

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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**A SPICY
SEX IN
CINEMA**

**THE LITE GIRL
ANGELICA
BRIDGES
NUDE**

**ORAL SEX
A HISTORY**

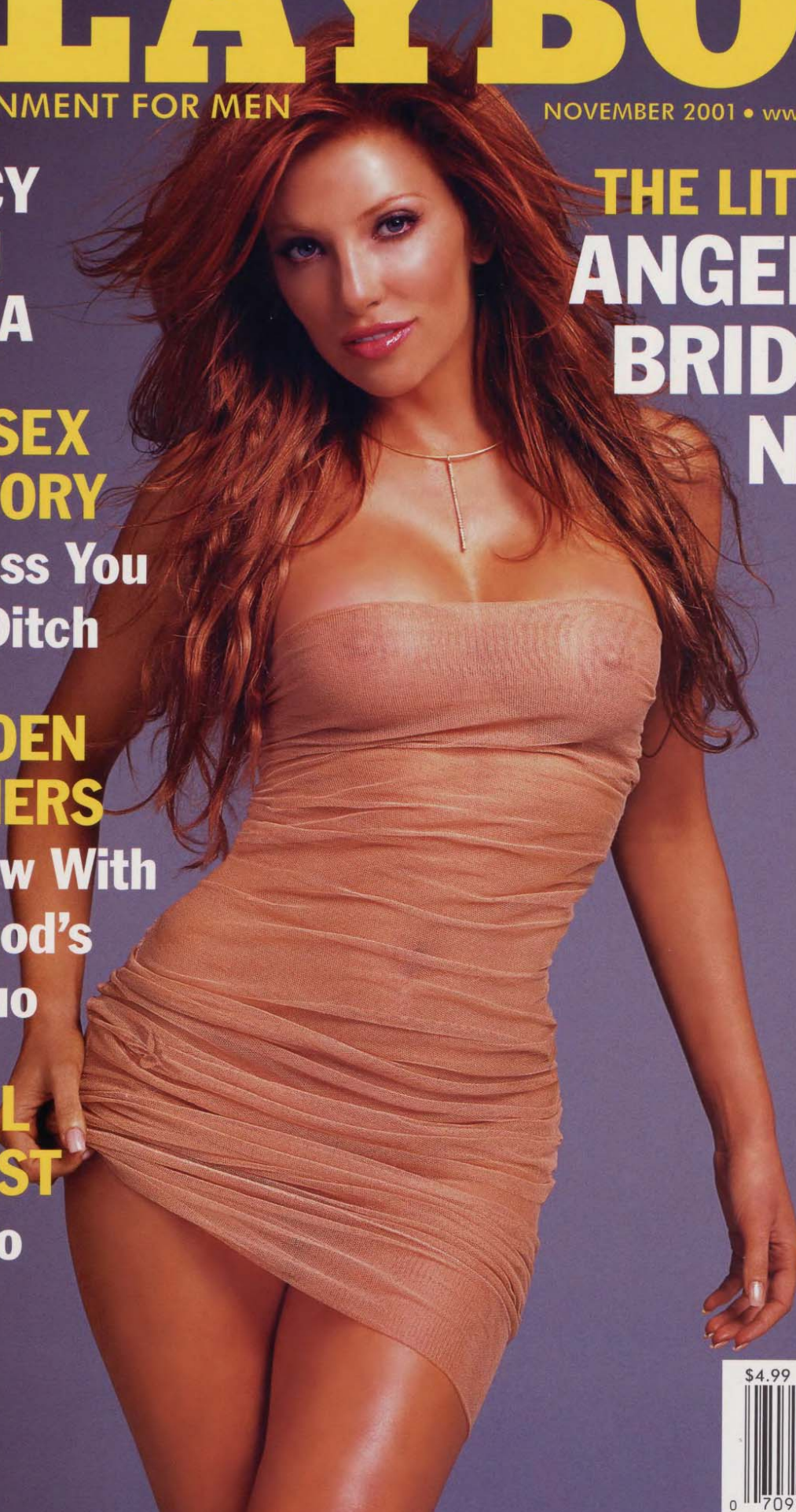
**The Class You
Won't Ditch**

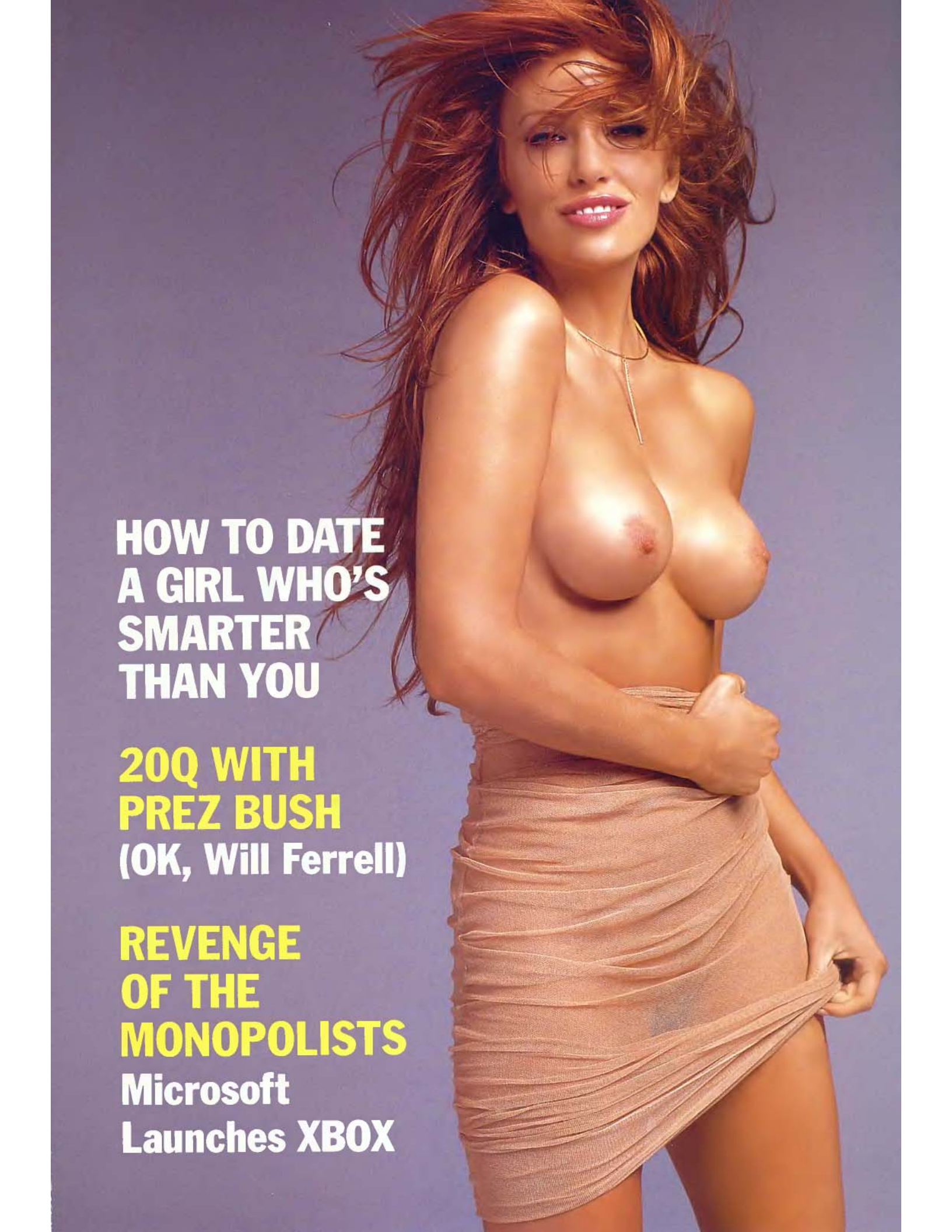
**THE COEN
BROTHERS**

**Interview With
Hollywood's
Dark Duo**

**GLOBAL
PROTEST**

**What Do
These
People
Want?**





**HOW TO DATE
A GIRL WHO'S
SMARTER
THAN YOU**

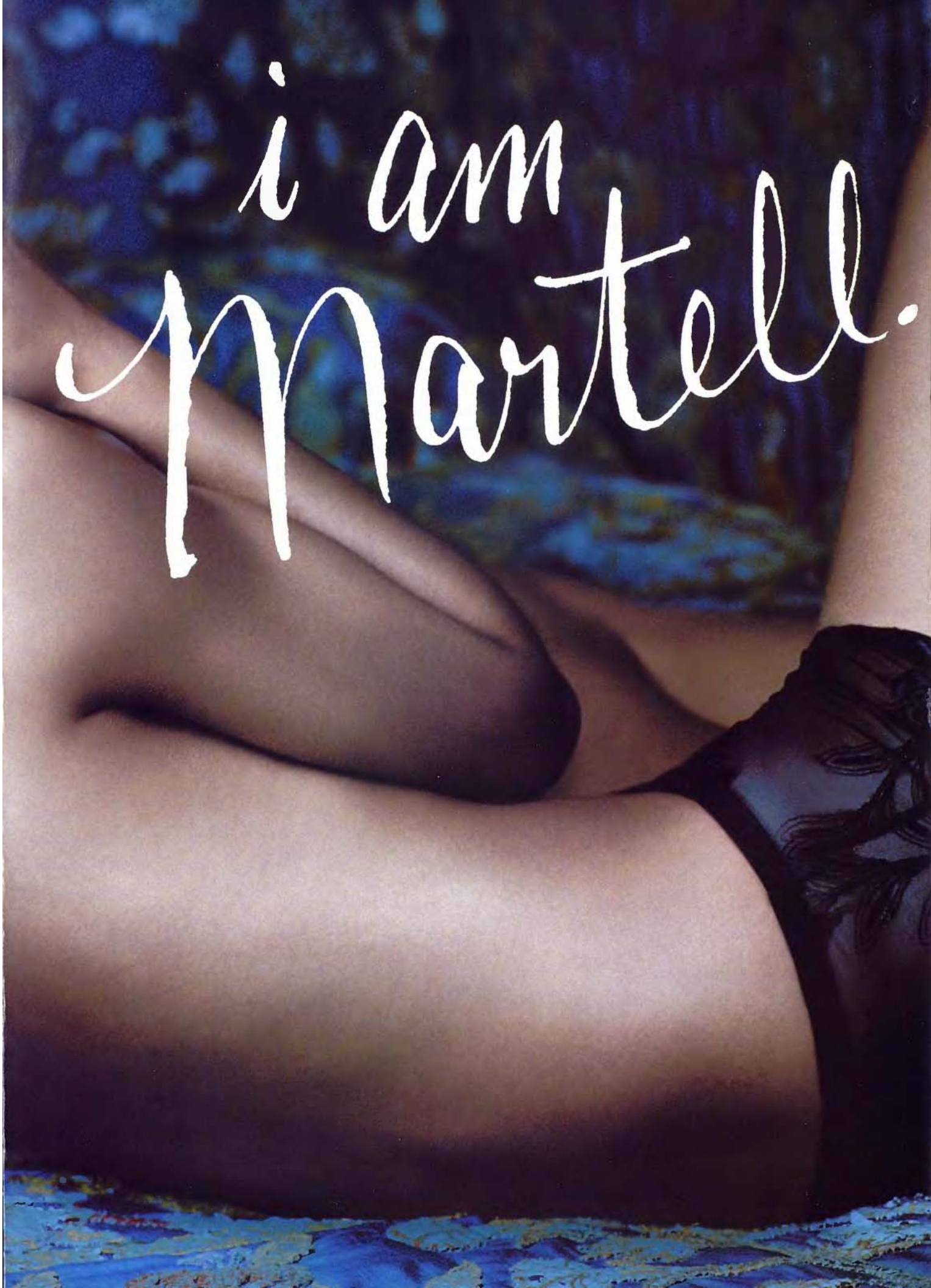
**20Q WITH
PREZ BUSH
(OK, Will Ferrell)**

**REVENGE
OF THE
MONOPOLISTS**
Microsoft
Launches XBOX

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair and blue eyes, lying on her side on a blue patterned surface. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is near her mouth, with her index finger touching her lips. On her left shoulder, there is a tattoo of a stylized, dark-colored bird or wing. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of the surface she is lying on.

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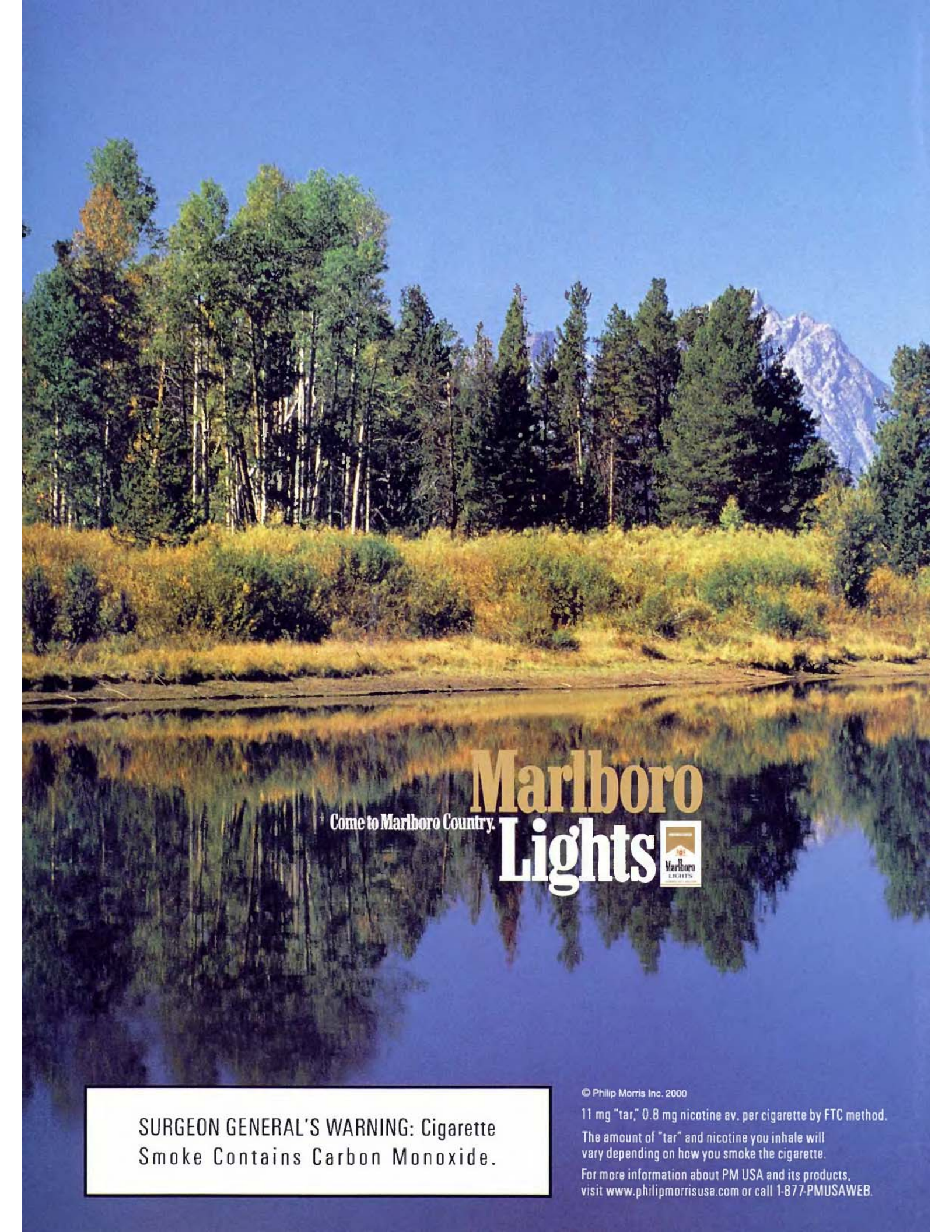
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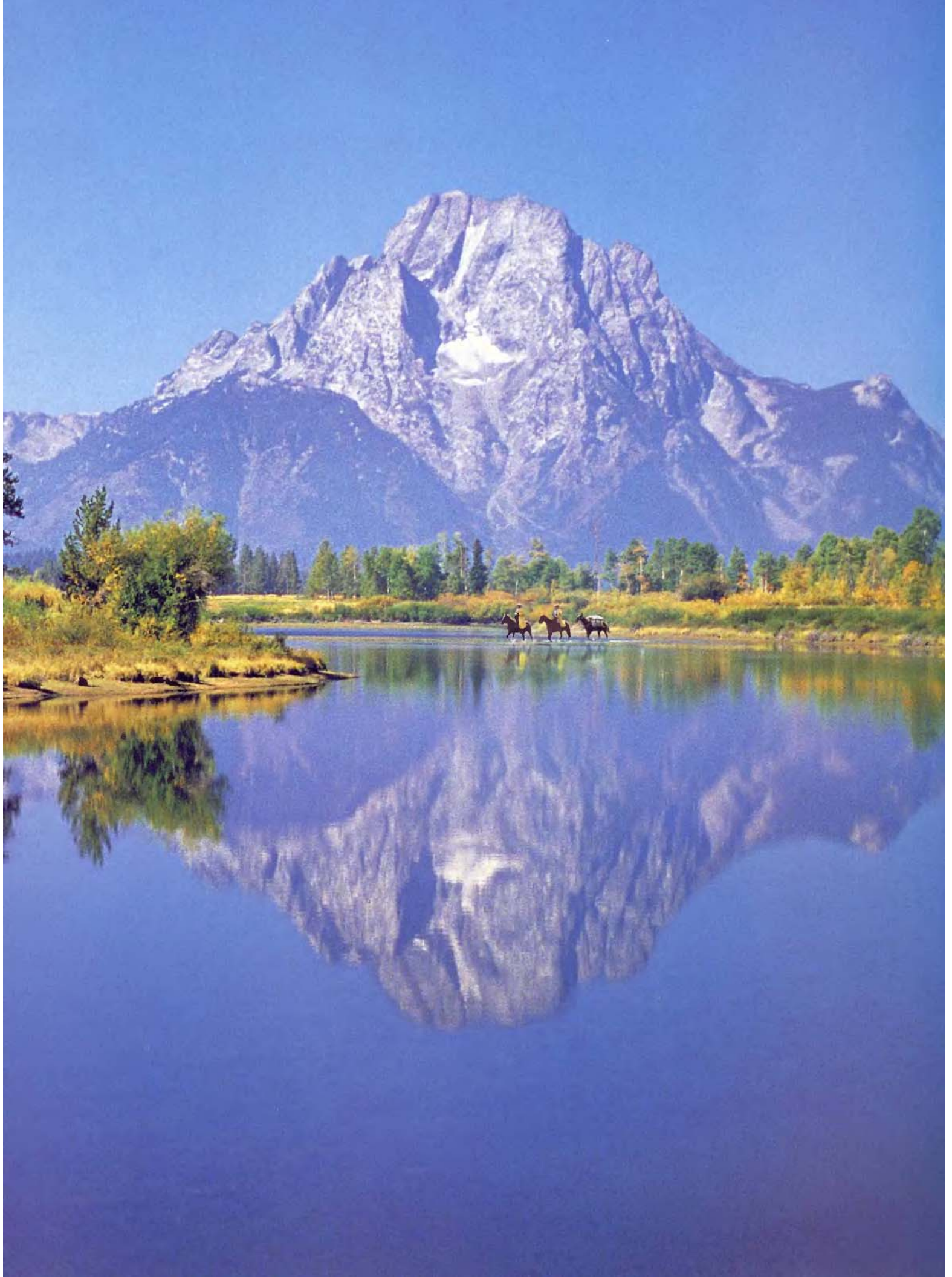
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Playbill

SEATTLE, QUEBEC, GENOA. You don't need a weatherman to know which way the WTO blows. When 200,000 people are willing to travel to a protest, be choked by a blast of pepper spray and get seen on TV holding a stupid puppet, it's time to sit up and take notice. Many protesters do it solely on principle, which makes their hatred for the gnomes of the global economy oddly impressive. The article *What Do These People Want?* by **Gina Welch** looks at the struggle against the power of multinational companies. Anyone who's ever had a job and distrusted a corporate boss will be able to relate. Makes you want to grab a 40 and flip off the cops as you turn a nollie nosegrind. No? Then perhaps you haven't keyed into skateboarding, now as rebellious as rock used to be. And it's not that pretty stuff you see on ESPN2, either. In *Dirty Skate Kings* by **Dean Kuipers**, we profile a handful of big ballers like Chad Muska and the Piss Drunx, who shun the mainstream and who just happen to be millionaires.

O brothers, where did thou get thine sick sense of humor? In their movies **Joel and Ethan Coen** have blown up a cow, buried a man alive and, in the upcoming flick *The Man Who Wasn't There*, they have the balls to bump off James Gandolfini (a.k.a. Tony Soprano). Bada bing this! During a *Playboy Interview* with **Kristine McKenna**, the duo engage in the kind of kibitzing that ideas are made of. As far as women who make us laugh, we vote for Janet Reno, but only when she's portrayed by **Will Ferrell**. He's the funniest cross-dresser on *Saturday Night Live* since Mike Myers. He's great at impersonating Bush. He's popping up in a new movie this fall, but that wasn't enough for us. We asked Contributing Editor **David Rensin** to track him down for a *20 Questions*. You'll want to linger over the heart of our issue, though: a pictorial of **Angelica Bridges** shot by **Antoine Verglas**. Angelface is a TV actress with a killer résumé and a killer body. You'll recognize her as the co-host of *What a Fan* on CBS and the Miller Lite Get the Goods Fairy, but you'll remember her thanks to PLAYBOY. (The cover was shot by **Davis Factor**.)

What do women think about? A hell of a lot more than men, it seems. Maybe it's genetics, or maybe it's because they have something to prove, but last year more females were accepted to law school than males. There are other frightening stats, but we've forgotten them. Trust us, though. It's time to wise up. Read *How to Date a Girl Smarter Than You* by **Will Lee**. It will prepare you for when Miss Know-It-All leans over and says, "I want to be your personal hetaera." Grrr. (The illustration is by **Istvan Banyai**.) Or start studying *The History of the Blow Job* by **Debra Ollivier**. Then you can tell your sharp girlfriend that early cave paintings depict fellatio. Eons after the first Paleolithic lick and we're still casting the same shadows on the cave walls. That's right—it's time for our annual *Sex in Cinema* feature, with text by **Jamie Malanowski**. Without a doubt, this year proved *The Center of the World* is molten.

For a literary take on sex, turn to *The Letterman* by **Alicia Erian**, whose praised story collection, *The Brutal Language of Love*, got us all worked up. She sets this unusual threesome—a father, a son and daddy's mistress—in Amsterdam (the artwork is by **Pat Andrea**). More games: Assistant Editor **Jason Buhrmester** is the first kid on our office block to land Microsoft's DVD game system. He filed his review of it, *War Zone*, and we haven't seen him since. *Martini Moment* by **Richard Carleton Hacker** is a new look at the martini. You'll like it shaken, you'll like it stirred, you'll like it when you toast our Miss November, **Lindsey Vuolo**: *Che bella!*



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PLAYBOY

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Violence and rampage grab all the media attention, but the antiglobalization forces are an impressive mass movement—highly organized and highly motivated. Here are the voices and passion you've never heard. **BY GINA WELCH**

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These lords of the board turn half-pipe dreams into millions of dollars—without ever quitting the asphalt underground. **BY DEAN KUIPERS**

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Every college kid dreams of an Amsterdam hooker, and Gregor had an excuse to go. His father lived there. Turned out Daddy also had a very attractive mistress. **BY ALICIA ERIAN**

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The mavericks behind Fargo, Barton Fink and Blood Simple are back with a new noir. To set the stage, the Coen brothers ruminate on a few favorite topics: blowing up animals, Brando as a bagel and why Hollywood has a hard-on for independents. **BY KRISTINE MCKENNA**



cover story

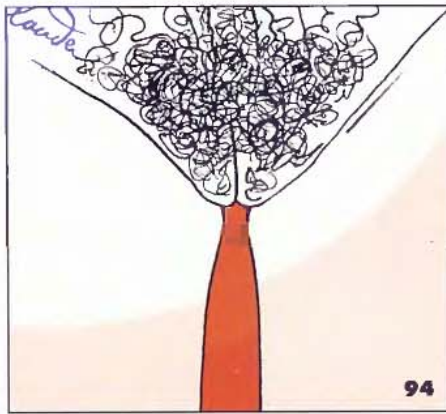
ANGELICA BRIDGES IS RED HOT: The Miller Lite model and former Baywatch siren stands out in a crowd. "You can't help but notice a redhead," explains Angelica. The fiery actress has appeared in more than 20 television series. Davis Factor of aRT miX shot the cover. "That's a wrap," says our very hip Rabbit.



PLAYBOY®

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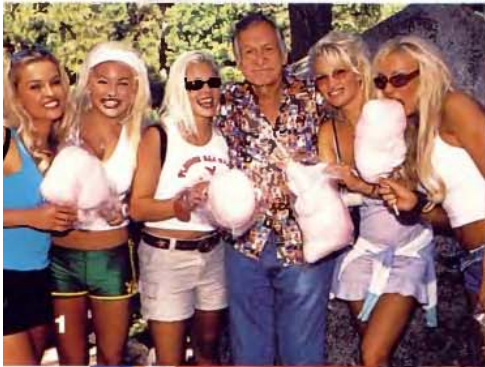
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FUN IN THE SUN!



Hef celebrated the Fourth of July at the Mansion with a roller-disco pool party and fireworks. (1) Hef with patriotically attired girlfriends Dalene Kurtis, Christi Shake and Tiffany Holliday. (2) Thora Birch takes a spin. (3) Hef with Elizabeth Hurley and boyfriend, producer Steve Bing. (4) LAPD cop Ginger Harrison, featured out of uniform in the July 2001 issue, with her husband. (5) Victoria Fuller goes pie crazy. (6) Stephanie Heinrich chooses classic skates. (7) Girls galore. (8) Directors Oliver Stone and Michael Bay with Lisa Dergan. (9) The Rabbit Head navel ring. (10) Watching the best fireworks display in town. (11) Mansion regulars Scott Baio and Jeannette Jonsson. (12) Topless time on the trampoline. (13) Verne Troyer and Canadian Centerfold candidate Chantal Vachon. (14) Anka Romensky and Jennifer Walcott. (15) Hef chills with Motown founder Berry Gordy.

MORE FUN IN THE SUN



Summer kicks included a trip to Disneyland, Sunday pool parties and the annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. (1) A sweet afternoon at Disneyland. (2) Tina Jordan and Dalene Kurtis. (3) The Hef Troop on an *Indiana Jones* adventure. (4) The Dahms with *Survivor*'s Jeff Probst and Colby Donaldson at a Mansion Hollywood Records party. (5) VH1's Roshumba and Rebecca Rankin with MTV's Brian McFayden and Chris Connelly at the Hollywood Records bash. (6) Antoinette Abbott rides a rubber alligator. (7) Stephanie Heinrich and Tiffany Holliday take Beamer for a swim. (8) Sandra Westgate and Sydney Moon enjoy the Grotto. (9) Sandra and Sydney mack on the host. (10) 1999 PMOY Heather Kozar. (11) Anka Romensky, Jennifer Walcott, Sydney and Nancy Ramos. (12) Femi Anikulapo-Kuti and the Positive Force rock the Jazz Fest. (13) Jamie Foxx and friends at Jazz Fest. (14) Hef and his posse sit in the front row. (15) Hef with Bill Cosby, emcee of the Jazz Fest since its inception in the Seventies.





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GO, GO, BELINDA

When the Go-Go's opened a concert for the Police in 1982, spinning in their fabulous outfits before a mesmerized audience in icy Largo, Maryland, I knew that Belinda Carlisle (*Beauty and the Beat*, August) would be unforgettable. I'd like to thank PLAYBOY for a spectacular pictorial that brought back lots of great memories.

Paul Eden
Lexington, Tennessee

Turning 40 hasn't been too easy for me, but seeing Belinda's gorgeous photo spread has been an inspiration. At 42, she is every bit as beautiful as your 21-year-old Centerfolds.

Jane Backes
Pasadena, California



Belinda is back.

As a longtime admirer of Belinda's work, I looked forward to her PLAYBOY appearance, expecting a voluptuous, curvaceous debut. What I saw was something closer to the computer imaging used in *Shrek*.

John Drennan
St. Paul, Minnesota

We tried to get Shrek, but he turned us down.

I have wanted to see Belinda Carlisle naked since 1981, when I was in the eighth grade.

Chris Simmons
Southport, North Carolina

As a gay man, I'm not predisposed to subscribe to your magazine. But I had to have a copy of the August issue with the most beautiful woman in the world, Belinda Carlisle, pictured on your cover. Before I came to recognize my sexual orientation, I was in love—as only a teenager could be—with her. Her photos are elegant and sensuous.

Tracy Burrige
Haines City, Florida

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

Barbet Schroeder's *Colombia: Land of Death* (August) shook me to the roots. Although the U.S. historically has not been belligerent and imperialistic, for humanitarian purposes we should attack and conquer Colombians and reintroduce them to civilization.

Lynn Brillantes
San Francisco, California

BATTY FOR TIM BURTON

Thank you for your unparalleled interview with Tim Burton (August). His work and his vision reflect his genius. I've admired the man for years and I have read every article about him and interview with him. This was, by far, the best piece I've read.

Dustin Keeling
Longview, Washington



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How about a big clap for Tim Burton? Now someone buy him a bat comb.
Paul Harrison III
Birmingham, Alabama

SHE'S BITCHIN'

Katie Moran is dead-on right (*Life's a Bitch and So Is Dating*, August). It appears that even a woman trying to get a date with another woman has to endure what men have endured.

William Jensen
Alvin, Texas

I know what it's like to get jerked around by beautiful women. I've spent half of my adult life chasing and wooing them. The results were often devastating. I was always the one who called and sent flowers or cards, and then felt responsible for their lack of interest. Now that I've come to understand that one must always be prepared to set a woman free, I'm happily engaged to someone who makes every day a blessing.

Tim Lohnes
Milford, Connecticut

THE OTHER 51

OK, I'll play the game. According to your "Musical Shares" item (*Raw Data*,



Ga, Ohio.

August), country music accounts for 11 percent of total sales, hip-hop is 13 percent and rock accounts for 25. That totals 49 percent. So what kind of music got the 51 percent of sales?

Jack Leahy
Twain Harte, California

Our figures follow the consumer profile published by the Recording Industry Association of America. The remaining sales come from pop, R&B and urban, jazz, classical, religious and children's music. Other—which makes up eight percent—is an umbrella for smaller categories such as humor and spoken word.

FALL INTO THE GAP

Congratulations to Asa Baber for standing up to the pervasive attitude of "woman good, man bad" (*Men*, "The Pay Gap Trap," August). Even if it's true that women earn only 76 percent of what men earn—which Baber so ably disproves—women make up that extra 24 percent easily with all of the unfair advantages they have.

Dave Morris
Dallas, Texas

In response to Baber's usual woe-is-us exercise, I would like to say that women who complain of a pay gap are not entirely wrong. The glass ceiling and the old boys' club hiring and promotion practices are alive and well, and they serve to discourage women from pursuing many business careers. It's not, as Baber claims, that women just choose lower-paying jobs.

Thomas Niksa
State College, Pennsylvania

Baber responds: Not that I'm immature or anything, but Dave is my new best friend—and Tom can't play with us at recess until he stops sucking up to the teacher.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

You guys are going to put me into debt. After seeing the Tongue Joy vibrator (*After Hours*, July), I called the number and apprehensively purchased one with the turbo attachment, thinking my wife might like it. All it took was a single turbo session and she rated it two tongues up. Now I can't keep enough batteries on hand to have that machine running at peak efficiency.

Gary Dodd
Lockhart, Texas

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for mentioning our product, even if the office phones went into meltdown from all the calls. Our customer service number, 877-456-7742, or our website, tonguejoy.com, can handle the volume.

David Shockley
President
Tongue Joy Products
Austin, Texas

BUCKEYE BABE

Jennifer Walcott (*Kickin' It*, August) says she likes a guy who is in touch with his feminine side. Now that's a refreshing change. I wish there were more women like her in the world.

Christopher Brigham
Boston, Massachusetts

Jennifer Walcott makes me proud to be an Ohioan. Coincidentally, many of your most recent Centerfolds are from the Buckeye State. That should be ample proof to the rest of the nation that we grow more than corn here.

Glenn Hosste
Columbus, Ohio



Bisexual high jinks.

HALF SMART

After reading your piece on smart cars (*Wired*, August), Microsoft's newest gift to the public, I must ask whether the people at Cadillac and Mercedes have ever used a Microsoft product. As an information technology professional, I can't see Benz owners pulling over to re-boot because their car's operating system has locked up.

Scott McDaniel
New Orleans, Louisiana

FLYING HIGH

Every time I read your magazine, I see the catchphrase "What kind of man reads PLAYBOY?" I've enclosed a photo of myself reading your May issue while on a 15,000-foot skydive. I was so into the



The sky's the limit.

articles that I almost forgot to deploy my parachute. A thumbs-up to your photographers for all their great work.

John Christian
Grafton Township, Ohio



SUCCESS

IS ONE THING,
ENJOYING IT

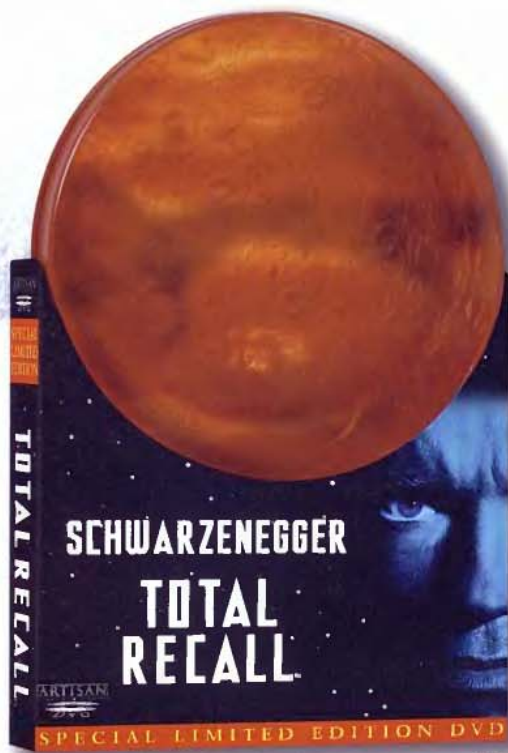
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B&B.
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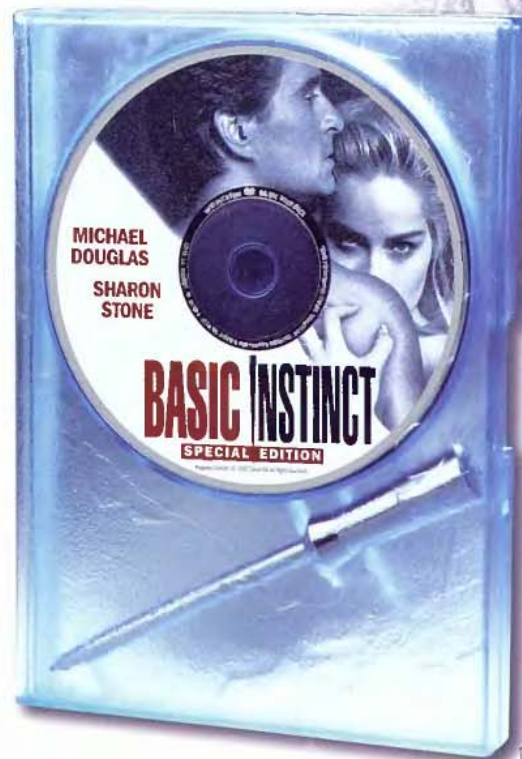
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PLAYBOY

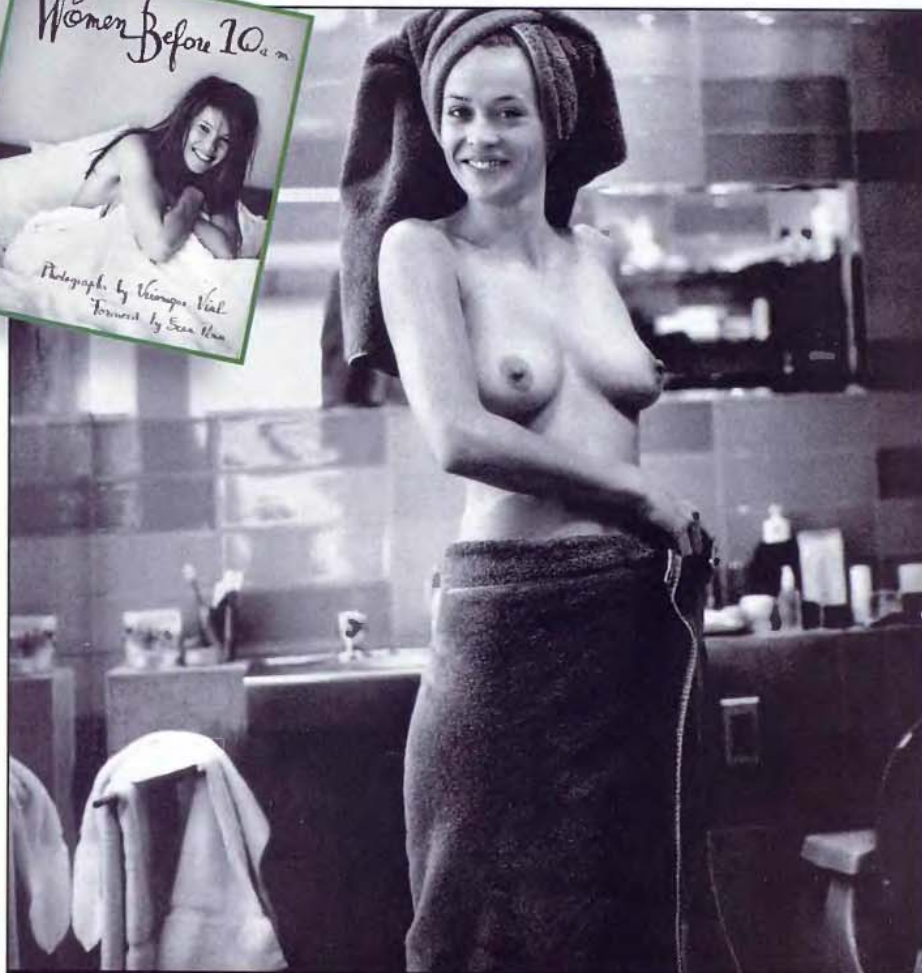
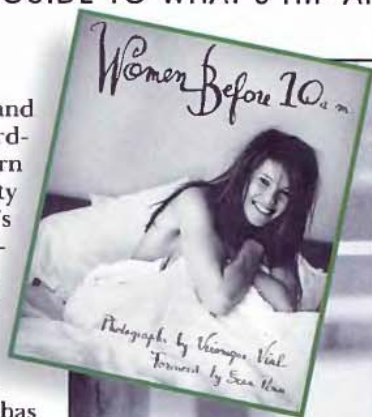
after hours

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

RIDING MISS DAISY

It's every man's worst nightmare, and it happened to porn star Dave Hardman: His mother has just made a porn film. According to our favorite guilty pleasure, *Adult Video News*, Hardman's mom, Davina Hardman, recently finished filming *Mature Kink 14*. "Production Manager Johnny Packwood asked Davina if she wanted to try a scene," recalls director Jim Powers.

"Dave was pissed off. He came running over to me, yelling, 'My mother has a heart condition!' He was really upset, you know, screaming about how we were all animals." Gee, we wonder why. But that wasn't the only problem on the set. Powers had to interrupt a key scene to inform performer Fritz the Cat he had glue on his penis, left there by Davina after an energetic gym job.



MORNING GLORY IS THE STORY

Even if you're not a morning person, the sight of a gorgeous woman climbing out of bed will get your kettle boiling. However, you usually don't roll over after a night of drinking and screwing to find Denise Richards or Frédérique van der Wal (above) next to you. So thank goodness for photographer Veronique Vial. She has the kind of access to stars typically limited to hermes of Hefnerian stature. And you get to enjoy the beauties in her collection, *Women Before 10 A.M.* (Power House), without them telling you to brush your teeth beforehand.

SLEEPING AROUND

For about 10 grand, you're guaranteed the ultimate in bed spins, thanks to the Carillon rotating bed. At the touch of a remote, the mattress platform (available in king and queen sizes) turns to face a television that emerges from a wooden cabinet behind the headboard. The bed is made in Italy by Prealpi and is distributed by Verstile in Montreal. A crib well suited for single guys, its principal material is, of course, cherrywood.



ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE

Where's the best party on the planet? Sounds like a no-brainer to us. But the Travel Channel decided to scour the world for the "craziest, wildest, most mind-boggling party spots in the world" before coming full circle—right back to the Playboy Mansion. (Next time, they could save time by just asking Hef for the list.) Based on their research, here are the world's top parties, in order

from 10 to one: spring break at Lake Havasu on the Colorado River, the annual Fetish and Fantasy Halloween Ball in Las Vegas, Quebec's annual Winter Carnival (held in February), year-round parties at the Hedonism II resort in Jamaica, any of the nightly parties at Cabo Wabo and the Giggling Marlin in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, New Year's Eve in Times Square, the monthly Full Moon Party in Koh Phangan, Thailand, all-year



WHEN THE FREAK FLAG FLEW

Archival photos of the Sixties project a timeless mystique. Ignore the academic dissertations on the counterculture. If you want to understand the sexual revolution, look no further than the shot of fembot Brigitte Bardot shaking it in a towel (above, at left). It's freedom, baby! The picture is from *In the Sixties*, published by Pavilion Books (and distributed by Trafalgar Square). The series is full of similar photos from the four corners of the groovy world. There's a book each on London, New York, San Francisco and Paris. They are reminders of when dudes were dudes, chicks were chicks and a rash was just a way of saying, "I love you."

clubbing in Ibiza, Spain, Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and, at number one, any party at the Playboy Mansion—which, we might add, is not a bad place when there is no party, either.

GRINNING FROM CHEEK TO CHEEKS

According to *How to Goodbye Depression*, the grammatically challenged self-help book by Hiroyuki Nishigaki, a sure cure for the clinical blues is to clench your anus 100 times each day. The secret, we suspect, is that after about 50 good clenches, you start laughing at the absurdity of it all.

MUTUAL ATTRACTIONS

President George W. Bush seems determined to plunk some of our Social Security money into the stock market. On top of that, Wall Street analysts see a major uptrend in the market's future. It can only mean there's money to be made in investing. And we mean to make some. Not, as we foolishly tried before, by putting our savings into stocks, but through a more lucrative method: starting our own family of mutual funds and watching the money roll in.

Gut-Feeling Fund: We tour promising new companies and assay their finances, their office decor and how they angle their heads as they make eye contact.

Doofus Fund: Tired of all that complicated financial terminology? Hey, we're rubes just like you. No airs, no pressure—and take advantage of the free coupons in our prospectus.

Select Ceramics Fund: Statuettes of Scot-ties and novelty Vegas ashtrays—as long as there are widows and divorcées in trailer parks, this market sector has legs.

Numerology Fund: When the price-to-earnings ratio, divided by the number of board members, times the date, is double the sum of the digits in the company phone number, we buy, buy, buy!

Nostradamus Fund: Our select team of professional clairvoyants will keep you ahead of market trends—often decades ahead.

Hat-Pick Fund: We can't disclose the details of our proprietary equity-evaluation system, but it has stood the test of time. (Formerly offered as the Dart-board Fund.)

"Even in normal life, I'm not the skinniest model."
—Cindy Crawford



ADD Fund: Our management team of certified attention-deficit-disorder sufferers guarantees you an exhilarating annual portfolio turnover rate of 800 percent.

Strategic Cardboard Fund: Just when you thought that every possible commodity had been covered by Fidelity, our indefatigable marketing geniuses strike a blow for ingenuity.

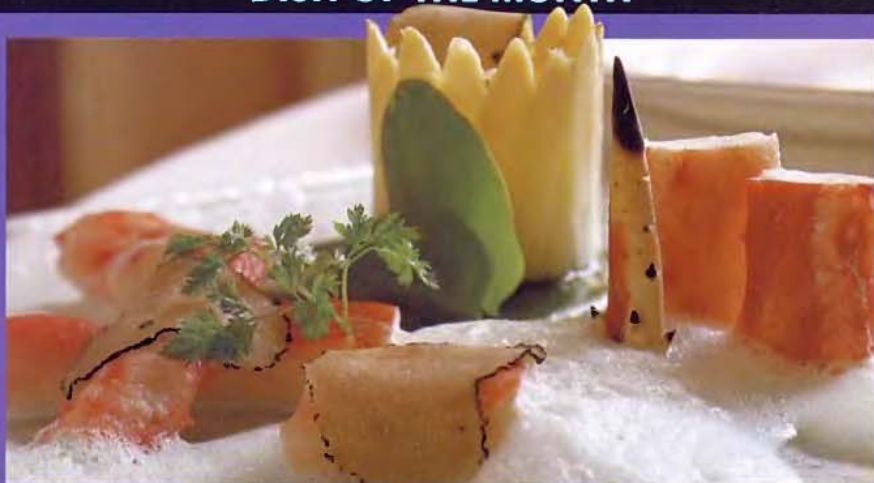
U-Tell-Us Fund: Calling all hands-on investors! We're open to suggestions and your guess is probably as good as ours.

Novice Fund: If "past performance is no guarantee of future results" as all the other funds say, why pay extra for portfolio experience?

DROLL ROADS

In West Chester, Ohio, Barret Road crosses Grinn Drive, which so amuses the people at State Farm Insurance that they declared Grinn and Barret the funniest intersection in the U.S. Apparently,

DISH OF THE MONTH



Thanks to airfreight, you don't have to travel to the coasts for pristine seafood. Midwesterners have known this for years, so we're not surprised to see food freaks making pilgrimages to Avenues restaurant. Situated in the Peninsula Chicago hotel, Avenues places an emphasis on its cuisine de la mer. Pictured here is Executive Chef Gerhard Doll's steamed Alaskan king crab appetizer. It's mode with a crown of white asparagus, summer truffles and crustacean butter. Doll's other specialties include a crowd-pleasing caviar service and a salt-encrusted bass that is wheeled out to your table. It all adds up to what we think of as a turbot-charged experience.

WAR



PEACE

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PEN-AND-INK PAL

We've published Arnold Roth's cartoons for almost as long as he's been drawing them. Next to a set of back issues, the Arnold Roth exhibition catalog (Fantagraphics) is the best way to admire his work. It's the companion to a new traveling retrospective that covers 50 years of his illustrations. There's not a cheesy doodle among them.

the insurers considered "tens of thousands" of crossroad candidates. The runners-up include the corner of Antonio and Banderas in Rancho Santa Margarita, California and the three-way crossing of Hickory, Dickory and Dock in Harahan, Louisiana. Our personal favorite—the intersection of Ho and Hum in Carefree, Arizona—only finished third. Then

again, we probably read more into those words than State Farm does.

THE RAP ON SHAQ

Before the start of the NBA preseason and on the large heels of his latest rap album, Shaquille O'Neal Presents His Superfriends, we corraled the Lakers' All Star center for a Shaqmini Q. and A. Here's the big guy talking about going postal and fitting into Porta Potties.

PLAYBOY: You had a motorcycle custom-built for you. Are the Hell's Angels running scared?

SHAQ: They shouldn't be. I like riding. I had another bike before this one, but when I ran into other bikers they'd say, "That bike's too small!" So I went to see this guy, Jesse James, in Long Beach. He made this chopper and it's perfect.

PLAYBOY: So we shouldn't worry that your song Psycho contains lyrics such as "Respect and fear me. Ahh, I suggest you don't get near me. I'm psycho, and I don't think clearly. Critics, when you hear this, don't say jack. I'm the shit. I was born out of my mother's ass crack"?

SHAQ: I just feel psycho sometimes. But because of who I am, I have to put a cap on saying stuff like this. I'll probably take heat for that song. But sometimes I get crazy. I swing in the air. I run until I can't breathe anymore. Everyone has a psycho side to him.

PLAYBOY: At a Sean Combs party, you had trouble fitting into a Porta Potti. What are the other drawbacks to being the tallest rapper?

SHAQ: I made myself fit inside that Porta Potti. I had to. I love being tall. Tall

men are sexy.

PLAYBOY: Finally—what's the craziest thing a woman has ever done to get your attention?

SHAQ: A woman knocked on my hotel room door wearing a trench coat. She didn't have anything on underneath. But I didn't know her, so I slammed the door in her face.

IM NATION

Here's the best thing about college girls: While we keep getting



"I reserve the right to have a good moan from time to time."

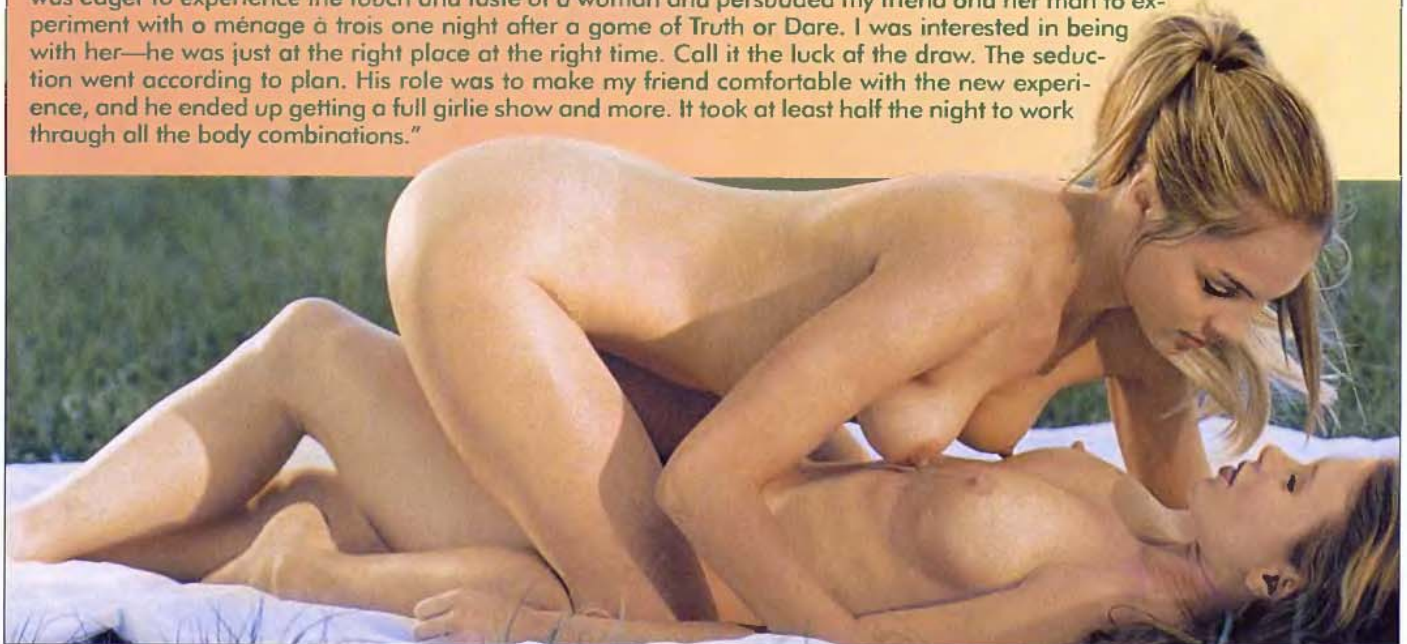
—Donna Air

older, they stay the same age. But they talk funny—at least when they're using AOL's instant messaging. Like e-mail before it, IMing is the latest technology to develop its own lexicon. Think of it as a keyboard cousin to Valley Girl-speak. Use these terms whether you're zapping a young girl, or just trying to impersonate one:

- j/k: Just kidding.
- fav: Favorite.
- UK?: Are you OK?
- brb: Be right back.
- bf: Boyfriend.
- OMG: Oh my God!
- ne1: Anyone.
- ASL: Age? Sex? Location?

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #38

Because I wanted to sleep with his girlfriend. "One guy got between my legs just because he was doting my girlfriend. I was eager to experience the touch and taste of a woman and persuaded my friend and her man to experiment with a ménage à trois one night after a game of Truth or Dare. I was interested in being with her—he was just at the right place at the right time. Call it the luck of the draw. The seduction went according to plan. His role was to make my friend comfortable with the new experience, and he ended up getting a full girlie show and more. It took at least half the night to work through all the body combinations."



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QUOTE

"I'll bet that you wish I was a puppet so you could stick your hand up my ass and make me do what you want."—MARLON BRANDO TO DIRECTOR FRANK OZ, FORMERLY THE VOICE AND PUPPETEER OF MISS PIGGY

EYEWITLESS

Of the 86 death-row inmates who have been exonerated since 1972, number who had been identified as the perpetrator by eyewitness testimony: 46.

AIMING LOW

Percentage of adults who say their number one health goal for the coming year is to stay healthy: 39. Percentage who say their goal is to stay alive: 2.

THE TRIBE HAS SPOKEN

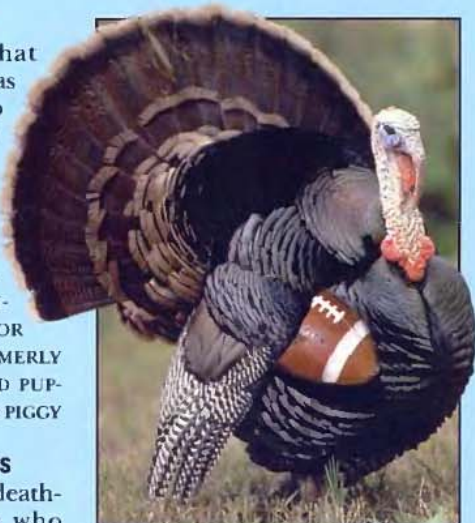
Amount the Yakama Indian Nation billed the Bonneville Power Administration for performing two ritual rain ceremonies to alleviate a drought limiting hydroelectric power production: \$32,000.

SHOWER ME THE MONEY

During the past 10 seasons, percentage increase in the average salary of an NFL player: 279. Percentage increase for a major league baseball player: 379. Of an NBA player: 429. Of an NHL player: 517.

FUELISH ACTIVITIES

Total energy consumption in the United States in 1999 from all sources (oil, gas, coal, hydroelectric, nuclear, solar, wind, geothermal, wood and waste), as expressed in quadrillions of British thermal units: 97. Total quadrillions of British thermal units consumed by Russia, Japan, Germany, India, France and the UK combined: 94.



FACT OF THE MONTH

The tradition of playing football on Thanksgiving began in 1876, when Yale defeated Princeton 2-0 in the Intercollegiate Football Association national championship game.

A WOOF IN SHEEPSKIN

Number of honorary college degrees awarded to Jimmy Carter: 20. Number of degrees given to Ronald Reagan: 20. To George Bush the elder: 64. To Fred "Mister" Rogers: 38. To Bill Cosby: 100 to 120.

GOLDEN-GATED COMMUNITIES

Of the five most expensive towns in America—based on the median price of a home—number located within 30 miles of San Francisco: 3.

DIS TRESSED

The percentage of women age 30 and older who say the feature that most betrays their age is their face: 11. Percentage who say their body gives them away: 15. Percentage who blame their hair: 21.

LOTTO ACTION

Per capita amount spent on lotteries in Montana in 2000: \$33. Per capita amount spent on lotteries in Rhode Island: \$823.

SMALL TALK

The number of the world's recognized languages that are now spoken by fewer than 10 people: 184.

STAIN LONG?

As part of a crime scene investigation conducted by the Des Moines police, number of semen stains found on one Holiday Inn bedspread: 38.

GONE IN 30 SECONDS

Average time between motor vehicle thefts in the U.S.: 30 seconds.

DRIVER, TEXAS DANGER

Of the five most dangerous intersections in the U.S., number that are on either Belt Line Road or Preston Road, or both, in the greater Dallas area: 3. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

THE TIP SHEET

Washington to-do list, item #5: "Pick up boss' Viagra refill." One of the most frequently requested prescriptions by lawmakers from the Bethesda National Naval Medical Center is Bob Dole's little blue pal. No wonder the interns last only a year.

Delayed-sleep-phase syndrome: Defined by New York sleep-disorders specialist Dr. Michael Thorpy, the disability is an overwhelming urge to stay out late partying, which produces a clinical inability to wake up on time.

Genetic Savings and Clone: The funniest named of several enterprises that for \$1000 will preserve cells from your dog, cat or other pet for possible cloning in the future. Runner-up: PerPETuate.

Buggy Balls: If your 4x4 has cojones and you want the world to know, you can pick up a set of truck-sized balls at buggyballs.com and hang them from its chassis. Leaves a nice trail when you're off-roading, too.

The Whizzinator:

Brand of plastic



GOLDEN GLOBES

For all Troci Bingham's work on *Baywatch* and *Battlebots*, her best performance of late was her arrival at the Grammy Awards in jeweled body paint. Now the Los Angeles designer who created the outfit, Tina-Marie Stoker, is getting ready to launch a do-it-yourself version. Funny, whenever we apply homemade glue and pearls on our girlfriend, she yells for tissues.

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LACE-AND-LEATHER MAN

Every man should own a good buck knife, and the fact that you'll almost never use the blade is immaterial. They feel right in the pocket and they're a big hit with the neighborhood punks. Now buck knives have become even sharper, thanks to the new line of Playboy pocket knives from the Knightstone Collection. There's a secret peephole in the eye of the Rabbit Head that, when held up to the light, reveals a nude genie. Stare at her too long, though, and you'll go blind.

penis used by people during mandatory drug tests to fake compliance and dispense unadulterated urine.

The Sopranos, Chicago style: A compelling true-crime book, *Everybody Pays* (Putnam) by Maurice Possley and Rick Kogan documents one eyewitness' attempt to put a Chicago hit man in jail.

The wireless warbler: Ornithologists say songbirds are mimicking the ring of mobile phones. One man in Denmark even has a bird in his garden called Nokia.

GETTING HEADLINES

A couple of suggestions for CNN as the network attempts to find younger viewers: First, in reference to new anchor Andrea Thompson (formerly of *NYPD Blue* and a sometime nude model), take a wardrobe cue from *Naked News*. Second, CNN producers should follow the lead offered by *The Onion*, the country's top humor mag, and ditch all that cumbersome factual material. *The Onion's* new best-of book, *Dispatches From the Tenth Circle* (Three Rivers), is more edifying than talking heads playing point-counterpoint. A sampling of headlines in the volume should give you the general idea: *New 10-10-911 Saves Emergency Victims Up to 30 Percent*, *Consumer Confidence Verging on Cockiness*, *Standard Deviation Not Enough for Perverted Statistician*, *Georgia Adds Swastika and Middle Finger to State Flag*, *Arabs, Israelis Sign Screw Peace Accord*, *Lesbian Couple Enjoys*

Hot Lesbian Action and, in the hey-we-can-relate-to-that bit, *Sculptor Criticized for Turning Women Into Objects*.

PLUCKY LUCIANO

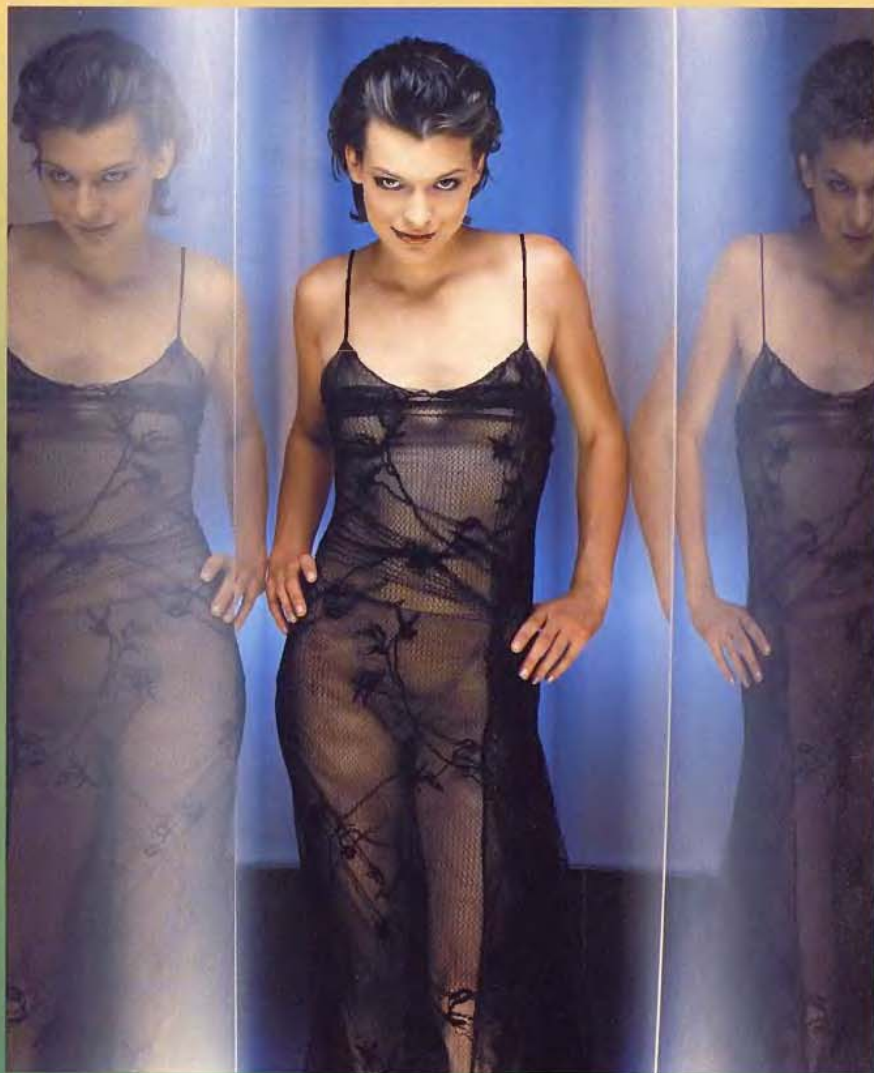
La donna is mobile, but the big guy ain't. When it comes to contract perks, Luciano Pavarotti holds his own with the largest acts in rock. Consider his agreement to perform at Hyde Park this summer, which stipulated that at no point would he have to labor more than 25 feet on foot. The producers provided

an industrial jack to lift Luciano, in his car, from the ground to his dressing room.

LIKE A ROLE IN STONE

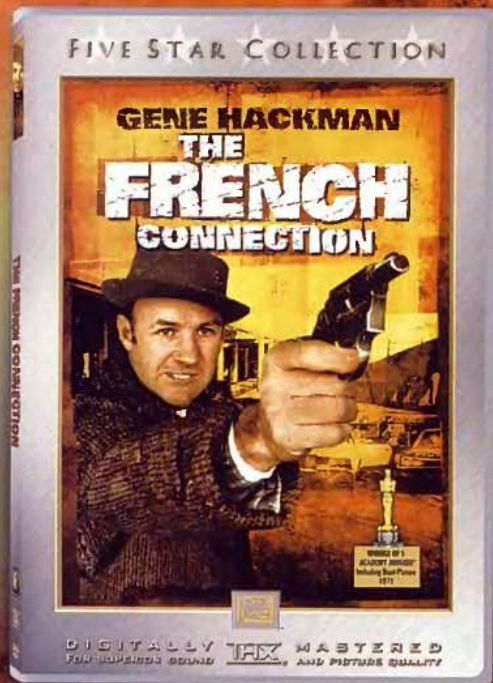
If the winged statue of Saint Michael atop the Trondheim Cathedral in Norway seems familiar, perhaps it's because it was modeled after Bob Dylan. That's the recent revelation made by sculptor Kristofer Leirdal, who created it for the cathedral's restoration in 1969. Maybe this will silence critics who insist it actually resembles Phil Ochs.

BABE OF THE MONTH



MILLA JOVOVICH has been dazzling people since she was a kid—at 11, she became the youngest model ever to make the cover of a fashion magazine. (*Mademoiselle* wanted to pull the shot when they learned her age, but photographer Richard Avedon threatened never to work with the magazine again if they did.) But it was as the Ace bandage-clad title character in Luc Besson's *Fifth Element* that she put the big hurt on us. We weren't the only ones—she ended up marrying Besson. A true girl from another world, she has been hopping around since birth. Born in the Ukraine, she shuttled between the Soviet Union and London as a tyke, then moved to southern California at five. Now 25 and single again, she's lined up roles in Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*, the sci-fi thriller *Resident Evil* and a pair of romantic comedies, *Dummy* and *You Stupid Man*. Something of a wunderkind, she has also put out two albums of ethereal folk music, and speaks scads of languages. *Parlez-vous hubba hubba?*

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By LEONARD MALTIN

FINDING the wherewithal to make a movie is a formidable task, but getting your movie seen can be even tougher. This month, a number of worthwhile independent films are counting on critical support—and word of mouth—to find an audience.

Music-video veteran and New York restaurateur Bob Giraldi cleared the first



Porter and Wenham: Getting better at Sex.

hurdle by financing *Dinner Rush* (YYY) himself. But even after exposure at such prestigious showcases as the Telluride Film Festival, it has taken a year to come to theaters. Danny Aiello heads the cast of this yarn about a wild night in the life of a Manhattan restaurant. It's not perfect, but it has more spark and life than most of the Hollywood sludge I've been obliged to see this year.

L.I.E. (YYY) is an intelligent, adult film

with controversial subject matter. The fine Scottish actor Brian Cox stars as a Fagin-like pederast who meets his match in a lost soul, a Long Island boy (Paul Franklin Dano) who is nobody's fool. Already hailed at several film festivals, it has fallen into a trap: It received an NC-17 rating (even though little of an explicit nature is shown), which means some theater chains will not play it, and many newspapers will not accept its advertisements. This severely impedes the distributor's ability to get *L.I.E.* out to the public. A film as thoughtful and provocative as this shouldn't be suppressed.

The Aussie import *Better Than Sex* (YYY½) manages to treat the subject of sexual relationships with humor as well as candor from both a woman's and a man's point of view: how we feel before, during and after intercourse; what we want to say but don't; and how we sometimes cheat ourselves because of our inhibitions. Susie Porter and David Wenham play the couple that shares their thoughts with us—if not always with each other—in Jonathan Teplitzky's funny, candid, erotic and refreshing film.

Go Tigers (YYY) challenges moviegoers to plunk down their money at the box office to see a documentary, which is often a hard sell. The success of Kenneth Carlson's highly entertaining film about the town of Massillon, Ohio and its 106-year obsession with high school football will depend largely on people recommending it to their friends and convincing them that it's an evening well spent. Believe me, it is.

SCENE STEALER

FAIRUZA BALK. ON THE CHARACTER SHE PLAYS IN THE FIFTIES DRAMA *DEUCES WILD*, NOW IN THEATERS:

"She's cool. She's had a really hard life, and she's nuts. Her brother is a drug dealer and into the cool gang scene. She's been left to be the adult all her life, so she's tough." **HER UNEXPECTED NATURAL HIGH:**

"My greatest compliment was being recognized by two women who said, 'Oh yeah, you were the girl in *The Craft*.' Then they continued talking and mentioned this girl and another girl, in *Valmont* and *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*, and they thought they



were two different actresses. That means you've changed so completely and your character is so believable that they don't connect it to you. That's what we all strive for as actors." **WHY SHE LOVES MERYL STREEP:**

"She's my idol in the acting world. She's the pinnacle. How she embraces her characters, the depth of her characters, is incredible to me. And everyone I've ever spoken to who's worked with her says how incredible she is to work with." **WHAT COMPLETELY TERRIFIES HER:** "I'm terrified that one day I'll see myself in a movie. That's my greatest fear, ever." —L.M.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Better Than Sex (See review) Australia has given us one of the sexiest movies ever made—and one of the most candid examinations of male-female relationships, in and out of bed. YYY½

Dinner Rush (See review) Danny Aiello plays a New York restaurateur and bookie whose businesses clash during one tumultuous night. A bit outlandish, but fun to watch. YYY

Final Fantasy: The Spirits Within (Listed only) If this is the future of movie-making, we're in trouble. Computer-simulated actors star in a mildly boring sf tale; their voices are provided by really good actors we'd rather see than hear (including Ming-Na, Alec Baldwin, James Woods, Ving Rhames and Donald Sutherland). Even in a bad movie, their faces could never be as expressionless as their computer counterparts. YY

Go Tigers (See review) An entertaining portrait of Massillon, Ohio, where high school football is an obsession. This first-rate cinema verité documentary by Kenneth Carlson proves once again that nothing is quite as compelling as real life. YYY

L.I.E. (See review) Brian Cox stars as a pederast who preys on Long Island boys, but finds one teenager to be unusually challenging. This is provocative, perceptive and intelligent adult entertainment. YYY

Novocaine (Listed only) Steve Martin plays a dentist who falls for a femme fatale. Helena Bonham Carter and Laura Dern co-star in this film noir that winds up a bloody black comedy. Good performances, but some clever ideas don't quite pan out. YY

Planet of the Apes (Listed only) No match for the original, this slick movie still entertains, with Mark Wahlberg as the space traveler who winds up on a hostile simian-run planet. Director Tim Burton's touch isn't as evident as makeup artist Rick Baker's is. YYY

Rat Race (Listed only) Whoopi Goldberg, Rowan Atkinson, Cuba Gooding Jr. and Jon Lovitz head a spirited cast in Jerry Zucker's funny comedy that is inspired by *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. YYY

Summer Catch (Listed only) Freddie Prinze Jr. wants to play baseball in the worst way, and almost gets his wish, in this teen movie that wants to be too many different things at once. YY

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



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GUEST SHOT



"My favorite new movie is *Amores Perros*, which intertwines three stories in a creative way," says actor Miguel Ferrer. "But when I was 12, *Goldfinger* was amazing. 'No, Mr. Bond, I expect you to die.' Some of my other all-time favorites are *Fail-Safe*, *Cool Hand Luke* and *Our Man Flint*. Didn't James Coburn rock? And, of course, *Casablanca*, which I discovered after seeing *Play It Again, Sam*. I

also have to go with *A Clockwork Orange*, which was rated X when it first came out. I borrowed my friend's draft card and snuck in. *Midnight Cowboy* was rated X at first, too. And then there are all the other classic X movies—*Behind the Green Door*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Deep Throat*. At 17 years old, it was a big event for me to see porn." —SUSAN KARLIN

DISC ALERT

With all respect to Mervyn LeRoy (*Little Caesar*, 1930), Howard Hawks (*Scarface*, 1932) and Raoul Walsh (*White Heat*, 1949), Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather* set the standard for screen gangsterdom. This three-film saga stands above the great genre films that followed in its wake, such as Brian De Palma's 1983 *Scarface* remake, Martin Scorsese's brilliant *Goodfellas* (1990), and HBO's *The Sopranos*. At its core a romantic celebration of family, the trilogy depicts the Corleones' lives in sumptuous detail. The DVD collection (Paramount, \$105) includes five individual discs—*The Godfather Part II* is a two-disc affair, and the fifth disc includes deleted scenes, rehearsals, storyboards, documentaries and features on the music and cinematography. All three films appear in letterbox format, enhanced for 16:9 televisions, with Dolby Digital 5.1 sound and, of course, Coppola's commentary. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

MOB RULES

Paramount has made us an offer we can't refuse. Then again, we could check out these Mob hits.

Once Upon a Time in America (1984): Sergio Leone's final film, a largely disregarded masterpiece, uses five decades to build the powerful, affecting story of the rise and fall of Noodles Aaronson (Robert De

Niro). Find the 227-minute version, it's worth it.

Little Caesar (1930): Edward G. Robinson established the archetype of the greedy, bloodthirsty mobster in this early action classic. Yeah, tough guy, see?

Bugsy (1991): Visionary gangster Benjamin "Don't Call Me Bugsy" Siegel (Warren Beatty) dreams of building Las Vegas, but slinky actress Virginia Hill (Annette Bening) takes the checkbook. Never sit with your back to a window.

Goodfellas (1990): "But, I'm funny how? Funny like a clown? I amuse you? I make you laugh? I'm here to fuckin' amuse you?" Yeah, but your punch lines are killers.

The Sopranos (1999): You got time for this? 680 minutes, the entire first season, is on DVD, for a mere \$99.98.

Angels With Dirty Faces (1938): Dirty-rat gangster Rocky Sullivan (James Cagney) and boyhood friend Father Jerry Connolly (Pat O'Brien) go their separate ways—jail, church—but meet in the execution chamber. The final 10 minutes are electrifying.

Married to the Mob (1988): Michelle Pfeiffer is a Clap (Crime Lord American Princess) who begins a romance with the detective (Matthew Modine) assigned to convince her to help nail boss Dean Stockwell. Why doesn't Jonathan Demme do more comedies?

Analyze This (1999): New York crime boss Robert De Niro, worried about panic attacks, sees shrink Billy Crystal to save his tough-guy rep. Talk about family therapy.

Prizzi's Honor (1985): Jack Nicholson is a

GUILTY PLEASURE

One of the better things to come out of the Napoleonic Wars was the inspiration for the fictional British soldier Richard Sharpe—a rifleman who served under Wellington. Bernard Cornwell's series of novels detailing Sharpe's exploits became the basis for Masterpiece Theater's production of the Sharpe series. It was a hit on TV and it is fabulous on DVD. Sean Bean, as Sharpe, is perfect as the hero elevated from the ranks who earns the respect of his men, his general and a gaggle of ladies along the way. This is highbrow entertainment that accommodates our taste for gunpowder and action. The complete 15-disc set, from BFS Video, sells for \$330. Francophiles beware: This is a biased view of the conflict. —JOHN REZEK



hit man, Kathleen Turner is a hit woman, and they are married to each other. But a contract's a contract, even if it's on your spouse. Is this divorce Italian style? **Jane Austen's Mafia** (1998): Master of comic mayhem Jim Abrahams (*Airplane*) makes brutal fun of a family of inept mobsters with this gag-a-minute satire. You should be careful who you spoof, Jim. Jim? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	Shrek (refugee cartoon characters foul the titular ogre's swamp; witty, with wicked snaps at Disney), Pearl Harbor (viewing tip: rewind the spectacularly staged attack and skip the lame wartime menage à trois).
PERIOD PIECE	Moulin Rouge (poet Ewan McGregor swoons for Nicole Kidman; Baz Luhrmann's audacious musical confection), The Golden Bowl (a widower and his daughter unwittingly marry ex-lovers; Henry James served well by Merchant-Ivory).
FAMILY	Spy Kids (they spring impossibly to their parents' rescue; exhilarating and inventive fluff from Robert Rodriguez), Cats and Dogs (an armed-to-the-forepaws canine-feline war, with Babe-style anthropomorphic effects; dopey).
GOOD GIRLS	Bridget Jones' Diary (Renée Zellweger—effectively British—puts a funny, fleshy face on Helen Fielding's plucky heroine), Tomb Raider (Angelina Jolie puts a fetching, Wonder-Bra'd punch into every game nut's fantasy heroine).
BAD GIRLS	Heartbreakers (mother-daughter con team Sigourney Weaver and Jennifer Love Hewitt scam Gene Hackman; fine cheese), Beautiful Creatures (Scottish <i>Thelma and Louise</i> and <i>Trainspotting</i> mix affords laughs at man's expense).

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WORDS,
AND THESE
GUYS WILL
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MENT



DISTINCTLY SMOOTH



KELLY JOE PHELPS gets bored with repeating himself, which is why he moves between jazz bass, slide guitar and traditional fingerpicking. On *Sky Like a Broken Clock* (Ryko), he studies people who are trapped in lives that they wouldn't have chosen. Backed by drummer Billy Conway from Morphine and bassist Larry Taylor of Tom Waits' band, Phelps' acoustic guitar sparkles. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Former Clash front man Joe Strummer and his band the Mescaleros make an intense statement on *Global a Go-Go* (Hellcat), mostly using acoustic instruments. *Global* equals Strummer's finest work with the Clash. The lyrics are a potent mix of humor, anger and hope, fueled by world music. —VIC GARBARINI



On the Coup's *Party Music* (75 Ark), MC Boots Riley and DJ Pam the Funkstress aren't talking about dancing, but party music as in Communist. That's the reason this band has been underground. Dead Prez, another radical rap group, collaborates on *Get Up*, a call to revolution with an easy-to-hum chorus. —NELSON GEORGE



No matter how you rate Busta Rhymes or Snoop Dogg, you'll rank their crews lower. St. Lunatics' *Free City* (Universal) is the exception. Although the odds are against anybody's outselling Nelly's debut, his buddies improve on the formula. Nelly proves his loyalty by juicing more than half the tracks. This is hip-hop as pop funk. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

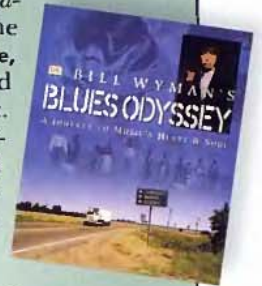
On *Ballads: Remembering John Coltrane* (Concord), vocalist Karrin Allyson covers the eight songs Trane used on his classic 1962 LP *Ballads*. It's a smart con-

THE LIZARD KING DOLL DEPARTMENT: Jim Morrison must be rolling in his Pere-Lachaise grave. His action figures went on sale recently, joining Kiss, Alice Cooper, Ozzy, Janis and Jerry Garcia.

REELING AND ROCKING: HBO taped a Green Day concert for a forthcoming *Reverb* special. . . . Documentary filmmaker Kevin Macdonald is following Mick Jagger around London as he records a solo CD.

NEWSBREAKS: To celebrate the 75th anniversary of Miles Davis' birth, fans can go to St. Louis through February 2002 at the Davis retrospective at the Missouri Historical Society (mohistory.org). . . . Bill Wyman, who played with the Rhythm Kings last summer, has a new book. *Bill Wyman's Blues Odyssey* (DK Publishing) is a tribute to the music and the musicians who created it, with maps, photos, lyrics and personal stories. . . . Al Green will receive the lifetime achievement award from the Rhythm and Blues Foundation. . . . UCLA Live, the university's performing arts program, has snagged Elvis

Costello as an artist in residence. But two UCLA events really caught our eye: Hal Willner's Halloween Show, *Closed on Account of Rabies*, is a tribute to the work of Edgar Allan Poe, where actors will read his work set to music. The other, All Tomorrow's Parties, is hosted by Sonic Youth. It's a British alternative music fest that includes Stereolab, Cecil Taylor and Stephen Malkmus. Go to www.performingarts.ucla.edu for ticket info. . . . Netherlands-based software company Fasttrack is Napster's heir apparent and growing rapidly. It works without a central server or distribution point and has the technology to avoid congestion. . . . A Mary J. Blige and Lil' Kim billboard was removed from Red Square at the order of the Muscovy government. The ad for a Mac cosmetic store opening was deemed to be too sexy for public display. Finally, a place where Lil' Kim can't flash her breasts. —BARBARA NELLIS



cept, but it runs thin, despite the evocative tenor breaks from Bob Belden and James Carter. Kurt Elling covers more ground, and creates a classic ballads disc of his own, with *Flirting With Twilight* (Blue Note). To hear where it all started, there's *Lady Day: The Complete Billie Holiday on Columbia (1933-1944)*—10 discs that chronicle the early and best work of the woman who invented the jazz ballad. —NEIL TESSER

The reggae soundtrack to the Jamaican film *The Harder They Come* (Island) is one of the most influential pop records of all time. The newly remastered and expanded version of the album serves as an old-school greatest hits. —V.G.

With *V* (Radioactive), Live gets its rock tendencies and its desire to experiment working in the same direction and creates its best CD since *Throwing Copper*. —C.Y.

On *Back to Bogalusa* (Blue Thumb), the voice of 77-year-old Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown jumps, leers and preaches. He redefines two standards—Lowell George's *Dixie Chicken* and Bobby Charles' *It All Comes Back*—but mostly, he pays tribute to his native Louisiana. Backed by some of the region's finest musicians, Brown evokes a primal American music locale and makes clear his own place in its legacy. —DAVE MARSH



Evangeline's distinctive new disc, *Felt Like Home* (Squatch on the Rocks), sounds like the Band fronted by a female—Jennifer Potter. Her voice is remarkable, but as with the Band, the guys in the background—Mike Birenbaum on organ and Glenn Slater on synths and accordion—are what you listen to. —D.M.

Chuck Cleaver's twisted Midwest realism on *Lohio* (Checked Past) makes the Ass Ponys sardonic and smart. —R.C.

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Gatemouth Brown <i>Back to Bogalusa</i>	6	8	7	8	8
Coup <i>Party Music</i>	9	7	8	9	8
Kelly Joe Phelps <i>Broken Clock</i>	5	6	7	5	7
St. Lunatics <i>Free City</i>	8	6	6	6	6
Joe Strummer <i>Global a Go-Go</i>	7	9	9	5	7



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DIGITAL GRAFFITI

Add graffiti to the list of things you can do with your Palm Pilot. A new downloadable application called HaikuHaiku allows users with web-enabled PDAs and cell phones to leave a message in a specific location that other users can retrieve. Inspired poets select a location (such as Brooklyn), compose a three-line stanza and submit it to the database. Submissions do not have to follow the classic 5-7-5 syllable pattern and can cover any subject. A user in San Francisco posted one that reads "Dot bombs are falling/libertarian dreams crash/let's do the next thing!" The entire database is currently stored online at the website of Neoku, the application's developer, and can be accessed wirelessly or on a PC. As the technology becomes available, HaikuHaiku plans to beam messages to



DAVE CALVER

distribute information such as listings and reviews of restaurants, movies and other entertainment.—JASON BUHRMESTER

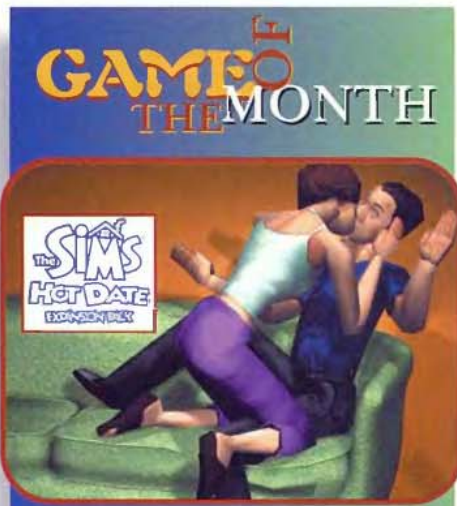
FILM FIGHTS BACK

New photo kiosks will soon help 35mm cameras fight back against the digital

takeover. A kiosk at your local drugstore allows you to touch up, crop and reprint snapshots from previously developed photos. But beginning next year a new breed of photo stations will process film and print images within minutes. And, to compete with the convenience of digital cameras, they will also scan images, burn them to a CD and upload them to the Net—all within minutes. To do so, these kiosks use a new, dry film-processing gel that develops film on the spot, instead of using the usual water-based chemistry. The technology comes in two versions. One permits the film to be fully processed after scanning, providing you with a normal negative. The other renders only the digital negative posted online or burned onto a CD, on the assumption you're using a film camera the same way you would a digicam. Because neither system requires a water supply or drainage, these new kiosks are environmentally friendly and can be placed in supermarkets, airports and hotel lobbies. —DONALD SUTHERLAND

WILD THINGS

The latest gadget-friendly clothing can conceal your electronic arsenal so you don't look like a total geek. The SeV vest (pictured here) by ScotteVest LLC is built with 15 pockets for stowing your gadgets. Each pocket is padded to protect its contents. Large outside pockets can accommodate Walkmans, cameras and other devices, while small zipper pockets can be used to stash SmartMedia memory cards and extra batteries. An inside pocket is wide enough to hold a magazine or small laptop such as a Sony Vaio. Headphone wires or cell phone headsets can be concealed in the personal area network, a double Velcro flap inside the vest (available in khaki and black, medium to XXL, \$160). Before you throw your new Dockers Mobile pants into the washing machine, check the pockets. There are invisible, oversize ones within the legs for storing a cell phone, Pocket PC or other electronics, while hidden zipper pockets can hold smaller items such as disks, ID and keys. Wear the pants to a club and ask girls to guess how much RAM you have in your pants (available in khaki, black and olive, \$52). —J.B.



Electronic Arts has added sizzle to their Sims game with the **Sims Hot Date**, an expansion pack that lets you put the moves on other virtual characters. Your dates range from blonde bombshells to nervous nellys. There are places to show her a good time (don't forget to tip the bartender) and new objects for your home, including a "cuddle couch" and a love tub for two. But don't get too excited. While you might "play" with your date in a dressing room, the action is offscreen. For more real-life action, post a personals ad online at the Sims Dating Service and hope someone downloads him for a date. —MARK GLASER

users when they enter an area where another user previously posted one. Although Neoku representatives recognize that the technology can be used in subversive ways (e.g., to advertise illegal activities), the company hopes to use it to

Higher Dior

Eau de Toilette pour Homme



Higher
Dior

Burdines

Higher Dior

Eau de Toilette pour Homme



Higher
Dior

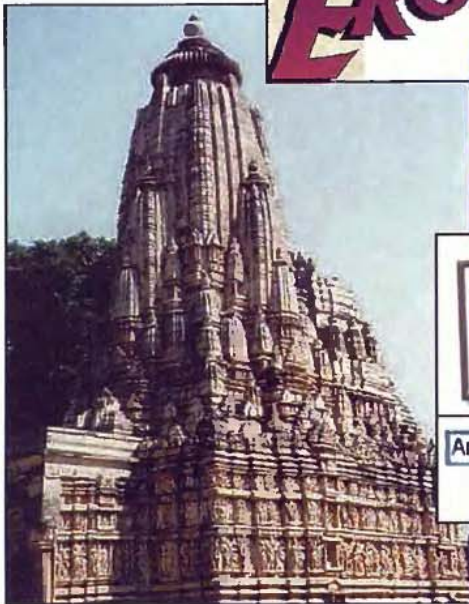
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or

Lift here
to discover
Higher

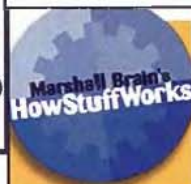
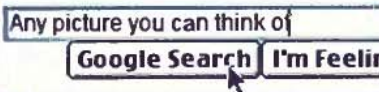
By MARK FRAUENFELDER

SEX ED FOR THE JET SET

Before you get on a plane to a far-off place, visit the Erotic Traveler (erotictraveler.com). The site lists sex-related museums and other cultural attractions from around the world. No trip to Barcelona, for example, would be complete without a stop at the Museu de l'Eròtica, where countless patrons have attempted to ride the Electric Lady (eroticmuseum.com/elady-b.htm). Pay heed to the site's warning not to "dare leave Amsterdam without visiting the Sex Museum," a trove of historic erotic paintings and sculptures. If you don't have immediate travel plans, you can e-mail erotic



art cards or follow the links to other historical erotica websites.



WEB WEIRDNESS

Fark.com is a one-stop source for bizarre news stories, which are compiled into a daily list of headlines. Of special interest are the links to photographs featuring nude women. If you have been looking for the pictures of Halle Berry's topless scene in *Swordfish*, you've come to the right place.



GOOGLE GETS GRAPHIC

Google.com adds an amazing feature nearly every month. Now, they've launched images.google.com, the best photograph search engine on the web. It's not easy to make a program that finds pictures based on text-only search requests, but Google uses tricks to find images that match your request. If you can't find what you're looking for here, it means you haven't yet switched off the Mature Content Filter, which activates by default the first time you use Google Images. Switch off the filter by clicking the link and try your search again—you won't be disappointed.

WHAT DO A QUINTILLION PENNIES LOOK LIKE?

Besides becoming insanely jealous whenever I read about people worth tens of billions of dollars, I also become mind-boggled. What does a billion things look like? When I hear about trillion-dollar budgets, I can't even begin to imagine how much money that number represents. The MegaPenny Project (kokogiak.com/megapenny) is a graphic aid that is designed to help you visualize huge numbers. MegaPenny starts by showing you small stacks of pennies, and quickly moves up to much bigger numbers. A million pennies stacked into a rectangular cube is nearly as big as a refrigerator. A billion pennies take up as much space as five schoolbuses. You'll

soon get an opportunity to see what a trillion, quadrillion and quintillion (that's 1,000,000,000,000,000,000) pennies look like stacked up against everyday objects.

WHAT'S THE COUNTRY CODE?

I never remember how to place an overseas call. Do I dial a one first or a zero? Do I need to omit some of the numbers at the front? What's the country code? The city code? I usually give up and call the operator for help. From now on, the only thing I need to remember is countrycallingcodes.com, a site that provides step-by-step directions on how to make calls from anywhere to anywhere.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

Want to find out if it's true that drinking ice water burns calories? Need to learn how to fool a lie detector? Then head to howstuffworks.com, where hundreds of such questions are answered. Not only does the site tell you how military pain beams will work, but you'll learn how to get rid of tattoos, how to write JavaScript programs and how to fix a toilet.

QUICK HITS

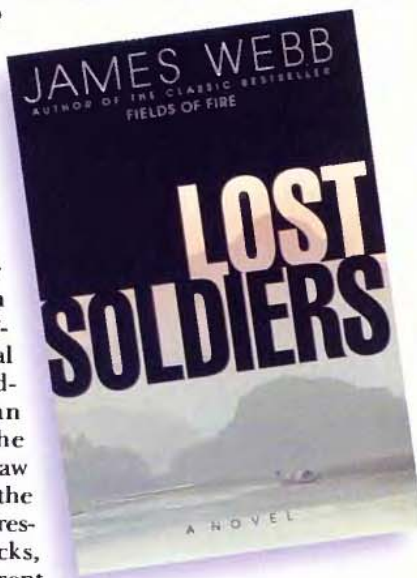
Turn your computer into a funky-up synthesizer at www.pianographique.com. This website loads a Shockwave program that converts keystrokes into bass lines, drums, guitar licks and vocal samples. . . . Buy everything you need for ukulele heaven at fleamarketmusic.com. . . . Amuse yourself with animated programs at www.hoogerbrugge.com. . . . Sit-com star or dictator? See if you can stump the computer at 64.81.243.163/dictator.html. . . . Are you nuts? Take the Online Personality Disorder test at 4degreez.com/misc/personality_disorder_test.mv—but don't share the news.

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

BONES TO PICK

You want solid credentials from novelists who write about combat?

James Webb has them. He was a highly decorated marine in the Vietnam war (Navy Cross, Silver Star, two Bronze Stars and two Purple Hearts) and is a former Secretary of the Navy and author of the classic war novel *Fields of Fire*. In Webb's latest book, *Lost Soldiers* (Bantam), his central character, Brandon Condley, is a Vietnam veteran who fell in love with the country the first time he saw it—and has returned over the years. The plot, set in the present but rich with flashbacks, focuses on Condley's current job as a bone picker, searching for the remains of Americans still listed as missing in action. One day, Condley examines a grave near the Que Sons mountains. The skeleton he finds suddenly brings the war back to him—and with it a host of deadly secrets. What is he looking at? Are they the remains of an American POW? How should he interpret the few clues he finds at the site? Why are some shady people suddenly ready to kill him? Webb has a sniper's eye and a lover's heart and is at his best here.

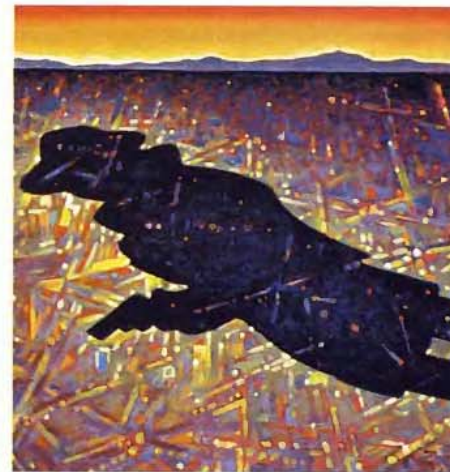


—ASA BABER

THE RETURN OF WARSHAWSKI AND BURKE

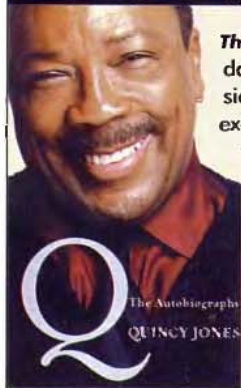
While some crime writers are satisfied merely with sending chills down your spine, Sara Paretsky and Andrew Vachss prefer to slip in a few social issues along with the suspense. *Total Recall* (Delacorte), the latest and longest in Paretsky's series about Chicago private investigator V.I. Warshawski, shifts between the sleuth's investigation of a self-proclaimed Holocaust survivor and her closest friend's childhood memories of World War II. The book provides all the corpses, clues and close calls that a reader could ask of a thriller. But it also probes such topics as the validity of recovered memory, the legality of Holocaust reparations and the morality of multinational conglomerates. Nearly all of Vachss' noir novels starring the state-raised outlaw Burke strike out against child abuse. In the latest one, *Pain Management* (Knopf), Burke's hunt through Portland's underworld for a runaway teen is sidetracked by a sexy Samaritan who helps chronic pain sufferers. She'll lead him to the teen if he helps her with a shipment of illegal medication. Burke reluctantly agrees; he's more inclined to give pain than prevent it (as evidenced by his snipping off a sadistic pimp's fingers). But that doesn't stop this riveting novel from noting that the lack of treatment for the many Americans in agony is often nothing more than "sanctimonious babbling about the war on drugs."

—DICK LOCHTE



JOHN O'LEARY

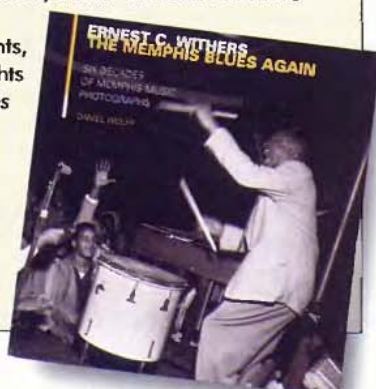
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS



The Autobiography of Quincy Jones (Doubleday) is a literary *We Are the World*. The musician is joined by two of his brothers, two ex-wives, three of his children and various friends—including his oldest one, Ray Charles—to tell the story of his remarkable life. Jones went from eating fried rots of his grandmother's house in Kentucky to producing one of the best-selling albums of all time, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, writing arrangements for Frank Sinatra, Roy Charles and Count Basie, owning TV stations and founding *Vibe* magazine. An un-

forgettable visual take on music, *The Memphis Blues Again* (Viking Studio) is the latest collection of photos by one of America's greatest image makers, Ernest Withers. For more than 50 years, he has shot sports, music and public events, and his record of the civil rights struggle is unparalleled. *Blues* presents unique images of W.C. Handy, Elvis Presley, B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf (in a cotton field), James Brown, Isaac Hayes and Aretha Franklin, with text by Daniel Wolff.

—STANLEY BOOTH



A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE
In Jerry Stahl's *Plainclothes Naked* (Morrow), a codeine-addicted detective falls for a woman who poisoned her husband with Drano and stole a photo of George W. Bush's genitalio. This dark comedy is a page-turner, even if you're just trying to get through the descriptions of scabbed faces, mangled penises and reenactments of that memorable scene in *Deliverance*.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

THE CONCEPTION CONCEPTION

In 1951 scientist Carl Djerassi labored at a small chemical company in Mexico. Steroids were the wave of the future, and his employer had perfected a technique for synthesizing cortisone from yams. Djerassi filed for a patent for norethindrone, a substance that, taken orally, mimics one of the body's natural hormones. Biologists discovered that it could be used to treat menstrual disorders and, in time, realized oral progesterone could control fertility. Fifty years later, *This Man's Pill* (Oxford) is Djerassi's cronky story of the discovery that changed sex forever.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



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By ASA BABER

I CALLED YOU here today to estimate the latitude of your gratitude. As Thanksgiving Day approaches, I thought it would be a worthy exercise to list a few of the many things in this world that make us grateful to be male.

Join me as we take inventory of the privileges of manhood.

(1) *The clitoris.*

Could we tell the truth for the first time in our lecherous history? If the clitoris did not exist, we would have to invent it. What a cute, compact, elegant, glowing and responsive little joy button it is. It is your obligation to understand that it is man's best friend. Imagine trying to have good sex without it.

If there were no clitoris, men would be exhausted whales on the shores of sexuality. If there were no clitoris, we would actually have to work hard at lovemaking at all times, even when we were tired or had a headache or hoped to watch *Sports Center* in a few minutes. The clitoris saves us as we do our duty with minimal effort and maximum results.

No clitoris? I shudder at the prospect. No more hiding like a satiated lush in a gooseberry bush, giving it a tiny lick here and a teeny tickle there, stroking it, vibrating it with tongue and fingers (as well as a genuine vibrator, if she is willing to let you off the hook for the evening), sucking on it, saving our limited energies for our next explosion as our partners wiggle and squirm and have 10 orgasms to our one.

Let's face it: The clitoris is God's way of telling us that we are lazy fools who forced him/her to design female sex organs with stupendous efficiency. For that blessing we should be appreciative.

(2) *Moments of silence.*

In a world that is growing increasingly verbal and chatty, let us give thanks that we do not have to talk all the time in order to feel safe and protected and under control. Nor do we demand it of others. We can be miracles of muteness and champions of quietude whenever we get the chance, but it is a pity that our significant others cannot do the same.

With the notable exception of certain unnamed but voluble cable TV anchor-men (I am convinced they are Chatty Cathy dolls in men's clothing), most of us can do fine without talking to anyone all day. We can read a magazine without sharing each bit of information with somebody else. We can leave the answering machine on and hide from all our calls, watch TV with the sound off, walk in the park alone, even go to a bar and have a beer and speak to no one. For us at those times, silence is golden and we feel like we own Fort Knox.



LET US SAY THANKS

While it is true that on occasion the female of the species provides a certain charm and sociability with her constant talk and chatter, it is nonetheless something we could often do without. (How many strong, silent women have I known? Give me a year and I might be able to think of one.)

Is it genetic? Did cavewomen spend their evenings prodding their poor, tired cavemen with clubs and demanding conversation from them before the fire went out? ("But how did you *feel* when you killed that woolly mammoth? And when are you going to clean the tusks? Does this leopardskin make me look fat? Do you think I should wear the shark's teeth tonight?")

You have to wonder about the history of verbosity, because most girls seem to work from the premise that if you are not talking, you are not living. Their dialogue is high pitched and endless, and especially deafening when they congregate in groups. (I dare you to go to any large meeting hall scheduled for an all-female conference and stand outside the doors and listen to the crescendo of voices as the room fills with women. You will be terrified, I promise.)

Whenever a woman is alone and a man appears on the distant horizon, trumpets seem to blare in the female inner ear, and all her efforts focus on making that poor bastard elevate his chat rate to her level—or die trying. (Did you know that the Institute of Talkaholics estimates that at least half of all male coronaries occur when men try to match women verbally? We are not safe, guys, we are not safe.)

Silence: A pleasing gift, honored by

most men—would that there be more of it in our time.

(3) *Shop till we drop? No way.*

Pity the spiritually impoverished female of the early 21st century. Promised a radical revolution in the status of her gender a few decades ago, ready to rage against men and call them names for years, disappointed by the results of those efforts, now aware of that revolution's shortcomings, uncertain as to the choice of both a career and a mate, bewildered by men and their eternal inconstancy, terrified of the natural progression of aging, irritated by the complexities of her own body, tempted by food and repelled by food and mesmerized by food, eager to set all things right and crushed when unable to do so, she eventually surrenders to her baser instincts and shops till she drops. Then she shops more. Shopping: every girl's heroin.

I am convinced that the feminist revolution was funded by a secret cabal of fat-cat capitalists who looked for ways to expand their markets, and hit upon a brilliant idea: "Let's start a campaign to make boys ashamed of their masculinity and turn them into girls," the fat cats said. "If we can get those stingy, unrepentant, semiconscious males to go shopping all the time to validate themselves like females do, we will double our profits in credit card debt at usurious interest rates."

You think I'm kidding? This economy of ours needs consumers to spend their way into debt and avoid things like savings accounts and tight household budgets. This economy is structured to take half our money in taxes and then lure us into spending more than we can afford on worldly goods—and polls show that men are much more concerned than women are about the impact of taxes on their wallets and lives.

This economy is now so addicted to consumer spending that patriotism might be defined as unending personal indebtedness—but a lot of guys aren't comfortable signing up for that tour. Last July, just as our tax rebates were going into the mail, a former Fed mandarin suggested all good citizens should go out and buy Uncle Sam out of a potential recession. Most of my buddies laughed at that one.

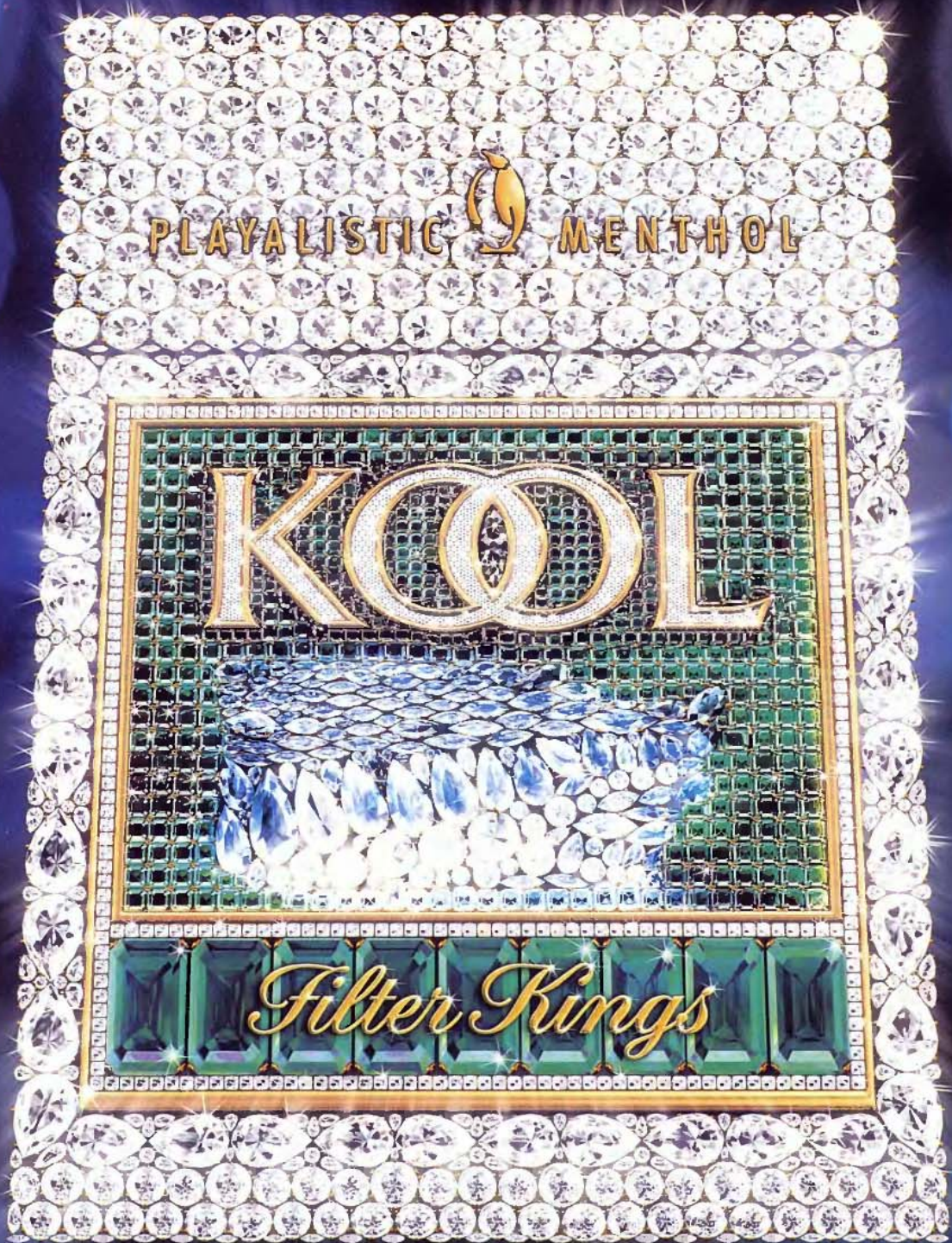
A radical thought: Maybe boys do "get it," no matter what they've been told, and maybe girls are just spoiled little sissies as they trod the primrose path to debtor's prison in their 500 pairs of shoes!

Who's the turkey now, Gloria?





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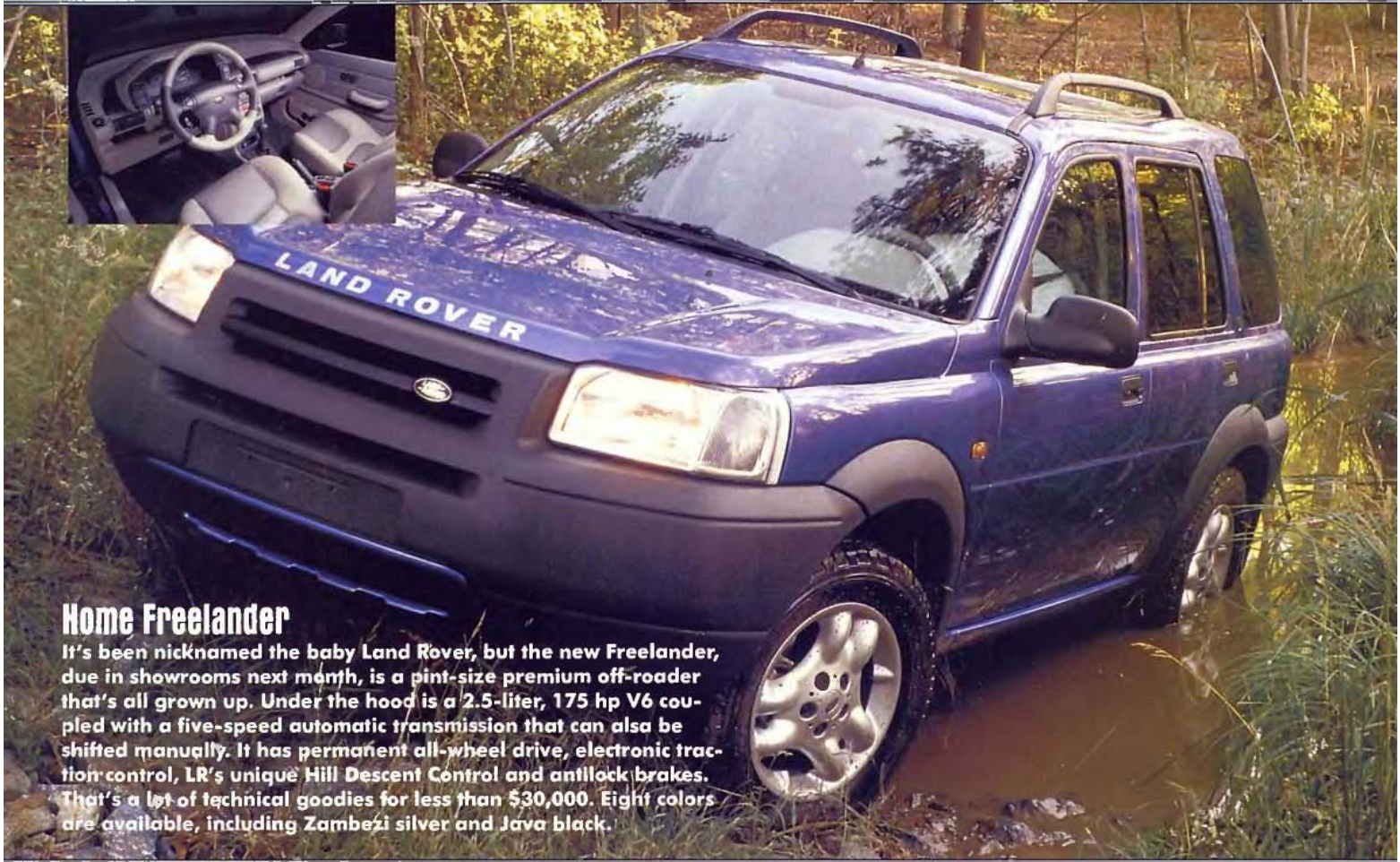
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Home Freelander

It's been nicknamed the baby Land Rover, but the new Freelander, due in showrooms next month, is a pint-size premium off-roader that's all grown up. Under the hood is a 2.5-liter, 175 hp V6 coupled with a five-speed automatic transmission that can also be shifted manually. It has permanent all-wheel drive, electronic traction control, LR's unique Hill Descent Control and antilock brakes. That's a lot of technical goodies for less than \$30,000. Eight colors are available, including Zambezi silver and Java black.



Tan Like a Man

Cary Grant could have saved hours under the sunlamp with one of the new self-tanners for men. All are skin-friendly, which means they protect without clogging pores. Zirh's Bronze (\$20) is a moisturizing self-tanner that's loaded with aloe vera. Functans from Cool Water by Davidoff (\$15) contains vitamins A, C and E. You'll see results in 20 minutes. Sunless Tanning Spray from Lab Series (\$12) is a spritz self-tanner. Declair's Séducteur (\$24) filters out UVA and UVB rays. Geomér Self-Tanner (\$35) features marine extracts that soothe and acacia bark that temporarily dyes the skin. Biotherm Homme Gel Auto-bronzant Express (\$20), a tinted self-tanner, gives your face a quick glow. In an hour you'll have a tan.

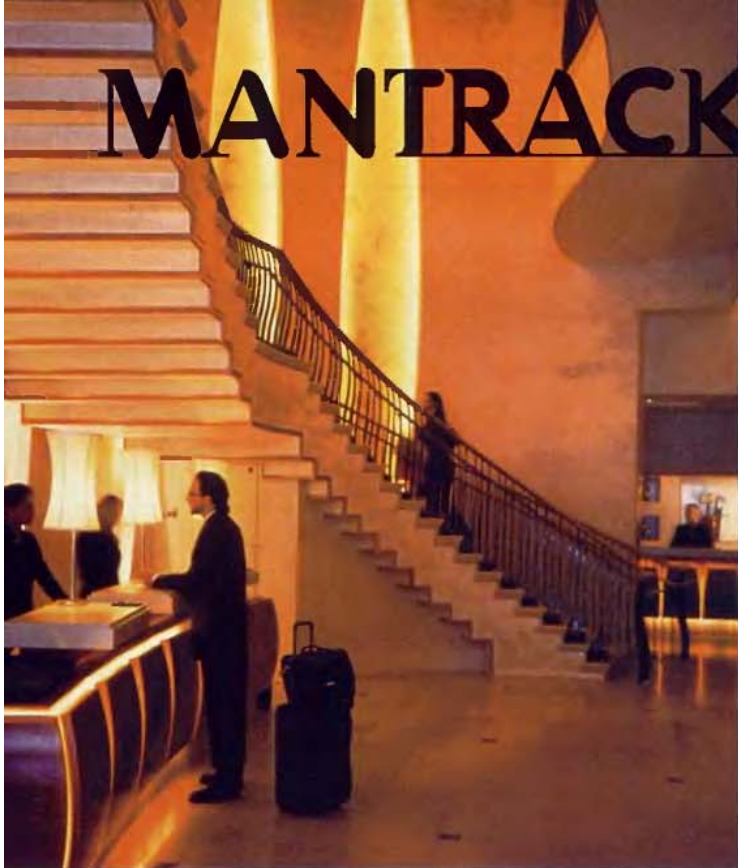
HOW TO STUFF YOUR BIRD

① LOOSELY FILL SOME OF THE STUFFING INTO BODY CAVITY. FASTEN OPENING WITH SKEWERS AND LACE WITH STRING.

② BRING THE THIGHS CLOSE TO THE BODY. TIE LEGS TO TAIL WITH STRING. TUCK WINGS UNDERNEATH.

③ PUT THE REST OF THE STUFFING INTO THE NECK CAVITY— ENOUGH TO MAKE THE TURKEY LOOK PLUMP. SECURE NECK FLAP WITH SKEWER OR TOOTHPICKS.

MANTRACK



W Marks the Spot

The first W hotel, W New York, opened in 1998. By the end of 2002 there'll be 22 worldwide, including one that opened next to our Chicago office. Aside from the hip decor, commitment to service that provides "whatever you want, whenever you want it" and welcoming atmosphere, the chain has another thing going for it—W stuff that's for sale. In other words, you can take elements of your W experience home, including a duplicate of the bed you slept in. (A king-size one costs \$900, plus shipping.) There are three W stores located in W hotels—two in Chicago and one in New York. (That's the New York W hotel lobby at Union Square pictured above). The stores also sell candles, amusing games and handsome books on interior design.



Just Desserts

It's no longer enough to cook for her, you have to make it look fabulous. And if the fastest way to a woman's heart is dessert, then Richard Leach's *Sweet Seasons: Fabulous Restaurant Desserts Made Simple* (John Wiley, \$45) is something you'll want on your bookshelf. Leach's stint as pastry chef at New York's Aureole put him on the map. In his book he collects the recipes and techniques he honed there and at Lespinasse, La Côte Basque and now at the Park Avenue

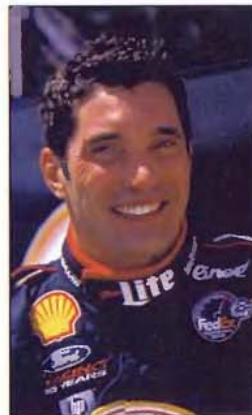
Cafe. He has also won the James Beard Pastry Chef of the Year award. He walks you through scores of sumptuous desserts that you probably wouldn't have attempted before. This apple tart with sour cream ice cream and date puree is a good example.



Clothesline: Paul Tracy and Max Papis

With his aggressive style and multi-colored hair, Team Kool Green driver Paul Tracy (left) has been dubbed the Dennis Rodman of car racing. Off the track, Tracy is much more laid-back, saying, "I'm not really into suits, although I have a lot of them. Most of the time I wear dark Lucky jeans, a gray or black T-shirt and a leather jacket, all probably bought

in Las Vegas, where I live." "Mad" Max Papis (right), the suave Italian driver for Team Rahal, loves to shop. "In Milan, there's a street named Via Montenapoleone that has all kinds of posh boutiques." For suits, he says, it's Hugo Boss. Otherwise Papis, like Tracy, often opts for a T-shirt, leather jacket and jeans—except his preference in jeans is Diesel. "They have a great motto: 'The luxury of dirt.' That's basically my philosophy."

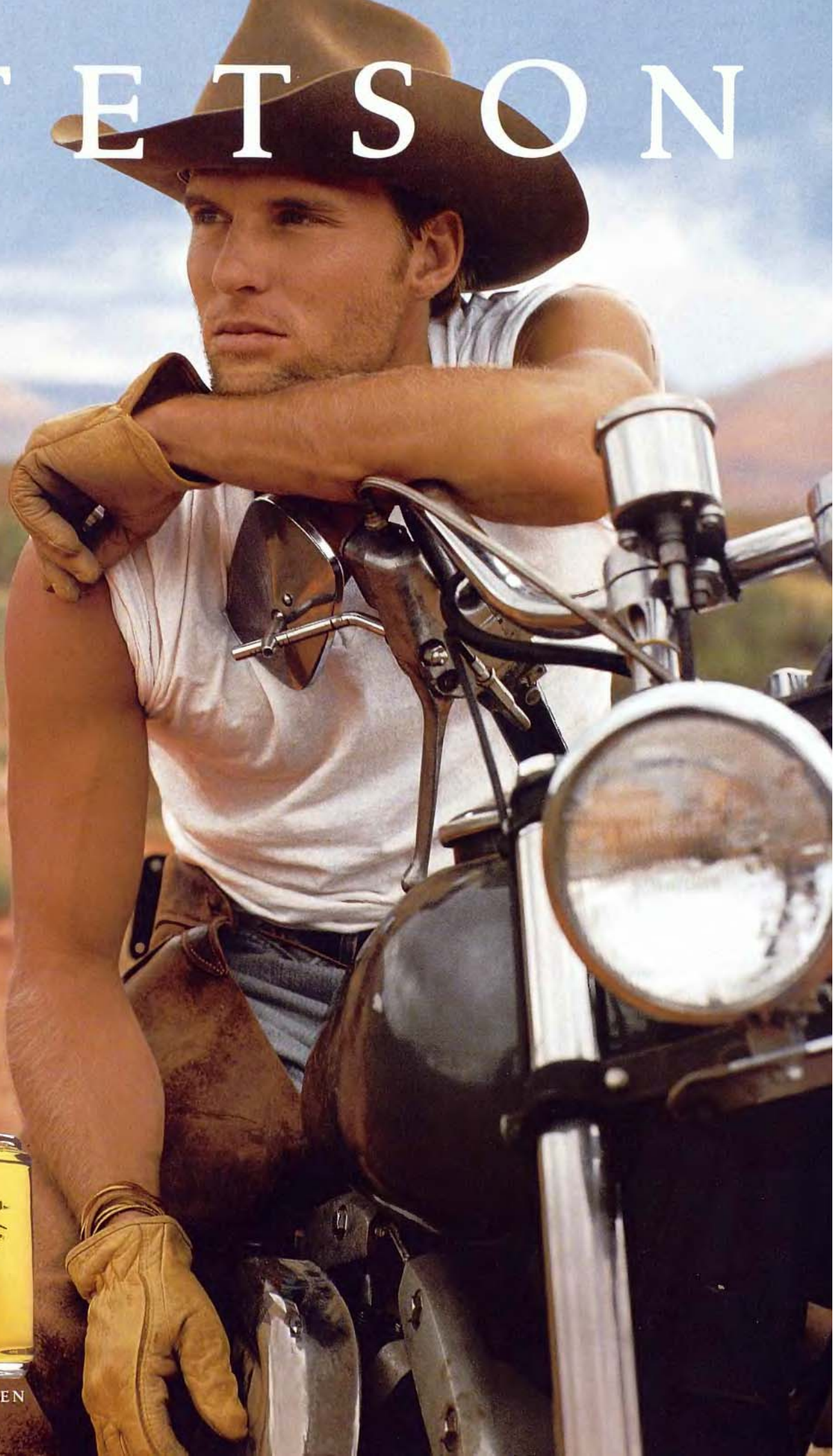


Guys Are Talking About . . .

Tattoo removal. Perhaps it's time to say adios to the name on your arm of the girl you met six years ago at a bar in Juarez. According to Michele and Henry Gasiorowski, a dermatologist and a dermatologic surgeon in Greenwich, Connecticut, most tattoos can be removed (without scarring) with laser technology. Blue and black inks fade the best. Green and yellow are the most difficult colors to make disappear. Three to four treatments should do most of the job, with a few follow-up zaps as necessary. Go to greenwichdermatology.com for more info. • **Pontiac Aztek.** It's taken its lumps from the automotive press for clumsy hindquarter styling, but we applaud General Motors for having the balls to turn the project over to a young design team. We recently drove a yellow Aztek GT with all-wheel drive and got as many "great car" comments as thumbs down. The metallic citrus green model is the in-your-face Aztek to buy. In another month or so Pontiac will introduce a revised Aztek, which will have larger tires, a spoiler and, perhaps, a lower price.



STETSON

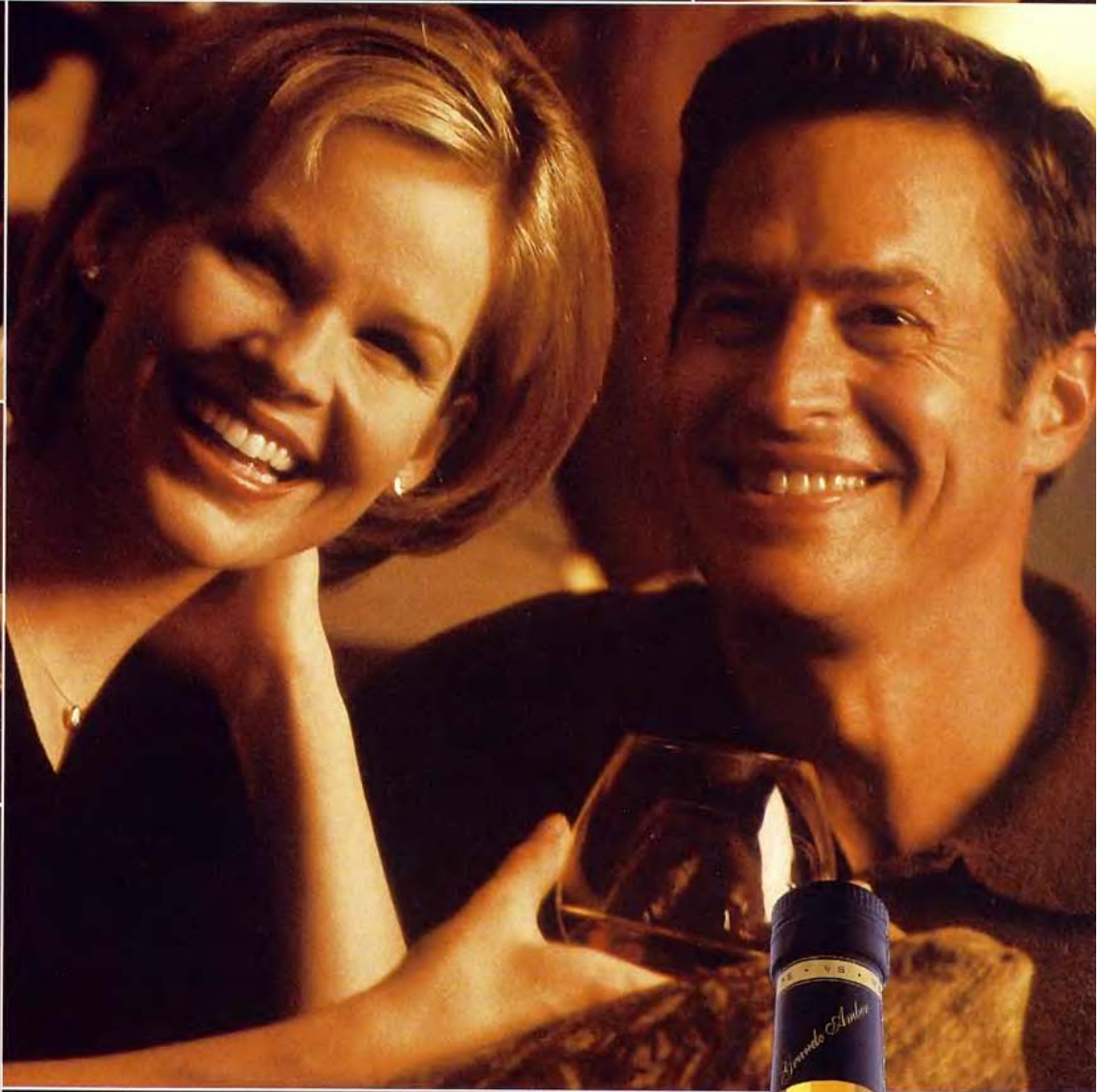
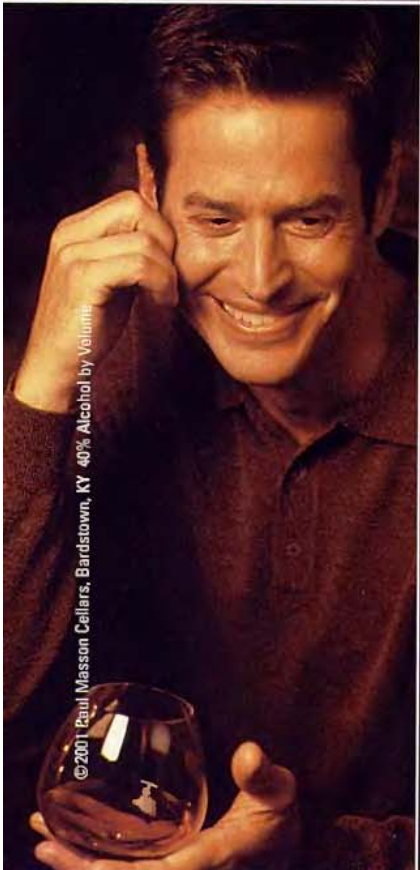


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The Playboy Advisor

I love to give my husband blow jobs, but he wants me to swallow and I can't stand the taste. PLAYBOY recently ran an article that said drinking pineapple juice helps prevent "funky spunk." Exactly how much pineapple juice should a man consume, and how often, to alter the taste of his semen? And how soon should I expect to notice a change?—M.L., Virginia Beach, Virginia

Adam Cavolla of Loveline has a great take on this. He says, "If a guy drinks 400 gallons of pineapple juice, his semen will taste like semen with a little bit of pineapple juice in it." Nevertheless, many female readers insist that, in their experience, fruit juices work when consumed in large enough quantities at least a day before. But that could have more to do with the guy's being well hydrated, which may dilute what's commonly described as a bleached, salty or bitter taste. Some women have told us they are happier swallowing when their partner eats less junk food and red meat. One recipe posted outside the PLAYBOY test bedrooms calls for three stalks of celery (diced), two capsicums (minced), two bananas (sliced), half a cup of orange juice and half a cup of sweet sherry, but no pineapple. The brewmaster wrote, "Mix the ingredients and have the guy eat it for breakfast. He also should avoid dairy products, onions, garlic and fish for the day." Good advice before any date. The only way to settle this is a series of blind taste tests, which are being arranged as we speak.

I've heard that wealthy people who use their yachts only on holidays will let you live on their boats free or for a little rent in exchange for the vessel's care and upkeep. How can I find these people?—D.L., Tacoma, Washington

You could ask around at the local yacht club, but don't be surprised if owners look at you funny. Anyone who can afford a yacht that needs to be looked after can afford to hire an experienced captain to do it.

The Advisor said in July that the letter from R.R. in Atlanta would be the last for a while on the subject of women who are freaked out by their partners' masturbating, but I have to put in my two cents. My husband is free to beat off whenever he has the urge. I masturbate just about every morning in the shower, and the fantasies I invent often become part of our lovemaking. It never occurred to me that my attitude about jerking off was unusual, but now I wonder if I'm a freak. Does my husband feel dissed because I masturbate?—E.O., Chicago, Illinois

No, he feels blessed—especially when you let him watch. Our admonition touched off a



landslide of e-mails from female readers hoping to get in a last word. A few choice comments follow.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when I read the letter from the woman who got her panties in a twist because her husband masturbates. I'm one of those readers you thought would be amused at the notion of her confronting her husband. Why not confront him on laughing or dancing or any other human act of joy? Masturbation is normal and fun. If I ever heard a man claim that he didn't masturbate, I would assume him to be a liar or a freak. Control seems to be an issue with the writer, not her husband.—T.B., Summerville, Georgia

How sad it is that some women still make issues of things like this. Instead of condemning your husband, or having a formal discussion about his masturbation habits, join him! Women are told that masturbation is a guy thing, and not proper. What horseshit. Every woman should masturbate—it will greatly enhance your sex life. It also will give you more important and exciting things to discuss with your partner.—A.L., Indianapolis, Indiana

I love watching my husband masturbate. It doesn't make me feel rejected, worthless, unattractive or cheated on in the least. In fact, it usually has the opposite effect. Occasionally, if I'm not in the mood, he'll go ahead without me. (My only complaint is, on the few occasions when I don't participate, the motion of the bed makes me seasick.) Look, peo-

ple, sex in a marriage isn't about keeping score and trying to ensure that your partner's orgasms are always directly related to or caused by you. Confronting your partner is not going to improve your sex life. You'll have a lot more luck tapping into that sexual energy in a positive, nonconfrontational way.—N.M., Silver Spring, Maryland

At least your husband isn't sharing his orgasm with another woman. The idea of watching a man masturbate turns me on, but my husband is a bit of a prude.—S.T., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Have you asked him? All he has to do is crack the door.

Judging from various men's magazines I've seen, women can be awfully prudish. The magazines publish many ideas on "how to get your wife to be freaky," but I do most of what's listed without being asked. A man masturbating is the most erotic thing I've ever witnessed.—H.S., Topeka, Kansas

In my experience, after a man masturbates, he can maintain an erection longer during sex. No complaints here.—A.G., Flagstaff, Arizona

Guys masturbate because it's low maintenance and immediately gratifying. If you want your husband to stop, you need to offer something even more low maintenance and immediately gratifying. If you blow him every morning, that might slow him down. But if your goal is for him to stop completely, you'll have to provide at least three BJ's a day. My husband of 19 years gets oral sex every day. Yes, he still masturbates. He also scopes out all the hot babes. And I'm happy he does.—M.P., Santa Rosa, California

Thank you all for writing. Now, if you'll excuse us. . . .

You missed big time in your answer to the reader who asked about transferring LPs to a digital format. A few imperfections add to the charm of old recordings, but major snaps and pops are distracting. I use a software program called Ray Gun to remove them from my digital copies.—M.S., Metairie, Louisiana

We also should have made it clear that you have to burn your MP3 files as data to get more than 74 minutes on a CD-R. And keep in mind that only the latest and greatest CD players can process MP3s.

Your reply in August to D.T. of Chicago contained some misinformation about

bondage and the terms top and bottom. In today's fetish community, top and bottom mean simply sadism and masochism. At Realmstone (realmstone.com), we avoid those terms because everything we do is considered a consensual power exchange, and sadism and masochism are not always necessarily so. It's better, especially for the novice, to use terms such as dominant (or dom, domme) and submissive (or sub). If D.T. enjoyed the sensations of being dominated in a social setting, he can safely explore the sensations online before he considers a real-life encounter.—M.S., Anaheim, California

Thanks for the clarification. Isn't every relationship a consensual power exchange?

How long will a bottle of port last once it has been opened?—P.L., Hartford, Connecticut

Depends on the port, and the cork. Generally, if you're drinking an aged tawny or a late-bottled vintage port, and it has a T-shaped bartender's cork, it will last three or four weeks. If it has a regular cork—for example, if it's a single quinta or vintage port—it will last only a few days. In the English tradition, this is rarely a problem, because ports are typically decanted into round-bottomed bottles. That way they can't be set down until the bottles are empty.

Recently a reader asked if it's possible to sell frequent flier miles. The Advisor explained how to exchange them for products. But you also can donate miles to charities such as the Make-a-Wish Foundation and the Kids Cancer Connection. A big-screen TV would be nice, but I think this might top that.—S.W., St. Louis, Missouri

It might at that.

J.T. from Dallas complained in August that when he and his wife had threesomes with a female friend, his wife wouldn't let him have sex with the other woman. Your response ignored the inherent unfairness of the situation: The wife is allowed to have sex with another person, but the husband isn't permitted the same courtesy. Let's say J.T. had written: "My wife and I have threesomes with a friend, but I only allow my wife to watch. Am I being unfair?" We both know your answer would have been different. For starters, you would have ridiculed him for his male privilege.—J.K., Chicago, Illinois

It's not a courtesy, it's a contract. If J.T. felt the terms were unfair, he was free not to accept them. If his wife then had sex without his consent, it would be cheating and a problem for the marriage. That works both ways.

Can you tell me what the proper etiquette is when eating at a sushi bar?—G.G., Citrus Heights, California

Never dip your sushi rice-side, and don't soak it—the sauce should complement the

fish, not kill its flavor. The ginger is there to cleanse your palate. The green stuff (wasabi) is hot; mix bits of it with your soy sauce to taste. It's best to eat each piece in one bite, but in the West that's not always practical because sushi tends to be larger. Never pass food with your chopsticks; in Japan, this resembles a Buddhist ritual in which bone fragments from a cremated body are passed at a funeral. Instead, offer the plate. It's OK to pick up sushi with your fingers, but always use chopsticks for sashimi. When you are not using your sticks, place them on the small, decorative hashi oki. If you take food from a shared plate, turn the sticks around so you're not using the ends that you put in your mouth. It's bad form to smoke. And while you should leave a tip on the bar for the chef, keep in mind that the people who handle the food never touch the money.

This past summer, PLAYBOY ran an article about the pros and cons of marriage. But there is another option: polyamory, which means "many loving." It's based on the belief that people can be in love with more than one person at a time. It's not swinging. My husband and I have an agreement about whom the other person will see. It lets us experience sex and love with others without the lying, cheating and loss that occur among supposedly monogamous couples. There are many types of polyamorous relationships. I am in an MFM V-triad, which means that I am with both my husband and our male best friend, but they are not with each other. The three of us have chosen to become a family and raise our children together. I understand some people might find this impossible because of jealousy, or issues of safety, but if someone in a relationship is cheating, how safe is that? We choose to be honest.—L.W., San Francisco, California

Thanks for writing. Our question is, who controls the remote?

I'm sure you saw the recent episode of *Sex and the City* in which Samantha went down on another woman. Can a woman's ejaculate squirt with such force that it becomes airborne?—J.R., Tampa, Florida

Yes, as evidenced by any number of pornographic videos, and by the faces of any number of startled men. It tastes like pineapple.

According to the *Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex*, published in 1990: "The search for an herb, drug or potion that enhances sexual desire has been under way for centuries. No such substance has yet been proven effective, despite claims to the contrary made by companies that advertise such products." I can't believe that there is still no effective aphrodisiac. Does the Advisor know of any?—T.Y., Boise, Idaho

The only known love potion is sweat—your own, about three times a week. One

study found strong evidence that men who exercise regularly have the least risk of impotence, and another concluded that as a man's waist size increases, so do his chances of erectile dysfunction. Hef sent us news of a British study that found that men aged 55 to 65 who exercise have an average of 25 percent more testosterone, the hormone that fuels the sex drive. Working out appears to have the same effect on women. In one experiment, female subjects who had just finished 20 minutes on the bike at 70 percent of maximum heart rate had a stronger sexual response to an erotic film clip than those who had been sitting around. That's one more reason to hang out at the gym.

I recently broke up with my girlfriend of two years. She had been withholding sex for almost a week, and I accused her of cheating. She denied it. However, when she left the house she took her birth control pills. Is there any reason a woman would take her pills if she wasn't having sex?—D.R., San Diego, California

Do you have any other evidence of cheating, besides her short-term loss of interest? If not, you may have messed up big time. Is she depressed? Stressed out? Unhappy with the relationship? That she left with her birth control means nothing. Many women take the pill even when they're not sexually active because it regulates their menstrual cycles and reduces bleeding and cramping. If it's not too late, you may want to sit down with your girlfriend for a long talk.

Ever since I read Anne Rice's *Vampire Chronicles*, I have been giving hickies like crazy. One of my girlfriends had to wear a turtleneck to a job interview in the middle of July because I left her looking like a snow leopard. Whenever I meet a beautiful woman, I have an urge to gently nibble on her neck, or whatever part of her anatomy I find attractive. Is it time to get myself a muzzle, or perhaps a chew toy?—E.T., Los Angeles, California

Weren't you breastfed? One hickey is fun, maybe. Two is abusing your privilege. If you must, leave your love bites where your partner can hide them easily. She also should have the chance to return the favor—on your forehead.

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.



THE SHAME GAME

the scarlet letter rides again

Judges across America have become creative. In Texas, a wife beater was told to apologize to his victim on the courthouse steps at high noon. A doper found himself parading the sidewalk wearing this sign around his neck: I WENT TO JAIL IN TEXAS FOR POSSESSION OF DRUGS. A shoplifter had to stand in front of a store carrying the sign I STOLE FROM THIS STORE.

Sometimes public humiliation can serve as a warning to neighbors. If the house next to yours suddenly sported a placard that read DANGER! REGISTERED SEX OFFENDER LIVES HERE, how would you react? One such branded convict committed suicide; others were evicted or terrorized.

Sometimes the sentence is just silly. A judge in Georgia makes drunk drivers wear pink identification bracelets.

Texas district court judge Ted Poe, who has achieved national recognition for his widely reported "public notice" sentencing, explains his success. "Most of us care about what people think of us. If we are held up to public ridicule, we don't like it and two things will happen: We will change our conduct and our attitudes. It started in New England in the colonial days."

Supporters cite statistics to suggest that public shaming prevents second offenses: Of 193 people given public punishments by Poe's court, only 11 offenders have been arrested a second time. The usual rate of recidivism is around 60 percent. Critics worry that creative sentencing is a ploy by the religious right to turn our judicial system into a morality play. Televised justice, be it *The People's Court*, *Judge Judy* or Court TV, has a tendency toward the spectacle. On the other hand, newspapers have printed police blotters for years without seriously affecting the behavior of miscreants.

Sexual crimes seem perfect for public humiliation. In Atlanta, city hall boasts a Wall of Shame, a gallery of mug shots that recently included 58

convicted prostitutes and 191 johns. Police in St. Paul, Minnesota have taken it a step further, creating a public pillory in cyberspace. Visit the department's website and you'll encounter this solemn announcement: "This section of the police department web page is designed in direct response to the fears, anger and demands expressed by law-abiding men and women of our city: They are tired of prostitutes plying their trade on the sidewalks, they do not want girls and women treated with disre-

agrees with your moral code. The St. Paul police included an e-mail address on their site so the public could submit comments or ask questions. As a result, TheSmokingGun.com uncovered and obtained some of the e-mails. They demonstrate that shame isn't what it used to be:

"You posted a picture of one of my classmates from Bible school as a 'recent prostitution arrest.' I am trying to get ahold of him for our upcoming class reunion. Could you pass this message on?"

"I am doing a report for school and I need some facts on prostitution. My topic: Should prostitution be legalized?"

"I beg for sex from my wife and she says no. If I persist, I can be arrested. What is a man to do? How do vice squad personnel sleep at night knowing that every arrest, and picture posted, destroys a family or a man?"

"Why should it be illegal to sell something that's perfectly legal to give away?"

"Is it considered prostitution if I hire a maid and then have sex with her during the time I've paid her to clean my house?"

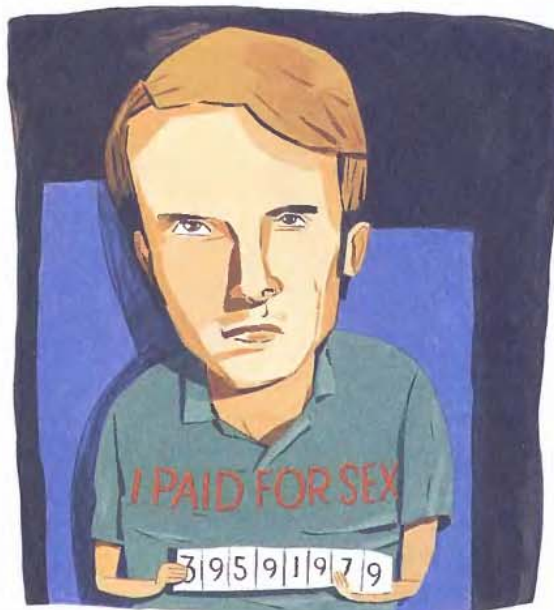
"I know where one of the wanted individuals can be found, but I would like some information before I turn him in. What amount of trouble will he get in? When was he arrested? Can I remain anonymous? Although he's a creep, he's my father."

"Your site includes a photo of my friend's husband. I e-mailed it to her and he said it's a joke page."

"You should show which john was attempting to pick up which whore. Seeing how ugly these whores are, it would further humiliate the johns, since the public would know they wanted to pay for what most of us wouldn't take for free."

"Pull your collective heads out of your asses, you paunchy, doughnut-eating, coffee-dripping, lard-ass, 1880s-mustache-style-wearing fascists."

To put it another way, Shame on you, Officer.



AMANDA DUFFY

spect by customers coming into their neighborhoods and they do not want their children to view acts of prostitution enacted in public places at every hour of the day and night. The following men and women were arrested within the last 18 calendar months for engaging in prostitution."

Arrested, but not yet convicted. What, you might ask, happened to the presumption of innocence? (See page 57 for another example of law enforcement as entertainment.)

The threat of public humiliation assumes that the rest of the populace

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

INTERNATIONAL SEX

is the grass greener on the other side of the world?

By JOHN D. THOMAS

The headline in *The New York Times* last spring proclaimed ON SEX, U.S. AND FRANCE SPEAK SAME LANGUAGE. Researchers had compared landmark sex surveys from both sides of the Atlantic and discovered that if you ask the same questions, you get the same answers. Monogamy is still in fashion: More than 90 percent of the men and women who lived together reported that they had had only one sexual partner in the past year. No statistical difference was found in the length of marriages. About half of the French respondents reported having sex two or three times a week, while about a third of the Americans surveyed claimed the same frequency. Sexual frequency declined with age, more so for American women than for French women.

The study sought to debunk fantasies of wild Parisian nights, dime-store novels and Hollywood escapades in the Moulin Rouge. While we are all for sexual truth and accuracy, we wonder if we now live in an undivided sexual culture. Does the global village eliminate courtship quirks? Are there different strokes among different folks? We turned to the amazing array of sexual anthropology included in the *International Encyclopedia of Sexuality* (the fourth and final volume was published in July):

- In the economically strapped Ukraine, 40 percent of teenage students feel that the world's oldest profession is a reputable calling, "just as desirable as being a fashion model, stewardess or interpreter."

- The Institute for Research in Sexuality and Gender at the Renmin University of China in Beijing interviewed 176 Chinese men and women. Among its findings were: "For most people, the Chinese sexual vocabulary is either cryptic or considered dirty and abusive," and "most females feel like vomiting when questioned about sexual matters."

- In Ghana, people aren't so accepting when it comes to extracurricular sex. "Among the traditional Ga, a man caught in the act of adultery with a married woman is beaten by the family of the injured husband, their friends and helpers. In villages, the distinctive sound of the

adultery hoot may be heard all over. A crowd gathers around the house where the adulterous act is claimed to be taking place. People begin hooting—*huu huu huu*—to emphasize the shameful behavior of the woman. Sensing danger, the guilty man may jump out the window."

- It is not uncommon for Kenyan women to join in wedded bliss, and there are approximately 30 Bantu tribes that allow two females to marry. The ties that bind, however, are more fiscal than sexual: "This dual-female marriage illustrates the separation of sex and gender in African societies."

- Historically, the Catholic Church has drummed into the minds of Lat-



in American women that pleasure in bed is a painful idea. In a survey of hundreds of Catholic women from Uruguay, Argentina and Paraguay, researchers found that "women commonly expressed dissatisfaction with their sexual lives and had developed the strategy of 'not feeling' or 'getting used to putting up with it.'"

- Traditional defloration practices among aboriginal Australians are now a thing of the past. And that's a good thing, given that they entailed "the forced enlargement of the vagina by groups of men using their fingers, with possum twine wound around them, or with a stick shaped like a penis. Several men would have intercourse with the girl and later would ritually drink the semen. Mitigating this was the second part of the ritual, which allowed dancing women to hit men against whom they had a grudge

with fighting poles without fear of retaliation."

- In Bahrain, women are supposed to clean themselves thoroughly after they have intercourse with their husbands. The cleansing should include washing the hair, which is why when "a woman arrives at a party with wet hair, jokes may be made about her possible preceding sexual activities."

- Arranging to have sex in India can be a confusing affair for both men and women: "According to Hindu tradition, a husband should only approach his wife sexually during her *ritu* (season), a brief period of 16 days within the menstrual cycle. But intercourse is forbidden on six of these 16 days, the first four days and the 11th and the 13th. This leaves only 10 days for conjugal relations, but because the all-important sons are conceived on even nights and daughters on uneven nights, the days for conjugal relations shrink to five. Then there are the *parvas*, the moonless nights and those of the full moon when sexual relations lead either to the birth of atheist sons or the 'hell of feces and urine.'"

- As a prerequisite for being employed as a live-in maid in Iran, young women must be examined by a doctor to ensure they are virgins. "Written into her employment contract is the amount of cash penalty payable by the employer should she lose her virginity (as determined by a second medical examination) during her employment. This contract protects her from the advances of male members of the household, as well as from male visitors to the house."

- In Japan, workaholic has led to a more slam-bang, in-and-out approach to the sex biz. "The old-style, leisurely coital sex play with geishas and soap ladies is declining in favor of quick, cheaper masturbation, oral sex and voyeurism. The equivalents of 'fast food' noncoital sexual release for males now account for nearly half of the commercial sex trade. One factor in this shift is the high-pressure life and lack of leisure in the male business world."

Clearly, the sexual revolution has a long way to go, everywhere.

ACCESS DENIED

coming to a library near you: censorware

By CHIP ROWE

This past spring, a group of conservative politicians and activists held a press conference to voice their support for the Children's Internet Protection Act. The new federal law requires public libraries and schools to add content filters to terminals with Internet connections, or risk losing federal funds.

The usual suspects took turns at the microphone. Antiporn spokesmodel Donna Rice-Hughes said, "I believe that a student should be able to search the Internet for information on wolves for a school report without being exposed to a picture of a woman having sex with a wolf." Wendy Wright of Concerned Women for America asserted—presumably based on some invidious smut survey—that "pornography is getting more hard-core, including torture and mutilation of women, bestiality and child pornography."

The activists brought forth a librarian from Chicago who testified that she believed allowing patrons to surf for sex constituted sexual harassment (would a patron reading *The Joy of Sex* in her field of vision be the same?). A mother then related that her second-grade son had come across an online porn site in class. She later recalled that he had been "visibly shaken," that he told her he "felt dirty" and that he said, "I can never talk about what I saw." She sought the advice of two counselors to deal with his trauma.

Let's accept the notion that a child can be emotionally scarred by seeing photos of people having sex, and that a photo of a demented Little Red Riding Hood pops up whenever you cry wolf on a search engine. How would filters protect children, or even sensitive adults? Censorware doesn't come close to blocking every "inappropriate" site. Instead, it targets whatever its human surfers judge to be immoral content, along with sites that contain such evil words as sex. Those criteria may exclude information about breast cancer, sexuality, STDs and gay rights, among other mature but not necessarily exclusively adult topics.

The ACLU and the American Li-

brary Association have filed suit to overturn the Children's Internet Protection Act, calling the law unconstitutional, unworkable and unnecessary. According to the ALA, more than 95 percent of public libraries have formal Internet-use policies—guidelines debated and approved by local library boards. In this case, antiporn activists hope to replace community standards with heavy-handed federal control. There's another troubling aspect to filters: Echoing the sentiments of their colleague in Chicago,



go, a dozen librarians in Minneapolis filed complaints with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission on the grounds that patrons who look at explicit websites create a "hostile work environment." How can libraries respond? If they install filters, sexual images will still leak through—a siren call to lawyers. EEOC officials suggested that the Minneapolis Public Library pay off the dirtied dozen with \$75,000 each.

Ironically, some of the same people who champion filters produce sites that could be, or have been, judged harmful. Last year, Jeffrey Pollock, a conservative Republican from Portland, Oregon, ran for a seat in Con-

gress. He strongly supported mandatory filtering until the day he discovered that his campaign site had been blocked, presumably because his anti-abortion statement included the words rape and incest. He immediately changed his position, telling parents not to give "God-like" power to a piece of software.

As Pollock discovered, when you install censorware you can't be sure what's going to be blocked. Because the filtering market is so competitive, none of the companies will reveal their blacklists. (The only exception is Net Nanny, which provides a basic list and requires parents to manually enter additional sites or words.) One thing is for certain: The companies aren't going to block the site of any conservative group that supports them, no matter what material they contain.

Bennett Haselton learned this firsthand when he conducted an experiment to demonstrate the flaws of filtering. Haselton runs a site at peacefire.org that includes instructions on how to disable filters. The site's motto is "It's not a crime to be smarter than your parents." Haselton visited the sites of four vocal supporters of mandatory filtering (Focus on the Family, Concerned Women for America, the Family Research Council and radio host Laura Schlessinger) to collect quotes denouncing homosexuality as unhealthy, immoral and destructive—words he thought might qualify as hate speech.

Using this text, Haselton created four web pages with titles such as "The Homosexual Agenda Information Center." He posted the anti-gay snippets without attribution. He then reported the pages to various filtering companies. Four companies blocked every page; two others blocked at least two. Haselton shared the results with a reporter, who then phoned companies to inform them of the ruse. Each refused to block the original sites.

Today's lesson, kids: It's not the content of the message but the clout of the messenger that will determine what you see.

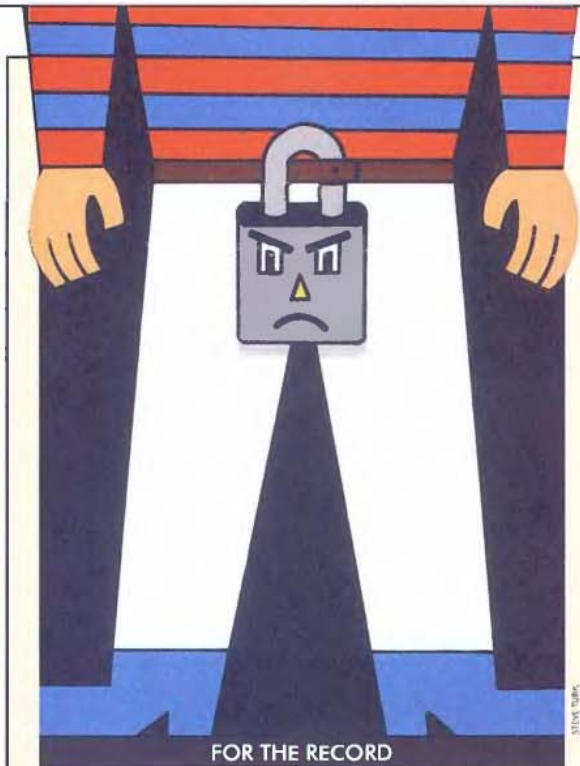
BUCKLE UP

Despite Officer Bart Turek's alleged bad attitude, he was within his rights to arrest Gail Atwater for not buckling up her children ("Soccer Mom," *The Playboy Forum*, August). People are arrested every day for child endangerment, and she clearly endangered her kids. The Fourth Amendment guarantees against "unreasonable searches and seizures," not "unreasonable police attention." What exactly was unreasonable about what Turek did? Atwater was, according to James R. Petersen's article, driving at a slow speed with her three-year-old son and five-year-old daughter standing on the front seat. To my knowledge, every state has laws requiring front-seat passengers to use safety belts.

David Mariotti
Crestview, Florida

Petersen's one-sided trash could only come from someone who has never walked in the shoes of a peace officer. He presents only Atwater's side of the story and takes everything she says as the truth. As a police officer, I can't help wondering under what circumstances Turek had encountered Atwater before. Had he warned her to secure her children in seat belts prior to this stop? Had he seen an accident in which a child was killed because he or she had not been properly restrained? (It's an image that would break your heart.) Was Atwater abusive toward him before or during this incident? What makes PLAYBOY SO SURE Turek was being the jerk? If Petersen were a police officer, he would know how many people are jerks when they are getting a ticket. They break the law and then get angry with the officer. Atwater was driving without a license. In California, that is a misdemeanor for which people are often arrested.

When Petersen wrote, "Hey, you might say, Atwater was lucky to be alive," I expected that he would go on to make a great point about Atwater's irresponsibility. Instead, he took another cheap shot at law enforcement, suggesting that Atwater should have



JAIL BAIT

"When parents have problems supporting their children, we have different standards. We give mothers welfare and we give fathers jail."

—Dianna Thompson, executive director of the American Coalition for Fathers and Children, commenting on a Wisconsin Supreme Court decision in the case of a 34-year-old man who owes \$25,000 in support for his nine children. The court ordered the man not to father any more children until his probation ends in 2004. If he disobeys the order (or if a condom breaks), he faces eight years in jail.

been concerned for her life. In fact, she and her children should feel lucky to be alive. Had a drunk or inattentive driver hit her vehicle, her unbuckled passengers would have been in real and immediate danger.

Finally, I reread the Bill of Rights and didn't see anything in there about a right to "live free of pointless indignity and confinement," as Atwater claimed in her suit. Please make an effort to print articles that don't just show the liberal point of view. You are alienating a lot of loyal readers.

Richard Carter
Newark, California

Petersen responds: The description of Turek's alleged behavior came straight from the Supreme Court. Justice Anthony Kennedy

provided the assessment that "it is not unconstitutional for a police officer to be a jerk." Turek's motives for acting as he did are irrelevant. The court did not consider or care whether he was having a bad hair day or a traffic fatality flashback—he is simply entitled to act that way. The majority of the justices decided they did not want to hinder the cop on the beat by requiring that he use discretion, judgment or good manners. In making that decision, the Court missed an opportunity to improve the citizen-police state interface—and that is a quality-of-life issue central to the Bill of Rights.

In our libertarian (rather than liberal) view, the problem isn't that Turek boorishly busted a soccer mom for violating a seat belt law; it's that legislators passed a mandatory seat belt law in the first place. Bad laws increase the chance of bad behavior—both by cops and the people they stop. Having said that, I always buckle up, wear a motorcycle helmet and sail with a life jacket. Always. But I do this on my own, not because of some safety zealot's attempt to mandate common sense.

INDECENT RADIO

Here is another example of the FCC's attempt to censor what should be considered free speech ("Battle Stations," *The Playboy Forum*, August): In May the agency fined a Portland, Oregon radio station \$7000 for airing Sarah Jones' song *Your Revolution*. These are some of the lyrics they deemed "patently offensive" and "designed to pander and shock": "Your revolution will not happen between these thighs/The real revolution ain't about booty size/The Versaces you buys, or the Lexus you drives/And though we've lost Biggie Smalls/Your notorious revolution will never allow you to lace no lyrical douche in my bush." If the commissioners think these lyrics are indecent, they ought to spend more time in the real world.

Rebecca Nellis
New York, New York

Not only does it suck that George W. Bush is running the country, but now Colin Powell's son, Michael, is helping run the FCC as its chairman. He's

already made his mark by fining a Colorado radio station \$7000 for playing an edited version of *The Real Slim Shady* by Eminem. They didn't care that this censored version has been aired thousands of times by stations across the country. These are the lyrics the FCC objected to: "And if I'm lucky, you might just give it a little kiss/And that's the message we deliver to little kids/And expect them not to know what a woman's *bleep* is/Of course they're gonna know what intercourse is by the time they hit the fourth grade."

The FCC claimed that the song contained "offensive sexual references." A *bleep* is an offensive sexual reference? I thought the point of bleeping out words was to protect innocent ears. Edited versions of songs are enough of an insult on the First Amendment. Now we can't even hear those.

Greg Norman
Denver, Colorado

I don't disagree with all of the FCC's rulings on indecent broadcasts, but they sure are inconsistent. A Chicago man filed a complaint about a broadcast on a morning radio show in which the host claimed that at the age of 27 he had had sex with a nine-year-old. Like most people, I find this disgusting. I also find it indecent. But in July the FCC dismissed the complaint for lack of "context" after the radio station claimed it didn't have a transcript or tape of the broadcast. Of course they'd say that! They're not going to help the government fine them. If the government is going to pursue these cases, it shouldn't be half-assed about it.

James Myers
Chicago, Illinois

I wanted to thank you for bringing the FCC's convoluted and selective attempts at censorship to the attention of the public. I am the sinful heathen who produced *Uterus Guy* for WQAM-AM in Miami. The song aired during *The Neil Rogers Show*, for which I have been writing and producing comedy bits since 1987. One of the good Christian soldiers from the Florida Family Association taped the show for a week, then singled out *Uterus Guy* in a complaint to the FCC. Actually, it's one of the weakest bits I've ever written. There are a couple of songs about pissing with a boner that would make the bluenoses blow a load in their puritanical pants,

not to mention my works *Pink Starfish* and *Lesbian Nun*.

Brian Ehrbar
Boca Raton, Florida

I have a complaint for the FCC: Britney Spears and 'N Sync suck. I'm offended by the shitty quality of their music. Please fine any radio station that plays them. Just because other people have children, why do I have to listen to this garbage? If I write the FCC to complain, will it protect my right to be entertained? It's bizarre that in a free country a government agency can punish a broadcaster based on a whiny complaint from a single person who (like anyone listening) has the choices to change the station or turn the radio off.

Rick Duncan
Warsaw, Indiana

POT PARDON

I was amazed that Peter Ninemire, who received a 24-and-a-half-year sentence for cultivating 600 pot plants and was pardoned by President Clinton, had the gall to complain of unfair treatment in his letter to the *Forum* in August. Mandatory minimums are stupid, but this guy had two prior convictions. He kept breaking the law and paid for it. The drug war is insane, but those are the laws. If people want to smoke marijuana, they should move to the Netherlands. Otherwise, they shouldn't bitch when they get caught. I bet Ninemire thinks that if he gets a speeding ticket after two warnings he shouldn't have to pay the fine.

Mike Higginbotham
Terre Haute, Indiana

Peter Ninemire cultivated 600 marijuana plants, and you have the balls to say that Clinton did the right thing by knocking 20 years off his sentence? Even if he wasn't a violent offender, I'd bet some of his clients were. If curbing drug use requires that we send people like Ninemire to prison for 25 years, so be it. As far as I'm concerned, as soon as you commit a crime, you don't have any rights, especially if you're dumb enough to get caught.

B. Salvi
Belleville, Illinois

I wish I could get an early release like Peter Ninemire. I am incarcerated in Texas for 26 years for possessing half an ounce of cocaine. Like Ninemire, I

FORUM F.Y.I.

Smile, you're on the Live Jail Cam. For more than a year, crime.com has partnered with Sheriff Joe Arpaio to broadcast from inside the Madison Street Jail in Maricopa County, Arizona. Arpaio says he wants the world to see that inmates are not mistreated. But because most of the people who appear on camera have not yet been charged with a crime, critics say the cameras are an invasion of privacy. One group has filed a \$1.3 billion lawsuit to turn them off, saying it's illegal for Arpaio to use jail cameras for anything but security. Earlier this year, Arpaio pulled the plug on a camera that prisoner advocates say had been trained on a toilet used by female inmates. An attorney for the sheriff's office conceded only that one camera had been "misaligned."



had two previous drug convictions, both for possession (I was addicted to crack). But 26 years just isn't fair.

Mary Williams
Marlin, Texas

Commuting the sentences of drug dealers is wrong. This country has been spoiled by lenient laws and ridiculous appeals. Start making drug dealers and users serve the time mandated by law for their reliance on drugs and their pollution of society. No one owes them anything.

Mike Espinoza
Moab, Utah

The case of Peter Ninemire and many other prisoners of the drug war isn't an issue of guilt or innocence but of the punishment fitting the crime. Ninemire could have been caught growing 6000 plants and he still wouldn't deserve the mandatory sentence he received, which was 15.1 more years than the average murderer, 18.3 more years than the average rapist and 16.9 more years than the average robber. (These figures, supplied by the Department of Justice, exclude the one percent of cases in which judges handed down life sentences.) Some readers consider marijuana to be as dangerous to the "moral fiber" of the U.S. as heroin, cocaine and other narcotics. We don't.

FOUND: DRUG CZAR

In "Wanted: Drug Czar" (*The Playboy Forum*, March), James Bovard does an excellent job of laying out the requirements for a sensible director of drug control policy. Unfortunately, President Bush's selection, John Walters, does not meet any of the criteria.

Walters, a conservative activist, is a protégé of the first drug czar, William Bennett. Under the first President Bush, Walters served as deputy director for supply reduction—a strategy that favors law enforcement over treatment. Under Walters, we can expect to see Plan Colombia expand into an Andean regional drug war, and the slippery slope of the U.S. becoming involved in another distant jungle war.

Walters also believes that it is an urban myth that too many blacks are incarcerated. Never mind that almost two thirds of prisoners in state prisons for drug felonies are black when five times as many whites use illegal drugs.

Walters' views on drug treatment tend toward coercive and faith-based treatment, not treatment as part of normal health services. So we should not be surprised if we see more judges effectively sentencing drug offend-

ers to religion.

At a time when a huge number of Americans favor treatment over punishment, the use of medical marijuana and the decriminalization of marijuana, Walters is the wrong choice. The president missed an opportunity to develop a sensible and effective drug policy.

Kevin Zeese
Common Sense for Drug Policy
Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY AT WORK

A reader wrote in July to say that he had been forced by his human

REFORM BY CHANCE

Most of us agree that it is time to restore trust and respect to our judicial system. It is also time to take politics out of the process. Most important U.S. Supreme Court decisions are made on a 5 to 4 basis, so they might as well be decided by a toss of the coin. Cases that now take months or years to decide could be completed in a matter of minutes. No one would question the impartiality of the decision. Pundits could go back to whatever else it is that pundits do, and lawyers could go back to chasing ambulances. The Court's budget could be reduced to

FORUM F.Y.I.

As part of a discussion on controversial art, a University of South Florida instructor invited graduate assistant Derek Washington to present his photo *Nigger Lover*. One of the 250 students in the Introduction to Art class, Nicole Ferry, described the image to her father, who wrote a letter to school officials. "I am not an art critic and loathe censorship, but from my perspective, you have exposed my daughter to crude and disgusting pornography." A year later Nicole Ferry sued the school, the instructor and Washington in federal court, charging sexual harassment. USF paid her \$25,000 to settle; officials say they wanted to fight, but the state's Division of Risk Management wouldn't allow it. Take a long look at Washington's photo. The state of Florida is ready to pay for your suffering.



DEKLY WASHINGTON

resources department to shred his autographed copy of *PLAYBOY* ("Office Reading," *The Playboy Forum*). He should find a lawyer. Having co-workers say "Hey, porn man" sounds like sexual harassment to me.

Doug Poler
Lake Oswego, Oregon

That reader doesn't need another magazine as much as he needs a backbone.

Jim Lockett
Fayetteville, Pennsylvania

I can't believe that guy gave in to that HR prick. Where were his cojones? He should have quit.

C.T. Gray
Redding, California

Wouldn't it be great if every pissed-off American worker could quit his job? Unfortunately, that's a luxury many people can't afford. As for the reader's cojones, a coward wouldn't have written the letter.

the cost of a few rolls of quarters (or dimes or nickels in times of government cutbacks), and the nine justices could be replaced by a single court official in a black-and-white-striped shirt. This would allow the justices to move on to more important roles and venues, such as presiding on *Animal Court* or *Ally McBeal*. Finally, Congress could stop squabbling about judicial nominees, and we would all be spared the embarrassment of having to sit through spectacles like the Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas hearings.

Fred Leonard
Tucson, Arizona

We'd like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, 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 city and state or province.



IMPORTANT INFORMATION REGARDING YOUR PRIVACY

At HugeBank, our customers' trust is our most valuable asset. A new federal law requires us to outline our privacy regulations, giving each customer the opportunity to complain before we violate his or her privacy in egregious and insulting ways.

That is why, as a member of HugeGroup, we are committed to the HugeBank Privacy Promise. As you read our policy below, keep in mind that privacy is not a right but a luxury. In China (to cite a well-known example), people can't even use the bathroom by themselves; there are just too many people. The next time you are tempted to complain about a HugeBank fee, remember: It's a small price to pay to keep Chinese people from living in your bathroom.

The HugeGroup Privacy Promise

Keeping customer information secure and using it only as our customers would want us to—were they a faceless multinational with no values other than expedience and no god other than profit—is a priority for all of us at HugeBank. Here, then, is our promise to you, our valued customer:

(1) The Privacy Promise is private. Please do not speak about it openly, even with HugeBank employees. It is also governed by the rules and customs of all corporate "promises."

(2) We will share any relevant personal information within the expansive HugeGroup family. Those customers wanting to know why, or for what, are advised to go to their branch offices and ask any one of our "made" vice presidents. See what happens next.

(3) We may—hell, let's just say we will—facilitate relevant offers from reputable companies. Rest assured we will never sell your data unless we get a really good offer. For the purposes of this policy, "reputable" is defined as any company that pays us. "Relevant" is defined as anything.

(4) Because we are committed to your privacy, our marketing partners are not permitted to retain customer information unless the customer (you) has specifically expressed an interest in their products or services. All interested parties, please remain silent. Thank you—your preference has been recorded.

(5) We will permit only authorized employees—plus underpaid and relentlessly exploited temps, each aching to kick HugeBank viciously in the crotch—to have access to your financial information. Employees who violate our Privacy Promise will be subject to the HugeBank disciplinary process, code-named Tacit Approval. Temps who violate our Privacy Promise will laugh about it on their next assignments.

(6) Customers may ask to be removed from our mailing lists at any time, for any reason. Each request must be submitted in writing. For verification purposes, each request also must include details of at least one embarrassing or scandalous secret that only the HugeBank customer would know. Because of the sensitive nature of this verification data, our privacy policy requires us to destroy all removal requests unread.

(7) For purposes of credit reporting, risk management or merely a mean-spirited chuckle, we may provide information to organizations that will harass and humiliate you and likely prevent you from owning a home, buying a car, paying for college or paying for dinner with anything but a pile of sweaty bills for the rest of your life.

(8) Go ahead, try something. We have all your money.

Please Mark Your Privacy Preference Below

— Yes, I would like my information to be shared with reputable companies, so that I might be constantly tempted to buy things I don't need, can't use or don't understand.

— No, I would like my information to be shared only with disreputable companies. Also, please ask them to phone during dinner.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SAFETY CHECK

CHICAGO—As part of Terrorism Awareness Month, security officials unexpectedly searched judges, lawyers and clerks entering the county courthouse. They found 50



pieces of contraband, including a slender dagger concealed in a pen, brass knuckles, tear gas, a padlock and a bullet. Dozens of people left the building rather than pass through the checkpoints. A security official said he suspects many were lawyers carrying guns in their briefcases to protect their cash receipts.

CORNER LAIR

PHILADELPHIA—The city closed a local business after inspectors found whips, chains, ropes, restraints, billy clubs, paddles, a cattle prod and a room arranged to look like a doctor's office, complete with exam table and forceps. The owners said they ran a photo studio, but the city concluded it was an S&M dungeon and thus violated zoning ordinances. City officials had been alerted when neighbors complained they could hear people screaming.

THOUGHT POLICE

COLUMBUS, OHIO—While on probation for a 1998 conviction involving child pornography, Brian Dalton, 22, made the mistake of writing down his troubled fantasies. His parents found his 14-page handwritten journal that included fictitious descriptions of the sexual abuse of

three children. They turned the journal over to the police, hoping their son would be given treatment. Authorities instead charged Dalton with pandering obscenity. He pleaded guilty, and a judge sentenced him to seven years in prison. "Even without passing it on to anyone else, he committed a felony" simply by writing the fantasies down, the prosecutor said.

WE SEE YOU

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—A local rental car company decided the best way to prevent damage to its fleet would be to stop drivers from speeding. It installed satellite tracking devices in each vehicle, then added a clause to its contract notifying renters that it would automatically withdraw \$150 from their bank accounts each time they drove faster than 79 mph for more than two minutes.

LITTLETON, COLORADO—A robotic systems company has developed a product to track parolees in real time. Released convicts wear two-pound belt packs each time they leave their homes. Using satellite technology, parole officers can follow their movements on a laptop or handheld computer to within 12 yards of accuracy. The system also allows an officer to determine if a parolee takes other than an approved route to and from work.

ILLEGAL SEX

Although many states still have laws that ban oral and/or anal sex, activists are getting them overturned. Earlier this year, Arizona repealed laws that since 1901 had criminalized cohabitation and sodomy. In Minnesota, a judge declared the state's sodomy law unconstitutional. And in Louisiana, a judge ruled that officials can't enforce a law against "unnatural carnal copulation." Updates are available online at sodomylaws.org.

HOUSE OF CADS

WETHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT—Richard Levitt's first mistake was to leave his laptop open at the hotel where he and his girlfriend were staying. She noticed her image on the screen, then spotted a miniature camera aimed at the bed. Searching his computer, she discovered that Levitt had posted explicit video of her on a website for swingers. She also learned that Levitt had another lover—and a wife. The

girlfriend phoned the wife to reveal the affair, then contacted the other woman. The two mistresses confronted Levitt at his home, and police came to the scene. After sorting it all out, prosecutors charged Levitt with voyeurism, dissemination of voyeuristic materials and lying to police.

RUBBER WRIT

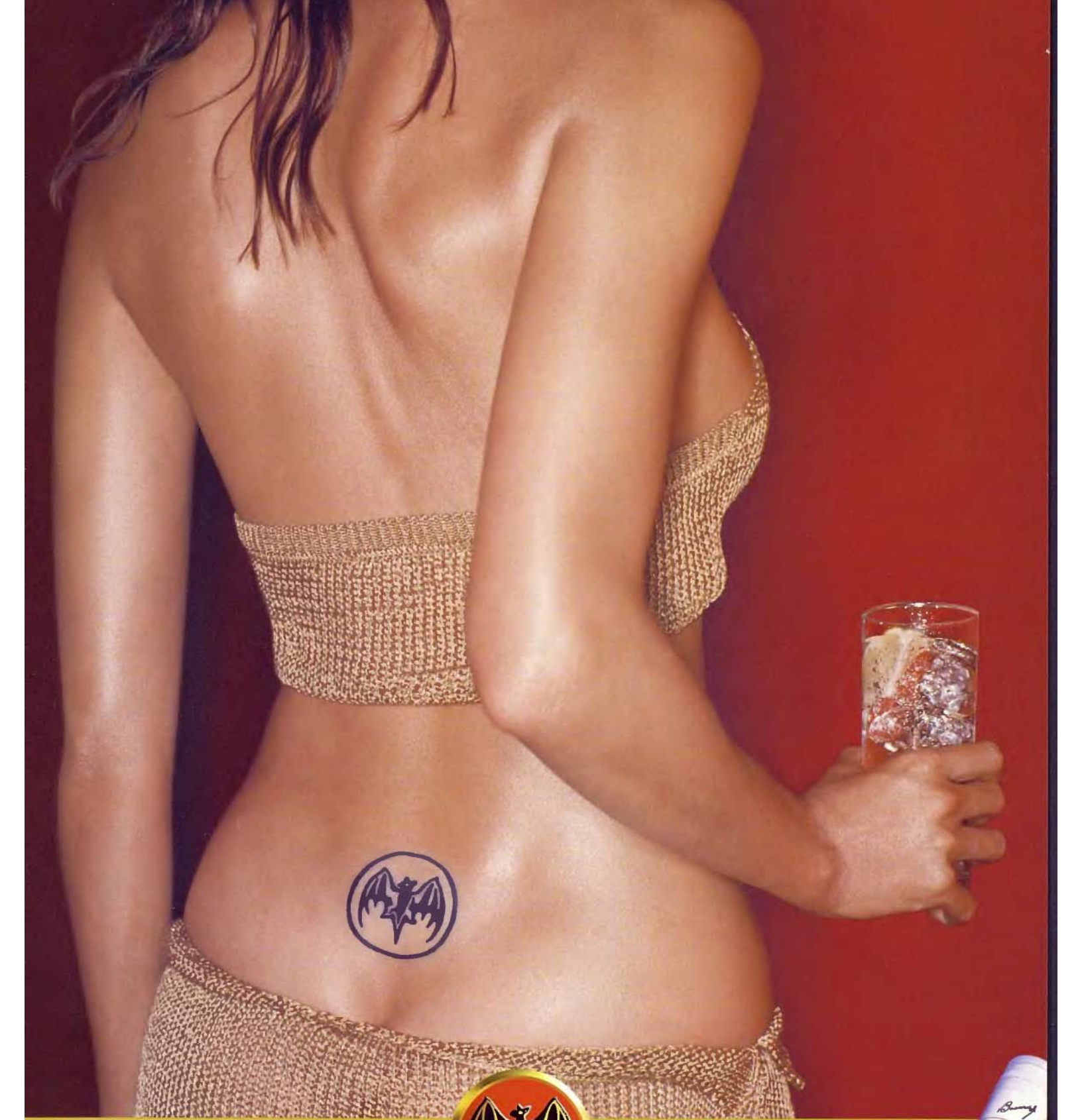
LONDON—A British inventor hopes to make his fortune from a condom that he says can protect a man from false accusations of date rape. The Consent Condom is emblazoned with the slogan YES, I AGREE TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU and comes with a plastic insert that a woman marks with a thumbprint. However, a lawyer noted a major flaw: The condom would prove only that the woman had been present, not whether she later withdrew her consent. A therapist added, "If you don't trust someone enough not to accuse you of rape afterward, maybe sex isn't such a good idea."

NICE RACKET

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—Police arrested three young women who apparently figured out how to make the most of their charms. The trio rubbed their bosoms with powerful sedatives and then struck poses to catch the attention of passersby in a



wealthy neighborhood. Once the men managed to get to second base and kiss or lick one of the women's breasts, it was lights out. The victims would awake without their wallets and cars, and no idea of what had happened.

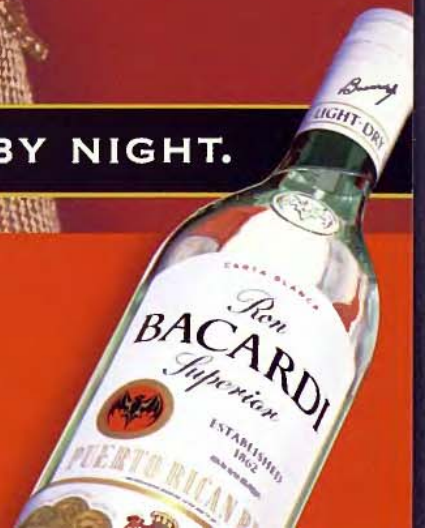


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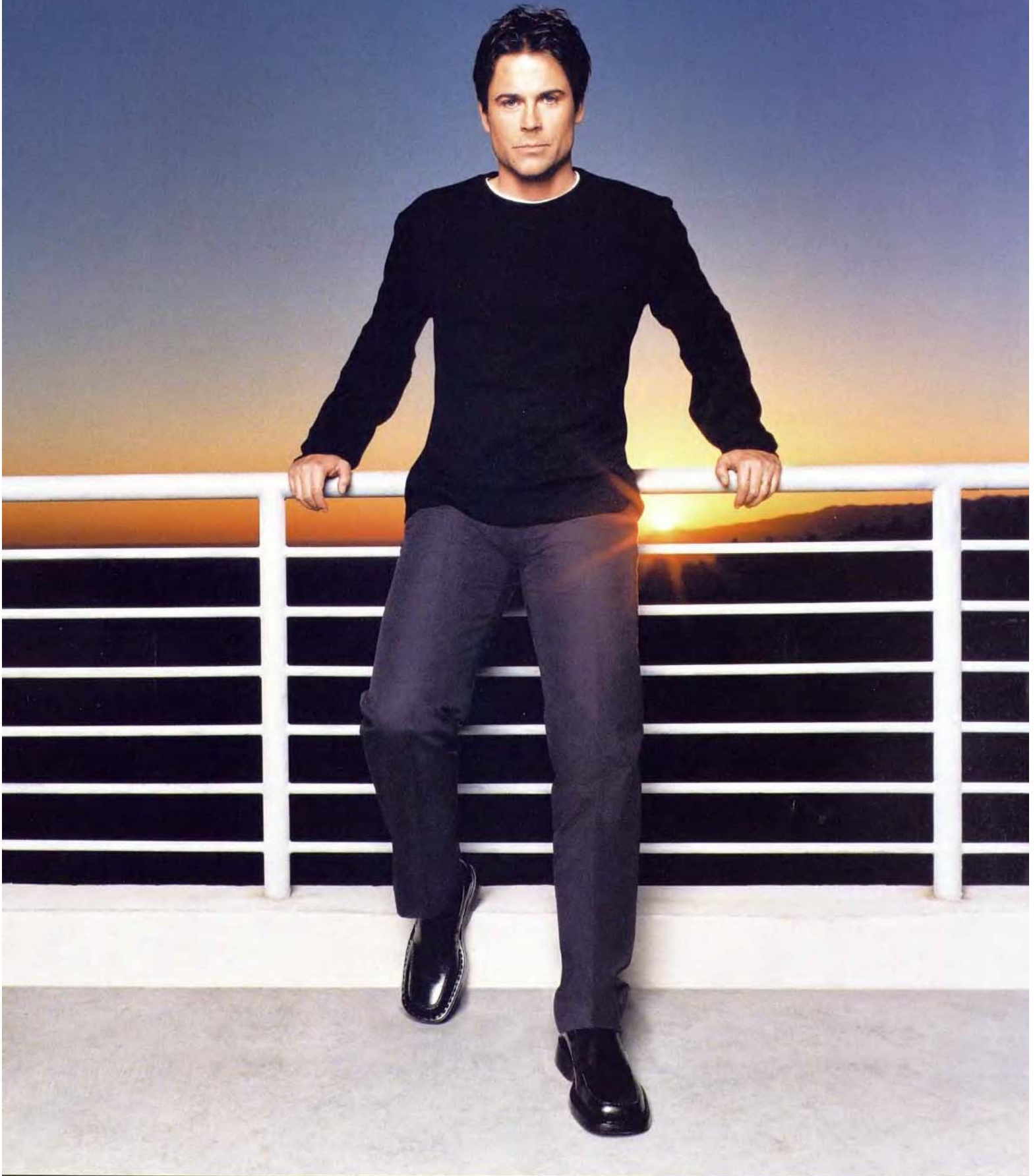


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SKECHERS
COLLECTION
FOOTWEAR

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOEL & ETHAN COEN

a candid conversation with the maverick filmmakers about blowing up cows and rabbits, avoiding the studio system and working the Hollywood baby pit

A barber pole twirls outside the window and three barber chairs are in a row, facing a wall of mirrors. On a shelf is a collection of razors, clippers, scissors and aftershave lotion. When a man lazily sits in one of the chairs, the barber, who is dressed in white, asks, "What'll it be?" The guy answers, "Just a trim."

It's a scene replayed throughout America every day, but this isn't a real barbershop. This barber isn't really a barber, either. It's Billy Bob Thornton, the actor and director renowned for the 1996 movie *Sling Blade*, whose lack of training as a barber doesn't stop him from cutting hair. There's a line of people—mostly extras who are here with the hope of a quick scene in the movie—waiting for haircuts. "The sad thing is that Billy Bob thinks he's good," says the movie's co-writer Ethan Coen. "He's like one of those guys who trains to be a boxer for a boxing movie, then thinks he can beat people up." Ethan and his brother, Joel Coen, cackle about Thornton's "victims." "We've seen some pretty gruesome haircuts."

Bad haircuts are only one of the offbeat things moviegoers are likely to find in a Coen brothers movie. Joel and Ethan, who jointly write, direct, edit and

produce their movies, have been called the Merry Pranksters of filmmaking. Working mostly outside of the traditional studio system, the Coens produce movies that are black, hilarious and violent, with thin or confused plots and twisted, grotesque, if unforgettable, characters. The movie business is known for adhering to formula and its aversion to risk, but many of the Coens' movies seem not only noncommercial but anticommmercial. Woody Allen may be the only other director who is consistently able to make whatever movies he wants without regard for box-office potential (which isn't to say that some Coen brothers movies haven't done well at the box office). And while Woody Allen's movies are sweet and somewhat predictable, the Coens' are neither.

Who else would have brutally and messily exploded a cow in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, or hand-grenaded a rabbit in *Raising Arizona*? But their most violent moments have been saved for humans, leaving such indelible images as John Goodman charging through an inferno while blasting a shotgun in *Barton Fink*. Or Steve Buscemi being violent stuffed into a wood chipper (blood spraying everywhere) in *Fargo*. Or Dan Hedaya being

buried alive in their first movie, *Blood Simple*. (When he tries to rise up, he's furiously beaten back down with a shovel.) In their latest movie, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, the Coens knock off *Tony Soprano*. The character in the film played by *Sopranos* star James Gandolfini dies slowly, thick blood gurgling from a tiny hole in his jugular vein.

Shot in black and white and set in the California town of Santa Rosa in 1949, the movie is inspired by Alfred Hitchcock and James M. Cain. Thornton, as barber Ed Crane, starts out as one of the bleakest characters in movie history. His wife, played by Frances McDormand (Joel's wife, who won an Academy Award for her performance in *Fargo*), has an affair with Gandolfini, who winds up on the wrong end of a cigar cutter. The movie does the film noir genre proud not only with a generous amount of infidelity, greed and bad luck but with a sleazy toothpick-chewing detective, an oily defense lawyer and a sexy but sad shaving scene (in which Thornton shaves McDormand's legs). Ethan says the movie is about "ordinary middle-American people who get into a situation that spirals out of control."

There is nothing ordinary about the characters in any Coen brothers film, beginning with 1984's *Blood Simple*, another film noir about infidelity and greed. "It is the most inventive and original thriller in many a moon," wrote David Ansen in *Newsweek*, "a maliciously entertaining murder story."

Next came *Raising Arizona*, a surreal comedy with Holly Hunter and Nicolas Cage that moved at the pace of a Roadrunner cartoon, then *Miller's Crossing*, a meditation on loyalty and betrayal set in America's organized crime community of the Thirties.

In 1991 the Coens released *Barton Fink*, a scathing look at the Hollywood film industry of the early Forties that quickly became a classic and won the *Palme d'Or* at the Cannes Film Festival. Throughout their ascent, the Coens worked with a regular crew of unusual actors, including McDormand, Goodman, John Turturro, Hunter and Buscemi, whose careers were propelled by their performances in Coen brothers films. The Coens' successes gave them access to bigger stars, including Tim Robbins and Paul Newman, who appeared in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, a lyrical fable in the tradition of Frank Capra and Preston



JOEL: "The issue of violence in movies bores me. The discussion about violence in movies is endless. There's all this political stuff around it."



ETHAN: "We don't generally worry about repeating ourselves. Being original and always doing the new thing is incredibly overrated."



JOEL: "You would never know whether Brando was going to show up and want to play the part as a bagel. I think he has gone off the deep end."



ETHAN: "Awards put a movie on people's radar. Festivals are good even though the idea of putting movies in competition is ridiculous."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MELINDA SUE GORDON

THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE ARE BASIC



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Sturges. It was McDormand, however, who helped catapult their biggest hit, *Fargo*, to six Independent Spirit Awards and seven Oscar nominations. It won two—McDormand for best actress and Joel and Ethan for best screenplay.

The *Big Lebowski* (1998) cast Jeff Bridges as a Venice Beach stoner and John Goodman as a slightly unhinged Vietnam vet pitted against avant-garde artists, pornographers and German nihilists. Last year's *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, a Depression-era tale of a mismatched trio who escape a chain gang and then have a series of adventures rambling around the Old South, features a hilarious performance by George Clooney.

After *The Man Who Wasn't There* opens, the Coens head for Japan to shoot an adaptation of James Dickey's third and final novel, *To the White Sea*. Published in 1993, it's a stark story that chronicles the adventures of a World War II tailgunner shot down on a mission over Tokyo. The movie, starring Brad Pitt, has a budget of \$45 million, which makes it their most expensive film to date. A big chunk of the budget will be spent re-creating the 1945 firebombing of Tokyo. The film is almost dialogue free, a modern-day silent film.

The Coens were born in a suburb of Minneapolis called St. Louis Park—Joel in 1954, Ethan in 1957. Their father was an economics professor at the University of Minnesota and their mother an art history professor at St. Cloud State. Smart, sophisticated kids but unexceptional students, they mostly skied and watched movies. They saw Truffaut's *400 Blows* in a high school cinema club but claim to have been more inspired by Dean Jones and Doris Day comedies, cheap horror flicks and Tarzan movies.

In their early teens the Coens mowed lawns and saved money to buy a Vivitar camera. With it, they began shooting Super-8 movies, including such early efforts as a remake of *Naked Prey* called *Zeimers in Zambia*, a remake of *Lassie Come Home* called *Ed*, a *Dog* that featured Ethan as the female lead (costumed in his older sister's tutu) and *The Banana Film*, the story of a man with an uncanny ability to smell bananas.

As teenagers, both Coens attended Simon's Rock College of Bard, a college for high school age students in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Joel spent a lot of his free time in Manhattan and in the mid-Seventies he enrolled in the film studies program at New York University. Of his years at NYU, Joel says, "I was a cipher there. I sat at the back of the room with an insane grin on my face." After college, he spent the early Eighties working as an assistant in various capacities on a series of low-budget films. As related in Ronald Bergan's book on the brothers, filmmaker Barry Sonnenfeld hired Joel to be a production assistant on an industrial film. "Without a doubt the worst PA I ever worked with," Sonnenfeld recalls. "He got three parking tickets, came late and set fire to the smoke machine."

Ethan, meanwhile, headed to Princeton, where he studied philosophy and wrote a

senior thesis titled "Two Views of Wittgenstein's Later Philosophy." During that time, he temporarily left school and then applied for readmission. When he was late getting the forms in, he wrote that he'd had his arm blown off in a hunting accident. He was readmitted only after a meeting with the college psychiatrist. In 1979, he moved to Manhattan and had a series of temporary jobs. The brothers soon began writing scripts together in their spare time. By 1981, they had written *Blood Simple*. They shot a three-minute trailer for their nonexistent movie and used it to secure funding for the film. In September 1982, the Coens went to Austin, Texas and shot *Blood Simple* in eight weeks. They divided up the credits on the movie the way they've subsequently appeared on all their films: written by Joel and Ethan Coen, produced by Ethan Coen, directed by Joel Coen. In fact, it's an arbitrary listing, because both of them share all the duties on all of their films. They even jointly edit their movies under the pseudonym Roderick Jaynes.

Joel's first marriage fell by the wayside. When Frances McDormand was cast as the female lead in *Blood Simple*, he fell in love with her. They married in 1984 and now live on Manhattan's Upper West Side with their seven-year-old son. Ethan met his wife, editor Tricia Cooke, on the set of *Miller's Crossing*. They live in lower Manhattan and have a five-year-old son and an infant daughter.

The Coen brothers work nonstop and are notoriously reluctant interview subjects, but *PLAYBOY* managed to sit them down while they were completing *The Man Who Wasn't There*. **Kristine McKenna**, who recently spoke with Tim Burton for the magazine, was tapped for the assignment. Here's her report:

"Besides their strange sensibility and moviemaking talent, the most remarkable thing about the Coen brothers is their relationship. They spend an extraordinary amount of time together, yet they don't interrupt each other; they laugh at each other's jokes, listen to each other's ideas with interest and seem to genuinely like each other. They talk like they make their films—one of them mentions a fragment of an idea, the other takes it further and they bounce it back and forth until it metamorphoses into something interesting, provocative, silly or—often—weird."

PLAYBOY: How important is commercial success to you?

JOEL: We want the movies to be seen. At the same time, we're resigned to the fact that we're not making commercial movies and the appeal will be limited.

ETHAN: On the other hand, if a movie does better than you thought it would, it's gratifying. Conversely, it's disappointing if it doesn't perform up to your expectations.

PLAYBOY: What hasn't?

ETHAN: *The Hudsucker Proxy* was the worst commercially. *Miller's Crossing* didn't do any business, either. From a financial point of view, they were disasters.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why they failed?

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JOEL: That's the same as trying to find out why one worked. After the fact, it's bogus. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Is there no relationship between commercial success and good movies? Can you see reasons why *Fargo* was a hit and *The Hudsucker Proxy* wasn't?

ETHAN: No.

JOEL: No.

ETHAN: Within certain broad parameters you know a movie might appeal to a wider audience than another one, but we're not kidding ourselves.

JOEL: We thought *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* could appeal to a wider audience, and we knew *Barton Fink* never would.

ETHAN: But we had no idea *Fargo* was going to do any business at all.

JOEL: That's true. We thought it was like *Barton Fink*. We thought, We're going to make it really cheaply and nobody will get hurt. We used to try to figure this stuff out. We thought it was important to know why some movies were successful and some weren't if we wanted to survive in the business. We gave up. After the fact, it's easy to come up with reasons. Fran's performance had a lot to do with *Fargo*. People loved it. However, while we were shooting the film we had no idea the public was going to love that character. On the other hand, I thought Jennifer Jason Leigh was really funny in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, but the performance seemed to rub people the wrong way. Why? Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Do the awards feel random, too?

JOEL: You have a better sense of the awards. We knew *The Big Lebowski* wasn't an awards kind of movie.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JOEL: It's a silly comedy. *Raising Arizona* was another silly comedy.

ETHAN: Comedy in general doesn't get invited on that circuit.

JOEL: On the other hand, we knew that *The Man Who Wasn't There* would be invited to Cannes, where it won a big prize.

ETHAN: It's in black and white.

JOEL: Black and white invites prizes.

ETHAN: Especially from the French.

PLAYBOY: Where does quality come in?

ETHAN: Awards are not about quality.

JOEL: We go to competitions because the movies get more attention. That's the main reason. The press attention is important with our movies. We don't have the advertising budget that, say, *Pearl Harbor* does.

ETHAN: The awards put a movie on people's radar. Festivals are good, even though the idea of putting movies in competitions—this one is the best this, that one is the best that—is ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to make virtually any movie you want without interference from movie studios?

JOEL: We're mercifully free of the Hollywood committee development process and the process of making the movie.

They understand that if they are going to do a movie with us, they'll let us do it our way.

ETHAN: We've never been messed with.

JOEL: For a couple reasons.

ETHAN: For one, we write the script. We tell the story the way we want and no one tells us what we should be doing. Also, our movies are cheap. It's nothing for them. Most of the movies they're making give them bigger headaches.

JOEL: No one will get fired over one of our movies.

ETHAN: Nobody even had much to say about *O Brother*, which cost more than the others, because the financial health of the movie studio didn't depend on such a small movie.

PLAYBOY: Joel once said, "Ethan has a nightmare of one day finding me on the set of something like *The Incredible Hulk*, wearing a gold chain and saying 'I've got to eat, don't I?'" Could you ever sell out?

JOEL: The whole selling-out thing really isn't an issue because neither of us finds money that interesting.

ETHAN: The movie people let us play in the corner of the sandbox and leave us alone. We're happy here.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that it's a small and uncrowded corner? Who else besides you and perhaps Woody Allen can make whatever movies they want?

JOEL: Maybe Woody Allen and us. Yeah.

ETHAN: There are some big directors who've made huge hits who can do what they want.

JOEL: But they aren't as marginal as we are. There aren't many who have marginally commercial movies and have our freedom. We're lucky. We know it. It's back to the fact that we work cheap.

ETHAN: That's really the long and the short of it.

JOEL: Our movies are inexpensive because we storyboard our films in the same highly detailed way Hitchcock did. As a result, there's little improvisation. Preproduction is cheap compared with trying to figure things out on a set with an entire crew standing around.

ETHAN: So we're left alone, which is indeed sort of miraculous.

PLAYBOY: Do the distributors have a say at all?

ETHAN: No. They say things, but we don't necessarily listen. They were nervous about the new movie.

JOEL: Principally because it was in black and white.

ETHAN: People were terrified of that. Black and white stigmatizes a movie in the eyes of the exhibitors. It means it's an art film. They are leery of it. They may have good reasons, I don't know. However, it was important to us to make it black and white, though it was harder to get the financing.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider switching to color?

ETHAN: No. We just wouldn't have made it, at least not now. We would have put

it in a drawer.

JOEL: We got away with it because, once again, the movie was cheap. It was under \$20 million. That said, we know we're lucky. We're in an enviable position. We've made enough of these things—it's not as if we're just starting out. We're a known quantity. When we first started, we were lucky because there was a lot less activity in the independent film world. There weren't 700 movies submitted a year to the Sundance Film Festival. It was easier to get some attention. There was less noise.

PLAYBOY: Would it be tougher to release *Blood Simple* now?

JOEL: I imagine it would be. We're lucky because now people know who we are. We have a track record in the market, for what it's worth.

ETHAN: Our record goes both ways, though.

JOEL: Yes, they know they can lose a little money on us, too [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: You have been called the "grandfathers of the independent filmmaker movement." Are you proud of your progeny?

ETHAN: God! You're not going to make us responsible for that, are you?

PLAYBOY: Is that a bad thing?

ETHAN: The thing is, people have always been making films outside of the studios.

JOEL: For decades there was marginal, nonnarrative stuff. The current variety of independent films started in the Sixties with people like Roger Corman, Russ Meyer and, later, John Sayles.

ETHAN: We aren't the grandfathers of any movement. In the Eighties, the so-called indie film movement was a media creation. What I found irritating is that "independent" became an encomium. If it was independent, it was supposed to be good, and studio films were bad. Obviously, there are bad independent films and good studio films.

PLAYBOY: *The Hudsucker Proxy* was the first time you worked with a big-name Hollywood producer, Joel Silver. Were you apprehensive about working with him?

JOEL: We were a little, because of his reputation. However, Joel is a smart guy and he knew what we were looking for when we got into business with him. We weren't looking for a partner in terms of the nitty-gritty of the production. We were looking for someone to help us with the studio and help us finance the movie. He offered his services on that basis. When he says he'll do something, he does it.

PLAYBOY: Another thing that has come with your success are big-name actors. Is it different working with people such as George Clooney, Brad Pitt or Paul Newman?

JOEL: The bigger stars we've worked with have been without the movie-star vanities or meshugaas that you read about and dread. Clooney, for example, was the opposite. He has no entourage. He's

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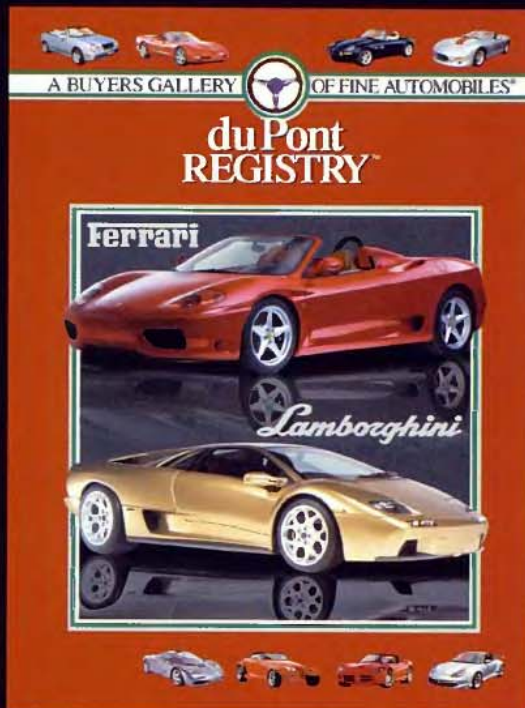
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a big movie star, but he's a nice guy.

ETHAN: Paul Newman, too. It's in part self-selecting. We pay so little. The people who want to have their movie-star things indulged wouldn't work with us.

JOEL: We couldn't give them the stuff they're used to.

ETHAN: Someone who wanted a big salary and a lot of attention would tell us to get lost. If they work with us, they are doing it for other reasons. They wouldn't be doing it if they were coming with some movie-star agenda.

JOEL: Definitely not for the money.

ETHAN: Or more fame. Our movies don't make them recognized on the street, necessarily.

PLAYBOY: Are you recognized on the street?

JOEL: If people recognize me, it's because they're looking at my credit card. Frankly, nobody gives a shit. I get a little more of it when I'm with Fran, because people recognize her. Her fame can occasionally be intrusive, but she's not in the category of people who can't go out.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever take advantage of her celebrity?

JOEL: Sometimes Fran will be in a crowded New York restaurant and the manager will give her a card with a number she can call so she can get a reservation even if there aren't any available. Has she ever used that? Yeah, probably.

PLAYBOY: Do you write movies with actors—Fran or anyone else—in mind?

ETHAN: Half-and-half. We often think about people we know and have worked with before. With Fran, with John Turturro. With some of the other people.

PLAYBOY: Did you discover Turturro?

JOEL: We knew him before we did *Miller's Crossing*. He went to school with Fran. You get to know one actor and you're on a slippery slope.

PLAYBOY: Is it gratifying to set people like him off on successful careers?

JOEL: It's a mutual thing.

PLAYBOY: How about Steve Buscemi?

JOEL: We met him in an audition. When there's a great collaboration like the one with him, you want to work together again.

PLAYBOY: When you first cast John Goodman, he was about to begin work on *Roseanne*.

ETHAN: The TV show hadn't begun and he wasn't well known. He just came in on an audition.

JOEL: We work with someone and—I don't know. It works or not. There's sympathy to a working style and getting along well. There's also the actor's ability, of course. Something just happens.

ETHAN: They understand the material in a full way. In addition, they surprise you by what they bring to the roles.

PLAYBOY: How have you cast people like Billy Bob Thornton, Jeff Bridges or Paul Newman?

JOEL: We write these things and we need actors. Other than the parts for the peo-

ple we always work with, we don't really have an idea who will play the parts. Sometimes we think about the role and about actors we know from their work.

PLAYBOY: Did you ask Paul Newman?

ETHAN: Yes. We asked and he said yes. We couldn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel intimidated working with him?

JOEL: Not at all. Paul is a regular guy in the very best way. He is completely unaffected. The only actor I imagine might make us nervous is Brando. You'd never know whether he was going to show up and want to play the part as a bagel or something. I think he's gone off the deep end.

PLAYBOY: How did you cast *Fargo*?

JOEL: We wrote Fran's part for Fran and Steve Buscemi's part for Steve. But Bill Macy came in during a casting session.

PLAYBOY: *Fargo* was loosely based on a 1987 kidnapping that took place in Minnesota. Are you often inspired by real events?

JOEL: We found the story compelling, but we weren't interested in rendering the details as they were. We're not big on research and we just don't care at a certain point.

PLAYBOY: Did a real person inspire the Dude, Jeff Bridges' character in *The Big Lebowski*?

ETHAN: Yes.

JOEL: Definitely [they laugh].

ETHAN: A couple people in LA did, especially one guy. We spent time in LA and met a few people who were quintessentially LA people. One guy in particular—a producer—was like the guy in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Did you do a lot of research about the drug culture, or do you know about it from personal experience?

ETHAN: It's just this guy. The guy is a pot-head and stuck in the Sixties. A former SDS guy. There are a lot of those people out there like him.

PLAYBOY: Do you often base your characters on real people?

JOEL: Often the characters are composites. Normally.

ETHAN: And sometimes they're not.

PLAYBOY: Are there actors you've written parts for who have repeatedly turned you down?

JOEL: It took us a long time to get Jeff Bridges to take the part in *The Big Lebowski*. He danced around it for a while. I've heard that he does that on every movie. He's slow to take a part and has a lot of insecurity about it before he commits to it. But once he does, the insecurity evaporates. That was another fun working experience.

PLAYBOY: Which star from the past do you most regret having missed the opportunity to work with?

ETHAN: Richard Burton would have been good.

JOEL: I'd like to have worked with Fred MacMurray.



BOZ SCAGGS DIG

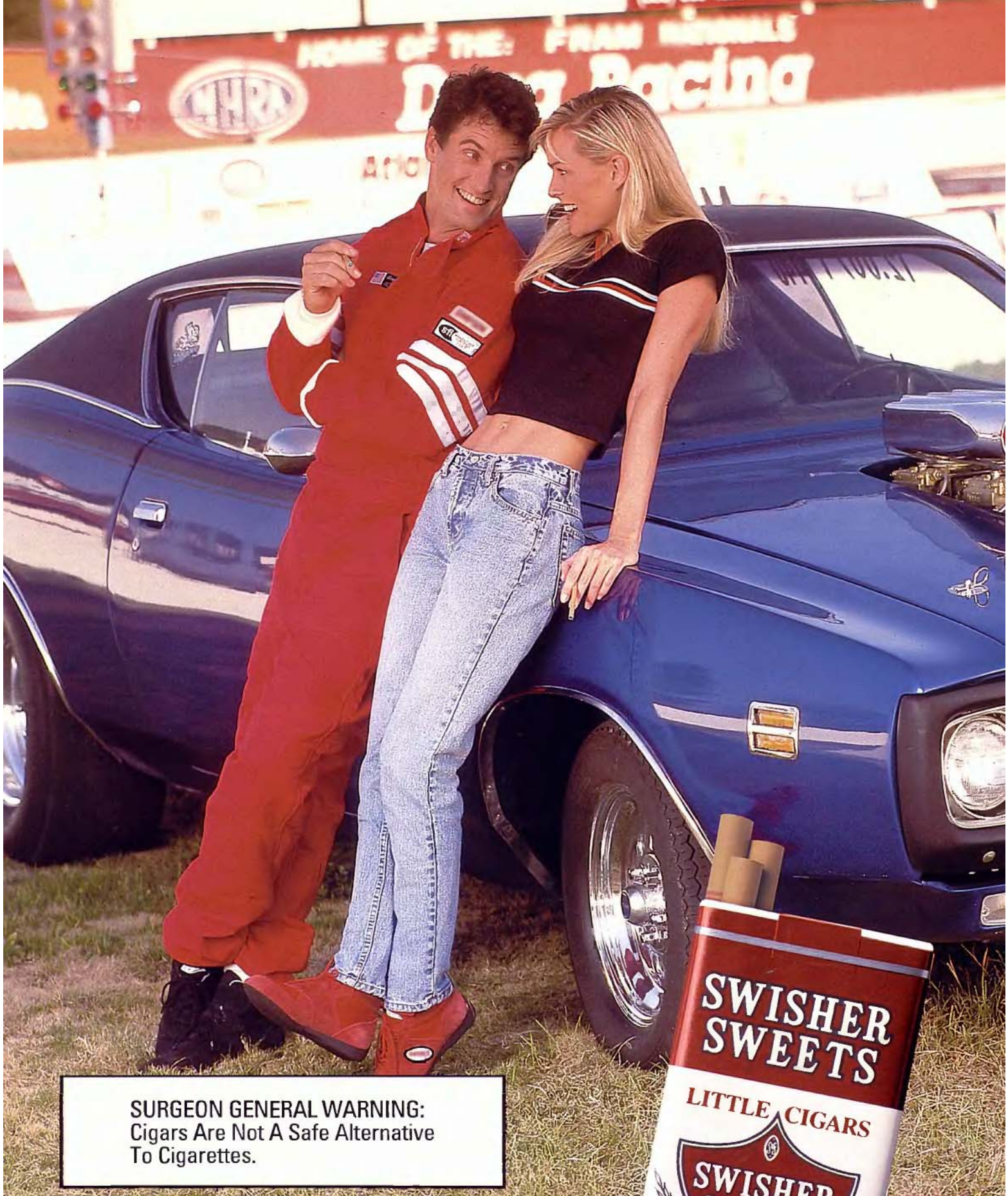
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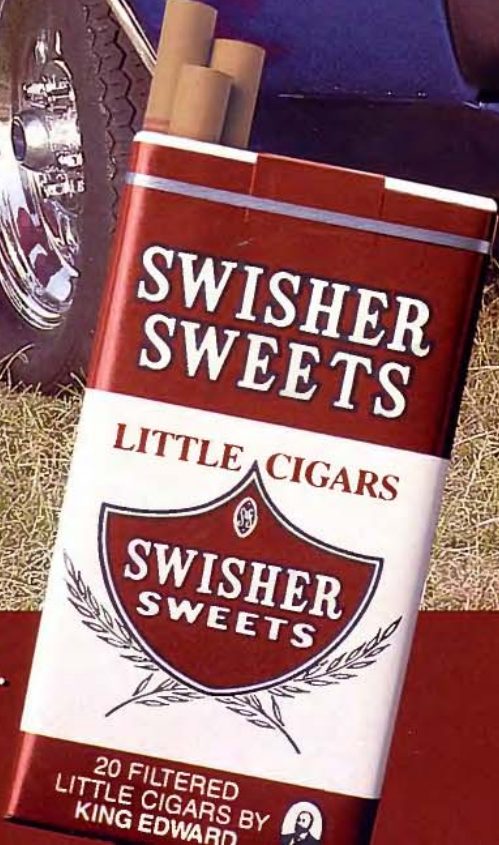
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small parts, and we always really liked him. I hear he's great in *The Sopranos*, though.

PLAYBOY: Is it a moral or practical decision not to watch TV?

JOEL: I don't know what it is.

ETHAN: I'm just not interested.

JOEL: I watch the news.

ETHAN: I watch the news, too. But I couldn't tell you about any of the regular shows that are on now.

PLAYBOY: How about movies? Do you try to keep up with them?

ETHAN: I go when I get a chance. I see whatever is nearby and playing at the right time, which means I don't necessarily see the movies I'm particularly interested in seeing.

JOEL: Our moviegoing habits have changed over the past five or six years, mostly because we have kids.

ETHAN: We see a lot of kid movies.

PLAYBOY: Is that good or bad?

ETHAN: It's not good. With some exceptions. *Chicken Run* was good. It might be the last good movie I've seen.

JOEL: I'm curious about *Shrek* because my kid saw it four times. The kids want to see every Disney movie that comes out. Some are hard to sit through.

ETHAN: There were many years when we saw a lot of movies—the cold weather of the Midwest drives you inside to watch movies. Now we don't.

JOEL: Recently I liked *Amores Perros*. I also liked *Sexy Beast*.

PLAYBOY: Do you generally prefer art and foreign movies?

JOEL: Yeah. If I have a chance, I try to see those kinds.

PLAYBOY: We've discussed violence in your movies, but how about sex? British film writer Ronald Bergan wrote, "The Coens avoid the obligatory sex scenes found in most adult films." Why?

ETHAN: What about the orgy scene in *The Big Lebowski*?

JOEL: Yeah, and there's a sex scene in *Barton Fink*, too, although it does end up with the woman being decapitated.

PLAYBOY: What about—

JOEL: And the scene in *Barton Fink* where John Turturro and John Goodman wrestle? We consider that a sex scene. [*Ethan laughs heartily*]. I don't know. We're of the school of panning away to the waterfall or the steaming kettle or the flock of geese flying.

PLAYBOY: Is it that you dislike sex scenes?

JOEL: It's that there aren't many scenes of that sort that are done well. Pedro Almodóvar does them well, but he's the only one. It's not that I don't find that aspect of film interesting, but I'm not interested in doing it.

PLAYBOY: *The Man Who Wasn't There* has been described as a return to your beginnings. Is it?

ETHAN: I suppose so. It's definitely more hard-boiled than *O Brother* is.

JOEL: The movie takes place in Santa

Rosa in 1949, the same time and setting as Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt*, which, along with *Psycho*, is probably my favorite Hitchcock film.

PLAYBOY: *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* is said to be loosely based on *The Wizard of Oz*. Is that true?

JOEL: That was definitely an inspiration and a big influence on the movie. In fact, one of my favorite shots in the film is strongly reminiscent of *The Wizard of Oz*. It's a shot of George Clooney, Tim Nelson and John Turturro peering through some bushes while looking down on a Ku Klux Klan meeting.

PLAYBOY: The Klan members perform an elaborately choreographed dance. What inspired that bizarre scene?

JOEL: The dance combines aspects of the witch's castle scene in *The Wizard of Oz*, a number from a Busby Berkeley musical and some interesting old films we saw of the Klan. They marched in formation like that. It really was like a synthesis of Busby Berkeley and Nuremberg.

PLAYBOY: *Barton Fink* features a character named W.P. Mayhew who's played by John Mahoney and is loosely based on William Faulkner, who you've both expressed great admiration for. What's your favorite Faulkner book?

JOEL: *Light in August*, but don't ask me why. The other one I like a lot is *The Wild Palms*. We steal many names from Faulkner, but we haven't attempted to steal a whole book, yet [*laughing*]. *O Brother*, for instance, has a character named Vernon T. Waldrip, and we got that name from *The Wild Palms*.

PLAYBOY: At what point does an homage to a genre become a spoof of a genre?

JOEL: We've always tried to emulate the sources of genre movies rather than the movies themselves. For instance, *Blood Simple* grew out of the fact that we started reading James M. Cain's novels in 1979 and liked the hard-boiled style. We wanted to write a James M. Cain story and put it in a modern context. We've never considered our stuff either homage or spoof. Those are things other people call it, and it's always puzzled me that they do.

PLAYBOY: *The Man Who Wasn't There* was also based on Cain's work. What do you like about his stories?

JOEL: What intrigues us about Cain is that the heroes of his stories are nearly always schlubs—loser guys involved in dreary, banal existences. Cain was interested in people's workaday lives, and he wrote about guys who worked as insurance salesmen or in banks, and we took that as a cue. Even though there's a crime in this story, we were still interested in what this guy, who's a barber, does as a barber. We wanted to examine exactly what the day-to-day was like for a guy who gives haircut after haircut.

PLAYBOY: On the set, Billy Bob Thornton was giving real haircuts to extras and crew members. Did you get one?

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ETHAN: Are you kidding?

JOEL: No way. We had to hire someone to fix the haircuts he was giving people.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you're more attracted to film noir as a literary form than as a film genre. Are noir books better than the movies that are based on them?

JOEL: Most of the movies aren't as good as the books, although there are exceptions. John Huston's film noirs like *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Asphalt Jungle* are great, but many film noirs are crummy. Everyone loves *Out of the Past*, for instance, and Kirk Douglas is good in it, but it's a little overcooked.

PLAYBOY: Critics write about your films as if they are challenged to crack some sort of code in order to grasp your real intentions. Are they reading in too much?

JOEL: That's how they've been trained to watch movies. Several critics interpreted *Barton Fink* as a parable for the Holocaust. They said the same thing about *Miller's Crossing*. The critic J. Hoberman cooked up this elaborate theory about the scene where Bernie is taken into the woods to be killed. In *Barton Fink*, we may have encouraged it—like teasing the animals at the zoo. The movie is intentionally ambiguous in ways they may not be used to seeing.

PLAYBOY: Your critics seem to hold you to a higher standard. Do you think about them when you're making movies?

ETHAN: Never.

PLAYBOY: Are you consciously trying to do something different each time out?

JOEL: Not really. We were out filming this scene in *Fargo* where a car is approaching in the distance on an empty stretch of highway as Steve Buscemi is dragging a state trooper's body off the road. As we were shooting that scene, Ethan and I looked at each other and we both said, "It seems like we've been here before." There's an almost identical scene in *Blood Simple*. It's a complete accident.

ETHAN: We don't generally worry about repeating ourselves. Being original and always doing the new thing is incredibly overrated.

PLAYBOY: All of your movies are set in the past. Are you less interested in the present or future?

JOEL: The past has a kind of exoticism. Setting a story in the past is a way of further fictionalizing it. It's not about reminiscence, because our movies are about a past that we have never experienced. It's more about imagination. Right before we made *Barton Fink*, for instance, we read a book called *City of Nets* by Otto Friedrich that was essentially a history of Los Angeles and Hollywood in the Forties. It was an intensely evocative book and played a role in how we conceived the film.

ETHAN: Books often play a role in our becoming interested in a period or a place.

to *Mildred Pierce*, which wasn't much of a movie but was a great James M. Cain novel set in Glendale in the Forties. The book *Mildred Pierce* is actually the saga of Glendale, but the movie didn't bother getting into any of that.

PLAYBOY: Several of your films incorporate elements of screwball comedies. What's your favorite of that genre?

JOEL: *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, although I'm not sure that it's technically a screwball comedy.

ETHAN: As for contemporary attempts at screwball comedy, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* was pretty funny, in a screwball kind of way. *Used Cars*, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch them when you were kids?

ETHAN: I like all of Preston Sturges' comedies.

PLAYBOY: What's your earliest memory?

ETHAN: I remember moving across the street. We moved from one house into the house across the street.

JOEL: Our parents liked the neighborhood. I remember climbing on top of the stove and setting my pajamas on fire when I was three years old. [Laughing] I

*I hate to say this,
but the best part of
Dancer in the Dark
was when Björk beat
David Morse to death
with a metal box.*

remember the expression on my parents' faces.

PLAYBOY: What was the first film that made an impression on you?

JOEL: I remember going to see *David Copperfield* when I was four and being completely freaked out by the scene where David's father beats the shit out of him. It upset me so much that I had to leave. Right after that I saw *All Hands on Deck*, which was much more my speed.

ETHAN: I have a vivid memory of seeing a film called *Hatari*. There's an elephant stampede at the end of it.

JOEL: From an early age we were into what we thought were adult movies—things like *Splendor in the Grass* and *A Summer Place*.

ETHAN: They don't make that shit anymore. It's been usurped by significant, disease-of-the-week theme TV movies.

JOEL: Yes, but when we were kids, films like *Tea and Sympathy* served the purpose. *Tea and Sympathy* was a lot better than a TV movie about somebody who gets spina bifida.

PLAYBOY: Were you movie fanatics in those years?

ETHAN: There are movie nuts who are

filmmakers—Scorsese and Truffaut, for instance. Not us. We're not collectors of film and we're not as knowledgeable about movies as many of those guys. We're fond of stories; movies are a way of telling stories. We found out that we had some facility for writing them and we got an opportunity to actually make one. It's not as if we have some mystical attachment to film.

PLAYBOY: You've described your childhood as bland. Is that an accurate characterization?

JOEL: I've described it as bland to people who were digging for some explanation of why we do what we do. I remember the blandness fondly. At the same time, I was quite eager to leave when I was in my teens. As soon as I saw New York City, I wanted to be there.

PLAYBOY: How important was religion in your childhood?

ETHAN: Judaism was a central part of the house we grew up in. We had a religious upbringing. I went to Hebrew school every Saturday and had a bar mitzvah, but that just meant I got presents. I never took it seriously. Some part of it probably seeps in, but I think that's more of an ethnic than a religious thing.

JOEL: Yes, I imagine some of it influenced my point of view to a degree. But neither Ethan nor I have maintained a great deal of interest in the traditions.

PLAYBOY: Will your sons be bar mitzvahed?

JOEL: My wife is the daughter of a Disciples of Christ minister, and her sister is a minister in that church. Our son [who's adopted] was born in Paraguay to a Catholic family, so it's complicated. Fran's more into summer solstice. I guess you could say our son's being brought up as a pagan.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

JOEL: Not in the Jewish sense. I don't believe in the angry God, Yahweh.

PLAYBOY: What do you think happens after death?

JOEL: You rot and decompose.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in the law of karma—that we reap what we sow? Or do some people get away with murder?

JOEL: Some people do get away with murder.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in capital punishment?

JOEL: No.

ETHAN: No.

PLAYBOY: How did having your children change you?

JOEL: I certainly see fewer movies.

PLAYBOY: Has it changed your filmmaking at all?

JOEL: Mmm. No.

PLAYBOY: Does filmmaking ever become tedious?

JOEL: Parts of the business are tedious. We had no idea how much promotion you have to do. It wasn't until we were

(continued on page 168)

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WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE WANT?

THE MOST
DYNAMIC
MASS MOVEMENT
IN DECADES HAS
NO NAME AND
NO LEADER.
IT WANTS
YOU!

BY GINA WELCH

They've made headlines in Seattle, Quebec, Genoa and Washington. Tree-huggers march alongside steelworkers, making common cause with students, Sixties protest veterans, anarchists, church congregations and assorted others to protest the "secret government" that really rules the globe.

Most of the protesters who flock to world economic summits are white, but they are hardly homogeneous. Different causes boil their blood and bring them out on the streets, but they all agree on one point. Their common foe is plainly visible in the form of a few hundred multinational corporations that have made globalization an excuse for a 21st century-style corporate colonialism, in which the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, faster and faster.

As protesters see it, the global "secret government," just like any government, has an institutional apparatus. In this case the apparatus consists of the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the World Trade Organization. Their meetings and those relating to the North American Free Trade Agreement and its expanded counterpart, the Free Trade Area of the Americas, have provoked the mass protests of the recent past.

(continued on page 168)

ELF

GOT A MATCH?



The **EARTH LIBERATION FRONT** has had it with signs, puppets and petitions. It considers pollution, deforestation, urban sprawl and genetically modified foods to be sources of threat and danger. Since the first action in 1997, there have been more than two dozen acts of property destruction claimed by ELF, racking up \$40 million in damages. • ELF has no network, no list of members and no central organization. It does, however, have a website. The North American Earth Liberation Front press office disseminates communiqués on exploits, which declare them official actions of ELF. It also maintains the ELF website. But it claims to have no direct connection to ELF activists, and extensive probing by the feds has yielded no incriminating information. • But the website contains, among other things, detailed and illustrated instructions on how to set fires with electrical timers. There are diagrams of different kinds of roofs and how best to ignite them. "After constructing your first timer, you'll feel the playing field shift in your favor," the site says. Some protesters have a place in their hearts for ELFers, noting that they haven't hurt anyone. But others have doubts about what ELF's tactics accomplish.

"I DON'T HAVE A MORAL PROBLEM WITH PROPERTY DESTRUCTION. I THINK THERE IS PROBABLY A PLACE FOR IT, BUT IT SHOULD BE SPORADIC. I DON'T THINK IT IS INHERENTLY WRONG." —**ADAM HURTER, 21, AN ANARCHIST**



HORST KOEHLER

MANAGING DIRECTOR, IMF

THE GRIM GLOBAL STATISTICS



JAMES WOLFENSOHN

PRESIDENT, WORLD BANK

At the end of the 20th century, when the global financial institutions celebrated their 50th anniversaries, there were 475 billionaires in the world. Their wealth was greater than the total income of the poorest half of humanity, who number approximately 3 BILLION.

Between 1960 and the Nineties, the gap in per capita income tripled between residents of developing countries and residents of industrial countries.

Developing countries owe more than **\$2 trillion** to lenders in industrial countries, including the governments of those countries, banks, the World Bank and the IMF. The developing world has paid out five times as much capital to the industrialized world as it has received. Meanwhile, big interest payments, like the charges on credit cards, help keep poor countries poor. Typical cases include Uganda, whose government in 1996 (long after Idi Amin, who loved loans, was chased out) still paid **\$17 on debt repayment for every \$3 it spent on health care**. In 1996, 25 percent of Mozambique's children died of infectious diseases, while the country spent twice as much on debt payments as it did on health and education.

In 1995, the IMF "helped" Mexico with its peso bailout. Since then, the number of Mexicans living in poverty has

increased to more than 50 percent and the minimum wage has decreased 20 percent.

Part of the problem are the structural adjustment programs, which the IMF and World Bank call "economic reforms" and which protesters call an especially destructive aspect of the loan-sharking scenario. In many African countries the "reforms" include user fees that must be paid before a family can send a child to a school or a hospital. According to the IMF and World Bank, the user fees increase efficiency. But when they became law in Ghana, **77 percent of the street children in one city dropped out of school; in Kenya, 85 percent of the women and 40 percent of the men who attended a clinic that tests for and treats STDs stopped going, a setback in the battle against AIDS.**

VOICES IN THE CROWD

MINGLE WITH THE DEMONSTRATORS AT A PROTEST MOVEMENT GATHERING AND YOU MEET A VARIETY OF PEOPLE WITH STRONG VIEWS ON POLITICS, THE MEDIA -- AND VIOLENCE

JUSTIN RUBEN

28, is a community and labor organizer and a student at the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies.

"I think, to an alarming degree, it's still an insular movement. It's still people talking to people who look and think like them.

"The way the movement will spread is by developing leaders. Not Cesar Chavez-

type leaders, but you-and-me-type leaders, people who can help motivate the people in their neighborhood or at their workplace to come together to take action on this stuff.

"If you think back to the civil rights movement, the success of a lot of its actions was a function of the discipline that people brought to those actions. They remained dignified in the face of police dogs and fire hoses, and they were able to create actions that completely communicated everything they stood for and against. That takes some discipline. In some ways it's a much more powerful image than someone chucking a Molotov cocktail. We have to figure out a way to

do that.

"Puppets and other kinds of props add an element of grace to what we're doing. It's that contrast between lines of riot cops dressed like Darth Vader and people holding puppets. Which side do you want to be on?"

"The Boston Tea Party was a great example of well-warranted property destruction. What was the greater evil? It was the subjugation of the colonies. It wasn't the destruction of some tea. I'm not that worried about McDonald's windows. I don't think property destruction is getting us anywhere right now. It makes it easier for us to be portrayed in a way that people can't possibly identify with. That said, I don't believe in enforcing discipline on the group.

"We need to make sure that, as things get worse, those who are feeling the brunt of the system are in this movement, are working with us and not flocking to Pat Buchanan and Jörg Haider."

FELICIA HILTON

31, lives in Denver and works for Jobs With Justice, an organization dedicated to the promotion of workers' rights.

"You can't have a free market without free

Bono is just one of several pop music celebrities who have demonstrated against global economic apartheid.

people. The freer the market and the more oppressed the people, the more the market corrupts itself. If the people in this country would only unplug from the matrix, they'd see that being able to buy what you want to buy isn't freedom. Buying everything you want just oppresses other people in the world. Like buying Nike shoes for 150 bucks when they're being made by someone who's paid 29 cents a day. If we could get people in this country to stop assuming that buying things is freedom, I would consider it a victory."

ADAM EIDINGER

28, from

Pittsburgh, worked on Capitol Hill while he attended American University. He runs his own public relations firm in Washington and has helped devise some of the most dramatic political theater seen in the (continued on page 172)



AN EDUCATION

IT'S A WEB-BASED MOVEMENT HERE ARE THREE FAVORITE WEBSITES:

GLOBLEXCHANGE.ORG Founded in 1988, Global Exchange is a nonprofit group founded by lawyers, academics and veteran activists based in San Francisco. It's an excellent source of background and current information on international trade organizations, the free trade agreements and infringements on human rights around the world. Global Exchange launches campaigns to expose injustices committed by corporations and trade organizations, and it provides information on more responsible alternatives. GX offers "Reality Tours" to about a dozen countries where participants can investigate issues facing particular regions. It also provides an online store that sells crafts, coffee and food from local producers in more than 30 countries. **COMMONDREAMS.ORG** A self-described "news center providing breaking news and views for the progressive community," Common Dreams draws stories from wire services and progressive magazines and websites. It has a stockpile of articles and links to other news sites, and it offers a long list of authors—including Christopher Hitchens and Barbara Ehrenreich—whose articles are just a click away. **INFOSHOP.ORG** Intoshop is the premiere online connection to the anarchist community. The site features opinion and editorial pieces on political issues and past actions. It also offers basic information on anarchism, as well as anarchist humor, vegan cookbooks and graphics. A page called Anarchists in Trouble lists who's in jail for what, and how you can help them. There's also a link to a page of quotes from Chomsky and Thoreau.

CHOOSE THE WORLD NOT THE BANK

Celebrities such as Muhammad Ali, Ewan McGregor, Bono and Thom Yorke have championed the cause of debt relief for several years. But for all the positive attention Bono and others have brought to the movement, the media have covered violence more than they have investigated the economic issues behind the protests. Most people in the movement, especially after Genoa, remain nonviolent, inclusive and nonhierarchical. That means that the Black Bloc, the young, masked men and women clad in black, are as welcome in marches as anyone else. Protesters may deplore the property destruction Black Bloc and assorted anarchists have perpetrated, but to condemn them is to violate a movement taboo. After Carlo Giuliani was killed, Italian police raided two buildings, including a schoolhouse, where some organizers and journalists were housed. The police wrecked computers and beat the activists. Violent police and a violent minority of demonstrators could lead to more blood in the future.



In Genoa, 23-year-old Carlo Giuliani became the movement's first fatality. Protesters shattered the windows of a Carabinieri jeep. As Giuliani prepared to leave a fire extinguisher through the rear window a policeman inside the jeep fired two shots at him. Giuliani fell to the ground, blood streaming from his head.

GENOA, ITALY, SUMMER 2001



A Letter From The Sixties

Jack Newfield, who chronicled the protests of 40 years ago in "A Prophetic Minority," offers today's demonstrators some hard-won wisdom:

You are the seeds of the future. You are the carrier of the DNA gene for direct action. You have the audacity, fearlessness and intransigence to end 30 years of apathy.

So, please, don't blow it. Don't repeat the mistakes we made at the close of the Sixties.

Don't surrender to violence. Don't see the liberal ethic of reason, tolerance, diversity and civility as the enemy. Don't hate America. Believe in democracy and voting rights. Listen to ordinary Americans. Be clear about your goals, agendas and priorities—about what you want.

During the Sixties there were only a few older radicals who were willing to tell us the things we did not want to hear, who didn't patronize us or pander to us. Norman Mailer, I.F. Stone and Allen Ginsberg respected us enough to join us when we were right, and disagree when we were wrong. I hope you take my reflections in the spirit of these wise old owls, who tutored us on the road to Selma and the path to the Pentagon.

First, some of the things that I admire about your movement.

It's young and activist. You do, you don't theorize. You are absolutely right in your focus on secretive, unaccountable international institutions—the World Bank, the World Trade Organization, the International Monetary Fund. You are ripping off their fig leaves of respectability, and their myths of genteel, do-good objectivity. You are right about debt relief, and preserving the air, water and soil. You are right to focus on corporate power as the subverter of democracy and as the reason the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, all over the world. You are wise to talk about sweatshops, and to seek a living wage for every worker on the planet.

cont'd next page



I like your ambition, your utopianism, your inclusiveness, your internationalism.

But on the deficit side, I see that your movement is almost all white. I don't hear a practical, coherent program that can take us to the frontier of the possible. I see the violent fringe breaking windows, fighting police and alienating the middle class. No American movement will become a truly mass movement, a majoritarian movement, if the middle class is opposed to it. You know TV will always emphasize the vandalism and violence, at the expense of your message.

The country, the Congress and the Supreme Court are evenly divided. One Senate election, five House seats can determine fate and history. Elect some of your own to Congress. The Supreme Court selected Bush as president because he had 537 more certified votes in Florida, out of 6 million cast in that state and over 100 million cast nationally. If last year proved anything, it is that every vote counts. And 100 million nonvoters were wrong.

Let me give you my take on what happened in the Sixties. We were a mass movement for a while. About 250,000 people assembled in Washington on August 28, 1963, in a march for "jobs and freedom." Martin Luther King, the unquestioned leader of that mass movement, gave his epic "I Have a Dream" speech that afternoon. His warm-up acts were Bob Dylan, Mahalia Jackson, Joan Baez and Peter, Paul and Mary. Populist protest and insurgent popular culture came together that day. The crowd was white and black, and nobody got arrested. The march had the feel of a spiritual celebration. That's what made the middle class comfortable converts to the cause of racial justice.

You need to understand that Dr. King was the central figure of the Sixties, the one great leader who comes along once in a century. I don't expect your movement to produce another King anytime soon, but you do need identifiable leaders who can make decisions, articulate what you want, on television. King believed in nonviolence, democracy, integration and economic equality. He was the main reason legal segregation ended in the South, the Voting Rights Act was enacted and millions of blacks were empowered. King was America's Gandhi. He was also a patriot who embraced America's founding creed, and its refinements by Lincoln and FDR. When King spoke, he seemed to be channeling both Jefferson and scripture. I urge you to study his speeches.

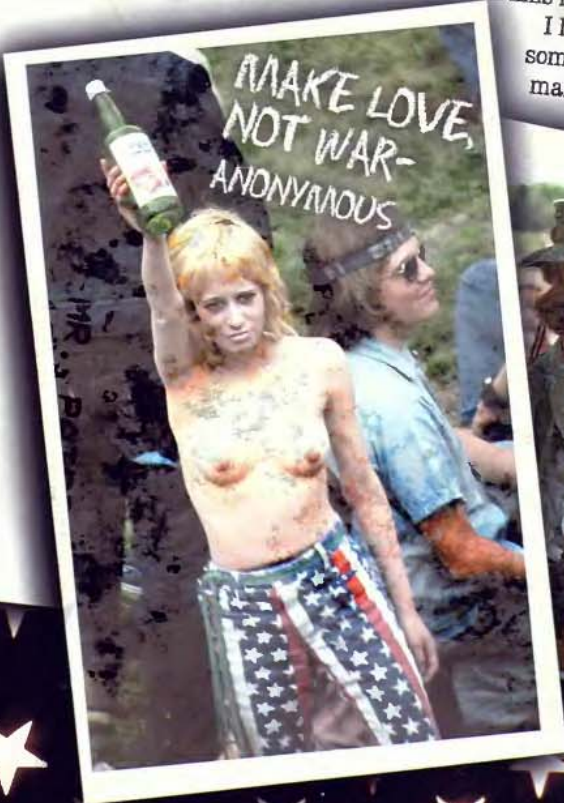
We had a pure, contagious idealism from 1960 till 1967, when the frustrations of the Vietnam War and a misreading of the ghetto riots diverted our movement in the direction of violence, nihilism and an invincibly stupid anti-Americanism. At the moment the middle class was finally turning against the Vietnam War, the New Left turned against the middle class. By the end of the Sixties, the New Left had descended into a fever of madness. Polls showed that most Americans identified with the police, not the demonstrators, after the chaos at the 1968 Chicago convention. Richard Nixon was elected president. And all the while, the Weathermen and other dying embers of the movement thought they were a "revolutionary vanguard."

Frustration over our failure to stop the Vietnam War, and the politics of tantrum, led to an infatuation with violence. And the violence bred a backlash that nourished Nixon and George Wallace.

I hope you develop the patience for the long march through the existing institutions. I hope you become immune to the virus of fanaticism, because fanaticism kills reason, flexibility and the capacity for complexity in thinking.

I hope you become more disciplined in rejecting violence. Real violence is not some benign form of street theater. Violence is sickening. I was on the bloody march from Selma to Montgomery in 1965. I was a few feet away from Robert Kennedy when he was assassinated. I was teargassed by the police in Chicago. Don't play with violence. It will devour hope and dehumanize you.

You have already shattered the silence. Enjoy participatory democracy! Forge coalitions, reach out to blacks and Latinos, register voters and change the world.



Jack



"We thank thee for this wondrous bounty, Lord—oh, and thanks for all the food."

SEX IN CINEMA-

1.



it was a year for naughty on-screen nooky—if you knew where to look

text by **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** The phoniest moment in the movies this year came in the failed summer blockbuster *Pearl Harbor*. Perhaps you're thinking it occurred during the attack, when the fighter planes flew sideways between the buildings at the airfield. Sorry. How about after the attack, when the wheelchair-bound FDR infused his military chieftains with backbone by resolutely lifting himself, rather like Peter Sellers in *Dr. Strangelove*, onto his feet? Nice try. In fact, it came before the attack, when after a romantic night in bubbly Manhattan, the beautiful nurse played by Kate Beckinsale invites the square-jawed flyboy played by Ben Affleck to come up to her room, where he will be invited to buzz her landing strip. Despite the fact that old Ben will be leaving the next morning for Britain, where he will help the doughier-faced flyboys in the RAF stave off the Nazi bullies in the Luftwaffe, he turns her down. *He turns her down!* Yes, a movie in which umpteen millions were spent getting the rivets on the Zeroes right somehow fumbled the prevailing sexual ethos of the era, which is that good girls don't, but when one does, a young man's proper response is: Straighten up and fly right. Bombs away, (text continued on page 90)

2001



1. **THE CENTER OF THE WORLD** features Alisha Klass (the porn queen who claimed that Bruce Willis liked to lick caviar off her naked body) having carnal knowledge of a Tootsie Pop, plus **1A.** Molly Parker and Peter Sarsgaard lusting in Las Vegas. **2.** **THE GOLDEN BOWL's** Uma Thurman floors her ex-lover Jeremy Northam, who is also her stepson-in-law. **3.** **BLOW** casts Johnny Depp as real-life drug dealer George Jung and Penélope Cruz as his wife. **4.** **BRIDGET JONES' DIARY** finds Hugh Grant, oddly aroused by Renée Zellweger's roomy panties, crying "Hello, Mummy!"

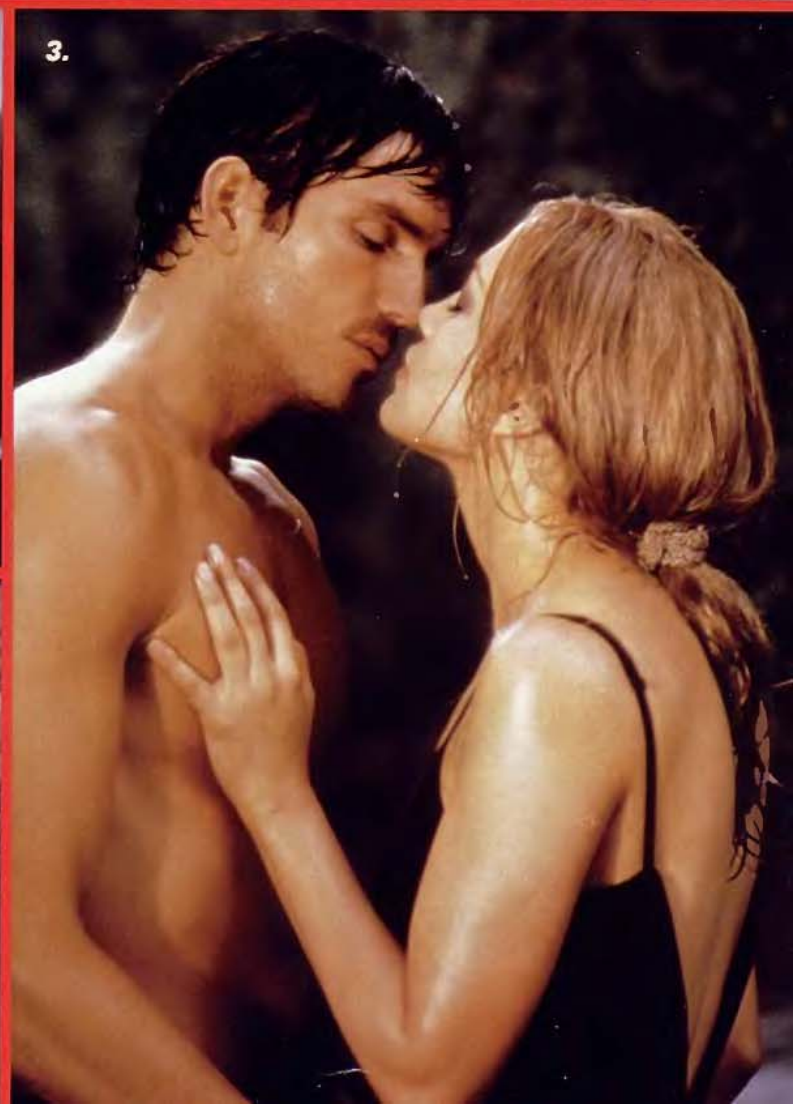
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1. **THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WOLF** looks into a series of killings in the France of Louis XV, with Samuel Le Bihan, as a scientist sent to investigate, taking a break in a brothel. 2. **BETTER THAN SEX**, an Aussie flick characterized by *Variety* as "*Last Tango in Paris* without the angst," lets Susie Porter zoom in on photographer David Wenham's buns. 3. **ANGEL EYES** revolves around a mysterious relationship between Jim Caviezel and lady cop Jennifer Lopez. 4. **QUILLS** takes place in the French insane asylum that housed the Marquis de Sade (and where, as here, servants made whoopee).



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5. **DEUCES WILD**, a teen-gang epic set in 1958, has been likened to *West Side Story* without the music. Here Drea de Matteo (*The Sopranos*' Adriana La Cerva) cozies up to main man Stephen Dorff. 6. **MOULIN ROUGE**, a lush musical set in the venerable Parisian nightclub, stars Nicole Kidman as Satine, the glamorous showgirl who's also a courtesan. 7. **TATAWO**, a Spanish entry newly defining the skin flick genre, is set in a Barcelona bar and tattoo parlor. Having undergone epidermal etching as a declaration of mutual love, Mercedes Ortega is deserted by tattooist Miguel Molina, leaving her desperate to shed the body art.



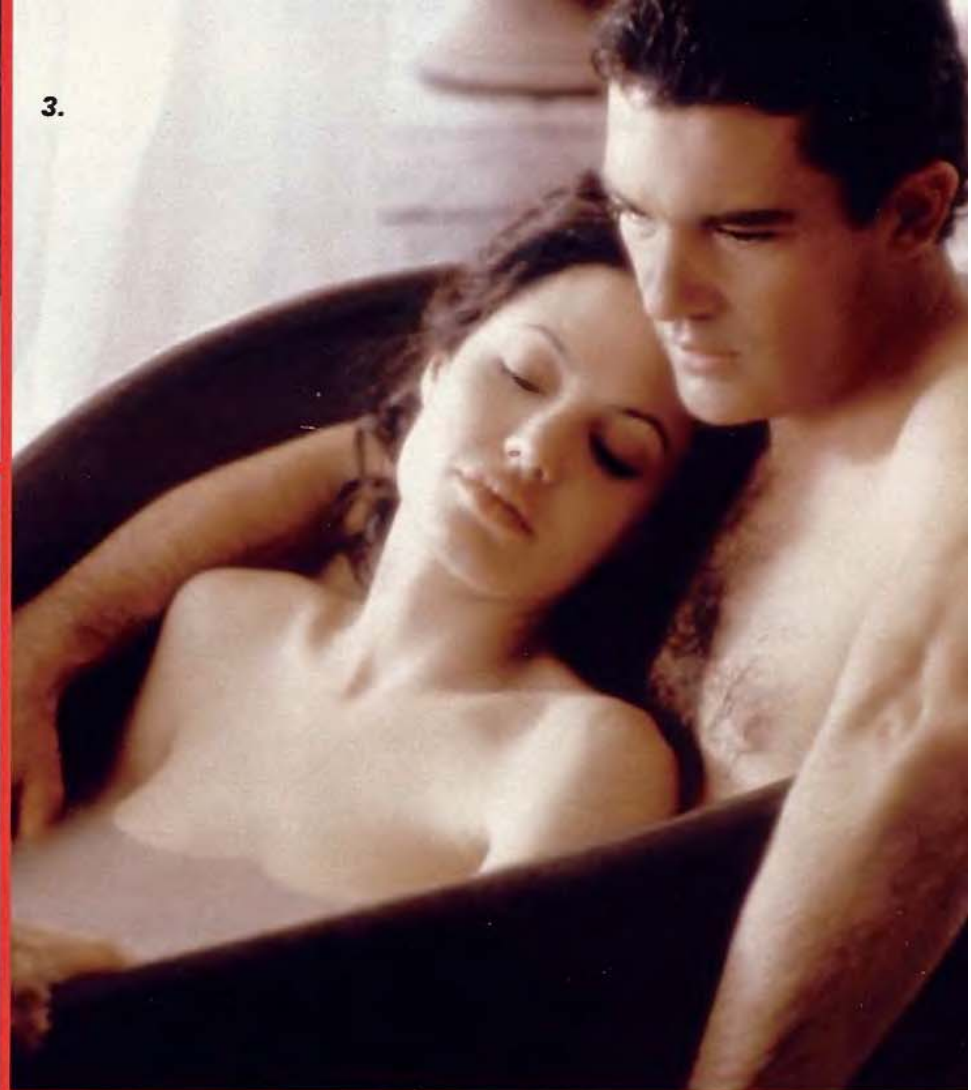
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1. **POLA X**, a dark French drama, stars the ageless Catherine Deneuve as an aristocratic mother who's much too close to her son, played by Guillaume Depardieu (Gérard's boy). 2. **DR. T AND THE WOMEN** puts its own spin on water sports, with Farrah Fawcett losing her senses—and her clothes—in a shopping mall fountain. 3. **ORIGINAL SIN** stars Angelina Jolie and Antonio Banderas in a remake of François Truffaut's *Mississippi Mermaid*. He's a Cuban planter, she's his mail-order bride. 4. **BAISE-MOI** (*Rape Me*), a film so shocking it was banned in France, sends actual porn actresses Raffaëla Anderson and Karen Bach on a sex-and-killing spree described by critic Peter Travers as "*Thelma and Louise* with penetration." 5. **WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?** casts Danny DeVito as a media tycoon unlike anybody we know, here entertaining model Tracey Kimberley (Sascha Knopf, who also appeared in a September 2001 *PLAYBOY* pictorial). 6. **ALMOST FAMOUS** earned Kate Hudson an Oscar nomination for her portrayal of Penny Lane. (Penny's character is based in part on November 1974 *Playmate* Bebe Buell, whose autobiographical *Rebel Heart* is in bookstores now.) 7. **THE SEX SUBSTITUTE**, from *Playboy TV*, dispatches a struggling actor to a gig house-sitting for a female sex therapist. Here Scott Duke makes much more than eye contact with a couple of the absent shrink's patients, Diana Espen and Teanna Kai.



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1. **PLATA QUEMADA** (*Burnt Money*) retells the story of a celebrated heist by two gay lovers and their wheelman in 1965 Argentina. In this scene, the driver (Pablo Echarri) enjoys a quickie with Dolores Fonzi while Leonardo Sbaraglia watches. 2. **REQUIEM FOR A DREAM** features Jennifer (The Rocketeer, TV's *The Street*) Connelly checking herself out and 2A. Marlon Wayans and Aliya Campbell canoodling. 3. **A KNIGHT'S TALE** pairs princess Shannyn Sossamon with jouster Heath Ledger. 4. **WHAT WOMEN WANT** endows Mel Gibson with the ability to suss out female minds, here Marisa Tomei's. 5. **O**, an update of Shakespeare's *Othello*, enrolls Mekhi Phifer and girlfriend Julia Stiles in high school. 6. **BULLY** is a dramatization of the 1993 killing of a Florida teen by his peers (among them Bijou Phillips and Michael Pitt).

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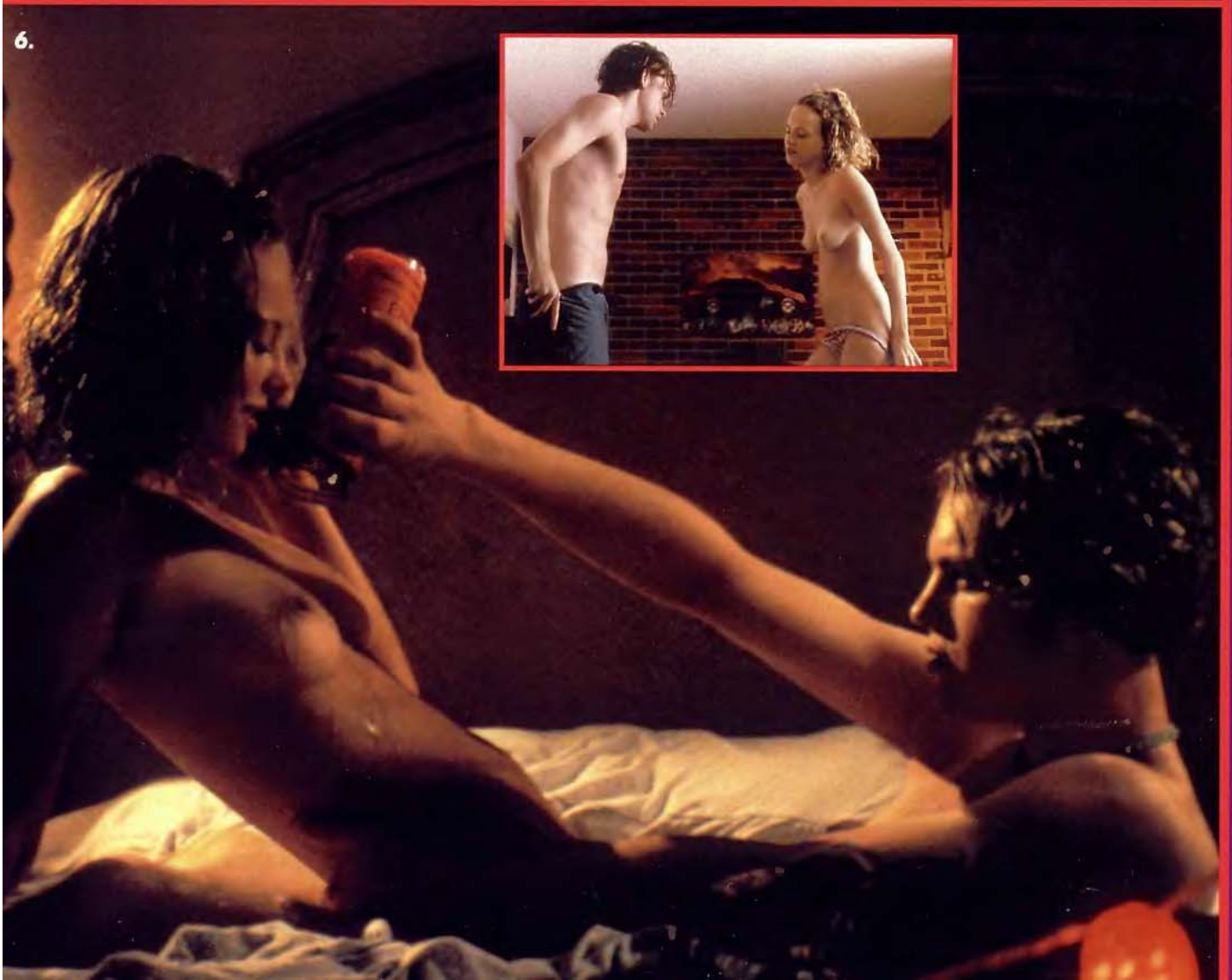
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Ben boy! Later, Ben sulks because Kate thinks he's dead and lets his best buddy taxi his Thunderbird into her hangar. Thankfully, the Japanese launched their sneak attack; otherwise Ben might have spent his entire tour of duty drinking mai tais and feeling sorry for himself.

The most honest moment? Perhaps it was in *Scary Movie 2*, when Marlon Wayans, playing the pothead Shorty, faces a she-demon with a monstrous face and a killer bod. Like a priest who moonlights for Roto-Rooter, Shorty puts a bag over her face and tries to exorcise her demon with his snake. Or maybe it was in *The Animal*, when Rob Schneider makes a pass at a goat. Or perhaps it was the humanity that oozed from every pixel in *Final Fantasy*.

Good choices all. However, the honor goes to Molly Parker's smart, subtle, unflinching performance in Wayne Wang's intelligent, erotic and sadly underseen *The Center of the World*. Parker plays Florence, an exotic dancer who agrees to spend a weekend in Las Vegas with Richard, a juvenile tech multimillionaire played well by Peter Sarsgaard. Their agreement is that they will limit their intimacy to the lap-dance-length relationship they've established at the club where she works. At first they stick to the script, but other feelings and factors start to intrude. The movie is about the triangulation of sex, power and money; he advances the proposition that the computer is the center of the world and she contends that it is, in her words, the cunt. Even as she denies an emotional connection to the man who has just had sex with her, Parker offers us a brave and intelligent performance. The best characters in any movie are usually those who are self-aware; Parker lets us see Florence watching herself at a distance, calculating at every moment what to give and what to withhold.

The Center of the World may be the year's smartest movie about sex, but others took interesting passes at the subject. Also exploring the relationship between sex and love and money was Baz Luhrman's *Moulin Rouge*. Infusing the film with spirit and glow are its broad theatricality, the campy performances of modern-era pop songs transplanted to turn-of-the-century Paris and the unabashed performances of Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, neither of whom have reputations as singers. It isn't criticism to say there were better choices for the part of Satine than Kidman, who seemed too robust to be dying from consumption and who, though beautiful, doesn't project the right balance between challenge and invitation. But give Kidman

credit: After *Eyes Wide Shut* and *The Blue Room* on Broadway, she is the best actress we have who isn't afraid to explore sexuality. It's probably just a matter of time before she's matched by Angelina Jolie, who this year appeared as the chaste, bodacious Lara Croft in *Tomb Raider*, with her breasts protruding like the propeller mounts on a P-51 Mustang, and who then heated up theaters opposite Antonio Banderas in *Original Sin*. Jolie brings a pouty, slouching, insolent sexiness to every part she takes. One longs to see her Lady Macbeth, her Cleopatra, her Mother Teresa. Other actresses who caused blood pressures to rise this year include Penélope Cruz in *Blow*, Renée Zellweger and Reese Witherspoon (looking good in rabbit costumes in *Bridget Jones's Diary* and *Legally Blonde*, respectively), Jennifer Love Hewitt (showing impossible amounts of thigh in *Heartbreakers*), Estella Warren (the best-looking babe in *Planet of the Apes*) and Halle Berry (who, if she indeed received a \$500,000 bonus for her brief topless appearance in *Swordfish*, obviously had a shrewd estimation of the worth of her breasts).

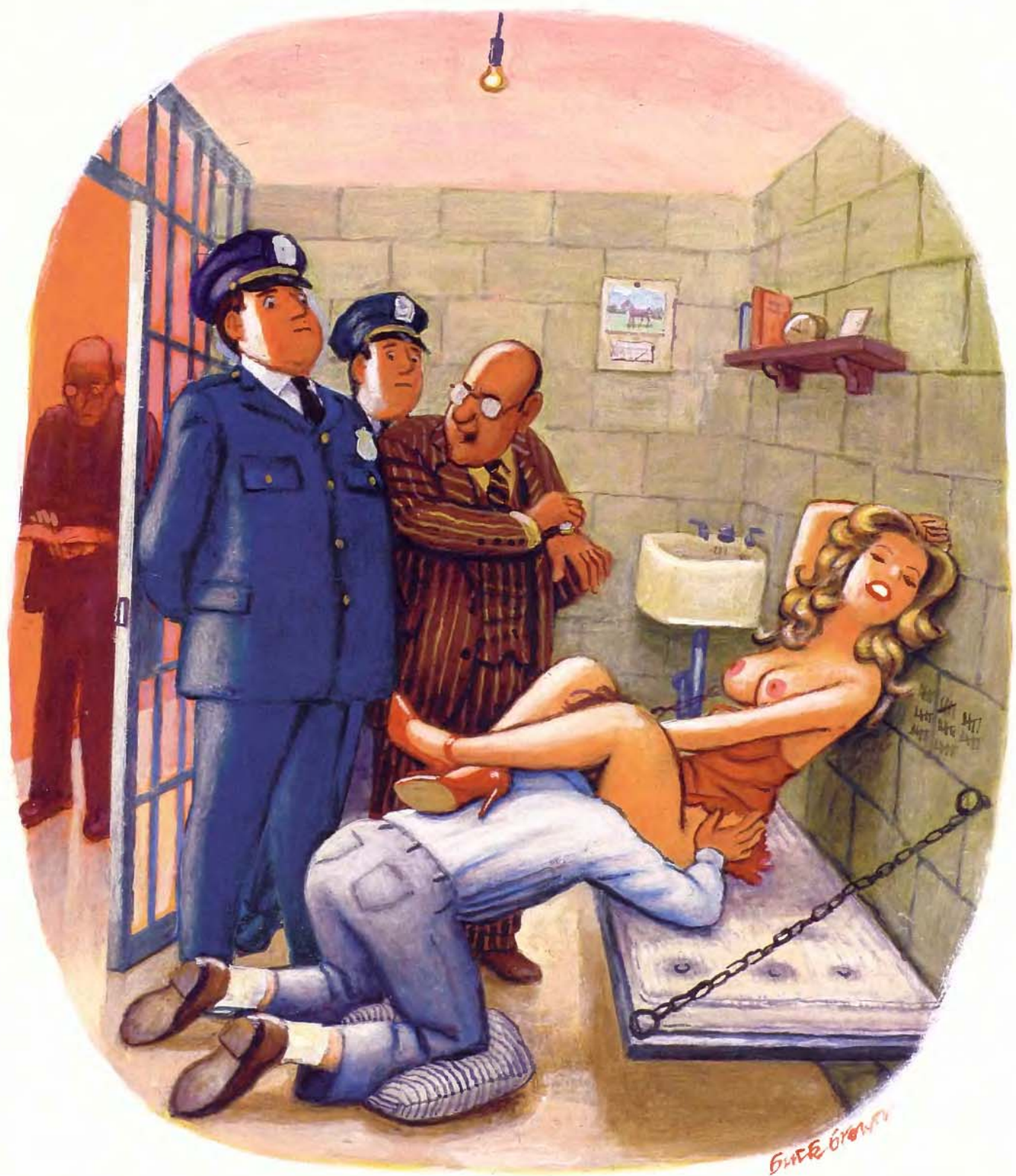
If *Moulin Rouge* is a sexy film that doesn't have much sex in it, *Bully* is a film full of sex that isn't sexy at all. This movie was directed by Larry Clark—who several years ago caused a sensation with his first film, *Kids*—and is based on a true story about a young man in Florida who is verbally, physically and psychologically abusive to the kids around him. Those children lack the strength and integrity to shun him, so they kill him instead. *Bully* is a distressing film; these kids have no ambition, no direction and no moral center. They move from amusement to amusement; Clark shows them having sex a lot, but the acts are performed without joy or tenderness or even much lust, pastimes about as involving as video games. The cast, which includes Rachel Miner, Brad Renfro, Nick Stahl and Bijou Phillips, deserves tremendous credit not merely for their performances but for their bravery. When we take off our clothes, we want to be liked; when these characters take off their clothes, we are sad and embarrassed for them.

Bully is one of several serious films this year in which the appearance of sex is a sign that things have gone very wrong (as opposed to the many comedies—*One Night at McCool's*, where Michael Douglas pithily observes how “all that good nooky turns into a big pile of agita,” and even *Down to Earth*, where Chris Rock eyes a pretty girl and gets hit by a bus—in which sex wreaks havoc in the lives of men). In *Dr. T and*

the Women, when Farrah Fawcett strips in a fountain, it's evidence of a crack-up. In *Requiem for a Dream*, Jennifer Connelly's addiction drives her to prostitution. Her humiliation in performing in a sex show with another girl before a roomful of business types who stuff money into the women's mouths is presented in a brilliant, excruciating montage that shows equivalent fates—imprisonment, amputation and shock therapy—suffered by three other characters who are addicts.

There is also a harrowing depiction of a rape in the French film *Baise-Moi*, directed by Virginie Despentes and Coralie Trinh Thi from Despentes' novel. Apart from that scene, however, the sex in *Baise-Moi*—which can be translated both as *Fuck Me* and *Rape Me*—is used to a different end. The movie is best described as a dark *Thelma and Louise*: A rape victim and a prostitute, each of whom has impulsively killed someone, go on the run together. Their escape becomes a series of robberies that end in murder and sexual encounters that (usually) end in the same manner. All the sex is explicit. The stars are two blue-movie actresses, Raffaëla Anderson and Karen Bach (as was co-director Trinh Thi), who here get to present more complete performances than they are usually called on to deliver (and, to be sure, more complete performances than Meryl Streep and Julia Roberts usually deliver). The film has an intriguing style. The violence and the sex and the women's thrill seeking and depraved indifference are supposed to shock, but it's all a little too stylized to provoke that reaction (unlike the understyled, documentary-like *Bully*, where the sex and violence is shocking). The movie suggests the energetic, fashionably noirish low-budget American International Pictures of the Sixties, when Peter Fonda or Dennis Hopper or Jack Nicholson or Warren Oates would go on the run, shooting people and muttering nihilistic aphorisms while affecting a rebellious style. Those movies would invariably treat audiences to brief glimpses of breasts and buttocks, and those flashes of flesh would seem barrier breaking and exciting. The sex in *Baise-Moi* is a distraction. The sex scenes constitute a movie within a movie, and the experience of seeing the film becomes how you feel about seeing explicit sex in a movie, and not about the movie itself. You don't need to see a penis go into a vagina to know that a prostitute is indifferent to the man fucking her, especially if most of the audience is focused on the penis and the vagina and barely registers the indifference.

(concluded on page 164)



"The law says he's entitled to whatever he wants for his last meal."

The Letterman

FICTION BY ALICIA ERIAN

MY FATHER throws his Mini into fourth, simultaneously knocking the gearshift against my left knee. "Sorry," I say, even though he hit me, then I curse myself for falling into the old ways. At least I don't move my leg, which would be impossible to do anyway in this stupid bumper car. "Everything's tiny in Europe," my roommate warned me before I left, "even the pussy." Maynard is crass, but I like him. He's real Texas. When his dad comes to visit, they put on big hats and go out two-stepping at the Broken Spoke. I can't imagine going to a place like that with my own father and asking women to dance. I'd feel obliged to warn anyone who said yes to him.

We drive away from the airport. It's a damp January night and I try to make sense of the earthly constellations that are street lamps, neon, brightly lit windows. Planes occasionally descend across the highway in front of us, flaunting their immense right of way. "Is this Amsterdam?" I ask.

My father shakes his head and says, "No. A suburb."

I nod, recognizing the town's name from my guidebook. In Utrecht, the red-light district is on a canal, in boats. There's one in The Hague, too, in a mall, of all places. The one I'm interested in is at the center of Amsterdam, the *Wallejes*. It means "little walls," and when I told

Maynard this, he said, "See my point?" I've been helping him out at his garage lately—sweeping up, pumping gas—trying to save up for a hooker. I'm hoping to find something transcendent in paid legal sex. I want the money to make us even-steven, me and this woman, whoever she turns out to be. No one will feel hurt or degraded, or guilty over having degraded someone else. It'll be as if I'd gone to the store for a carton of eggs.

My father approaches an intersection and downshifts. He's too big for this car. His gut grazes the steering wheel while his legs squeeze in tightly along either side of it. The light turns green and he accelerates again. *Old lead foot*, I think, as he races the engine unnecessarily. It's one of my mother's sayings. She and my father share a flair for acidity. They got divorced when (continued on page 140)

a visit to dad in
amsterdam is all
about buying a
hooker—until he
meets dad's mistress





9



Summa cum laude

How to Date a Girl Smarter Than You



by will lee

You are the Great 21st Century Man, reared in the information age, butch with the knowledge that all those axons, dendrites and neurons do their jobs with sturdy, vitamin-packed reliability.

You know who Tiger Woods is, and you know he makes more money than you do by playing golf. You know what the 33 signifies on a bottle of Rolling Rock, and how to open that bottle with a cigarette lighter. You know to split eights and double down on 11, when to lift on the throttle through a hairpin, where to go for a swell time when you're in Montreal and why double-vented suit jackets fit you better than single-vented ones. You know pi to three decimal places (or at least that it's somewhere around five), and that it was Barzini all along. You are the Great 21st Century Man, hear your knowledge roar.

You know what? Forget it all: **WOMEN ARE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE.** You're becoming an intellectual artifact, more Cro-Mag than sapiens, comprehensively outmatched, outpaced and outwitted by the fairer sex. The distaff team isn't just gaining on you; they're past you, looking at you disdainfully in the rearview mirror.

Here's the reality: Fifty-seven percent of straight-A students are girls. Fifty-seven percent of high school dropouts are boys. Last year, for the first time, more women than

men applied to law school. As recently as 1970, more than 90 percent of law school students were male. The percentage of female MBA candidates at Harvard Business School has more than doubled in less than 20 years, and now it's at 30 percent and growing.

Across the land, colleges scramble to get men into the ivory tower. Women outnumbered men in Berkeley's 2000 freshman class. Two years ago, at Dickinson College, a well-regarded liberal-arts school in Pennsylvania, only 37 percent of the freshman class was male. Robert Massa, vice president for enrollment at Dickinson, is trying to close the gender gap, though he admits that some people "might say it's preposterous for me to say white males add diversity." As *USA Today* recently observed, some schools (such as Fisk University in Nashville and Merrimack College in North Andover, Massachusetts) recruit male applicants to compensate for student populations that—as in Fisk's case—run more than 70 percent female.

And men are flailing in areas other than academics. In a Rutgers Marriage Project study of sex and relationships among noncollege men and women under 30 conducted in 1999, women were found to be more confident and responsible, with, as the study put it, "clear and generally realistic plans for moving up the career ladder." Men, on the other hand, seemed less focused: When they talked about getting ahead, their goals included such lofty ambitions as winning the lottery.

There's a fair probability your girlfriend—that lithe, ponytailed blonde with the long neck and perfect upper lip who has a master's in linguistic anthropology from Brown and a J.D. from Columbia, started her own hedge fund and was gathering specimens in the park for her monograph on South American *polyommata lycaenids* when you, trying vainly to walk while unscrewing the cap from a Powerade, swung your elbow into her face—is also smarter than you are. It's not idly or flippantly that she says she loves you for your "reassuring impassivity" (and your meaty thighs).

If too many repeats of *The Man Show* and that constant flow of Old Milwaukee have addled your brain, let Paul Theroux, the novelist and travel writer, summarize it for you: "I have always disliked being a man," he writes in an essay called "Being a Man." "The whole idea of manhood in America is pitiful, in my opinion." And not just pitiful, according to Theroux, but "unfeeling," "primitive," "crippling," "hideous" and, naturally, "stupid" as well.

Your only hope, then, is more knowledge. Herewith, we present a guide to

the smart girls, and what you need to know to keep them happy.

SMART GIRL PHYLIA

Obviously, smart girls come in all shapes and sizes. Not all of them fall under the following four classifications. But the taxonomy goes roughly like this:

MISS GOLDMAN-SKADDEN-SCALIA

WORKS AS: Investment banker, corporate law partner, Supreme Court clerk, TV business reporter. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Will either provide necessary leverage to get further ahead or, occasionally, a slacker type who gives her hip cred. **WILL ONE DAY:** Be managing partner of the firm, owner of several small islands. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** A frightening but often alluring mix of native intelligence, drive, power and ambition. Can be extremely temperamental. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** "I went out with one girl—a mutual fund manager—who was so intense and was always the best in everything," says Adam, 28, also an investment banker. "So when she gave me head, which was often, she absolutely had to make me come, even if I had other things in mind. Which led to a lot of soreness, frankly."

MISS MENSA

WORKS AS: Doctor, engineer, professor, think-tank researcher. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Spends as much time as she does in the lab, hospital or reading room and doesn't care that she doesn't have time to spend an hour every morning putting herself together. **WILL ONE DAY:** Accept a Nobel Prize from the king of Sweden. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** The least communicative of the bunch, and weighted toward painful shyness brought about when teased by classmates after she won the Physics Olympiad championship as a teenager. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** The sleeper, so to speak, of the smart girls. Pure intellectual prowess and generally reserved manner may mask intense need for excitement and action—i.e., dirty, unrestrained sex—outside work or school. "When my girlfriend first told me that she had been a math and accounting major in college," remembers Todd, 24, "and was working as an actuary, I thought, Wow, she sounds astoundingly dull. But she's as close to a nymphomaniac as I think a woman can come without being self-destructive."

MISS SEMIOTICS ON FIRE

WORKS AS: Novelist, playwright, activist, editor of left-wing political journal, grad-student stripper. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Can sit across from her at a coffee bar (perhaps somewhere more socially conscious than Starbucks) and

talk for 18 hours straight without flagging about the function of ekphrasis in the description of cities as portrayed in the *Iliad* and Hesiod's *Shield of Heracles*. **WILL ONE DAY:** Live in a small New England town writing a treatise. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** Often wide-eyed, gregarious and emotionally unlocked. Will often explain why the switch her parents made from cotton to disposable diapers has altered her thinking about poststructuralism. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** Open, experimental, wild. "We'd been dating for all of six days," says Russell, 29, of his writer-grad student fiancée, "when completely naked, spread-eagled pictures of her—like 70 of them—suddenly went up in my college art gallery."

MISS GUM-SNAPPING PHILOSOPHER

WORKS AS: Supermarket checkout girl, Denny's waitress, nurse's assistant. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Won't sneer and pat her behind as she walks by, and who loves spending Friday nights chilling out with a little Velvet Underground, smoking butts and rapping about Borges. Actually, is a little embittered toward men in general, since the guy she married at the age of 17 ditched her and her two-year-old last Christmas Eve. **WILL ONE DAY BE:** Doing exactly what she's doing now. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** Sullen, even churlish, she's the proverbial smart-girl iceberg. It's all under the surface. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** A toss-up: could be something of a jewel or could be tired of men and sex and all that.

WAYS TO FUMIGATE YOUR APARTMENT OF THAT PREVAILING DUMB-GUY STENCH

(1) Ditch the PlayStation, at least for one night. No matter how good you are at *Final Fantasy VI*, you do not want to conjure the image of you in your briefs at two in the morning, control pad dangling between your legs, as you tap away mindlessly with a droopy jaw.

(2) Bury your dog-eared copies of *Car and Driver*, the *Victoria's Secret* catalog and *Circumaural Stereo Headphone Monthly*. Stack your PLAYBOYS and leave the top one open to the interview. (When she finds it, let her walk you through the pictorials and *The Playboy Advisor*—you will be well rewarded.) Throw out *Maxim*. Get the latest issues of *Granta*, *Harvard Business Review*, *Lingua Franca* and *Scientific American*, and preemptively bend the spines.

(3) Rethink the refrigerator: Shove those cans of Schlitz to the back, get rid of the eight moldy jars of salsa, and find a bottle of Riesling (maybe a 1998 Trimbach) and some interesting vegetables—like white asparagus and haricots verts—to brighten the landscape. And another thing: Lose the Cindy

(continued on page 165)

Thanksgiving Day



JUAN AVAREZ • JORGE G



Lindsey

miss november dares to be different
and her bet comes up a winner



LINDSEY VUOLO confesses she's in PLAYBOY because her friend Kristy kept encouraging her to submit pictures. "She said, 'I bet you any amount of money they'll call you,'" says Lindsey. "I finally told her to take the pictures, send everything in and put her name as the contact because I didn't want to deal with the disappointment, since I had only modeled for a local swimsuit calendar before. One month after Kristy sent in the photos, she called me and started screaming. She has a really good eye for this. I think she's living vicariously through me."

Miss November grew up outside of Philadelphia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

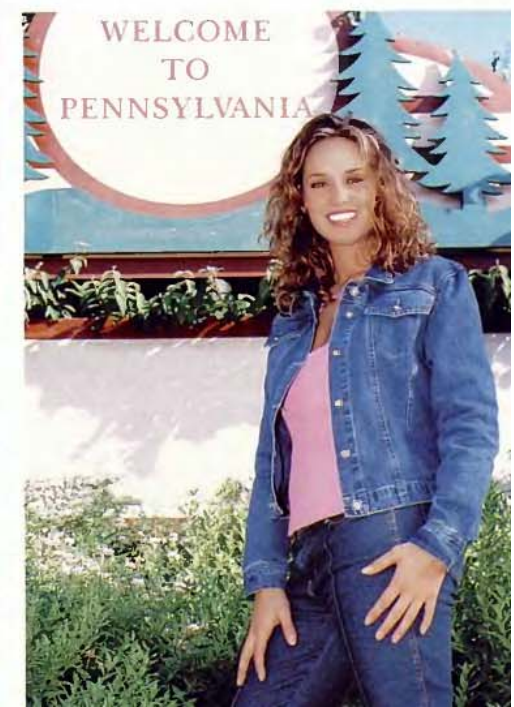


She's now a college student majoring in communications, with a business minor. Lindsey recently joined a sorority, a change of pace from her teenage years of hanging out with the guys. "When I first pledged, I thought I'd made the worst mistake. But now I have 60 awesome new girlfriends," she says. When her nose isn't buried in textbooks, 20-year-old Lindsey pours drinks to help pay for school. When we questioned how an underage student gets to sling shots at a college bar, Lindsey giggled. "You only have to be 18 to serve alcohol in my state," she assures us. "The people at the bar are like my family. One time I put on my bathing suit and had to dance in a cage for four hours, which felt more like four years. There are girls dancing around poles or up on the bar. People act crazy every night."

Lindsey's Italian father converted to Judaism to marry her Russian mother. "I traveled to Israel as part of an exchange program and it was an amazing trip," she says. "Being in Jerusalem was so emotional for me—I broke down and cried."

Lindsey is grounded and straightforward about her life goals. "I just want to be married and have children," she says. "I'm really focused, and I don't want to get too caught up in the fun and excitement of what's going on now. I'm a big believer in fate, and I think everything happens for a reason."

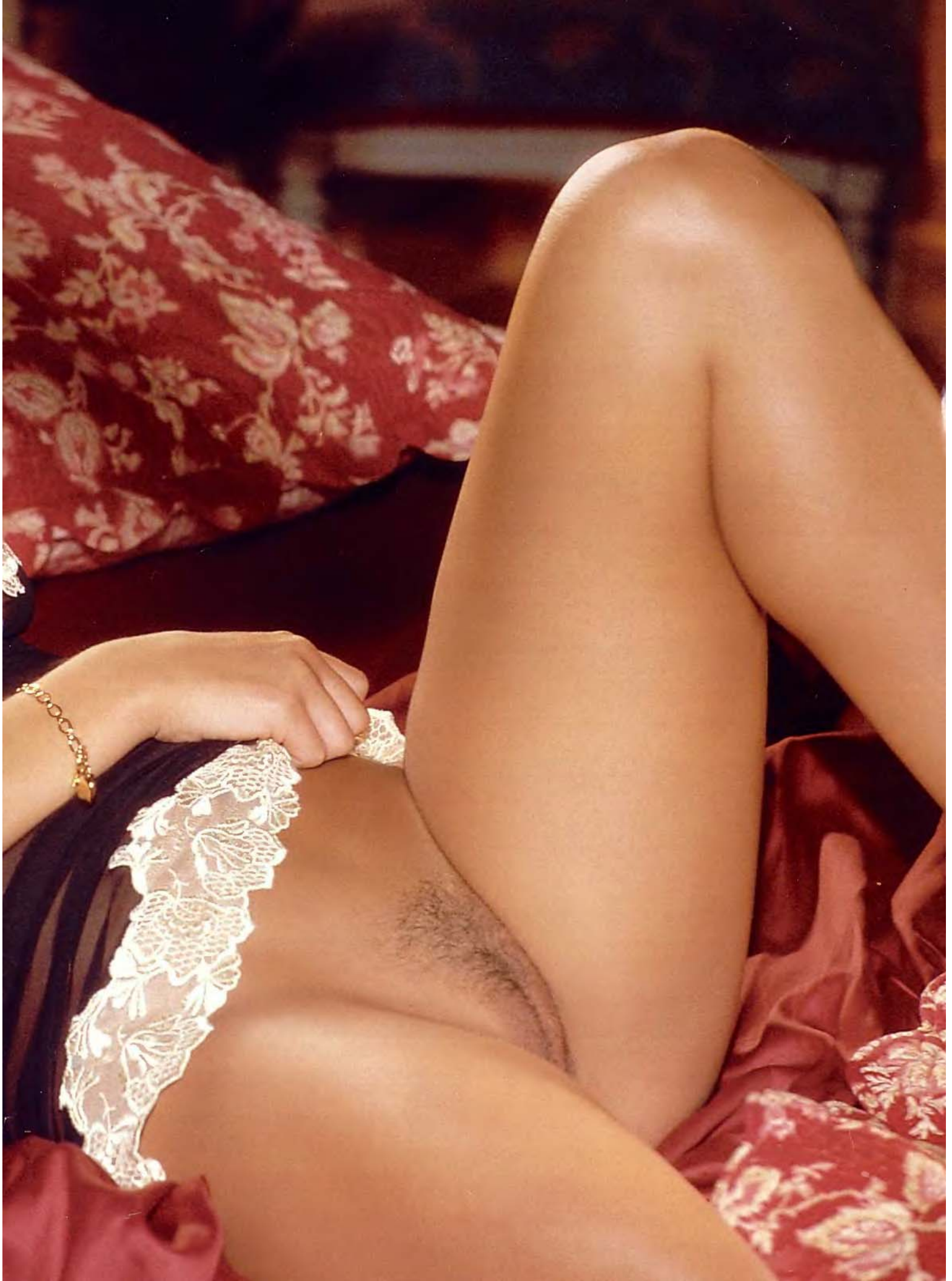
"When someone smells nice, it's something you always remember," says Lindsey. "My boyfriend once used an Armoni scent, but he goofed and bought the one for women. He was a little embarrassed, but it smelled so good on him."





THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO, OF EACH
PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH IN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB.
GO TO CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.







Lindsey goes to college in the small town where her grandmother grew up. "They were taking pictures of me by an old covered bridge when I saw my grandmother's 85-year-old friend Ruth," she says. "She asked, 'What are you out here for?' I told her it was for a magazine and she saw I had an a low-cut pink shirt. Her eyes got really huge and she said, 'Oh, those are nice.'"





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lindsey E. Vuolo

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 10/19/81 BIRTHPLACE: Princeton, NJ

AMBITIONS: To get a degree in Communications, to live successfully and start a family. !!

TURN-ONS: Back rubs, sense of humor, intelligence, confidence, true love, a good kisser & a nice butt!

TURNOFFS: Self-indulgence, insecurity, jealousy, liars and cheaters.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE WHEN: Happiness overwhelms your body and you're always excited to explore the next day with your honey.

MY BEST THANKSGIVING: Coming home from college my freshman year to spend time with my boyfriend and his family !

FAVORITE COLOR: Purple.

DOGS OR CATS: Dogs. Cats are no fun.



My Best Mitzvah -
Age 13.



SportsNite
Queen - Senior
Year.



Sweet and
Innocent. (Hee Hee)



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A bum asked a man for \$5. "Will you buy booze with the money?" the man asked.

The bum said, "No."

"Will you gamble it away?" the man asked.

The bum replied, "No."

"Will you bet on football games?" the man asked.

The bum answered, "I don't watch football."

The man said, "I'll give you the \$5 if you come home with me so that my wife can see what happens to a man who doesn't drink, gamble or watch football."



The last four presidents were caught in a tornado and carried away to Oz. Taken before the Wizard, they were told they could each have one wish. Jimmy Carter spoke first. "I need more courage," he said.

"No problem," said the Wizard.

Ronald Reagan said, "I think that I need a brain."

"Done," said the Wizard.

George Bush said, "I'm told I need a heart."

"I've heard it's true," said the Wizard. "Consider it done."

Bill Clinton was next, but he said nothing. "Well," said the Wizard with some impatience. "Speak up, what do you want?"

Clinton hesitated a moment and then he said, "Where's Dorothy?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A doctor slept with one of his patients. The guilt became overwhelming. Then a soothing voice inside his head said, "Don't worry about it. Many doctors sleep with their patients."

But another voice said, "Yes, but they're not veterinarians."

Returning to the office after his vacation, a young man asked his boss for another two weeks off so he could get married. "You just had two weeks off," the boss said. "Why didn't you get married then?"

He replied, "Are you crazy? And ruin my vacation?"

What's the difference between a good stewardess and a great stewardess?

A good stewardess says, "Good morning, Captain."

A great stewardess says, "It's morning, Captain."

E-JOKE OF THE MONTH: A wealthy couple went to a party, but the wife became bored and returned home early. She found their butler relaxing on the couch, drink in hand, watching TV. She sat down next to him and said, "Take off my dress, bra, shoes and panties."

He quickly did as she asked. Then she said, "If I ever catch you wearing my clothes again, you're fired."

The Lone Ranger and Tonto had been riding their horses all day. When they stopped to rest, Tonto placed his ear to the ground and listened. "Buffalo come," Tonto said.

"How do you know that?" the Lone Ranger asked.

Tonto replied, "Ear sticky."

Two men appeared before a judge on drug charges. The judge said, "If, over the weekend, you persuade enough people to give up drugs forever, I'll let you off."

On Monday, they returned to court. The first man said, "I persuaded 10 people to give up drugs forever."

"That's great," the judge said. "What did you tell them?"

"I drew two circles—one big and one small. I told them the big circle was their brain before drugs and the small circle was their brain after drugs."

The other man said, "I got 100 people to give up drugs forever."

"One hundred people!" the judge exclaimed. "How did you do that?"

"Well," he said. "I used the same two circles. I pointed to the small circle and told them, 'This is your asshole before prison. . . .'"



BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde, a brunette and a redhead were riding in an elevator with a man. When he got off, the brunette said, "That guy was hot."

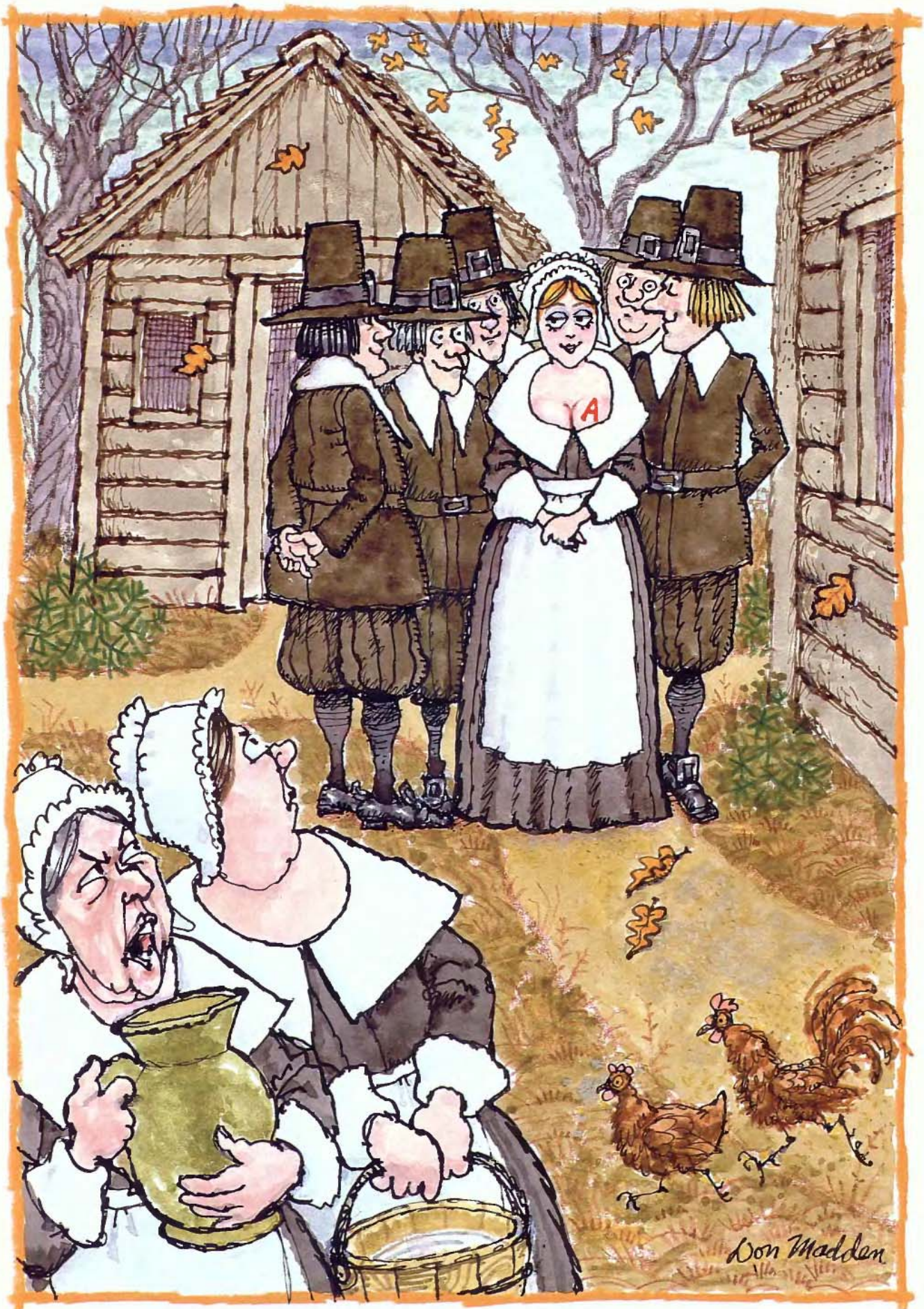
The redhead said, "Yeah, but he could use some Head and Shoulders."

The blonde asked, "How do you give a guy shoulders?"

What's the most important question to ask when you want to have safe sex?

"What time will your husband get home?"

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.



Don Madden

"They say it's punishment. I say it's free advertising."

Martini Moment all dressed up, the



By RICHARD
CARLETON HACKER

king of cocktails steps out



he martini—the cocktail that Hemingway wrote made him “feel civilized”—is getting a face-lift. Although the first martini recipe that called for an olive was printed in 1888, today’s new wave of premium gins and vodkas uses garnishes that range from cucumbers to oysters. Papa would probably approve. As a correspondent, he was reputed to have gone through World War II with twin canteens, one filled with gin and the other with vermouth. Contemporary martinis call for gins such as Old Raj, a 110-proof time bomb that costs about \$50 a bottle. Ninety-four-proof Broker’s, another new gin, contains 10 botanicals—the most prominent being lime, coriander and juniper. Although Broker’s label states it is “the perfect basis for a gin and tonic,” the clean, juniper-thick flavor is just right for a

martini misted with vermouth. The removable bowler hat on the bottle top is a cute marketing trick. Bafferts gin is light and triple-distilled with only four botanicals—lemon peel, orange peel, coriander and a hint of juniper. The family-owned distillery calls Bafferts “a gin even a vodka lover will fall for.” While the original martini was made with gin, vodka is just as popular, thanks to fallout from the Fifties’ cold war. Now the silver bullet takes aim at Russia’s newest vodka, Kryshstal Charodei. Both the water used for distillation and the finished vodka are filtered by a two-week soaking in crushed flint found only in the Republic of Belarus. This natural filtration creates a vodka that is thick, oily and aromatic. At the opposite end of the spectrum, Norway’s latest export, Christiania, distilled (continued on page 170)

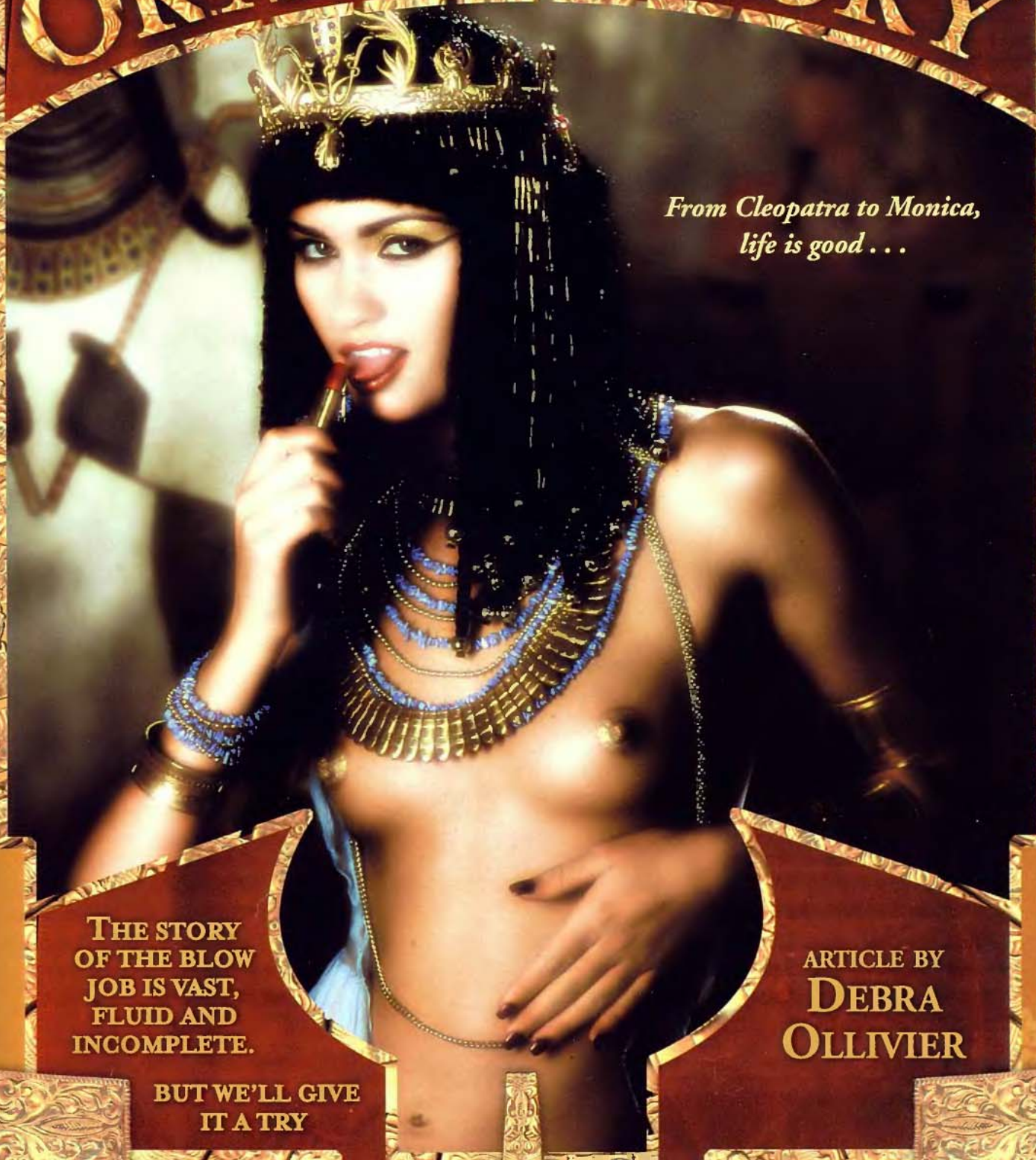
ORAL HISTORY

*From Cleopatra to Monica,
life is good . . .*

THE STORY
OF THE BLOW
JOB IS VAST,
FLUID AND
INCOMPLETE.

ARTICLE BY
**DEBRA
OLLIVIER**

**BUT WE'LL GIVE
IT A TRY**



THE EARLY YEARS



No one knows when the first blow job occurred, but we can guess who suggested it. Bipedalism may have been its biggest evolutionary leap. French paleontologist Yves Coppens hypothesizes that hominids such as the 3.2-million-year-old Lucy engaged in fellatio, if only because no moral codes stopped them. He has observed that “nothing must have been as good as paleofellatio.” In his book *The Prehistory of Sex*, archaeologist Timothy Taylor describes what may be the world’s first recorded hummer: neolithic rock art in which a woman sucks one man while she is being penetrated by another.

The first civilized blow job belongs to myth: Hacked to pieces by an enemy, the Egyptian god Osiris is reassembled by his faithful wife, who “blows life” back into him through a reconstructed penis. Osiris’ father, the earth god Geb, also made appearances sucking his own penis, a feat that, according to modern sex researcher Alfred Kinsey, only two or three mortals in a thousand can achieve.

Greek poets supplied some of the earliest lyrical references to BJs. “As on a straw a Thracian man or Phrygian sucks his brew, forward she stooped, working away,” wrote Archilochus in the seventh century B.C. A century later, Hipponax of Ephesus offered: “She demands eight obols to give him a peck on his prick.”

The official culture of glorified gaydom and naked exercise made oral sex a matter of course in early Greek life, though not all men lifted their togas for teen boys. Educated courtesans known as hetaerae performed a good many blow jobs on influential Athenian men, and the women enjoyed an influence that the men’s wives could barely fathom. “We have hetaerae for our pleasure, concubines for our daily needs and wives to give us legitimate children and look after the housekeeping,” explained the orator Demosthenes, summing up the politics of sex at the time.

THE ROMANS



The Romans viewed the blow job as the passive act of receiving the penis (fellatio) and the dynamic act of providing it (irrumation). The fellator represented weakness, ridicule and submission; the irrumator embodied valor, strength and conquest. In his 1969 treatise *Ora-Genitalism: Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation*, scholar Gershon Legman defends the Roman view, arguing that the role of men as irrumators is based on “biological principle and erotic rule” and that it “gives the deepest psychic satisfactions possible in this act for both the man and woman involved.”

In the Roman world, fellatio was considered so base it was often inflicted as punishment. If a farmer caught a traveler stealing potatoes from his field, he might compel

the thief to blow him. But the Romans also recognized—or found it hard to ignore—the value of the blow job as an act of pleasure. In the ruins of Pompeii, archaeologists uncovered graffiti that reads *Lahis fellat assibus duobus*, which translates as “Lahis gives head for half a sesterce.” According to a legend popular among her enemies, the Egyptian queen Cleopatra blew more than 100 Roman noblemen during a marathon orgy. The Greeks knew her as Meriochane (“she who gapes wide for 10,000 men”) or Cheilon (“thick-lipped”). Egyptian and Phoenician prostitutes advertised their oral skills by painting their mouths red to resemble vulvae. From this enterprising act we have history’s most ubiquitous homage to the blow job: lipstick.

TO THE EAST



According to the Chinese, giving head was a path to enlightenment so long as the “yang essence” (semen) was not lost. In their many sex manuals, the Chinese diagrammed contortions designed to help men get their Jade Stalks, Swelling Mushrooms and Heavenly Dragon Pillars sucked while rerouting the sperm to their brains.

The first modern Chinese novel, *Gold Plum Vase*, written during the Ming Dynasty and still popular in China today, includes many scenes of fellatio: “Golden Lotus saw that Hsi-men’s weapon stood upright like a ramrod. ‘Darling,’ she said, ‘you must forgive me, but I can stand it no longer. I want to suckle it!’ ‘Suckle it,’ said Hsi-men. ‘If you can soften it, good for you.’ The woman seized and

received his member between her lips. She sucked for a whole hour, but it did not die.”

One of the most influential early sex guides came from India. Written sometime between the third and fifth centuries, the *Kama Sutra* taught that good sex is good karma. It featured eight stages of “oral congress,” including side-biting, polishing, mango suction and absorption. Each had been perfected by eunuchs.

The Indians inspired the Arabs. Middle Eastern sex manuals, such as *The Perfumed Garden for the Soul’s Recreation*, borrowed heavily from the *Kama Sutra*. Edwardes and Masters described the harem women of lore as “passionately wild, penis-sucking, freelance fellatrices.”

Across the geothermal hotbeds of the vast Pacific, the

Peruvians left ancient spout vessels festooned with couples having oral sex in various positions. And certain pre-Columbian pots had two spouts—one penis-shaped and the other vulva-shaped—giving the drinker the choice between fellatio and cunnilingus.

THE DARK AGES

The dawn of Christianity was not a happy time for the blow job. Early church leaders proclaimed that only missionary-style sex for procreative purposes within the context of marriage was permissible in the eyes of God. For example, in 1012 a German bishop, Burchard of Worms, laid down the law for women: "Have you swallowed your husband's semen in the hope that because of your diabolical deed he might burn all the more with love and desire for you? If you have done this, you should do penance for seven years on legitimate holy days." By comparison, using a dildo "of a size to match your sinful desire" cost one year of penance, using a strap-on meant five years and doing it doggy style could be rectified by 10 days on bread and water. Ironically, the only mention of oral sex in the Bible is by an appreciative woman in the Song of Solomon: "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

If sex for pleasure was sin, many people sinned heartily. By the time of the Renaissance, oral sex had become so popular in France that "frenching" became shorthand for any type of genital kiss. (It remains a hit to this day: In a PLAYBOY survey of nearly 6000 men from around the world, the French reported receiving the most blow jobs, followed by the Greeks, Brazilians and Poles.) The first Western literary blow job appears to come from François Rabelais, whose writings were so obscene he now enjoys his own adjective: "My wife will suck my sweet tip. I'm ready and waiting. I swear and promise to you that I'll always keep it succulent and well victualled."

Two hundred years later, frenching played a recurring role in erotic theater pieces presented in the private salons of noblemen. One play written in 1788 features a countess and her lover Belamour. While fearful of her "ivory scissors," Belamour submits to her relentless sucking and "shoots into her libertine mouth the torrent that he is not permitted to spill elsewhere."

CRIMINAL BLOWS

In England and the colonies, authorities took a dim view of deviant sex. However, statutes banning sodomy were generally understood to include only homosexual anal sex and bestiality.

As blow jobs grew in popularity, so did official efforts to put them down. According to historian George Painter, in 1880 only three U.S. states banned fellatio. By 1920, at least 24 had taken the plunge, and 11 state courts defined oral sex as sodomy. In the first such case, in 1904, the Georgia Supreme Court ruled fellatio had not been indictable under English common law only because it had not been so common.

In another Georgia case, this one decided in 1986, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of states to ban blow jobs and other "unnatural" acts. Today, heterosexual fellatio remains illegal in more than a dozen states; among them, only Alabama offers an exemption for married couples. FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover once supposedly lamented that the federal government couldn't investigate cases of oral-genital intimacy unless the act had in some way obstructed interstate commerce.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

The blow job began its slow march to cultural acceptance at the end of the 19th century. The pornography possessed by the middle class at the time showed an almost obsessive interest in oral sex. More married couples began to experiment, and the French continued to offer encouragement. In his study of oral sex, Legman includes a translation of *A Practical Treatise on Fellatio: Its Advantages and Inconveniences*, which he identifies as a monograph written by an anonymous Frenchman about the time of World War I.

The tract asserts that the best blow jobs are those received in small rooms with dark red furniture and bathrooms stocked with port, sherry or madeira and "biscuits of any kind except those too allegorically cylindrical and long." Men are advised to accept fellatio only from women under the age of 35. Each woman should be proficient in warm-up exercises such as tracing the sign of infinity with her tongue and being able to pierce with its tip, without touching her lips against any surface, a hole three eighths of an inch in diameter.

The author also encourages women to use advanced techniques such as spider-clawing and flutterblasting while skillfully handling the complex riggings of the male genitalia, including the puckering string (the centerline of the scrotum), the drawstring (the frenulum) and the balano-preputial groove. The treatise closes with suggestions for postfellatio conversation. The weather and recent political assassinations are high on the list.

In 1926 Theodoor Van de Velde published *Ideal Marriage: Its Physiology and Technique*—America's first popular sex manual. The book was notable for its

discussion of "the genital kiss" as a form of marital foreplay. But Van de Velde wasn't ready to fully embrace the blow job. As an act unto itself, he wrote, it could easily open "the hellgate of the realm of sexual perversion," especially if it led directly to orgasm. This reflected a common view. One writer recalled how she and her gal pals in the Twenties viewed a blow job as something "so out of the ordinary that prostitutes charged extra for it."

Charlie Chaplin was one of the most notorious victims of the antifellatio vibe. Caught up in an acrimonious divorce, the actor was charged with having "solicited, urged and demanded that the plaintiff submit to, perform and commit such acts and things for the gratification of defendant's said abnormal, unnatural, perverted and degenerate sexual desires, as to be too revolting, indecent and immoral to set forth in detail." Chaplin had asked his wife for a blow job. He settled the case in 1927 for \$625,000, and may have gotten off easy. In *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, published two decades later, Alfred Kinsey reported that "there are several instances of wives who have murdered their husbands because they insisted on mouth-genital contacts."

A SEMEN CHANGE

When the U.S. government sent millions of young men to Europe to fight two wars, it inadvertently introduced a great number of them to frenching. By 1948, Kinsey found that about 40 percent of a sample of American males had received oral sex. Five years later, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, he reported that 49 percent of married women provided oral sex, and that 62 percent of the youngest, well-educated and sexually active women said they gave blow jobs to boyfriends. "It is not surprising," Kinsey wrote, "that the two areas of the body which are most sensitive erotically, namely the mouth and genitalia, should frequently be brought into contact."

Kinsey's findings became the topic of much controversy, and he eventually lost his funding. Aware of Kinsey's fate, and that oral sex was illegal in almost every state, Masters and Johnson opted not to include their findings on the topic in *Human Sexual Response*, published in 1966. As Masters explained some years later, "We didn't have the courage."

Nevertheless, oral sex had become increasingly common. One social science survey concluded that the incidence of premarital oral sex had nearly doubled between the early Thirties and late Sixties. A more recent study found that 68 percent of all women

(continued on page 162)



"Apparently, this curse has a lot more going for it than we figured."



*microsoft invades
hostile territory—
your living room*



There's a foot-long hole in a wall at Area Xbox, the space at Microsoft's Redmond campus where the company's first home video game console was developed. The hole is circled with a bold black marker and labeled "Seamus was here"—enshrining a mishap by 33-year-old Seamus Blackley, Microsoft's Xbox technology officer. He created the hole by crashing a motorized skateboard in the hallway during the early days of Area Xbox, back when there was talk of building a half-pipe in the office.

These days, Blackley doesn't have time for skateboards. In between business trips to Japan (he estimates he's taken 25 since January 2000), the video



ZONE

Clockwise from left: Deliver a beatdown in *Dead or Alive 3*. Gun down aliens in *Halo*. Air Force Delta Storm shows off Xbox' ability to render backgrounds. Skate with a buddy via a local area network in *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2x*. Players of *Oddworld: Munch's Oddysee* alternate between characters. *Project Gotham Racing* includes engine sounds for each of the 20 cars. (All games priced at \$50.)

game addict spends his office time fretting over Xbox' fast-approaching release date. After all, he was the one who developed the concept and convinced Bill Gates to green-light it, at the risk of losing millions on what many critics and industry insiders consider a suicide mission. In the Japanese-dominated video game industry, no American company has survived against Sony and Nintendo. (Remember Atari?) Not even Japanese video game giant Sega, the industry leader in the early Nineties with Genesis, could secure enough shelf space. Humbly defeated, Sega plans to focus on creating games for its onetime rivals. Microsoft faces even tougher competition: Sony's PlayStation 2 (of which the company has already sold 10 million) and Nintendo's GameCube, scheduled for release exactly

article
By Jason
Buhrmester

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 163.

three days before the Xbox goes on sale November 8.

Xbox is Microsoft's first major consumer electronic. Aside from a few joysticks, keyboards and other PC-related products, Microsoft has never produced anything other than software. For Microsoft-branded products such as the Pocket PC and, most recently, UltimateTV, the company developed the software for hardware manufactured by Sony, RCA, Compaq and other licensees. So, while Microsoft may

guage used by PC game developers to ensure that their products would run on both a revved-up one-gigahertz IBM with 128 megabytes of RAM and a generic 400-megahertz system that still uses Windows 95.

Frustrated by the amount of work required to develop games for PCs, Blackley thought about the other side—home video game consoles. (The development of games for consoles such as the PlayStation is much simpler—because every system the game will be played

we started to campaign for the Xbox. We kept inviting ourselves to meetings and selling it.”

After a year of what Blackley calls corporate “guerrilla tactics,” he and his entourage were summoned to meet with Gates. It was a chance to demonstrate a product that so far had existed only on paper.

“We managed to assemble a demo of the Xbox idea from a rickety PC,” says Blackley. “It wasn’t much, but he saw that it could boot in nine seconds, was easy to use and incredibly fast.” Not only did Gates grant full clearance for the project, he personally announced it in a press conference one month later at the March 2000 Game Developers Conference in San Jose.

Through conference calls and e-mail discussions, the Xbox group refined a wish list of specifications for a system designed to overpower the PlayStation 2 and Nintendo GameCube.

The result is a pixel-churning powerhouse that will nearly outperform your home PC. Not surprising, since the two of them share many similar parts—a fact that has caused critics to accuse Microsoft of creating little more than a self-contained PC.

The Xbox’ 733-megahertz Intel processor is more than twice as fast as the 295-megahertz PlayStation 2 and even overpowers the GameCube’s 485-megahertz CPU. Its large 64-megabyte RAM gives developers more room to create better graphics and pump sound effects through the console’s 256 audio channels. The Xbox also includes DVD playback, an Ethernet port (so you can play Tony Hawk’s Pro Skater 2x online or on a local area network) and longer controller cords—many of the 5000 gamers the team interviewed complained that cords on current systems don’t reach the couch. (For a comparison of the three systems, see the chart on this page.)

What separates the system from the competition is an eight-gigabyte internal hard drive—a feature that has never before been included in a video game console. Extra memory, an extremely precious commodity, lets developers preload graphics and level data. That eliminates the Now Loading screen you find on other systems while the next racetrack, game level or opponent is being created.

Gamers also get a better choice of music. If you’re tired of the tunes on Amped: Freestyle Snowboarding, you can create a soundtrack by ripping songs from your favorite CDs and storing them in memory.

The hard drive will also let developers post new levels, characters, racetracks and rosters online for players to

(concluded on page 160)

	Xbox	PlayStation 2	Nintendo GameCube
CPU speed	733 MHz	295 MHz	485 MHz
Graphics processor	250 MHz	147 MHz	202.5 MHz
Audio channels	256	48	64
Controller ports	Four	Two; four with optional adapter (sold separately)	Four
Online play	Built-in Ethernet port; online gaming planned for 2002	Optional adapter sold separately; online play available now	Optional adapter to be sold separately
OVD movie playback	Remote-control accessory required; sold separately	Yes	No
Advantages	Only system to feature a built-in hard drive; enhances play and allows users to rip songs from CDs	Sony will already be on its second generation of games by the time other systems hit the shelves	System will interact with Nintendo’s handheld game system, the Game Boy Advance
Price	\$300	\$300	\$200

virtually own your home office, it has yet to earn respect in the living room alongside the Sony DVD player, TV and stereo.

Nevertheless, Blackley remains optimistic, or, as he puts it, “I psychotically believe in this product.”

The idea for Microsoft to create a home video game console came to him on a flight from Boston to Redmond. He had been hired at Microsoft in 1999 after a stint in physics at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory and a job as an executive producer at Dreamworks Interactive.

Blackley’s duty at Microsoft was to develop DirectX, a programming lan-

guage used by PC game developers to ensure that their products would run on both a revved-up one-gigahertz IBM with 128 megabytes of RAM and a generic 400-megahertz system that still uses Windows 95.) The way Blackley saw it, Microsoft could use what it had already learned from PC gaming to create a killer home video game console.

Back in Redmond, Blackley formed a presentation out of his in-flight fantasy and began pitching it to friends, co-workers and any Microsoft executive who would listen. Microsoft, went the speech, could create a video game console using resources already available within the company.

“There were rumors the company was considering developing some type of consumer electronic, be it a web pad or something else,” says Blackley. “So



Centerfolds On

Jami Ferrell **mischievous, manipulative, orgasmic—is she a fantasy?**

TELL US YOUR FANTASIES: Recently, I've had one I really like. Here's how it goes: I'm this mischievous spirit who drifts in through the window, nude and natural, and I take advantage of a guy who is sound asleep. The thrill of the fantasy is that I force him to have sex with me. I walk over to the bed and climb on top of him. I use his penis for my pleasure. I have multiple orgasms—clitoral, G spot and vaginal. **I JUST COME AND COME AND COME.** Then he awakens and he finds me on top of him. I bend down to kiss him. He's not expecting me, and he doesn't even want me to be there. Gently, I continue riding him while watching his face so I can better feel how to give him pleasure. His expression tells me that I am pleasing him. Even though he tries hard not to come, he's totally in my power. He's grimacing, he's trying hard not to come. I know the exact rhythm to give him the utmost pleasure. He spasms and wrenches all his energy into me, and it propels me into a great orgasm. The most incredible sensation I've ever had is when his semen spills into me. I love it. It's powerful! It's wonderful! The whole of his manhood is dripping out of me, and I get drunk on that experience. I like the fact that I'm in total control of his pleasure and my own. And only when I am satiated, and I've satiated him, do I get up and leave out the window.

Jami Ferrell

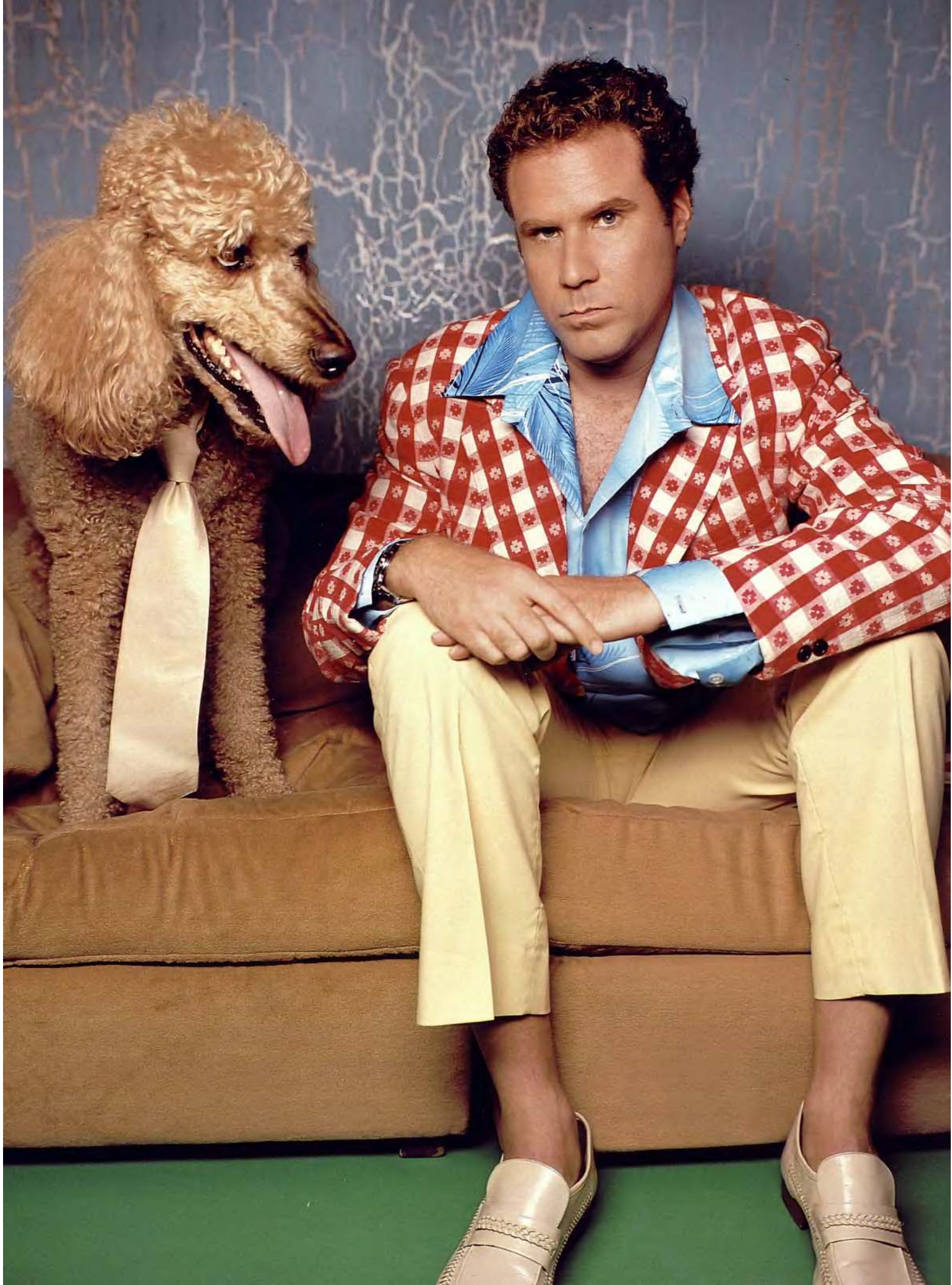
THERE'S MORE JAMI AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

SEX

WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD ORAL SEX?

The first time was right after I did my PLAYBOY layout. I was never one who could enjoy oral sex that much. When I was nine, my parents put in an in-ground pool with water jets. I discovered how much fun the water jets could be, so at a young age I started having the most wonderful orgasms with water. Now, when a man starts giving me oral sex, it makes me want to run to the bathroom and wrap my legs around a faucet because it's just so exquisite. As far as having a clitoral orgasm, nothing really compares with it. The best orgasm of all, though, is with a penis.

I use a vibrator most of the time, but once in a while I still enjoy water, because I can use whatever pressure I need. Sometimes I want gentle pressure, other times a bit more aggressive. Water never lets me down.



Will Ferrell

our favorite chameleon on deconstructing bush, selling antiques and feeling up molly shannon

The young woman called out, "Dude, you are awesome," as she exited the Beverly Hills coffee shop where Will Ferrell, the longtime star of *Saturday Night Live*, lately known best for his dead-on impression of President George W. Bush, sat for an interview. Ferrell turned around for a look and noticed the intricate art that spread across her lower back and disappeared into her hip-hugging jeans. "I'm big with the tattoo crowd," he said, happy to have her recognition but unperturbed that after nearly an hour of conversation in a crowded restaurant he hadn't been spotted earlier.

OK, maybe he didn't want to be recognized, which explains the low-slung baseball cap and bulky letter jacket. Sitting down, the six-foot-plus Ferrell looks nothing like the instantly recognizable characters he's portrayed for almost seven seasons on *SNL*. These include Craig, the Spartan cheerleader; middle school music teacher Marty Culp; and Morning Latte host Tom Wilkins; as well as impersonations of Bush, Alex Trebek, *Inside the Actors Studio*'s James Lipton, Neil Diamond, Chicago Cubs sportscaster Harry Caray and Janet Reno.

Ferrell, a USC graduate and former member of Los Angeles' Groundlings troupe, has also ventured into the movies, starring in *A Night at the Roxbury*, playing henchman Mustafa in the *Austin Powers* movies and taking roles in *Superstar*, *Dick* and *Ladies Man*. This season he has a part in *Zoolander*, directed by Ben Stiller, which followed *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, directed by Kevin Smith (*Dogma*, *Chasing Amy*).

We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Ferrell, the man *SNL* creator Lorne Michaels calls "the glue of the show," during a hiatus in Los Angeles. Says Rensin:

"As I pulled into the last remaining space outside the coffee shop, I saw Ferrell slowly drive by in his SUV, looking for a spot to park. I made a note to mention his bumper stickers, one of which read: HE'S NOT MY PRESIDENT.

"After we were seated, I asked him about the bumper stickers. 'We have friends who

produce them,' he said. 'They gave them to my wife, Viveca Paulin, as a joke, since I'm playing him, and I thought, Great, let's put them on! I wanted to do it as a litmus test, to see what sort of reactions I'd get on the highway. There have been very few of the honk-honk "You can't say that about our president!" It's probably been 80-20 in favor of people honking and going, "Love your bumper sticker!" My wife encountered an elderly gentleman who yelled, "That is rude! You are rude!" I think he had Texas plates.'"

1

PLAYBOY: You met President Bush when he appeared on *Saturday Night Live* prior to the election. As this country's go-to Bush impersonator, what were your impressions of him?

FERRELL: First, that he seemed ill at ease. Second, that he's as tall as me. The last was of my being shoved out of the way so that someone at NBC could introduce him to Lorne Michaels' children. It was an awkward day. They said he really wanted to meet me, but I could tell that wasn't the case.

I wanted to meet Gore but didn't. From what I'd heard, he was almost a reverse Jekyll and Hyde. Off camera, he was extremely affable and personable, and presidential. Once the camera rolled, he stiffened up. I think if Al is going to run again, maybe he should have a couple belts before he heads out on the campaign trail. Wear funny hats. Break it up a little. Become the Rip Taylor of politics and throw confetti everywhere.

2

PLAYBOY: Would you accept Secret Service protection if offered?

FERRELL: Yes, on the condition that they introduced themselves whenever they walked in, kind of like the Mickey Mouse Club. I'd make them do little dance numbers, have some sort of flair.

3

PLAYBOY: Been to Disneyland lately?

FERRELL: Yesterday, in fact, for my wife's birthday—and to look at small children. No. It was the first time I used any of my celebrity clout. I called ahead and asked for a VIP special services tour. The deal is you agree to take a photo on a ride at the beginning of the day, so they can use it for publicity. They chose the ride: the new roller coaster in the California theme park. I would have chosen *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Then they give you a guide who cuts you to the front of the lines. There's a strange moment when the people standing there go, "Who are these people?" It's cool, but it spoils you. Now that I've dipped my toe in celebrity perks, I'm going to run amok. Watch my influence here, at the restaurant. You'll be blown away.

4

PLAYBOY: What else do you want?

FERRELL: Well, I'd say entry to any sort of sporting event, but it's not that crazy of an idea. Hmm. The power to be invisible. For obvious reasons. I'd like to urinate in public and have no one know where the urine was coming from. Or find one of my enemies and throw up on him, out of nowhere. I'd also like to have hung out in Norm MacDonald's dressing room at the show because Norm always rode a fine line between extreme vulgarity and hilarity. He once told me, "I'd probably be a criminal if I hadn't gone into comedy."

5

PLAYBOY: Your bio says you have a degree in sports information. What is that? Is there a National Association of Sports Information?

FERRELL: I ask myself that question every day. Let's put it this way: I'm one of the first, and last, sports information majors from the University of Southern

California. It's essentially a journalism degree with an emphasis on sports. I had classes like History of Football. I had to take volleyball. Maybe I should start that association. Then I could say to the young, bright men and women who have advanced degrees in sports information: There is hope for all of us. There is work for us out there. It's not in sports, but there is work.

6

PLAYBOY: Sum up your career strategy in one word.

FERRELL: Opportunisticism.

7

PLAYBOY: How many tics does it take to make an impression? Two mannerisms? A facial expression? The voice?

FERRELL: This question goes deep into my expertise. You should probably capitalize and underline expertise, because I am incredible. Look at Darrell Hammond, one of the best on the show in that capacity. He breaks down everything. He grew up doing voices, working at a radio station. He told me you can tell President Clinton has had some dental work because he clicks his tongue against the back of his teeth. I have a decent ear, but not like Rich Little. I go more for the physicality. Maybe it's laziness, lack of skill or patience, but I think it only really takes one tic. Focus on that one thing and the rest falls into place. Someone told me that when I did Janet Reno, I didn't sound like her, but I sounded the way she looks.

8

PLAYBOY: When does inspiration usually strike?

FERRELL: Janet Reno was actually Viv's idea. There was some news story about how Janet is six-two or six-three, as tall as I, and Viv said, "You should do Janet Reno!" We were laughing about how it would be fun to make her kind of a superhero, this big imposing woman, knocking things over. I love those tweeners. Somebody's always going to do the president and probably the vice president, but there was no reason to do Janet Reno. It's creating something out of nowhere. I usually get stuff while I'm driving around. That's when I got Harry Caray. When I still lived in Los Angeles, my wife got me a job at Butterfield and Butterfield, as an appraisal coordinator. The office was close to home, so I went home for lunch and turned on the Cubs.

9

PLAYBOY: Imagine your life if you had stayed in the antiques business.

FERRELL: I think I would have been

fired, because I was on thin ice a lot. I made a rule for myself that it was just a job to subsist and that if I started getting auditions based on my work with the Groundlings, even at the expense of getting fired, I would go. Usually I auditioned during lunch hour, but one day I had to wait four hours to try out for a commercial. When I came back to the office, I realized no one even noticed I'd been gone. That was a bad moment for Butterfield, because then I began to just leave. Sometimes my boss would confront me. I always owned up to being bad at my job. He'd say, "Hey, what happened to the appraisal on this estate? It was due a month ago."

I'd go, "I know. It's awful, isn't it?"

"Well, yeah, it is bad. When can we expect it?"

"I don't know. I'm not doing very well."

"Oh, OK."

I think he expected a fight, but when I said, "You're right, I'm not doing good," he left me alone.

10

PLAYBOY: Can you be neutral to somebody you parody? For instance, you play James Lipton as if he's having a colonoscopy. Is that intentional?

FERRELL: I don't know about a colonoscopy, but maybe a minor rectal procedure. A lot of times I play people I admire. That's how James Lipton came about. I can't get over the depth of the research he does on his show; you can also tell he loves to talk. I like the show because it's informational and fun. At the same time, there's an elitism. It's all that actor-speak of "the craft." I'm not denying it's real, but how many times can you say it, "the craft"?

Here's something interesting: Lipton was recently on Conan O'Brien's show, and Conan brought up the fact that I do him on *Saturday Night Live*. I guess Lipton issued a public challenge for me to come on the 100th *Inside the Actors Studio* and help him interview Gene Hackman, as Lipton. Schedule permitting, I'll definitely do it. He seems like a really good sport about it, so it would be fun.

11

PLAYBOY: What have you left on your comedic cutting-room floor?

FERRELL: I have to be an equal opportunity offender and not cater to any one side. So I've never held back. Here's a prime example: One writer wrote something for me to do on *Weekend Update*. It was essentially the Barfing Bigot. It didn't have that title, but that's the best way to describe it. The joke was about all the hype leading up to the *Ellen*

show where she came out, and I was the guy on *Update* saying, "Hey, what's the big deal if a character wants to portray a homosexual?" Norm, playing the straight man, said, "Ellen Degeneres is not just portraying. She's actually a homosexual." The joke was that I got sick to my stomach and said, "Oh, come on," and started vomiting everywhere.

Well, the joke is making fun of the type of person who would watch that show and then go, "What? You mean she's really gay? Oh my God!" That's something someone might pull back from. We did it, but only because we weren't making fun of her; we were making fun of the dumb person.

12

PLAYBOY: Which of your characters gets the most hate mail?

FERRELL: [Laughs] If someone will go to the lengths of writing to the show, it's usually positive. The most memorable experience I had in terms of hatred was in one of those *SNL* chat rooms. Early on, one of the writers said, "Hey, do you ever check out what people say?" I didn't know if I wanted to, but I went in. The first comment that came up was, "That guy Will Ferrell, he's really funny." I thought, Oh, this isn't so bad. The very next comment was, "Yeah, that fucking faggy cheerleader guy. We should take him out and drag him behind a car." That taught me not to go sniffing around too much.

13

PLAYBOY: You apprenticed with the Groundlings in Los Angeles. Others on *SNL* come from Second City in Chicago and Canada. Compare and contrast.

FERRELL: In broad strokes, Groundlings is more wacky, more caricature driven. Second City is more theater with a point. The Groundlings rarely did a sketch that commented on Los Angeles or politics. Social commentary seems to run through all of Second City's shows. Some view Second City as smarter, Groundlings as dumber.

14

PLAYBOY: Speaking of dumb, can you do Steve Butabi's *Night at the Roxbury* head snap to the other side?

FERRELL: If I do it, I'll be sued by Paramount Pictures. I was once seen doing it in public to the opposite side and they threatened to hammer me with a lawsuit.

15

PLAYBOY: You do Alex Trebek, host of *Jeopardy*. If "Will Ferrell" is the answer, what's the question? What are your
(concluded on page 159)



"Please say you'll come. It's going to be all you can eat."

NOBODY

EVER GOT ON A BOARD
TO BE ACCEPTED
BY THE MASSES.

THEY GOT ON IT
TO BE AN
OUTLAW

CAINE GAYLE

CITY STARS SKATEBOARDS
CHIKARA WHEELS
NIXON WATCHES
AXION FOOTWEAR

ROB DÝRDEK

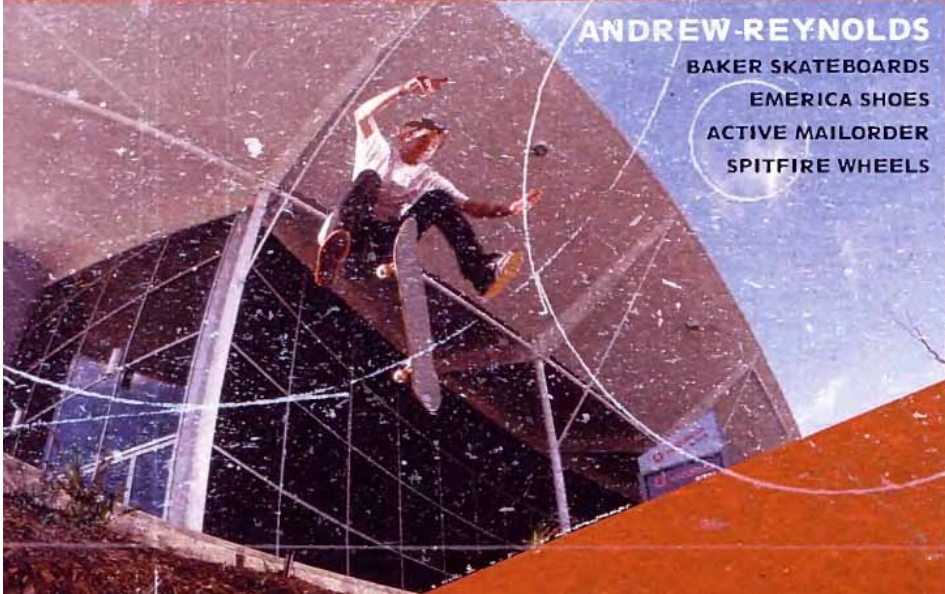
ALIEN WORKSHOP SKATEBOARDS
DC SHOES
RED BULL
ORION TRUCKS
REFLEX BEARINGS

JIM GRECO

BAKER SKATEBOARDS
VANS SHOES

CHAD MUSKA

SHORTY'S SKATEBOARDS
AND HARDWARE
TSA CLOTHING
CIRCA FOOTWEAR
FURY TRUCKS
DIAKKA TIME TRACKING
GHETTO CHILD WHEELS
CCS MAILORDER



ANDREW REYNOLDS

BAKER SKATEBOARDS
EMERICA SHOES
ACTIVE MAILORDER
SPITFIRE WHEELS

It's four a.m. and a small crowd bounces out of a Tampa strip club called Mons Venus for a breath of humid night air. Pro skateboarders Kareem Campbell, Rob Dyrdek and Caine Gayle grab beers from three cases stashed in the trunk of a rental car and sit out front. Other skateboarders show up, some with girls in tow from the annual skate contest at the Skatepark of Tampa. Dancers often turn up at the skatepark when the contest is in town.

"I'm about 900 deep," says Campbell, counting the bills left in the pockets of his sagging jeans. Thugged-out like a bright blue peacock—complete with do-rag, Dodgers cap and neon blue Axion skate shoes—he looks every bit the gangsta. He nods to Dyrdek. "I know you must be at least 600 because you've been negotiating."

"My friend," says Dyrdek, "homey is gonna go until the machine stops spitting cash."

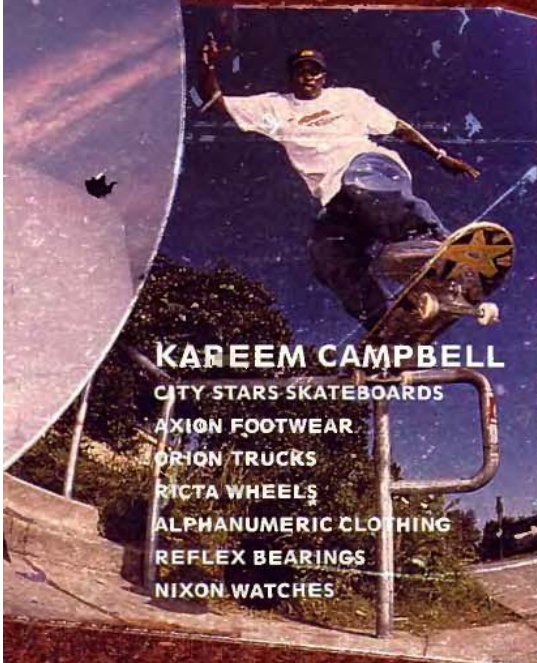
That might take an entire year of nights like this, because Campbell and Dyrdek have cake. Lots of cake. And if skateboarding millionaires mucking through a strip club is a rock-and-roll cliché, that's because skateboarding has taken over where rock and roll left off. Skateboarding is now in the

DIRTY SKATE KINGS

ARTICLE BY DEAN KUIPERS

HARD-CORE SKATEBOARDING IS AS REBELLIOUS AND COOL AS ROCK AND ROLL

USED TO BE



KAREEM CAMPBELL

CITY STARS SKATEBOARDS
AXION FOOTWEAR
ORION TRUCKS
RICTA WHEELS
ALPHANUMERIC CLOTHING
REFLEX BEARINGS
NIXON WATCHES

heart of pop culture. Ten million kids in the U.S. skate. Tony Hawk's Pro Skater is one of the most popular video games of all time, among skaters and nonskaters alike. MTV's star-crossed show *Jackass* was the brainchild of prat-falling pro skater Bam Margera, Jeff Tremaine, Dave Carnie, editor of the Larry Flynt-published skateboard magazine *Big Brother*, and Girl Skateboards' owner and director Spike (*Being John Malkovich*) Jonze. The show's star, self-abuse ninja Johnny Knoxville, was on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Pro skater Steve "Hollywood" Berra is married to actress Juliette Lewis. Former pro skater Jason Lee starred as Stillwater's insecure singer in *Almost Famous*. Sean Penn narrates the new Seventies skate documentary *Dogtown and Z-Boys*. And so on. Meanwhile, the X Games have put the daredevil antics of skateboarding on a par with the spectacle of *Monday Night Football*.

But you're not going to see Campbell and Dyrdek on the X Games. The X Games are an attempt to separate the pure athleticism of skateboarding from its dirty heart, which beats in places like Mons Venus. Despite the best efforts of made-for-TV sporting events, skateboarding is still about getting wasted, getting wrecked and getting props. It's about self-destruction (thus *Jackass*). In rock-and-roll terms, skateboarding is just about hitting 1972. Campbell and Dyrdek are neck-deep in exotic dancers because the ultimate expression of the skate ethic is to be a dirty fuckup and still get paid.

Dyrdek is pimped out like a bantam rooster in a black leather jacket, white T, gold chain and a tight black beanie pulled down over his head. Longtime pro Caine Gayle, who skates for the Axion Footwear team with Campbell, is dressed exactly the same.

"Pounding beers in the parking lot," Gayle says with a sigh. Money hasn't made them any less fond of that. In fact, money hasn't changed how they act at all. If it did, skateboarding would spit them out like a cigarette butt in a beer. These days, being at a contest itself is suspect. Chad Muska, the skater who for the past few years has been the face on every kid's wall, doesn't skate contests or even skateparks (other than his own). Nobody ever got on a board to be accepted by the masses. They got into it to be an outsider, an outlaw. They got into it to be like skateboarding's newest heroes, a gang of notoriously self-destructive Hollywood-via-Huntington Beach boozers who call themselves the Piss Drunx.

It's been this way since the inception of organized skating in the mid-Seventies. That's when Tony Alva and Jay Adams made Dogtown skateboards

and the Zephyr skate team (the Z-Boys) the best reason (after joining a band) to drop out of high school. Dogtown rider Stacy Peralta's documentary, *Dogtown and Z-Boys*, reveals what lay hidden inside the hazy sunset image of southern California's surf culture: a fierce lifestyle of hard skating, hard drinking, hard partying and hard punk. In the neon Eighties, dominant vert skater Christian Hosoi was the first "rock star" skater. He made obscene amounts of money, more than the sport had seen, and his Hollywood pad established the connection between skating and Tinseltown decadence. No one could tell him shit because even wasted he skated better than anyone else. Which is the whole idea.

"True skateboarding is like the Hell's Angels," says Dave Carnie of *Big Brother*. "You can get a Harley, grow your hair long, get tattoos and dress like a dirtbag, but that doesn't make you an Angel. You have to pay your fucking dues. Skateboarding's tough and it's about having big balls. It has always had a drink-more-fight-more attitude. That's what sells. Everyone flocks to the fuckups."

Skateboarding is about breaking the law. The world's millions of skateboarders skate mostly on the street, which is illegal almost everywhere. They have to run from the cops every day. Moms curse them for their noise, their loitering, their rejection of everything team-oriented and acceptable. They are hated. Life on a skateboard is a life of shitbaggery. Campbell, Dyrdek, Muska and the like represent the triumph of shitbags everywhere.

Tony Hawk is the best-known skater on earth. But with all due respect, any kid who buys a Tony Hawk anything is a kid who doesn't skate.

Kids who skate buy Dyrdek, Campbell, Muska and the Piss Drunx. But you wouldn't call 27-year-old Kareem Campbell a shitbag today. He's managing his skate team, City Stars, and runs shoe, clothing and skate equipment companies. He also produces hip-hop acts. It's not just his ability to throw himself down huge rails that earned him respect. It is the fact that he is a self-acknowledged Harlem knucklehead who came up off the street. Similarly, Dyrdek is a fast-talking high school dropout who stumbled into a deathless adolescent dream, partying all night and winning skate contests all day. Now he drives to his skate sessions in an \$80,000 Mercedes with a diamond necklace around his neck. And Muska, perhaps more than anyone else, can say that skating saved his life.

Not surprisingly, Campbell, Muska and the Piss Drunx' Andrew Reynolds appear as characters in Tony Hawk's

Pro Skater. But even when there's nothing to buy, fans still represent: They scrawl "PD" on the bottoms of their boards to show they're down with the Piss Drunx. Skating is about living in the moment, without regard for the morning after.

"Shit," says Dyrdek, looking at his watch just after five A.M. in the Mons Venus parking lot. "I have to be on a plane in an hour and 19 minutes. That gives us time to stop at one more place."

PISS DRUNX INTERLUDE NUMBER ONE

I am at the Skatepark of Tampa to watch the street prelims on a Saturday. A couple thousand young groms buzz around excitedly in front of the big metal industrial building. They wait for autographs as thunderheads sweep in off the Gulf of Mexico. One of the pre-teens standing there with his mom grips a copy of *Skateboarder* magazine with Andrew Reynolds on the cover. "Is Reynolds here?" I ask. "He was here for a little while, but he was real drunk," says the kid.

"He's not even entered in the contest," his mom says.

THE MUSKA: ALWAYS FADED

Age: 24.

Home: Woodland Hills, California.

Signature: huge fat handrails.

Breakthrough video part: Shorty's *Fulfill the Dream*.

Companies: Shorty's skateboards and hardware, TSA Clothing, Circa Footwear, Fury trucks, CCS Mailorder, Diakka Time Tracking and Ghetto Child wheels.

Chad Muska sits on a leather couch that's sprinkled with cigarette burns. It is one of the few pieces of furniture in his house. He looks unhinged as he focuses his manic energy on a big joint. His thin blond hair is tucked up into a baseball cap bearing the name of his wheel company, Ghetto Child. The rest of the place, a marble-and-glass mansion in an affluent neighborhood above Woodland Hills, is almost empty. There is a futon in one room. One of the others contains a jumble of keyboards and computer sound tools. There are framed Dali prints on the wall that look like they were bought as a set, or left by the previous owner.

I ask him where all his shit is. "I don't know," he says, looking around. "I guess I'm always skating."

Muska's story is the story of skateboarding. It is a perfect example of how a talented, cast-off stoner can find family, fame and fortune.

The fortune, by the way, is outrageous. Skateboard people are a little touchy about talking money because they still operate on handshake

(continued on page 152)



"It's OK, Ellen. I've decided to ask for my own raise."



ANGELICA

our red-hot model
burns up the screen

Angelica Bridges has what it takes to stand out in a crowd. "You can't help noticing a red-head, because we are only four percent of the population," says the former *Baywatch* siren. "I'm a walking contradiction. Most people assume I'm this fiery, passionate woman, and that's true. But I also meditate, pray, go to church every Sunday, rescue animals and want a house with a white picket fence. I'm a total kook, a Lucille Ball type of girl who loves to crack jokes and make animal sounds." Angelica has an array of cartoon and animal voices that she uses in radio commercials, and she demonstrated them by barking and yelping at us over the phone. "I don't take myself seriously at all, so my forte is obviously comedy," she says. "Laughter is so healing. My dream is to host *Saturday Night Live*."

The 27-year-old co-hosts the new syndicated show *What a Fan* with *Survivor*'s Gervase Peterson. "We highlight one superathlete each week and show how crazy people get for their favorite teams," she says. So how does Angelica get game? "I play charity volleyball and golf tournaments," she says. "I surprise other golfers when I go out there with my Callaway driver and hit the ball 300 yards!" When she's not tearing up the driving range, Angelica likes busting her acting chops. She made six movies this year, with roles that included one of

Angelica got her break playing Troy Aikman's girlfriend in a Brut cologne commercial before landing a recurring role on *Days of Our Lives*. She has appeared on more than 20 television series, including *NYPD Blue*, *Conan*, *That Seventies Show*, *Mortal Kombat* and *Son of the Beach*. This summer she was the spokesperson for Miller Lite's "Get the Goods" ad campaign, which featured life-size cutouts of Angelica that leave you thirsty for more.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS





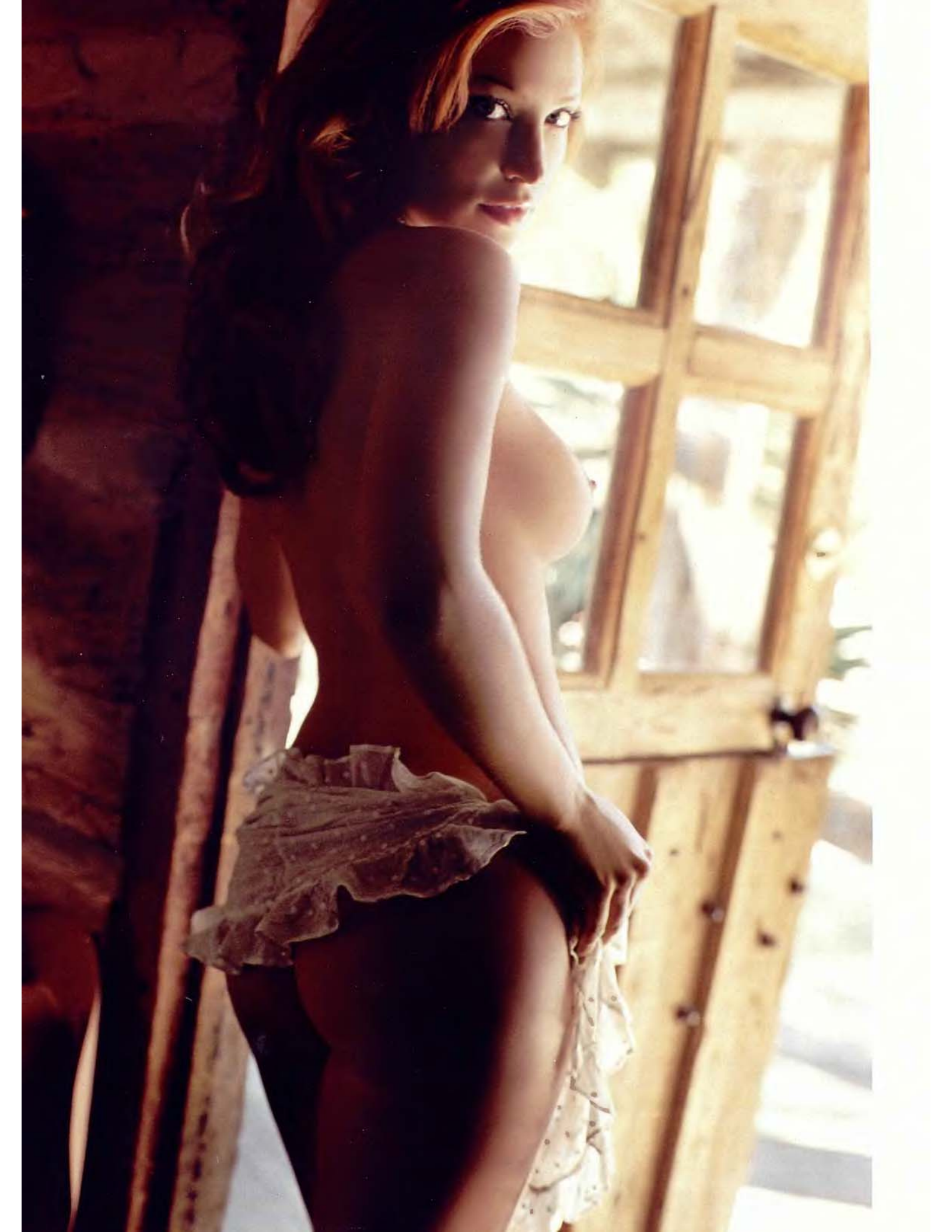
MacKenzie Astin's girlfriends in the romantic comedy *The Month of August*, a heart attack-inducing vixen opposite *ER*'s Goran Visnjic in *The Last Will*, a love interest of Duran Duran's John Taylor in *Vegas C.O.D.* and a reformed bad girl who campaigns for a maintenance man to be mayor in *The Least Likely Candidate*. "I believe in reinventing myself and doing things that stimulate me," she says. "Yes, I started out as a *Baywatch* babe, but that brought me to where I am and I'm thankful." Angelica is so appreciative that she just reprised her role as Taylor Walsh in the new *Baywatch* reunion TV movie and has kept in touch with many of her co-stars, including Pamela Anderson. "I've always admired her, and we have something in common in that she dated Markus Schenkenberg about 10 months after I did," she tells us. Now unattached, Angelica claims that she is finished dating models. "I want a real man," she says. "I love men who are a little rugged, and there's that little girl in me who always wants someone to sweep her off her feet."

You might not have heard of the Brooke Sisters, but Angelica once sang with the band in front of 20,000 fans in China. "Armed guards had to walk me out and people were pulling on my hair because they had never seen a redhead before," she tells us. "Now I'm working on my first album—filled with sexy and soulful music—with some European producers." She also designed her own website and answers her

(text concluded on page 136)

"Samson, my bunny, was traumatizing my cat by trying to hump her every second," says Angelica. "The Mansian staff told me, 'Samson can live here and bunny-hap all day with other rabbits.' Naw he's the happiest bunny in the world."









e-mail personally. "No one believes it's me," she says. "I write back, 'Would Angelica be sitting here in her pink panties, bunny slippers, hair in a knot on the top of her head and zit cream from the night before?' Then it dawns on them, 'Oh my God, it is her!'"

Angelica hasn't lost touch with her modest roots in rural Missouri. "I totally believe in Southern hospitality," she says. "Any time a girl like me comes to your house, she brings a bottle of wine, cookies or fresh buttermilk biscuits. I still pinch people's cheeks and say, 'Aren't you just the most darling thing ever?' Or I love spanking people's bottoms when they do something cute or funny, and I say, 'Oh, you're so naughty!' If I ever write a book, it will be called *Charmed Life*, because being charmed isn't just about amazing things. I have gone through a lot of hard times that were important experiences because they grounded me and helped make me who I am today."

STYLING BY ELIZABETTA ROGIANI
HAIR BY LOUIS ANGELO
MAKEUP BY OEEEE ANO JOANNA CONNELL

CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF ANGELICA?
GO TO CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.









Letterman

(continued from page 92)

they set their sights on each other.

I have an older sister, Mimi. She won't come to Amsterdam, or anywhere else my father happens to be living. She wants to know why I keep visiting him, and I tell her it's because he pays my tuition, which he does. She says I've made a deal with the devil, that it can't end well, that I should consider the student loans that have worked just fine for her. I tell her I like milking him for all he's worth, which, embarrassingly, is the only act of defiance I've been able to muster to this point.

We reach Amsterdam proper and my father turns on his windshield wipers. It's been sprinkling since we emerged from the covered parking at Schiphol, and at last he must deal with the accumulation of water. We drive alongside a tiny tram powered by parallel electric wires running above its roof—transportation for dolls. The apartment buildings are brick blocks with plain, square windows, and everyone seems to have agreed upon a uniform of white chiffon curtains. "Where are the hookers?" I find myself asking my father, with whom I've never once discussed a sex-related matter.

He looks at me and I freeze, thinking he's going to hit me. Then he turns back to the road without saying a word. The reality is, he's never laid a hand on me. It was Mimi he went after, while I stood by and watched. Often, I was the one who alerted him to the fact that she was in need of a smack. Perhaps she had bullied me, or taken something I wanted—some toy, or scrap of food. Like me, my father had an infantile conviction that Mimi should never interfere with my happiness. I thought this was because he loved me, and not, as I would later learn, because something in his character had made him ultrasusceptible to the worst aspects of the Arab culture in which he was raised.

He beat my sister elaborately, calling her into his room, spreading his legs as he sat on the edge of the bed, demanding that she come and stand between them. She'd start flinching right away, her head twisted in anticipation of being boxed. "Why are you flinching?" he'd ask her. He'd tell her to stand still, but she couldn't. Her arms jerked up in front of her face, and he pulled them back down. She cried and he asked why she was crying. He gave her a tissue. He waited until it had all subsided—the tears, the self-protection—before he started in on her, dealing his blows, then grabbing her wrists and pulling her back into him when she recoiled. She wore corduroy outfits with matching berets sent by my mother,

who had not fought for custody. She was so little. It was like watching someone kill their pet.

One winter he put Mimi out of the house and I waded to her from the kitchen window as she sat on the cold concrete without a jacket. She didn't wave back, just kept her palms flat on the icy driveway. Later, my father had to defrost her hands in a bowl of cool water. He watched as her freezer-burned skin slowly came back to life, warning her that the numbness would soon give way to pain. But as the time passed, her face registered nothing; at the ripe old age of 11, it seemed she had acquired a death wish.

I can't believe I waded. It's my deepest shame, deeper than tattling on her, or not once raising a cry in her defense. I waded because I was safe inside the house, because immunity from my father had led me to believe I was special, and that any suffering that took place on my behalf was in everyone's best interest. I've wanted to apologize a million times but am afraid of reminding my sister that I'm despicable.

"You're thinking about the red-light district," my father says finally. "They're not going to let those piggy women run wild all over the city. They've contained them."

"Yeah, well, I'm going to get a hooker," I say, wishing my voice wouldn't quake so much. This is the real reason I'm here, the reason I can't explain to my sister: to cure my unfounded fears of a man who has never struck me.

"Take off your shoe," my father says as we step through the vestibule, his Middle Eastern accent still causing him to occasionally drop his plurals. I kick off my sneakers without bothering to untie them. He warns me, "This is not how to make shoes last."

"Where's the bathroom?" I ask, setting my duffel bag on the shiny tiled floor.

"Give me your coat," he answers.

I take off my jacket and hand it to him.

"Coats go in here," he says, opening a folding closet door and pulling out a wooden hanger. Before angling it into one of my armholes, he pauses to examine the Maynard patch on the left breast. "What kind of clothing is this?" he asks me.

"It's my roommate's," I say. "He's a mechanic."

"Why are you wearing it?"

I shrug. "It's cool."

"Cool?" He smirks. He likes to put me down for sounding American. He resents that I have a country, I think, that I'm not a foreigner, that I'm pale, like my Scandinavian mother. He's upset that even as I walk around carrying fully half of his Lebanese genes, I do

not seem to find myself an Arab. I refuse to visit Beirut, harbor a passive-aggressive Israeli sympathy, can't speak a word of Arabic. Anyone who didn't know my background might mistake my self-loathing for racism.

About the jacket, I say, "Girls like it," which is the only real weapon I have against him. He's a loser with women. As soon as he decides he's interested in someone—and he only dates women under his command at the American Consulate, so that he has access to their files—he's on the phone with Tick-eton. It's freakish. Without bothering to ascertain the tastes of his prospective beloved, he buys several weeks' worth of play, symphony and opera tickets, then proposes marriage to whoever's still awake after the last curtain falls. He's come close a couple of times—there was even one short-lived engagement—but in the end it never works out. I think he's looking for someone with a very good attention span. Someone to follow his movements acutely, just as Mimi did when she was little, feeling his meaty palms against her skin before they even touched her.

"You must be kidding me," he says now, running his fingers over the embroidered patch.

I shake my head. "Seriously. Women love it."

"Low-class women?"

"College women. Professors even." I can't seem to stop taunting him.

"I don't believe you," he says.

"Where's the bathroom?" I say.

My father points the way and I jerk off into the toilet, thinking about Professor Devine and how she liked to sit on my lap while I edited *Gunsmoke* episodes for her production class. Sometimes she marked my work too harshly, sometimes she was too soft. She never got it right—how to grade a student you're screwing—so to this day I have no idea whether or not I can actually edit. I never saw what was beneath her skirts, either—only felt that she'd been thinking about me, or someone she liked just as well, before knocking at my door. On those late afternoons, when most of the faculty had gone home and the students hadn't quite begun their nocturnal takeover of the Communications building, she asked nothing more of me than a puncture, a rivet. Sometimes she'd let me suck on one of her breasts, quickly taking it back as soon as she was finished. Her stinginess made me come. My Dutch hooker is going to be just like Professor Devine. I'm going to pay her to quit early, to desert, to leave me in my own stupid mess.

My father knocks and says, "Are you almost done?"

I clean myself up, wash my hands



"I'm thankful for our health, the bountiful harvest and that occasional gust of wind."

and open the door. "Let me show you the kitchen," he says, turning abruptly. I follow him past his room and glance inside. Beyond his elevated bed is a telescope whose lens peeks gingerly out of a closed curtain, like a finger between two buttons on a blouse. It's tilted slightly upward, though not high enough to see the sky.

At the entrance to the next doorway he flips on a fluorescent lamp, illuminating a long galley kitchen. On the back wall is a door, and, beside it, a window revealing the lighted apartments into which my father is presumably peeping. "This is special tea," he announces, indicating a small box on his putty-colored counter. "Each bag can be used three times."

I nod.

"When you finish with a tea bag, put it in this Tupperware." He waggles a plastic tub near the sink.

"All right," I say.

"Here are the glasses," he says, opening one cupboard door, then another and another as he moves on to expose plates, pots, linens.

I keep nodding until he's finished, then point to the back door and say, "What's out there?"

"A garden," he says.

"No," I say, "what are you looking at through your telescope?"

He puts on his consulate face then, which causes the wrinkles on his forehead to smooth out, and his eyes to scan some middle distance. Diplomacy, he's always said, is the art of accepting defeat in the same way you would victory—with humility, grace and mild amusement. This is the man I always wanted for

a parent, but my father wasn't one to bring the office home. "OK," he says, smiling a little. He's still handsome, which he doesn't deserve to be. "You caught me. C'mon."

He flicks off the kitchen lamp and I follow him back to his bedroom, where he operates on light from the hallway alone. We traverse the path between the foot of his platform bed and an ornate, freestanding wardrobe—furniture he's shipped all over the world with him in the course of his career. It still looks new. My father's practice has always been to buy expensive things, then treat them well so as not to have to replace them. He used to stand behind Mimi at the kitchen sink as she washed plate after Wedgwood plate, making sure she never chipped them. She never did, which disappointed him, but he swatted her anyway, while I stood by, rubbernecking.

He removes the lens cap, then positions himself in front of the eyepiece, all without actually touching the telescope. He's quiet for a long moment, then says, "OK, you can look."

We trade places and I assume his position behind the lens. Somewhere across the courtyard, a few flights up, a blonde in her mid-30s watches television while her seemingly disembodied hands perform the task of knitting. I can't explain why, but the way she's doing it, without looking, without checking her work, gives me a hard-on. "Who is she?" I say.

"Joanna."

"Yo Anna?"

"The J is a Y in Dutch."

"Oh," I say. "Joanna."

"Well, do you see what she's doing?" he says.

"How do you know her name?"

"She's my new assistant. She's knitting me a sweater."

"Why?"

"Why?" he laughs. "Because I took her to the symphony and she asked me what my favorite color was. I said blue and that's a blue sweater. Everyone in the Netherlands knits."

Just then Joanna stops knitting. Something on TV has caught her eye, perhaps, and she tilts her head slightly. She raises one of the thick needles to her chest and starts tracing a spot on the outside of her own sweater that would seem to correspond to a nipple.

"What's she doing?" my father asks.

"Nothing," I say. "Knitting."

"I'm going to propose to her while you're here. I've been monitoring her, and I think she's going to say yes."

"Wow," I say. "Congratulations."

"Well," he says, "she hasn't said yes yet."

"Does she know that you watch her?"

"Don't be stupid. I hide the telescope under the bed when she comes over."

"Just wondering."

"Step aside," he says.

I do, and he takes my spot, squinting through the far-reaching peephole. He doesn't say anything for a few seconds, then he asks, "Was she knitting all that time I was talking to you?"

"What else would she have been doing?" I say.

"Nothing," he says.

"Isn't she knitting now?"

"Of course."

"It's kind of dull," I say, "watching that."

"Not to me," my father says. "Not if you're in love."

The next morning at breakfast, he gives me a mug of hot water, then, a few minutes later, squeezes out the tea bag from his own mug and drops it into mine. "It might take a few minutes to brew," he says. "Just be patient."

We're sitting at a rectangular table at the front end of his long living room, eating cereal. He's easy with himself, dropping toast crumbs all over the place mat, letting tea dribble down the side of his mug, slopping random Cheerios onto the snowy carpet beneath his feet. Any of these would've been punishable offenses in my childhood, at least for Mimi; it infuriates me now to see it was all a ruse.

"Remember how you used to hit my sister?" I say, my voice a little stronger than the night before.

He looks at me. "Mimi was a willful child and that got her a few beatings. You, on the other hand—I never had a problem with you."

Despite his coying up to me, I force myself to push on. "I remember one time, just before you put her outside, you told her to go and get her shoes. When she turned to walk away from



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you, you kicked her in the rear and she went flying forward."

My father laughs. "That's quite a story."

"Actually," I say, thinking some more, "you told her to go and get her *shoe*. You meant the pair, but you said 'shoe.' Do you realize you do that? Drop your plurals? I guess it's your accent."

"I'm an old man," my father says. "I don't need this kind of talk."

"About beating my sister or about your accent?" I say.

He doesn't answer. I've never said these things to him before. I thought that it would feel good to say them now, but it's making me feel worse. A million times worse. Because nothing happens. He doesn't get mad or kick me out or anything.

"I'm getting a hooker," I say.

"No, you're not," he tells me. "You will not endanger my standing in the diplomatic corps."

"You can't stop me."

"You don't think so?"

I shake my head.

"Well, I think so," he says.

"I don't care if you quit paying my tuition. I can get student loans."

"It's nothing to do with money."

"I'm going to take a shower," I say, getting up from the table.

"I may not be here when you get out," he says. "I need to go to work."

"It's Saturday."

"I'm getting a little behind," he admits.

"All right, then," I say. "I'll see you tonight. After the hooker."

I jerk off again, this time in the shower, thinking about Joanna and her knitting needles. When I come out, my father is gone, just as he said he would be, and I feel myself relaxing a little for the first time since I got here. I wrap a towel around my waist and go into his room to look through the telescope. At first it seems like Joanna's not home, but then, after a few minutes, she appears in the

living room, carrying a basket of laundry. She sets it down on the floor and begins folding its contents, laying the clothes in neat piles on the couch. At one point she pulls a red blouse from the basket, and, as she holds it up for examination, her face registers dismay. She then drapes it across the front of herself, tugging at different parts of it to try to make it fit. Finally she turns her back to the window, removes the T-shirt she's wearing, and puts on the shrunken blouse. She buttons it and turns around a little, and I can see that the fabric is pulling across her chest. She caves her shoulders, but even so, there's no making it work. This distracts her to the degree that she forgets to turn around fully before slowly undoing the buttons. Her bra is white and matronly and the effect of this is fairly profound on me, though I don't follow through.

Instead, I go back in the guest room and pull some clean clothes out of my suitcase. After getting dressed, I count my money for the hooker and make sure I smell good in every place that can also smell bad.

In the entryway, I open the closet and pull out my mechanic's coat, then head for the front door. Seconds before I tug at the handle, I notice a place for a key on the inside, and think, how European. When the door won't open no matter which way I turn the knob, I see my father has won.

He's left a number where I can reach him at work, so I call him from the wall phone in the kitchen. "Fakir," he says—the last name I resent having to share with him.

"Yeah, I'm locked in," I say.

"Who is this, please?"

"C'mon," I say. "You locked me in. You can't do that. How does this fucking door work?" I rarely swear in front of him, and it seems to have the same effect as that time, many years ago, when I made the conscious shift from *Daddy* to *Dad*.

"Is this Gregor?" he asks.

"Where's the fucking key?"

"I have the key."

"This is fucked up," I say.

"I'll be home at lunch," he says. "Joanna is coming for dinner tonight and I'm going to ask her to marry me. I need you to be there."

"I can't believe you did this."

"Gregor," he says, "could you defrost the chicken in the freezer? I forgot to take it out before I left."

Without thinking, I go to the freezer and pull out a plastic bag with CHICKEN written on it in black magic marker. "Got it," I say.

"Plug up the sink and set it in there with some cold water. It'll thaw faster."

"I remember," I say, "from my sister's hands."

He laughs. "What are you talking about now?"

"Listen," I say, "I'm going to get a hooker tomorrow."

"You're the son of a diplomat," he tells me. "You will not get a hooker."

"Sure I will," I say, and I hang up.

I fill the sink and watch the chicken bob a little in the water. The twice-used tea bag from breakfast sits inside its Tupperware, and I know that tomorrow morning my father will make me use it, taking a fresh one for himself.

I realize I'm not breathing and correct that. Then I drain the sink of water and pray that tonight at dinner, each piece of chicken will have a raw, frozen center that will give Joanna food poisoning before my father has a chance to propose.

By now, she's finished folding her laundry and is watching TV and knitting again. She's kept the tight red blouse on after all, and I'm hoping that she'll reach inside one of the gaping holes between the buttons and touch herself, but she doesn't. Boring. At one point she turns her head abruptly, then sets her knitting on the couch and gets up. She leaves the living room for a moment, then returns carrying a cordless phone. She's talking amiably with someone, then listening, then she walks over to the window and looks down at me from her fourth floor apartment. She listens some more to whoever's talking, then shakes her head as if to say no and walks away. She doesn't seem to see the tip of the telescope.

Eventually she hangs up the phone and returns to her knitting on the couch. She sits there for maybe five minutes, then gets up again and walks to the window, looking directly at me. She puts her hands on her hips. She's attractive. Very sturdy in the face, with a powerful jaw and eminent cheekbones. She walks away from the window and out of the living room again, and seconds later, my father's phone rings.

The phone sits on the nightstand, along with a clock and a biography of Henry Kissinger. I perch on the edge of



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the bed and wonder about answering. The ringing stops eventually, then starts up again, which I take to be a sign.

"Gregor?" an American voice says. For a second I think it's my sister.

"Yes?" I say.

"This is Joanna. A friend of your dad's?" She pronounces her name with a hard J.

"Joanna?" I say, pronouncing it the Dutch way.

I hear a smile in her voice. "That's what Arshad likes to call me. I don't mind either way."

"I thought you were Dutch," I say. "You look Dutch."

"I look Dutch? How do you know that?"

I don't answer her.

"Hello?" she says.

"I'm here."

"I guess your father told you I was blonde."

I take a deep breath and say, "No. He watches you through a telescope in his bedroom."

"Excuse me?"

"I'm sorry," I say, "but you should know."

She doesn't respond. I feel worried about her, so I step back behind the telescope and look through it. She's standing in front of her window, looking down at me.

"You probably can't see the tip of the lens from up there," I say.

"You're looking at me now?" she says, her voice turning a little breathy.

"Sorry," I say, moving away from the eyepiece. "I'm not anymore. I promise. I just wanted to make sure you were OK."

"I'm not OK," she says. "Of course I'm not OK."

"Can I just suggest that you don't see my father anymore? He's not a very nice person."

She doesn't say anything.

"Would you like me to hang up now? So you can be alone?"

"No," she answers. "Please don't hang up."

"All right," I say.

She lets out a long breath. "I don't know what to say right now."

"That's OK," I tell her.

"Your father just called to tell me that he accidentally locked you in. He wanted me to call and tell you that you could go out in the garden if you wanted, for fresh air."

"I'm fine inside," I say.

"What have you been doing?" she asks tentatively.

Sitting on my father's bed and feeling ashamed, I want to tell her. So I do. "I watched you a little bit this morning," I begin slowly, "and last night, too, with my father. You were knitting, and then you touched yourself with one of the needles. This morning, you tried on a blouse that was too small for you and it made you upset. I'm very sorry for my

part in all of this. I really am. I hope that telling you about my father's telescope makes up for it in some small way. Please understand, I'm nothing like him. I want to be better."

"Jesus," Joanna says.

I can't help it. I head for the telescope. "I'm looking at you again," I say. "I'm sorry. I don't know why I keep doing it. Maybe you should shut your curtains."

She sighs. "It's OK. I give you permission to look at me. Here," she says, and she waves.

"Hi," I say, then I go and open my father's curtains. "Can you see me now?"

"Not really," she says.

"Wait," I say, and I set the phone down and run into the kitchen, unlocking the door that leads out to the garden. My father's got his bike there, covered in plastic and propped up against a wooden fence, along with some gardening tools and a pair of dirty sneakers. I stand on a small brick patio, waving my arms wildly, while Joanna, who is much smaller and harder to see without the telescope, seems to wave back. I quickly return to my father's bedroom and pick up the phone again. "Hi," I say, panting a little.

"Do you want to get out of there?" she asks.

"What?"

"Do you want me to get you out of there?"

"Oh man," I say, "yeah."

"You'll have to jump the fence at the back of your father's garden. I'll call the woman who lives behind him and tell her to let you in."

The first thing I notice when Joanna opens her door is that she still hasn't changed out of the tight blouse, whose thin material allows the color of her skin to seep through in places. Also, her face seems less airbrushed in person, with wrinkles extending out from the corners of her eyes, and laugh lines forming parentheses from her nostrils to her mouth. Somewhere, somehow, she is a woman who enjoys life. "Gregor?" she says.

"Hello, Joanna," I say, holding out my hand. She doesn't so much take it as slip her own hand inside of it, as if I were a sheath.

"Come in," she says, stepping aside so I can pass.

Her place appears to be laid out identically to my father's, though she's painted her walls actual colors, as opposed to the noncommittal whites he prefers. The entryway is maroon, which makes me think of chimneys, while the rich yellow living room seems to promise an endless summer.

"Can I offer you anything?" Joanna asks. "A drink, or maybe some lunch?"

"I wouldn't mind a glass of water," I say.

She nods and heads for the kitchen. I don't want to crowd her so I stay in the

front hall, like a handyman with muddy boots. Joanna pulls two highball glasses from one of her cupboards, then, instead of turning on the water faucet, pours us each some vodka. She brings the drinks out and we gulp them down, after which she returns the empty glasses to the kitchen. "Have a seat in the living room," she calls.

"Should I take off my shoes?"

"Yes," she says, "please."

I kick them off, then set them neatly beside an umbrella stand. "What about my jacket?" I ask when she returns.

She reaches out and touches the patch that says *Maynard*. It's not true that you can't detect vodka on someone's breath, or that its fragrance has to be damning. "Whose coat is this?" she wants to know. "Why don't you wear your own clothes?"

"I don't like my clothes," I say, trying not to feel aroused by her close scrutiny, or the way her voice has dropped.

She looks down at her blouse and says, "I don't like my clothes, either. They don't fit."

"Didn't you follow the washing instructions?" I ask.

"No," she says, tugging at the clingy fabric. "I put it in the drier, to make sure it would be ready for tonight."

"Oh," I say.

"I'm trying to stretch it back now," she tells me.

I nod, confining my gaze to her right shoulder.

"Can I try on your jacket?" she asks.

"Sure," I say, taking it off and handing it to her.

She slips it on and immediately slides her hands into the pockets. From the right one she withdraws the roll of gulden I've bound with a rubber band. There were too many bills to fit inside my wallet. "What's this?" she asks.

"My savings."

"What are you going to buy?"

I clear my throat. "A hooker."

"What?" she says.

"I should probably go," I say.

"I thought you said you wanted to be better," she says, closing my coat around her and crossing her arms to keep it shut.

"I do," I say. "I won't peep at you anymore, I swear."

"So you're just going to go find some other poor woman to peep at? You're going to stand in front of all those windows on Bloedstraat and decide who's got the best . . . whatever it is you're looking for?"

"This is something I've been planning for a long time," I say. "I wouldn't expect you to understand."

"So I was just the warm-up act? You got yourself all hot and bothered looking at me, and now you're off for the main event?"

"I would never have looked at you if my father hadn't shown me his telescope. I already told you."

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"You didn't get all hot and bothered?" she asks in a way that makes it hard to tell what the right answer is, so I stick with the truth, which in the last couple of hours has kept me in the most trouble of my life.

"Yes," I say. "I suppose I did."

She looks at the wad of money in her hand. "Then this is mine," she says. "I earned it. You're going to have to forget about the hooker."

Joanna doesn't give back my jacket. She leaves it on, replaces my money in the pocket, then walks into the living room. I stand there in the entryway by myself for a couple of minutes, trying to

figure out what to do. The money isn't as important to me as the coat, but there's something about her wearing the coat that also feels pretty important. I like the way she looks in it, like a high school girl in an oversize letterman's jacket. I want it back, but only with her in it.

"Joanna?" I say.

"In here," she calls, which of course I already knew.

I pad sock-footed into the living room to find her ensconced in the familiar, overstuffed couch, legs up on the coffee table and crossed at the ankles. She sits beside her perpetually open curtains, blue yarn in hand, needles click-

ing together with that same skin-tingling proficiency.

"Have a seat," she says, without looking up.

I survey my choices, which include a couple of minimalist chairs across from Joanna and the plush ocher carpet. In the end, I decide to join her on the opposite side of the couch, beneath the haze of an amber lamp.

"It's too bad we have to meet under these circumstances," she offers.

"Uh-huh."

"Your father always speaks so highly of you."

"Oh yeah? What does he say?"

She does this thing where she stops knitting for a second and coaxes a bunch of stitches down the length of one needle; I look away, worried about an involuntary reaction.

"He says you're smart and responsible and that you don't hold a grudge."

"I do hold a grudge," I tell her.

She shrugs and says, "Don't get mad—get even."

"Is that what you're going to do?"

"I'm going to file a complaint with the Consulate. This is sexual harassment. He'll have to face some kind of disciplinary action."

"Won't they just say that you were asking for it since you were dating him?"

"I didn't ask to be peeped at."

"What about your curtains? Won't they say you should've had them closed?"

"Your ideas aren't very advanced," she says.

I don't have an answer. She's probably right. "Can I have some more vodka?" I ask.

She nods. "It's in the freezer."

I get up from the couch. "Would you like some?"

"Sure."

In the kitchen, I note the torn ticket stubs from the Concertgebouw affixed to the freezer door with magnets. After filling the glasses Joanna and I used earlier, I quickly drain mine and refill it before heading back into the living room. "Just set it on the coffee table," she says about her drink, still not looking at me. I nod and use Dutch *Vogue* as a coaster.

Instead of returning to my corner of the couch, I choose the middle cushion this time, the vodka making me think I have nothing to lose. I turn toward her and say, "You know, my father was going to propose to you."

At last she stops knitting and looks at me. "What?"

"He was going to ask you to marry him tonight."

"But we've only been dating a few weeks."

"He always does this," I say. "Jumps the gun."

"Jesus," Joanna murmurs, reaching for her drink. "I wonder if I would've said yes."

"No," I say, "you wouldn't have. I



"You got to admire them. It's been three months now and never once have they molested our womenfolk."



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wouldn't have let you."

"Gregor," she says, "I liked your father. I liked working with him, I liked going to the symphony with him, I liked sleeping with him. I might've said yes."

"You slept with him?"

"That's who I was thinking about when I touched myself last night," she says quietly. "Arshad."

I get up and walk over to the window, needing to shake all this off. "Wow," I say. "Those are just about the worst things you could've told me."

"Why?"

I look down at my father's apartment and see his bedroom curtains open, just as I left them. The telescope isn't so easy to spot in the daylight, but I'm pretty sure I can make it out. "Because," I say, "now I can't think about you and your knitting needles anymore."

"When did you think about them before?" she asks.

"This morning, in the shower."

"Never mind," she says. "I'm sorry I asked."

"Hey, I paid you for that, fair and square."

"Can we please not talk about this?"

"I was overcharged," I tell her, unable to stop myself.

She goes quiet for a moment, then says, "It wasn't nice?"

"Of course it was nice," I say. "It's just that it was only, you know, the one time."

She doesn't answer me.

I turn away from the window to look at her. "Can I have some of my money back?"

"Are you going to use it to get a hooker?"

"No," I say. "I want to change my plane ticket and leave early. I hate it here."

She sets her empty glass back down on the coffee table. "That's too bad."

I watch then as she picks up her knitting and gets back to work. Neither of us is particularly jarred when the phone rings, nor when my father's voice comes over the answering machine: "Joanna?" he says, with the Y. "Are you there? I'm worried about Gregor. I keep calling my apartment, but he doesn't answer. I'm afraid he's harmed himself. Joanna? Maybe you could go over and ring my doorbell or something. I wonder where you are. Oh boy. Neither of you is home. That makes me worry. I guess I'll call it a day here. I hope he defrosted that chicken."

My father hangs up and I say, "He thinks that sweater is for him."

"It was," Joanna says.

I look down at her lap. The piece of wool that was meant for his midsection lies draped across her like a baby's blanket. "Why are you still knitting it?" I ask her.

"Come back and sit down," she says.

"No," I say, turning back to the window. "I'm waiting for him."

"What's going to happen to us?" she wants to know.

"What do you mean?"

"When he comes home."

"Nothing," I say. "We live here and he lives over there."

"You know what he said to me last week?"

"What?"

"He said, 'Joanna, I wish you would shut the drapes in your living room. The Dutch are famous for peeping.'"

"He isn't Dutch," I remind her.

"I think he'd like to be," she says. "I think he'd like to be anything other than who he is."

"Who is he?"

She sighs. "A very sad man. That was another thing I liked about him."

We don't say anything for a long while, until suddenly I notice my father in his bedroom window, looking irritatingly small and alone. I guess we probably see each other, though neither of us acknowledges this. After a moment, he closes his white chiffon curtains.

"Let's close the curtains," I say to Joanna.

"Why?" she says.

"Because," I say, tugging the pulley at the side of the window frame, "we're not a display case. What we do is not for public consumption."

"What do we do?" she says.

I sit back down on the couch with her, even closer this time, my left thigh pushing up against her right one. I ache for her blue blanket to cover us both.

"Are you cold?" she asks. "Would you like your jacket back?"

"No," I say.

She stops knitting momentarily and fingers the embroidered patch on her chest. "Who's Maynard?" she asks.

"My roommate. He's a mechanic."

"I had no idea that boys shared clothes."

"We don't, really. I just took it."

"Maybe you could get one with your name on it."

"That wouldn't be cool."

"Why not?"

"Because," I say, "it's better to be Maynard."

"Is he a good mechanic?" she asks.

"He's a good two-stepper," I tell her. "Have you ever two-stepped?"

"No."

"Me neither. I just watch Maynard do it."

"Isn't that the dance where you go around in a circle?"

"Yeah. Except the girl is always moving backward, so she can't see where she's going. It's the man's job to make sure she doesn't run into anyone and hurt herself."

The phone rings then, and we wait for my father's voice to come over the answering machine. Instead, we get only his shallow breathing—the same animal sound that used to escape him each

time he pummeled my sister. The tape cuts out before he can hang up, and it occurs to me that he'll never have any last words.

I catch Joanna's eye then and feel myself wanting to press up against her, to find out if she would have me free of charge. Because she's the one I want, this woman who's been undone by my father, whose eyes rain down onto the knitting in her lap, returning the smell of wet sheep.

"Joanna," I say, "can I have my money back?"

"Are you leaving now?" she says, wiping her eyes a little. "Please don't leave."

"I'm not leaving," I assure her, and she lets me reach inside Maynard's pocket to retrieve the roll of bills.

"Do you want your jacket back, too?" she asks nervously.

"I just want to take it off you," I say, and she lets me set the knitting aside and ease her out of the sleeves.

"I might stop you," she warns. "If I say stop, you have to stop."

I nod and finger the buttons on her tight blouse, popping them open with just my touch. She leans forward a little so I can unhook her bra, then raises her hips minimally to assist me in lowering her jeans. As I roll her underwear down her thighs, the leg holes twist themselves into satin rings, blatantly exposing the cotton crotch and all its signs of welcome.

She curls herself into the corner of the couch then, crossing her arms in front of her as I stand and take off my own clothes. From my wallet I produce a rubber, which I offer to her as an inducement to help me out a little. She doesn't accept. "Should I stop?" I ask her.

She shakes her head. "No. Just, you do all the work."

I nod and roll the Durex on myself, then sit down beside her on the couch. I tug at her wrists and she allows this, her arms falling gently to reveal high, pointed breasts. I pull her onto my lap and feel her helping ever so slightly to get her legs straddled, to raise her hips, to lower herself at such an angle as to soak me up on the way down. I prefer it this way. With Professor Devine it was as if I was paralyzed, the way she'd tug at my zipper, pull me out, then tuck me back in again when it was over. Even her breast was an allotment, lifted by her own hand and placed in my mouth.

But here, with Joanna, I take my time, alternating between a pair of opalescent nipples. I scoop my hands beneath her thighs, separating the two halves of her so that I'm in as deep as she'll allow. Later, when I pull her face toward my own, when her sweet yellow hair comes into my mouth along with her shimmering tongue, not even the banging on the front door can make me let go.



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SKATE KINGS

(continued from page 128)

agreements. Thankfully, I got help from Tony Buyalos. He owns Shorty's, the company that Muska made the most popular brand in the biz.

Muska was signed to Shorty's in mid-1996 at \$5000 per month and five bucks a board after a minimum 1000 boards. These were big numbers. Companies usually paid \$2000 to \$3000 a month and \$2 per board, though some hot names were paid signing bonuses as high as \$100,000. For coming to Shorty's, the Muska got a tricked-out new Toyota 4Runner. In true Muska fashion, he didn't even get it home—or insured—before he totaled it.

"We caught a lot of shit for making this size offer to an unproven pro," Buyalos says. "I guess we got the last laugh."

According to Buyalos, Shorty's Chad Muska Pro Silhouette model deck, which features a shadow representation of Muska sitting on a curb wearing headphones, sold "shitloads." Store managers told me that the board reportedly sold more than 20,000 copies per month for about two years straight, and still sells today. If this is true, during that two-year run alone Chad's cut would be over \$2 million.

It doesn't stop there. He has several other board models. "He's still among the top five people who sell boards," says his Shorty's team manager, George Nagai. Then there are shoes. Campbell and Dyrdek both estimate that a top shoe will bring a skater around \$300K per year. Chad Muska's signature shoe made a grip for ÉS Footwear. And Muska gets another bonus from Four Star Distribution for Circa Footwear. He owns a piece of the company, gets top price per pair

and designs the shoes himself. Two of the three Chad Muska Circa shoes exploded at the outset of 2000, and Circa is now the most popular skate shoe going. Limp Bizkit's Fred Durst, for instance, is often seen in a Circa shirt, and he and Muska have talked about future projects.

You can see where this is going. Somebody else throws him a heap of cash to start Ghetto Child wheels. Then they expand it to clothing. He not only gets a stipend like he does from his other clothing sponsor, TSA—perhaps \$5000 per month—but he also owns a piece of Ghetto Child. Factor in his cut of Tony Hawk's Pro Skater game, his posters, his calendars, his autographed turds—you name it.

"Chad has a Ph.D. in skateboarding: poor, hungry and driven," says Buyalos. "He has proved to me that skaters can make a great living and even retire off a successful skateboarding career without selling out."

"I pretty much moved out of my house when I was 13 years old," Muska says. He talks incredibly fast. He wears a look like he's fighting to hold back a reservoir of unsorted stuff. "I've been living on my own since then, doing my thing. Skating just always led me to different people where I could stay and do my thing. Living in Vegas and Arizona you get some people coming in and out of town, and once in a while, some tour, you say 'What up.' You try to bust out in front of them, but then they're gone. So to come up I had to go to Cali."

Gradually facts emerge. Muska was born in Ohio to a biker dad and teenage mom. After they split up, Chad divided his time between his mom's place in Vegas and his dad's place in Phoenix. His hard-partying folks, he says charitably,

were "young parents." Skateboarding kept him out of the house and out of harm's way. In 1990 he left for good.

The Vegas skateboarding community took him in. "Skateboarding is kind of its own family," he says. "At that time, if you skated you were, like, instant friends. You can have a whole group of friends that are mad tight and all come together and kick it."

At 15 Muska moved to California, the skateboarding capital of the world, to "come up." He caught a ride in from Vegas with two gamblers and ended up on Pacific Beach in San Diego, where he stayed, homeless, for three years. "It didn't happen quick-like with skating," he says. "I was in PB just lurking, hustling on the beach." A shattered ankle required metal pins and plates and two years to heal. He was too young to work or get an apartment. He'd either charm the occasional tourist girl for a place to crash or try to pass out on purpose at parties. Most of the time it meant getting drunk enough to sleep on the sand near the roller coaster with his friends. They called themselves the AF Crew, for Always Faded.

Muska didn't do anything new, he just did it big. Word got out that there was this stoner kid who would throw himself down any rail or off any drop. His hook was more stylistic: The Muska is what Kid Rock or Fred Durst wish they were. He came to the sport with a weirdly authentic white hip-hop steez. Cameras love him. Every photo you've ever seen of the Muska has him poised and cool, 20 feet in the air over some staircase or rail, with the board flipping beneath his feet and a huge wildstyle boombbox in the background. He was always stoned and always rocking the right basketball jersey, leather, shades, headbands and wristbands in the Nineties when no one was wearing them anymore. When Limp Bizkit and Korn and Kid Rock and other white thug rockers exploded, Muska was there looking the part.

"I remember I got my first \$100 bill from Charlie Watson at Maple Skateboards," says Muska. "I went straight to the beach and bought an eighth of chronic for 60 bucks. I got a burrito from a shop and then a 40. I fucking loaded a bowl right on the beach wall and a fucking bike cop rolled up on me, took my weed and wrote me a ticket. Broke again. I was so pissed."

His friend Jamie Thomas soon pulled him into the first Toy Machine team, which ended in disaster. The rest of the team were, he says, "straightedge vegan dudes." On demo tours Muska sat in the back of the bus drinking 40s by himself and haranguing them. At the botched premiere of their video *Welcome to Hell*, Muska got wasted and told team legend Ed Templeton not to use his part in the film. Eventually, they fired him.

For Shorty's, the problem child was a



"I loved the little mutt, but he was wearing a wire!"

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gold mine. They wanted to expand beyond making only skate accessories, and Muska was the guy they were looking for. The Silhouette board hit in 1997, and the next year Muska was Street Skater of the Year in the *Transworld Skateboarding* reader poll.

Not that it changed anything. His best-known magazine ad for Shorty's featured him standing over his mangled 4Runner. At least three other ads from Shorty's have been censored by *Transworld Skateboarding*. Muska is constantly pushing the limits of what the sanitized "action sports industry" will tolerate. He avoids almost all of their events. Shortly after our conversation, he sold the empty house in Woodland Hills and moved his belongings into a small crowded room at his private skatepark near Simi Valley. His day consists of skating and making drum-and-bass compositions. He's planning on releasing his album, *Muskabeats*. Private park or no, he still won't skate parks or contests.

"They can build as many skateparks as they want," he says. "I don't want to be confined in a box and told where to go, man. I like to just skate down Hollywood Boulevard and watch all the fucking psychos lurking in the streets. Just skating and having fun. That's when I'm living, out there seeing shit."

PISS DRUNX INTERLUDE NUMBER TWO

I catch up to Andrew Reynolds outside the Skatepark of Tampa during the Sunday finals. He is tall and thin and looks ashen and disheveled. "I'll do your interview, but not today," he says in a quavering voice. "I've been drinking too much." He looks away over the lush vegetation in the ditch alongside the road. Then, without any prompting, he says, "I mean, I'm probably going to drink tonight, but I'm not going to get wasted. I'm just going to chill."

KAREEM CAMPBELL: BIG BALLER

Age: 27

Home: Woodland Hills, California.

Signature: rap star stilo.

Breakthrough video part: World Industries' video *New World Order*.

Companies: City Stars skateboards, Axion Footwear, Orion trucks, Ricta wheels, Alphanumeric Clothing, Reflex bearings, Nixon watches.

His friends call him Reemo. He's just about the nicest guy you'd ever want to meet, and everybody in skating says so. He has a preschooler named Kareem Jr., or Little Reemo. He also takes care of an entourage of family and protégés—kids he's bringing up skating, talent he's producing for hip-hop albums, and athletes he's pushing in basketball. He likes his role. He's Big Daddy.

On his City Stars team: "These kids are young, you know? Sixteen years old, pulling down a couple Gs a month, all

expenses paid—just to skate? I advise them to live a little. See the world while the situation lasts."

On watching a VH1 show about Suge Knight and Snoop Dogg: "One thing about Suge is, he takes care of a whole gang of motherfuckers. Suge's spreading it around. When you ask a man for \$5 and he gives you \$100, no questions asked, you know he cares about you."

On the different sects among skateboarders: "Nowadays, they say you're either 'hesh' or 'fresh.' That means basically either a punk metal dude or hip-hop. And then there's the straightedge cats and the whole Midwest redneck thing. But in reality, we're all hand in hand. We're telling the kids, 'Be free, be you.'"

Campbell's house in Woodland Hills is his "playhouse." He originally bought it for his mom, and now he's converting it into a recording studio. He has a condo in Fullerton, a place in New York and another place he bought for his mom in Arkansas. The playhouse looks like your average college house but better equipped. There are two deep couches in front of a 48-inch TV and giant speakers. The heat is roaring and the ashtrays are full. Crates of vinyl are stacked against the wall, and people are milling in and out. A cousin is going out to buy groceries and Campbell flips him some bills. Another guy materializes from where he was sleeping in the studio. There are computers and faxes and shit lying everywhere, and the phone rings off the hook.

"It's like this constantly," he says, unplugging the phone.

Campbell grew up in Harlem, near the Apollo Theater. He sold drugs, washed car windows and hustled in the streets for money. His mom ran away from his dad and moved to Los Angeles. Young Kareem split his time between the two. He didn't like LA but learned to get along there on South La Cienega Boulevard. "I was going to jail," he says. "I was one of those cats—if you saw me, you probably would've looked the other way or walked across the street." He started skating because he noticed that the police didn't connect drug dealing with skateboarding, and he'd never be hassled. His friends, among them future pro Daniel Castillo, started skating Venice. They met the Powell crew there, and a friend brought him the Powell video *Ban This*. That's when Campbell first saw pro rider Ray Barbee and thought, Shit, black people skate pro? Not long after, Campbell was invited to skate his first contest in Santa Barbara, where Barbee himself invited him to be on Powell.

Like Muska, it was Campbell's personal style that got him as much notice as his skating did. When he came along in 1991, skating was still definitely hesh (short for hessian). Campbell was among the first to go fresh. He signed on with

board company World Industries just as it became the dominant force in skating. He was the company's claim to authenticity as the entire industry became hip-hop. The numbers started to pop: the pro model board, the shoe with Axion, co-ownership of Orion trucks and Ricta wheels and skating for the influential Alphanumeric Clothing ("the Environ Mental Protection Company"). Everybody ducks the specifics, but when I ask him if a skater with those kinds of companies makes half a million a year, he says, "Easy."

On his subscription to luxury magazine the *Robb Report*: "When I look at it, I see future goals."

His reaction when I bad-mouth Eminem: "I talk a lot with Eminem. He's been through some heavy shit."

Kareem Campbell slides in and out of hard-to-reach worlds of celebrity and tuggery. He sports aristocracy like he was born to it, because he was. He has family that works for hip-hop newsheet *Rap Pages*. His cousin had a deal with Columbia Records. Another cousin helped set up Wu-Tang Clan. You can't name someone he hasn't met with, like, just yesterday. He takes nothing for granted, because at any time he's likely to have his roots slapped in his face.

"I would go to the skatepark with the World team, but the shop owner, not knowing who I was, would say, 'Hold up, you have to pay,'" he says softly.

Campbell's empowerment program involves owning the companies himself. After some tension at World, he talked it into letting him start his own company team under the World umbrella. After a few name changes, from Menace to All City, he has his own company and team called City Stars, and so far so good. Soon he'll take his interests full circle with his own recording label, City Stars Records.

The huge money now in skating has made too many of the skaters into "tight-asses," he says. They're more interested in competition and deals than the life. Stuff like the X Games and huge video game deals don't help. "Once it gets about greed, it gets about guarantees," he says. "Then there ain't no life in it anymore. Not in the skating, not in the life, not in none of this. You just got to chill."

PISS DRUNX INTERLUDE NUMBER THREE

"What? Yeah, I just got up," says Andrew Reynolds into his cell phone at one P.M. "I guess I got to go look for a new apartment or something. Let me call you in, like, an hour." Several weeks go by.

ROB DYRDEK: THE RIGHT TO FLOSS

Age: 27.

Home: San Diego.

Signature: the world's best backside 360° flip, all-around contest winner.

Breakthrough video part: the first Alien Workshop video, *Memory Screen*.

Companies: Alien Workshop skateboards, DC Shoes, Red Bull, Orion trucks and Reflex bearings.

"Is that your friend, the one over there with the beanie?" says one of the girls at Mons Venus. She motions in the direction of Rob Dyrdek. "He sure does like to talk some shit."

Dyrdek likes to drop the most oddly reprocessed ghetto slang. It flies out of his mouth every which way. He's a duded-up Midwestern wigger with a quick wit. When you're with him you're going to have fun. He's confrontational, always pushing it, issuing a constant stream of Dyrdekisms:

"PLAYBOY? I'm up in there!" he says the first time I call him.

"That's what they might call being extended," he says of his huge diamond necklace in the shape of the Alien Workshop logo.

"Live your life," he says when he disagrees with someone.

Following the Sunday finals at the Skatepark of Tampa, he doesn't have anything clever to say. He has a legendary temper and is famous for abandoning contest heats that go badly. He'll go straight to the airport and leave town without a word to anyone. Rob Dyrdek skates contests. Winning contests gives him the right to talk, the right to be Rob Dyrdek, and when I see him he's sulking.

"Dude, I am so devastated right now," he says. "Eleventh place? I was feeling it this year. I really was."

John Lennon said that a working class hero is something to be, and Dyrdek is the modern suburban equivalent. Dyrdek is talented, but he's successful mostly because he wants it so badly. Unlike Muska or Campbell, he came up skating contests and demos rather than being an instant video head or stylish trendsetter. Skate mag editors and others have often attributed his fierce competitiveness to the fact that he is short. Whether or not this has anything to do with it, Dyrdek will exhaust you. He'll outskate you, out-drink you, out-hip-hop you, out-what-ever you. His up-and-running record label, P-Jays Records, puts out the real hip-hop by DJ Greyboy (the latest, *Unda Attack*). He represents the superheroic potential in every dirty mall lurker who ever scored a free board in a contest product-toss (he got his from Neil Blender) and learned to throw down.

But it's weird to think of Rob Dyrdek caring about what happens in contests. What he's known for nowadays is flossing—he never takes off his huge diamond necklace. "It's this weird taboo not to floss," he says. "But as I'm getting older, I want to represent skateboarding to where your average person is, like, 'Wow.' You see Kareem, you think he's a rap star. A lot of the skateboarders who make money are afraid to show it



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Dyrdek likes his ice. He has a fat diamond ring from his shoe company in the shape of the letters DC. He likes nice clothes. He has a house in San Diego filled with collectible furniture and a private skatepark from which he runs P-Jays. He also has a place in Hollywood with his teammate Anthony Van Engelen. He's made a point of appearing with his cars in enthusiast zines like *Toy Machine Racing*. He's on the cover of the March 2001 *Big Brother*, sliding a rail past the aforementioned \$80,000 silver Benz—the rims alone cost him \$14,000—with a bikini-clad model named Bronze holding a stuffed leopard on a leash.

"You see a scrawny dude step out of a Benz, people stare and think, 'This kid's got to be a drug dealer,'" he says. He smiles at the association.

Dyrdek started clawing ahead at the age of 11, when two guys from his hometown of Dayton, Ohio—Mike Hill and Chris Carter—put him on flow for G&S. They were in California, but he stayed in Dayton. He was an ambitious, wiry grom coming up amid a scene that included bands like the Breeders, Guided by Voic-

es and the Method. Cow Skates Distributing was in Dayton. The constant influx of pros made it what Dyrdek calls "the most cored-out skateboarding town outside of California."

When Carter and Hill quit G&S to start their own company in Dayton, 15-year-old Dyrdek was deep in the mix. The office was five minutes from his parents' house. He was in the meeting where they developed the name Alien Workshop, which is now one of the most popular boards in America.

"I turned pro at 16, I'm done," he says, "even though at the time I wasn't making a dime. My first check, at Christmas 1991, was for \$2. I sold one board, I got \$2. And I needed the money, so I cashed it." He did make some concessions, however. "I promised my mom I'd take a night class to get my GED, so I did that."

At 16, he went to the World Championships in Europe and took fourth in his first contest. Now, at 27, he's still banging away at the season opener in Tampa when guys like Campbell sit on the sidelines just to represent for their younger team members.

But when you floss and you talk shit

and you party, you have to back it up. There's nothing worse than being the guy with a two-pound rope of gold around his neck who just took the last beer and who can't skate. This code is viciously enforced in skateboarding, and because Dyrdek is living larger than life, he's set himself up as prime for the take-down. It seems like there's always someone there with a camera when you're at your worst—like *Big Brother's* video *Boob*, on which Dyrdek is captured slowly passing out after horking a nitrous balloon. There also are vaguely embarrassing images in a *Big Brother* layout of Dyrdek running around in a cowboy hat and a holster. Well, as Texas' own Butt-hole Surfers once said, "It's better to regret something you have done than something you haven't."

A couple years ago, Dyrdek woke up as an established veteran in the world of skateboarding. He was 23. He realized that drinking every night was causing a lot of injuries and taking a heavy toll on his businesses and his skating. So he hired accountants to pay the bills and run the companies. That left just drinking and skating. He built himself a private skatepark he calls the Training Facility. The focus has paid off. After 15 years in the business, Dyrdek is blowing up.

"I got four action figures right now," he says after listing the companies he is running and teams he is managing. "This is the first line of skateboarding figures this company is doing. You sit in this scanner, and they do a 360 scan of your head. Then it pumps out this wax molding of your face. It looks dead-ass like you."

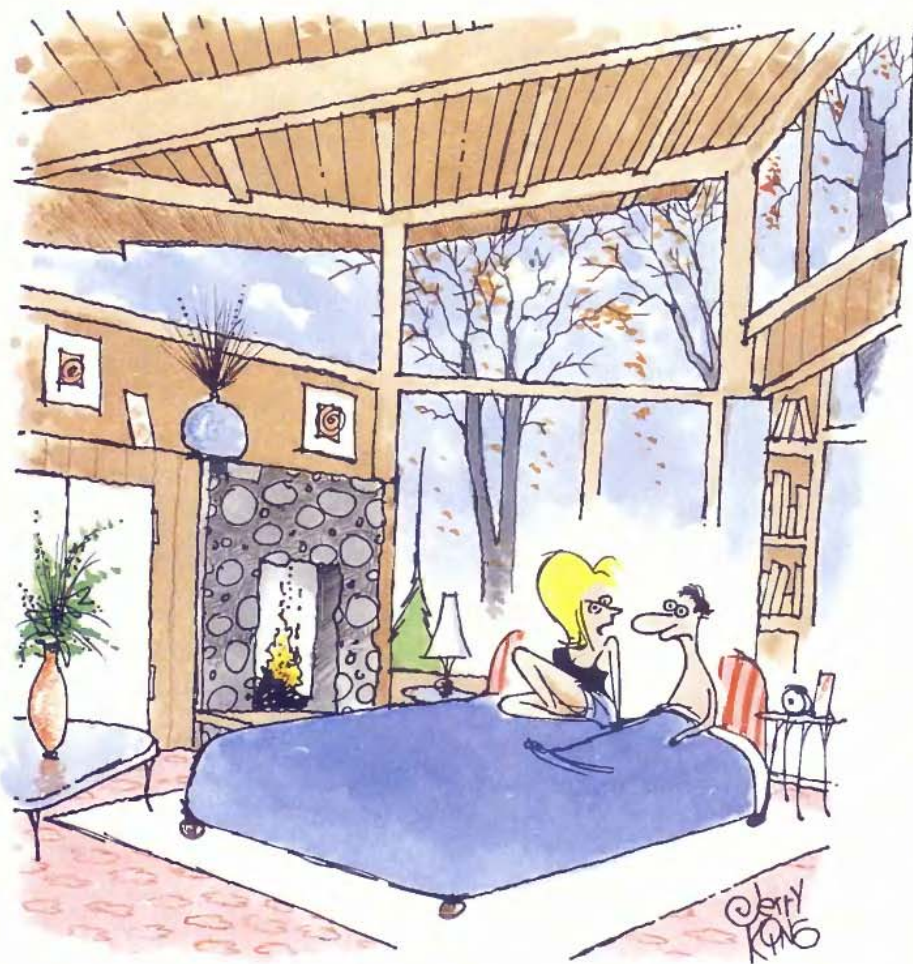
Action figures could be the ultimate ego trip, but not for Dyrdek. As he's said in every interview he's done in the past few years, "I'm still the dirty skateboarder I've always been." Skateboarding won't let him be anything else.

"If I'm skating down the street, you see the same 15-year-old kid skating the same ledge," he says. "You don't see that there's a guy stepping out of a Benz rocking jewelry, who owns a hip-hop label and all these companies, has action figures and travels the world for skateboarding. In the streets today, you skate till you get kicked out or get a ticket. It's real."

PISS DRUNX FINALE

It's the middle of a blazing Hollywood afternoon, but no one answers the buzzer at the offices of Baker, the Piss Drunx' board company. So I wait until some actresses come down and let myself into the building. In the elevator, a guy from a casting company says, "The skateboard guys? I never see anyone go in or out of that office. I guess they don't have to work much."

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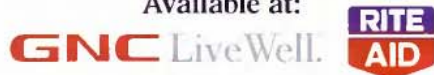
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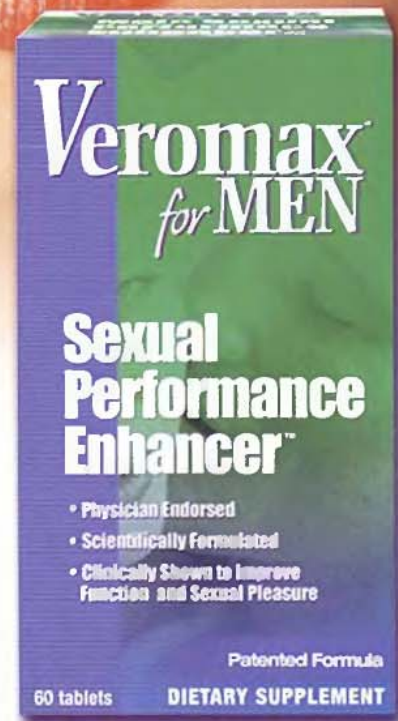
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Will Ferrell

(continued from page 124)

seven *Jeopardy* categories?

FERRELL: Who is the best-looking man in America? Potent Potables—you always have to have that. Musicals That Star Midgets. Fast Cars. Foods That Begin With *I*. Asian Capitals. Prosthetic Devices. Jewish Sports Stars.

16

PLAYBOY: Invite five people, from all of the *SNL* casts to a luncheon.

FERRELL: John Belushi, and maybe Jim, too, so he doesn't feel bad. Dan Aykroyd, because he's my all-time favorite. I was a big Christopher Guest and Harry Shearer fan, too; they're unsung, in a way. Let's make them one. I'd invite Steve Martin, even though he wasn't a cast member, but he hosted so many times. And Terry Sweeney, because he was the only openly gay person. I'd like to get into the persecution: Was it tough? [Laughs] No, not really.

17

PLAYBOY: If you could grant Lorne one wish, what would it be?

FERRELL: A 40-inch vertical leap, so he could pursue his dream of playing in the NBA.

18

PLAYBOY: How much *Saturday Night Live* memorabilia do you keep at the house?

FERRELL: None. My mom made a big deal about holding on to all my scripts. I have this big stack. I'm not a memento guy, yet I know, I have this sickening feeling, I'm going to look back and think, Why didn't I take a little photo here or a keepsake from there? My children will be like, "Really? You were on that show? And you didn't keep anything?" Maybe I'll start stealing stuff, one thing per show, on the advice of **PLAYBOY**.

19

PLAYBOY: You're one of the few guys who's been cinematically romantic with Molly Shannon—and felt her up. In mattress terms, what was it like?

FERRELL: Definitely firm. Real. Real and firm.

20

PLAYBOY: Lorne Michaels has called you "the glue" of the show. What kind of glue are you?

FERRELL: Very sticky, which is good if you're glue. I'm not quite like Elmer's, which is more elementary school. I'm industrial strength. You can smell it. You don't want to get me on your skin, because I'll burn.



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WAR ZONE (continued from page 120)

"I want to make rock stars and heroes of Xbox game creators," says Blackley, who could have a huge hit.

download. One possibility: If your favorite football team changes lineups in midseason, you'll be able to download the newer starting team, complete with uniforms and updated statistics.

The Xbox's capabilities did not, however, preclude a major obstacle: the reluctance of game developers to waste time with an unknown system that, if critics are correct, may not survive. If developers chose not to create games for the system (a factor that contributed to the failure of Sega's Dreamcast), it would virtually guarantee the Xbox's demise.

To lure game developers, Blackley and his team hit the road. They repeatedly faced the same questions: Can Microsoft do this right? Can Microsoft, the suit-and-tie company behind the boring products you use at work, create something fun?

In the end, Blackley's passion and the system's impressive specs paid off. Big names such as Electronic Arts, Capcom and Konami pledged allegiance. Lorne Lanning, the head of Oddworld Inhabi-

tants, was so convinced of Xbox's potential that he canceled the PlayStation 2 version of Munch's Oddysee (the highly anticipated third installment of his Oddworld series) and is developing the game as an Xbox exclusive.

The companies that signed on to create content for the Xbox quickly learned that Microsoft had its own unique approach to game development. "When we created games for other companies," says Martyn Chudley, chief executive of Bizarre Creations, "we were usually assigned one tester who played the game until he ran into a problem. Then it was up to us to try to re-create it."

At Microsoft, a company accustomed to running applications through extensive evaluations, the procedure is much more intense. Chudley's Project Gotham Racing was assigned focus groups, in-house assistants from Microsoft and 10 specially trained testers. After completing a build of the game, Chudley sent it off to Xbox headquarters along with its source code. In exchange, Microsoft sent

Chudley's team a split-screen video that allowed them to track any glitches. One view showed the game screen while a tester played. The other view showed the tester's hands on the controller.

"The big difference is that they know the programming language," Chudley explains. "They tell us what they were doing when the error occurred and then explain exactly what was wrong in the source code and how we can fix it."

Even as testing continues, Project Gotham Racing is an incredible example of the muscle inside the Xbox. On-screen, Chudley races a TVR Tuscan through a photo-realistic re-creation of rain-soaked Manhattan. He overshoots the corner, fishtails in front of Tower Records and pulls everything together in time to power the Tuscan through the rest of the turn.

The game features voice-overs from real-life DJs in each city, and Chudley estimates there will be 60 to 100 songs in the final game. If that isn't enough, players can always rip their own to the Xbox hard drive. The in-game DJ will then incorporate them into each broadcast, even explaining that it's a "special request." It's the perfect Xbox experience. Back in Redmond, Blackley couldn't be more pleased.

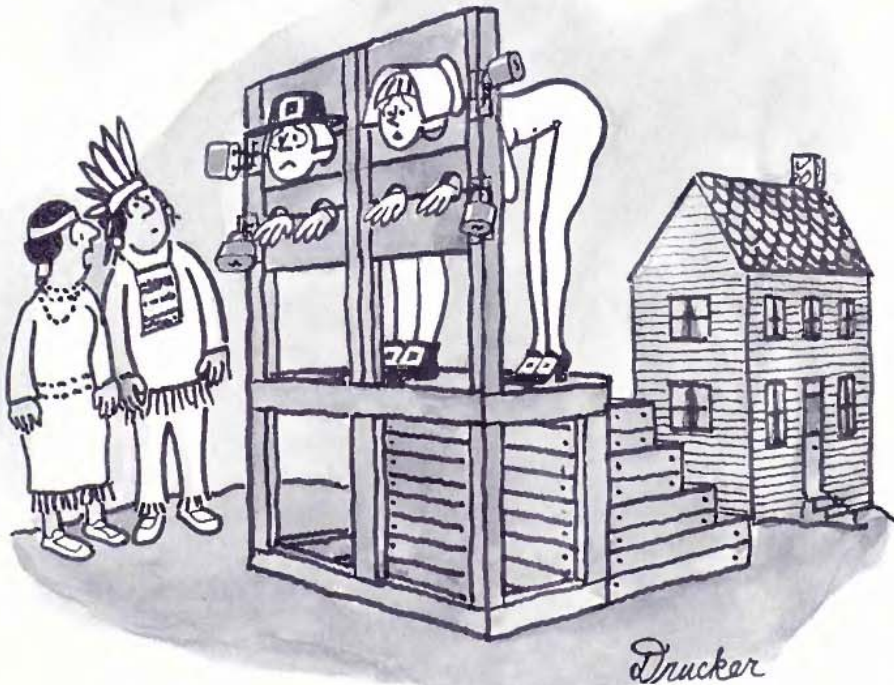
"I want to make rock stars and heroes out of Xbox game creators," he says. "My confidence is in the games."

Blackley could have a huge hit on his hands. Many of the Xbox games we've seen (Microsoft expects to have about 15 at launch) hit with a sensory onslaught that rivals anything we've played previously. The Hollywood-quality animation of Oddworld: Munch's Oddysee and the adrenaline-filled action of sci-fi shooter game Halo (as well as its terrific LAN play) demonstrate just how serious he is about providing Xbox users with gorgeous graphics and engaging game play. Other slated titles, such as Madden NFL 2002, Metal Gear Solid X and Dino Crisis 3 borrow from big-name franchises already proven on other systems. Sega has announced the development of 11 Xbox games, including new versions of Crazy Taxi, Jet Grind Radio and House of the Dead, as well as Sega Sports titles NFL 2K2 and NBA 2K2.

Blackley is so confident that video game fans share his vision of the Xbox as an amazing game system that he doesn't even plan to stick around to watch their reactions when it hits the store shelves in November. Instead, he has a vacation planned.

What if he comes back to find the Xbox sitting in stores, spurned in favor of the Nintendo GameCube or Sony PlayStation 2?

"Always remember," he says, "there's no company in the world that learns and adapts faster than Microsoft."



"They were caught thinking each other too much for Thanksgiving."





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ORAL HISTORY

(continued from page 116)

and 71 percent of married women reported giving head. Blow jobs are more popular among college-educated whites than with any other group.

LITERARY BLOWS

Erotic literature played a vital role in expanding interest in fellatio, and some of the best writing on the topic came from women. Here's Anaïs Nin, in her short story *The Woman on the Dunes*: "She

licked it softly, tenderly, lingering over the tip of it. It stirred. He looked down at the sight of her wide red mouth so beautifully curved around his penis. With one hand she touched his balls, and with the other she moved the head of the penis, enclosing it and pulling it gently."

In 1967, another Frenchwoman, Emmanuelle Arsan, took fellatio to new depths in *Emmanuelle*:

"She explored more and more intimately, searched, moved forward and back, abruptly returned to the end of his

penis, pushed it to the bottom of her throat, so deeply that she nearly choked, and there, without withdrawing it, she slowly and irresistibly pumped it while her tongue enveloped and massaged it."

By comparison, American literary blow jobs were searching, inquisitive or euphemistic. John Updike's reference to a blow job in his 1960 novel *Rabbit, Run* caused a sensation—despite his never using the term. While he loosened his belt in later years, the oral sex in his 1968 novel *Couples* remained heady: "Lazily she fellated him while he combed her lovely hair. Mouths, it came to Piet, are noble. They move in the brain's court. We send our genitals mating down below like peasants, but when the mouth condescends, mind and body marry. To eat another is sacred."

A year later Philip Roth's characters frantically grappled with the basics in *Portnoy's Complaint*:

"Did she really kneel, are you shitting me? Did she actually kneel on her *knees*? And what about her teeth, where do they go? And does she suck on it or does she blow on it, or somehow is it that she does *both*? Oh God. Ba-ba-lu, did you shoot in her mouth? Oh my God! And did she swallow it right down, or spit it out, or get mad—tell me! And who put it in—did she put it in or did you put it in, and does it just get *drawn* in by itself?"

DEEP SUCKING SOUNDS

It's hard to ignore a 20-foot blow job. *Deep Throat*, the 1972 adult film about a woman whose clitoris is deep inside her throat, transformed Linda Lovelace into a latter-day saint of fellatio. Her penis-guzzling talents both glorified the blow job and rendered it banal. Was it dirty, or was it fun? The best-selling book *The Sensuous Woman* declared it fun: "Oral sex is, for most people who give it a try, delicious."

Over the next two decades, *The Joy of Sex* and the VCR drove the point home. By the early Nineties, the blow job no longer seemed mysterious. Hugh Grant brought the discussion to late-night TV when he made the rounds to apologize for placing his penis in the unfit orifice of a prostitute. He paid a fine of \$1180 (the hooker paid \$1350) and his career quickly rebounded.

Three years later, Bill Clinton's confession that he had allowed a White House intern to blow him recalled medieval liturgies—and yet his hairsplitting over whether fellatio constitutes sex was thoroughly contemporary. Speaking on National Public Radio, John Updike suggested that fellatio is "more intimate than intercourse because it involves one's head," while in *The Guardian*, John Ryle wrote, "If Clinton did not have extramarital relationships, he did, we gather, have what might be called fellationships."

The president found himself sandwiched between an older generation that



"Of course I'm glad you're no longer under that horrid spell—it's just that sometimes. . . ."

revered the blow job for its intimacy and a younger one not sure of its value. While Monica Lewinsky could be cast as a classic Greek hetaira, faithfully lowering her head to service a powerful penis (and preserving its sacred stain), she also is a product of the modern fellatio-as-petting culture. For many young people, blow jobs are a way of having safer sex, getting a boyfriend off your back, keeping your virginity, remaining semifaitful, getting a quick, lubricious thrill without the bother of removing your clothes, and just being cool. Plus, according to surveys of high school and college students, it's been decided: A blow job is not sex. Right? In 1994 director Kevin Smith captured the zeitgeist in his comedy *Clerks*, in a scene between a video store worker and his girlfriend:

DANTE: You said you only had sex with three different guys. You never mentioned him!

VERONICA: Because I never had sex with him.

DANTE: You sucked his dick!

VERONICA: We went out a few times. We never had sex, but we fooled around.

DANTE: Why did you tell me you only had sex with three different guys?

VERONICA: Because I did only have sex with three different guys. That doesn't mean I didn't just go with people.

DANTE: Oh my God, I feel so nauseous.

VERONICA: I'm sorry, Dante, I thought you understood.

DANTE: I did understand! I understood that you had sex with three different guys and that's all you said!

VERONICA: Please calm down.

DANTE: How many?

VERONICA: Dante—

DANTE: How many dicks have you sucked?

VERONICA: Let it go!

DANTE: How many?

VERONICA: All right, shut up a second and I'll tell you! Jesus! I didn't freak out like this when you told me how many girls you fucked!

DANTE: This is different, this is important. How many?

[Long pause as customer comes to counter to buy something]

DANTE: Well?

VERONICA: Something like . . . 36.

DANTE: What? Something like 36?

VERONICA: Lower your voice.

DANTE: Wait a minute, what is that anyway—something like 36? Does that include me?

VERONICA: Ummm . . . 37.

DANTE: I'm 37?

VERONICA: I'm going to class.

DANTE: My girlfriend has sucked 37 dicks!

CUSTOMER: In a row?

DANTE: Try not to suck any dick on the way through the parking lot!

Browse through a gallery of historic blow job art at cyber.playboy.com.

WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 21, 24, 30, 40, 47-48, 118-119 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WAR ZONE

Pages 118-119: **Software:** From Tecmo, 800-338-0336 or www.tecmo.com. From Konami of America, 1400 Bridge Parkway, Redwood City, CA 94065, 650-654-5600 or www.konami.com. From Activision, 3100 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90405, 310-

255-2050 or www.activision.com. From Microsoft, 425-882-8080 or www.xbox.com. **Hardware:** By Microsoft, 425-882-8080 or www.xbox.com. By Sony Computer Entertainment, 800-345-7669. By Nintendo, 800-255-3700.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "In From the Cold": Massage oil, body rub moisturizer, muscle rub and massage lotion from Kiehl's, 800-543-4571. Massager by Quantum Products, 21011 Johnson St., Unit 123, Pembroke Pines, FL 33029, 800-307-7909. Receiver by Sony Electronics, 800-222-7669 or www.sony.com. Ultimate TV from Microsoft Web TV Networks, 877-858-4628 or www.ultimatetv.com. DVDs: *Creative Positions for Lovers*, *Playboy 2000: The Party Continues* and *Akira*, at local music and video stores. Cognac by Delamain, www.delamaincognac.com. **Books:** From *The Sporting News*, 800-825-8508 or www.sportingnews.com. From Harry N. Abrams, www.abramsbooks.com. Snifter from *Asprey and Garrard*, 725 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, 800-883-2777 or www.asprey-garrard.com. Robe from *Sulka*, 888-757-8552. Monopoly game from *Franklin Mint*, Route 1, Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001, 800-523-7622 or www.franklinmint.com.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Page 21: "Sleeping Around": Bed by *Preapli* from Verstile, 5695 Boulevard des Grandes-Prairies #104, Saint-Leonard QC, Canada H1R1B3, 514-327-6667 or verstile.com. Page 24: "Pen and Ink Pal": Arnold Roth retrospective from *Fantagraphics*, fantagraphics.com. Page 30: "Lace and Leather Man": Knives from *Franklin Mint*, 800-THE-MINT or franklinmint.com.

WIRED

Page 40: "Digital Graffiti": Software by *Neoku*, www.haikuhaku.net. "Film Fights Back": Film processing from *Applied Science Fiction*, www.asf.com. "Game of the Month": Software from *Electronic Arts*, 877-324-2637. "Wild Things": Vest by *Scottevest*, 1456 N. Dayton, Suite 304, Chicago, IL 60622, 866-909-8378 or www.scottevest.com. Clothing by *Dockers*, 800-362-5377.

MANTRACK

Page 47: "Home Freeland": *Land Rover*, 800-FINE-4WD or www.landrover.com. "Tan Like a Man": Self-tanners: By *Zirh*, *Davidoff*, *Lab Series* and *Decleor*, at department stores. By *Geomér*, 800-457-2292. By *Biotherm*, 888-BIOTHERM or www.biotherm.com. Page 48: "W Marks the Spot": *Whotel*, 877-WHOTELS or whotels.com.

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Give Kidman credit: She is the best actress we have who isn't afraid to explore sexuality.

Still, there are more examples of directors and actors choosing to include explicit sex. There was penetration in *Idiots*, by Danish director Lars von Trier; *Vie de Jesus*, by French director Bruno Dumont; and *Romance*, by French director Catherine Breillat. In *Intimacy*, the English-language film by French director Patrice Chereau that won the top award at this year's Berlin Film Festival, middle-aged people enjoy fellatio. The thriller *Killing Me Softly* seems to be the film currently pushing the boundary in Hollywood. Although director Chen Kaige says that Heather Graham and Joseph Fiennes did not have intercourse during their sex scenes, which reportedly involve bondage and sadomasochism, he tried not to give too much direction while filming those scenes "to see if the actors could create that chemistry themselves."

Amazingly, *Baise-Moi* was banned in France, where soft-core porn is on TV every night. Here in America, the fruits of a subtler form of censorship became evident this year. The hearings held in the fall of 2000 by Senators Joe Lieberman and John McCain into the ratings system and Hollywood's depictions of sex and violence (as well as its marketing practices) did not result in legislation, but they caused a lot of self-regulation by the industry.

To inure themselves against future criticism, the studios resolved that they wouldn't market R-rated films to teenagers, advertise R-rated films on teen-oriented television programs or in teen publications or advertise them on television before 10 at night.

Consequently, the studios began releasing fewer R-rated films, which they accomplished by cutting or restaging provocative scenes in order to get a

PG-13 rating. In John Stockwell's *Crazy/Beautiful*, which began as a serious teen drama that would be released with an R rating, Kirsten Dunst plays a troubled teenager who eventually finds her way and is redeemed by the love of a good man. In one scene, in order to demonstrate her I-don't-give-a-shit attitude, she has to shock her boyfriend by walking through her father's house naked. That's how it was written, anyway. As we now see it, she's wearing panties and a belly shirt. The obvious damage is done to films with mature subject matter; the unanticipated damage is to the reliability of the ratings system. Films that contain strong material that really should get an R—*The Fast and the Furious*, for example—are being nipped and tucked for PG-13 ratings, then surprising parents of younger teens who think their kids are seeing something appropriate for their age.

This year wasn't all heavy lifting. After hearing characters in *The Sidewalks of New York* and *Made* make references to "rock star sex," it was nice to see that in *Rock Star*, Mark Wahlberg, playing a wannabe singer who suddenly achieves heavy-metal fame, fills his free time with groupies and orgies. In the end, happily, he discovers that the girl for him is the one who loved him pre-fame. Of course, it helps when that girl is Jennifer Aniston, who engages in interesting experimentation of her own as Mark gets his shot at stardom.

Bridget Jones's Diary was funny and sexy and had a generous way of griping about the foibles of both men and women. The film proved first that, in this day and age, a leading lady can weigh all the way up to 130 pounds and still look great, and second that a male character can be a rake and not be regarded as all bad.

Daniel, the character played by Hugh Grant, is a hound and a heartbreaker, but his intelligence and charm and wit attract Bridget. Even when she's fallen for Mark (Colin Firth), who is stolid but admirable and, best of all, truly interested in her, she maintains a gleam in her eye for Daniel.

Now just for fun, contrast *Bridget Jones's Diary*, a feminine fantasy film in which men are given their due, with *What Women Want*, a feminine fantasy film in which men are rudely insulted. Mel Gibson plays a man who is able to win the love of a good woman only when he undergoes a kind of brain adaptation that enables him to understand these higher-order creatures. So drastic is his transformation that he even pretends to be gay (this is done briefly, and for a noble purpose: to let a nice girl down easy. But still . . .). This moment prefigured the French farce *The Closet*, in which a nondescript middle-aged male office worker claims to be gay in order to survive a round of layoffs. This immediately invests him with an aura that causes people to treat him more warmly and respectfully. So in these movies, at least, the hero is a denatured heterosexual, a step beyond last year's trend of the sexually disinterested hero (*Gladiator*, *The Patriot*, *Cast Away* and so on) and even this year's movie trend in which the guys are vague nerds and simpering weaklings (the boyfriends in *Charlie's Angels*, the boy band in *Josie and the Pussycats*, the sidekicks in *Tomb Raider*.) Thankfully, there have been some admirable heterosexual male role models recently—Jon Favreau in *Made*, Wahlberg in *Rock Star*, McGregor in *Moulin Rouge*, Rock in *Down to Earth*, Jay Hernandez in *Crazy/Beautiful*, Nicolas Cage in *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* and, yeah, if you insist, *Shrek*. But when the male character in the past year who best embodies the liberating, joy-producing, life-enhancing spirit of sex is the Marquis de Sade—Geoffrey Rush in *Quills*—you know Hollywood still has to work out some issues.



Smart Girls

(continued from page 96)

Margolis calendar magnet.

(4) As beloved as your Chris Farley DVD and Slayer boxed sets are to you, smart girls will sneer at lowbrow taste, so better to prominently display a complete set of Bruckner symphonies and a well-worn Kurosawa collection on DVD.

(5) Trash the beer bong. It'll be better for you in the long run.

YOU MAY BE IN OVER YOUR PUNY HEAD WHEN ...

(1) She figures out 10, 15 and 20 percent of the tip, both pretax and posttax, before you've found the bottom line.

(2) She answers every question correctly on a master's-edition *Jeopardy*.

(3) She and your dad have an intense conversation about economics that you can't begin to understand.

HOW TO SEEM SMARTER THAN YOU ARE

(1) Use props. For instance, arrange to meet her at a cafe and get there 15 minutes early. Look deep in concentration as you attempt to comprehend the preposterous milieu of Bulgakov's *Master and Margarita*. And when she strolls up, ever so rakishly slip off those horn-rimmed spectacles and fold them into your breast pocket.

(2) Know obscure facts about obscure subjects. Mention casually that you've been trying to work out how Proust's living in a room with cork walls influenced his prose stylings or whether maple or pearwood purling gave better resonance to 19th century Italian cellos. But when she follows up, for instance, by asking, "That's fascinating. Why did Proust live in a room with cork walls?" the skill is all in the swift dodge. ("Because he liked to keep his emotions all bottled up.")

(3) Read the daily paper—and not just *USA Today*, and not just the box scores.

(4) Be prepared. Before you go to that trendy Austrian-Cantonese fusion joint for dinner, read a few reviews so when you sit down, you can make an informed suggestion. Better yet, stop by the place before and find out where the bathroom is, so when she asks, you appear to have been a frequent guest.

(5) Make yourself useful. Even smart girls aren't especially mechanically inclined, so fixing her computer printer with a nail clipper and a pen cap would be a good thing. Assemble her Ikea couch with your bare hands. Or tell her when she's getting shafted by the local auto mechanic.

(6) Wear good shoes. For one night at least, pair your Levi's with some cordovan, tassel-free and metal-free loafers, rather than those ancient Chuck Taylors.

(7) Be decisive. It's more important to her than what's on your bookshelf (though you should have a bookshelf). When a girl asks what you want to do

and you say, "I don't know" or "Whatever you want," you come across dumb as dirt. If a credit card doesn't work at a restaurant, have another way to pay instead of sitting there astonished. If you seem to know what you're doing and act confident, you'll look smart and she'll be impressed.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF HIGH-IQ BABES

"The whole not-going-to-the-doctor, not-asking-for-directions thing is a dumb-guy problem," says Nicole, 34, an orthopedic surgeon. "Men think being all macho-stoic and refusing to get help is a sign of intelligence. It makes their lives unnecessarily difficult and it lessens their longevity. What confounds me is all the extra aggravation guys go through spending hours and gallons of gas looking for someplace or suffering with some unspeakable illness for days when all it would take is three minutes to pull over to a gas station or pick up the phone and make an appointment with a doctor.

"One of the smartest things about smart people, men or women, is knowing—and admitting—what they don't know. So ask for directions when you're lost, and go to the doctor when you're sick. Oh, and buckle your seat belt. Guys who don't buckle their seat belts are dumb."

Marika, 31, who has a doctorate in Asian languages from Oxford and who now runs her own consulting firm, says that guys "who try too hard to make me feel smart or interesting by making a big show of asking all these ridiculous questions about consulting and my work in Asia—when they don't know the first thing about it and don't care—are in trouble from the start."

MAKING IT A BRAIN-BUSTER NIGHT

Eventually you're going to find yourself browsing with the smart girl in the video store. Much as you want to see *Point Break* for the 14th time, the following will have her going home happier.

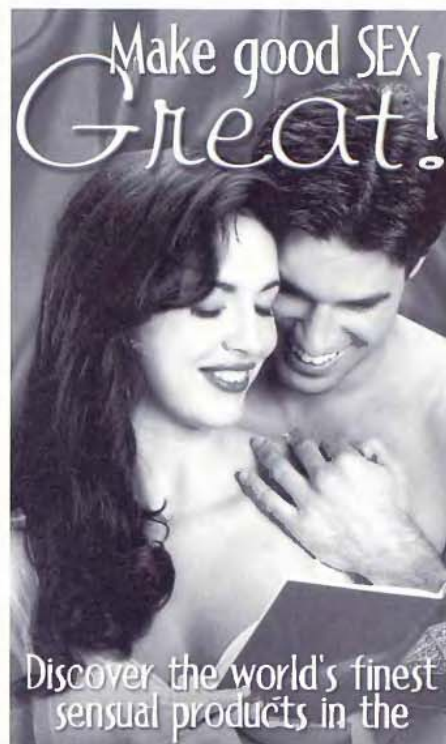
The Unbearable Lightness of Being (1988): Directed by Philip Kaufman. Starring Daniel Day-Lewis, Juliette Binoche and Lena Olin. Adapted from the Milan Kundera novel—a smart girl favorite, by the way—in which a young Czech doctor (Day-Lewis) gets caught up in Sixties Czech political turmoil and caught between the two women in his life.

Why she likes it: The emotional conundrum raised by Olin's and Binoche's characters, and for Day-Lewis' hallow-checked intellectualism.

What to say: "I love how Kaufman's camera was observant and detached, not voyeuristic."

How to seize the moment: Ask if you can photograph her slinking around on a full-length mirror wearing only a bowler. Failing that, say that you're so madly in love with her that you'll leave your wife to be with her.

Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972):



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Directed by Luis Buñuel. Starring no one in particular. A dinner party for six upper-class friends provides the backdrop and starting point for a lot of surreal shit.

Why she likes it: Stinging satire on the worthlessness of cultivated society.

What to say: "Was it A.O. Scott or Pauline Kael who said this belongs to Buñuel's old age and his second childhood? Either way, I completely agree."

How to seize the moment: Suggest a romp in the woods before you grab your postflick dinner.

Rear Window (1954): Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Starring James Stewart and Grace Kelly. A photographer (Stewart) gets laid up with a broken leg and plays Peeping Tom. Lots of commentary on "being a viewer" and "cameras" and "seeing," if you must know.

Why she likes it: The reflexive allegory on cinema and the viewer.

What to say: "Doesn't it say everything about being isolated yet overstimulated in the big city?"

How to seize the moment: Right as you're about to make your move, fling open the curtains and turn on all the lights.

Nights of Cabiria (1957): Directed by Federico Fellini. Starring Giulietta Masina. A troubled prostitute roams the streets looking for love, and nearly gets drowned in the process.

Why she likes it: The heartbreaking struggle of the heroine.

What to say about it: "You know, after this it was all downhill for Fellini."

How to seize the moment: Tough call. Whatever you do, don't suggest putting

her under hypnosis for kinks.

Howards End (1992): Directed by James Ivory. Starring Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson, Helena Bonham Carter. English period drama (asleep yet?) involving a country house and two sisters with differing views about how to treat the unwashed.

Why she likes it: Bonham Carter is fiery and ill-tempered, while Thompson is steely and even-tempered. The smart girl likes to be a convincing amalgam.

What to say about it: "Forster knew how to write an ending, didn't he?"

How to seize the moment: Tell her you like her irrational, wild-haired side, too.

SMART GIRL SMACKDOWN

A cautionary tale from Jack, 30, a dot-com executive: "I dated this woman who was incredibly pretty—sort of Natalie Portman plus 10 years, six inches and 12 pounds—and ridiculously bright. She had an Ivy League degree in French literature, was an editor at a university press, decided to get her MBA and became a hotshot venture capitalist.

"We went out for about two months. I don't think a day went by that she didn't tell me how hard it had been for her to maintain relationships because her boyfriends were intimidated by her intelligence, and that she was glad that finally she'd found someone who was comfortable with her intellect. She claimed she'd never dated anyone for more than three weeks. I thought she was being dramatic. But then I found out about her dishwasher dogma.

"One night she made dinner for me at

her place. Now, everybody who has a dishwasher has a dishwasher protocol, whether consciously or not. Some people like to run it after every meal, and some people think you should wait until it's completely full. There are people who rinse before loading, others who don't.

"Liza, on the other hand, had developed what she called the dishwasher dogma. She was a chess player, so she designed her dishwasher-loading approach after some Queen's Gambit or Indian Defense—some sequence of chess moves. So if the dessert plates were arrayed in the bottom shelf on the left side and the juice glasses were lined up on the top shelf on the right side and the earth was 34 degrees distant of perihelion, then you put the knives in the middle left quadrant of the silverware basket. Or something like that. She explained the basics to me, and I really thought she was being at least half funny, so I stuck a glass or something in a weird spot for fun, like underneath a colander. She took one look at that, and all in the space of about three seconds looked like she was going to weep, holler and laugh out loud. Instead, she just narrowed her eyes and said, 'You're really just not capable of getting this, are you?'"

DENIAL ISN'T A RIVER IN SINGAPORE

There will always be some men, of course, who refuse to acknowledge their growing obsolescence. Says Louis, 28, a hedge fund analyst: "I'm genuinely fascinated by women, and have been in love several times. But they will not—ever—be more intelligent than men. Maybe more cunning, more verbal, more interesting. Just not more intelligent."

Frankly, that kind of attitude is going to get us all into trouble. If the pattern holds, we may find ourselves addressing the same problems currently faced by Singapore. In that enlightened nation, older men and high-achieving women are being left unmarried in equal numbers. Singapore's 2000 census showed that 21 percent of men 40 to 44 years old with below secondary-level education were single, compared with 12 percent a decade ago. One Chinese man, quoted by the *Straits Times* newspaper, blamed it on the rise of materialistic women: "Singapore women are pragmatic. The men they want must have more money and status in society." The census showed that academic qualifications were a hindrance to marriage: About 30 percent of older women who went to college stayed single. And the hordes of educated single women are apparently a source of concern for the government, which has been trying to cajole them into marrying and reproducing for the greater social benefit. So get out there, and be all you can be—the rest is up to her.



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WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE WANT?

(continued from page 76)

As the protesters see it, the IMF is the world's loan shark, providing aid—loaded with stipulations—to countries in financial crisis. It then busts kneecaps with debt. So-called “structural adjustment programs” systematically favor corporate profits while protecting sweatshops and allowing, if not encouraging, environmental havoc.

The World Bank is the shark's brother. Its loan agreements carry the same stipulations as IMF loans. The World Bank's ostensible purpose is the alleviation of poverty in developing countries. Over the years, the lenders in the rich countries have generally grown richer while poverty has worsened in much of the developing world.

The WTO functions as a referee in the world of global trade. Tribunals, wherein conflicting claims are sorted out, are, in the scenario of the protester, just gangster-like sit-downs with different accents.

These economic organizations have muscle. The rulings of the WTO, for example, override legislation everywhere in the world. National laws can be determined to be “barriers to free trade” by this institution—which isn't accountable to anyone. Without fear of local political opposition, the WTO protects multinationals that trample environmental and human rights in the relentless pursuit of profit. Pollution, sweatshops and minimal wages become systematic, say the protesters.

The “Unholy Trinity” outrages many different people. The result is the distinctive, if seemingly fragmented, appearance of the movement. Union members in satin warm-up jackets march

alongside college students with bongo drums in a mostly young crowd with familiar signs: NO MORE DEATHS FOR DEBT, IMF, WORLD BANK. YOU CAN'T HIDE! WE CHARGE YOU WITH GENOCIDE. HUMAN NEED, NOT CORPORATE GREED.

At every summit meeting you'll see stilt figures, giant papier-mâché heads fashioned to look like James Wolfensohn (president of the World Bank) and even people dressed as sea turtles. What do sea turtles have to do with it? In 1989, U.S. environmentalists succeeded in banning shrimp imports unless the shrimp had been caught in nets equipped with relatively cheap turtle excluder devices that allow endangered sea turtles to escape. But in 1996, shrimpers from India, Malaysia, Pakistan and Thailand appealed to the WTO, saying the U.S. law was a barrier to free trade. A WTO tribunal ruled in their favor and effectively nullified the law. The U.S. was threatened under WTO rules with economic sanctions from these four countries if it maintained its import restrictions, so in 1998 the law was repealed.

Some of the protesters whom I've interviewed believe that the majority of Americans would agree with their politics—if only they would listen. President Bush, like most of the world leaders, has been patronizing at best about the demonstrators. At the same time, many Bush initiatives—especially those regarding the environment—have energized a broad range of Americans, who have taken to the streets. In Genoa, conservative French president Jacques Chirac, mindful of the world-changing events of the Sixties in Paris, seemed to sense a growing global mood when he said, “One hundred thousand people don't get upset unless there is a problem in their hearts and spirits.”



JOEL & ETHAN COEN

(continued from page 74)

assaulted with all that during the release of *Blood Simple* that it crossed my radar. We say no to a lot and we won't do television, but you have to do a certain amount.

ETHAN: If they give you millions of dollars to make a movie, they expect you to promote it. You make these movies and a year later you have homework.

JOEL: Watching dailies can be tedious, too. Frequently you'll shoot something over and over because you're looking for a small detail. It can be nothing more than an insert, but you'll have to sit through hours of dailies with a room full of people wondering why you shot an hour of a hand holding a coffee cup.

ETHAN: There's another thing, too. You wait around a lot. Mostly you just sit around and bullshit during those long stretches of waiting.

JOEL: It takes time to light the scene—whatever.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend the time?

JOEL: You can gain 20 pounds in six weeks, so I try to stay away from the craft services table. I used to drink a lot of coffee. Ethan still does, but my stomach can't take it. I drink a lot of tea.

PLAYBOY: Have you two ever had a ferocious disagreement?

JOEL: This seems to disappoint people, but no, we haven't.

ETHAN: Occasionally we get a little testy with each other, but that's about the extent of it.

JOEL: We wouldn't be doing this if we had ferocious disagreements. We share the same fundamental point of view toward the material. In fact, the credits on our movies don't reflect the extent of our collaboration. We take separate credits, but we actually do everything together.

PLAYBOY: Why do you edit under a pseudonym?

ETHAN: Because it would be bad taste to have our names on our movies that many times.

PLAYBOY: What's the process? Who sits behind the word processor? Who sits behind the camera?

ETHAN: We both sit behind the camera. We both watch the actors. I tend to be at the word processor more because I type faster.

JOEL: On the set it's completely equal. We talk to the actors and cinematographer and designers. Whenever a decision has to be made, it's made by the one of us who is closer to the problem. The movies really are co-directed.

ETHAN: After they are shot, it's a mirror, in a way. When we're editing, Joel actually makes the physical cuts and splices.

JOEL: Because I have had more practice on the machine from when I was an assistant editor. But we're editing the movies cut by cut together.



“Illegal aliens.”

PLAYBOY: How about dreaming up your projects?

JOEL: We don't do high-concept movies. It's not that one of us will say, "Das Boot in a spaceship." We just talk about ideas.

ETHAN: It's impossible to say after the fact whose idea it was. Ideas just get expanded and developed, and there's an informal discussion until we have the framework to start writing.

JOEL: Sometimes we just start writing to see where it goes. It might start off with, literally, "John Goodman and John Turturro in a hotel room."

PLAYBOY: You have said that your next movie, a film adaptation of James Dickey's *To the White Sea*, is a silent movie. Why a silent movie?

JOEL: I wouldn't call it a silent movie, but after the first 10 or 15 minutes there isn't any dialogue. It's about an American airman who's shot down over Tokyo the night before the city is firebombed. He then walks from Honshu to Hokkaido. Because he's alone, there's no dialogue for 90 percent of the movie.

PLAYBOY: What made Brad Pitt right for the leading role?

JOEL: The lead character is a tailgunner in a B-29, and there's something all-American about Brad that's appropriate. Brad is actually far too old to play the part, so the fact that he has a boyish quality is good. Basically, he's supposed to be a kid who was drafted.

ETHAN: He also kills a lot of people, so the actor can't be somebody you're going to detest. He's killing to survive, but the killings are fairly graphic.

PLAYBOY: More violence?

JOEL: The issue of violence in movies bores me. The discussion about it is endless. We get asked about it frequently. There's all this political stuff around it. It's a bore.

ETHAN: I was just reading one of Philip Roth's novels, and there's a character in it who talks about trees. He says, "Who gives a shit about a tree," and I feel the same way. I find trees boring.

PLAYBOY: If not in your movies, do you ever have qualms about violence in other movies? Where do you draw the line on movie violence?

JOEL: I don't draw a line anywhere. I won't watch a film like *Faces of Death* or depictions of actual violence or newsreels of people killing themselves, because I don't want that stuff in my psyche. But generally I find myself more repulsed by maudlin, overly sentimental films than by violent films.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you cried in a movie?

JOEL: I hate when people cry in movies. It's particularly disconcerting when you're sitting at a really awful movie and you hear people all around you sobbing and blowing their noses.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever cry?

JOEL: I cried during *Dancer in the Dark* [laughing]. Actually, I barely sat through it. I hate to say this, but the best part of the movie was when Björk beat David Morse to death with a metal box.

PLAYBOY: Joel, you once said, "Ethan is unbelievably sentimental and sloppy and he's always trying to sneak that into our movies." Were you kidding?

JOEL: Actually, it's true.

ETHAN: I admit it—there's that exploding cow, for instance.

JOEL: He's trying to sneak a love interest into our new movie. It doesn't make any sense at all because it's not in the novel, but he wants Brad Pitt to meet a girl along the way.

ETHAN: Yeah, I want him to run into a Japanese girl walking through the snow dressed in animal skins and a sable hat. Kind of a *Clan of the Cave Bear* thing. I also wanted to give the lead character a buddy, it being a war picture and all.

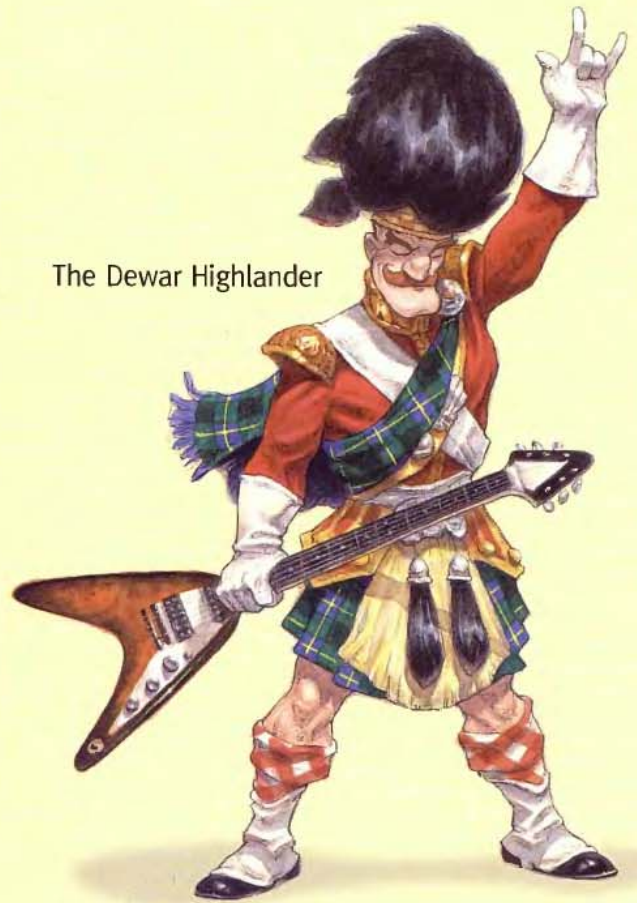
JOEL: Then we could kill the buddy.

ETHAN: And Brad Pitt would get to say, "They killed my buddy."

JOEL: That's funny! We should do it. Then everyone can talk more about violence in the movie.



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Martini

(continued from page 113)

six times, is one of the lightest.

James Bond called for both vodka and gin in his martinis (three ounces Gordon's gin, one ounce vodka, half an ounce of Kina Lillet vermouth, garnished with a slice of lemon peel). We all know he liked his martinis shaken, not stirred, as Bond felt that stirring bruised the gin. On the other hand, W. Somerset Maugham believed that "martinis should always be stirred, so that the molecules lie sensuously on top of each other."

Just how much vermouth makes a martini is a question that can break up friendships and barstools. When Americans were getting their martini fixes in London during Prohibition, the American Bar at the Savoy called for a three-to-one ratio of gin to dry vermouth.

Today, less is more. Peter Dorelli, head bartender at the Savoy, dispenses vermouth with an eyedropper. Colin Field, head bartender at the Hemingway Bar in the Hotel Ritz in Paris, states, "We've used the same bottle of vermouth for the last seven years." Churchill preferred to "glance at a bottle of vermouth across the room" while he poured his gin. But whatever amount of vermouth you use, pour it at room temperature. Chilling dulls its delicate fruit-and-floral balance. It also may not be poured at all. Many of the martini recipes that follow call for such exotic ingredients as sour apple liqueur. Here's how to create the silver bullets pictured on the opening spread (from the bottom of the steps to the top):

CLASSIC MARTINI AMERICAN BAR, THE SAVOY, LONDON

4 ounces Beefeater gin
3 drops extra-dry vermouth
Lemon rind twist

Combine gin that has been kept overnight in the freezer and vermouth in a mixing glass that is filled with ice. Stir to aerate gin (the gin will not be diluted by melting ice because it's colder than the ice). Strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish rim of glass with lemon twist.

HENDRICK'S CUCUMBER MARTINI

1½ ounces Hendrick's gin
½ ounce Martini & Rossi Extra Dry vermouth

Fresh cucumber slice

Stir the gin and the vermouth into a mixing glass that's filled with ice. Then strain into a martini glass. Garnish with cucumber slice.

BREEZE MARTINI

BREEZE RESTAURANT, THE CENTURY PLAZA,
CENTURY CITY, CALIFORNIA

2 ounces Belvedere vodka
¼ ounce triple sec
½ ounce Hiram Walker apple schnapps
1 drop blue curaçao
Half slice orange

Combine vodka, triple sec and apple schnapps in shaker filled with ice. Shake vigorously and strain into frosted martini glass. Add one drop curaçao into the center of glass and let it sink to the bottom and form a blue layer. Garnish with half a slice of orange.

MEXICAN MOJITO MARTINI M-BAR, MANDARIN ORIENTAL, MIAMI

5 lime wedges
6 mint leaves
2 teaspoons sugar
2 scoops crushed ice
2 ounces añejo tequila
1 ounce soda water

Combine lime wedges, mint and sugar in cocktail shaker. Muddle thoroughly. Add crushed ice and tequila. Shake for 30 seconds, then add soda. Strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with additional lime wedge and mint leaf.

APPLE MARTINI LOLA'S, WEST HOLLYWOOD

2 ounces Ketel One vodka
2 ounces De Kuyper Sour Apple liqueur

Splash of sour mix
Granny Smith apple slice

Shake all ingredients except apple slice in cocktail shaker filled with ice. Strain into chilled martini glass. Float apple slice on top.

GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER MARTINI GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR, NEW YORK

3 ounces Bombay Sapphire gin
½ ounce Tabasco sauce
Squirt of fresh lemon juice
1 shucked oyster
Lemon slice

Mix gin, Tabasco, lemon juice and oyster liquid from the shell in cocktail shaker with ice. Shake until chilled. Place shucked oyster in bottom of chilled martini glass. Strain contents of shaker into glass. Garnish with lemon slice.

Here are recipes for a few more martinis that are not pictured.

CABLE CAR MARTINI NOB HILL RESTAURANT, MGM GRAND, LAS VEGAS

1½ ounces Captain Morgan Original Spiced rum
¼ ounce orange curaçao
1½ ounces sour mix
½ ounce Bacardi 151 rum
¼ ounce cinnamon
¼ ounce sugar
Orange rind spiral

Mix rum, curaçao and sour mix in cocktail shaker filled with ice. Shake until chilled. Dip rim of chilled martini glass in 151-proof rum. Coat rim of glass with 50-50 mix of cinnamon and sugar. Strain contents of shaker into glass and garnish with orange spiral.

LIMÓN MARTINI

1½ ounces Bacardi Limón rum
½ ounce Martini & Rossi Extra Dry vermouth

¼ ounce cranberry juice
Lemon peel twist

Mix rum, vermouth and cranberry juice in cocktail shaker filled with ice.



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Shake and strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with lemon peel.

LIMEY MARTINI

CROWN AND ANCHOR PUB, LAS VEGAS

- 2 ounces Absolut vodka
- Splash of Absolut Citron
- Splash of Absolut Mandrin
- Splash of lime juice
- Splash of vermouth
- Lime peel twist

Combine all but lime in glass filled with ice. Shake and strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with lime.

FLIRTINI

FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK CITY

- 2 ounces Stolichnaya Ohranj vodka
 - 1 ounce champagne
 - 1 ounce pineapple juice
- Mix ingredients in glass filled with ice cubes. Strain into martini glass.

PORTINI

PICO, NEW YORK CITY

- 1 ounce Fonseca Siroco extra dry white port
- 5 ounces Grey Goose vodka

Black olive

Rinse chilled martini glass with port and discard port. Shake vodka in shaker filled with ice cubes. Strain into glass and add olive.

FRENCH MARTINI

LA SALA LOUNGE, SANTA BARBARA

- 3 ounces Grey Goose vodka
- ½ ounce Chambord liqueur
- ½ ounce pineapple juice
- Pineapple wedge

Combine all but pineapple wedge in shaker filled with ice. Shake and strain into cocktail glass. Add garnish.

FRANGO MARTINI

- 1½ ounces Vox vodka
- ½ ounce De Kuyper crème de cacao
- ½ ounce crème de menthe
- 1 Frango mint

Combine all ingredients but the mint in cocktail shaker filled with ice cubes. Shake until chilled. Drop the mint into a chilled martini glass and strain contents of shaker over mint.



VOICES

(continued from page 78)

demonstrations, from giant stilt figures with cash dripping from their pockets to a wrestling ring filled with mud on an 18-wheel flatbed truck.

"In Washington, the police are making an industry for themselves out of these protests. There are officers in DC who made \$200,000 last year in overtime. They're getting rich. The police and the association of police chiefs see us as a gang. They're mistaking us for a gang.

"My attitude is the police are somewhat justified in trying to arrest people who engage in property destruction, because it is against the law and the police are supposed to enforce the law. But the police often preempt stuff before it happens. Once, they arrested 600 people the day before a protest in a lawful march.

"I believe in voting. I think it's a fundamental experience and it dominates the national political scene. If you don't vote, you're not part of that. Why can't anarchists get involved in mainstream politics? You can have an anarchist ballot and they can nominate the most ridiculous things. They could vote for anything. After a while they might get a lot more votes.

"Anarchists smash stuff. They want to smash the state, and I often agree with them. Though I'm not an anarchist, I'm close.

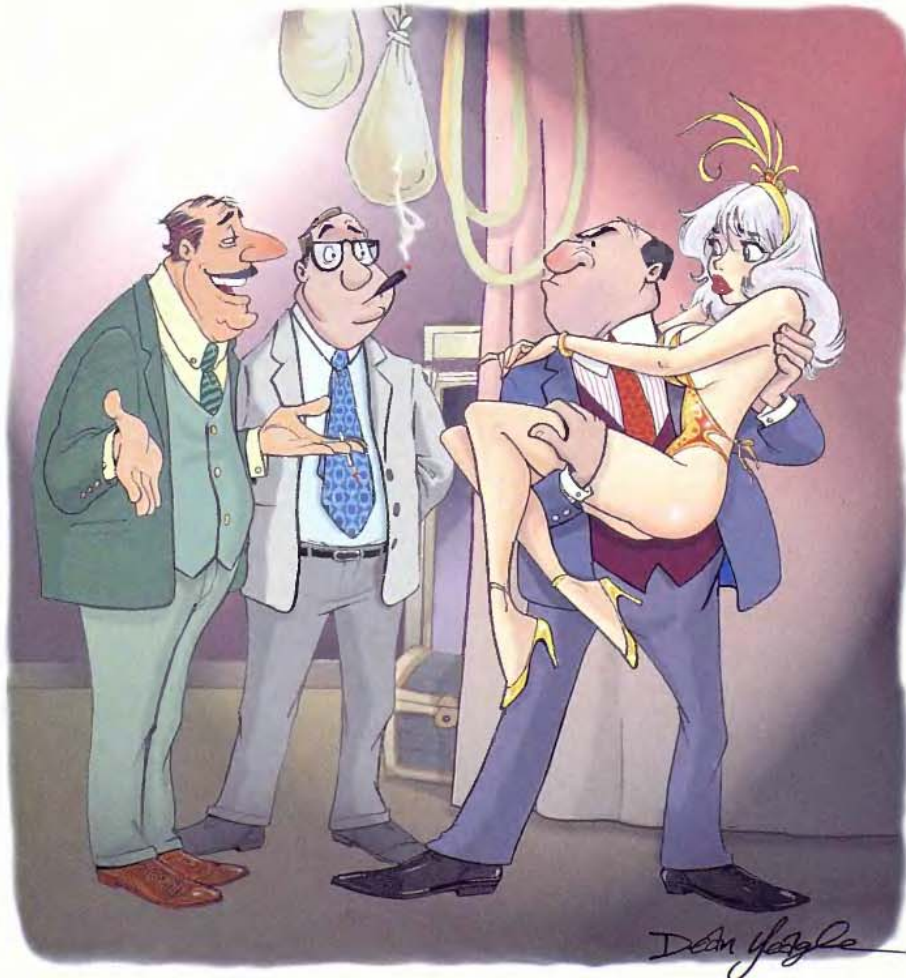
"It's good that anarchists get the bulk of the attention at these demonstrations, because it exposes the militancy to the whole world, that you can be militant and take part. I think that's why the Black Bloc is growing. They keep showing up at demonstrations, though they are very loosely organized. High school kids are saying, 'I'm going to join the Black Bloc because that's where the bad-asses go.'

"Politicians should look at these demonstrations and realize there's a growing number of people who care about this. Each protester represents hundreds of people who share the same political belief."

TERRA LAWSON-REMER

Terra Lawson-Remer, 23, from San Diego, has worked with the United Farm Workers Union as well as other labor organizations. On the eve of the Seattle protest in November 1999, Lawson-Remer helped found the Student Alliance to Reform Corporations. Starc's founding conference brought together 350 students from 130 universities in 40 states to draw up a declaration demanding corporate accountability and global justice.

"The fact is, I don't think many people were much more politically motivated in the Sixties. They just didn't want to get



"We're very happy that you want to buy a piece of our show, Mr. Crenshaw, but I'm afraid we can't allow you to pick which piece. . . ."

sent to Vietnam. So what would it take to create a mass movement on the scale that you saw in the Sixties? It would take people thinking they're going to get killed.

"People talk a lot about the Sixties, but I think the fair trade movement is much deeper. The critique is much deeper and the world vision for change is so much more comprehensive.

"In Seattle, there was no provocation. We were so peaceful, sitting there on the grass, and they pepper-sprayed us. They told us to move. Of course we didn't move. You have people in black uniforms with batons and shields and masks coming at you, and you feel so vulnerable. You could hear batons hitting people, hear the thud. It's like a moment of truth. How important is this to you? How important is justice? Are you going to get your ass kicked because you believe in something? So you sit and you get your ass kicked.

"I was wearing a bandanna around my face and a pair of goggles. The police officer didn't hit me. She pulled off my goggles, pulled open my eyes with her hands and sprayed pepper spray into my eyes. Then she pulled off my bandanna and sprayed right into my nose and my mouth. At this point, I was screaming in pain. I'd never felt anything so painful.

"I couldn't open my eyes for almost two hours. The rest of the day, I was messed up, everything hurt. Everything burned for days and days. I couldn't take showers because it burned so badly. My whole body was bright red for days.

"There's something intrinsically important about the shared resources we have on this planet. They're not ours to squander. They're ours to borrow. It's like taking a book out of a library. We have a responsibility—not just to the planet but to ourselves as the human race—to make sure that book gets back to the library, and right now, we're not. It's like one person is ripping all the pages out of the book because he wants it for himself. Everyone else gets screwed.

"A lot of people who make the rules

are benefiting from them. The rules might be bad for most of the world, but the people who are making them are the winners."

ERIK EISENBERG

Erik Eisenberg, 33, grew up in Chicago and abandoned mainstream American life right after high school. For the past 14 years, he has devoted his energies to helping underdogs, whether they be striking workers, political prisoners or the homeless. He has been arrested dozens of times, most recently for protesting and resisting forest-clearing projects in the Northwest.

"I was 19 in the late Eighties, living outside as a hippie, going to Grateful

American background. Coming from that background myself, I feel it's doubly important for me to challenge where I come from. Don't do this in my name. The system gives me privileges and benefits because it oppresses and causes suffering for other people.

"To boil down the message of the movement, I would say this planet is being mistreated, abused. It's up to us, especially those who benefit the most from the present system, to activate ourselves and to create positive solutions and stand up against negative policies. Nobody can do everything, but we all can do something.

"If more people realized the connection between their lifestyles and livelihoods and other peoples' suffering and not having enough, they would work more actively to stop it. I don't think most people want other people to suffer because they benefit.

"The people who are destroying our planet have been organizing for a long time in relative obscurity. I am excited that that is no longer the case—they're even having a hard time finding places to have their meetings. They should be held accountable. People should not be allowed to meet and discuss the fate of the earth and how they're going to divvy it up without a challenge.

"I am not involved in destroying things. But at the same time, I totally understand and feel solidarity with people

who feel that calling.

"The real crimes being committed don't involve breaking windows or burning a research laboratory. The real crimes are being committed by multinational corporations. These are crimes against all of humanity and the earth herself. The real crimes are the destruction of the earth and people trying to monopolize the food system and modify it and take ownership of our genetic makeup. I want to support anybody who is trying to deal with those issues, and I think it's important to respect a diversity of tactics.

"But the majority of the people of the world are really suffering under this system—you know, in the billions.

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"My vision is nothing short of the abolition of the U.S. government as an entity. The United States was built on genocide and slavery. That's the reality. If the roots of a tree are rotten, the tree is only going to bear rotten fruit. Some good things have come out of this whole experiment they call the United States. But I think it's far too big, and it needs to be, you know, disbanded. Communities have to empower themselves to come up with ways of working things out.

"Every empire falls. It's just a matter of when. I don't pretend to know when. People can't imagine a world in which the U.S. doesn't exist. But, you know, it's just another thing that's going to rise and fall, and I hope it doesn't take us all with it."

ADAM HURTER

Adam Hurter, 21, an anarchist, left Wesleyan College after two years to become a full-time activist.

"Seattle changed my life. It really opened me up. It excited me and gave me a deep hope that is hard to put into words. I felt like I could hug any of the 50,000 people who were there with me. It completely rejuvenated me and gave me energy.

"I can speak for not liking the media, but still we have to use it. Don't hate the media, become the media.

"There's a lot of internal fighting in the movement. As soon as there's no internal fighting, man, that's when it will happen! We've got it made. We're going to steamroll to success."

AMANDA LE DUKE

Amanda Le Duke, 25, works with Kentucky Jobs With Justice in Louisville.

"It's a different movement than the civil rights movement. The differences are what make it OK to not have an outspoken single leader. It's going to be interesting as to whether it's sustainable or not. Social movements over time have had strong leaders. Inherent in this movement is a nonhierarchical structure and wanting to be sure that we control power. It's all about breaking down power and spreading power. A lot of sweatshop groups, for example, are hesitant to name a leader. You have to respect that because it forces people to look at different models of the way things have to operate.

"Something about the secrecy behind the FTAA negotiations really energized people. A lot of people can oppose that. If they are unsure how they feel about the trade issue, they are pretty skeptical about meetings behind closed, locked doors.

"I can't see how we can ever get the real elite, the upper class, to go along, because they're the ones benefiting from this. But having said that, that's a small number of people.

"The have-nots in this country are coming together under one banner."

MARGIE KLEIN

Margie Klein, 22, an environmental organizer for Green Corps, traveled to India to protest a World Bank-funded

(and ecologically disastrous) dam project.

"Because George Bush is in office, a whole lot of people who were content to stay out of politics are now realizing that if they do that, things could happen in a way they see to be detrimental.

"It almost seems like the only way we can get attention is by destroying something or doing something that's completely counter to what we want to be doing.

"My generation has a sense that globalization is happening, and it's not happening in a responsible way. People are aware that when globalization takes its course, it doesn't protect the environment unless someone makes it. It doesn't protect workers' rights unless someone makes it.

"The decisions that these organizations—the World Bank, IMF, WTO—are making are not defensible in large part. They're profit driven. Once those organizations become accountable to the public, they're going to have to change. If that could happen, I would feel like we've won."

JOHN CAVANAGH

John Cavanagh, 46, is a director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington and has been involved in protest movements (when he was not working for the United Nations) since he joined demonstrations against nuclear power plants and the war in Vietnam in the Seventies.

"I have met many committed young people who believe that property destruction is a viable tactic. I disagree with them, because I think it is limiting our ability to turn this into a mass movement and to appeal to the majority of the world, which, I think agrees with us on the issues. I understand what's driven them to this—and it presents us with a fascinating dilemma at this moment in the movement.

"I hold it against the police for whom it would have been easy to sweep in and arrest those people [the Black Bloc demonstrators in Seattle]. That they allowed the property destruction to go forward was, in fact, a tactic to try to discredit this broader movement. But be that as it may, having the anarchists on the cover of *Newsweek*, on the front page of newspapers around the world, gave impetus to those who believe that using property destruction is a viable tactic.

"There will not be one glorious day when the current order comes crashing down and we have new rules that favor workers, the environment, the poor. Rather, what we will see is a period of stalemate, punctuated by concrete victories on our side—such as a defeat of the pharmaceutical industry—that provide real gains for ordinary people who've been hurt by the system."



"Can you come back for a checkup in December? I always get depressed around the holidays."



PLAYMATE NEWS



FAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

It's no surprise that the first Angels on the Fairway Bikini Golf Open, in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, was a huge success. There were bikinis. There was golf.



Clockwise from top left: Angels on the Fairway swimsuit models Notalio Sokolovo and Keriso Fore test their Bunnywear. Nefeteri Shepherd earns her wings. Rebekka Armstrong has a blast on the beach.

What more does a guy need? Actually, the event was not as shallow as it sounds. "We made about \$60,000 for charity," says event producer Simone Sheffield. "It was hilarious to see so many women in pink bikinis driving golf carts." More than 300 people participated, including Playmates Na-

talia Sokolova, Kerissa Fare, Nefeteri Shepherd, Renee Tenison and Rebekka Armstrong. After a weekend of raging on the beach, there was only one way to wrap the event: a Meat Loaf concert at Sammy Hagar's popular Cabo Wabo nightclub. "We're absolutely doing this again next year," Sheffield says. "In fact, we're almost sold out already." For more photographs or to sign up for next year's tourney, visit angelsonthefairway.com.

DEBRA JO'S DOCUMENTARY

PMOY 1978 Debra Jo Fondren has teamed up with Arcwelder Films to create a documentary about how Playmates deal with getting old. "There is not a woman out there who doesn't struggle with the aging process," says producer Martha Adams. "Whether they decide to love their wrinkles or not, they face certain issues. Are they going to age naturally or opt for plastic surgery? For Playmates, whose bodies are valued like no others, the pressure must be really stressful. We figured it would be great



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"Patti is one of my favorite Playmates as well as one of my favorite people," says Hef of Miss November 1976 and 1977 PMOY Patti McGuire. "She was a member of the Mansion family in the Seventies, and we had some wild, wonderful times together." Hef isn't the only one smitten with Patti—she met tennis star Jimmy Connors at one of Hef's parties at the Mansion, and the couple has been happily married for more than 20 years.



Patti McGuire.

to follow a diverse group of women to see how they're dealing with getting older." The film is in the preliminary stages, so stay tuned for more information, including a list of which Centerfolds will be interviewed. "You can't go wrong with Playmates," adds Adams. "They're beautiful and they make for compelling television."

LOOSE LIPS

"Don't use some lame tall-girl line. Tall girls are insecure about their height. People mention it 20 times a day." —Cara Michelle

"I get recognized in public. I like it, but it sucks when you're having a bad day. You don't want to come off as a bitch, yet people don't realize you have a personal life. It's a Catch-22." —Daphnee Lynn Duploix

"A few teachers from my high school came to one of my autograph signings. That was a little bizarre." —Jennifer Walcott

LINGERING IN LINGERIE

If it were up to us, Playmates would always be naked. But we'll settle for them in teddies in the Frederick's of Hollywood Best of Summer 2001 catalog. Never received your copy in

the mail? Maybe it's horny postal workers. Left to right: Irina Voronino, Cora Michelle, Deonno Brooks and Nicole Lenz.

My Favorite Playmates By Jon Stewart



It's so rare that I remember their names. I mostly remember their hobbies. I like

the ones who like honesty, such as the Bernaola twins, or the ones who like fishing and walks in the park. The ones I remember are from when I was 13, and I don't want to go there.



Dorlene and Corol Bernoola.

BIG-TIME BRITTANY

Remember Brittany York? Today, she goes by the name Alison Armitage, and if you've been watching carefully, you've seen her in all kinds of television shows and movies. Miss October 1990 starred as Cat Pascal on

PLAYMATE NEWS

the TV series *Acapulco H.E.A.T.* and portrayed a dental hygienist on *Seinfeld*, a heroin addict on *Silk Stalkings* and a supervillain on *Black Scorpion*. On the silver screen, Brittany played a former girlfriend of Tom Cruise's character in *Jerry Maguire* and Sylvester Stallone's onetime squeeze in *Driven*. Next up: a co-hosting gig on the game show *Ransacked*. And if that's not enough to cure your jones, get a copy of the 2002 Alison Armitage calendar (above), available at playboystore.com.

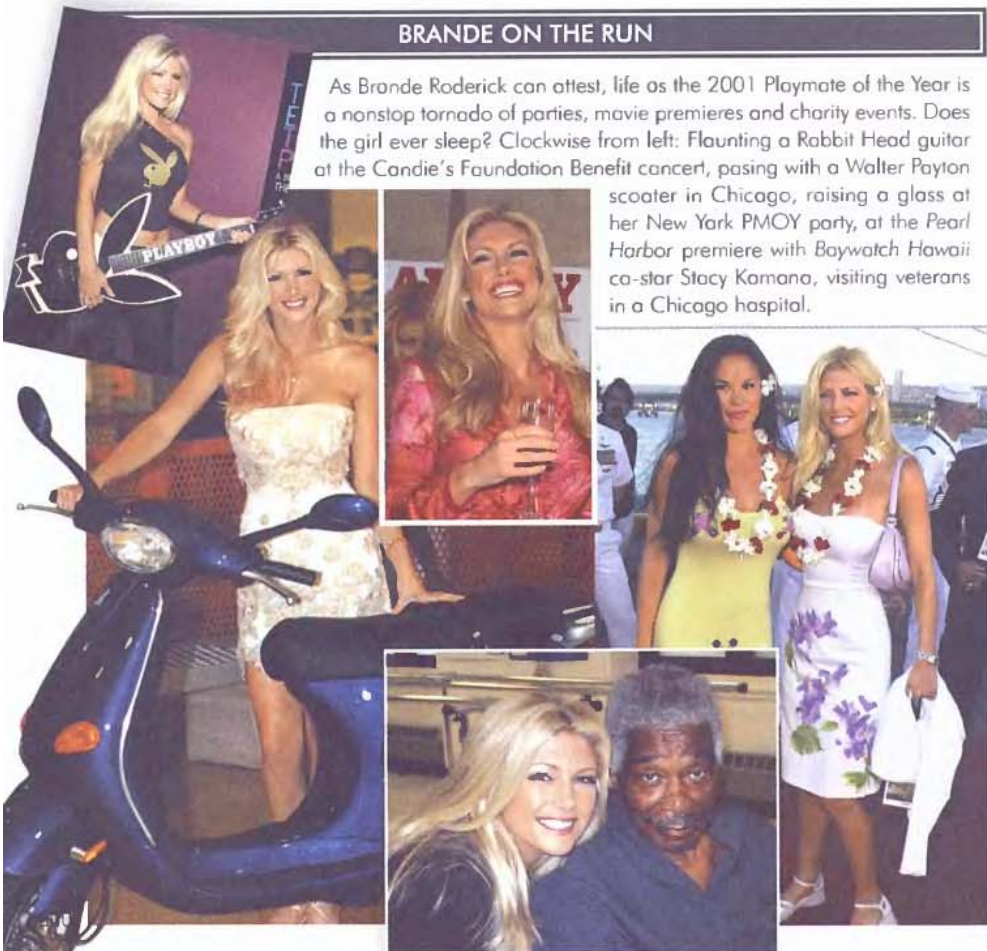


PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- November 2: Miss October 1980
Mardi Jacquet
- November 4: Miss November 1970
Avis Miller
- November 13: Miss July 1964
Melba Ogle
- November 18: Miss October 1991
Cheryl Bachman
- November 21: Miss September 1994
Kelly Gallagher

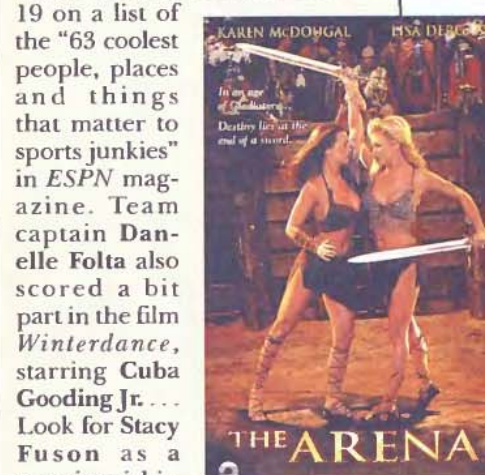
BRANDE ON THE RUN

As Brande Roderick can attest, life as the 2001 Playmate of the Year is a nonstop tornado of parties, movie premieres and charity events. Does the girl ever sleep? Clockwise from left: Flaunting a Rabbit Head guitar at the Candie's Foundation Benefit concert, posing with a Walter Payton scooter in Chicago, raising a glass at her New York PMOY party, at the Pearl Harbor premiere with *Baywatch Hawaii* co-star Stacy Kamana, visiting veterans in a Chicago hospital.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

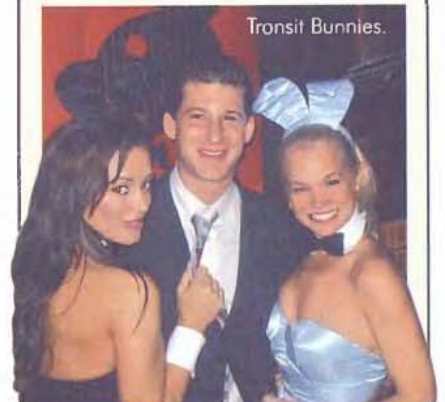
If you've ever fantasized about our Playmates battling it out in skimpy mesh outfits, you're in luck. *The Arena*, starring Karen McDougal and Lisa Dergan (pictured), is available on video. . . . Daphnee Lynn Duplaix and a friend have launched *Unleashed*, a new magazine featuring Daphnee on the inaugural cover. "It's an urban mix of *PLAYBOY* and *Maxim*," she says. . . . The Playboy X-Treme Team was ranked number



19 on a list of the "63 coolest people, places and things that matter to sports junkies" in *ESPN* magazine. Team captain Danelle Folta also scored a bit part in the film *Winterdance*, starring Cuba Gooding Jr. . . . Look for Stacy Fuson as a sorority girl in *Shallow Hal*, with Gwyneth Paltrow. . . . Angela Little plays the lead in *Backlot Murders*, an indie horror film, and has a co-starring role in *The Guest*, helmed by Ashton Kutcher and Tara Reid. . . . Victoria Silvestedt and Jami Ferrell appear in the comedy *Boat Trip*. . . .

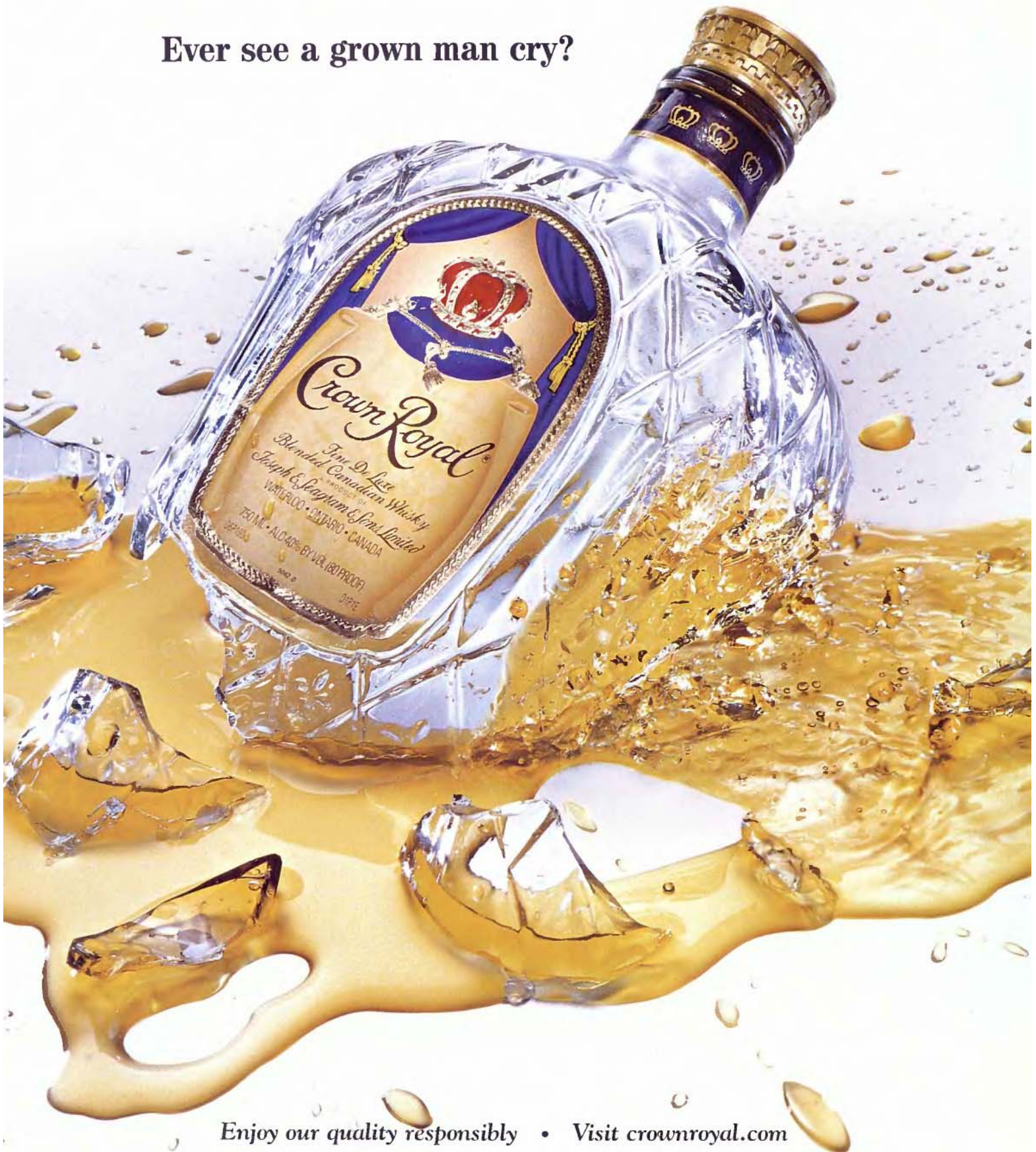
Karen vs. Liso.

Transit Bunnies.



Jessica Lee has a bit part in the film *New Suit*. . . . Nicole Wood hosted *Wild on New York* for E with Stephen Baldwin. . . . Ava Fabian and Julie McCullough (pictured) got cozy with Transit nightclub manager Lew Langer at the *PLAYBOY* Book Expo bash in Chicago. Dr. Ruth also made an appearance, although she passed on a Bunny outfit.

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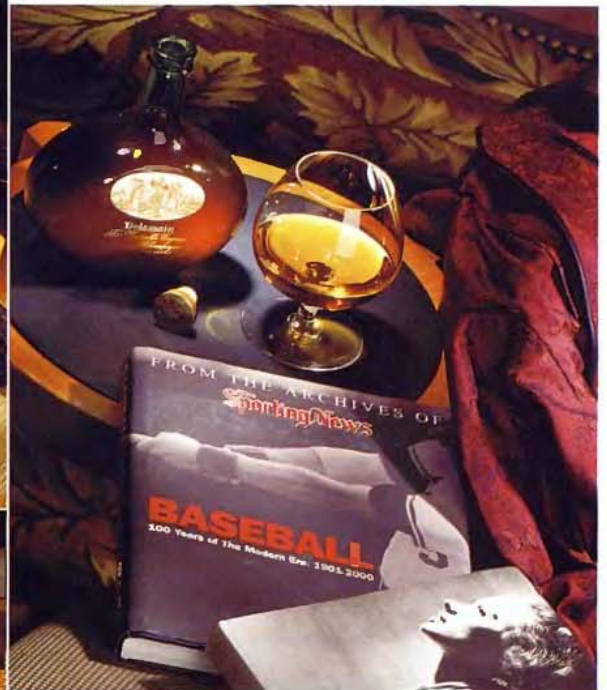
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

IN FROM THE COLD

It's 85 degrees in Key West. How many nights does it take before tall drinks with paper umbrellas get old? Up north, we celebrate frost on the pumpkin with brandy by the fire. Très Vénérable cognac by Delamain, no less. Such cold-weather fuel tastes even finer when it's sipped from an oversize snifter. We like the great indoors. There's time for TV and popcorn, so we've hooked our tube to Sony's new SAT-W60 receiver. It's designed for use with UltimateTV, which integrates DirecTV satellite programming with digital video recording that can store more than 30 hours of programming and Internet access (with six e-mail accounts). The SAT-W60 also allows you to record two shows at the same time. (Playboy TV and Casablan-

ca, perhaps.) We doubt you'll have trouble finding something to watch, but just in case we've included three DVDs: *Creative Positions for Lovers*, *Playboy 2000: The Party Continues* and *Akira*, a Japanese animation classic. Other indoor pleasures we're celebrating include a Sulka silk robe, two books—*Baseball: 100 Years of the Modern Era, 1901–2000* and *Horst Portraits: 60 Years of Style*—plus the Franklin Mint's deluxe Harley-Davidson edition of Monopoly, in which the tokens and money are stashed in the board game drawer. Add some massage oils and an electronic massager (it's as close as you can come to having your own masseuse) and, as the jolly fat man in the red suit likes to say, "to all a good night."

—DAVID STEVENS



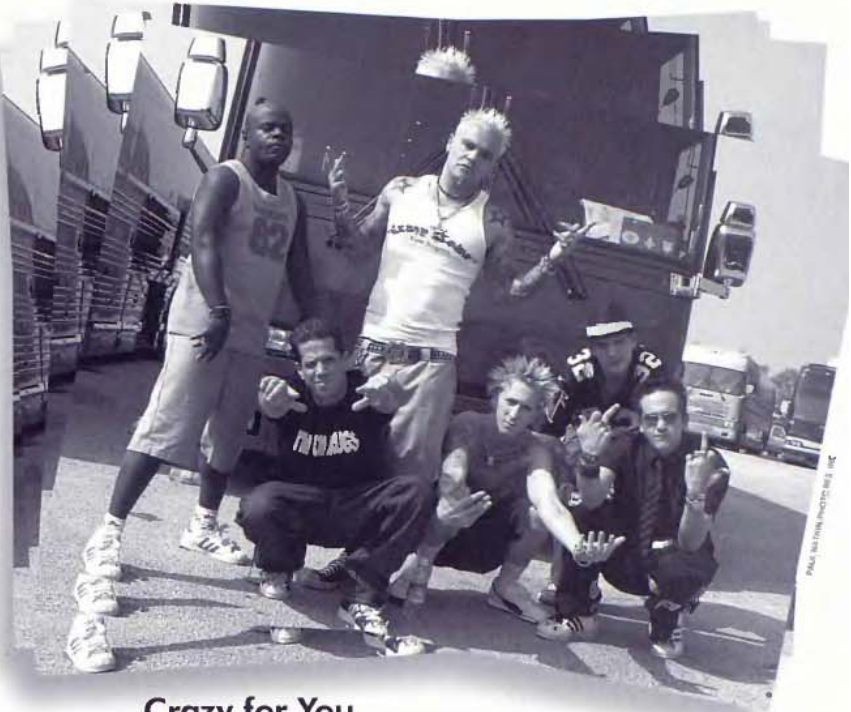
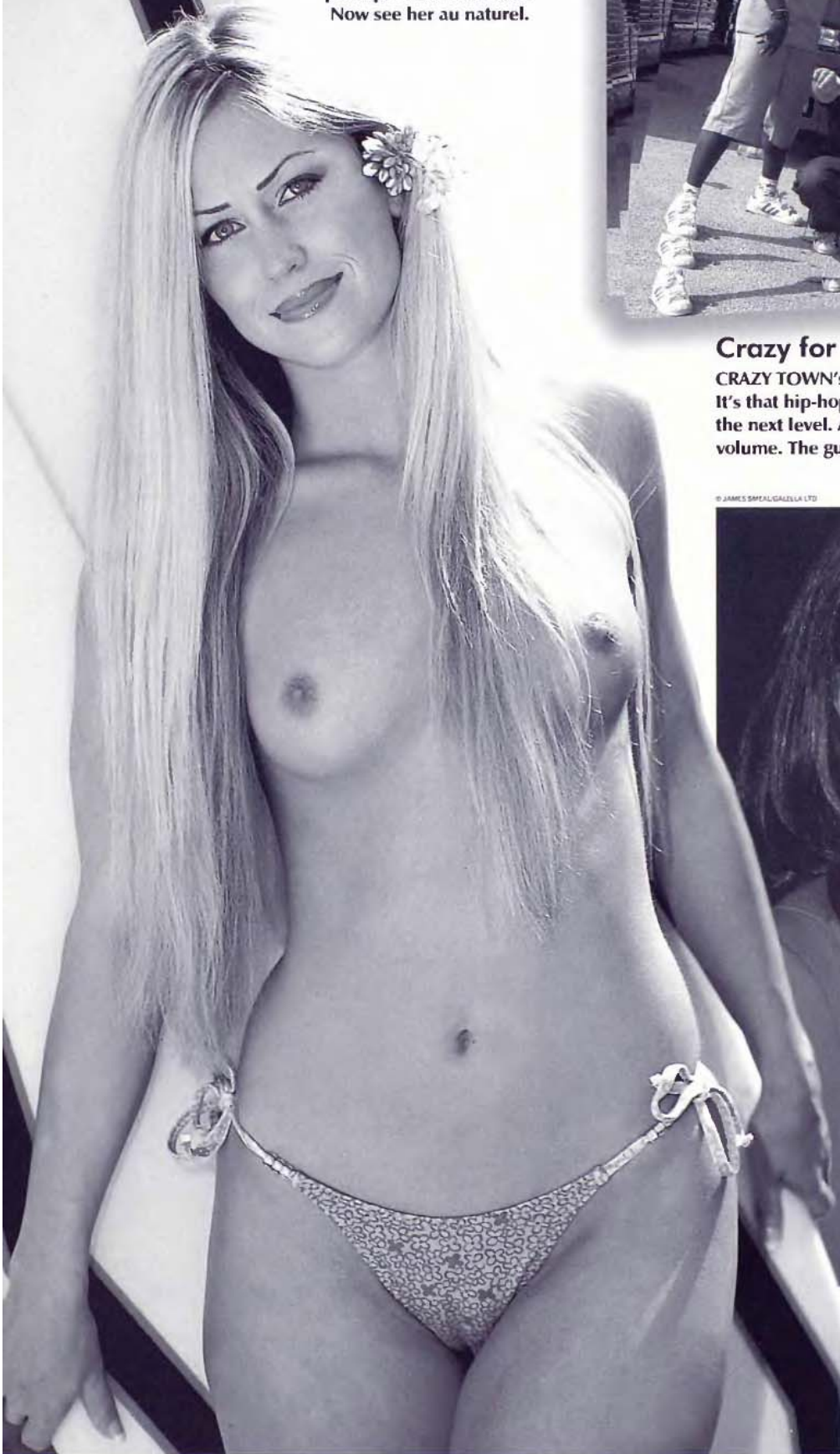
Above: Delamain's Très Vénérable cognac (a delicious blend of rare 45- to 55-year-old vintages, \$300 per decanter) and a crystal snifter by Asprey and Garrard (\$75). *Baseball* is culled from the archives of *The Sporting News* (\$30). *Horst Portraits* covers "60 years of style" (\$55). The red silk robe is by Sulka (\$1500). Left: Harley-Davidson Monopoly by the Franklin Mint features a hardwood-framed board, Harley motorcycle tokens and Harley money, plus houses and hotels accented in sterling silver and 24-kt. gold plate (about \$600).

JAMES IMBROGNO

Grapevine

Flower Girl

You may have seen NICOLE BENNETT on *Boston Public*, *Pacific Blue*, E's *Wild On* series or perhaps in surfwear ads. Now see her au naturel.



Crazy for You

CRAZY TOWN's *The Gift of Game* went platinum on the charts. It's that hip-hop-metal thing that Limp Bizkit started, taken to the next level. An Ozzfest tour last summer pumped up the volume. The guys paint the town with attitude.

© JAMES SPICAL/GAZELLA LTD



Sneak Peak

GABRIELLE UNION was once on her way to law school. Now she has her own lawyer. She's in two movies next year: *Abandon*, with Benjamin Bratt, and *Welcome to Collinwood*, starring George Clooney.

© STEVE TORRES

Up a Tree

MONICA MENDEZ has appeared in PLAYBOY Special Editions, a Pearl Jam video and on hotbody.com's first live webcast. She has it made in the shade.



© CRANE & SCOTTS

© VINCE CAVALTIO

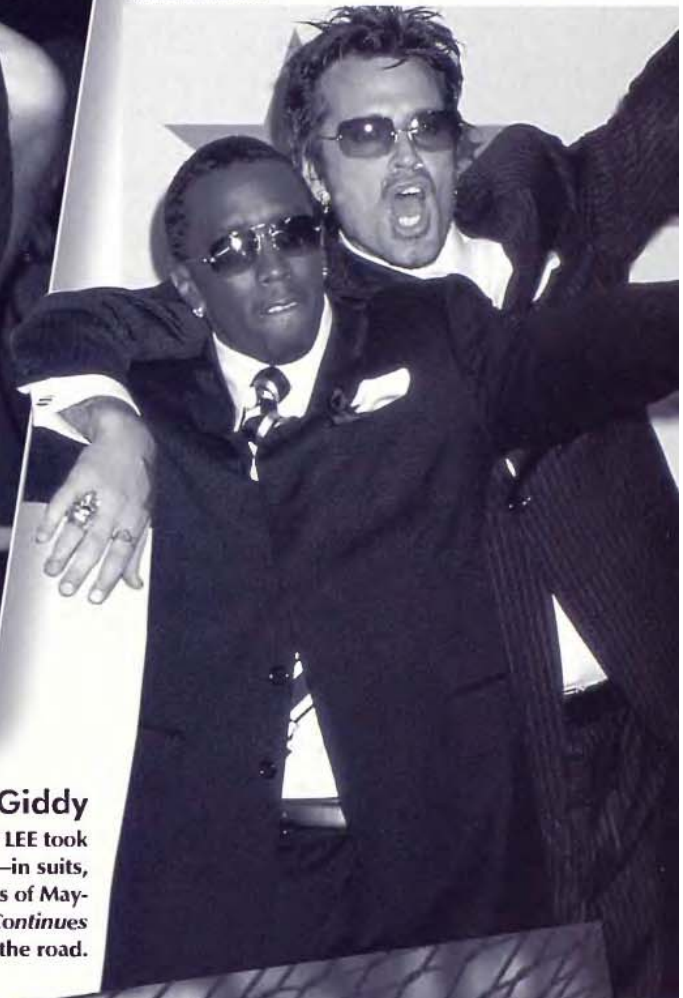


© JAMES SMIGAL/GALELLA LTD.

Every Picture Tells a Story

Rod Stewart's daughter KIMBERLY strolled the catwalk, modeled for Cosmo and Harper's Bazaar and designed a line of jeweled sneakers. A diamond chip off the old block.

© JARRET GAGNE/CELEBRITY PHOTO



Diddy and Giddy

Bad boys SEAN COMBS and TOMMY LEE took advantage of a photo op to show off—in suits, no less. Lee is drumming in *Methods of Mayhem*, and P. Diddy's CD *The Saga Continues* keeps the show on the road.

Going With Flo

FLO JALIN models swimsuits in print and on calendars. She's been known to win bikini contests and was a *Baywatch Hawaii* regular. She deserves a rest.



Potpourri

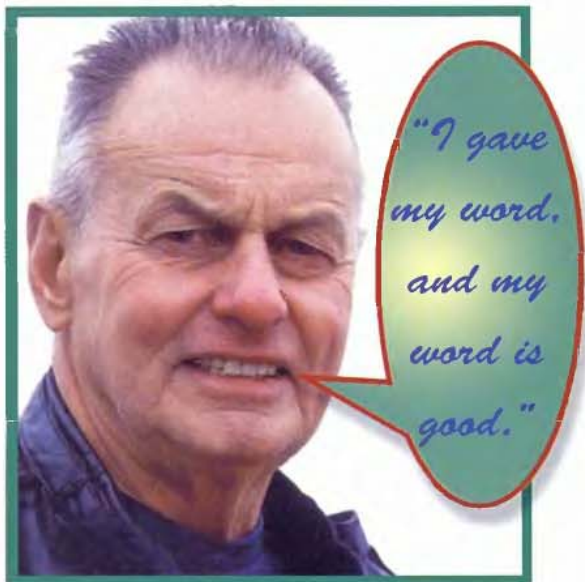
ADVENTURE ROAD

This winter, escape to faraway places with these books. *The Fire Never Dies* by Richard Sterling is "one man's raucous romp down the road of food, passion and adventure." It's part of Travelers' Tales' Footstep series. Price: \$14.95. Lonely Planet's Journeys series includes *Maverick in Madagascar* by Mark Eveleigh, a travel writer who encounters sorcerers, shamans and snakes while exploring "the Isle of the Moon." Price: \$13. Check your bookstores.



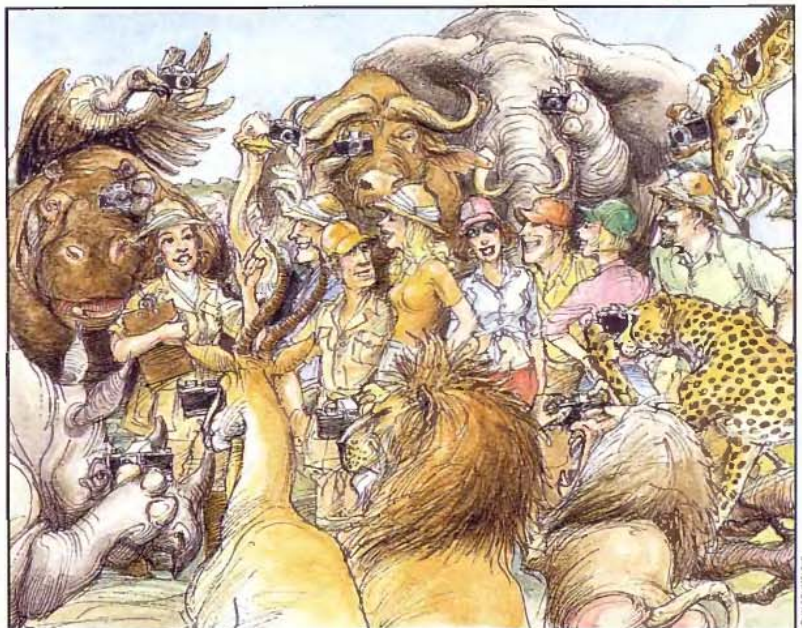
RUDY TALK

"The wit and wisdom of Rudy Boesch," the retired Navy Seal who attained celebrity on CBS' *Survivor* show, is collected in the pocket-size *Book of Rudy* by Boesch and Jeff Herman. Social issues, politics, sex—Rudy doesn't pull his punches. Abortion: "It should be up to the woman." Al Gore: "Gore hung around with a draft dodger for eight years, and I don't like that." The importance of sex in a relationship: "It's real important." Price: \$5.95. Adams Media Corp. is the publisher.

A photograph of a blonde woman with body art, including a spiral on her chest and a leaf on her hip. She is holding a small chocolate square. To her right is the box for the game 'Strip Chocolate' and some game pieces on a board.

HOT CHOCOLATE

For a sweet time, try Strip Chocolate, a "game of sensual pleasure" for two players who both become dessert. Squares on the board dictate whether a player removes an article of clothing, draws a specific design on the other player's body with Chocoholics Body Frosting or licks off a previously drawn design. Obviously, this is a game nobody loses. The price: \$25, from Chocoholics Divine Desserts at 800-760-CHOC, or drop by Spencer Gifts.

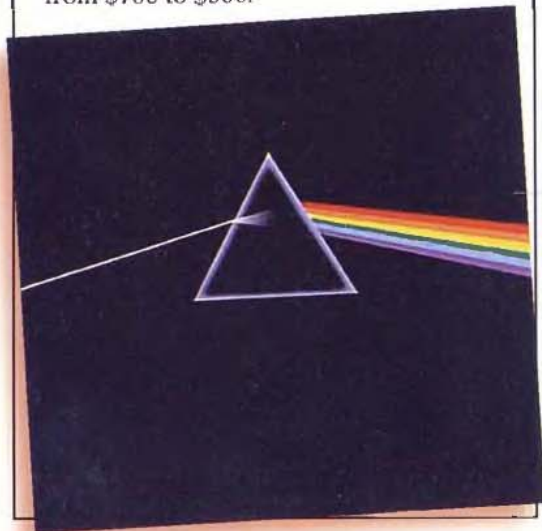


SINGLED OUT FOR ADVENTURE

Never heard of Adventures for Singles? Neither had we. But when a reader alerted us to this organization, headed by Suzy Davis (a former Miss Wisconsin), we knew we'd stumbled on one fun bunch. Each year, Suzy guides groups of 40 to 50 unhitched professional men and women of all ages to a variety of destinations for prices almost too good to believe. (Her 10-day 2001 African safari was only \$2595, including airfare from Atlanta, and the six-day Best of Italy junket was \$1385, also including air.) On her agenda next year are Jordan, the Mediterranean, Brazil, India, the South Pacific and South Africa (again a safari). Visit adventuresforsingles.com for information, or call 770-956-0437.

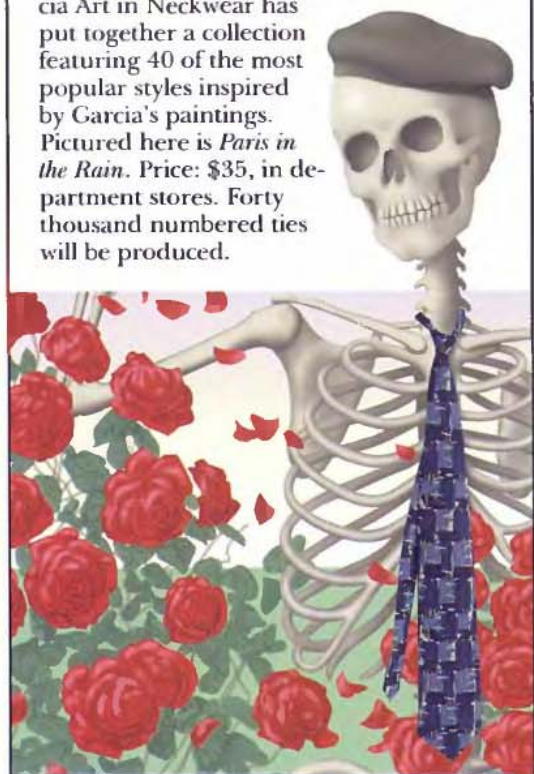
IN THE PINK

For four decades the artwork and designs of Strom Thorgerson have been featured on Pink Floyd albums. Now those covers are available as fine art in limited editions of 295. Pictured here is *Dark Side of the Moon*, a 19"x19" image silk-screened in 12 colors. Price: \$1000. Call EyeMusic at 206-780-5408, or go to www.rockoptic.com. The 11 other album images range from \$700 to \$900.



TIE ONE ON WITH JERRY

Everybody remembers Jerry Garcia the musician, but not everyone remembers that he inspired a line of neckties. To celebrate the line's 10th anniversary, J. Garcia Art in Neckwear has put together a collection featuring 40 of the most popular styles inspired by Garcia's paintings. Pictured here is *Paris in the Rain*. Price: \$35, in department stores. Forty thousand numbered ties will be produced.



HEX APPEAL

Her real name was Maila Nurmi, but fans knew her as Vampira, the glamorous ghoul with the drop-dead body squeezed into a black dress that hung from her like Spanish moss in a swamp. A predecessor of Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, Nurmi hosted ABC's *Vampira Show* back in the mid-Fifties and had quite a cult following. Bowen Designs offers a 14 1/2" statue for \$160 in a limited edition of 1000. If Vampira still turns you on, call 503-786-0542 or go to bowen8r@teleport.com.

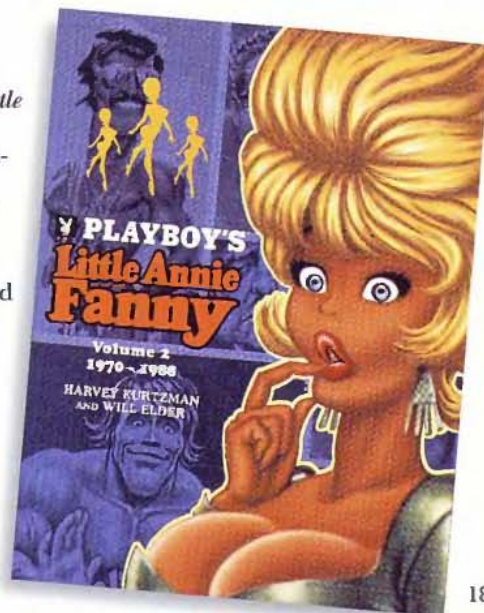


THE BREWS OF BELGIUM

Michael Jackson, the international whiskey and brew maven who's a contributor to *PLAYBOY*, once again raises his glass, this time filled with Belgian beer. For \$45 a month, Jackson's Great Beers of Belgium gourmet beer club offers members 12 bottles of a different brew each month. If you opt for a Belgian brew delivery every other month, you get two different six-packs for \$25. Check the club's website, realbeer.com, for more information.

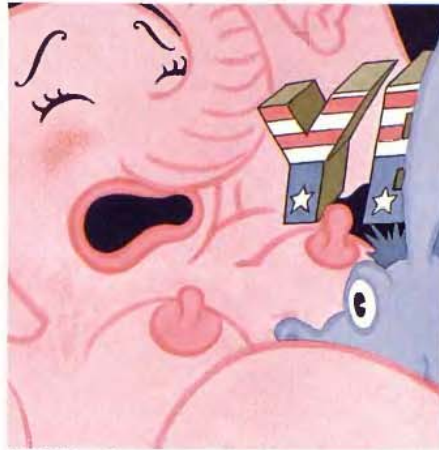
ANNIE'S BACK AGAIN

Earlier this year, Dark Horse Comics published *PLAYBOY's Little Annie Fanny Volume 1: 1962-1970*, a saucy softcover that satirizes the Sixties, James Bond and a lot more. Now *Volume 2: 1970-1988* has reached bookstores, and Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder aim their wicked wit at Ralph Nader, *Star Wars*, the energy crisis, the women's movement and Arnold Schwarzenegger, to name a few. Our innocent Annie, of course, is as zaftig as ever in the new volume. The book features never-before-seen production art and lots of other neat stuff. Price: \$24.95, in bookstores.





WE HAVE GENA LEE



REPUBLICAN LOVE



BLOOD TEST



HOTEL SEX

GENA LEE NOLIN—THE *SHEENA* SENSATION AND FORMER *BAYWATCH* BEAUTY GETS UNWRAPPED IN A FESTIVE PICTORIAL. THANK YOU, MR. CLAU

WILL SMITH—YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE THE GOOFY ACTION RAPPER. FOR HIS DRAMATIC TURN IN *ALI* HE BEEFED UP AND TRAINED TO STING LIKE A BEE AND NOW IS GENERATING TALK OF AN ACADEMY AWARD. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW THRILLA BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

THE STRANGEST WHITE HOUSE CONNECTION—A TOP *NEWSWEEK* JOURNALIST, WHO HAS INTERVIEWED BILL CLINTON AND GEORGE BUSH DOZENS OF TIMES, REVEALS HOW THEY FLIRT, WHAT CRACKS THEM UP, WHAT RANKLES THEM AND WHAT THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF DOES IN HIS SPARE TIME. BY **JONATHAN ALTER**

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS—THERE WAS A TIME WHEN FLYING WAS SEXY. UNFORTUNATELY, WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER IT. **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** TAKES OFF ON AIR RAGE, THE IMPROVEMENT PLANS OF THE FAA AND WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE YOUR NEXT FLIGHT LESS TURBULENT

BASKETBALL PREVIEW—WITH SO MANY TEENAGERS JUMPING TO THE NBA, IT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT THE TOP 25 COLLEGE TEAMS. **GARY COLE** AND **DAVID KAPLAN** HAD IT RIGHT LAST YEAR. IT'S TIME TO DO IT AGAIN

HOW TO LOVE A REPUBLICAN—DARCY IS THE COOLEST THING GOING—BEAUTIFUL, SMART, GREAT IN BED. THE ONLY

PROBLEM: SHE'S A BIG-TIME BUSH SUPPORTER. AND WHAT HAPPENS IF HE WINS? FICTION BY **STEVE ALMOND**

LETTER FROM SWINGING LOS ANGELES—PORN STARS HEAD TO CLUB LUST AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE. IT'S ABOUT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT: RAZOR BURNS, COWGIRLS, RECREATIONAL POLE DANCING AND ORGIES GALORE. JOIN **KATIE MORAN** IN A WILD SEX ROMP

BEBE BUELL—ROCK'S ORIGINAL BAND-AID, THE INSPIRATION FOR PENNY LANE IN *ALMOST FAMOUS*, HAS A MOVIE STAR DAUGHTER, A BRIGHT MUSIC CAREER AND A NEW TELL-ALL BOOK. WE KNEW HER WHEN. A SALUTE TO LIV TYLER'S MOM, MISS NOVEMBER 1974

BLOOD TEST—IF YOU'RE ABOUT TO ROB A STRIP CLUB, YOU DO WHAT YOUR BOSS TELLS YOU TO DO. TOO MANY QUESTIONS COULD GET YOU A SEVERE HEADACHE. FICTION BY **ANDREW VACHSS**

FOOTBALL DAZE—HE'S TRYING TO SCORE WITH A TIGHT END. WILL IT BE THIRD AND INCHES OR A SAFETY BLITZ? **SHEL SILVERSTEIN** LEAVES US A SPORTING TREASURE

ALSO: OUTKAST—A STANKONIAN PROFILE, SEX STARS 2001, PLAYBOY'S MUSIC POLL, NAUGHTY CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS, KNOCKOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS, HOTEL SEX—THE PICTORIAL, THE WORLD'S WILDEST WHEELS, REALITY TV UNCENSORED, COOL COATS FOR A GLACIAL WINTER, AND MISS USA TURNED PLAYMATE **SHANNA MOAKLER**