athletes' eligibility without their participation or effort. That not only robs them of access to a college education but also teaches

(concluded on page 152)



No one enjoys college like an athlete. That became clear to me when I was an all-state high school volleyball player in New York and spent a weekend as a guest of the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. I fell in love with the place—and became a Lady Vol. I was a nonscholarship female athlete who sat on the bench for a team that wasn't going to the NCAA tournament. But even I had privileges other students did not have. All athletes had access to the best computers on campus, personal academic advisors, state-of-the-art weight and training rooms and exclusive cafeterias. I lived with athletes, ate and studied with athletes and dated them. In fact, it was rare for an athlete to have a nonathlete friend. It certainly wasn't practical.

After a year I left the team, became a sportswriter for the school paper and started a column called *UT Athlete of the Week*, which focused on people who did not have the best stats and who were not as well known as Peyton Manning or Chamique Holdsclaw. And I lost my perks.

But I remained a fan and always looked forward to heading to Neyland Stadium for home games in the fall, to drink firewater and eat barbecue at a friend's tailgate party. Then I'd cheer from the student seats, which were fine even if they weren't on the 50-yard line where athletes sat.

I was at UT in September 1999 when ESPN.com broke a story about the UT athletic department. According to the report, some university tutors wrote papers for student-athletes. Well, no shit. Regular students complained that no one was writing papers for them (at least no one subsidized by the university), but the basic sentiment on campus was "this sort of thing happens in many big-time athletic programs, so why are you picking on us?"

While researching this article, I talked to at least 100 current and former college athletes, from Division I to Division III, from football to lacrosse, in the Pac 10, Big Sky, ACC, Nescac and Ivy League—and

the Sweet Life of Jocks

A LADY VOL TURNED JOURNALIST GETS THE WORD FROM THE LOCKER ROOM. EAT YOUR HEART OUT

I'm convinced that reforms are needed in college athletics. The interviews I conducted reminded me of the many privileges college athletes, especially football and basketball players, enjoy. But if they leave college unprepared for later life, they aren't really as privileged as might seem.

I heard stories about teachers leaving notes inside exams, offering an A in exchange for extra seats to big games. One athlete told me that a fellow classmate had asked for a two-day extension on a paper because of an illness in her family but was turned down brusquely by the teacher. The teacher then gave the athlete a three-week extension, no questions asked. Restaurant owners, to say nothing of car dealers, regularly give athletes special



deals—in tacit return for their unofficial "endorsements."

"Get 'em drunk and get 'em laid" is the description—provided by an "assistant dean"—of the mission of players who host high school stars on campus visits. One basketball player told me that agents regularly delivered women to the residence of a teammate who was NBA-bound. When another basketball star had a flagrant affair with the wife of an assistant coach, nothing happened. "The guy was a starter and it was just an assistant coach," another player on the team told me. A trainer said he had seen "boosters" encourage their daughters to "socialize" with players (and high school prospects) as part of the recruiting process. People do special things for college athletes they don't do for other people, and sexual generosity, I learned, is common coast to coast.

"Like a rock band, teams have groupies," says Michael Coffas, a recent graduate of the University of Rhode Island, where he played varsity football.

Coffas, who observed that "looks aren't important to girls who love jocks," told me a story about a schoolmate that suggests just how lush the sex life of college football players can be. "This girl was nice and had a pleasant way about her," he said. She started with a defensive back, then took on his roommate. Word got around—"the locker room in football is like a Jerry Springer forum," says Coffas. "People are just dying to tell stories." Soon two more members of the team, a linebacker and a defensive end, scored.

Within a few days, this "very faithful fan had slept with nine of the 11 guys on the starting defensive team," says Coffas. "She wasn't into frat guys or smart guys, just jocks. In the end no one got hurt and all activity was consensual. Frat boys try to pull off this sort of stuff, but they never can. They are usually trying to videotape it or they are doing something else stupid, and they get caught.

"Jocks, we just love the stats," Michael Coffas said.

—E.Z.

Braving Temptation

BAD APPLES? SURE. BUT PLAYBOY'S SPORTS EDITOR ARGUES THAT THERE ARE LEGIONS OF HONEST, DEDICATED ATHLETES

The abuses in college athletics are well documented—star running back who drives a new car provided by a well-heeled booster-alum; mother of

gers, ribs, arms, ankles and legs. And then there's the dreaded sideways hit on the knee that can end a season or an athletic career in a nanosecond. These aren't the freakish

clad women splashed and tanned at a pool no more than 50 yards away (that's less than five seconds for Ricky). I was there when A- student and A+ quarterback



a 6'10" high school basketball player mysteriously comes up with a down payment for a house soon after her son commits to a big-time basketball program; dominant pass rusher has an agent who gives him under-the-table money in anticipation of millions to be made come draft day. There are also the stories of classes not attended, term papers written for players by academic advisors, athletes who compete in college sports for four years but never receive a college degree. The stories are a mainstay of sports pages, talk shows, exposés, books, even movies.

But for every story of abuse, there are more stories of student-athletes who succeed both on the playing field and in the classroom. They balance the demands of study and attending class against playing competitive sport. For football players in the offseason, there is the weight room and conditioning programs that begin at 5:30 in the morning. It takes a lot of eating and grunting to transform a 6'5" 225-pound freshman into a 300-pound Goliath by the time junior and senior seasons come around. During the season, add practice, preparation and travel to the mix. And then there's the physical price paid on game day. The aches, pains, bruises and sprains are taken for granted, as are separated shoulders, displaced kneecaps and broken fin-

occasional on-field accidents that leave a body paralyzed for life. These are every-game occurrences.

I've been attending Playboy All-America Football Weekends for more than 30 years and All-America Basketball Weekends from their inception 25 years ago. I've had a chance to meet approximately 1000 of the best athletes Division I college sports offers. Because these students are the best, they should be—and occasionally are—the most spoiled. I was there when an outrageous Oklahoma linebacker found a way to get falling-down drunk before our welcoming dinner. I was there when a basketball player tried to order a limo to take him and his friends to a late-night club (he failed). Then there was the guard who had made the winning free throw the season before for a national championship. Immediately after finishing a five-course banquet, he asked me where his meal money was. I told him it was in his stomach.

However, I was also there when Stanford's Todd Lichti received his medallion but begged off our awards dinner because he needed to study for finals. Texas Heisman Trophy winner Ricky Williams spent the better part of a beautiful Friday afternoon at a luxury resort in Phoenix in his room laboring at his laptop on a term paper while a predictable assortment of bikini-

Peyton Manning confirmed that he was going to play out his fourth year of college eligibility in Knoxville even though he had already completed the requirements to get a degree in three.

I've also helped process the thousands of nominations for the Anson Mount Award, which PLAYBOY presents each year to a basketball and football player who excel at their sport and in the classroom. Are these guys slackers and one-dimensional stars? Not on your life. A typical nomination: All-Conference offensive tackle who started 34 consecutive games, majored in chemistry, made the dean's list six straight semesters, had a GPA of 3.8 on a scale of 4.0, received courage and leadership awards, and in his spare time volunteered to help inner-city kids become better readers.

Is there corruption in college sports? No question about it. There are too many livelihoods, and too much money hanging in the balance for there not to be abuses. Are some athletes corrupted by the current system? Yes. Of course. But the percentage of bad apples is small. So while you are cheering for your favorite college team and bemoaning the crisis in college athletics, don't forget that most college athletes, even in the most conspicuous programs, are working hard, studying hard and playing it straight.

—GARY COLE

CRISIS

(continued from page 84)

basketball tournament through 2013. "Amateur" seems a misnomer when used in connection with some college athletic programs whose budgets run into the millions. Then there are the million-dollar shoe deals, to say nothing of vast television revenues for teams that make it to bowl games. Agents are severely restricted when doing business with student-athletes, but the competition to represent athletes after graduation can be intense. Some agents use "runners," sometimes women undergraduates, to put in good words for agents with star athletes. According to the athletes, the women often get their attention by giving them expensive presents, apparently paid for by agents lurking off-campus. Total revenues generated by college athletics have been estimated in the billions.

Huma's press conference was just one of the signs that a new controversy has hit American campuses. Cary Nelson, professor of English at the University of Illinois, told *Lingua Franca* that the formation of the CAC is "part of the overall movement to empower contingent or casual labor at the universities."

In June, Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, president emeritus of Notre Dame, added his voice to the reform chorus. "We're not in the entertainment business, nor are we a minor league for professional sports," he said. "Your school is not worthy to be the champion of the country if you're not educating your kids."

Hesburgh spoke in his role as co-chairman of the Knight Foundation Commission on Intercollegiate Athletics. The commission proposed a series of reforms, including banning schools with low athlete graduation rates from postseason play, removing corporate logos from uniforms and reducing the length of seasons. NCAA statistics show that 48 percent of football players at major universities graduate and only 42 percent of the basketball players. In the 114 biggest basketball programs, the graduation rate dips to 34 percent.

The first stirrings of this reform movement can be traced to 1997 and the formation of Rutgers 1000, a group of students, faculty and alumni who want Rutgers to de-emphasize athletics and join a conference such as the Patriot League, where scholarships are primarily need-based. In 1999, a small group of faculty members met at Drake University and decided to attack the problems of academic corruption in college athletics. This fall the Drake Group, which grew out of the conference, plans to focus public attention on exploited athletes—and complicit faculty members.

"Members of the Drake Group want professors to demand their classes back," reported *The Chronicle of Higher Education* last February. "Back from coaches who won't give their players time to study, back from tutors who write players' papers for them."

One of the Drake Group's most visible members is Murray Sperber, professor of English and American studies at Indiana University and the author of *Beer and Circus: How Big-Time College Sports Is Crippling Undergraduate Education*.

"The whole fig leaf that this is amateur sports is eroding on a number of fronts," Sperber says. "Athletes are basically vocational students. In big programs, they're working 30, 40, 50 hours a week. Some are trying to go to school around that, some aren't. In any case, they are not getting paid very much."

Casey Jacobsen, a standout basketball player at Stanford, told *USA Today*, "All these people are making money off the venues where we play. But people don't feel sorry for us. They have no sympathy for us."

Linda Bense-Meyers, professor of rhetoric at the University of Tennessee, has plenty of sympathy and has become a vocal advocate of reform. Her cooperation with ESPN.com in 1999 in exposing academic irregularities at UT made her so unpopular on the Knoxville campus that she says she is afraid to walk across campus. She plans to work with the Drake Group to launch a federal class-action suit to bring about reforms. (See *Raw Deal*, p. 85.)

In another sign of reform, the National Basketball Development League, sponsored by the NBA, begins play this fall in eight Southeastern cities. The new league will give athletes who have no interest in attending college what amounts to a minor-league option. Players must be at least 20 years old to qualify for the league.

"There's been a movement to reform college athletics practically from the day it began," says Andrew Zimbalist, an economics professor at Smith College and author of *Unpaid Professionals: Commercialization and Conflict in Big-Time College Sports*. According to Zimbalist, today's reform movement represents "a serious moment, an important moment. How far it will go in actually changing the landscape, I'm not sure, because commercialization is a juggernaut. The top shoe deals can bring \$3 million or \$4 million to a school. The school might get a million, a million and a half in cash, and the rest of it comes in kind. And usually there's some supplement for the coach's salary."

The commercialization of college sports involves remarkable numbers.

Earlier this year the University of Michigan signed a seven-year equipment and licensing contract with Nike, estimated to be worth more than \$25 million. The deal, which goes into effect this fall, also entails a \$1.2 million cash payment from Nike to the university.

Huma, Bense-Meyers, the United Steelworkers and distressed faculty members across the country cite a series of recent scandals that suggest the extent of problems in college athletics.

In 1999, the University of Minnesota spent \$1.5 million for an eight-month independent investigation of its men's basketball program. The investigation concluded that "between 1993 and 1998 there was systematic, widespread academic misconduct" in the school's basketball program.

The report pointed a finger at coach Clem Haskins and noted that he was "disadvantaged by his substantial failures of recollection." The investigators found that Haskins had given cash to players and instructed athletes to mislead university attorneys when questioned about their academic conduct. The report also found that a former secretary in the academic counseling office had prepared more than 400 pieces of course work (including papers on such topics as the menstrual cycle, eating disorders and women's gains in the workplace) for at least 18 players. "I thought I was going to actually learn how to write a paper," one former Gopher told the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. "But then I sat down and she just started typing. In the two years I was there I never did a thing." University president Mark Yudof described the Minnesota mess as "one of the most serious cases of academic fraud ever reported to the NCAA."

In March 2001 the University of Kentucky announced that it had uncovered 45 violations of NCAA rules in the football program, with many of the transgressions apparently committed by assistant coach Claude Bassett, the football team's recruiting coordinator. Bassett admitted in a television interview that he had given \$1400 in a money order to a Memphis high school football coach. He was also accused of forging a letter from Emery Wilson, dean of Kentucky's College of Medicine, virtually assuring a potential recruit's family that their son would get into medical school. The letter was written on Kentucky football team stationery and the dean's name was misspelled as "Emory." Bassett was fired and took a job as head coach at a Texas high school.

Last January it was reported that a high school coach in Memphis had informed college coaches that the requirements for recruiting his star linebacker,

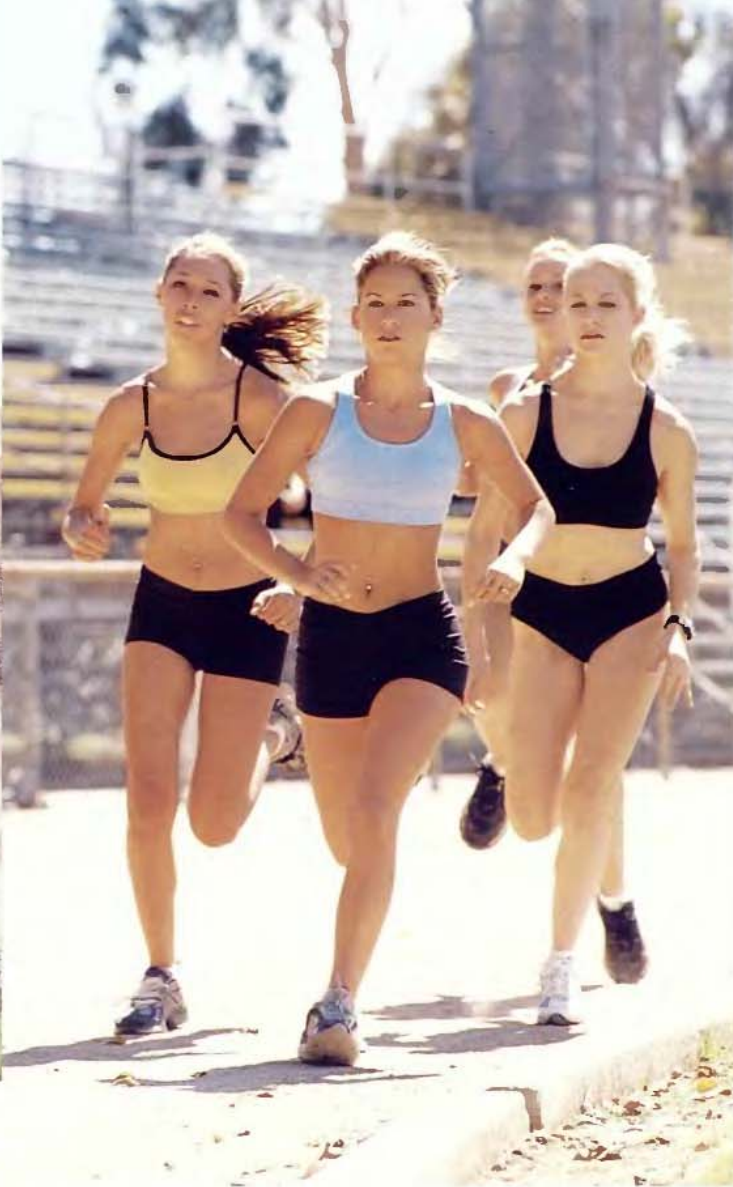
(concluded on page 176)



"This is why we frown on folks using phones or vibrators while driving."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARK EDWARD
HARRIS



Leilani Rios (opposite) loved being photographed in the Hollywood hills. "The hat totally did it. I felt rich." Most of the time, she's a hardworking student (below) who hopes to be reinstated on her college track team while continuing her job as a nude dancer.



she does laps—and lap dances

RAPID RIOS

IN HER FAVORITE automotive fantasy, classic-car buff Leilani Rios is cruising down the Pacific Coast Highway toward Malibu Beach in a 1957 Corvette convertible in two-tone baby-blue and white. "That's my fantasy car," says the 21-year-old kinesiology major at Cal State-Fullerton. Her real car has some muscle, too: The 5-foot-tall, 98-pound Rios drives a 1967 metallic-blue Mustang with a white vinyl top. "I love classic sports cars," she purrs, giving new meaning to the term autoerotic.

Rios is thrilled to be talking about anything other than the story that has put her in the national spotlight and made this shy, happily married student a persuasive argument for the legal right to dance in a strip club and run on the college track team. Her coach didn't quite see it that way.

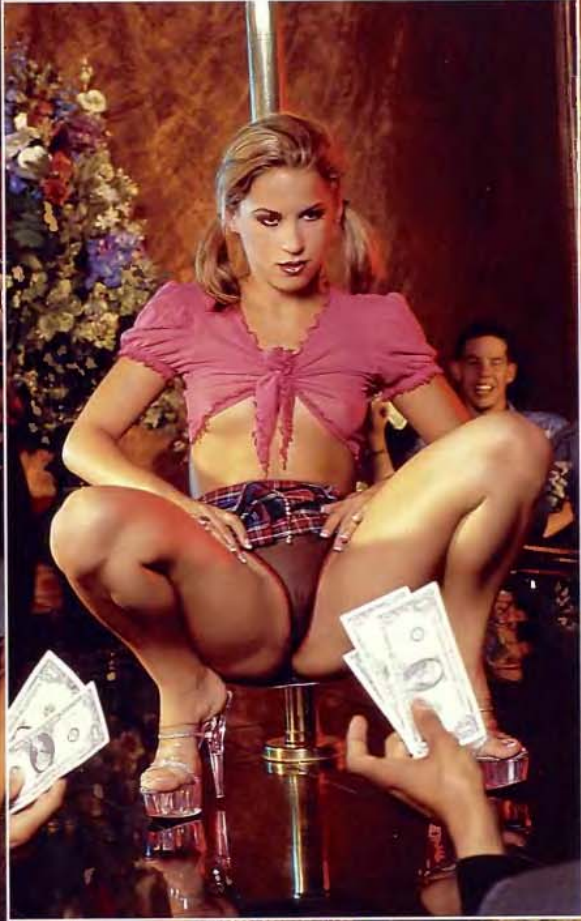
It all started in 1999, after Rios was recruited from Cal State-San Bernardino, where she had been the number one runner her freshman year. But with no scholarship, she needed help to pay for school. She decided to try out as a

nude dancer at the Flamingo, a club in Anaheim. "I've been dancing since I was four, to everything from merengue to R&B to hip-hop," she says. "I love music. So dancing on-stage at a strip club was easy, totally natural to me." Plus, she knew she could make as much money dancing one or two nights a week as she could at a full-time job doing something else, leaving her plenty of time to study and run.

But one night some members of the Cal State-Fullerton baseball team visited the Flamingo and caught Leilani's act. When her coach, John Elders, found out, he kicked her off the team.

Rios was devastated. "I was always a good student," she says, "but when I got kicked off the team it was hard for me to concentrate on my studies. Every day I was at school I'd see my teammates practicing in the morning when I'd go to class, and I'd see the track team in the afternoon when I was leaving. It would kill me. For about six months I would cry every day because I couldn't be there with my teammates, running with them. My (text concluded on page 174)

Rios is always a big hit in her schoolgirl outfit, dancing to Britney Spears songs. "Guys love it." She says the hardest thing to get used to were those shoes. "I was sore for a month or two. But once you get used to them, they're actually quite comfortable." The best part of dancing, she says: "When I'm on-stage, the guys are watching and it feels like they're worshipping you. It's very empowering."





Dear Diary:

**Dinner—Exquisite.
Grabbed Emily's Tit.
Blew It.**

We Dig Our Own Holes

**PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER
FICTION BY MATT McINTOSH • THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA**

FISHBOY

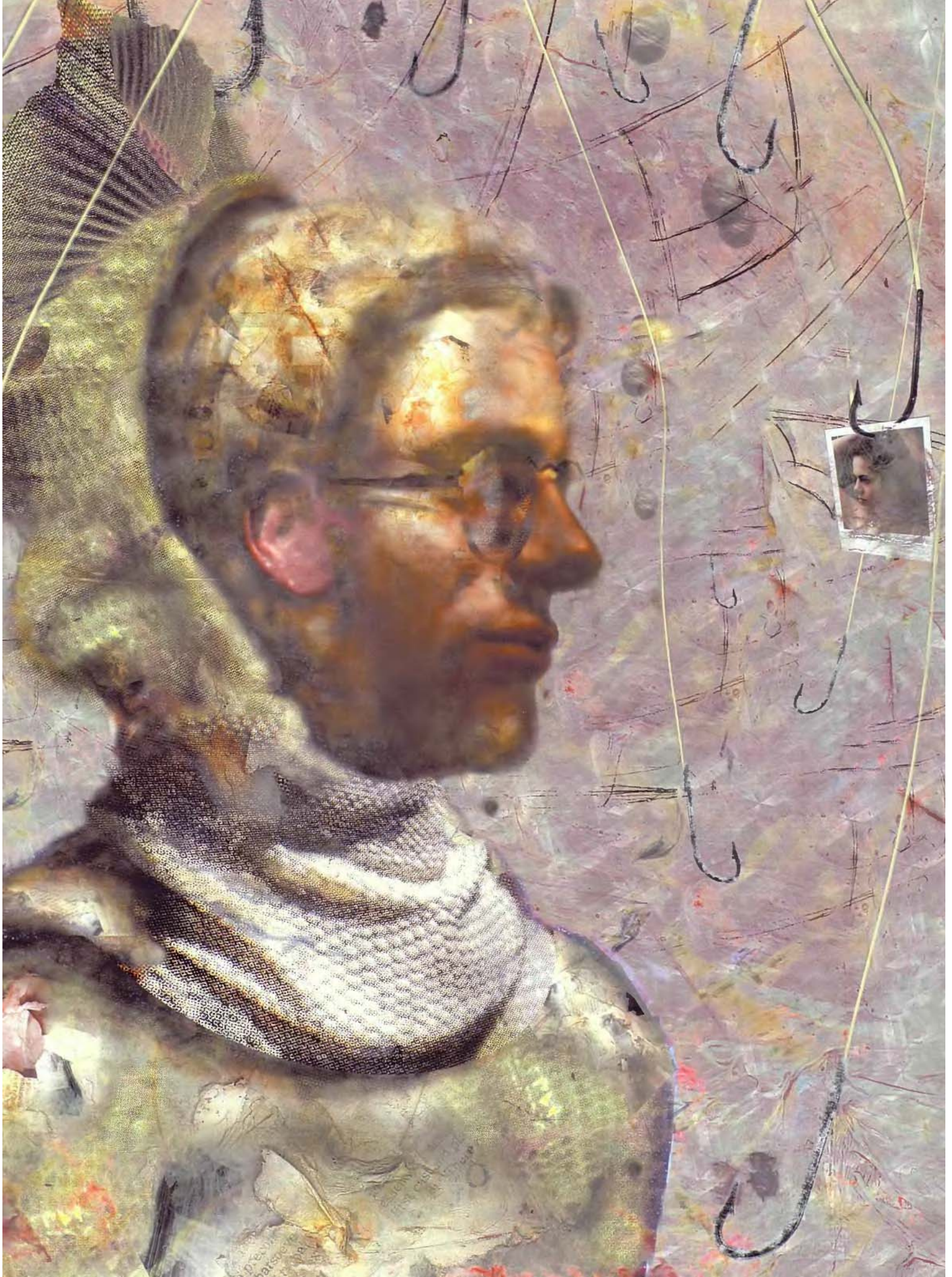
SHORTLY BEFORE I turned 18, my dad drove me across the country to begin a college career in fisheries at a less-than-half-rate school in Nebraska, fisheries being a field that at the time I believed was the source of all true knowledge. No matter what the source was, or is, I wasn't having any luck getting into four-year schools, and, not too long before graduation, I received a letter in the mail offering me the opportunity to enroll. I didn't remember applying, actually. But things had not been going well for me at all, and when this school said they wanted me to come and, yes, they did offer classes in fisheries, I thought someone in this world of sorrow had finally been born with good sense and that I'd better go.

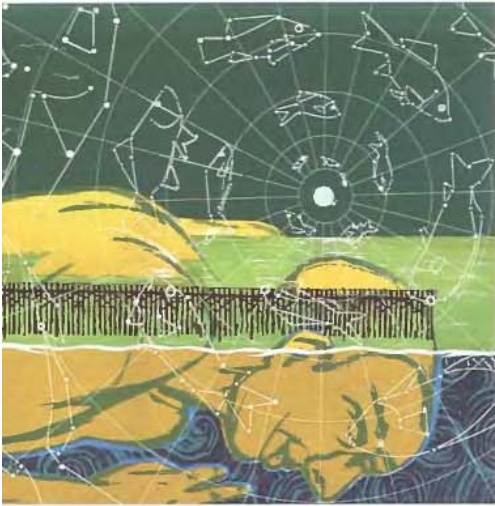
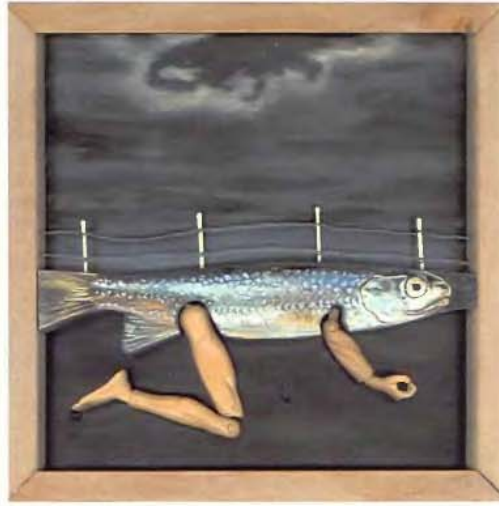
I hadn't seen the old man for a long time before our drive because there'd been a night when the girl he'd been sleeping with had showed up on our porch with a suitcase in her hand and nowhere to go. There was a big and very loud row, during which my mother—a woman who honestly hadn't been in her right mind for a long time—

was, in spirit at least, wounded mortally. She was doped up on a mixture of Valium and alcohol and this probably should have served to deflect the brunt of the wound; but when she answered the door and that girl started talking, I think something inside her broke. Whatever that string is that holds a person together, it snapped. She came to life for a second and screamed her head off—she made a high-pitched shrieking sound I could hear from my younger brother's room—and then she stopped; she stopped yelling, then stopped talking and wouldn't start again. My dad left us that night and disappeared for a long time. She upped her intake, spending all her time in front of the television or shuffling around the house, holding on to pieces of furniture or my brother's head to keep herself steady. It was heartbreaking, really.

This wasn't the only reason I was troubled that year, or the reason I ended up where I did, but it did tend to complicate things. There were other significant components. I had developed an obsessive preoccupation with a girl at school two years younger than me named Emily Swanson. Also







It has become a tradition for students in Marshall Arisman's illustration class at New York's School of Visual Arts to compete for a chance to illustrate the first-place winner of PLAYBOY's annual College Fiction Contest, now in its 16th year. *Fishboy* is this year's winner, by University of Iowa student Matt McIntosh, who won third prizes both last year and the year before. (To have a student place three times in a row is a first for the contest.) He was an undergraduate at the University of Washington in 1999 and won with *You Reach a Place Where You Have to Die or Get Better*. Last year, his first at the Iowa Writer's Workshop, he sent in *There Is No Pain If You Get Signed Up Quick Enough*. This year, he abandoned long titles. The winning illustration is by Gene Mollica (page 94). Runner-up illustrations are shown on this page. Clockwise, from top left, they are by Olivier Kugler, George Boorujy, Wendi Koontz, Grayson Craddock, Alexis Shein and Warren Beishir.

significant, I was suffering from an irrational but very real fear of paralysis. I was afraid I might cross the street one day and something crippling would happen—a car would come barreling around the corner, say, and send me into orbit. Maybe something would fall on me—a block of ice from the wing of a plane—and shatter my spine. Or I'd be forced into a situation where it would be the heroic thing to do to throw myself in front of a runaway train to save a girl, always a particular girl, from harm. The train would break from the tracks at a speed of more than 100 miles an hour, and I, close by, would ponder: Should I throw myself in harm's way for her?—when in my imagination I would hold off the train, stopping it for a moment in its tracks to give me more time to decide (I could only hold it off for so long)—Could I save her? Should I save her? When this situation would unfold in my mind, the girl was, 10 times out of 10, Emily Swanson.

My dad and I drove straight through and arrived on a Monday. There wasn't much to the town, just a few stores down the main strip, a bank, a movie theater showing two films that had come and gone from my town months before. No one was around. There was a ghost town feel to the place that unsettled me. My dad smiled and pointed. What he wouldn't give to live in a rustic place like this one. This is how life used to be, Will. You don't see this anymore.

We found my apartment a few blocks away. I'd taken it sight unseen—the basement of a run-down pre-industrial era house. We walked through piles of leaves, down the stairs at the side of the front porch and into what was going to be, from here on in, my new home. I took one look and my heart sank.

"What do you think?" my dad said. It was essentially one large room with a kitchen against one wall to the right as you walked in, a row of windows facing the kitchen, and a couch and an alcove with a bed to the left. The paint on the walls was peeling and dingy, the tile floor had dips and little holes in it, the low ceiling was made worse by a network of forehead-level pipes, and the kitchen reminded me—down to the huge metal sinks—of the old moldy kitchens where I would wash dishes with the ladies at sixth grade camp.

"It's crap," I said. "It's a piece-of-crap shithole." I ducked into the bathroom and locked the door behind me, staring at the red painted floor while my dad unloaded the car.

And my dad, who was a good guy, really—a good guy who had become fed
(continued on page 100)

Virtual Sex?



JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE G

BY JASON BUHRMESTER

CLASS ACTION

A QUICK TUTORIAL IN SURVIVING COLLEGE

LEARNING

TO DO YOUR LAUNDRY IS EASY. THE REAL CHALLENGE, WHETHER YOU'RE A FRESHMAN OR A FRAT RAT ON THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN, IS KEEPING UP WITH SCHOOL WHILE STILL HITTING EVERY PARTY. BUT WITH THE PROPER TOOLS, EVEN STUDENTS WITH DOUBLE MAJORS WILL FIND TIME TO DOWN A FEW AND WAKE UP IN THE WRONG DORM. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WENT TO COLLEGE FOR?



1. It doesn't matter whether you got them hitting the books or hitting the bars—blood-splattered eyes still hurt. Keep them covered with Clic Goggles. They connect in front via a neodymium magnet that will hold the lenses together at speeds up to 130 mph (\$60). The Edge Co.'s Wacky Wake-Up alarm clock delivers seven different funny phrases, including a threat to "open up some whoop-ass" on the next person who hits the snooze button (\$20). 2. At 10 mph, the Jeepster electric scooter by Jeep gets you to the lecture hall faster than walking. The battery takes less than two hours to charge and works up to 12 miles before it runs out (\$300). 3. A between-classes game of basketball is even better with tones and beverages. Wilson's insulated 18" cooler bag includes an AM-FM radio with CD-cassette input jack. Plus, the insulated interior will keep your sports drinks cold (\$40). You'll never find a needle and pump in your messy room, so play with Spalding's Infusio, a self-inflating basketball that adds air through an exclusive Micro Pump (\$45).





4. Spec-Ops Tac-Tie is a load-bearing necktie designed to hold a beer, ID, sunglasses and other party tools. Not recommended for court appearances (\$20). 5. Gemial's Disc-o-Mix Pro 2.0 DJ package provides everything you need for a party, including two CD players, a mixer, two monitor speakers, a microphone, headphones and a carrying case (\$700). 6. Drinking games are good ways to kick-start a party. The Bulyah beard game will have you flying before you reach the finish line (\$20). 7. We've tried every hangover cure from bloody marys to wheatgrass. Lately we're using the Rejuv O₂ Home Oxygea Spa. A 20-minute treatment from the reusable tank increases energy and alertness (\$200). Combine it with a bottle of Glaceea SmartwaterSport, a nutrient-enhanced bottled water, and you should be able to stomach a day of classes (about \$1.25). 8. Leitz Yaa2 Coal-Seal Laminator will protect your favorite spring-break shots from spilled drinks. Let your conscience (and the law) be your guide when deciding what else it can be used for (\$40). 9. Between beer runs, park yourself on a Playboy barstool (\$90). 10. On your weekend trip home, carry on Rimowa's extra-lightweight (5.4 lbs.) Cabilia Trolley from the company's Salsa collection. It's designed to fit overhead compartments (about \$250).



FISHBOY

(continued from page 96)

up with his family, with his life, and had decided to make a break for it—spent the next five days fixing up the place. He cleaned and painted the walls and doors. He bought me blankets, tablecloths to cover what scant furniture there was, matching towels and dish sets, rugs to cover the floor, fans to combat the heat, a new bed; he filled the refrigerator with food, redid the wiring, bought three stand-up lamps and handed me 200 bucks to start a bank account. He set up my fish tank, an old 30-gallon number, on a small coffee table that he bought at a department store and used heavy-duty hooks and wires to position a mirror above my bed at an angle so that I could lie on my back and watch the reflection of the tank and close my eyes and fall asleep without moving a muscle.

After five days, he packed up his things into his duffel bag and sat down next to me on the bed. He put his hand on my shoulder and I knew he was about to get at something.

"I'm sorry, Will," he said. "I'm sorry about what happened. It wasn't fair on you boys. It's just—goddamn it," he said. "I'm really lonely, Will." And then he started to cry.

I sat and watched in amazement until, after about a minute, he blew his nose into his handkerchief, wiped his eyes and said, in a dejected tone, "Your mother's not well, Will. She's not."

This struck me as a departure. "She's all right," I said.

"No," he said. "She's not. I'm sorry but she's not. She needs help."

"She's fine," I said. "You're the one who's not fine, Dad."

The truth was my mother was far from fine and hadn't been fine for a long time. She had tried, when I was younger, to understand the circumstances of what she felt had always been wrong with her but could never quite put her finger on. She read books. She bought tapes. She sought professionals and listened to them. They took her back to the source. That is to say, she came to understand herself perfectly, and over the next few years she began to sink deeper into pills and alcohol as a means of coping with that understanding. By the time I left for Nebraska, she'd very nearly lost her mind.

"You're the one who needs help, Dad," I said. And then I told him some things I would regret. I told him I didn't care about anything, not about him, not about my mother, not what he did to my apartment or where he slept or how many girls he fucked. I said I didn't care that he had disappeared for so long. I didn't care that he hadn't

called, or visited, or checked on us. I said I was glad I hadn't had to see his face. I told him that I really didn't give a crap about any of it and I'd had a shitty time driving to Nebraska with him and I wished he'd disappear again and leave me alone, let me get the hell on with my life. I could tell it hurt him tremendously. He told me he was very sorry I felt that way and then he picked up his bag and left.

When I heard his car drive away, I walked outside, up the stairs onto the front lawn. It was evening and the sun was gone and the stars were beginning to show up for the night. I watched the red taillights get smaller as he drove back down that road, back toward Washington and his apartment by the airport. I watched those lights for as long as I could, but then they went down something and disappeared. I poked at the enormous cold sore that had attached itself to my mouth as we'd driven into town. I cleared my throat a few times. I spit a big loogy onto the grass and walked back downstairs.

I picked up my notepad and wrote: *The O.M. started bawling. Drove away back home. Good riddance.* I lay on my bed and stared up at my fish tank. My angelfish hovered off to one side, staring out of the glass, making gasping motions with her mouth, and my four remaining goldfish swam awkwardly on the other side. Occasionally one would hover over the ceramic castle, or float near the bottom, a skin's width away from the rocks. This made me feel terrible for some reason. I went into the bathroom and put some Neosporin on the corner of my mouth. I put a large Band-Aid over the whole length of my mouth and looked at myself in the mirror. Then I lay down on my bed again and closed my eyes.

Emily Swanson. I had, by the time I left for Nebraska, whacked off for a significant part of the year exclusively to the one picture I had of her, which was on a flier for Ivar's Fish Bar, a reasonably priced fish joint across from the mall, where she worked as a waitress. I had been struck by the photograph and I took it into my room. I think I have it in a box somewhere. She was wearing a white blouse and showing two rows of perfectly straight white teeth. Her blonde hair was up on top of her head, a few strands dangling in front of her face. A dark space beneath her jawline may have been the result of a smudge on the camera lens, though I could never tell conclusively. *Welcome to Ivar's*, the caption says. *How can I help you?* I kept it beneath my bed and took it out whenever I felt it necessary.

It probably goes without saying that

I wasn't a very popular kid. I'd had a difficult time making connections with people my age, but not from lack of trying. I liked people, or at least, the idea of people. At different times in my high school career I'd been involved with choir, band, weight training club, dance club, math club, Young Republicans, Young Democrats, Students for Kind Relations with Russia, Students Against Exploitation, the American Morality Preservation Society, drama club and others that I can't remember. I spent a lot of time in meetings, and formed the Decatur High School Fisheries Council my senior year, of which I was the only member.

And then my dad broke our hearts and left, and I spent a long time unable to see the good in anything. The world became a place filled with blatant sorrow. I stopped attending meetings. I spent a lot of time in my room with my fish, or in my brother's room, watching him play, or on the couch, watching television with my mother. But one day toward the end of that final school year I was walking down the hall after science class when I saw the girl from the Fish Bar flier leaning against the wall, her backpack slung over her left shoulder, waiting to go into history. I recognized her immediately and my heart jumped into my throat. I mean it. My heart leaped into my throat.

I bribed a kid who worked in the office to tell me what her name was, what her story was—she'd been kicked out of St. Mark's for questionable behavior—what classes she had, her hall locker. I changed my routes through campus. I made sure to pass by her locker as often as I could. I spied on her in her classes through the thin strip of window built into the doors, and she always seemed bored. I found that she lived just a few blocks away from me on a cul-de-sac that, in 12 years of living in the same house, I'd never been down. And, after a few days of careful observation, I discovered that she walked home from school.

On a Tuesday, I managed to catch her at a DON'T WALK sign and I offered her a ride home. She looked around and got in. I said hello, and offered her my hand, which she shook. Her hand was very small. I told her a few rudimentary things about my life, true and otherwise, and soon we were outside of her house where, as well as I was able to, I asked her out on a date that she, and I've never understood why, accepted.

I skipped school the next day and drove into Seattle to find a suitable restaurant. I toured eight in the downtown area and finally reserved a table next to a window at a pricey seafood place overlooking the Sound. I washed

(continued on page 156)

Playboy's PIGSKIN PREVIEW

Coach Butch Davis bolted to the NFL but that won't keep Miami from the national championship

sports by GARY COLE It started in 1957. President Eisenhower was in his second term. McDonald's hamburgers cost 15 cents. The Edsel was just going into production. Thirty-one-year-old Hugh Hefner was editing his astonishingly successful men's magazine on the eve of its fourth year. *Collier's* magazine had just folded, and Hefner, a magazine fan, realized that a special annual sports feature, *Collier's* pigskin preview and preseason All-America team, was about to be orphaned. He immediately called Francis Wallace, *Collier's* football swami, and asked if he'd continue selecting All-Americans and his top 20 teams for PLAYBOY.

Wallace accepted. Alex Karras and John David Crow were on that first team. Iowa's Forest Evashevski was the first PLAYBOY Coach of the Year, and the Hawkeyes were the magazine's pick to finish number one. A popular and important sports feature was saved from extinction and a new tradition was born—the Playboy All-America team.

That was 45 years ago. Wallace was quickly succeeded by Anson Mount, a theology grad from the University of Chicago who loved opera so much that he once walked 20 miles from his home in White Bluff, Tennessee to Nashville to attend a performance of *La Bohème*. Over the next 29 years, Mount became the number one college football prognosticator in the nation, and for a magazine that was famous for its disrobed Centerfolds, not its sports coverage. Anson died in 1986. The last thing he said to me, lying on his deathbed in Methodist Hospital in Nashville, was, "Did I finish my football article?"

The honor of selecting the Playboy All-Americans fell to me. I received lots of help—from Gil Brandt, the 29-year director of (continued on page 104)



University of Miami mascot Sebastian is making plans to visit Pasadena in early January when the Canes expect to be vying for a national championship.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Miami.....	11-0	11. Kansas State.....	8-3
2. Texas	10-1	12. Tennessee.....	8-3
3. Florida.....	10-1	13. Notre Dame.....	8-3
4. Oregon State.....	10-1	14. Clemson.....	8-3
5. Nebraska.....	10-2	15. Washington.....	8-3
6. Florida State.....	9-2	16. Wisconsin.....	8-4
7. Oklahoma.....	9-3	17. Colorado.....	8-4
8. Virginia Tech.....	9-2	18. Louisville.....	8-3
9. Oregon.....	9-2	19. Michigan.....	7-4
10. Northwestern.....	8-3	20. Ohio State.....	7-4

Possible breakthroughs: Georgia Tech, Alabama, Colorado State, Louisiana State, Auburn, South Carolina, Mississippi, Marshall, Nevada-Las Vegas

Playboy's 2001

Left to right, top row: Seth McKinney, center, Texas A&M; Kendall Simmons, lineman, Auburn. Second row: Terrence Metcalf, lineman, Mississippi; Robert Royal, tight end, Louisiana State; Bryant McKinnie, lineman, Miami; Antonio Bryant, receiver, Pittsburgh. Third row: Joey Harrington, quarterback, Oregon; T.J. Duckett, running back, Michigan State; Damien Anderson, running back, Northwestern; Jabar Gaffney, receiver, Florida; Mike Williams, lineman, Texas; Antwaan Randle El, multi-threat, Indiana. Bottom row: Aaron Lockett, kick returner, Kansas State; Jonathan Ruffin, placekicker, Cincinnati.

OFFENSE



ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT
AT TAPATIO CLIFFS IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA.
PLAYERS' COSTUMES BY CARLOS LARRANAGA FOR C.J.'S LEATHER IN DENVER.

All-America Team

Left to right, top row: Julius Peppers, end, North Carolina; John Henderson, lineman, Tennessee; Alex Brown, end, Florida; Wendell Bryant, lineman, Wisconsin; Kalimba Edwards, linebacker, South Carolina. Second row: Kyle Young, center, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Clemson; Randy Walker, Coach of the Year, Northwestern; Pig Prather, back, Mississippi State; James Allen, linebacker, Oregon State. Bottom row: Preston Gruening, punter, Minnesota; Edward Reed, back, Miami; Quentin Jammer, linebacker, Texas; Dennis Weathersby, back, Oregon State.

DEFENSE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD JZUI

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 2001 is RANDY WALKER of Northwestern University. Turning a 3-8 record in his first season with the Wildcats into an 8-3 regular season record last year, Walker has installed a no-huddle spread offense that befuddled opponents. He has also instilled a sense of pride and optimism in a program that historically has taken losing for granted.

OFFENSE

JOEY HARRINGTON—Quarterback, 6'4", 220 pounds, senior, Oregon. Led Pac 10 in total offense with 256.3-yard average and passing yards with 244.9-yard average. His 214 completions on 405 pass attempts resulted in 2967 yards and 22 touchdowns.

DAMIEN ANDERSON—Running back, 5'11", 204, senior, Northwestern. Leading returning rusher in the nation. Had 2063 yards on the season and scored 23 touchdowns.

T.J. DUCKETT—Running back, 6'1", 252, junior, Michigan State. Averaged 123 yards rushing per game for total of 1353 yards.

JABAR GAFFNEY—Wide receiver, 6'1", 202, sophomore, Florida. Set the NCAA Division 1-A record for touchdown receptions in a season by a freshman with 14, as well as most receiving yards with 1184. Had 71 receptions, an SEC record for a freshman.

ANTONIO BRYANT—Wide receiver, 6'2", 185, junior, Pittsburgh. Won the 2000 Biletnikoff Award as the nation's top receiver, only the second sophomore to accomplish the feat (the first was Randy Moss). Led the nation with an average 130.2 receiving yards per game.

ROBERT ROYAL—Tight end, 6'5", 231, senior, Louisiana State. Caught 22 passes for 340 yards and five touchdowns last season. Helped school's injury-depleted basketball team by playing in five games last season.

SETH MCKINNEY—Center, 6'3", 302, senior, Texas A&M. Has started every game (38) in his collegiate career and could become one of only five centers in NCAA history to start every game for four straight years.

BRYANT MCKINNIE—Lineman, 6'9", 335, senior, Miami. Voted a first-team All-America by *The Football News*, he did not allow a single sack last season.

KENDALL SIMMONS—Lineman, 6'3", 319, senior, Auburn. Allowed one sack all year and paved the way for Tiger running back Rudi Johnson to lead SEC in rushing.

TERRENCE METCALF—Lineman, 6'3", 315, senior, Mississippi. Anchored Rebel offensive line, which allowed fewest sacks in the SEC and was tied for third fewest in nation with seven.

MIKE WILLIAMS—Lineman, 6'6", 339, senior, Texas. Allowed just one sack last season and ranked second on team (to Leonard Davis) in pancake blocks with 36.

JONATHAN RUFFIN—Placekicker, 5'10", 189, junior, Cincinnati. Winner of 2000 Lou Groza Award honoring nation's top kicker, he already ranks third in school history in field goals with 31 and fourth in kick scoring points with 142.

AARON LOCKETT—Kick returner, 5'7", 165, senior, Kansas State. Led the NCAA in punt returns with school-record 22.8-yard average. Also recorded 36 receptions for 584 yards and averaged 22.3 yards on kick returns.

DEFENSE

JOHN HENDERSON—Lineman, 6'7", 290, senior, Tennessee. Last season's Outland Trophy winner as outstanding lineman in nation, he recorded 64 unassisted tackles, including an SEC-leading 12 quarterback sacks and 21 tackles for loss.

WENDELL BRYANT—Lineman, 6'4", 293, senior, Wisconsin. Named Big Ten co-defensive lineman of the year last season; nearly one quarter of his career tackles have been behind the line of scrimmage.

ALEX BROWN—End, 6'3", 264, senior, Florida. Two-time Playboy All-America, his career 22.5 quarterback sacks ranks fifth best in school history.

JULIUS PEPPERS—End, 6'6", 270, junior, North Carolina. Led the nation in sacks last season with 15. Set single-season school record with 24 tackles for loss. Also played on the Tar Heels' basketball team.

JAMES ALLEN—Linebacker, 6'3", 227, senior, Oregon State. Has 118 career tackles, including 85 solos, despite missing a significant portion of last season due to an injury.

KALIMBA EDWARDS—Linebacker, 6'6", 260, senior, South Carolina. Had 74 tackles (including 11 tackles for loss) and led team with seven quarterback sacks.

ROCKY CALMUS—Linebacker, 6'3", 234, senior, Oklahoma. Runner-up for Butkus Award and a consensus All-America last season. He led his team in tackles with 125.

EDWARD "PIG" PRATHER—Defensive back, 6'2", 195, senior, Mississippi State. Had 78 tackles last season, including five quarterback sacks and 11 tackles for loss.

QUENTIN JAMMER—Defensive back, 6'1", 198, senior, Texas. Has 33 career pass breakups and caused eight fumbles. Last year listed as top junior cornerback in nation by Mel Kiper Jr.

ED REED—Defensive back, 6'0", 190, senior, Miami. Consensus All-America last season, he had 80 tackles, eight interceptions and 23 pass breakups. A three-year starter for the Hurricanes at strong safety.

DENNIS WEATHERSBY—Defensive back, 6'1", 203, junior, Oregon State. Only player in the Pac 10 to be named to coaches all-conference team and also earn first-team honors on the Pac 10 All-Academic team.

PRESTON GRUENING—Punter, 5'10", 200, sophomore, Minnesota. Led nation in punting last season with 45.2-yard average. Also selected to Academic All-Big 10 team.

ANTWAAN RANDLE EL—Multiple threat as quarterback, wide receiver and punt returner, 5'10", 194, senior, Indiana. First time in 45-year history of Playboy All-Americas that new position was created to recognize multiple-threat player. Randle El is on pace to rush for more yards than any quarterback in NCAA Division 1-A history.

player personnel for the Dallas Cowboys, and from countless college coaches and sports information directors who appreciated the tradition that Hef, Anson and PLAYBOY had started.

Much has changed in college football over the past 45 years. The rules now allow substitutions for offense and defense. The single wing died. The spread, the hurry-up and many more offensive innovations were born. The biggest change has probably been in the players themselves. There have been great ones—Ernie Davis, O.J., Mean Joe Greene, Butkus, Lawrence Taylor. But as the years have passed, they've gotten bigger, stronger, faster. Herschel Walker, Marino, Elway and Barry Sanders have passed through PLAYBOY's All-America doors. Brian Jozwiak of West Virginia was PLAYBOY's first 300-pound lineman. Tony Mandarich of Michigan State was the second. The offensive line of the 2001 Playboy All-America team averages 322 pounds. These are not fat men. They are quick, agile and hard as rock.

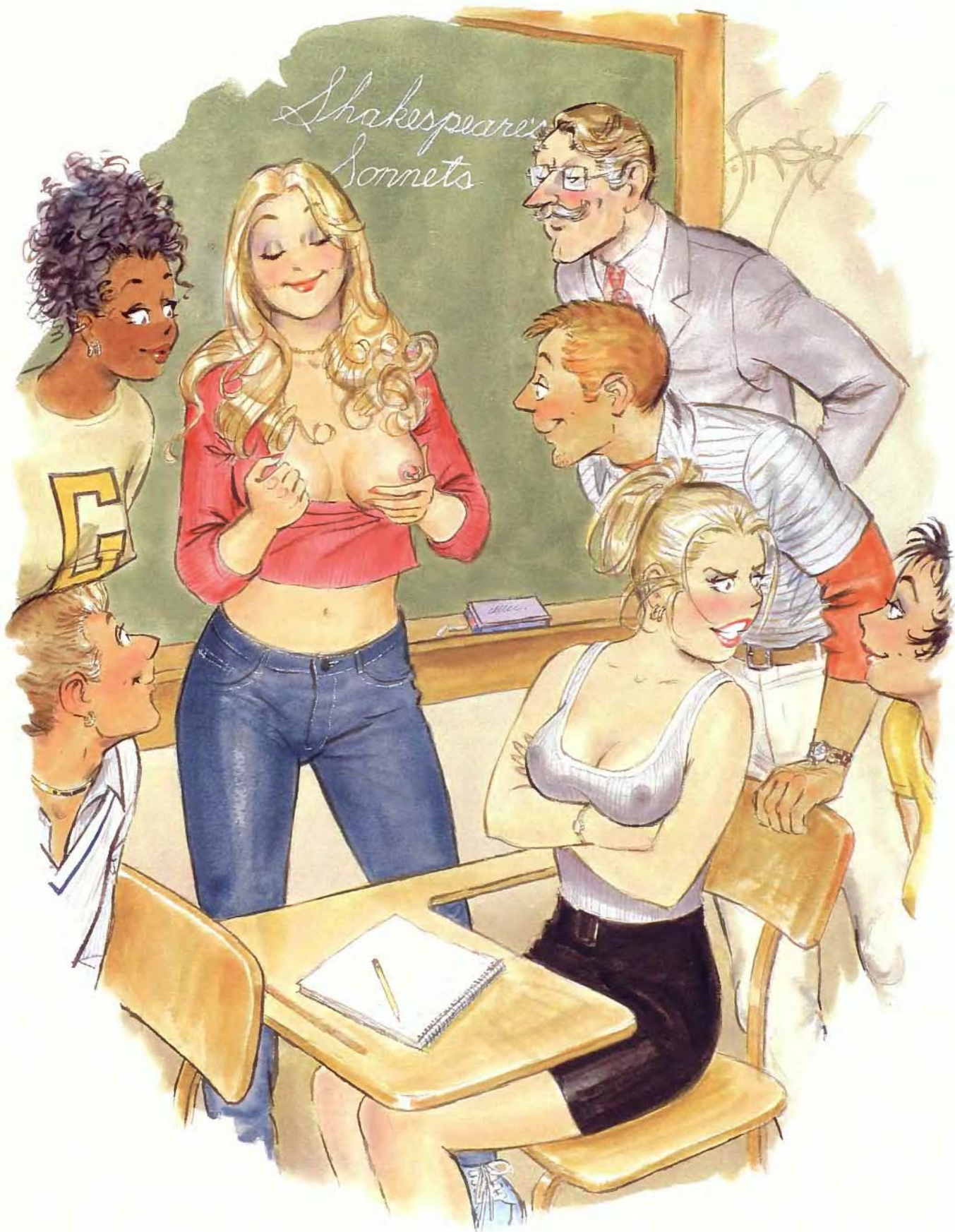
The first Playboy All-Americas were tough guys who played for the glory of college football and the chance to make a living professionally. For today's players, college is the place to showcase their athletic skills in a quest for the guaranteed millions that come with a spot in the first round of the NFL draft. Six of the first seven first-round picks from this year's draft were Playboy All-Americas last year; 12 in all were chosen in the first round.

So these are the ones we predict will be the best. Now let's look at our Top 20 college football teams for 2001.

(1) MIAMI

Butch Davis led Miami from scandal and sanctions to college football's elite. He replenished talent, eliminated swagger and restored pride. Then he took the money and ran to a head coaching job in the NFL, leaving the Hurricanes in shock. Miami administrators launched a search for a new coach, but the players quickly united behind six-year assistant coach Larry Coker. The university wisely conceded, which made the players happy and kept almost all of Davis' recruits headed to Miami. After finishing 11-1 last year, including a Sugar Bowl defeat of old rival Florida (their first meeting in 13 years), the Hurricanes have enough talent and depth to make a run at the national championship. Junior Ken Dorsey returns after beating out Michael Vick last season as first-team All-Big East quarterback. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America Bryant McKinnie and Joaquin Gonzalez, is awesome in both talent and size. The defensive

(continued on page 166)



"Carol's showing off her ring again."

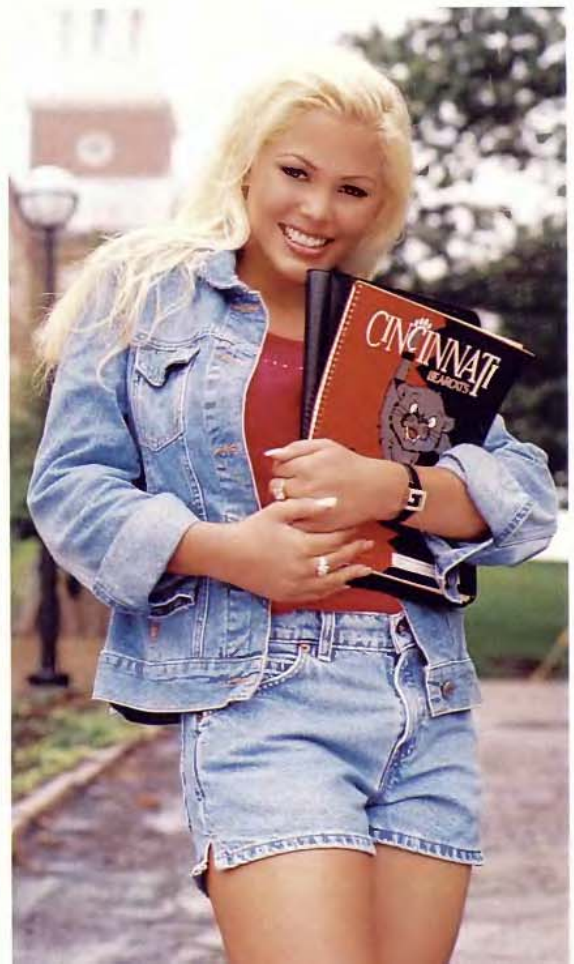


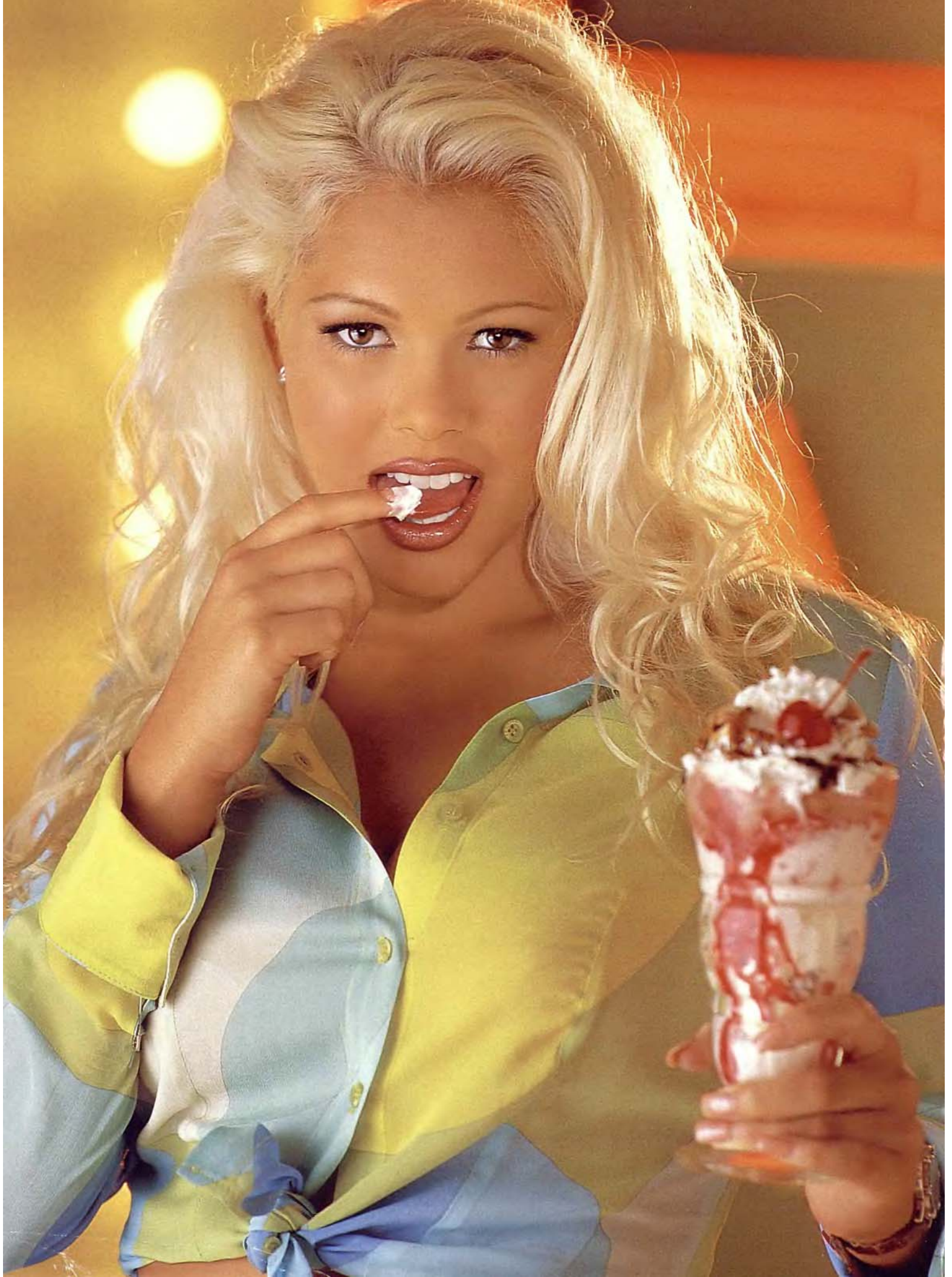
Stephanie STARTS OVER

miss october has a
sweet tooth for change

CINCINNATI NATIVE Stephanie Heinrich has slipped into her new life at Los Angeles' Playboy Mansion like she would slip into a comfy pair of pajamas. "It's like a college dorm," she explains. "I'm friends with all the girls, but there's always one who you kick it with the most. My new golden retriever, Beamer, lives with me at the Mansion and I love going swimming with him, but he's afraid of the monkeys and chases the big African cranes." The 21-year-old aspiring actor was a teacher's aide in high school and studied criminal justice at the University of Cincinnati before taking time off to fulfill her teenage fantasy of posing for PLAYBOY, first in October 2000's *Girls of Conference USA* and then as Playboy.com's first Cyber Girl of the Month. "If I go back to finish school someday,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA







I'd like to work my way up to being a homicide detective," she says. "I also think drugs are a big problem today, especially with younger kids. I've always wanted to see if I could fix that somehow. I would just like to help get one drug dealer off the street."

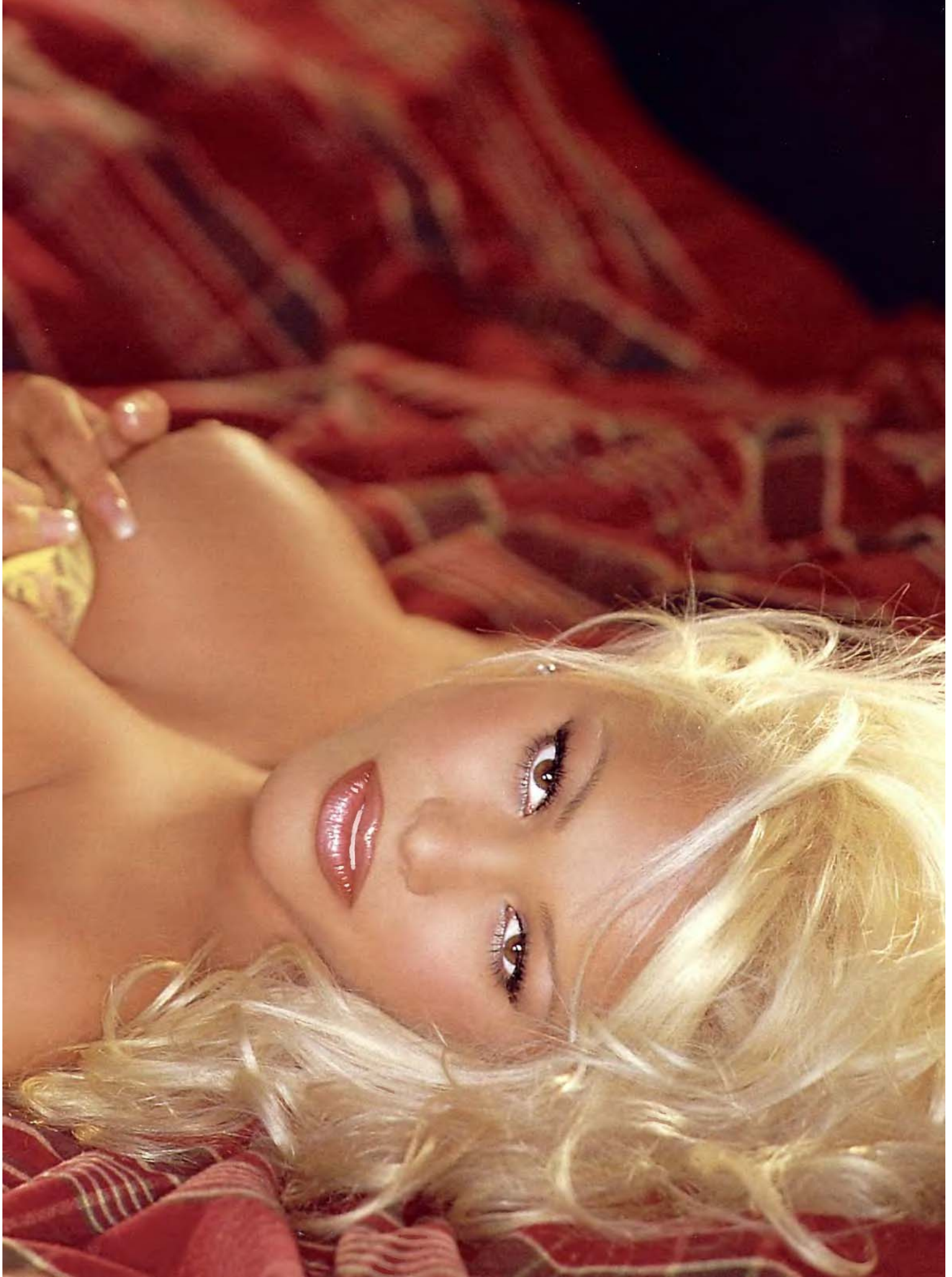
Stephanie recently went on Hef's excellent European vacation, and says it was love at first sight. "I don't know how to explain him—he's so not the average guy," she says. "He is constantly working on the magazine or his scrapbook—always going, going, going. It's unbelievable." Although Stephanie enjoys traveling at Hef speed, anyone who meets Miss October finds her remarkably grounded. "I never forget where I came from," she says. "After I moved to Los Angeles, a lot of people back home said, 'I'm surprised—you haven't changed at all.' Sometimes it's hard to find someone who cares enough to listen to your problems, but that's how I am. You might have to go back someday, so why change into something you're not? I'm totally down-to-earth."



Miss October's favorite scary movie is *The Shining*. But when it comes to Halloween costumes, she tries to elicit stores, not scares. "Last year I dressed like a little girl, with a plaid pink-and-white miniskirt open in the back, little ruffled panties and a short top," she says. "This year I'm going to be a cheerleader."









Miss October loves body slams. "I've been a WWF fan forever," she declares. "I don't usually get starstruck, but when I met Stone Cold Steve Austin I just fraze. The first time I watched a match, I jumped up and down on the couch, screaming." Stephanie has since befriended the wrestler Chyna. "She may be intimidating because she is so muscular, but she's a teddy bear," she says. "She has a good heart."



MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Stephanie Heinrich

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 11/13/79 BIRTHPLACE: Cincinnati, OH

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling and pursue an acting career.

TURN-ONS: Men in uniform, honesty and guys with a sense of humor.

TURNOFFS: Bad teeth and breath, hangovers and conceited men.

IN TEN YEARS I HOPE I AM: A millionaire and married with a lot of kids!

MY FANTASY VACATION: Go to a private island (stocked with plenty of cristal champagne) with my dream guy, relax in the sun, drinking and dancing on the beach, and having wild sex all night long!!

MY FAVORITE FOOD: A chicken supreme burrito from El Pollo Loco.



"Bringing it on" for the Spartans in ninth grade.



My sophomore year I decided to go back, back, back to my roots.



Hangin' out with my gal pal Joanie! (chyna)



VIDEO AND MORE PICTURES OF STEPHANIE—THE FIRST-EVER CYBER GIRL—ARE AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A description of the perfect morning: You sit down to breakfast and your girlfriend's picture is in PLAYBOY, your son's picture is on the Wheaties box and your wife's picture is on the milk carton.

A man didn't have a costume for a Halloween party. So he took off his shirt, socks and shoes. The host answered the door and asked, "What the hell are you supposed to be?"

"A premature ejaculation," the man said. "I just came in my pants!"



A young woman got a job working for a wealthy stockbroker. One day she came home from work crying. She told her mother, "I'm pregnant. And my boss is the father."

The next morning, the mother confronted the stockbroker. "You scum," she shouted. "You'd better not abandon my daughter."

The executive said, "Your daughter will have the best doctor money can buy. She'll have the baby in the best hospital. I am arranging for a trust fund for her and the baby. She'll receive \$2500 a week for the rest of her life."

The mother thought for a moment and said, "Tell me—God forbid, she should have a miscarriage: Will you give her another chance?"

EJOKE OF THE MONTH: A husband and wife got into an argument. The husband yelled, "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads HERE LIES MY WIFE—AS COLD AS EVER."

"Oh yeah?" she said. "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads HERE LIES MY HUSBAND—STIFF AT LAST."

A lawyer was riding in his limousine when he saw a man eating grass by the side of the road. He ordered his driver to stop the car. "Why are you eating grass?" he asked the man.

"We don't have any money for food," the man replied.

"Come along with me then," the lawyer said.

"But, sir," the man said. "I have a wife and two children."

"Bring them along," the lawyer replied.

The family climbed into the limousine. The poor man said, "Sir, you are extremely kind. Thank you."

The lawyer replied, "No problem. My grass at home is almost two inches tall."

A wife interrupted her husband while he was watching TV. "Honey, could you please fix the light in the hallway?" she asked.

He gave her an angry look and said, "Now? Does it look like I have a GE logo printed on my forehead? No way."

"Well, then, could you fix the refrigerator door?" she asked. "It doesn't shut properly."

"Does it look like I have Westinghouse written on my forehead?" he asked. "I've had enough of this. I'm going to the bar."

After a couple of hours, he returned home to find the hall light was working and the refrigerator door repaired. "Honey, how did you get these fixed?" he asked.

"Well, after you left, I sat outside and cried," she said. "Then a nice young man walked by and offered to do all the repairs if I would have sex with him or bake him a cake."

Surprised, the husband exclaimed, "So you made him the cake, right?"

His wife replied, "Do you see Sara Lee written on my forehead?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman who had been taking golf lessons was playing her first round when a bee stung her leg. On her way back to the clubhouse, she ran into her golf instructor. "Why are you back so early?" he asked.

"I was stung by a bee," she said.

"Where?" he asked.

"Between the first and second hole," she answered.

He nodded knowingly and said, "Then your stance is too wide."

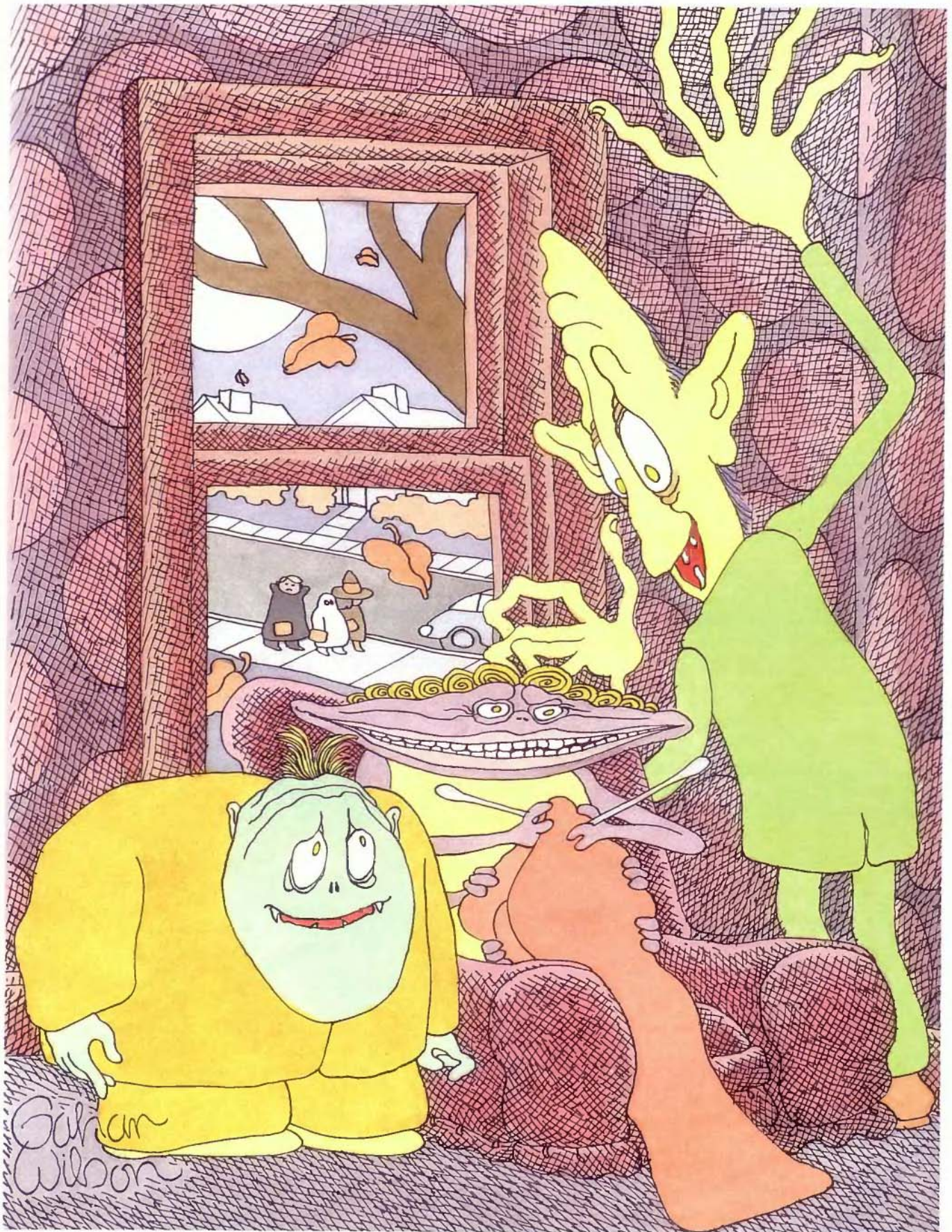
Why are New Yorkers so depressed? The light at the end of their tunnel is New Jersey.




As a waitress was taking a couple's order, she noticed that the man was slowly sliding under the table. The woman didn't seem to notice. When she finished taking the order, the waitress asked, "Pardon me, madam. Is everything OK? Your husband just slid under the table."

The woman calmly replied, "No he didn't. In fact, my husband just walked through the front door."

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.



"What do you say—just this once—we go out and trick or treat?"



the 4 year ROAD TRIP

supergroupies, drunken hecklers, shotgunned beers and a burning RV—that's life on the road for the NADAS, the best college band you've never heard of

by alison lundgren

The University of Iowa's Q Bar is stuffed with more than 500 buzzed college kids mashed against a small stage near the back of the room. Forty rows of guys in T-shirts and girls in halter tops, tight pants and platform shoes are sardined together, swilling beer and cocktails while trying to keep their footing. The stage holds equipment but no people. An open door lets in sporadic breezes, giving relief to the crowd. But the natives are getting restless. As one person, and then the entire crowd, chants, "One more song! One more song!" the floor shakes. Finally, the Nadas emerge from backstage—a.k.a. the bar's rooftop—and burst into an encore. The crowd erupts. Girls embrace. "You guys are all hot and sweaty," says vocalist Jason Walsmith, holding an acoustic Gibson guitar. He strums a chord. "This is when it gets good."

A flirty bartender sets down shots at each band member's feet. Walsmith, vocalist and guitarist Mike Butterworth, bassist Brett Nelson and drummer Tony Bohnenkamp drink up and play their last two songs. When the lights come on, they head offstage to mingle with fans, including a group of girls who have driven 20 hours from Colorado to see the show.

The Nadas could be the greatest college band you've never heard of. They're strong storytellers whose melodies soar as if they're simultaneously tapped into Lucinda Williams' sense



"We used to play in every little shithole. Now our philosophy is to radiate."

of heartbreak and Dave Matthews' life-of-the-party vibe. They're blue-collar rockers, all dirty jeans, scuffed shoes and whatever T-shirts they stuffed into their backpacks. The Nadas have been touring full-time for four years. Their lyrics reflect what they know: being in love, breaking up, missing their families and waking up in a different city every day. In the past few years, they've reached minor-league rock star status—especially in their home state of Iowa—by playing campus bars, outdoor festivals, frat parties, weddings, graduations and postprom bashes. They have even played at a shopping center. Not that they're proud of that.

While puff shows such as "Making the Band" and "Popstars" churn out plastic clones like a Barbie doll factory, the NADAS have chosen to seek stardom the organic way—by building a fan base city by city.

They spend 98 percent of their lives on the road, driving their RV past cornfields, cows, mountain ranges and skyscrapers. After their shows, they party until sunrise. If they're not up to crawling into the RV's claustrophobic bunk beds, they crash on beaches, the streets or friends' couches. On more than one occasion, they've been busted for sleeping in public. They shower at truck stops and buddies' apartments. They fill up at

all-you-can-eat buffets.

So far, the Nadas have released four CDs; their latest, *Coming Home*, has sold more than 15,000 copies and is played on 120 campus radio stations. According to Amazon.com, *Coming Home* and *En Vivo!* have both been listed as the best-selling CDs in Iowa. The band has two music videos, which can be seen on thenadas.com, and a mailing list of 10,000 fiercely loyal fans. They play 15 to 20 shows a month. Record labels call them to request CDs. They have yet to sign a record deal.

We caught up with the Nadas in Chicago, where they opened for the local band Hello Dave. Then it was off to Iowa City, where they headlined a show at the Q Bar.

THE VIC THEATER, CHICAGO,
APRIL 27, SEVEN P.M.

The Nadas, along with tour manager Will Petersen and sound engineer Ron Gomez, have finished their sound check and are enjoying a few preshow cocktails in their basement dressing room. With two hours to kill, they decide to go to a party at a friend of a friend's nearby pad.

When it comes to appearance, the Nadas are the anti-boyband. They don't coordinate their outfits. They don't do choreographed dance routines. They wouldn't be caught dead in glitter. Once, when they were asked to audition for *The Cut*, an old MTV show that broke new acts, Walsmith and Butterworth flew to California to find that the audition entailed dancing and singing to prerecorded music. "That show was a sham," Butterworth says. "They wouldn't let us play our instruments. I was like, 'This is not what we're about. I don't want to be part of it.' They taped the whole thing. On the off chance that we end up on *Behind the Music* someday, and they get the footage, we're screwed."

When they're on the road, the Nadas travel in their 1997 Eldorado RV, nicknamed Fox Smolder because it nearly exploded once.

"We bought the RV in Minnesota," Walsmith says. "After cramming our mattresses and sleeping bags into the storage bins, we noticed green smoke wafting out. I thought it was an accumulation of Brett's farts, but then I opened the other side of the RV. This *Backdraft*-type flame came shooting out at Will."

"I tried to stomp it out," Petersen adds, "but it turned into four flaming chunks of mattress, one of which started rolling toward the gas tank. So I gave it a Pelé-style kick, which made it stick to Jason's chest. As this flaming ball of mattress was rolling down Jason, Mike came running out with a fire ex-

tinguisher. It was bizarre. We put the fire out, and when we went inside, the guy who sold us the RV was like, 'I'm sorry, that's horrible. That'll be \$40 for the fire extinguisher.'"

Fox Smolder has a revolving-door policy for friends and fans.

"It's not uncommon for a fan to jump on the RV after a show, ride with us to the next gig and catch a Greyhound back," Walsmith says.

"Happens all the time," Butterworth adds. "Once, we were going to Colorado for a week, and a friend from Chicago, who was a little tipsy, decided to ride along and visit her brother. She woke up somewhere in Nebraska and realized what she was doing. Still, she stayed with us for three days and caught a flight home."

Fox Smolder is stocked with Nadas essentials: beer, Gatorade, photos of family members and dogs, a TV, nearly 100 movies, sunflower seeds, Starbursts and other junk food they've picked up at truck stops along the way. An empty pizza box teeters on the kitchen sink. Arby's wrappers and empty water bottles litter the floor.

There used to be a porn collection, donated by a friend who worked at a video store that went out of business, but it disappeared mysteriously the same day they got it.

PLAYBOY: Does the RV have a masturbation rule?

Gomez: "Tony does it in his bunk, in to a sock or a rag. I think he's the only one who beats off in the RV."

Bohnenkamp: "Gomez, don't you need a nap or something?"

There is also a bathroom law: Pee only. And before it gets too cold, the toilet must be winterized. "Otherwise," Walsmith says, "a bunch of piss will freeze in there. It happened last year."

BACKSTAGE AT THE VIC, MIDNIGHT

As Hello Dave finishes up, Butterworth and Petersen down Coronas and munch on Twizzlers in the dressing room.

"Every once in a while I'll stop singing and the crowd will take over. I'll think, God, these 500 people had to go through a lot to get here," Butterworth says. "They had to get gussied up, find the bar, pay too much cover, spend too much money on beer, memorize our CDs. They've chosen to spend Saturday night with us. It's the best feeling in the world. Considering that we've been doing this so long, I can't believe there are more people coming out instead of less. I've seen the bottom drop out on bands so many times."

"We were on tour with a few other bands recently," Petersen says. "Our tour bus broke down, so we ended up riding around in this small town—Mattoon, Illinois—in a limo."

"It was drunk Tuesday," Butterworth adds. "We started drinking at 11 A.M. The tour was co-sponsored by a beer company. We were shitfaced when we showed up."

"We were playing in a big tin shed," Petersen says. "At one point I asked the bartender, 'Do you like us?' He's like, 'Yeah, you have a great sound. But you sure do drink a lot.' We'd run up an \$1100 bar tab, and that was at half price. Our bus driver and limo driver were so fucked up they were running around the street, giving each other wedgies. Obviously they couldn't drive, so a guy in the other band had to take the wheel. That was the whole tour. Those drivers were an adventure and a half from start to finish."

"If you were to put the four of us together in our drunkest states we still would not be as drunk as one of them," Bohnenkamp adds.

After the show, everyone jumps into a 20-person limo that is stocked with booze. Adrenaline is high. Blood alcohol levels are higher.

The party train arrives at the Cubby Bear, a Wrigleyville bar in which Domestic Problems, another band the Nadas hang out with, is playing. Out front, everyone spills out of the limo, runs through an alley and goes through a back entrance. Next thing you know, the Nadas are onstage with Domestic Problems, singing *Walking on Sunshine*.

"I love everything about the Nadas," a drunken fan says. "Musically, they're my total faves. My first Nadas show was a year ago this April, and I've been a fan ever since. I came from Michigan to hear them play. Chicks dig them."

"A lot of people hear our songs when friends put them on mixed CDs," Nelson says. "Then they go to the website and buy the CD. One of my proudest moments was when our song *Where I'm Going* was chosen the senior class song at a high school in Iowa. We have no connection to the school. We've never played there. It's just that it hit home with those kids. For some reason, people are influenced by musicians. That people are excited to come to our shows means a lot."

Every popular band should have a supergroupie, and the Nadas come complete with Gifford, who has gone to so many shows, written so many e-mails and left so many voice-mail messages that if she weren't half joking, she could easily be classified as a stalker.

"She writes some funny-ass e-mails, I'll give her that," Petersen says.

"I started going to see them when I was in college," Gifford explains. "They're fun, nice guys. I come from a town of 10,000 people. My hometown radio station plays them. I don't want

(continued on page 176)



"You mean I can give my body to science and still be around to enjoy it?"



BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION

By JOSEPH DE ACETIS

GIRLS LOOK FOR GUYS
WITH BOLD TASTE AND
STYLE—UPDATE YOUR
WARDROBE AND
THEY'LL FIND YOU

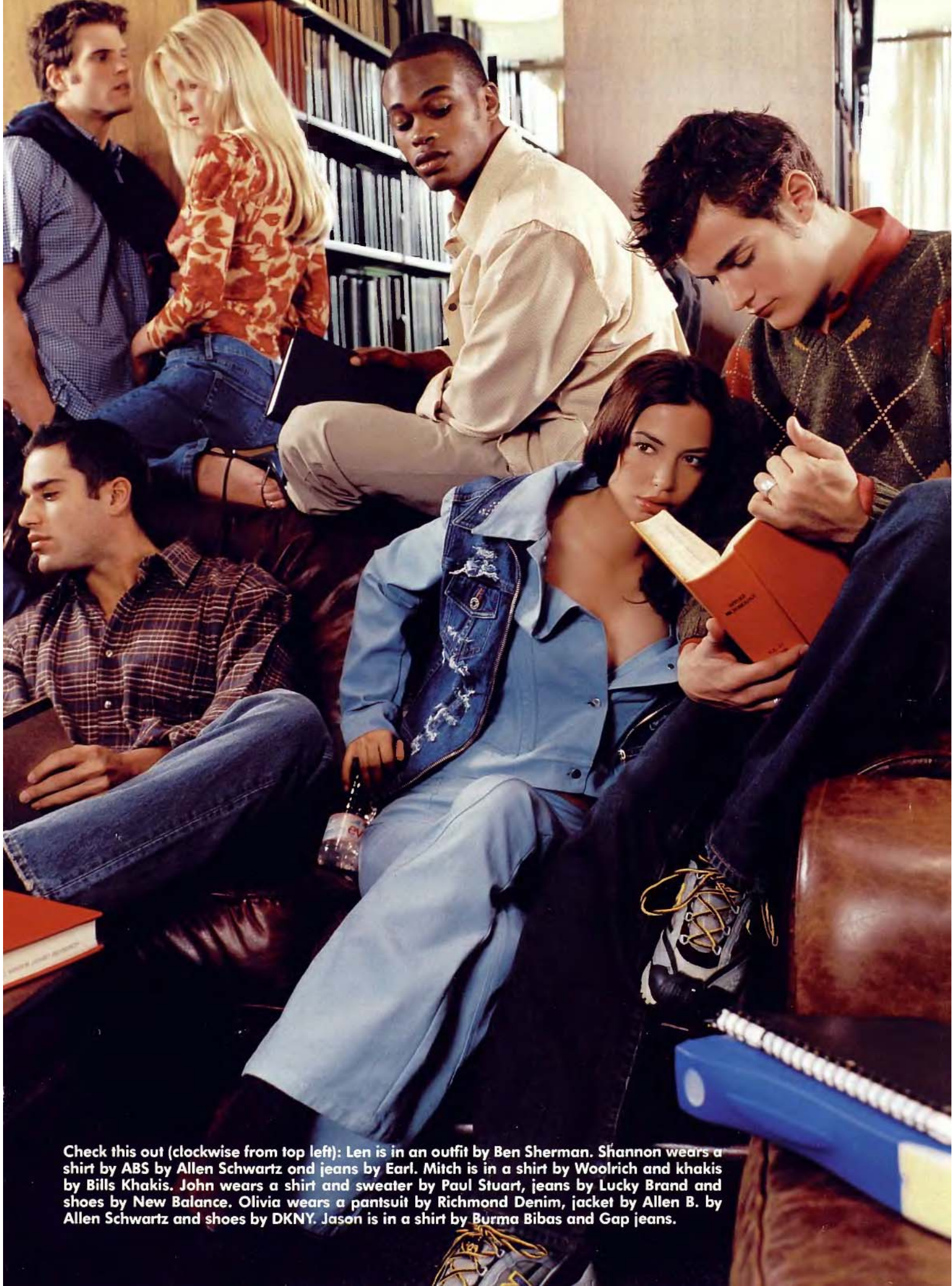
There is something impressive about a guy who can plop a goldfish into a full beer bong and down it in three seconds. But the best-looking girl at the party isn't going home with that guy. Girls want guys with serious flair. And there's no better way to give off a sheen of confidence than with slick clothes. Of course, if you're not comfortable, clothes look like a costume. So, the latest designs are just comfy sweats and a spring break T-shirt. Start with a button-front shirt by Ben Sherman or Hugo Boss—something with enough flair to fly the confidence flag—and stylish, updated cords from Axis. Or go for a heavy-gauge sweater or colorful polo and thick velvet jacket. The key is tweaking traditional looks to suit your style. Just remember that, like your major, your personal style makes a statement. Don't get stuck with a look by default or, worse yet, with what your mom leaves under the Christmas tree. And a footnote: Pay attention to your shoes. Girls will.

Forget BMOC—these days it's all about BMW. (That's the 2001 Z3 roadster.) Left to right: Ed wears a striped buttondown, bomber jacket and cotton pants by Hugo Hugo Boss and slip-on shoes by Skechers. On Jason are a turtle-neck, three-button jacket, button-fly pants and car coat by Trend Corneliani and shoes by Cole-Haan. Shannon's fur-hooded suede jacket is by Joop. Olivia is in a zip-front knit jacket by Diesel. The driver is in a sweater and three-button jacket by Trend Corneliani. Skylar is in a turtle-neck, two-button jacket and cords by NY Based. Shoes are by Skechers. Mitch wears a sweater, leather jacket and knit pants by Boss Hugo Boss and slides by Skechers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON CONTARSY

Getting around between the ivied buildings is a lot easier—and more fun—on a Playboy motorized scooter. Slim Scooty is in a suede-and-knit jacket and jeans by Hugo Hugo Boss, watch by Swatch and shoes by CAT. Jason wears a leather jacket, polo shirt and jeans by Axis. Shannon's vest is by Richmond Denim, leather pants by Tommy Jeans and shoes by Stuart Weitzman.

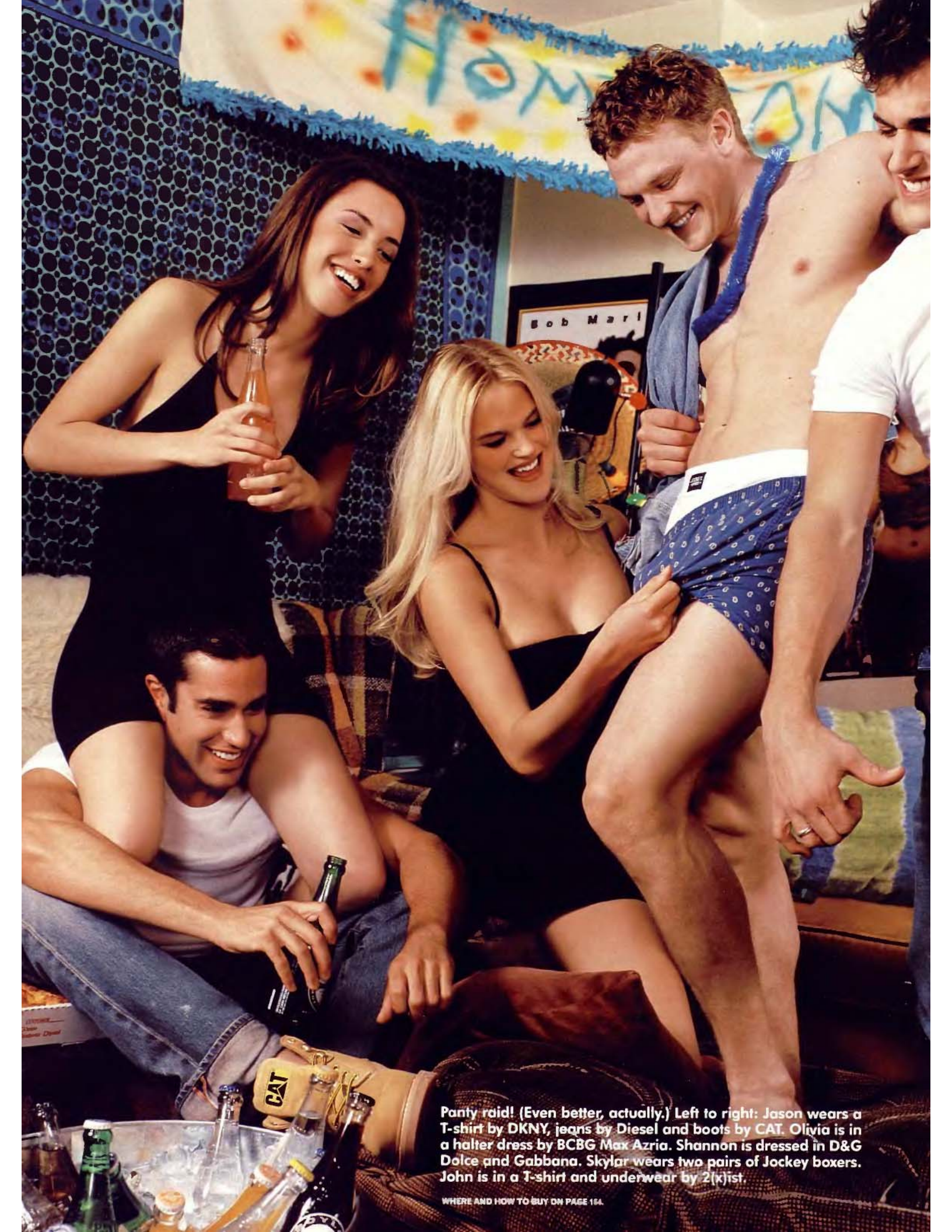




Check this out (clockwise from top left): Len is in an outfit by Ben Sherman. Shannon wears a shirt by ABS by Allen Schwartz and jeans by Earl. Mitch is in a shirt by Woolrich and khakis by Bills Khakis. John wears a shirt and sweater by Paul Stuart, jeans by Lucky Brand and shoes by New Balance. Olivia wears a pantsuit by Richmond Denim, jacket by Allen B. by Allen Schwartz and shoes by DKNY. Jason is in a shirt by Burma Bibas and Gap jeans.

Call it a scrum—we call it extended foreplay. Clockwise from prone: Jason wears a T-shirt by CK by Calvin Klein, thermal shirt and khakis by Tommy Jeans and sneakers by Puma. Skylar is in a rugby shirt by Gap. Olivia is in a hooded T-shirt by Tommy Jeans. Mitch is in fleece cargo pants and a hooded sweatshirt by Avirex. Tim is in a rugby shirt and pants by Tommy Jeans and sneakers by Puma. Shannon wears a jacket by Tommy Jeans and cards by Richmond Denim. Ed wears a T-shirt, sweatshirt and pants by Ocean Pacific and sneakers by CAT.





Panty raid! (Even better, actually.) Left to right: Jason wears a T-shirt by DKNY, jeans by Diesel and boots by CAT. Olivia is in a halter dress by BCBG Max Azria. Shannon is dressed in D&G Dolce and Gabbana. Skylar wears two pairs of Jockey boxers. John is in a T-shirt and underwear by 2(x)ist.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.



"Just another eat and run."



Centerfolds On **SEK**

Ulrika Ericsson

she's all grown up and liking it

I have made love in unusual places. I've had sex in a cab in New York City, which was kind of gutsy. I had sex in a garage elevator. I like the idea of not knowing whether or not we'll get caught.

I like to have sex with the lights on. I want to be able to see the person I'm having sex with. I want to see that cute heart-shaped butt and nice body. Making love in the dark is boring. I also love candles—lots of them.

When a man doesn't respond to me, I don't get overly upset. Relationships are all different. Some are not going anywhere—even if the sex is great. So you stay until something else comes along. If both people know what's going on, then it's not a bad thing.

I've had sex with men who were younger or older than me. A younger guy can have sex anytime—five or 10 times a day. That's kind of nice, but I like older men better. Younger men don't have experience and they're too insecure.

Older men know what they're doing and know how to use their bodies. And speaking of that, I like foreplay that includes lots of kissing and cuddling. I like my man to know how to use his hands. Sometimes I dress up for sex. When I'm waiting for my man to come home, I light candles and put on something nice. But it could also be that we're out on a boat in the middle of nowhere and the feeling comes over us and we just do it. I like to be spontaneous. I like sex and I'm not afraid of trying new things. I'm adventurous and I know what a man likes.

There's a big difference between teenage sex and the grown-up kind. When you're a teenager, you're horny all the time, but sex isn't very good. You want it. It's a feeling. It's your hormones kicking—and you need it, but sex is great now. I learned what I like and I know what an orgasm is—which is something you usually don't know when you're a teenager. You may think you do, but you have no clue. If you're in a relationship with someone you really care about, you're not afraid to express yourself.

Ulrika Ericsson

Elvira's Night Moves

This Halloween Her Trick Is A Treat

She walks in beauty like the night, this sexy but strangely wholesome ghoul next door. For 20 years Cassandra Peterson has portrayed Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, queen of all Halloween media, who, like the undead and Dick Clark, spookily never seems to age. Now she's been captured in all her towering-haired, voluptuous, campy-vampy style by renowned pin-up artist Olivia de Berardinis.

Peterson says she has always been a fan of pin-up art, such as the classic Vargas works. "I think Olivia is *(concluded on page 174)*



Olivia





Marg Helgenberger

20Q

tv's brick house on romance, tommyknockers and whether her csi character will ever strip again

She is the best thing about CBS' top-rated drama, *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*. Her character K.C. brightened *China Beach* and won her an Emmy in 1990. Her appearances in Stephen King's miniseries *The Tommyknockers* and her stint as George Clooney's love interest on *ER* were more than memorable. In fact, Marg Helgenberger enhances every project she accepts.

She grew up in Nebraska and acted in school plays, but it wasn't until she attended Northwestern University that acting took hold as a career possibility. Upon graduation she was cast on the ABC soap opera *Ryan's Hope*.

Her work includes movies, of course. She managed to create a romantic interlude with Michael Madsen amid the mayhem of *Species* (she also appeared in *Species II*). And she made Steven Seagal look good when he wasn't punching someone in *Fire Down Below*. Most recently she garnered rave notices as a cancer patient in *Erin Brockovich* and in the CBS miniseries *Perfect Murder, Perfect Town*, playing Patsy Ramsey.

Robert Crane met with Helgenberger in Santa Monica. He reports: "Marg is a bright, no-nonsense, funny person. She's incredibly earthy and sexy and she smells like she just got a little sun."

1

PLAYBOY: Describe the Marg Helgenberger for us.

HELGENBERGER: Cheeseburger, pickles and ketchup. On a toasted sesame seed bun. I'm as basic as they come. I am a meat-and-potatoes gal. I'm from a small town in the Midwest. Not only do I prefer simply prepared foods, but they prefer me, too, if you know what I mean. So, yeah, meat and potatoes.

2

PLAYBOY: Is the Helgenberger pink on the inside?

HELGENBERGER: Yes. Definitely. Medium rare—rare to medium rare. I like the taste of meat. I don't like it to be

dry. It's got to be moist inside. Moist and juicy.

3

PLAYBOY: So, how many great pairs of knockers were featured in *The Tommyknockers*? And what the heck are tommyknockers, anyway?

HELGENBERGER: Wow, I'd have to say there were at least three pairs of great knockers in *The Tommyknockers*. Traci Lords, Joanna Cassidy and yours truly, because they're natural and regular size. That's the only reason. Tommyknockers is an English expression that refers to miners. If someone was left underground after an explosion or a cave-in, you would hear them knocking on the sides of the walls. Miners were called tommys in the old days.

4

PLAYBOY: You play a former stripper turned crime scene investigator on *CSI*. Is there a flashback in the offing?

HELGENBERGER: Every crew member on the show has asked me that. Even my agent, who's an erudite person, said to the producer, "I want to see episodes in which Marg gets strung out on drugs and has to go back to stripping." The producer said, "Do you think you're the only person?" If it involved a crime or forensics or something, it might be OK.

5

PLAYBOY: What are your three distinguishing characteristics?

HELGENBERGER: My laugh, my hair color and my parties. I throw really good parties.

6

PLAYBOY: You played Patsy Ramsey, and now you're a crime scene investigator. Do you think JonBenet's case will ever be solved?

HELGENBERGER: I watched a lot of Patsy Ramsey's press conferences. In one she talked to CNN shortly after the murder, when she was completely stoned on Valium—she's hardly coherent. And there was the press conference she and her husband held for journalists a few months after the murder. In that one they were very together and had their answers down. But they have stuck with their story the entire time.

7

PLAYBOY: How did you get the name Marg?

HELGENBERGER: Well, it's actually Mary Marg. When my mother was in nurse's training, she worked in an orphanage with the nuns, because it was a Catholic nursing school. The nuns had named one of the little girls Mary Marg, and my mother loved the name—so that's what's on my birth certificate. Obviously it's usually Mary Margaret. But she just loved Mary Marg and intended to call me that, but it never really stuck. It's been Marg or Margie all my life.

8

PLAYBOY: Do men who pronounce the hard g get further with you than the ones who say Marge?

HELGENBERGER: My opinion of them rises. It depends, you know, because it's an uncommon name, so I don't really hold it against people. If I've told somebody repeatedly how to pronounce it, then I hold it against him because it means he's not paying attention.

9

PLAYBOY: Helgenberger suggests an imposing Bavarian edifice, something made out of bricks. What do you think?

HELGENBERGER: Of course. Back in Nebraska there were plenty of brick shit-houses. My image of a woman who is built like a brick house, and it's probably a cliché, is buxom, large—like

Chyna, the wrestler. It's a compliment if someone says I'm built like a brick house, because I'm a pretty solid person. And I'm fairly down-to-earth. I've got the hard-boiled thing. Some of the greatest compliments I receive, especially from men, are that I kick ass, that "that bitch is bad," that I'm bad-ass, that I rock. I love all that—it gives a spring to my step when I hear it.

10

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite bedroom scene?

HELGENBERGER: It's in *Species*, and it was with Michael Madsen. It was kind of raucous. I just decided to make it fun and playful. We tripped over each other and fell to the ground. That kind of kick-started it. I remember once I took a flying leap onto him on the bed. And there was the time I tackled him. It was more playful and feisty than your typical sensual love scene.

11

PLAYBOY: You appeared in *Fire Down Below*. Is Steven Seagal as wooden as he appears?

HELGENBERGER: Well, I wouldn't use that word. He was rarely there. Seriously. He showed up when he needed to show up, and the rest of the time I acted with his stand-in. Because of his martial arts training, I think he's a very present guy. Whether or not he's going to fuck with you is another thing. He loves to play games more than anybody I know. Otherwise he gets bored. But once he realizes you won't play games with him, he'll back off. A game player doesn't like to play games with somebody who's not interested. They'll go on to find somebody who's going to fall for their shit. But he was very complimentary to me. He would always say, "We think you're a terrific actress. The best thing I did was put you in this film."

12

PLAYBOY: Did Julia Roberts have to ask someone how to dress for *Erin Brockovich* or did she have it in her?

HELGENBERGER: There was one day when she had on this outfit, tight white pants or capris and this push-up bra that put her boobs up into the stratosphere. And these huge fuck-me pumps. Julia is not that kind of dresser. She's very elegant. But I think she got into it after a while. And I thought she sashayed in those clothes beautifully. It was the best thing she's ever done.

13

PLAYBOY: Julia Roberts was once your neighbor. Did she ever come over to borrow something?

HELGENBERGER: Actually, she came over to borrow the Cuisinart when Alan, my husband, was there—and, like most husbands, he doesn't know where anything is. He was probably struggling really hard to find it because it's Julia Roberts at the door. She said, "Oh, that's OK. I can just use a blender." Sometimes in those tabloids they would print photographs of the duplex she lived in, and our Pathfinder would be in the picture. Under the caption it would say, "Julia ditches her Hollywood Hills mansion for a neighborhood filled with drug addicts and out-of-work actors." But that's my Pathfinder and I'm a working actor, as is my husband.

14

PLAYBOY: Might there be sparks around the Bunsen burner with your co-star William L. Petersen?

HELGENBERGER: I think the sparks already exist around the Bunsen burner, just by the fact that we're both single on the show. And I think we're both relatively lonely—I'm trying to make it on my own as a single mom and he's got such tunnel vision. But if you deny your sexuality, it eventually comes out in one way or another. Even though we're completely professional and it's never really discussed, I think the feelings exist. It will be more interesting if Willows and Grissom don't get together. I think there's more to be explored in terms of two co-workers doing their thing without having any kind of sexual relationship. He's the more cerebral one and I'm the more instinctual, intuitive, sensual one—the two minds work well together on cases.

15

PLAYBOY: Ever have the perfect date ruined by one thing?

HELGENBERGER: It wasn't necessarily the perfect date, but I do remember a situation when I was in high school and I had a crush on a guy. We had planned to meet at the bowling alley after the football game or something like that. He showed up with another girl! So I sort of wrote him off as a loser, but a few months went by and he realized what an asshole he'd been. Then he courted me heavily with gifts and poems. And we actually became an item for a year or so.

16

PLAYBOY: Is it harder to be sexy when you're single or married?

HELGENBERGER: Probably when you're married. My single friends have a totally different life than I do. There's certainly a lot more sex. A lot more sex with various partners. Being single, you have complete freedom and inde-

pendence. I have a child, and he's obviously the first responsibility. But I certainly don't feel like I'm stifled in any way.

17

PLAYBOY: What are you going to tell your son about girls?

HELGENBERGER: Well, he already has a crush on Drew Barrymore, but he won't admit it. He asks me about her. I've met her. I think he saw *The Wedding Singer*, and she was so sweet, so adorable. She is that way anyway, but she was just so charming, and that's what he fell for—that bubbly, open, sweet gal. He's got good taste. He doesn't go for Carmen Electra. He goes for a good girl who's also sexy. Drew's sexy and she's a producer. She rocks.

18

PLAYBOY: Your 16-year-old son brings home a young Marg Helgenberger. What do you say?

HELGENBERGER: You go, boy! I would say that he's got good taste. I definitely want him to have somebody who is fun, and smart, and interested in the world, and somebody who is going to be a challenge. I don't want him to settle for just anyone.

19

PLAYBOY: What will you advise your son to avoid a broken heart?

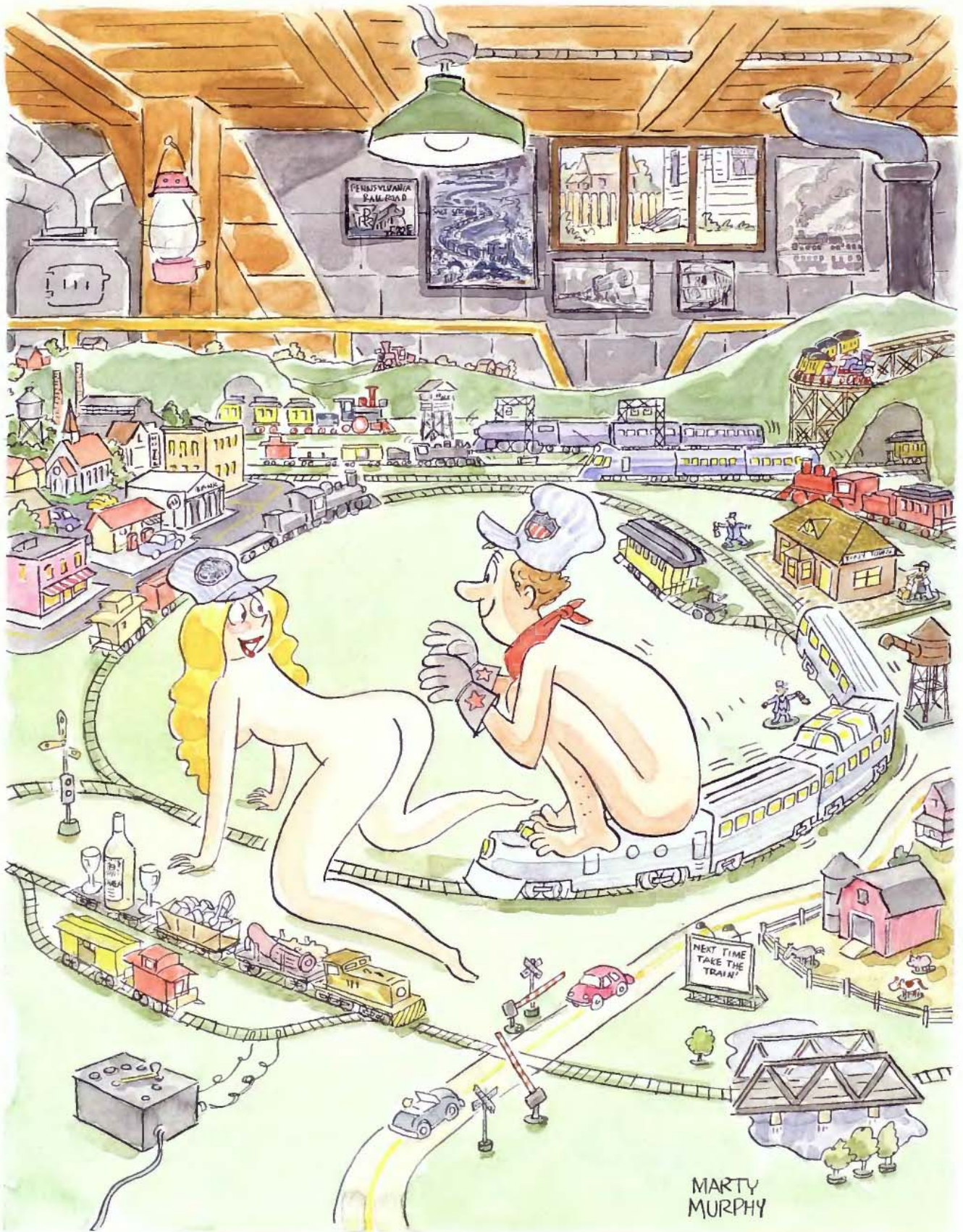
HELGENBERGER: Oh, my God. The only way is to go through it. That road can be really painful, but I think there's great value in that. And I wouldn't want to shut him off. Some people are afraid to even go out there because they're afraid of being hurt, and I don't think that's any way to go through life. Then you're really not dealing with all your emotions or following your heart.

20

PLAYBOY: What are some warning signs?

HELGENBERGER: I would be wary of people who are users. They might seem like a lot of fun, but you can generally tell when somebody's not entirely sincere with their friendship. It's a fair-weather thing. And I think that's something you are susceptible to at a young age, because there are a lot of charismatic people. They draw you in, but then they spin out of control and you get left behind. So I would caution him against those very dynamic, charismatic personalities. Even though they're extremely attractive and I, too, fall for them all the time, just be wary. There's usually another side to those types of people.





"I don't think I ever met anyone before who was into model railroading and kinky sex!"



GIRLS *of the* SEC

and we don't mean the securities and exchange commission!

THE 12 TEAMS OF THE Southeastern Conference inspire more than their share of football fanaticism. More than 5.5 million fans go to SEC games every season, and SEC teams have won more bowl games than any other conference. But, more interestingly, the SEC schools enroll some of the most gorgeous women in the country. When we visited the conference, we expected to be bowled over by beauty. And we were. We were also overtaken by the aggressive pubic barbering we saw. Many girls have given up the patch entirely. We're not sure what to make of this—but we think it requires further study.



Jessica Wilsey — VANDERBILT



Ashley Woodard — KENTUCKY

As an art history major at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Jessica Wilsey (above left) studies the grace and symmetry of the human form. Wilsey admires people who think for themselves and plans to enter the Peace Corps after graduation. She is inspired by architecture, and her own edifice is minimalism at its best. Kentucky girl Ashley Woodard (above right) plays tennis and adores sun, sand and water. Opposite: Members of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity at the University of Georgia respond to being named one of the top 10 party schools. They're assisted by (left to right) fashion merchandising major Alexandra Carpanzano, who loves body piercing; marketing major Carrie Cauch, who's a Hoaters girl; business major Meredith Haygood, who's a crack shot with a rifle; prenursing major Catherine Boehm, who loves horseback riding; cellular biology major Britt Johnson, who plans to be an exotic-animal veterinarian; criminal justice major Katy Chaw, who hopes to work for the FBI; and art and marketing major S'Heelia Marks, who illustrates books.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MCEY, MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS





Alexandra Carpanzano, Carrie Couch, Meredith Haygood, Catherine Boehm, Britt Johnson, Katy Chow, S'Heelia Marks — GEORGIA



Claudia Sands — **GEORGIA**



Brittney Bayles, Colleen Marie,
Elise — **LOUISIANA STATE**

Belly dancing keeps 5'10" University of Georgia art major Claudia Sands (left) in shape, while photography keeps her creative juices flowing. Above: Brittney Bayles, Colleen Marie and Elise prepare for degrees in veterinary medicine by studying some of the animals at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. Carinn Paradise (below), who is majoring in commercial real estate at the University of Tennessee, adores fast cars and Southern gentlemen.



Corinn Paradise — **TENNESSEE**

Bridget Chadwick (below) is an outdoorsy girl who says she tries to live every day to the fullest. When she gets older, she explains, she doesn't want to look back on her life with any regrets or "what-ifs." Majoring in social work at the University of Arkansas, she hopes to work with geriatric patients. Right: Her Ole Miss mascot may be a Rebel, but nursing student Terah Bruce is a traditional girl who cherishes her family, loves animals and appreciates men who are respectful. Tomboy Gabrielle Copeland (bottom right), a marketing major at Auburn University in Alabama, is crazy about Nascar, football, baseball, hiking and hanging out with the guys. She likes fishing for compliments.



Bridget Chadwick — **ARKANSAS**



Terah Bruce — **MISSISSIPPI**



Gabrielle Copeland — **AUBURN**



Melissa Andresen — VANDERBILT



A California girl by birth who has also lived in Germany, Melissa Andresen (left) is a linguist who loves Southern accents. She hears plenty of them at Vanderbilt, where she's majoring in German. Below: Lauren Anderson, who's studying animal biology at the University of Florida, says that "everything on my body, including my hair, is real." Her underpants, though, are fake. Right: Pamela Cuevas is honing her mechanical engineering skills at the University of Mississippi. She has a passion for riding horses and yearns to own a farm. Top right: Carrie Kinney, Michelle Miller, Natalie Chambliss, Amy Narváez and Allison Moscarelli ride in top-down style at the University of Alabama.



Lauren Anderson — FLORIDA



Malissa Valdes — AUBURN



Jacqueline — LOUISIANA STATE

Malissa Valdes (left), a mass-communications major at Auburn, can't resist a big microphone: She hopes to be a radio or TV broadcaster. She throws pottery and even plays football. Above: Jacqueline, a mass-communications major at Louisiana State, also aspires to a career in broadcasting. Her newest love is Chloe, her half-Dalmatian, half-Border collie puppy. Right: Georgia students April Zeigler and Brianne Marie may inspire guys to injure themselves: They plan to become occupational and physical therapists. April, a health promotion major, enjoys skiing on water or snow, while Brianne, majoring in exercise science, goes for rock climbing and running. Amy White (far right), a broadcast journalism major at the University of Alabama, enjoys stretching into Downward Dog in yoga class. She craves sushi and adores Steve Martin, long baths and autumn afternoons.



Pamela Cuevas — MISSISSIPPI



Carrie Kinney, Michelle Miller, Natalie Chambliss,
Amy Narváez, Allison Moscarelli — ALABAMA



April Zeigler, Brianne Marie — GEORGIA



Amy White — ALABAMA



Heidi Ondo, Stacey Richardson,
Jennifer Hess — **SOUTH CAROLINA**



Andrea Mouser — **TENNESSEE**

Left: Fashion merchandising major Heidi Ondo, exercise science major Stacey Richardson and psychology major Jennifer Hess, students of the University of South Carolina, test their flotation device. Heidi hates cheesy pickup lines, Stacey dislikes rudeness and Jennifer can't stand people who are superficial. Andrea Mouser (bottom left) is a 4.0 grad student in criminology at the University of Tennessee. She delights in chocolate, french fries, intelligent conversations and her python, Ivan. Below: Journalism major Nikki Bruneel is a vegetarian. Her dream is to host an entertainment TV show. She finds time to ride for the equestrian team at the University of Georgia.



Nikki Bruneel — **GEORGIA**



Lauren Mackin — KENTUCKY



Green-eyed Lauren Mackin (left), a pharmacy major at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, plays in the volleyball club and likes to travel.

Bottom left: Ole Miss journalism and broadcasting student

Amy Dew gets off on R&B, Harley-Davidsons and Girl Scout cookies.

She has served as an athletic trainer for the football team, massaging cramped muscles of lucky players. Raised in California, Monique Watkins (below), a political science major at the University of Kentucky, loves jazz and ballet.



Monique Watkins — KENTUCKY



Amy Dew — MISSISSIPPI



MISSISSIPPI STATE UNIVERSITY



UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA



VANDERBILT



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Lisa Seab (below left), a graduate student in history at Mississippi State, is a tiny powerhouse. The 5'2" 98-pounder is working to master the lightning-fast punches and spinning kicks of tae kwon do. She likes bubble baths, flower gardens and thunderstorms ("They're erotic," she says). Julie Brock (below right) perfects her talents in theater, speech and dance at the University of South Carolina. She stays in shape by dancing, running, lifting weights and swimming. "I love trying new things," she says. "I'm never afraid to take risks." Right: Born and raised in Pennsylvania, Caitlin Graff has gone south, where she studies biological sciences and Spanish at Vanderbilt University. She hopes to make it to medical school, but she also knows how to have fun: "I love music, I love to dance, I love to be wild and crazy, trying anything new." Opposite, bottom left: Six-foot-two Tamara Stocks, a public relations major at the University of Florida, fuels her lanky frame for competition on the basketball court. She's also crazy about animals and water sports. Native Texan Kerri Raser (far right) is studying graphic design at the University of Alabama. She appreciates good home-cooked meals, concerts and sunbathing. She detests snakes and scary movies. She stays trim with yoga, jogging, biking and in-line skating. She manages to stretch her creative muscles with painting and photography.



Lisa Seab — MISSISSIPPI STATE

Julie Brock — SOUTH CAROLINA



Caitlin Groff — **VANDERBILT**




Tamara Stocks — **FLORIDA**



Kerri Roser — **ALABAMA**



 Left: Miranda Mullins, Lauren Mackin, Stephanie Rausch, Tammy Marcum, Nicole Saxon and Alyssa Ortlip get down with their fellow Wildcats at the University of Kentucky. Bottom left: Hoping for a career in the fashion industry, Kentucky student Tiffany Starkey adores good food and loves to dance to work it off. The Illinois-born blonde is a fervent fan of hockey and football. Meghan Lea (below), an apparel merchandising student at Auburn University, is wild about picnics and good food. She stays in shape with aerobics, running, soccer and swimming. She loves riding noisy motorcycles but she doesn't like noisy people. Opposite: Shleena Dunn, a psychology major at Tennessee, is the first person in her family to go to college. "I want to make my mom proud," says the 5'8" Tennessee native. She plays roller hockey and field hockey and loves dancing.

Miranda Mullins, Lauren Mackin, Stephanie Rausch, Tammy Marcum, Nicole Saxon, Alyssa Ortlip — **KENTUCKY**



Tiffany Starkey — **KENTUCKY**



Meghan Lea — **AUBURN**



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Shleena Dunn — TENNESSEE

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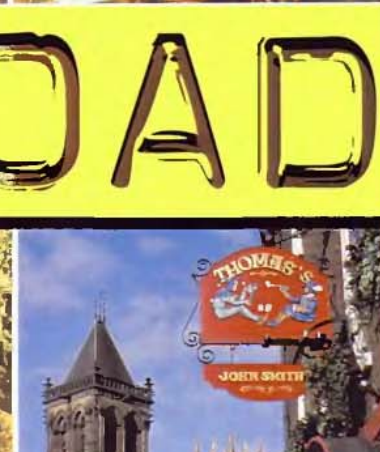
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(concluded on page 165)

CRUISER

Chris Browne



RAW DEAL

(continued from page 85)

them lessons that are detrimental to society—that they are “above the law.” We are not preparing them to become active and equal citizens in our democracy but to demand “extra privileges” that might lead them into criminal lifestyles. The universities are responsible for leading them down a path that will deny them their rights as citizens rather than enable them to contribute productively to society.

Q: How bad is it?

A: There are several on the UT team right now, several who just graduated, who don't know how to read or write. I would rather pay them money than just exploit them and not give them anything in return. They bring in a lot of money. It really is a plantation system.

Q: That's a serious charge. Please explain.

A: They're kept illiterate because the more they know, the more they realize they don't have their rights. The illiterate athlete can be exploited. If they make it in the pros, great. But if they don't make it, which is more often the case, then what? It's shameless. But it is as hard to change as the plantation system was. It has grown so large it can't be hidden anymore.

Q: Don't some athletes like having their schoolwork done for them?

A: I'm sure some athletes like having someone write their papers. But the fellow who originally broke the ESPN.com story was an athlete who was a good student and was upset at being mistreated, or treated like a dumbbell, because of what other athletes were doing. I have a lot of athletes who tried to do their own work, and the athletic department has told them, No, just take the D. They aren't allowed to participate in classes. The sad stories are when you see them want to go to class and do the work, and they're not allowed to: “Coach said I couldn't.”

Q: Is there any effort to enforce the rules against plagiarism?

A: One thing the administration keeps telling me is that if you catch an athlete with a plagiarized paper you have to punish him. I refuse to do it if the athlete was told he had to let somebody write the paper for him. It's the system that's doing the plagiarizing. It's institutionalized, and the athletes are scapegoats.

Q: Don't faculty and tutors object to taking part in fraud?

A: We have many faculty who have been replaced with part-time instructors who don't have tenure. If someone from ath-

letics calls them, they're going to waive a requirement because they're afraid they're going to lose their job. It's more entrenched than a lot of people think.

Q: Who is to blame?

A: You can't blame the athletic department, because coaches are hired and fired on their winning percentages. Their job is to keep athletes eligible, not to educate them. There are so many people who live and die by the success of athletic programs. As long as there are high revenues and attendant merchandising involved, the pressure will always be too great on academic administrations to capitulate to athletic interests. With high-profile, high-revenue sports it's a closed circuit. Many people have been bought out—professors, police departments, state legislators. Most of the lobbying for state money takes place in skyboxes.

Q: Any signs of improvement?

A: The start-up of the CAC is exciting because now the athletes are recognizing that they're the ones being exploited.

Q: What actions are you and the Drake Group planning?

A: The main thing we've been trying to do nationally is to make faculties aware of how extensive the problem is. Many of us in the Drake Group know athletes from different states who are willing to come out and get kids to come together in a federal suit. Some of us have discussed a case that would establish a principle of justice for students that all universities would have to adhere to. The federal government has to put down rules. We're working together to get something passed that would keep athletic departments from controlling universities. If faculty senates bring forward the same issues to the universities, someone's going to have to address them.

Q: What would show you that the situation was really changing?

A: There would be a big change if there were farm teams for the NBA and the NFL. Then we wouldn't have to pretend that some of these athletes want to be students. That's the real hypocrisy. Most people have become aware of it.

Q: You would make what is now called amateur collegiate athletics straightforwardly professional?

A: The best way to reform is to do away with the NCAA and run collegiate sports as subsidiary business enterprises not related to the university's academic mission—i.e., pay the athletes and don't require them to be students. If that's done correctly, I suspect the athletic departments would enjoy being out of the “academic eligibility” game. They know it is a farce, but because other Division I schools compete for the blue-chip athletes who have little college preparation, the change will never occur unilaterally. Just create a system that will allow us to eliminate the hypocrisy.



WEST WING

(continued from page 82)

under her wing. She directed me in a lot of plays in New York with a theater company she was running. Until then, I don't think I wanted to admit what I wanted to do, because I was afraid of failing at it. There are so many clichés about acting. "You're an actress? What restaurant do you work at?" I used to lie and tell people I was a photographer for *National Geographic*. I'd say anything other than that I was an actress because there wasn't anything to show that I was an actress.

PLAYBOY: Your height is often mentioned in articles about you.

JANNEY: It's a commitment.

PLAYBOY: A commitment?

JANNEY: I'm not Elle Macpherson tall and I don't weigh 110, but sometimes I just feel huger than life. At least in Hollywood. In the theater I felt my size helped me. Sometimes I'm sure I haven't gotten parts because of my height. I like it most of the time, though.

PLAYBOY: Do you take pleasure in being referred to as "the thinking man's pin-up"?

JANNEY: That stuff is wild. I love it. I can't get enough of it. The thought that I might be in someone's locker somewhere. It's exciting because that's just not been my role in this life at all. To reach 40 and be seen that way is great, but I'm not going to pretend that I believe it for a second.

PLAYBOY: Richard, you just returned from filming a movie with

Al Pacino. Were you intimidated working with someone of his stature?

SCHIFF: He is my idol. I did *City Hall* with him, too, but I never worked with him directly scene to scene until now. It was awesome. He's full, he's alive and anything can happen. He is an artist who was the greatest of his era. We don't have much of a need for someone who actually bores into his own soul for the sake of his art. We don't have that in our culture much these days. Mostly we have crap. We gloss over everything. When the era of the performance doesn't really matter, touching the deepest part of your soul during a take doesn't matter. It's absolutely death to give a flying fuck what anyone thinks of what you're doing. But I

would do his take and he'd go huddle with the director. I thought, Oh my God, he hates my shit.

PLAYBOY: John, you worked on last season's *The West Wing* while starring in a play.

SPENCER: I'll never do it again. It was called *Glimmer, Glimmer and Shine*. I played a junkie. I worked here and raced over to the theater every night. By the 10th or 11th week it got pretty hairy. Afterward, I felt like I needed a month in Barbados. I would never do double duty again unless I found myself in this similar situation—material I cannot say no to. I was lucky I was playing a dying junkie, because that's what I looked like.

PLAYBOY: Your character on *The West Wing* is a recovering alcoholic, too. Was it

could have one potato chip. That's it. It was extremely embarrassing. Legally everything should work out, but now it's a matter of crawling out from under a rock.

PLAYBOY: Others in this show are open about recovery. Martin, your days of alcohol abuse are chronicled in *Hearts of Darkness*, the documentary about the making of *Apocalypse Now*. What's it like to watch it now?

SHEEN: The only way I can watch it is to say, "That is who I was, not who I am."

PLAYBOY: Your son Charlie had a harrowing experience with drugs. What was the experience watching him after your experience?

SHEEN: Terrifying. I'm very proud of Charlie. As long as a friend or spouse or

child has a drug or alcohol problem, you have a dishonest relationship. You're only able to speak to the drug. Only if they get clean can you begin a relationship. It took his getting clean for us to have an honest relationship. Now it is even and direct. He has become my hero. I know how hard it is. We have a serious problem in this country with addiction. The 12 steps work. It's the largest underground spiritual movement in the world. We need spirituality to counter the great evil of addiction. It is an evil force. When confronted by it, everybody gets his ass kicked. No one is immune. At some point alcoholism or drug abuse becomes intolerable because you realize the cost.

PLAYBOY: There's lots of talk about *The West*

Wing being entertainment, not politics. But is there a hidden hope among you that you might be able to change a mind or two?

HILL: I wouldn't mind changing a mind or two. Of course you want to touch people.

MOLONEY: It's great to think we might stir up some good debates.

JANNEY: I like the idea of stirring up controversy.

SCHLAMME: It's not necessarily my interest to change people's way of thinking, but the best art inspires people to think. It's what we're supposed to do as artists.

PLAYBOY: But do you feel as if you could influence your audience?

SPENCER: That's too awesome a responsibility for me. I'm an entertainer.

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written that way from the beginning?

SPENCER: I didn't know Leo was a recovering alcoholic at first. I don't think Aaron knew. It came in at about the fourth or fifth episode. Since I'm a recovering alcoholic and I'm open about it, I've been asked if it was based on my life experience. When I asked Aaron about it, he said my recovery didn't influence him any more than his own.

PLAYBOY: Aaron, your recent arrest for possession of drugs was widely reported. What happened?

SORKIN: Last season was over, I turned in my last script and I was going to go away for the night. I was in rehab six years ago for an every-day, all-the-time drug habit. It was six years later and I thought I



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LOWE: You have to hope we're not influencing events. It would be scary to think that what we're doing here on Stage 23 is having any effect on the serious business of running the country.

PLAYBOY: But might there be a more subtle impact? Apparently the number of people who went into emergency medicine shot up considerably because of *ER*. Might you inspire a new wave of politicians?

SORKIN: That'd be great, though I don't hope for anything from the show other than to capture your attention for an hour. I don't have a political or social agenda.

PLAYBOY: Not even a little bit, Aaron?

SORKIN: It's not what's going to make the show good. The most important thing to me is being a good writer.

CADDELL: I don't agree. Everyone around here says this is just a TV show. But it's not just a TV show. Why would people spend more time watching something that you could watch on the evening news every night? People hate politics. They come to this show because people want to be uplifted. We forget that we don't live by bread alone. This show taps into the hearts of Americans. It's about our spirit.

PLAYBOY: How about you, Martin? Do you want to change minds?

SHEEN: You bet your ass. If it weren't about this subject matter, I wouldn't be interested, and I don't think anyone else would be, either. My greatest fear was that I would end up doing a meaningless television series. My greatest joy is doing this one.

SORKIN: If in the process good things happen, I'm all for good things.

WELLS: I wouldn't mind if the show helped people think politics might be an honorable life. The pendulum has swung much too far. Now, we are suspicious of anyone who chooses public service. If the show helps to allow it to be OK again, that would be nice. It doesn't have to get cool again. If it makes it all right for you to tell your friends that you're in politics, it would be a great thing.

JANNEY: The show makes it OK to feel patriotic and I'm proud of that.

WELLS: The Kaiser Foundation has conducted a number of studies that show that *ER* is the primary source of health information for many people. The exception is a major health crisis about which everybody is reading. If the show brings up a new cancer treatment, people ask their doctor about it. If there's a show about the newest date-rape drug, there is a rush to campus health centers by people who may have been raped. When you do a show that deals with real issues like *ER* or *The West Wing*, you have an additional responsibility. You can't be glib about how you present issues. Aaron does extensive research. We have doctors on the set of *ER* and we have political consultants on *The West Wing* and we do a tremendous amount of fact check-

ing. So yes, it's entertainment, but there is a fine line. We take that responsibility seriously.

SORKIN: Lots of times I don't start out caring about an issue that much. However, the way this works is that two people in a room have to disagree about something. I don't care whether it's affirmative action or the correct time of day. They have to disagree or you're not going to get much of a scene. As a result, I look for things where there are two strong arguments. Through the process of writing, I'll start to give a damn.

SHEEN: If we can have an impact in the course of our work as well as in the course of the rest of our lives, we have to do it. We can't continue as if nothing is happening. There is a big-ass third world where people are suffering. The third world is on our streets now in every major American city, too. They are surprised that the census discovered about a million Hispanics living underground in Los Angeles alone! These assholes have never focused on the pain that's right under their noses. There are the bastards making money off the suffering of millions with illegal drugs. There are the bastards making money off the addictions of people with prescription drugs.

PLAYBOY: When will you be protesting next?

SHEEN: Every day is a protest with me. I don't have a specific agenda. I try to be present. I put a voice, however small and insignificant, on the voiceless and the marginal. I just try for my own sake to be present on social justice issues. Sometimes all you can do is stand there.

PLAYBOY: After 70 arrests, do you feel as if you have made a difference?

SHEEN: Everything has gotten worse since I started. Nothing has gotten any better.

PLAYBOY: Are you disillusioned?

SHEEN: We have to do whatever we can to tip the balance. I think it's real clear we cannot depend on ourselves or the better side of our nature. But God is present in the universe. God is present in the goodness we see every day. Define it however you want—God is our humanity when it rises up to do good. God is the part of us that rises up against the evil forces of addiction, greed, war, starvation, hunger. There is more goodness than there is darkness. There's more light. We have grandchildren. We hurl them into the future that we'll never see. We have to be accountable, to do whatever we can to make the good win out. And that's the thing I've come to: I love being alive, even with all the misery. The only thing that pisses me off about getting older is that I know it's eventually going to end. The mystery is extraordinary. It is extraordinary to have this much fun and this much love and this much consciousness.



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FISHBOY

(continued from page 100)

my mother's car and had it detailed to the bone. I went into what had been my dad's closet and took out one of the suits he had left behind. I had it pressed. I made my brother and my mother dinner, fixed her a drink and on my way out, I straightened the pillow beneath her head and turned up the volume on the television. "Wish me luck!" I said, and I was off.

Emily walked out before I could get to the door. She was wearing jeans and a gray sweatshirt, her hair was held back in a ponytail. She stopped in the driveway, looking concerned.

"I thought we were going roller-skating," she said.

I was a bit overcome, and because of this, I couldn't do anything but stare.

"Will?" she said.

"I figured we might go into the city for dinner."

"I said I go roller-skating on Thursdays," she said. "Are you wearing a suit?"

"What?" I said.

"I told you we were going to meet some people," she said. "Why are you wearing that suit?"

"I already made reservations," I said. "I'll be out 50 bucks if we don't show up."

She made a face, squinting her eyes a

little in what was probably confusion. "I guess I should go change," she said, and she turned around and walked back toward the front door. "I really wish you didn't do that."

"Sounds like a plan," I said.

We drove to the restaurant, a few miles an hour under the limit and in the slow lane for safety purposes, and everything went extraordinarily well. We ate and talked about school and the world. I told her my dad was a somewhat godlike patent attorney—whatever that was—and my mother was a freelance marine biologist. I created a world for myself that was more hopeful than the one that was currently developing. I told her I was considering Harvard and Yale but that I hadn't made up my mind yet. While I was talking, I pictured the two of us falling madly in love with each other and raising a litter of happy little kids. They'd have my blue eyes and her pink complexion and absolutely no resemblance to my parents.

Eventually, because there was no way around it, I had to take her home. She thanked me and I burst from the car and walked her up the driveway, and when we were at the door she turned around and—possibly feeling obliged to—patted my shoulder softly with her hand. And then I made a grab for her breast and tried to plant one on her neck, an

act that served to fundamentally change our relationship forever.

I went home and slammed the front door loudly. I trudged upstairs and wrote in my notepad, *Dinner—exquisite. Grabbed Emily's tit. Blew it. We dig our own holes.* I wrote, and attributed the quote to *Anonymous*. I don't think I knew what it meant. I thought she might eventually come around, but she never did. I thought I could convince her to like me again, but I never did. That night I lay on my bed for a long time staring up at my fish tank, and then I drove around looking for my old man's car.

I was coming up with a grand philosophy that I normally believed wholeheartedly, and on my best days, at least halfheartedly. It was that *We live in a world built on sorrow*. That was the gist of it—it's written that way in my notebook—and I'm not sure exactly how I clarified it, even internally, but I think the whole thing had a lot to do with the way my mother had been deteriorating in the past few years. It made sense to me that she had tapped into something sorrowful and dangerous about the world and wasn't finding her way out of it. I was convinced that I was slowly tapping into it myself.

When Emily wouldn't talk to me, I resorted to strange manifestations of my sorrow. I began calling her at odd hours and asking her questions about sorrow and ache. I'd ask her if one could be sure of anything, really, in the world. Sometimes I would call and not say anything.

She had my number blocked and I started slipping poems into her locker, poems filled with the most obvious and clichéd love imagery, rhymes with words like *parlance* and *substance*, and at the end (after what could be 10 or 12 hand-size notebook pages), the last stanzas would inevitably grow darker, the flower would die, the bird would mysteriously fall from the sky or get sucked into a jet's engine, the beautiful fish would flop around without oxygen and die in the throes of melancholy.

A few times I showed up at Ivar's Fish Bar and ordered nothing but water. I'd say that I wished to be served by the young blonde gal from the flier. She would come out and pour my water silently, without looking at me. The third time I did this, I directed some loud and obnoxious comments toward the rest of the restaurant and I was banned for life.

I spent a lot of time sitting with my mother watching television or lying in my room. And then one night, after I'd tucked my brother in, I lay in bed and listened with my hands over my ears to my mother throwing up in the bathroom. I got up, went down into the garage and got my dad's ladder and I carried it three blocks to Emily's cul-de-sac



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and into the backyard of the house facing hers. I set my ladder up on the back patio and looked through the sliding glass doors where a man and a woman were sitting on their couch with the lights on, watching television. I climbed the ladder, slowly and very softly, and I crawled up the slope of the roof to the top of the V, and then I scooted down the other slope on my backside, inches at a time, until I was at the edge, facing the empty street and Emily's house, and then, carefully, I put my toes against the gutter and stood up. I yelled Emily's name until her light went on. She opened the window and put her head out.

"I'm going to jump!" I said. "I mean it!"

"Don't!" she said. "Don't!" and she left the window. More lights turned on inside. I opened and closed my hands. I cleared my throat and waited. It was an

overcast night and I was sweating. In the time between coming up with the idea in my room and actually climbing onto the roof, I'd become very frightened. My legs were shaking—they'd been shaking for a long time. I had a strange feeling in my stomach that was beyond simple fear, something more solid, and I was afraid it would make a sudden lunge and carry me over the edge with it.

People were beginning to come out of their houses and gather in the street. Emily ran out in a pink bathrobe with her parents close behind. I came close to falling off the roof right there.

"What the hell are you doing?" she said. There was something fearful in her voice.

"Nothing," I said. My own voice was shaking like crazy. "You look nice."

"Don't move!" her mother said. "Don't move! Someone's coming to get you

down," Emily's mother said. "Just stay where you are."

"I didn't know it was this high," I said.

I stayed exactly where I was. I waited, and shortly the police came and a fireman climbed up after me and backed me down. It took a long time.

The cops had me sit in their squad car while they talked to Emily and her parents, and then they got in and drove me toward home. I turned around and looked through the rear window as we pulled away and I saw Emily and her parents walk back toward their house, her dad's hand on her back, and then Emily, before going in herself, turned for a second and watched us drive down the street. There was something touching and romantic about that. I put my hand up to the glass, like I'd seen in a movie. It was a movie where a fugitive had been caught after a chase that had lasted thousands of miles, across every ocean in the world, and his girl tore her clothes and wept and fell to the ground as they were driving him away. I turned around in my seat and listened. The cops warned me to stay away from Emily. They said her parents were going a little bit crazy with all of this, her dad especially, and it was time I stopped what I was doing, for everyone's sake.

I warned them about my mother before we got to the door. I said she'd been suffering from a bout of tinnitus and wasn't feeling herself. She probably wouldn't say anything, I said, and she didn't. She sat on the couch while they explained everything, her neck craned back against the cushion, and she stared at the quiet television, sipping from a glass. I sat in a chair and looked from the cops to my mother and back again. I nodded my head to seem agreeable. After they finished, they thanked her for listening, and then they took me outside to the front porch and told me they were going to send someone from an agency to come and see us, but I assured them that everything was fine. "She's not always like this," I said. "She's just not feeling well tonight." And besides, I told them, my dad would be home any minute.

A few days later, Emily's mother called and invited my parents and myself over to their house. That afternoon I'd received the letter from the school in Nebraska asking me to come. I was flattered that they wanted me and felt a little bad that I'd have to reject their offer. But for this reason, and Emily's mother's invitation, I was in a definite whistling mood. I put on my dad's suit and slicked my hair back, then walked over.

I explained, when I got to the house, that my parents had been unexpectedly called away on business but that they sent their regards, and Emily's mother led me to a chair in their large living

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Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females) were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION

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

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works

as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advanced treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advanced stage IV on the

Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

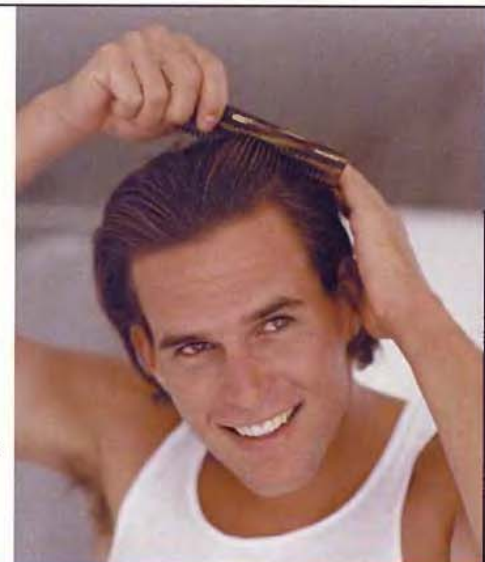
The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant

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room. She stood leaning against one wall and I sat on the chair facing Emily's dad, running my finger over my eyebrows nervously. The house was a palace, high ceilings and paintings of little kids on the walls.

"Well?" he said.

"It's nice to be here, sir," I said, looking around. "So this is what it looks like from the inside."

"Why don't you tell me why you won't leave my daughter alone," he said.

"Excuse me?" I said.

"You heard me."

"I do leave her alone."

"I'm afraid you've got that wrong there, pal," he said. He seemed much larger than he had two nights before. He was losing his hair in the front and it made him look mean. I noticed his hands were clenched like he had bottle caps in them and was trying to imbed them in his palms. I did that quite a bit, myself.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," I said.

"I don't know where your parents are, but let me tell you something," he said. "I want to make it clear to you that this is your last warning. If you come within 10 feet of her, I'll call the police. Quit calling, stop writing her letters and stop all your little fucking pranks. You're going to get yourself killed," he said. "Take that however you want."

I thought this one over while I rubbed my eyebrow. I was confused about the direction the conversation had taken. I wondered if Emily was upstairs. Her mother came and sat down next to her husband and leaned toward me. Her

arms were crossed in front of her stomach and they pushed up her breasts. She had the same green eyes as Emily, the same color cheeks.

"Will," she said. "You're not acting normal."

"I am acting normal," I said.

"No," she said. "You're not."

"I am," I said.

"No. You're not."

"This is just a bit offputting, Mrs. Swanson," I said. "I have to admit, I thought we were going to talk about something different."

"Will," she said. "Listen. You have to stop harassing Emily."

I looked at Emily's dad. He was leaning back stiffly into the couch. "I'll certainly give it some thought," I said.

"You're a sick little fuck," he said.

"Frank," his wife said.

"You don't have to insult me, Frank," I said.

But Frank was riled up. He opened his hands wide. He leaned forward and pointed a finger at me. "Look, you little faggot," he said, but he didn't finish. He got up suddenly and went into the other room. He walked over to the bar against one wall, and began pouring himself a drink.

I looked at Emily's mother for a second. She was looking into the other room, where her husband was. She seemed concerned about him for some reason. I looked at him, too.

"She's sleeping with Steve Yeiser, you know," I said. "They do all sorts of sick things together. I'm just telling you."

The glass dropped. Her dad came running at me. I saw it coming too late and by the time I did see it, I tried to brace myself against the couch cushion. I tried to turn away from it, but by then he had reeled back and knocked me across the side of my face. There was a pop and the world went blue. I rolled off the couch and onto the floor. I held my jaw in my hand. There was a loud, high-pitched ringing sound, and I blinked my eyes to keep from losing consciousness. I may have, actually, for a second or two. Then I was on my back, looking up at the ceiling. My soul was about to leave my body; I could taste it in my mouth. I put my finger to my lips and it came back red. Two people were yelling at each other. I made a noise in my chest and in my throat, the sound of confusion.

Emily's mother was kneeling over me. "God, he's bleeding," she said. "Get a towel!"

"What?"

"Frank! Get him a towel! For Christ's sake!"

"I'm leaving," he said. And he left.

Something strange was happening and I began to panic. My muscles contracted, my body stiffened, my arms stuck to my sides. "I can't move," I said. "I can't move!" I coughed into the carpet, rocking back and forth on my side. Things felt like they were tearing. I couldn't move and I kept yelling that I couldn't and Emily's mother kept yelling at me that I was fine.

"You can move!" she said.

"I can't!" I said.

"Yes, you can!"

"I can't!" And I couldn't.

Of course, after a few seconds, I could. She gave me a bag of frozen peas to put on my face. I kept saying that I didn't know what had gotten into Frank. I stressed that I had just been sitting there peacefully, minding my own business. I wondered what my own dad was doing. I hadn't seen him in a long time. I wondered if Emily had heard all the commotion. Her mother helped me to her car, I put an arm over her thin shoulder for balance, and she drove toward my house.

Now the world was veiled in blue and it was blurry. The lights in the houses seemed to pulsate rapidly. I could hear them moving, a high-pitched whir, and I wondered if the crack in the jaw Frank had given me had somehow scrambled my frequencies. Some of these lights emitted a faint but constant beeping sound that I could hear from the passenger seat.

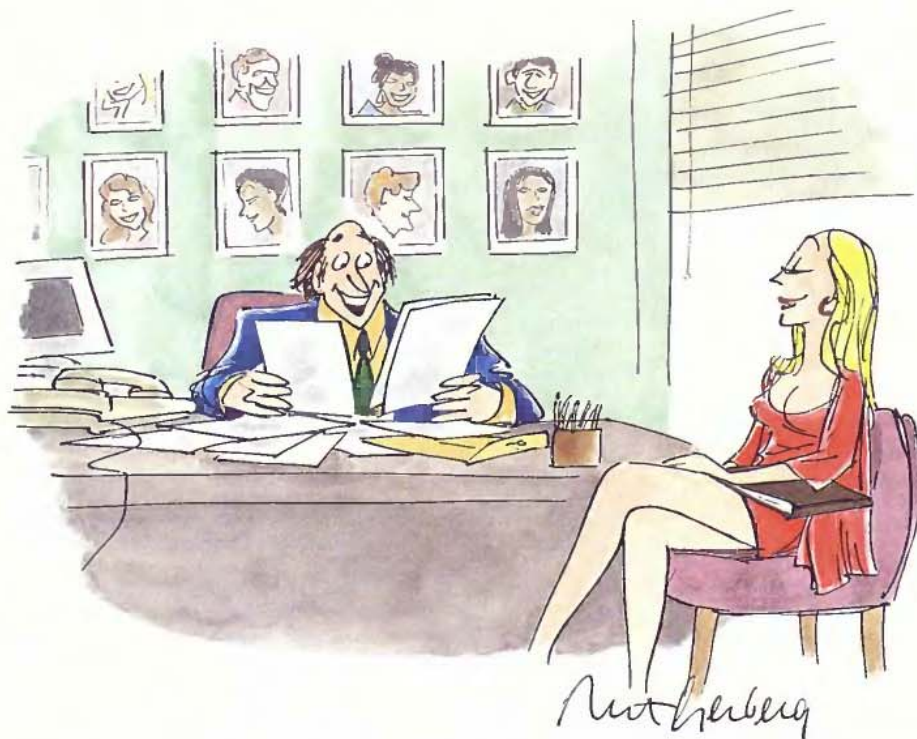
"Can you hear that?" I asked.

"I should probably talk to your mother," Emily's mother said.

I didn't think this sounded like a good idea.

"She's asleep," I said. "I'll tell her about it tomorrow. We probably won't sue."

We didn't have peas, so I took a bag of



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corn from our freezer and iced my jaw on the bed. My angelish floated quietly in her corner of the tank. The feeder fish swam around and bumped into each other. The bruise on my chin had turned into an almost breathtakingly beautiful swirl of blue and gray, but it was killing me. I closed my eyes.

Noise from the street woke me up, glass breaking and a series of thuds. I lay still for a second and then I got up and ran to the window. A man jumped into a big white car in the middle of the street and quickly drove away. I stuck my head out and tried to see the license plate, but he was driving too fast. He went around the corner and was gone.

I grabbed my notebook, put on my jacket and went downstairs. The television was on with the volume turned up loud. My mother was passed out on the couch. Her mouth was open and she was snoring. She looked uncomfortable. I put my hand up to my jaw. It ached.

My little brother put his head over the railing and looked down onto the living room.

"What is it?" he asked.

I looked up. "Nothing bad happened," I said. "Go back to bed."

"I heard something."

"It was just the wind. Go get in bed."

"Is Mom all right?"

"She's fine," I said.

I turned the volume down and went outside and walked out to the car. I looked at my house and at the houses down the block. Most of them were dark at this time of night. I looked at the sky, at the grass. I looked everywhere except in the direction of my mother's car. I didn't want to look at it until the last possible moment, but pretty soon I had my hands against it and was forced to.

There were shards of glass and red plastic on the ground. Both rear lights had been knocked out. I wrote this in my notepad: *Both rear lights out. Have been shattered. I went around to the front, running my hand over the top. Top damaged, I wrote. Looks as if someone took heavy object and swung with grt. force. Paint and frame damage. Headlights out. Windshld and other mnr. structure damage.*

After I had made my assessment, I walked back into the house and then straight into the garage, where I picked up the first blunt instrument I could find, which was a shovel. I walked outside to the car, to the passenger door, and I swung the shovel as hard as I could. A terrible metallic sound fled down the street, through the rows of houses, and when I looked, the door was dented so totally I'd never again get it open.

I went inside and put a blanket over my mother and took her glass and put it in the dishwasher. I turned off the television and all the lights downstairs. I listened to her sleep for a while. Then I went up into my room and on a piece of



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notebook paper I wrote a letter to the school in Nebraska, asking if they offered classes in fisheries. I told them I sincerely hoped that they did and that I would be waiting eagerly, on the edge of my seat, for their reply.

A few weeks later I graduated. I spent the summer mowing lawns around the neighborhood. My dad called one night and apologized for not making it to my ceremony. I hadn't gone myself, but I didn't tell him that. He said he was proud I'd been accepted into the school in Nebraska and that he'd be honored to drive me there. Since I hadn't yet figured how I was going to get there, I told him I could cancel my plans and go with him instead, under the condition that he'd make sure my mother and my brother were taken care of and given regular meals.

One of the original five goldfish in my tank died around this time. There'd been no warning signs. They had all seemed to be living normal and satisfactory lives. I found him dried out and bug-eyed on the carpet below the tank—

for some reason he'd jumped ship. I put him in a plastic film container and my brother and I held a service in the backyard. I said a few words and then we buried him about six inches beneath the beauty bark.

After a week of steady icing, my bruise had gone away, but I had continued cold compresses for a few more days in case of long-term damage beneath the surface. I kept my mother's car parked on the side of the house and rarely drove it. Still, I washed it every Tuesday. I made sure the house was always clean and in good shape in case—although I never for a second believed it might happen—Emily might stop by one of these nights.

But she didn't and pretty soon it was time to go. The morning of our departure, I walked my brother to Winchell's and bought him breakfast. I told him everything I'd learned about the world, which wasn't much. People might let you down, I said, but don't let it worry you. You're not crazy, I told him. You're not even close to crazy.

I put my hand on his shoulder and told him he was the man of the house now, which meant he was going to have

to take care of the old lady. He accepted this task with as much solemnity and tact as could be expected from an eight-year-old. He nodded his little head and took smaller bites from his doughnut.

My dad showed up at the house in the afternoon, and he and my brother loaded the car. I wandered around the living room picking up various things from various tables and inspecting them, and then I sat down across from my mother.

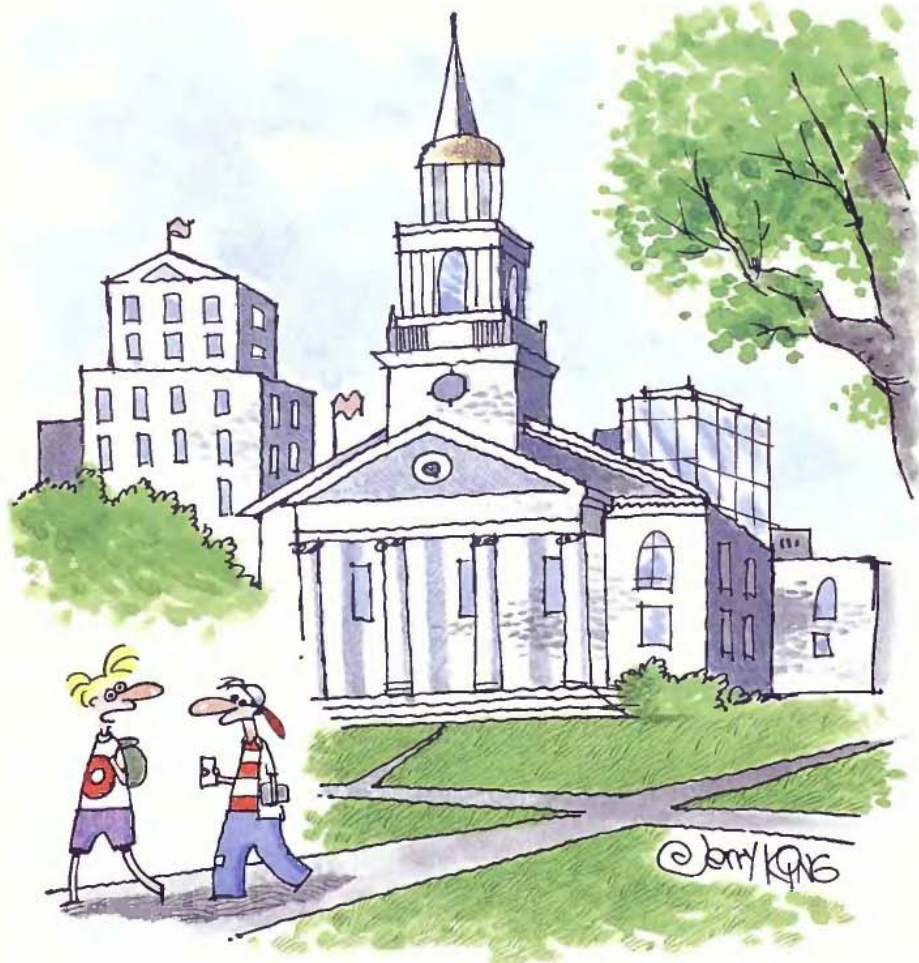
"I guess this is it," I said. I stood and stretched my arms above my head, then sat down again. "I don't have to go."

Then my mother did something uncustomary. She made a gesture that I would think about a lot from then on. She closed her lips tight and tilted her head. She ran her hand to the top of her head and took a handful of hair between her fingers and squeezed hard. She looked at me then, and there was something sorrowful, heartbroken and searching in her expression. That is to say, she was asking me—she wasn't saying anything—but she was asking me how things could have turned out the way they had, how what should have been a pleasant life could have taken so many unfortunate turns, and it's occurring to me now—I almost shouldn't say it—that it has been difficult for me to love anyone more than I loved her right then.

I stopped going to class after the second day. Fisheries 101, I found, was not the true source of all knowledge. The professor was interested in discussing ecosystems, water resources and pollution, river management, molecular genetics, marine environment, stock separation techniques and so forth. He was not interested, as far as I could tell, in answering the essential questions: why fish swim in schools, for example, or how they swim or breathe at all.

This was terribly disappointing. I stayed in bed the entire third day and didn't leave the basement. I started spending my time in the student center drinking Cokes and playing pinball and video games, watching people bowl on the three-lane alley. One night I fell in with a group of cowboys who had come from an even smaller Nebraska town to take jobs in the school cafeteria, which was located in the same building. They needed an extra man for bowling and one of them asked me if I wanted to play. I said I did. I sat at the scorer's table and every time my partner would even glance a pin, I would congratulate him on a masterful throw and try to give him high fives. Afterward they all got in a car and left me in the parking lot to walk home in the dark.

Later, I was sitting at my kitchen table drinking a pop. People were yelling and laughing in the street outside. I went out, walked up the steps and over to the



"I've been president of our student body for three months now, and I haven't even received so much as a lousy hand job. Politics just isn't what it's cracked up to be."

front porch and sat down. I put my head on my arms. I felt, I might have said, bound by sorrow. I missed my mother and my brother and my old man. I missed Emily. I went back down inside and took the Fish Bar flier out from under the bed and then I took my notepad and decided to call her. I would ask her to come to Nebraska and live with me. I would beg her to come. I would apologize for the terrible things I'd done. I would tell her I was in love with her. I would tell her my heart was breaking. I would get on my knees and tell her I was falling apart. I would say I couldn't live without her and she would tell me—I hoped she would tell me—that she'd been waiting for a long time to hear me say it like that, that she would be on the first plane in the morning.

She answered after the first ring. The television was going in the background. A crowd was laughing about something.

"Please don't hang up," I said.

"Not this again," she said.

"No," I said. "I'm not going to do anything."

"I'm getting my dad," she said.

"I'm not gonna do anything!"

"Please just leave me alone."

"Your dad punched me in the face," I said. I don't know why I mentioned this, other than she wasn't reacting to my call in the way that I'd expected.

"I'm hanging up," she said.

"Let me ask you a question!"

"I'm hanging up. Goodbye."

"That's funny," I said. "That's a joke, right?"

"You need help," she said, and then she hung up.

"I do need help," I said. "I know it."

I put on my shoes and splashed my face with water. I put a fresh Band-Aid on my cold sore. Then I walked out into the darkness. I wandered toward the fields outside of town and down a series of narrow roads. I didn't know where I was going, but I thought for some reason that what I needed to do was walk, or maybe that I needed to *start* walking.

I whistled, but just listening hurt my heart. I kept walking, and in rural towns, those roads can turn around on you and you find yourself devoid of direction, and if you have never been good with direction in the first place, you can find yourself in a lot of trouble, which, after the third hour of wandering, I was ready to admit.

Clouds had come and covered the stars; they had, it seemed, removed the sky. I'd walked out into the darkness and gotten lost in it. I was alone in Nebraska. I wasn't studying fish. I wasn't going to class. I had no one who knew me by name.

The road forked and I stopped. The hills rolled away from the fences on either side. Two rows of radio towers stood off in the distance on the horizon, red lights blinking in separate rhythms. The

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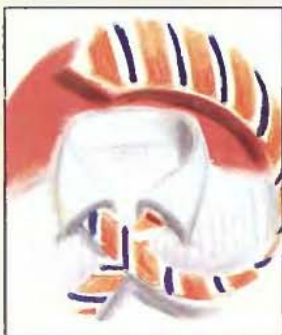
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WHERE

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 46, 55-56, 98-99, 124-129 and 183, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 46: "Ghost Tech Gear": Detectors: By *Alpha Lab*, www.trifieldmeter.com. By *Images SI*, 718-698-8305 or www.imagesco.com. "Game of the Month": Software by *Konami of America*, 650-654-5600. "Wild Things": Exercise bike by *Hollywood Engineering*, 800-747-4085. Controller from *Guillemot*, 877-484-5536.

MANTRACK

Page 55: "Island Paradise": *Cayo Espanto*, 888-666-4282. Page 56: "Guys Are Talking About": Book, tippingforsuccess.com. *Virginia International Raceway*, virclub.com. *Piaget*, 800-628-4344.

CLASS ACTION

Pages 98-99: Goggles by *Clic*, 800-577-3947. Alarm clock from the *Edge Co.*, 800-732-9976. Scooter by *Jeep*, from Cycle Source, 877-533-7245. Cooler bag with radio from *Power Brands*, 800-200-7700. Basketball by *Spalding*, 800-772-5346. Necktie by *Best Made Designs*, 866-773-2677. DJ system by *Gemini*, 800-554-1295. Board game by *VannPire Inc.*, www.bulyah.com. Oxygen spa by *Oxygen Delivery Systems*, 800-358-3852. Bottled water from *Glacéau*, 718-746-0087, ext. 15. Laminator by *Esselte*, 800-645-6051. Barstool from *Playboy*, playboystore.com. Cabin trolley by *Rimowa*, rimowa.com.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Pages 124-125: Shirt, bomber jacket, sweater, leather jacket and pants by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Shoes by *Shechers*, shechers.com. Turtle-neck, jacket, pants, car coat and sweater by *Trend Corneliani*, 800-222-9477. Shoes by *Cole-Haan*, colehaan.com. Suede jacket by *Joop*, joop.com. Knit jacket by *Diesel*, diesel.com. Turtle-

neck, jacket and cords by *NY Based*, nybased.com. Page 126: Jacket and jeans by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Watch by *Swatch*, swatch.com. Shoes by *CAT*, catfootwear.com. Leather jacket, polo shirt and jeans by *Axis*, axisclothing.com. Vest by *Richmond Denim*, 310-300-8601. Leather pants by *Tommy Jeans*, 800-866-6922. Shoes by *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. Page

127: Outfit by *Ben Sherman*, benshermanusa.com. Shirt and jean jacket by *Allen Schwartz*, absstyle.com. Jeans by *Earl*, earljean.com. Shirt by *Woolrich*, woolrich.com. Khakis by *Bills Khakis*, 212-581-8270. Shirt and sweater by *Paul Stuart*, paulstuartart.com. Jeans by *Lucky Brand*, luckybrandjeans.com. Shoes by *New Balance*, newbalance.com. Pantsuit by *Richmond Denim*, 310-300-8601. Shoes by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Shirt by *Burma Bibas*, burmabibas.com. Jeans by *Gap*, gap.com. Page 128: T-shirt by *CK Calvin Klein*, 800-294-7978. Thermal shirt, khakis, T-shirt, rugby shirt and pants by *Tommy Jeans*, 800-866-6922. Sneakers by *Puma*, puma.com. Rugby shirt by *Gap*, gap.com. Pants and sweatshirt by *Avirex*, 800-2-AVIREX. Cords by *Richmond Denim*, 310-300-8601. Sweatshirt, T-shirt and pants by *Ocean Pacific*, opmag.com. Sneakers by *CAT*, catfootwear.com. Page 129: T-shirt by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Jeans by *Diesel*, diesel.com. Boots by *CAT*, catfootwear.com. Dress by *BCBG Max Azria*, bcbg.com. Dress by *D&G Dolce and Gabbana*, 877-703-4872. Boxers by *Jockey*, 866-2-JOCKEY. T-shirt and underwear by *2(x)ist*, 2xist.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 183: "Poker Night": Humidor, table light, cigar cutter, ashtray and cigars from *Up Down Tobacco Shop*, 1550 N. Wells, Chicago, 800-587-3696. Poker table from *Sydney Laner*, 5315 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, www.lanerpooltables.com. Poker carousel, chips, cards and books from *Gambler's General Store*, 800 S. Main St., Las Vegas, 800-322-2447. Glasses from *Pottery Barn*, 800-922-5507.

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Milky Way stretched behind them like a thin, tired cloud, like the rim of a great big bowl. It was an enormous universe. The wind was picking up. I was tired. My feet hurt. My shirt was wet. My jaw ached. I stared at the towers, at the lights. I watched them blink. And then I had a vision.

In the vision, I looked down on myself as if a camera were suspended above my head. It started with a shot of the inside of my ear and then it slowly pulled back and I saw my cheek and the side of my face and my closed eyes and my hair and my neck, and soon I could see most of my body, myself, curled up on the side of a road with my head resting on my hands like someone either dead or asleep. My jeans were rolled up past my knees and my legs were bare. And as the camera pulled back farther, higher, I saw a car—a mid-Eighties sedan, I think—idling quietly on the road beside me with its headlights on. Then the vision was over and I was left with the lights on the tower blinking in rhythm again.

I didn't see any other option than to lie down. I curled up on my side in a patch of cool grass next to the road and put my head on my hands. I stayed there, eyes closed, listening, and waited.

Soon I heard a car approach and stop next to me. I felt two people come and stand next to me, one on each side. One of them bent down and said something in my ear that I didn't understand, and then softly, gently, removed my arms and my nose. The other pulled off my ears, then unzipped my pants and pulled off my dick. They bent down on either side of me and spoke into my ears, or what had been my ears—the holes that were there. They each said something that I didn't understand with voices I didn't understand, and my eyes filled and I started crying, because I knew something, or my heart knew something—or the answer to something, and when you know the answer, it hurts terribly.

They got back in the car and another door opened and someone got out. He walked over. He crouched down next to me. I kept crying and didn't think to stop. He spoke words, and pulled my legs off.

I could feel my skin harden and emit a mucous membrane that covered up every hole; where my nostrils had been, the holes that were my ears, every opening but my mouth. My lungs tightened in my chest and shriveled up. I started gagging, my throat constricted and I coughed my lungs up out of my mouth. I flopped in the grass, slowly at first, not breathing, and then, with every second, more and more furiously, more violently and painfully, the sky and what was in it a blurry mess above my head, and I knew, I absolutely knew, that unless someone came and got me to water soon—within seconds—I would die.

A door closed and the car drove away. Soon I lay still. The ground was hard

underneath me. Something wet fell on my face. The sky opened, spread rain all over the ground.

Maybe not. But I remember clearly that it took a little while to recognize that I was there, somewhere, in between.

I'd like to say that I sucked it up, that I made the best of a bad situation and went back to class and got my degree in fisheries, that my mother came out of her funk and joined a choir and filled the church every Sunday morning with glorious praise. I'd like to say that my dad moved back in and built a sunroom, and that everything turned out all right. I'd like to say these things, but they wouldn't be true. My mother, in fact, never came around, and the old man lives across the country and I haven't spoken to him in a long time. From what my brother tells me, he's doing well.

But the other evening, I was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a beer, and I looked out the back window and the sun was almost down, the sky was blue and pink and there was my wife, a beautiful woman, walking up and down the patio in her jogging suit, skimming the pool. She ran the skimmer over the top, struggling a bit, collecting leaves and pine needles from the surface, and then she lifted that long unwieldy pole and, almost gracefully, dumped the net into the trashcan. She seemed to know that she was being watched; she tensed a little, looked up and back at the house, lowered her head and saw me, across the pool, on the other side of the window. She smiled, rolled her eyes, brushed her hair out of her face and went back to skimming.

My mind felt very light and I lifted my hands from the table. I felt a strong tingling sensation in my legs. The floor began to shake and it occurred to me in that moment that if a runaway train were right then breaking from its tracks at a speed of more than 100 miles an hour, was headed for my wife while she stood there skimming the pool, dumping the basket, running it over the surface again; if the train were coming for her right then—and I knew she wouldn't see it—while I might wait a second or two longer than I should, when the shadow was to fall across her face, I knew that I would stand up. I would leap from my chair and burst through the door. I would run to her and push her aside. And I would tell her, if there was time, of course, and I could find the words, I'm always glad to help.

Runners-up in the 2001 contest are Joshua Furst (also of Iowa Writer's Workshop) for "Mercy Fuck," Emily Raboteau (of New York University) for "Bernie and Me" and Jess Row (of the University of Michigan) for "The Train to Lo Wu."

BUZZ

(continued from page 150)

BEST UNDERGROUND RAVE

Budapest

BEST DJ PARTY

Glasgow School of Art, student union, Glasgow

WHERE TO PARTY 24/7

Khao San Road, Bangkok

DISCO CAPITAL OF THE LEVANT

Bodrum, Turkey

WHERE TO DRINK ABSINTHE LEGALLY

Bar Kentucky, Barcelona

WHERE TO GET HIGH

Melkweg, Amsterdam
Christiana, Copenhagen

BEST GRUB

Country Life, Prague
Tunnel, Vienna
Gandhi, Budapest
Wagamama, London

FREE EATS

The Old Fashion Cafe, International
Student Night, Wednesdays, Milan

WHERE TO HEAR THE FAT LADY SING

Staatsoper, Vienna

WHERE TO PARTY YOUR ASS OFF

Barril 1800, Ipanema, Rio
The Bermuda Triangle, Vienna
Aufsturz, Berlin
Ministry of Sound, London
Tigh Neachtain's, Galway
Rex Club, Paris
Junction Bar, Berlin
Rí-Rá, Dublin

Radost FX, Prague
Club Bonden, Stockholm
The Drunken Ship, Rome

BEST PEOPLE-WATCHING

Flohmarkt, Vienna
El Rastro, Madrid
Brick Lane, London

ASSES THAT WOULD MAKE J. LO WEEP

Coogee Bay Beach, Sydney
Itacoatiara beach, Niterói, Brazil

HOTTEST TOPLESS SUNBATHERS

Marmaris seaside resort, Turkey

BEST PLACE TO TRIP

Parc Güell, Barcelona, gaudy Gaudí sculpture

WHERE TO LAUGH AT THE FALL OF COMMUNISM

Szoborpark, Budapest, the graveyard of Communist statuary

BEST WEEKEND GETAWAYS

Freiburg to the Route du Vin—choucroute in Alsatian wine country
Florence to the Cinque Terre—biking, hiking, ocean views
Galway to Doolin—traditional music, the Cliffs of Mohr
Jerusalem to Ein Gedi—float in the Dead Sea, have a mud bath and hike the Judean Hills

WHERE TO FIND YOUR BETTER HALF

The Love Parade, Berlin

IT SEEMS OBVIOUS, BUT DON'T FORGET

You must have an international student ID card as well as insurance. Go to Council Travel (counciltravel.com) or STA Travel (statravel.com).



"Like it? It's Tommy Hilfiger—appropriate for men or women."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 104)

front seven will miss middle linebacker Dan Morgan, but there is still plenty of talent and depth. Davis' departure hit the team hard but could provide a motivational jolt. 11-0

(2) TEXAS

Mack Brown identified three glaring weaknesses in the Longhorn program when he took over three years ago: not enough blue-chip players, not enough depth and soft defense. He has addressed them all and led Texas to three consecutive nine-win seasons. A second straight top-five recruiting class keeps Texas brimming with talent. Brown has anointed Chris Simms, son of NFL great Phil Simms, his starting quarterback, relegating 1999 co-Big 12 Offensive Player of the Year Major Applewhite to backup. With talented third-stringer Chance Mock waiting in the wings, Texas has more quality and depth at the critical QB position than any other team in the nation. The defense, under coordinator

Carl Reese, returns eight starters after posting back-to-back top 10 finishes in total D. Playboy All-America Quentin Jammer is one of the nation's premier defensive players. Roy Williams and B.J. Johnson are explosive receivers. Red-shirt freshman Sneezy Beltran (not one of the seven dwarfs) will try to fill the shoes of versatile two-time All-Big 12 running back Hodges Mitchell. With the Longhorns' rivalry against nemesis Oklahoma revived, the traditional battle in Dallas on October 6 looms large. 10-1

(3) FLORIDA

Steve Spurrier has led the Gators to at least nine wins in each of the 11 years he has been head coach in Gainesville. One reason is that Spurrier knows how to coach quarterbacks. Florida has passed for 380 touchdowns since 1990, 76 more than any other school in the nation. With two outstanding quarterbacks in sophomores Rex Grossman and Brock Berlin (1999 National Prep Player of the Year), the Gators will continue to ring up points via the pass, especially with re-

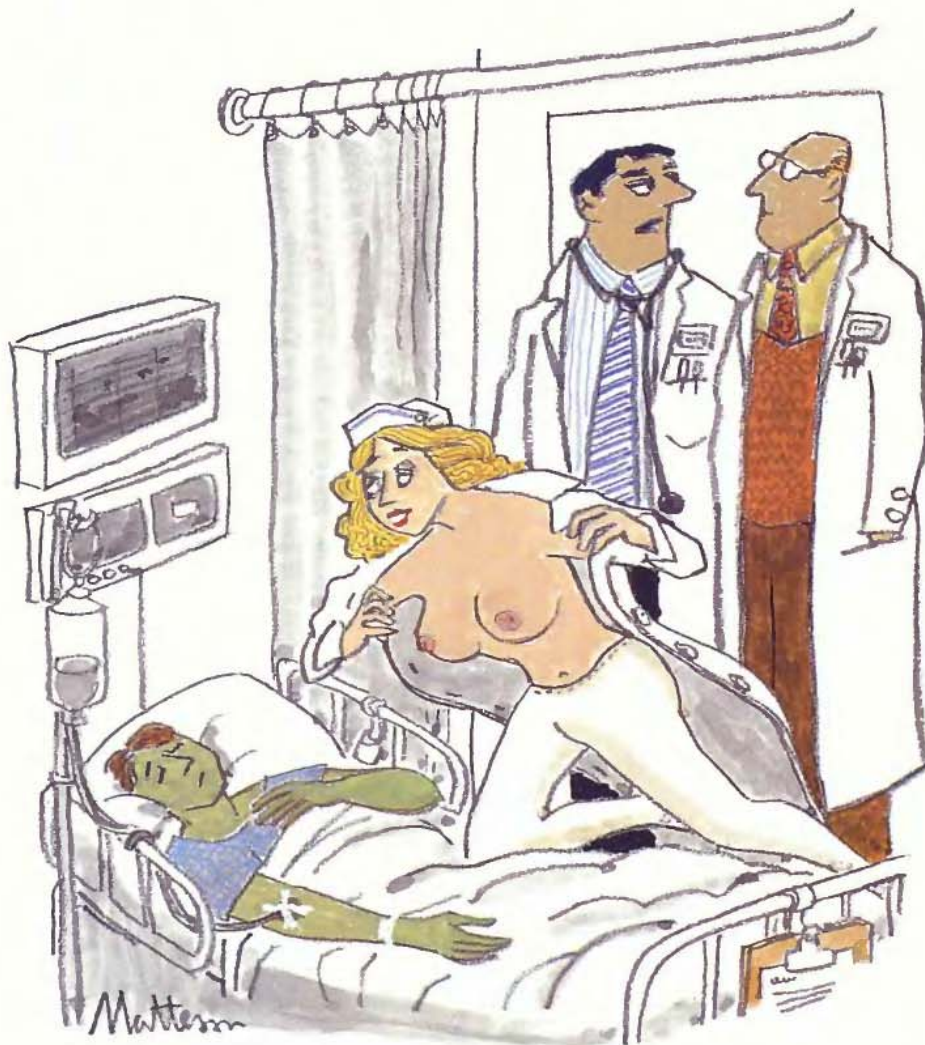
ceivers such as Playboy All-America Jabar Gaffney and Reche Caldwell. However, if Florida is to win another national championship under Spurrier, it will be the defense that makes the difference. Two-time Playboy All-America Alex Brown may be the best defensive end in college ball. The return of Andra Davis, who missed almost all of last season after injuring his knee in the first game, will make fellow linebacker Travis Carroll even more effective. Placekicker Jeff Chandler is a major asset in tight games. Spurrier wasn't happy with three losses last season, but Florida was young. They're more experienced this season and Spurrier's goals are accordingly higher. 10-1

(4) OREGON STATE

The Beavers punctuated their Pac 10 championship season last year by trouncing Notre Dame 41-9 in the Fiesta Bowl. Coach Dennis Erickson is not about to let his team rest on its laurels. "Our expectations are the same as when I came here: Win the Pac 10 championship and go to a bowl game." With skill returning on the offensive side and tons of speed on defense, those expectations appear realistic. OSU has two of the country's best tailbacks in Ken Simonton and Patrick McCall. Quarterback should be steady with the return of three-year starter Jonathan Smith. There are big bodies up front in Keith DiDomenico (guard) and Chris Gibson (center). While Erickson loses his two speed-rushing defensive ends from last year, Playboy All-America linebacker James Allen will bottle up the middle. Erickson calls Allen "as good as there is in the Pac 10." Junior D back Playboy All-America Dennis Weathersby is one of the reasons the Beavers intercepted 24 passes last year. 10-1

(5) NEBRASKA

The Alamo Bowl isn't exactly the post-season game Nebraska fans are accustomed to—even if the Huskers looked like men over boys in their 66-17 victory playing Northwestern. And coach Frank Solich won't feel comfortable in Tom Osborne's large shoes (three national titles in his final four seasons) until Nebraska can at least blitz the Big 12 North Division and win a conference title game. Despite losing 14 starters, including All-America Carlos Polk, wingback Bobby Newcombe and powerful running backs and offensive linemen, Nebraska will, as usual, be deep and talented. Quarterback Eric Crouch returns to run the show, with Tracey Wistrom at tight end and Tonia Fonoti and Dave Volk anchoring the offensive line. The Husker running attack is always lethal, but it remains to be seen whether Solich can develop a passing game that will make Nebraska more flexible against better opponents who stack against the run. Nebraska finished last in the league in passing offense, and that's not enough to



"I hate it when I pronounce them dead and then she brings them back to life again."

sweep the conference these days. Eight home games, however, are a distinct Husker advantage. 10-2

(6) FLORIDA STATE

If you are one of the ACC teams that has to face all-powerful Florida State season after season, you'll be licking your chops in anticipation of meeting the Seminoles this year. Not that Bobby Bowden and his boys won't be good. But they're not likely to be the dominating team they've been the past decade, a span that included two national championships and 10 of the team's 14 top-five finishes. Reason: inexperience, especially at quarterback. Heisman Trophy winner Chris Weinke managed to finish college before his 30th birthday, leaving untested redshirt Chris Rix and wide receiver Anquan Boldin (who hasn't played QB since high school) battling

for the number one QB spot. Adding to preacher Bowden's problems, only four other starters from last season's 11-2 squad return, and offensive coordinator Mark Richt resigned to take over as head coach at Georgia. Bowden kept things all in the family by naming son Jeff to take Richt's place. The Seminoles defense is usually good enough to keep the team in the top four all by themselves, but they've lost seven quality starters as well. Don't get us wrong. There is lots of talent here. But, for this season, it's possible the Seminoles can be had. 9-2

(7) OKLAHOMA

Now we know how long it takes to wake a sleeping giant: a mere two seasons for Bob Stoops, who led the Sooners to their first national championship since one of Barry Switzer's bad-boy teams last turned the trick in 1985. Evi-

dently, good coaching does make a difference. Another difference was quarterback Josh Heupel, whose leadership and mistake-free play frustrated opposing defenses right through Oklahoma's 13-2 Orange Bowl win over Florida State. With Heupel graduated, Stoops will have to work his wonders with an inexperienced quarterback this season. Junior Nate Hybl has completed just nine passes in his collegiate quarterbacking career, which is nine more than anyone else on Stoops' roster. Running back Quentin Griffin will get the call early and often. The Sooners' defense should be even better with Playboy All-America linebacker Rocky Calmus leading the way. Oklahoma might have been the only team to go through the entire season last year without a single significant injury. Stoops hopes the law of averages doesn't catch up with his crew. 9-3

(8) VIRGINIA TECH

Coach Frank Beamer would have loved it if quarterback Michael Vick had stuck around for one more season. But Beamer and the Hokies can take solace in two consecutive 11-win seasons and a pair of top 10 finishes. "When a young man has a chance to be a number one pick in the NFL, there's not much you can say except congratulations and good luck," says Beamer. And Beamer knows his program can compete against the nation's elite even with the loss of Vick and most of the starting offensive line. At the quarterback spot, junior Grant Noel has an edge over redshirt freshman Jason Davis going into the season. The new offensive line lacks experience but not size with Anthony Davis (6'4", 314 pounds) and Jon Dunn (still a growing redshirt freshman at 6'7", 320 pounds) ready to push people out of the way. Talented tailback Lee Suggs will do the heavy lifting until the new boys on the block find their game legs. The Hokies defense, led by linebacker Ben Taylor, will be as ferocious as ever. Return man André Davis is one of the best. 9-2

(9) OREGON

What's this? Two teams from Oregon in the top 10? While Dennis Erickson and the Oregon State Beavers were winning 11 games up the road, coach Mike Bellotti and the Oregon Ducks posted a 10-win season that included a surprising 35-30 win over Texas in the Holiday Bowl. With the return of eight offensive starters—including Playboy All-America quarterback Joey Harrington and tailback Maurice Morris—the Ducks should meet or exceed their point production from last year. Bellotti is focused on defense, where only one player from last season's front seven is back. But then Bellotti had only three defensive starters returning last year. Oregon lost twice last season—to Wisconsin and in-state rival Oregon State, both on the road. The 167

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Jason Thomas (UNLV), Ken Dorsey (Miami), Dave Ragone (Louisville), Eric Crouch (Nebraska), Zak Kustok (Northwestern), Carson Palmer (USC), Kurt Kittner (Illinois), Byron Leftwich (Marshall).

RUNNING BACKS: Ken Simonton (Oregon State), Lee Suggs (Virginia Tech), Deonce Whitaker (San Jose State), Ladell Betts (Iowa), Sultan McCullough (USC), Chester Taylor (Toledo), DeShaun Foster (UCLA), Antwoine Womack (Virginia), Brandon Payne (Akron), Julius Jones (Notre Dame), Cedric Cobbs (Arkansas).

WIDE RECEIVERS: Ron Johnson (Minnesota), Terrence Edwards (Georgia), Freddie Milons (Alabama), Brian Poli-Dixon (UCLA), Ryan Fleming (Air Force), Todd Elstrom (Washington), Kareem Kelly (USC), Lee Mays (UTEP), Cliff Russell (Utah), Deion Branch (Louisville), David Givens (Notre Dame).

TIGHT ENDS: Jerramy Stevens (Washington), L.J. Smith (Rutgers), Tim Stratton (Purdue), Tracey Wistrom (Nebraska), Daniel Graham (Colorado), Darnell Sanders (Ohio State), Derek Smith (Kentucky), Chris Baker (Michigan State), Jeremy Shockey (Miami), Terry Jones (Alabama).

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Frank Romero (Oklahoma), Joaquin Gonzalez (Miami), Adam Goldberg (Wyoming), Jon Stinchcomb (Georgia), Chris Fe'esago (San Jose State), Doug Kaufusi (Utah), Evan Routzahn (Virginia), Luke Butkus (Illinois), Michael Collins (Wake Forest), Andre Gurode (Colorado), Brett Williams (Florida State), Vince Manuwai (Hawaii), Chris Gibson (Oregon State), Mike Pearson (Florida), Fred Weary (Tennessee), Marc Colombo (Boston College), Trey Darilek (UTEP), Jeff Faine (Notre Dame), Scott Peters (Arizona State), Victor Payne (TCU).

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Larry Tripplett (Washington), Anthony Weaver, Grant Irons (Notre Dame), Bryan Knight (Pittsburgh), An-

twan Peek (Cincinnati), Brian Johnson (New Mexico), Kenyon Coleman (UCLA), David Pugh (Virginia Tech), Akin Ayodele (Purdue), Greg Gathers (Georgia Tech), Dwight Freaney (Syracuse), Garrett Smith (Utah), Will Overstreet (Tennessee), Mike Collins (Ohio State), Wil Beck (Idaho), Josh Shaw (Michigan State), Brandon Hicks (Bowling Green State), Duane Williams (Buffalo), Alan Harper (Fresno State), Aaron Kampman (Iowa).

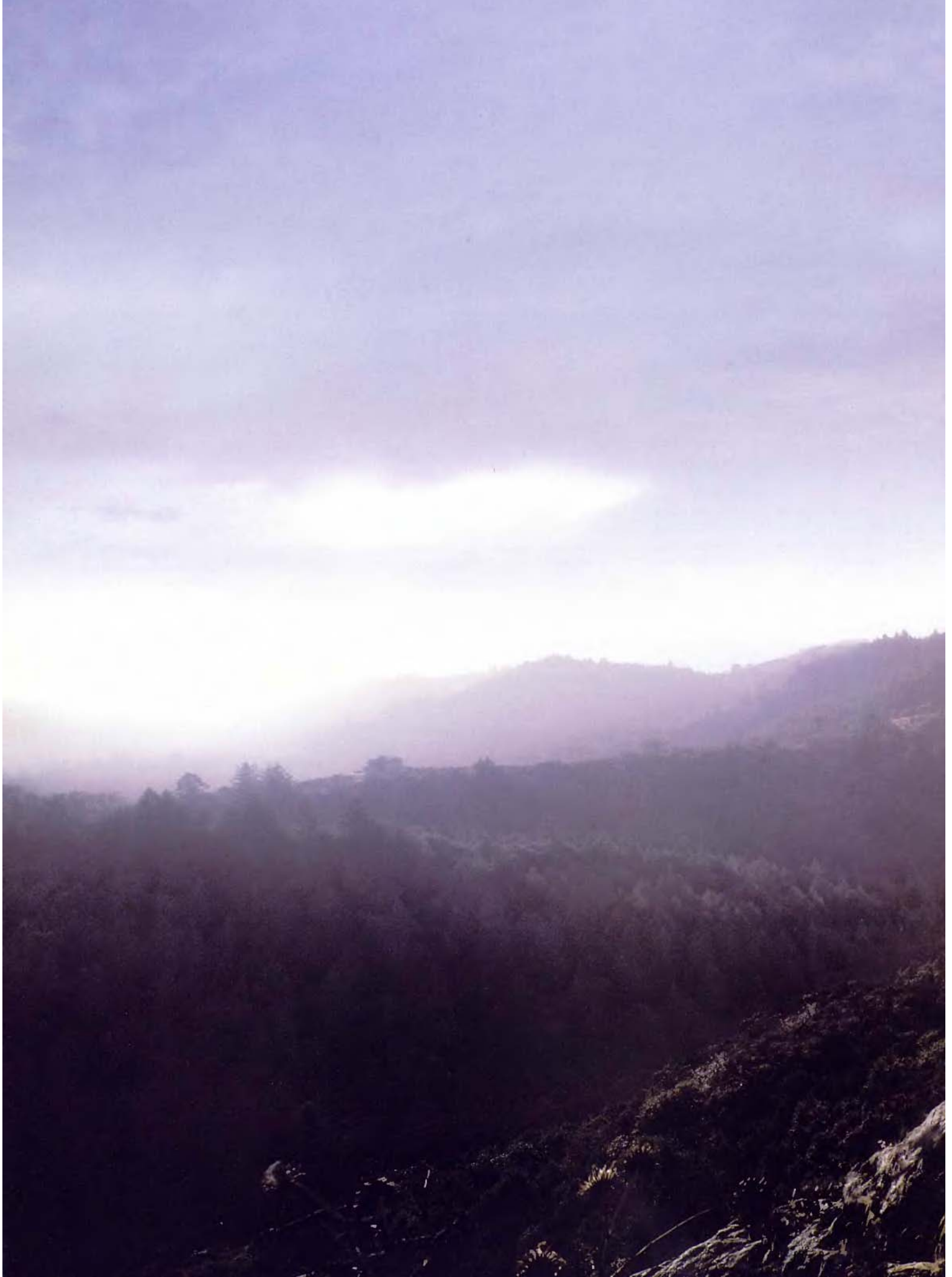
LINEBACKERS: Ben Taylor (Virginia Tech), Bradley Jennings (Florida State), Josh Thornhill (Michigan State), Levar Fisher (North Carolina State), Ben Leber (Kansas State), Saleem Rasheed (Alabama), Eddie Strong (Mississippi), Larry Foote (Michigan), Rocky Boiman (Notre Dame), Rod Davis (Southern Mississippi), Mario Haggan (Mississippi State), Taylor Suman (Temple), Clifton Smith (Syracuse), Max Yates (Marshall), Brad Kassel (North Texas), Jashon Sykes (Colorado).

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Anthony Floyd (Louisville), Rashad Bauman (Oregon), Keyuo Craver (Nebraska), Mike Doss, Andre Lott (Tennessee), Derrick Strait (Oklahoma), Mike Echols (Wisconsin), Chris Hope (Florida State), Tim Wansley (Georgia), Marques Anderson (UCLA), Janssen Patton (Bowling Green State), Al Rich (Wyoming), Lito Sheppard (Florida).

KICK RETURNERS: André Davis (Virginia Tech), Pete Rebstock (Colorado State), Kelly Campbell (Georgia Tech), LaTarence Dunbar (TCU).

PLACEKICKERS: Dan Nystrom (Minnesota), Luke Manget (Georgia Tech), Alex Walls (Tennessee), Jeff Chandler (Florida), Hayden Epstein (Michigan).

PUNTERS: Casey Roussel (Tulane), Steve Mullins (Utah State), Travis Hale (Rice), Brooks Barnard (Maryland), Freddie Capshaw (Miami), Damon Duval (Auburn), Mike Abrams (Virginia).



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Ducks open this season with Wisconsin and close the season against OSU. Both games are in Eugene. 9-2

(10) NORTHWESTERN

The Wildcats simply shouldn't be posting winning seasons, grabbing shares of the Big Ten championship or gallivanting off to bowl games. The academic admissions standards are too restrictive, the school is too small, there are too many traditional football powerhouses in the conference. Sure, there was that aberration under glamour boy Gary Barnett. But he has his dream job at Colorado, and Northwestern hired Miami (as in Ohio) coach Randy Walker to replace him. Who is this short, bespectacled guy? Didn't anyone tell him that NU is famous for its losing football tradition? But Walker, our Playboy Coach of the Year this season, turns out to be more of a fireball than Barnett ever imagined being. He turned the Wildcats into the best-conditioned football team in the conference. He installed a quick-paced, no-huddle spread offense that doesn't give defenses

time to adjust or substitute. He's turned quarterback Zak Kustok into a player who led his team to fourth-quarter-come-from-behind wins three times last year. With 10 offensive starters returning (including Playboy All-America running back Damien Anderson) the Wildcats will be the favorite team for gamblers who like to bet the over. Walker is hoping his defense will improve sufficiently to make that a bad bet. 8-3

(11) KANSAS STATE

Soft early schedules or not, it's difficult to take anything away from what coach Bill Snyder and the Kansas State Wildcats have accomplished over the past eight years: eight consecutive bowl games (including last year's 35-21 win over Tennessee in the Cotton Bowl) and being one of only two schools to win 11 games each of the past four seasons (the other is Florida State). Snyder has his work cut out for him this year. He'll have to choose between sophomore Ell Roberson and junior college offensive player of the year Marc Dunn to replace Jon-

athan Beasley at quarterback. There are critical spots to fill on the offensive line and at defensive end. In fact, the Cats return only four starters from last year's D, the best being linebacker Ben Leber. And accurate kicker Jamie Rheem has graduated. But Snyder has some potent weapons. Playboy All-America

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE AWARD

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as excellence on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, is given a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY contributes \$5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Kyle Young from Clemson University. Kyle is a 6'3", 280-pound senior who plays center for the Tigers. A first-team All-ACC selection last season, he had a school-record 120 knockdown blocks in his sophomore season and 21 knockdown blocks in a single game last year against North Carolina State. He's been a first-team Academic All-America pick the past two years, giving him the chance to become the second ACC player in history to be named to the team three times. His major is secondary education, and he's failed to earn an A in just one course in his entire collegiate career. His overall GPA is 3.97 on a scale of 4.00. Congratulations, Kyle.

Honorable mention: Todd France (Toledo), Dan Dyke (Georgia Tech), Jeff Kelly (Southern Mississippi), Joaquin Gonzalez (Miami), Chris Hope (Florida State), Will Overstreet (Tennessee), Thomas Hammock (Northern Illinois), Zak Kustok (Northwestern), Dennis Weathersby (Oregon State), Tim Ritley (Akron), Blair Eklund (Western Michigan), Saleem Rasheed (Alabama), Travis Dorsch (Purdue), Kyle Johnson (Syracuse), David Greene (Virginia), André Davis (Virginia Tech), Tracey Wistrom (Nebraska), Aaron Kampman (Iowa), Josh Thornhill (Michigan State), Patrick Ramsey (Tulane).



"Uh, hon, I think the eyeholes should be up a bit higher."

Aaron Lockett is small but explosive as either a pass receiver or kick returner. Both starting running backs return, with Josh Scobey a serious threat inside or outside. Able replacements at some spots are among KSU's 20 redshirts from last season or a substantial group of transfers that Snyder enticed to Manhattan Kansas, that is. 8-3

(12) TENNESSEE

A rash of early-season injuries and inconsistencies from the quarterback spot got the Vols off to a slow start last year. However, midway through his freshman season, Casey Clausen took over the starting QB duties and Tennessee responded by ripping off six straight wins before losing to Kansas State (35-21) in the Cotton Bowl. Clausen, of course, is back. Offensive guard Fred Weary also returns after missing most of last year with an injury. Sophomore tackle Michael Muñoz (6'6", 310) improves every game. At running back, one Travis (Stephens) replaces another (Henry). Coach Phillip Fulmer is looking for wide receivers to punch up the offense, but he always seems to find them. Tennessee will be good on defense with Playboy All-America and Outland Trophy winner John Henderson leading the way from his defensive tackle spot. Will Overstreet provides the outside pass rush from his end spot and Andre Lott at cornerback will strike fear into opposing quarterbacks. The schedule is brutal, with away games at Arkansas, Florida and Notre Dame. But the Vols should be up to the challenge. 8-3

(13) NOTRE DAME

Rule number one for coach Bob Davie: Forget about Rockne, Leahy, Parseghian or any other Irish coaching legend and forget about Notre Dame's storied football tradition. Rule two: Don't listen to the Irish faithful, those alums and fans who are ready with tar and feathers after every loss. The fact is, Davie has persevered when others might have crumbled; he has pushed Notre Dame's program back into the national elite. Despite a resounding loss to Oregon State in the Fiesta Bowl, last season was a good one in South Bend. Defensive end Grant Irons and QB Arnaz Battle went down early with injuries. However, freshman quarterback Matt LoVecchio wrote his own version of *Rudy* by leading the Irish to seven wins in their last eight games. LoVecchio is back, but will be challenged by Carlyle Holiday and Jared Clark. An effective running game featuring Julius Jones and Tony Fisher should keep the pressure off whoever takes the snaps from center. Davie's defensive line will be deep and strong, particularly with the return of a healthy Irons. The start of the season may be toughest. But if the Irish can navigate an early schedule with away games at Nebraska, Purdue and

Texas A&M, they should have another successful year. 8-3

(14) CLEMSON

The Tigers rattled off eight straight wins and had visions of a conference championship and more dancing in their heads. But second-year coach Tommy Bowden and his Tigers got caught looking ahead to Pappy Bowden and Florida State and were tripped up in a 31-28 loss to Georgia Tech. It didn't matter, because Clemson proceeded to get wiped out by the Seminoles 54-7. In fact, Clemson lost three of its final four

games, an unhappy ending to what was an overall excellent season. This year the offense is going to have to carry Tommy B. and the Tigers. Quarterback Woodrow Dantzler and running back Travis Zachery will supply the firepower, although sensational wide receiver Rod Gardner, now in the NFL, will be missed. Up front, there's brawn and intelligence with Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Kyle Young in his center position. The defense, with only four starters returning, will have to rebuild from the bottom up. The decision of linebacker Keith Adams to go pro a year early means someone

PLAYBOY'S CONFERENCE PREDICTIONS

ACC	CONFERENCE USA	PAC 10
Florida State 9-2	Louisville 8-3	Oregon State 10-1
Clemson 8-3	Southern Mississippi 7-4	Oregon 9-2
North Carolina 7-5	East Carolina 7-4	Washington 8-3
Georgia Tech 7-5	TCU 7-5	UCLA 7-4
Virginia 7-5	Cincinnati 6-5	Arizona State 7-4
North Carolina State 6-5	Tulane 6-5	USC 6-5
Maryland 5-6	UAB 5-6	Stanford 6-5
Wake Forest 3-8	Memphis 4-7	Arizona 5-6
Duke 1-10	Houston 3-8	Washington State 3-8
	Army 2-9	California 3-8
BIG EAST	INDEPENDENTS	SEC
Miami 11-0	Notre Dame 8-3	EAST DIVISION
Virginia Tech 9-2	Central Florida 6-5	Florida 10-1
Pittsburgh 7-4	Utah State 6-5	Tennessee 8-3
Syracuse 6-6	Troy State 4-7	Georgia 8-3
Boston College 5-6	South Florida 4-7	South Carolina 5-6
West Virginia 4-7	Navy 2-9	Kentucky 3-8
Temple 4-7	Connecticut 2-9	Vanderbilt 3-8
Rutgers 3-8		WEST DIVISION
BIG 10	MID-AMERICAN	Alabama 7-4
Northwestern 8-3	EAST DIVISION	Mississippi State 7-4
Wisconsin 8-4	Marshall 9-2	LSU 7-4
Michigan 7-4	Akron 7-4	Auburn 7-4
Ohio State 7-4	Miami 6-6	Mississippi 6-5
Purdue 6-5	Ohio 5-6	Arkansas 5-6
Michigan State 6-5	Buffalo 4-7	
Penn State 5-6	Bowling Green 3-8	SUN BELT
Iowa 5-6	Kent 2-9	Idaho 7-4
Minnesota 4-7		Middle Tennessee State 6-5
Indiana 3-8	WEST DIVISION	Arkansas State 5-6
Illinois 3-8	Toledo 9-2	New Mexico State 5-7
BIG 12	Western Michigan 8-3	North Texas 3-8
NORTH DIVISION	Northern Illinois 6-5	Louisiana-Monroe 2-9
Nebraska 10-2	Ball State 5-6	Louisiana-Lafayette 2-9
Kansas State 8-3	Central Michigan 3-8	
Colorado 8-4	Eastern Michigan 3-8	WAC
Missouri 5-6	MOUNTAIN WEST	UTEP 8-4
Iowa State 5-6	Colorado State 8-3	Boise State 8-4
Kansas 3-8	BYU 7-5	Tulsa 7-4
SOUTH DIVISION	Air Force 7-5	Hawaii 6-6
Texas 10-1	UNLV 6-5	Rice 6-6
Oklahoma 9-3	Utah 5-6	Fresno State 6-7
Texas A&M 7-4	New Mexico 5-6	Nevada 4-7
Texas Tech 6-5	Wyoming 4-7	San Jose State 4-8
Oklahoma State 3-8	San Diego State 3-8	SMU 3-8
Baylor 2-9		Louisiana Tech 3-8

else will have to step up as the leader of the defense. 8-3

(15) WASHINGTON

Life was a bed of roses for coach Rick Neuheisel and the Huskies last season. Led by Pac 10 offensive player of the year Marques Tuiasosopo at quarterback, Washington ripped through the opposition, winning 11 games, including a 34-24 victory over Purdue in Pasadena. What a difference a year will make. Neuheisel not only has to settle on a starting quarterback, he has to find replacements for six of his top seven offensive linemen. "The press will pay more attention to the quarterback situation. I'm more concerned about our offensive line," says Neuheisel. However, the baby-faced coach has some significant talent returning at tailback in Rich Alexis and at tight end in 6'7" Jerramy Stevens. The defense would be better if junior safety Hakim Akbar had not taken an early exit to the NFL. Larry Tripplett, one of the top defensive tackles in college football, will anchor the middle as end Marcus Roberson provides a strong pass rush from the outside. Games against Michigan and Miami will test Washington early. 8-3

(16) WISCONSIN

Two early exits to the NFL (running back Michael Bennett and defensive back Jamar Fletcher) put a dent in coach Barry Alvarez' plan to win another Big 10 championship and go to a third Rose Bowl in four years. But Alvarez thinks his Badgers still have enough talent to at least challenge the conference title and go bowling somewhere warm, even if it's not Pasadena. While the cupboard is slightly bare in spots, it's not at quarterback. Junior Brooks Bollinger (17-3 as a starter) will get serious heat from sophomore Jim Sorgi, who came off the bench twice last season to lead the Badgers to victory after Bollinger was hurt. Cousins Al and Ben Johnson will competently fill two spots on the offensive line, with Ben the heir apparent to Aaron Gibson and Chris McIntosh. There are two blue-chip talents on defense: Playboy All-America tackle Wendell Bryant and defensive back Mike Echols, who is the fastest defensive player on the team (4.3 in the 40). 8-4

(17) COLORADO

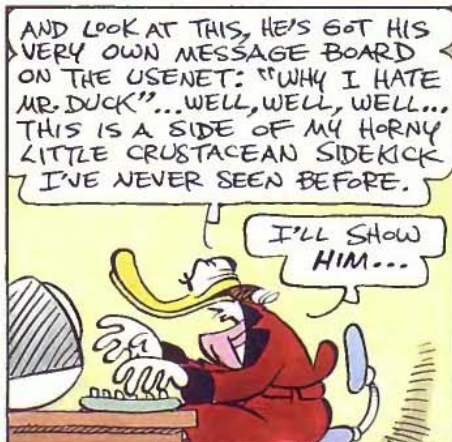
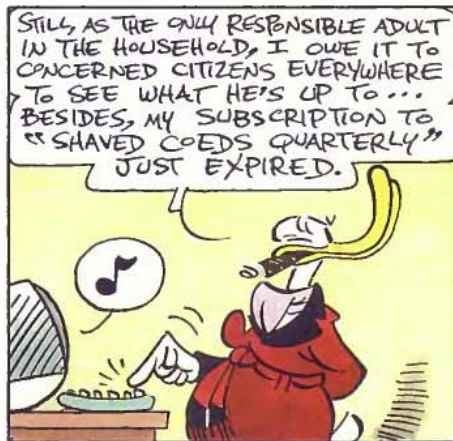
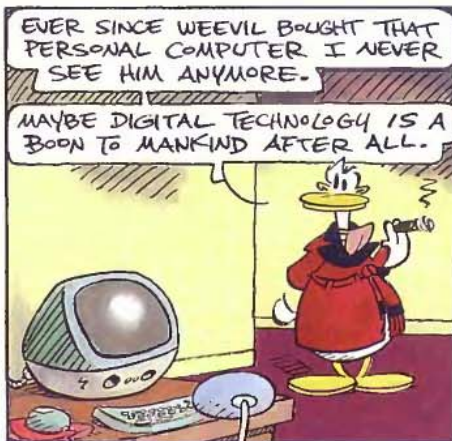
The Buffaloes couldn't have been as bad as last season's 3-8 record would indicate. And they weren't. Colorado lost

seven of those games by eight points or fewer. CU's schedule was rated fourth toughest in the nation. And injuries hurt a team already short on seniors. Coach Gary Barnett expects his team to rebound big time. Sophomore quarterback Craig Ochs, who set several freshman CU passing marks, will be better. Along with Ochs, running back Cortlen Johnson and receiver John Minardi form the nucleus of Colorado's offense. Barnett needs consistency from his defense and a solid year from linebacker Jashon Sykes, who had a disappointing junior year after earning all-conference honors as a sophomore. Midseason road challenges against Kansas State and Texas loom large. And Nebraska will be waiting at the end of the regular season. 8-4

(18) LOUISVILLE

Every sports fan outside of the Bluegrass State knows Rick Pitino is Louisville's new basketball coach. How many people know the name of Louisville's football coach? Does John L. Smith ring a bell? No? Too bad, because Smith has done a remarkable job of putting a competitive football program together for the Cardinals since he arrived three years ago. Last year Louisville finished 9-3, losing a 22-17 decision to Colorado

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State in the Liberty Bowl. Quarterback Dave Ragone, who threw for 27 TDs and ran for six more, will be back for his junior season. The Cardinals have seven other starters returning from an explosive offense, including receiver Deion Branch. Defense is more problematic, where there is abundant talent but a lack of experience at the tackles and middle linebacker spots. Defensive back Anthony Floyd is outstanding. 8-3

(19) MICHIGAN

So many impact players from last season will not be suiting up in maize and blue this season that it is difficult to imagine it won't affect Michigan's performance. Stalwart offensive linemen Steve Hutchinson and Jeff Backus have graduated to the NFL. And so have running back Anthony Thomas and receiver David Terrell. And then Drew Henson, who would have been rated the number one college quarterback in the nation, decided to play baseball for the Yankees rather than throw footballs for the Wolverines. Actually, looking back at last season's trove of talent, how did Michigan lose three games? Lloyd Carr, who has led Michigan to bowl victories four straight years, will have his coaching acumen tested to the max this year. John Navarre reassumes the QB spot he surrendered to Henson last year after the fourth game. Navarre is adequate but unspectacular. Carr's biggest problem may be shoring up the offensive line to protect Navarre. The Wolverines will face trial by fire early when they play at Washington on September 8. 7-4

(20) OHIO STATE

It took Jim Tressel 15 years to make the 178-mile trip from Youngstown to Columbus. During that time, he coached Division I-AA Youngstown State to 135 victories and four national titles. Meanwhile, John Cooper was busy winning games as head coach of the Buckeyes, though not enough games and not the right ones. Cooper's Achilles' heel was Michigan. Under Cooper, OSU beat the Wolverines only twice in 13 tries. That wasn't good enough in Columbus. So it will be Tressel's turn to take the heat if Ohio State can't prevail over Michigan. Steve Bellisari, a veteran of 22 starts at QB, returns for his senior season. He's sixth on the school's all-time total offense list but has failed to excel in big games. Jonathan Wells steps in for graduated Derek Combs at tailback. Adrien Clarke and Tyson Walter are stellar tackles, but the rest of the line may need time to gel. The defense is solid, particularly at linebacker, where three starters return, and strong at safety, where Mike Doss is a potential All-America. 7-4

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Elvira

(continued from page 132)

the female Vargas. I love her artwork. She combines the sensual with the coquettish. I always dreamed of having one of those drawings of myself, and finally it's happening."

Although the former Las Vegas showgirl says she loves to show off her body, Peterson has resisted offers to do nude photos. "It's certainly not because I'm shy," she explains. "I'm proud of my body, and I work out to keep it looking good." But she worries about her image because she has so many children as fans, and she markets her costumes and wigs to them. "I didn't want to do the Pee-wee Herman thing." She's thrilled with her portrayal in the portrait. "It's sexual, but it's subtle and classy and still leaves a little mystery."

Elvira was a pioneer for all the strong female role models to come, from Pamela Anderson to Lara Croft. Hers is the best-selling female Halloween costume of all time. In 1982 she was the first person to be broadcast in three dimensions in America (on KHJ's *Movie Macabre*), and she was the first female to do a beer ad campaign (in 1986). The computer system for the F-117 stealth bomber is named Elvira, after her. When the Internetgate story broke in *Time*, the story began, "When Monica Lewinsky worked in the White House, she had nicknames. One was Elvira, after TV's vampy *Mistress of the Dark*—a snickering reference to Lewinsky's long and big black hair, her fondness for tight, chest-hugging outfits and her coquettish demeanor." Around this same time, says Peterson's manager, Mark Pierson, Elvira "was riding on the float for the U.S. Postal Service in the Rose Parade, which is as American as you can be. You really know

you're a cult figure in America when you're famous from the Post Office to the Pentagon to the White House."

Peterson made her first Elvira movie, *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark*, in 1988, in which she famously twirled tassels (a talent she learned at 14). This fall she has a new film called *Elvira's Haunted Hills*, a gothic comedy "much in the vein of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*," she says.

"We shot it in Romania last November and December. It parodies the Vincent Price movies of the Fifties and Sixties." Halloween was always Peterson's favorite holiday: "My mother and aunt had a costume shop, and Halloween was big not only for business, but also for me, because every year they would make me the most fabulous costume. I'd go to as many parties as I could and people would say, 'Wow, look at her costume!' That must have been in my mind when I became Elvira."

Elvira keeps going strong. "She's still fitting into the same dress size," says Pierson. "Her figure hasn't changed in 20 years. I think she looks better than ever." "I do work out a lot," says Peterson. "That's the secret of my career. The other secret is heavy makeup. When you pile that much on, three inches deep, you can cover anything. I just spackle it into my wrinkles and there I am!"

How much longer can she keep it up? "It depends on how everything holds up—literally and figuratively," she says, laughing. "I've been thinking about this being my last year because it's my 20th anniversary, but then I think, I don't know if I'm ready to hang up the wig yet." Her millions of fans would rather hear her say boo than bye.



LEILANI RIOS

(continued from page 91)

grades went down."

Then the press took notice. Soon her story was on *20/20*, CNN.com and *Real Sports* with Bryant Gumbel. Now Rios says she's become a symbol for freedom of speech. "The dancing I do is totally legal," she explains, "and it's protected by the First Amendment. I'm not doing anything wrong."

Although she had contemplated filing a lawsuit, Rios says that all she wants is to be reinstated: "I'm hoping to be the top runner for Cal State-Fullerton. The coach is not a bad person. It's his religious beliefs, that's all. Other than that, he's a very nice guy. There may be some hard feelings at first, but I think we'll do just fine." Over the summer she was invited to rejoin the squad pending NCAA requirements.

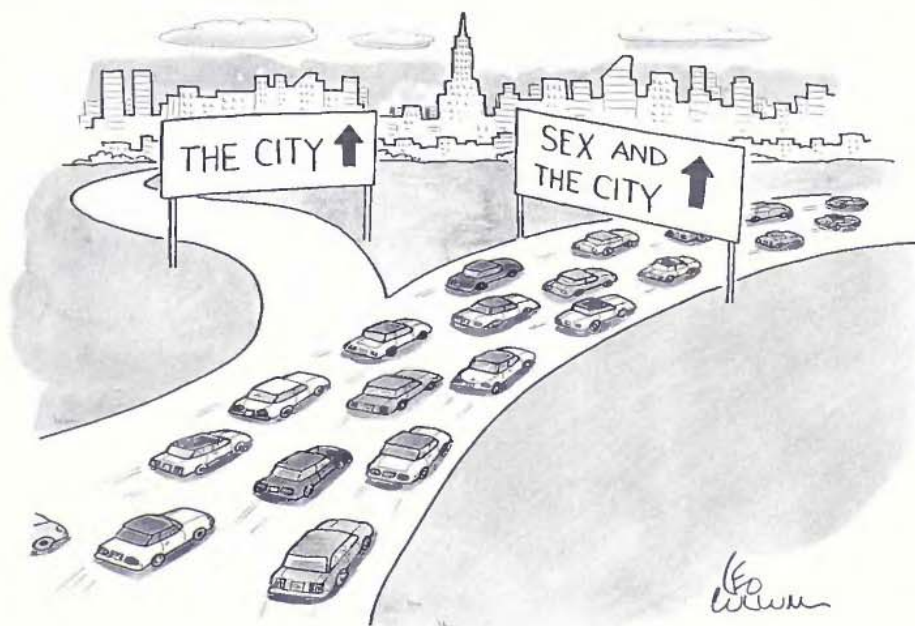
After she graduates, Rios plans to devote herself to a career in physical therapy. Meanwhile, she will continue dancing. Her husband, Wayne, 31, is completely supportive. "He has a very good attitude about my dancing," says Rios, "and he trusts me 100 percent. Work doesn't influence my sexuality with my husband at all. He'll sometimes stop by and say hi while I'm working, but most of the time he just lets me work. He trusts me because I come home to him every day."

She emphasizes the safe atmosphere at the Flamingo club. "It's totally legal, and it's a clean club. It's upscale. There are bouncers watching you, watching the guys, making sure they don't slip up. It's safer than cocktail waitressing, where drunk guys grab the waitresses' asses. No alcohol is served there at all, so there are no guys out of control, loud, oblivious or drunk."

Dancing is fun and makes her feel sexy, says Rios. "It's actually fabulous for women." She chooses her own music and costumes. In addition to her popular Britney Spears schoolgirl look, her cowgirl outfit with chaps keeps the guys champing at the bit, while her patriotic red, white and blue stars-and-stripes ensemble makes them stand up and salute.

Rios continues to run several times a week in the hope of being back on the track team. Her dancing helps to keep her in shape, too. Leilani is proud of her petite, naturally athletic body and doesn't feel the need for any artificial enhancements. "A lot of men do actually prefer the small, petite, natural look instead of the fake boobs," she says. "Any girl can get fake boobs. People appreciate my being natural, even though I'm not a big-busted girl. I'm petite, but I still have a nice shape. Guys love my boobs."

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CRISIS

(continued from page 88)

Albert Means, were \$200,000 cash and two Ford Expeditions. Means, who was unaware of the alleged deal, enrolled at the University of Alabama, where he played seven games as a freshman. After the report surfaced, Means transferred to the University of Memphis. The FBI and the NCAA have investigated the recruitment. His new coach says, "You hate for these kinds of things to happen. But when we get one of the top players in the U.S. in his position, that's a big bonus for us."

From the viewpoint of the reformers, who say that athletes themselves are increasingly disgusted with academic corruption, developments at the University of California last April were encouraging. Alex Saragoza, ethnic studies professor and vice president of educational outreach, quit after it became known that he had given credit to two athletes for course work they did not do. Apparently another student-athlete blew the whistle.

"We're starting to gain momentum," Huma told PLAYBOY. Earlier this year the Stanford basketball team signed up with the CAC along with the basketball and football squads at Arizona State and Ore-

gon. Huma says he expects to enter the 2001-2002 academic year with several more schools on his side. "The goal is to establish a national players' association. We feel that given athletes' roles as huge moneymakers, they should have more say in what goes on in the legislative process of the NCAA. We want student-athletes across the nation to sign our Declaration of Unity and start their own chapters. We want to establish working relationships with other schools, but they will have complete autonomy in their own chapters."

"There's an underground of student-athletes who have protested and been isolated," says Bense-Meyers. Huma concurs. "Student-athletes get a lot of flak from regular students. If you utter anything about policies that need to be changed, they look at you like you're crazy. It's hard to articulate the position of the student-athlete. We earn our education a number of ways. One hundred percent of the players I've spoken with are for reform. The United Steelworkers have been great with their resources. Without the Steelworkers we wouldn't be close to where we are now. I think we're a force to be reckoned with."



NADAS

(continued from page 122)

them to get famous. I want to keep them for myself."

Not that the band always plays to open arms. At one show in Kansas City, the crowd got nasty when the Nadas began to play. They had come to see the two thrash bands that opened the show. "The people with tattoos, leather and piercings didn't like our corn rock," Butterworth says. "Jason got whacked with lemons and lit cigarettes. They were like, 'Go back to Iowa, fags!' My least favorite gig was in Breckenridge, Colorado, when the headlining band kept coming onstage during our set to tune their instruments. The fucking drummer was tuning his drums while we were playing. It was the rudest thing. I was ready to quit being a rocker after that."

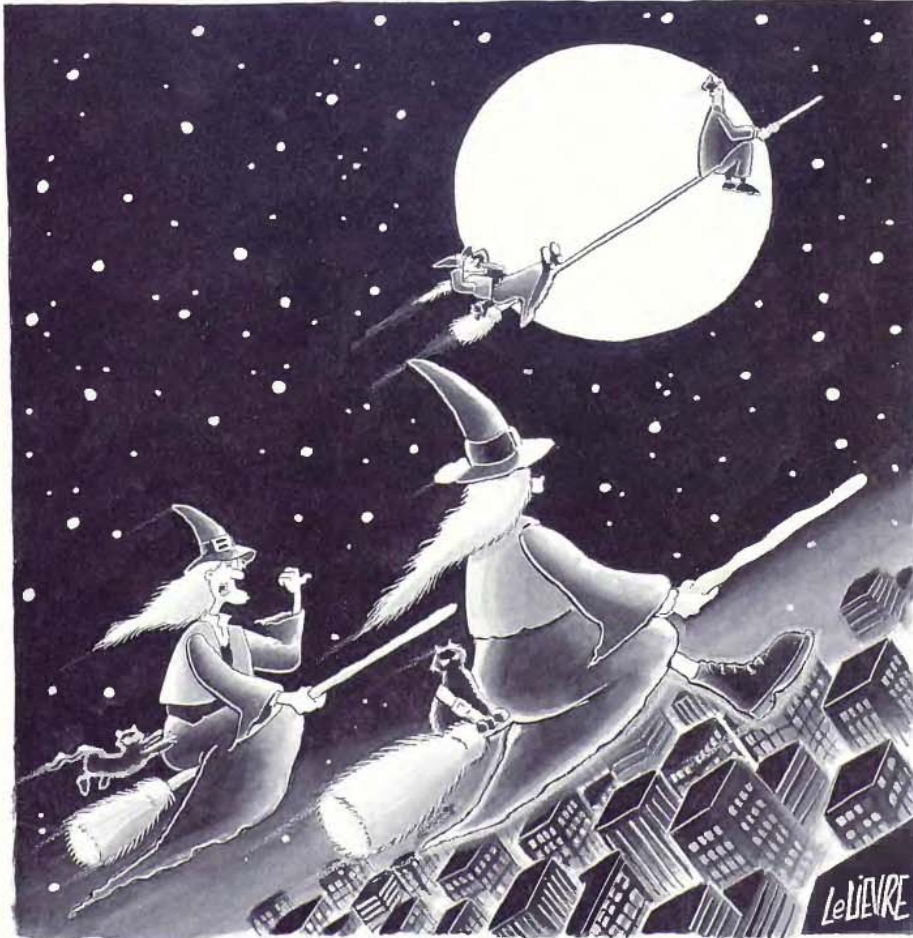
After the Cubby Bear, it's off to a backyard kegger. Petersen breaks into a rap-off with Bohnenkamp. Girls migrate toward them. Around sunrise, Butterworth, Walsmith, Petersen and their friends Julie, Cali, Mandy and Lou catch a cab back to the RV, which is still parked in front of the Vic. Everyone else stays to party or passes out on friends' floors. After inhaling pizza and playing a few tunes on an acoustic guitar they bought at a thrift store for four dollars, the Nadas call it a night. The birds are chirping.

INSIDE FOX SMOLDER, APRIL 28, 10 A.M.

Petersen and Julie, who have spent the night messing around in the RV's front bunk, are laughing about a huge bruise on her inner arm. Apparently, things got a little kinky, and Julie fell out of the bunk, bounced off a seat and landed on the floor. There are lipstick smooches on the outside of the RV's windows. This prompts a conversation about groupies: "We were in Iowa City once," Petersen says, "and this girl's like, 'Here's the deal. I'll give you a blow job if you rap, I'll give Mike a blow job if he plays *Life in a Bucket*, and if both things happen, I'll have sex with Mike.' I rapped, but she was nowhere to be found," he deadpans.

"Temptation is not a problem for me," Bohnenkamp explains. He's been dating his girlfriend, Joey, for three years. "I'm the drummer, I'm in the back. Half the time nobody even fucking knows I'm in the band. I go to the bathroom between sets and people are like, 'What do you think of the band?'"

"I'm a loyal, devoted person," Walsmith says. He's been married to Stephanie, his college sweetheart, for two years. "She's great, though I think the band is her enemy right now. Don't get me wrong, she loves everybody, but the band is the thing that keeps me from home. She comes on the road with us sometimes, but she gets frustrated at how chaotic it is."



"Limo."

It could be argued that Butterworth is the band heartthrob, since girls in the audience have been known to chant, "Mike! Mike! Mike!" before the Nadas hit the stage. Does Julie (not to be confused with Petersen's bruised buddy), whom he married last week, mind his *Tiger Beat* status? "Not at all," Butterworth says with a laugh. "I'm lucky to have her. I asked her when we decided to get hitched if I needed to find a new job. She was like, 'Hell no. I don't want you home that much.'"

"Seriously, though, Gomez pulls the most wool," Bohnenkamp says.

"Will pulls the most wool," Gomez counters. "But I hope I get some ass tonight, dude. That's my goal. I hope we can get some college girls to do crazy stuff like get butt-naked and run around. I'm totally serious about getting some ass. Is that wrong?"

A few Nadas take showers at their friend Nicole's apartment while the rest freshen up at a buddy's workspace. Then it's off to Stanley's for a brunch buffet and bloody marys. While everyone eats, Butterworth and Gomez try to find somewhere to park the RV. Parking, especially in major cities, is a nightmare.

"In New York City," Walsmith says, "we pulled up in front of the bar, put on our hazards, loaded out, went in, played, came out, loaded back in and drove out of the city."

SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD TO IOWA CITY,
THREE P.M.

Bohnenkamp, who is driving, is on a rant. "It bugs me when I hear people like Christina Aguilera or 'N Sync—who've had financial support their entire careers—complain about being on the road," he says. "They're living in hotel rooms and bitching about playing every other night. I'd like them to come on the road with us. It would be a privilege to get one hotel room for six people. It would be nice to have a bus driver and cushy tour bus with air-conditioning and video games. I heard that if there isn't a Starbucks in town, Britney Spears has it flown in. Those people who complain about how hard they have it should try sleeping on someone's floor for three nights. We eat fried bar food because it's free. We spend two to three hours loading our own shit, sometimes upstairs, and doing sound check. Then we play, tear down, carry everything out of the bar, go to bed at four A.M. and maybe get five hours of sleep before hopping back into the damn RV and driving 10 hours to the next gig."

Walsmith: "Sometimes we splurge on Rice-A-Roni instead of Lipton noodles."

Bohnenkamp: "Yeah, this week I'm gonna buy the Ruffles instead of the generic potato chips. I had a good week and I deserve it, damn it!"

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Betting Bunny Deanna

VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

Bohnenkamp says. "We meet new people every night and go to places we've never been. That's the payoff. The place we're playing tonight is one of my favorites. It's a frenzied fucking hungry crowd."

"When we started, I loved everything about touring," Butterworth says. "I loved driving, I loved sleeping on floors. We'd have a show two hours from home on, say, Wednesday, and another show on Saturday, and we'd hang out on the road for the few extra days because it was rock and roll. Today, even if we're seven hours from home, we go back so we'll have a day off."

"We used to go to every little town and play in every little shithole," Walsmith says. "But now I don't want to drive 12 hours to Ohio to play at a little college bar where people don't care. My biggest pet peeve is wasting time. Every Saturday night that we play for a small, uninterested crowd is a night we could be playing in a town that we care to go to. We used to have a theory that the best way to do this was to tackle big, faraway places, but that didn't work. Now our philosophy is to radiate. We would be a great sign for a label right now. We have a great campus following, a good mailing list. We have our shit together. We're an operating band. Some bands who get signed have never even played before."

PLAYBOY: Like O-Town?

Walsmith: "Don't even fucking get me started."

Bohnenkamp: "That is the dumbest fucking waste of a record deal I've ever seen. Those guys can't sing. They're horrible. They look good, and I guess that's what's important. That's probably why

we haven't made it very far. We're a bunch of fat-ass bums."

"I'm not gonna say the past five years of my life have been a waste because I didn't get a record deal," Nelson says. "I'm in it for the moment. If we were to quit right now, I would still consider us a great success."

"I don't believe in the power of the record deal," Butterworth adds. "I've heard that 95 percent of bands signed to major labels sell less than 5000 copies of their first record and get dumped. I also know bands that get signed, make their record and nothing changes. They still play the same clubs. At this point we decide where our money goes, where to play, how to look and how to sound. The second you sign a deal, you lose that independence. Being from Iowa is not bad. We're two hours from Omaha, six from Chicago, three from Kansas City, three from Minneapolis, 12 from Colorado, 12 from Ohio. Twenty hours will get us damn near anywhere. A lot of people our age don't like living in Iowa because there's not a lot going on. But that's why I like it. It's nice to come home after being in a rolling party for two weeks and just relax. I don't have to worry about finding parking. I don't have to lock the doors."

He's not kidding about the rolling party. Says Gomez: "Brett and I, two hippies with long, curly hair, were driving from Champaign to Chicago. There was a huge bash in the back of the RV—lots of alcohol and butt-naked women. A cop pulls up, shines his light into the cab and pulls us over. Everyone in the back of the RV pours their beers down the toi-

let and hops into the bunks. I go back to his car and get a 15-minute interrogation because I look like a total dirtball: 'Do you do drugs? Are there any narcotics on the RV?' I said, 'Yes, I do, and no, there aren't.' Then he makes me take off my shoes and pats me down. I think he wanted to suck on my toes or something. He goes, 'Do you mind if I walk a dog around?' But he doesn't have a fucking dog. Then he goes, 'What do you think we should do with drug dealers?' So I say, 'Whatever the law states.' He goes, 'Well, I think we should put them in a ditch and shoot them!' Dead serious. I was like, right on, dude. Cops are weird."

Another time in Champaign, the Nadas got a man to drive the tour bus they'd rented. Little did they know he was a Peeping Tom.

"The driver was supposedly hanging out in the bus while we were playing," Walsmith says. "But when we came out, he was being arrested. The cop had him up against the car because he'd been looking in windows. His knees were all dirty like he'd been crawling around under bushes and shit."

HEARTLAND INN, IOWA CITY, FOUR A.M.

The show at Q Bar is a smash. To celebrate, Petersen and Gomez pick up some girls and head to a party. Since the bars are closed, Butterworth, Bohnenkamp, Walsmith, Mandy, Lou and another friend, Marty, go to the hotel rooms (two this time—it was a lucrative night) to drink Coors Light. Perhaps drink is the wrong word. Marty decides it's high time to break his brother's record for most beers shotgunned in one night. He takes his keys, pokes a hole in the side of the beer can, fish-lips it and pops the top. In three seconds, the can is empty. Soon, everyone is shotgunning beers, using hotel washcloths as bibs. Marty shotguns his eighth beer and barfs all over the bathroom. In true rock star form, Walsmith, who is half passed out on the bed, is trying his damndest not to miss the action.

He has one request: "Can someone help me open my eyes?"

A few weeks later, while sleeping in adjoining Nebraska motel rooms, Jason, Tony and Tony's girlfriend, Joey, are robbed. The burglars make off with wallets and cell phones. The Nadas were an easy target. They left their motel doors wide open.

"It was pure laziness on our part," Butterworth says. "After the show, we dropped them off at the motel and went to a party. Instead of waiting two minutes to get a key, we took off. We leave motel doors propped open all the time. It's stupid. I can't believe it hasn't happened before. We're too trusting. We're from a small town. We're Iowa farm kids, you know?"

To hear the Nadas, go to playboy.com/magazine/current/.



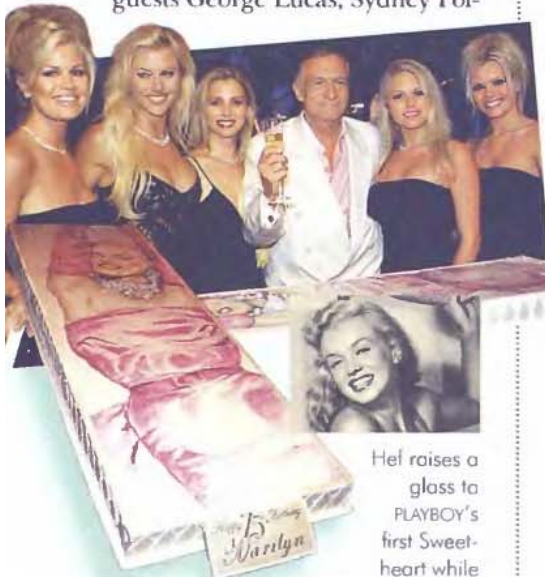
"I wrote this next song one worrisome mornin' when they tole me all my tech stocks done gone down the shitter."

PLAYMATE NEWS



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MARILYN

Marilyn Monroe—our first cover girl and Sweetheart of the Month—would have turned 75 this year, which prompted Hef, 20th Century Fox and American Movie Classics to throw a Mansion birthday bash in her honor. The party, fit for an icon, included a huge Marilyn cake, high-wattage guests George Lucas, Sydney Pol-



Hef raises a glass to PLAYBOY's first Sweetheart while Centerfolds Neriah

Davis, Lisa Dergan, Deanna Brooks, Suzanne Stakes and Buffy Tyler model different versions of a girl's best friend.

lack and Barbara Eden and five Playmates modeling diamonds from the Marilyn Collection. While partygoers danced, sipped champagne and toasted Marilyn's fabulousness, AMC announced the release of *Marilyn Monroe: The Diamond Collection*, a commemorative DVD boxed set boasting

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- October 1: Miss June 1968
Britt Fredriksen
- October 2: Miss January 1986
Sherry Arnett
- October 14: Miss January 1970
Jill Taylor
- October 18: Miss October 1965
Allison Parks
- October 30: Miss January 1995
Melissa Holliday

the films *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Seven Year Itch*, *How to Marry a Millionaire*, *Bus Stop* and *There's No Business Like Show Business*, plus *Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days*, a bonus documentary. For more information, click on

marilynvh.com. Norma Jean would be proud.

THE PLAYMATES ARE RIGHT

Anyone who has spent a sick day curled up on the couch is familiar with the healing powers of *The Price Is Right*'s Barker's Beauties, the dazzling prize girls who, with a flick of their manicured nails, manage to make toaster ovens look sexy. Bob Barker's current roster includes two-year-veteran Nikki Schieler Ziering and Heather Kozar, who came on board after Playmate Janice Pennington was fired. "I'm not sure what happened," Nikki says. "I felt awkward, like, Why didn't I get fired too? Janice had been here 29 years." While Nikki misses her former cohort, she appreciates the newfangled *Price Is Right* perks. "We used to dress like flight attendants. Now the clothes are hipper, though there's a rule that we can't show cleavage and leg at the same time." And what about the host,



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

You'd never know by looking at Hope Olson's angelic October 1976 pictorial that the photo shoot was enveloped in drama. "We almost got killed shooting Hope's layout in La Crosse, Wisconsin," remembers photographer Ken Marcus. "Local bad guys picked a fight with her boyfriend, Punk. They came armed with guns. The police showed up just in time. I called West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and said, 'We've got problems.' Marilyn said, 'If you can get shots of her being interrogated by the police, that would look good.'"



Hope Olson.

who seems to have dipped himself in the fountain of youth? "Bob Barker is awesome," Nikki says. "He's committed until he's 82. The only thing I don't like is that I sing the theme song in my sleep. 'Da da da duh, da da da duh!' It echoes in my head."

OH, YES, IT'S LADIES' NIGHT



When Centerfolds hit the town together, wouldn't you like to be a fly in the limo? Clockwise from top left: Angel Boris and Victoria Valentino bond; Cara Michelle and Buffy Tyler light up Los Angeles; Neriah Davis, Layla Roberts, Nicole Lenz, Elon Carter, Tiffany Taylor and Victoria Fuller have scarlet fever at PLAYBOY's Rock-and-Roll All-Star Bash.



My Favorite Playmate By Dale Earnhardt Jr.



Reneé Tenison. She's hot shit, damn it. I've always thought she was so good-looking. There's also a Playmate from 1978 who was natural and awesome as hell, but I can't remember her name.

Reneé and her twin sister, Rosie, modeled swimsuits in a recent issue of *Black Men* magazine.



GIRL TALK

Layla, you've got us on our knees. After knocking us out as Miss October 1997, Layla Roberts flaunted her comedic side as Molly Mounds in *Armageddon*, portrayed Grendel's mother in a science fiction version of *Beowulf* and appeared in *Red Letters* with Nastassja Kinski and Fairuza Balk. Now she's starting a clothing line. "It's not high fashion, just fun attire," says James Gonis of Playmate Promo-

PLAYMATE NEWS

tions in Los Angeles. "It's in the early stages." She has also opened an antique store in Pasadena. Lest you think she's all work and no play, Lay-



la (shown here chilling at a recent St. Pauli Girl party in honor of Neriah Davis), whooped it up at PLAYBOY's last Mardi Gras weekend. Check out the steamy pix on Playboy.com.

LOOSE LIPS

"You can make Mansion parties as wild as you want them to be. I sit back and watch. Then you get Scott Baio. We call him the Playmate lapdog. He just doesn't care. You know who is a dork? David Lee Roth. He's got a bad comb-over, but he's trying to be hip about it." —Nicole Wood

"If I were going to get breast implants, I would have done it before becoming a Playmate. If I did it now, I'd be shot by a million people, especially Hef. He made me promise I would never get them." —Summer Alice

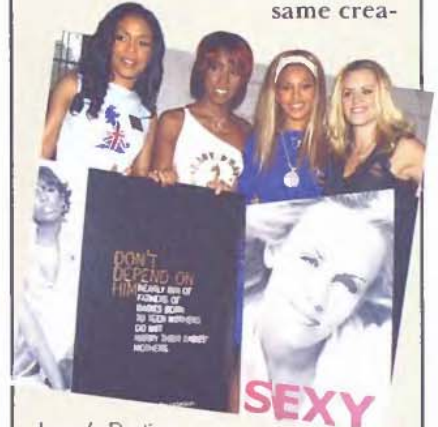
RED CARPET REPLAY



If you've ever seen Victoria Silvstedt in person, you know how she works a crowd. She incandesces, she flirts, she causes whiplash. In print, she jumps off the page. Left to right: Flaunting it at the Laureus World Sport Awards in May, at the Baseball premiere in 1998, at a February GQ bash, at the Austin Powers: *The Spy Who Shagged Me* premiere in 1999.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Destiny's Child showed Jenny McCarthy (below) some sugar at a recent Candie's Foundation event. They're all spokesmodels for the funky shoe company. . . . We can't wait for the release of *Playmate of the Year*, a film about a law school graduate whose life is turned around when he meets a contender for PMOY. It's been described as a younger, hipper 10. . . . If you dig *The Real World*, you'll get a kick out of a reality TV show from the same crea-



Jenny's Destiny.

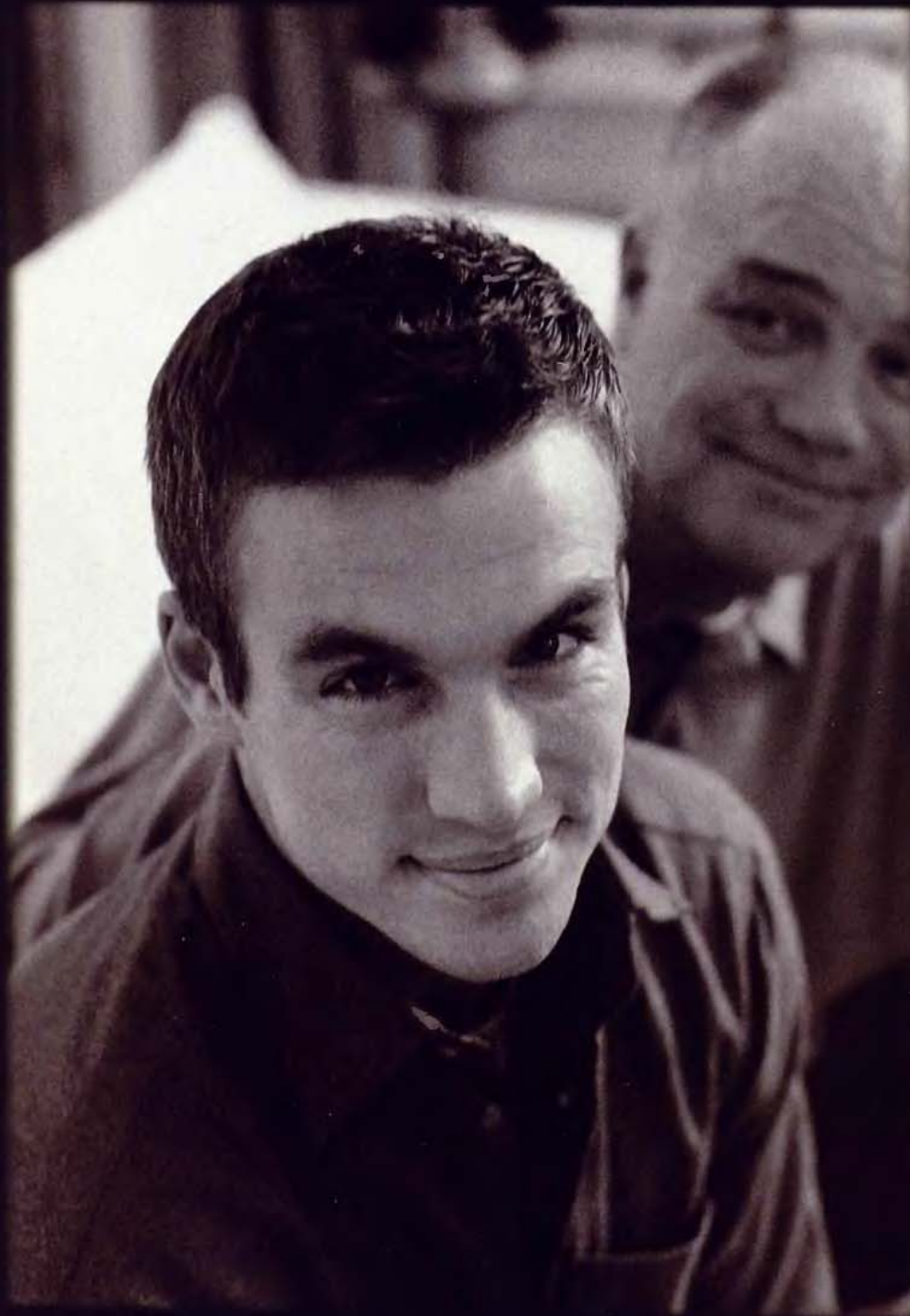
tors, Mary-Ellis Bunim and Jonathan Murray, called *Who Wants to Be a Playboy Playmate?* . . . Nikki Schieler Ziering is Cutty Sark's current pin-up girl and is working on her own 2002 calendar. . . . Erika Eleniak will star in *The Opponent*, a film about women's boxing. . . . Rebekka Armstrong won an award from the Navy for educating sailors about sexually transmitted diseases. . . . On the episode of MTV's *Becoming* in which regular guys were whisked to the Playboy Mansion and made over to look like Limp Bizkit, Alexandria Karlsen, Natalia Sokolova and Kerissa Fare added authenticity by lounging poolside. . . . PMOYs Heather Kozar, Jodi Ann Paterson and Brande Roderick (pictured) Bunnied up to Donald Trump at a hopping Hugo Boss party.

Ears to Donald Trump.



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in a rush to look like him.



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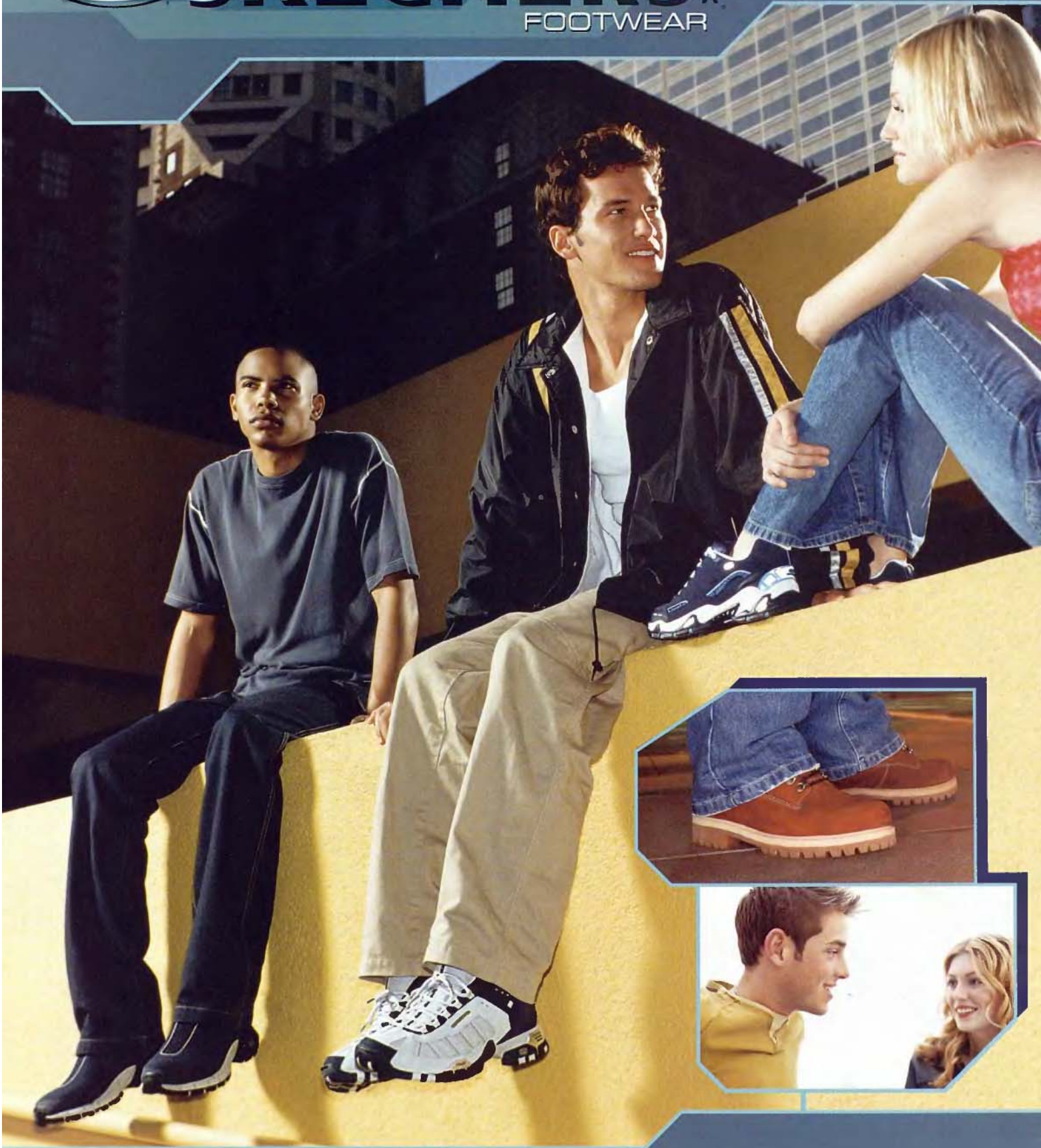
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01

PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

POKER NIGHT

Unless you're playing strip poker, a night of cards is still a guy thing. If you're the host, stock up right. That means whiskey, tequila and beer (nobody drinks cosmopolitans or chardonnay on poker night), plenty of snacks and good cigars. Poker isn't poker unless there's smoke in the air. When it comes to cards, dump your old ones and invest in a new deck. Casinos use plastic cards, not plastic-coated, so the corners don't bend. Never

JAMES IMBROGNO



Above: This Italian-made humidor with a leather top (\$295) will hold 50 of your best cigars. Next to it is a Calibri chrome-and-rubber table lighter (\$50), a horn-handled cigar cutter (\$95) and a chrome ashtray (\$95). In the humidor is a box of 25 Diana Silvius 7" x 50 ring Churchill cigars (\$197). All are from the Up Down Tobacco Shop. Right: 1.75-liter bottles of Jack Daniel's, Jose Cuervo and Chivas Regal, plus three CDs: Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band's *Live in New York City* (Columbia), Delbert McClinton's *Nothing Personal* (New West) and the Black Crowes' *Lions* (V2) (\$17 to \$25).



your stereo and deal. The only thing you're missing is a cocktail waitress to pour drinks and light cigars. But being a gracious host goes only so far. To cover your expenses you need to win, so pick up a copy of *Super/System* ("a course in power poker") by Doyle Brunson, *Caro's Book of Tells* ("the body language of poker") by Mike Caro or *The Theory of Poker* by David Sklansky. Gamblers General Store in Las Vegas sells them along with the chips, chip carousel and plastic playing cards shown below. Will the books help you rake in a big pot? You bet.

—LARRY OLMSTED



Above: A nylon-topped poker table measuring 57" in diameter from Sydney Laner and Co., a Chicago billiard dealer that's been around since 1918 (about \$400, plus shipping). Oak, maple and other finishes are also available, and the top can be ordered in other colors. Matching chairs are available, too. On the table: poker carousel that holds 400 chips (about \$100, cover included), clay poker chips in a variety of denominations (38 cents each or 42 cents each monogrammed) and plastic cards that can be washed and reused (\$19 for a two-deck set), all from Gamblers General Store. Budweiser long necks for toasting your winnings (see your liquor dealer for a case price). Whiskey glasses with weighted bases so they won't tip easily, from the Pottery Barn (\$8 each).

play for bills or coins: It's too hard for suckers to part with real money. Plastic chips will do in a pinch, but heavy clay chips have an authoritative clink when tossed into the pot, and they look great housed in a chip carousel. (Monogrammed chips are best and add to the intimidation.) If you play frequently, buy a poker table such as the mahogany-finished one pictured here. It seats eight, has wells for chips, indentations for cocktail glasses and bottles, and foldable legs for storage. Now pump some Springsteen through

Grapevine



Passing the Breast Test

The lovely LORABEL REY appeared in *Playboy's* Special Edition *Asian Beauties*, on TV's *Silk Stalkings* and in a Third Eye Blind music video.

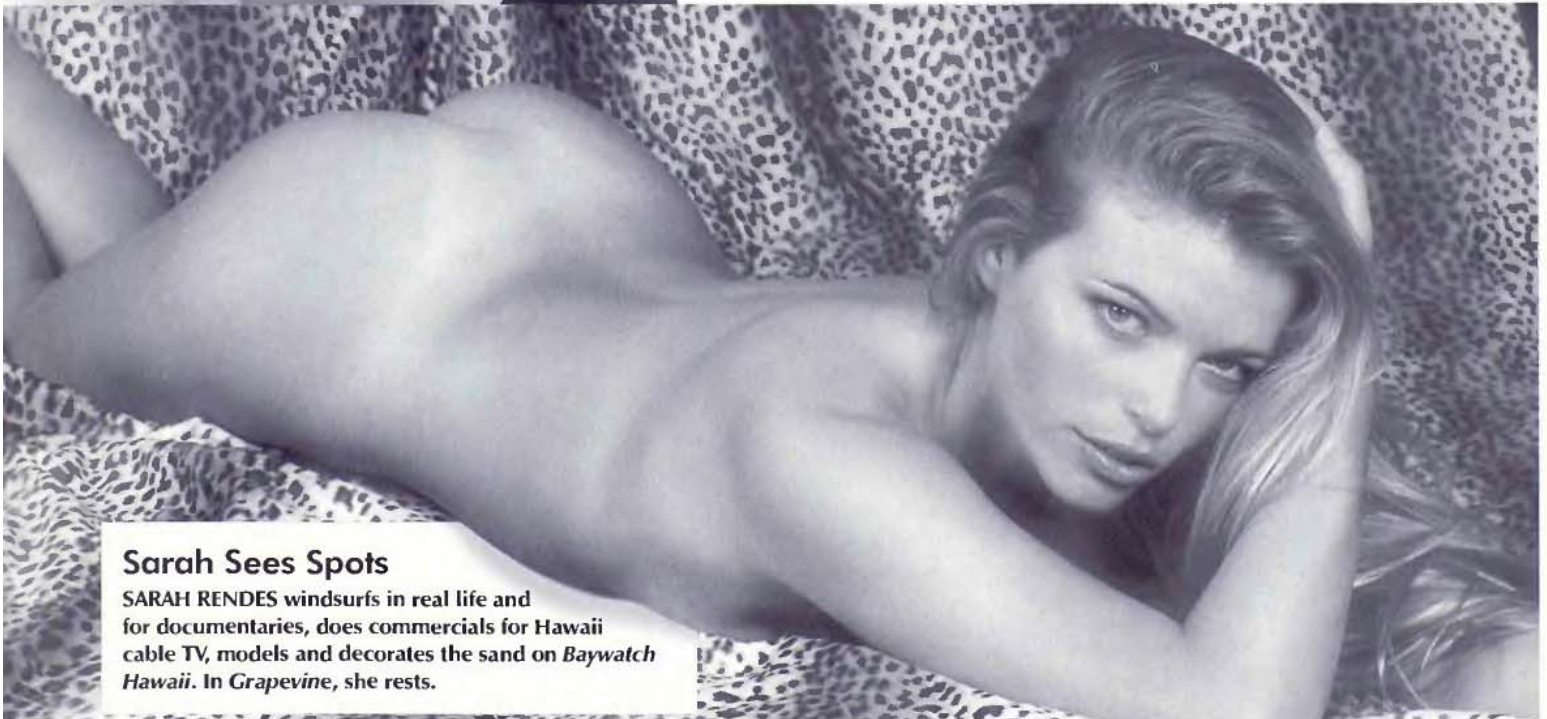
This Brook Makes a Splash

KELLY BROOK wears barely more than a smile. You can see her in the thriller *Ripper: Letter From Hell*.



Inside Basic Black

We love see-through: Will any of MARI-SA COUGHLAN's four recent movies—*Pumpkin*, *Freddy Got Fingered*, *Super Troopers* and *Gossip*—compare favorably with this outfit?



Sarah Sees Spots

SARAH RENDES windsurfs in real life and for documentaries, does commercials for Hawaii cable TV, models and decorates the sand on *Baywatch Hawaii*. In *Grapevine*, she rests.



The End at the Beginning

The LIVING END is just getting started, with the group's sophomore CD, *Roll On*, a just-completed summer tour with Green Day and a certain amount of fame for taking on Eminem in public. But don't box them in. That would be a dead end.

© DOUGLAS SINGLETTER

Lovely After Basketball

We know SANAA LATHAN from the film *Love and Basketball* and the TV movie *Disappearing Acts*. Perhaps this slam-dunk dress will jog your memory.



© JAMES SPENCER GALELLA LTD.



Seeing Double

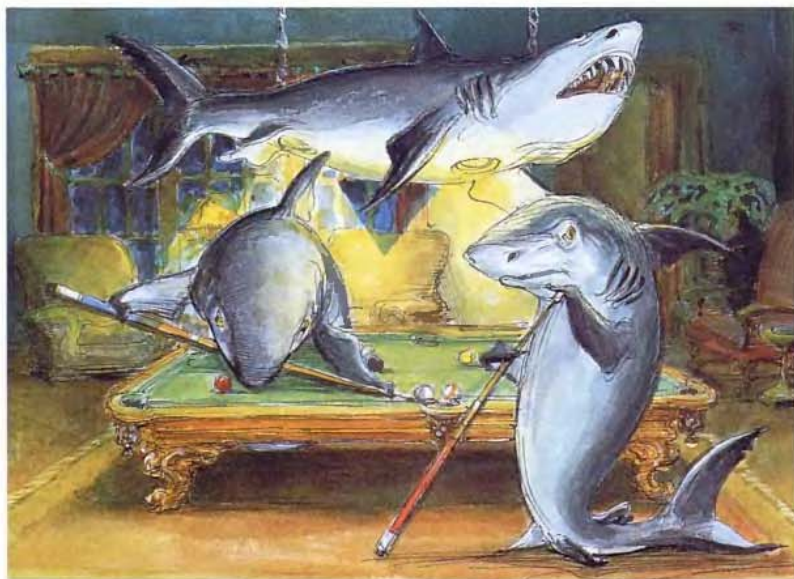
Have you seen *The Mistress Club*, *Bikini Hoedown* or *Erotic Confessions*? If so, you'll recognize GRIFFIN DREW. If not, get to the video store, pronto. She's waiting there for you.



LITTLE MISS NAUGHTY

Virtually every good girl wants to be a bad girl—but you knew that. Sex therapist Barbara Keesling, who has written eight books, including *How to Make Love All Night* and *Super Sexual Orgasm*, takes the premise one step further in *The Good Girl's Guide to Bad Girl Sex*, an “indispensable resource for pleasure and seduction.” With such provocative chapter titles as “Bad Girls Feel Good About Being Bad,” “Bad Girls Know How

to Talk Sexy, In and Out of Bed” and “Bad Girls Break All the Rules,” we’re already hot and bothered—and we don’t even know any good girls who have read the book yet. Price: \$22. Check your local bookstores. M. Evans and Co. Inc. is the publisher.



FOR POOL SHARKS ONLY

Shoot a mean game of eight ball? Then hang a mean great white shark (with two lights mounted in its belly) over your billiard table. Wildlife Interiors in Hernando, Florida is the creator of the eight-foot shark light. The shark costs \$2000 and is just one of many realistic mammal, reptile, fish and plant reproductions available at prices from about \$100 for a red-eyed tree frog to \$7000 for a full-size rhino. Or decorate *Wild Kingdom* style with a 17-foot curled python (\$750), a 10.5-foot Komodo dragon (\$5000) or a five-foot-tall gorilla (also \$5000). Hey, Mr. Intrepid Explorer, it's a jungle out there. Bring it home.

186 Call Wildlife Interiors at 352-341-5660 to order.

GET DIRTY, DUDE

If you're a dirt biker, get up to speed by attending the Motorcycle Safety Foundation-approved dirt-bike rider training course held at the MotoVentures Riding Ranch in Aguanga, California. On Kawasaki and other dirt bikes, you'll learn to deal with different surfaces and pull off other tricky moves. Prices begin at \$150 for one day's riding. Call 909-767-0991 or go to motoventures.com.



WAY UGLY

Who knows what evil lurks in the minds of the mask makers at Death Studios? Now you do—and just in time for Halloween. From left to right, there's Merlin (\$97), a sorcerer with a shrunken head (the wearer looks out eyeholes in his neck), Klutch Furst (\$92), with a killer grin, and Waveripper (\$152), an angry-creature mask with shoulders and a chest. Call 219-362-4321 or go to deathstudios.com.



A BOOK TO CROW ABOUT

In *The Crow: Shattered Lives and Broken Dreams*, 30 authors who specialize in fantasy, science fiction and horror contribute stories and poems about the bird's mystique. There are more than 50 full-page illustrations, and the limited edition (1500) is presented in a black slipcase. To make the book even more of a collector's item, 39 authors and artists have signed each edition. Price: \$225, from Donald Grant, Publisher, Inc. at 800-476-0510, or go to grantbooks.com.



BEETLE JUICED

John Belushi and the boys in *Animal House* would have loved the Beetle Cooler. It's the ultimate party car, with a fully functional rolling Volkswagen chassis, working steering for mobility, chrome wheels and funky paint

job. The only thing missing is the engine and the seats—the latter having been replaced with stainless steel tubs, complete with a drain system, that will hold up to 60 cases of beer, pop, you name it. Just leave room for ice and let the good times roll. Price: \$5000. Check it out at madirect.com or call 800-500-1500.



VIAGRA GETS HEAVY

Positive Response has finally found a way for Viagra to keep something down. The company has reproduced the pill as a 3"x5" paperweight that's guaranteed to "maintain an erect stack of papers." Plus, it "reduces filing dysfunction." The paperweight weighs about one and a half pounds, so it's not something you want to slip into your pocket. Price: \$19, from Positive Response, 242 West 27th, Suite 1B, New York, NY 10001. The company also sells Arousal, an erection cream, for \$30 per two-ounce jar.

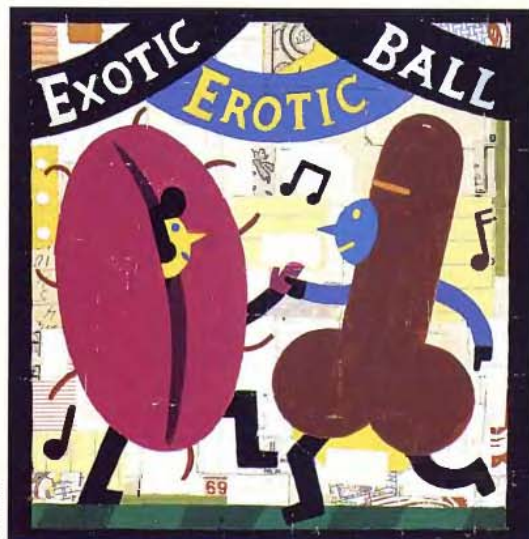
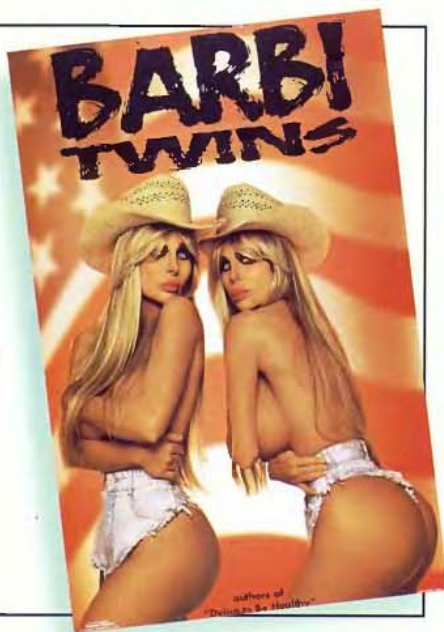


FRISKY FRISCO

Dennis Rodman was a guest at the Exotic Erotic Ball one year. So what else is new? The 20th anniversary of San Francisco's annual October night of outrageous costumes, bare bodies and over-the-top bawdiness is celebrated in a 60-minute video tracing the history of the ball from 100 penthouse partygoers to 15,000 revelers packed into the Cow Palace and cavorting in the streets. Price: \$15, from Entertainment Programs International at 800-458-6438.

WE'LL TAKE TWO

The Barbi Twins' new calendar is out, but if you don't want to wait until the first of the year to hang Shane and Sia on your wall, a 35"x23" poster (right) of July's image is available now at Spencer Gifts for \$7. "It's our last calendar," says Shane. (It's their sixth.) Like all the others, this calendar is definitely a keeper and will be a collector's item for sure. Guys can enjoy the pair (and what a knock-out pair they both have) by going to calendardepot.com to order both the calendar and poster.



Next Month



ANGELICA



DUTCH TREAT



X MARKS THE SPOT



SEXY CINEMA

ANGELICA BRIDGES—THE AMAZING REDHEAD—EASILY ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—IS CAUSING SCARLET FEVER

DIRTY SKATE KINGS—MOST PRO SKATEBOARDERS LOOK LIKE GUTTER RATS SCRAPED OFF THE PAVEMENT. NOT THESE DUDES—THEY'RE CRAZY AND RICH. **DEAN KUIPERS** HITS THE STRIP CLUBS WITH UNLIKELY MILLIONAIRES **CHAD MUSKA**, **ROB DYRDEK** AND **KAREEM CAMPBELL**

SEX IN CINEMA—HOLLYWOOD'S STEAMIEST MOMENTS REPRODUCED JUST FOR YOU. STARRING JENNIFER LOPEZ, UMA THURMAN, ASHLEY JUDD, KATE HUDSON, NICOLE KIDMAN, CATHERINE DENEUVE AND ANGELINA JOLIE

WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE WANT?—PROTESTS AGAINST GLOBAL ECONOMIC POLICY HAVE EXPLODED AS CROWDS CONFRONT THE TITANS OF TRADE. **GINA WELCH** INVESTIGATES THE MOST DRAMATIC MASS MOVEMENT IN DECADES

COEN BROTHERS—THE MERRY PRANKSTERS OF HOLLYWOOD LOVE TO STARTLE AND SHOCK. WITH **KRISTINE MCKENNA** TAKING NOTES, JOEL AND ETHAN SPEW FORTH ON CRANKY ACTORS, ON-SET LUST, INDIE MYTHS AND WHAT MAKES THEIR NEXT TWO FLICKS UNIQUE

HOW TO DATE A GIRL SMARTER THAN YOU—NO THANKS TO *THE MAN SHOW* AND BEER, WOMEN REMAIN MORE INTELLIGENT THAN MEN. **WILL LEE** GIVES TIPS ON MATCHING WITS WITH A BRAINY BABE. LESSON ONE: HOW TO TELL ANNA KARENINA FROM ANNA KOURNIKOVA

THE HISTORY OF THE BLOW JOB—CLEOPATRA BLEW 100 ROMANS IN ONE DAY. THE CHINESE SAY GIVING HEAD IS A PATH TO ENLIGHTENMENT. OUR RESOURCEFUL ARCHAEOLOGIST LOOKS AT FELLATIO'S ROOTS. BY **DEBRA OLLIVIER**

WILL FERRELL—*SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*'S ACE MIMIC GIVES **DAVID RENSIN** HIS SHTICK ON DOING JANET RENO, MOLLY SHANNON'S BREASTS AND WHY NORM MACDONALD'S DRESSING ROOM IS THE PLACE TO BE. A GOOFBALL 20Q

THE LETTERMAN—GREGOR'S BEEN SAVING FOR A HOOKER IN AMSTERDAM, BUT IT'S HIS FATHER'S MISTRESS WHO SEEMS A MORE LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR LUST. WHAT WILL PAPA SAY? FICTION BY **ALICIA ERIAN**

PLUS: THE CRAZY SLACKERS WHO BUILT MICROSOFT'S **X-BOX** GAME SYSTEM, MARTINIS—THE KING OF COCKTAILS—AND PLAYMATE **LINDSEY VUOLO**