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Gala
Christmas
Issue

**GENA LEE
NOLIN**

Nude

**INTERVIEW
WILL SMITH
TAKES ON ALI**

**FROM MISS USA
TO CENTERFOLD,
DENNIS QUAID'S
NEW GIRLFRIEND**

**UNCANNY
COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
PREVIEW**

**OUR GIRL IN LA
FINDS AN ORGY**

**SEX STARS
2001**

**STRANGE
BEDFELLOWS
SEX AND POLITICS
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**GREAT CHRISTMAS
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**A GRIDIRON
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SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

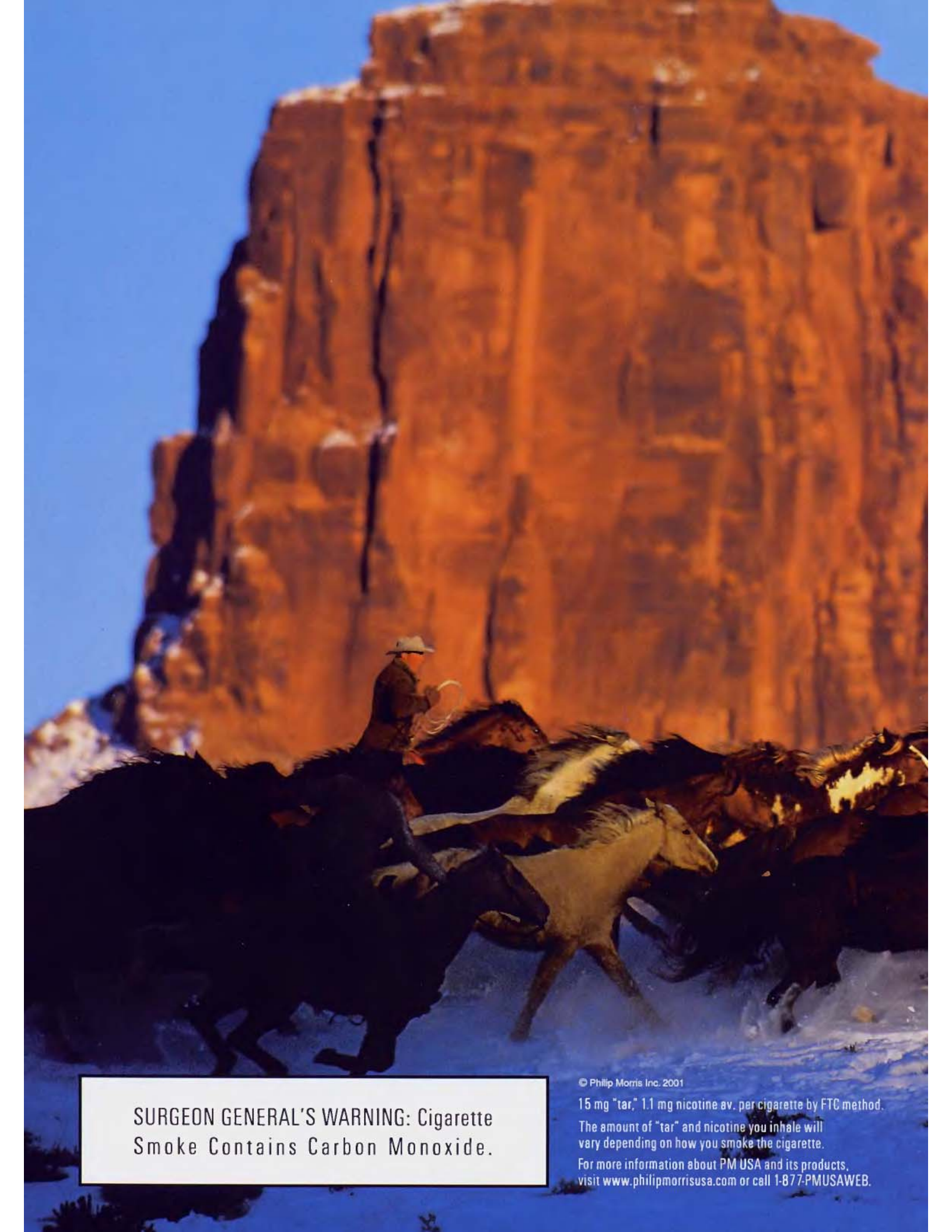
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Playbill

HE KNOWS when we've been naughty, he knows when we've been nice. He knows why we love **Gena Lee Nolin**, the bikini-bursting jungle queen of TV's *Sheena*. *Mele Kalikimaka* is the way they say Merry Christmas in Hawaii, Gena's old *Baywatch* hangout. *Woo-haa* is the way to say thanks to photographer **Stephen Wayda**, who shot Gena's shape-shifting pictorial.

Back in the concrete jungle, **Jamie Malanowski** takes a lively look at Washington's bedroom follies in *Strange Bedfellows*, while former White House counsel and Watergate whistleblower **John Dean** explains how the world changed after Nixon in *Scandals and Scoundrels*. Friction between political adversaries can be just the right thing in the sack. **Steve Almond**, who wrote the story *How to Love a Republican*, knows all about bipartisan congress. (Steven Guarnaccia did the art.)

In his most daunting role yet, **Will Smith** plays the Greatest in *Ali*. After a string of hit records, his own TV vehicle and blockbusters like *Men in Black* and *Independence Day*, this could be Smith's knockout performance. Read the *Playboy Interview* by **Michael Fleming**. **Catherine Bell**, from TV's *JAG*, is another star with plenty to say. In our *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane**, it's easy to see how she talked her way up from a start as a nude body double. *Blood Test*, our fiction by **Andrew Vachss**, is about a different kind of body—the dead kind—and learning a new career: contract killing. (The painting is by **Phil Hale**.)

If you followed PLAYBOY's college basketball picks last season, you got your biggest Christmas gift in March—enough money to watch from courtside this year. That's because **Gary Cole** and **David Kaplan** predicted the finalists of March Madness. The two are back with their annual hoops scoops in *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. Fans of gridiron battles can turn to *Football* by **Shel Silverstein**, with art from **Arnold Roth**. Speaking of the uprights, what's the latest on Viagra? Turns out it could soon be supplanted by much more effective gene therapy. Read *Beyond Viagra* by **Michael Parrish**. Still want to get all hot and bothered? We recommend *Orgy in Pasadena* by **Katie Moran**. She headed out to Los Angeles' valleys and found a steamy, sticky world of porn stars and Hollywood honeys.

To put some bounce in our annual music poll, we sent **Tony Green** to get inside *Outkast*, the Southern hip-hoppers who have critics, skatepunks and beatnuts all raving. Our *Celebrity Christmas Carols* by **Robert S. Wieder** (illustrated by **Steve Brodner**) are like an office holiday party—a bit crude and goofy, only interrupted when somebody laughs so hard that spiked eggnog comes out his nose.

Ever been to Iceland? No trees, lots of drop-dead gorgeous women. Fashion editor **Joseph De Acetis** figured it would be the perfect place to put new winter gear to our test: Is it warm, and does it turn girls' heads? Another way to induce whiplash on the street: Pull up in a Ferrari like the one showcased in *Precious Metal* by **Ken Gross**. *Hotel Deluxe*, a pictorial shot by **Guido Argentini**, gives new meaning to the words room service. It will arouse your holiday spirit.

The terrible events of September 11 changed many lives and will alter our nation's future. In a *Men* column written days after the hijackings, **Asa Baber** puts an important perspective on that day—and has sobering words about how to deal with terrorism.

PLAYBOY also mourns the passing of Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**, who for nearly 30 years created brilliant images of beautiful women. He will be deeply missed in our world.



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PLAYBOY

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In pursuit of better government, our nation's capital hosts a robust invasion of eager young women. Truth is, sex and scandal have enlivened D.C. since the days of Alexander Hamilton. **BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

PLUS: Scandals and Scoundrels. **BY JOHN DEAN**

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New gene therapies may do more than hoist your mainsail. Target-specific, they could have you performing like a 17-year-old—but with complete control.

BY MICHAEL PARRISH

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We're not ashamed—we like reality TV. But, please—where's the action? Where's the sex? Playboy TV's new show, 7 Lives Xposed, fills an important hole.

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When it comes to swinging, nothing compares to the clubs in LA's valleys.

Porn stars, Hollywood starlets and bi-friendly babes get down—then sweaty. **BY KATIE MORAN**

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Angelina Jolie joins Julia, Mel, Tiger, Tony and Dick for our seasonal toast.

Grab some eggnog and ring in the holiday smear. **BY ROBERT S. WIEDER**

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Up and back, trying to score. Going for the sack. Third and inches. Whoops!—illegal use of the hands. Sound familiar? An unpublished treasure about our second-favorite pastime. **BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

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With awesome accuracy, last year our guys picked the top two teams—Duke and Arizona—and their order of finish. We expect no less as they name this year's stand-out squads and players. **BY GARY COLE AND DAVID KAPLAN**

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Vote early. Vote often.

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Natalia loves to head south. And she's not averse to a protein smoothie when she gets there.

156 20Q CATHERINE BELL

On TV's JAG, Catherine Bell breaks uniform regulations with her tight skirts. In real life, she kickboxes and likes to play video games with big-busted heroines. And she speaks Farsi—like a sailor. **BY ROBERT CRANE**

interview

59 WILL SMITH

Despite generating billions with his movies and music, Will Smith—the one-time Fresh Prince—says entertainment is a pit stop on the way to his true greatness. In a heavyweight Playboy Interview, he discusses Muhammad Ali, Nelson Mandela and a racist nun. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**



cover story

Genia Lee Nolin, o former Miss Los Vegas and Price Is Right model, enjoyed her role as o troublemaking Baywatch naiad. Now, she's on her way into o second season of Sheena, as queen of the jungle. Genia morphs into ponthers, tigers and eagles, but on our cover—shot by Stephen Woydo—she's all woman. Thanks to Adriani, Italy for the Swarovski crystal bikini top.

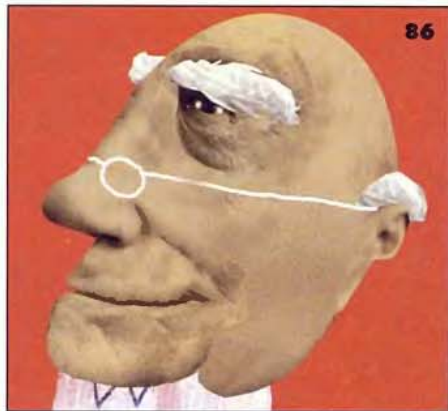


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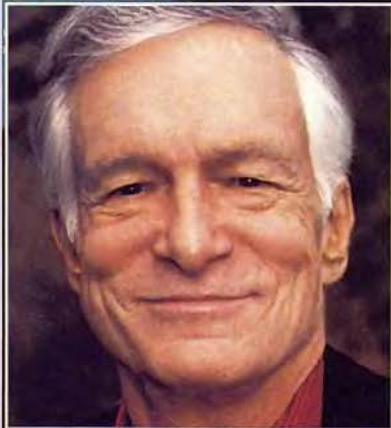
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Hef's tribute to lingerie and less has become Hollywood's hottest summer ticket. Here's a taste of the dreamy debauchery. (1) Shanna Moakler with boyfriend Dennis Quaid. (2) The host and platinum pretties Kimberley Stanfield, Dalene Kurtis, Christi Shake, Tina Jordan, Tiffany Holliday and Stephanie Heinrich. (3) Kimberley with British supermodel Jordan. (4) Director Michael Bay with Lisa Dergan. (5) Hef and Mr. Bizkit peace out. (6) Rocker David Lee Roth and former heavyweight champ Joe Frazier agog at the gals. (7) Charlize Theron gets cozy with her date. (8) Garry Marshall with pretty women Sparrow Heatley and Teri Ivens. (9) Stephanie Tiefry spreads her wings. (10) Kylie Bax with Sean Walsh. (11) Quentin Tarantino gets a smooch from Playmate Ava Fabian. (12) Bosom buddies Jordan and Tina cuddle up. (13) Tanya Garrett and Peter Cornell take a dip. (14) Hef and gal pals lounging on his circular bed. (15) Mr. Playboy completes Jennifer Walcott's costume. (16) Go-go girls wearing naughty but paint.

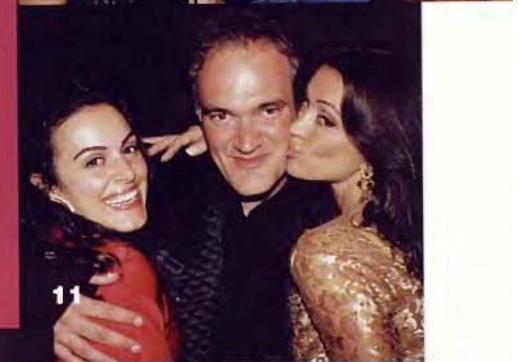


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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

CONTINUED



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(1) Painted ladies ready to party. (2) Bill Maher, Tanya Callan and Alan Thicke. (3) Near-naked nymphs responding to Ravi's beat. (4) Verne Troyer takes a licking from Donna D'Errico. (5) Randy revelers Amy Miller, Tiffany Holliday and Carrie Gonzales. (6) World-famous DJ Paul Oakenfold. (7) Home-run sensation Sammy Sosa with Hef, Tina and Stephanie. (8) Herbie Hancock chats up the Man. (9) Indiana Pacers star Reggie Miller is in good company on Hef's vibrating bed. (10) *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch* star Melissa Joan Hart. (11) *September Survivor* cover girl Jerri Manthey trades the outback for Hef's hedonism. (12) The Dahm triplets party like rock stars with Foo Fighters Taylor Hawkins and Dave Grohl. (13) Thora Birch and Tara Reid. (14) Craig Kilborn makes his move. (15) Tennis legend Jimmy Connors and Playmate wife Patti McGuire with their kids, Brett and Aubree. (16) Crispin Glover, Rick James and Ava Fabian are wearing pajamas but aren't going to bed any time soon.



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[Jack Daniel Distillery, circa 1964]



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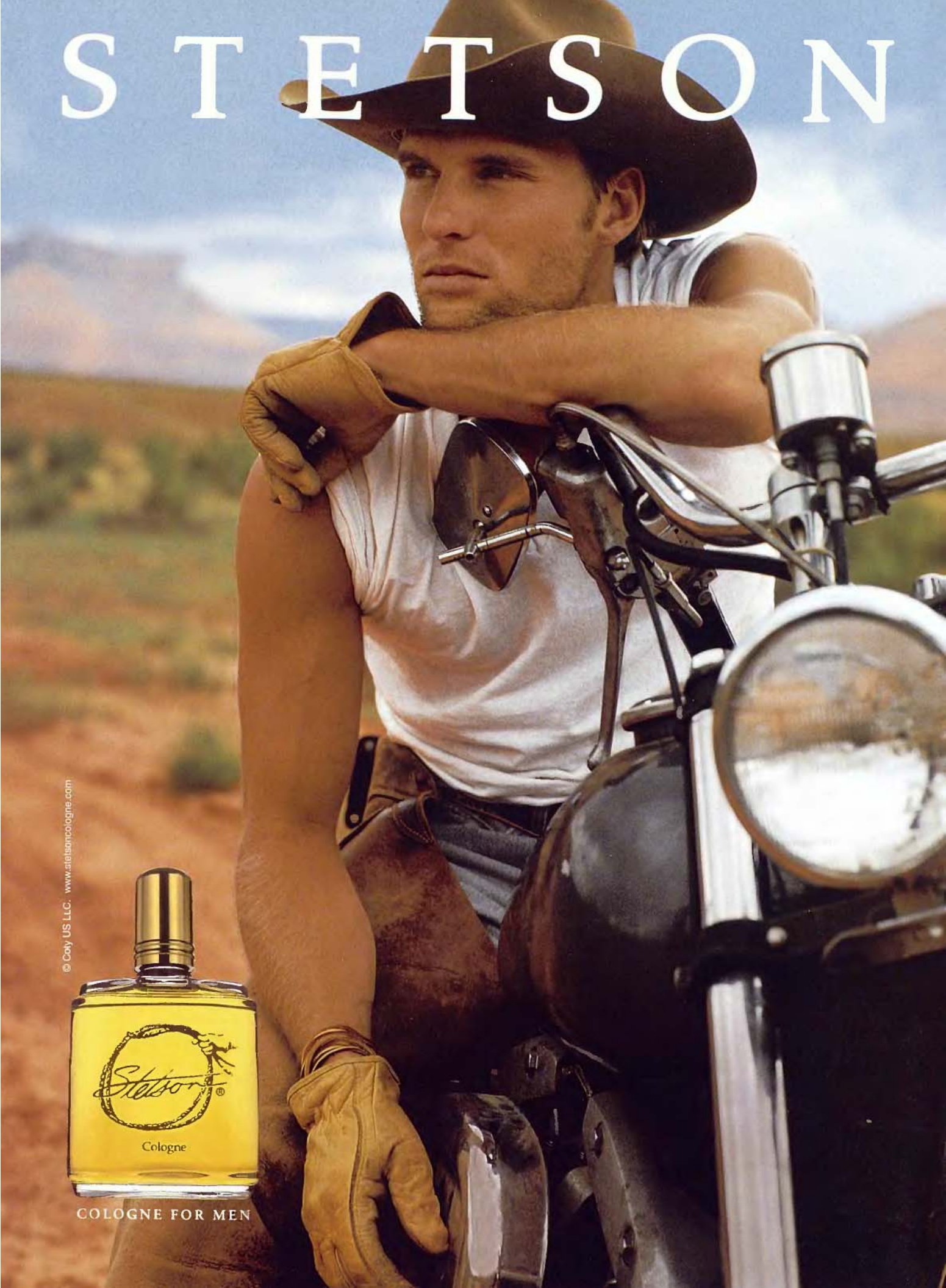


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SURVIVE AND CONQUER

She's smart. She's sexy. She's strong. Jerri Manthey (*Survivor*, September) is one of the most desirable women I've ever seen in *PLAYBOY*. I barely survived her pictorial.

Don Coker
Boca Raton, Florida

Anyone who would banish this woman from the outback needs a psychiatrist.

Glen Watson
Danville, Illinois

Colby is a two-time loser. He missed out on an easy million dollars and on bedding the beautiful Jerri.

Todd Smith
Isle of Palms, South Carolina

Jerri is a woman who has serious issues. She believes that men are threatened by her power, but her only power is manipulation.

Chris Roy
Dover, Delaware

Why is everyone trying to make celebrities of the *Survivor* women? Their 15 minutes are over. Let's pull the plug.

Tom Wieduwilt
Glendale, Arizona

Amber Brkich said in *Stuff* magazine that if she had to pick another female cast member of *Survivor* to have sex with, Jerri would be the one. And then Jerri shows up nude in *PLAYBOY*. It's almost too good to be true.

Don Williams
Dallas, Texas

FAST TRACK

Preconceptions are often misconceptions—and nothing proves that better than Kevin Cook's *Playboy Interview* with Dale Earnhardt Jr. (September). Never a true fan of his dad's, I just assumed that Junior was a second-generation driver trying to ride on his father's coattails. But I was mistaken. He's wise beyond his years and has a refreshingly sane attitude toward life—especially in an age of athletes who are overpaid, underworked and controlled by agents and sponsors.

Ed Estes
Tampa, Florida

I've always been a fan of both Dale Sr. and Jr. If anyone can fill his father's tire tracks, it's Junior.

Dan Reynolds
Port Deposit, Maryland

Not only is Junior a total babe, he's also a great Nascar driver and a legend in the making.

Liz Wright
Orlando, Florida



She's a survivor.

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NEVER MIND

Thanks for the brilliant piece on Kurt Cobain (*Heavier Than Heaven: The Fall of Kurt Cobain*, September). You helped a true fan discover new things.

Eddie Green
Laconia, New Hampshire

Cobain was not a messiah; he was just a musician. Let it go. The stoners of the world have already forgotten him and the rest of us just don't care.

Joel Cummings
Fort MacMurray, Alberta

DALENE COMES CLEAN

Dalene Kurtis is breathtaking (*Dalene*, September). The completely smooth look is becoming as popular in the U.S. as it is abroad. So what took so long?

David Doerr
Clarksville, Tennessee

Almost 20 years after PLAYBOY's debut, a Playmate's pubic hair was first shown. It took you guys longer than that to feature a Playmate with no pubic hair at all. For years, men who asked their women to "take it all off" risked being accused of perversion. These arguments stand no more in the face of girl-next-door Dalene.

Steven Beauchamp
New York, New York



Smooth as silk.

I'm ecstatic that the Playmate in the first issue of PLAYBOY I could legally buy is a woman from my hometown. Home-grown hottie Dalene has my vote for PMOY 2002.

Javier Herrera
Bakersfield, California

TORTURED TRUTH

Puzzle Man: When a Soldier Dies With His Secrets (September) is brilliant,

although it's disturbing that Asa Baber could produce a piece of fiction that speaks so convincingly of the mind of a mass murderer.

Beth Hartmann
Columbus, Ohio

Baber has an incisive mind when it comes to gauging the current climate of our society. This month's fictional story on McVeigh's hypothetical reasons for his actions represents Baber's finest work. The article seemed more probable than any conjecture yet for what happened in Oklahoma City.

Chuck Sheehan
Palm Beach, Florida

GROUP GROPE

We appreciate Chip Rowe's protecting our identities in his piece about swingers (*Group Sex, Fourth Floor*, September), but we're out of the closet and happy with our lifestyle. That's why we're writing to invite couples to attend our next Erotic Fair. Visit clubadventure.org or stop by nasca.com to find other local clubs. For information on the national convention of the North American Swing Club Association, held each year in Reno, Nevada, go to lifestyles-convention.com

Ron and Sue Gould
Chicago, Illinois

THE GOOSE FLIES HIGH

Great job on the Tony Siragusa piece (*The Goose*, September). He's a hero to working-class guys in this country.

Tim Buckner
Marshall, North Carolina

Finally, a sports hero I can relate to—a loud, overweight, not-so-great-looking Italian with a sense of humor. Way to go, Goose.

Tommy Malabo
Tucson, Arizona

RED MEAT

I love a good steak, so I was thrilled to read John Mariani's *High Steaks* (September). It's a shame he didn't make it to Iowa, where meat is stellar. AJ's Steakhouse in Grinnell boasts the world's largest steak—the Big Kahuna—and, at 205 ounces, you've never seen anything like it. They also have the best T-shirt slogan I've seen: BECAUSE SIZE MATTERS!

Sarah Breemer
Grinnell, Iowa

How could you have overlooked the Shepherder's Inn in Sacramento when putting together your list? Their steaks melt in your mouth.

Christine McDowell
Sacramento, California

The September issue arrived the day before my wife and I went on a trip to Dallas. I noticed Al Biernat's named as one of the top steakhouses in the *High*

Steaks article. On your recommendation, we checked it out. The porterhouse is spectacular and the service is top-notch. It was one of the best steaks I've had in a state with a reputation for great steaks.

Eric Aikin
The Woodlands, Texas

You've covered the 12 best steakhouses in America. Now how about an article on the 12 best vegetarian restaurants in



High steaks.

the country? Yes, vegetarian playboys do exist, and PLAYBOY readers might be surprised at the number of women who prefer veg hunks over carnivores for lovers.

Bob St. Clair
Redwood City, California

According to Mariani, Lee Marvin orders John Wayne to pick up a slab of beef dropped on the steakhouse floor in the film *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. I wrote the screenplay for that movie and I would like to point out that Marvin orders James Stewart, not Wayne, to pick up the steak. Mariani errs again in his choice of Harris as the best steakhouse in San Francisco. As a voracious consumer of good beef and a frequent visitor to San Francisco, I can unequivocally state that the House of Prime Rib is head and shoulders above the rest.

James Bellah
Sacramento, California

Guess it's been a while since you've seen the movie. First, Mariani correctly describes that it was John Wayne who ordered Lee Marvin to pick up the steak in your movie The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance. Second, Mariani omitted San Francisco's House of Prime Rib because it's not a steakhouse—it's a tourist destination that features, not surprisingly, prime rib. Third, according to Who Was Who in America, you died of a heart attack on September 22, 1976, and are buried in plot 313 G-18 in Los Angeles National Cemetery. That notwithstanding, we've been meaning to tell you how much we love Rio Grande with John Wayne, a movie for which you also wrote the story.



ONE THING'S FOR SURE:

AUSTRALIA'S SETTLERS DIDN'T SURVIVE MAN-EATING CROCS, POISONOUS SNAKES AND DEADLY SPIDERS ONLY TO DIE OF THIRST.



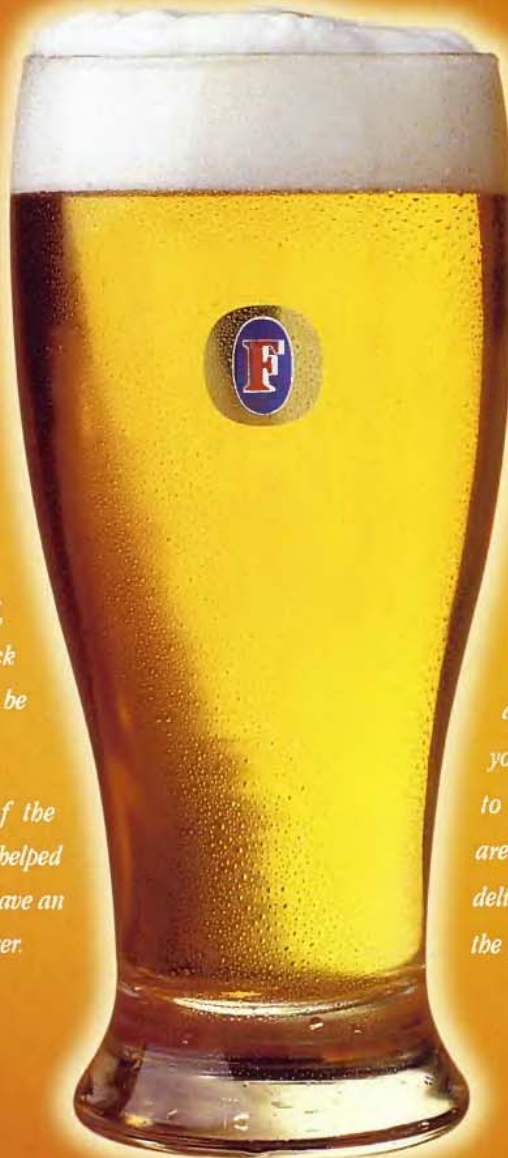
It's said there are more ways to die in Australia than anywhere in the world. And when you consider down here, where even the jellyfish are deadly, it's not a statement to be taken lightly.

Take Robert Burke. In 1874, he set out from Sydney in search of a trade route to China. Unfortunately, what he didn't count on was thousands of miles of desert and 140-degree temperatures.



Dazed and confused, he circled the outback for months, never to be heard from again.

If only he'd waited for the arrival of the Foster brothers. Not that they could have helped with his sense of direction, but they did have an answer to the thirst problem: Foster's Lager.



See, unlike heavy, bitter beers of the day, Foster's was brewed for supreme drinkability in a land where thirst quenching is key. Hence, the legendary large can. And why to this day, Foster's Lager has a light, crisp taste that's as easy on the pipes as it is on the palate.



Of course, not every place is as harsh as the Land Down Under. And while your chances of dying of thirst waiting to be seated at your favorite restaurant are probably quite nil, it is nice to know delicious survival is only as far away as the nearest ice-cold Foster's.



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—JOEL SIEGEL, *GOOD MORNING AMERICA*

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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

THE SIX SECRETS TO GETTING A SECOND BLOW JOB

Eat out first: And we're not talking about sweetening your natural essence with a trip to the juice bar. Go down on her. If you drink from the furry cup first, it will whet her appetite for you. While men often grow catatonic after climax, women are usually energized. Reciprocation is part of the deal, so do things in the natural order.

Be clean: Who cares if you took a shower in the morning? If you've handled your divining rod during the day, you've probably acquired a grubbiness that isn't pleasing to her palate.

Talk dirty: We don't mean you should show off your profanisaurus (unless, of

DRINK OF THE MONTH

Usually a bar known for man-holes isn't attracting anything girlie. Nathans Restaurant in Georgetown is an exception. Nathans' Exploding Manhole, a fiery root beer float made with 151-proof rum and crème de cacao, makes light of the underground explosions that have plugged local power lines. It's a reol blast.



SCRATCHING AN ITCH

It's hard to depict eroticism on film, particularly moments and feelings that have any amount of kink. That's why fetishists should rejoice that Steve Diet Goedde has delivered *The Beauty of Fetish, Volume II* (Edition Stemmler), a sequel to his impressive first foray into the ineffable. Here he documents the textures of latex, PVC, leather and other forms of restriction. Goedde avoids the dungeon and seeks out natural settings. Thanks to this effect, the curious underpants and trimmings are no longer silly—they're persuasive and hot.

course, you know she likes that sort of thing). Rather, let her know when she does it right—"Yes, just like that. Ah."

Pull the rip cord early: Now is not the time to demonstrate your staying power. Ever hear of cockjaw?

Give seismographic warnings: When you feel your toes start to curl and your brain is about to sneeze, tell her you're close. Don't worry about how she'll handle the finale; be happy there is one.

Praise for a job well done: Most women 21

are insecure about their ability to give head. They feel as if you're mentally comparing their technique against that of the dozens (OK, half a dozen) of proficient girls who have given you the loving touch. Remember: The best blow job is the one you just had.

SWEATS SHOP

Outre, the periodical of American pop culture, ran an article recently on men's magazines of yesteryear that featured scantily clad women in improbable situations. The magazines (*Men*, *True Men*, *Man's Adventure*, etc.) were called sweats—their cover girls were always in perspiration-provoking situations. Their cover lines were terrific, too: "Love Practices of Immortal Coeds"; "The Nympho Outlaw and Her Legion of Outcasts." But the one we loved was "Nude Queen of the Communist Cannibals!" It made us nostalgic for more than just the Cold War.

TALK ON THE WILD SIDE

In New York, the talk-radio duo of Opie and Anthony (Gregg Hughes and Anthony Cumia) are known for distributing black-and-yellow wow bumper stickers. wow stands for Whip'em Out Wednesday, the signal for women to flash their tits at drivers on hump day. The response to this running gag and

ANNA GETS WET

There's little not to like about the video *Anna Kournikova: Basic Elements, My Complete Fitness Guide* (Lions Gate). She jumps rope and rolls around with her stability ball in a room whose dominant feature, besides Anna, is an oversize Oriental rug—a Nain? A Tabriz? Dunno. And we have no idea whether her workout or her nutrition tips are effective. None at all. And we've watched the tape a lot.



CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE

The next best thing to a woman covered in chocolate is a chocolate covered in woman. That's where the new candy bars from chef Maribel Lieberman come in, just in time for Christmas. Created at Maribel's Sweets in Manhattan, the bars have wrappers printed with pin-up images from the Thirties and Forties. Maribel's chocolates are handmade in the U.S. and France, using a process worthy of a long but female-friendly Miramax movie. They are sold separately or as a boxed set that comes with a display stand. Best of all, there's one for every month—just the way we like it.

the afternoon cringe radio show has been huge, and Infinity Broadcasting has begun syndicating the show in other cities (Chicago, Dallas and Philadelphia, with more to come). Opie and Anthony pick up where Howard Stern leaves off; their show is more egalitarian and boisterous, a bit less weird and freaky. And, in terms of emphasis on sex, they may have even surpassed the master. We stopped by their studio to probe the secrets of their success.

How do you "Guess What's in My Pants"?

OPIE: Girls call in and rub the phone on their crotches. We can tell by ear what kind of hairstyle they have, like the Hitler Mustache, the Mohawk or the Wood Floor.

ANTHONY: For the Hitler Mustache, you'll hear the sound of bare skin on the side-to-side rub, then a rougher sound that indicates hair. Although it could also sound like a Mohawk. You have to have a trained ear.

What's the most popular style?

OPIE: It's definitely the Wood Floor. Women are shaving it all, taking it all off.

Why would a woman get naked for you?

OPIE: They enjoy it, and the ones who do the crazier stuff get recognized a lot.

ANTHONY: The girl who wowed the *Today* show hangs at a bar where my brother's band plays. There are all these fans there. It's like a little subculture.

OPIE: Whip'em Out Wednesday proves women like to have fun. They're not as uptight and conservative as you think. When we started wow, we never imagined it would be this big. We get calls from housewives with kids and normal lives. They love us because there are many layers to our show. We're not pigs all the time.

What's the most vile thing that you've seen?

OPIE: Probably the genital warts on Sandy Kane. It was like a cauliflower ear sticking out of her genitalia.

ANTHONY: Or the videotape of a 100-year-old lady having sex. She had a little E.T. body, and, man, that was rough.

How do you explain that at Thanksgiving dinner?

OPIE: My mom will say, "I heard those girls on the lesbian couch on your show today and I turned it right off."

ANTHONY: They turn it off before they have to say, "Holy shit, what is my son saying?" I try not to think about it.

You two have a ton of raunchy expressions. Which ones are your favorites?

ANTHONY: Balloon knot. It describes the asshole.

OPIE: I like to use whale's eye for vagina. Or yam bag to describe the scrotum.

What makes for a great listener call-in?

ANTHONY: Somebody who is either sharp and quick or a total idiot.

What turns you off?



"I would kiss a frog even if there were no promise of a Prince Charming popping out of it. I love frogs. I'd lick him."

—Cameron Diaz




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WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #42



Because I was depressed. "Single girls get lonely on all major holidays, and I'm no exception. Romance is in the air, and that is when we realize that we are alone. New Year's Eve, Valentine's Day, even Sweetest Day. These Hallmark moments are when we want to slit our throats in sorrow. We take it personally. We're willing to do just about anything to get a man to notice us. If there is a poor soul you'd like to bag without a big fuss, send her a card, make a phone call and ask her to dinner during the holidays. It's a sure thing."
—L.M., Dallas

ANTHONY: When a woman cuts all her hair off—not for looks but because it's easier. The next thing you know, this sexy girl is looking like your friend Bob.

OPIE: I once dated a woman who had a foul-smelling crotch. It almost ruined me for life. I thought all women smelled. I would drive home with my hand out the window. The joke is that when I broke up with her, my bad breath went away.

PLAYBOY PLAYLIST

DJ Crash has hit upon the best way to get invited to hot-ticket Mansion bashes:

He provides the beats. A DJ for nearly 15 years, Crash was discovered by Hef at Barfly during a Friday night dance party. You want to put on your pajamas and make like your bathtub is the Grotto? Then crank up Crash's top party songs:

Eve (featuring Gwen Stefani): *Let Me Blow Ya Mind*

Ja Rule: *Put It on Me*

Dusted (Paul Van Dyk remix): *Always Remember to Respect Your Mother*

Mary J. Blige: *Family Affair*

A2: *Do You Like the Way You Feel When You Shake?*

Missy Elliott: *One Minute Man*

Nelly: *Ride Wit Me*

Ludacris (with Pharrell): *Southern Hospitality*

Nat Monday: *Waiting*

Nelly: *E.I.*

Dr. Dre with Snoop Dogg: *The Next Episode*

Shaggy: *Angel*

Missy Elliott: *Get Ur Freak On*

DMX: *Party Up (Up in Here)*

Jay-Z: *Izzo (H.O.V.A.)*

WAITING TO INHALE

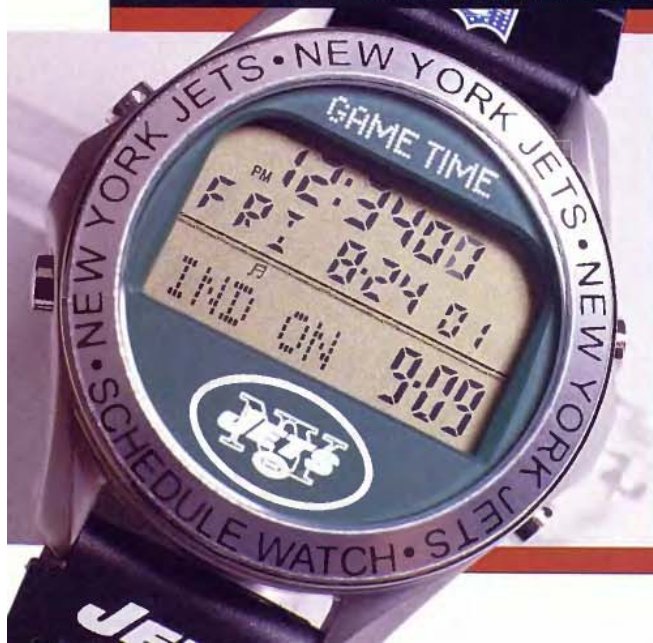
Dr. Michael Levitt, a gastroenterologist at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Minneapolis, is the first name in farts. He has received a lot of mail about the relative value of his research and whether it's the best use of a man's intellectual gifts. But his hours in the lab have yielded some fascinating conclusions that will not dissipate in the winds of science. For exam-

ple, each day the average American lets loose enough hot air to inflate a balloon. (The number of farts is 10.) What makes 'em smelly? Dr. Levitt eschewed common wisdom (that indole and skatole created during digestion are the culprits) and correctly identified hydrogen sulphide as the main offensive ingredient. He also dispelled the "anecdotal



"Actually, I'm gonna cup as many male celebrities' bums as possible—it's my year to be the groupie!"
—Sandra Bullock

SPECIAL TEAMS COORDINATOR



If you're the kind of guy who wears his heart on his sleeve and his team on his wrist, you'll like the 2001 Schedule Watch from Game Time. The watch comes programmed with a team's schedule and can be updated for future seasons. At the time of each kickoff, the watch's alarm plays the national anthem—the signal to open the bag of cheesy poofs. Sure, you can get it for other teams, but we felt the Jets' watch was appropriate. Wearing it will most likely be the highlight of any Jetshead's season.

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The price of Prozac went up 50 percent last year. When they asked Prozac users how they felt about this, they said, 'Whatever.'"

—CONAN O'BRIEN

CRÈME DE LA CRIME

According to the French Interior Ministry and the FBI, the number of crimes per 100,000 people in France last year: 4244. The number of crimes per 100,000 people in the U.S. last year: 4135.

PLASTIC FANTASTIC

In a survey of 3000 women by *Top Santé* magazine, the percentage dissatisfied with their bodies: 90. Percentage who said they would like to undergo plastic surgery: 66. Percentage who believe their sex lives would improve if they got a boob job: 39. Percentage of women who have undergone plastic surgery and say their lives have improved: 75.

RINSE AND REPEAT

In a survey by Hilton Hotels, the percentage of married people who would choose a different mate if they could relive their lives: 16. Percentage of unmarried people who would choose a different partner: 40.

MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE

Estimated number of people in the U.S. who currently maintain long-distance marriages from different U.S. cities: 2.4 million.

SPIKE THE EGGNOG

In a study by Wirthlin Worldwide, percentage of employees whose employers host an office holiday party as a reward: 52. Percentage of employees who list such a party as their preferred form of reward: 11. Percentage whose preferred reward would be a cash bonus: 46.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Tickets to watch a figure skating or speed skating event from a luxury suite in Salt Lake City's Delta Center during the Winter Olympics cost \$500 per person.

FIELDWORK

According to a survey by Accenture of full-time employees in the U.S. who have household incomes of \$75,000 or more, the percentage who took a cell phone, pager or laptop on vacation in order to stay in touch with their offices: 60. Of those with laptops, the percentage who checked work-related e-mail during their vacation: 61. The percentage who received a work-related call on their cell phone: 39.

AC-DIESEL

Of the 199 million vehicles on American roads, number powered by alternative fuels such as electricity or propane: 430,200.

REPRO MEN

Total number of Americans who have tried various reproductive technologies, including in vitro fertilization: 600,000.

MY RING-DING FOR A HORSE!

Number of applications received in 2001 by Saint Andrews University, the school Prince William enrolled in this fall: 9212. Applications received last year: 6379.

WORKING-CLASS CHIC

The amount paid at auction by billionaire Warren Buffett to be Tiger Woods' honorary caddie at a charity event: \$650,000.

THIS OLD HOUSEWIFE

According to a recent survey by Home Depot, percentage of women who prefer to spend weekend leisure time working on a home improvement project: 37. Percentage of women who prefer to spend their free time at a mall: 28. Percentage who prefer to cook or bake in their weekend leisure time: 25. —BETTY SCHAAL

belief that men tend to produce more objectionable flatus than women." Levitt's team found that the fart of the average female contains a much larger percentage of hydrogen sulfide than those of men. Most important, Levitt's diligence has saved lives. Hydrogen and methane formed in the gut are combustible. In fact, in the Eighties there was a series of fatal operating-room explosions attributable to the ignoble gases. It seems preop purgatives created an increased amount of methane and hydrogen that was then ignited by an accidental spark. Levitt has helped formulate a new purgative that leaves the bowel clean and fresh and almost gas free. As *New Scientist* summed up his achievement, "Colonic detonations are now rare." So let's hear it for Dr. Levitt—and everybody quickly leave the room.

THE TIP SHEET

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg: Nice documentary on "baseball's Moses" who came close to breaking Babe Ruth's home run record. Best of all, the DVD (from Fox) even comes with Yiddish subtitles.

Like a virgin: Condomania now markets Madonna Condoms. The packaging of the rubbers features Madonna's image from a 1979 photo session (she signed away rights to the photos for \$30). Go on, show her some love.



DOGGY STYLE

The latest in a growing array of nipple accessories, the possum-fur bra insert is available online from the New Zealand Nature Co. No, she's not playing possum—the nipple warmers help women avoid chills and embarrassment on cold days. And if that doesn't work, girls, give us a call. Fleece Navidad!

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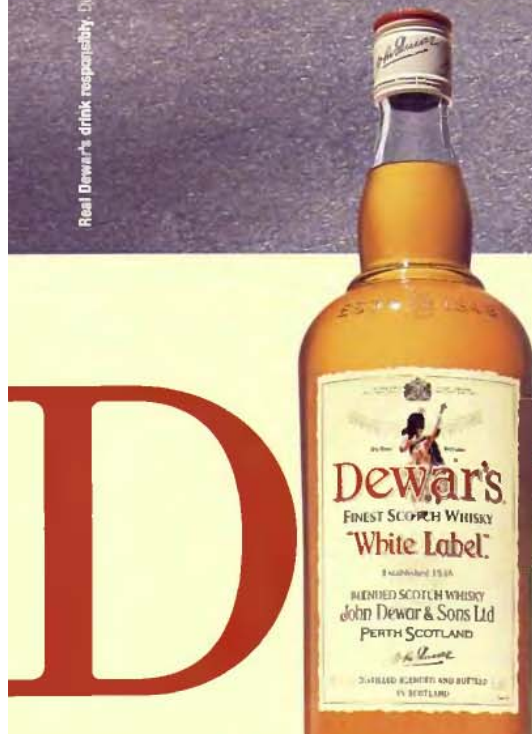
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MANGO AFRICAN SAFARIS:
Casey Gamba and Teresa Isabelle

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Dewar's

HEARTS OF DARKNESS



The romance comic genre was born shortly after World War II and petered out in the Seventies. A typical love comic was a sexist tearjerker featuring prim but foxy women. In other words, it was a perfect distraction for a generation intent on suppressing the inner slut. In *Truer Than True Romance* (Watson-Guptill), Jeanne Martinet replaces the narration and thought balloons of old comics to tell amusing new stories. We like *Too Dumb for Love*—the cartoon cutie in a conical bra left us feeling really stupid.

Non Campus Mentis (Workman): Culled imbecility ("Judyism has one big God, named Yahoo," "Philosophy was based on falsies and this led to shaky foundations") from colleges that are supposedly hard to get in.

America Rocks: A track in the movie *Rat Race* is described as "a patriotic rock song for children" by its lyricist. He's the last person you'd expect to see in the music credits of a Jerry Zucker movie: Senator Orrin Hatch (R.—Utah).

Umami: Now recognized as the fifth flavor (after sweet, sour, salty and bitter) detectable by the human tongue. Based on the amino acid glutamate, its vaguely meaty or cheesy taste is what makes MSG a seasoning.

The Darwin Awards II (Dutton): A print anthology of human stupidity from the website that shows natural selection in action.

Raising the bar: Members of the American Bar Association have voted to continue the prohibition of sex with clients. If a lawyer wants to consummate a relationship with a client, he or she has to withdraw from the client's case. Only then can the debriefing begin.

SO-CAL CONCORDANCE

Every four years, undergraduates at the University of California—Los Angeles publish a slim dictionary of college slang. Available at the campus bookstore, *UCLA Slang 4* is a compendium of the latest college buzzwords. Here's a sampling from it, plus a few bonus words:

- HANGING CHAD: An unwanted friend.
- HORK: To bogart a joint.
- HOUSECAST: Sex between roommates.
- MANGINA: The groin of a guy in tight pants.
- SHMAN: A girl who looks like a man.
- STACKING PAPER: To make lots of money.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

This month PBS will air a documentary based on *War Letters* (Scribner) by Andrew Carroll. The show is excellent; watch it. But before you think of our veterans as noble, libido-deprived mooks, it's worth picking up the book for one passage alone by veteran World War II correspondent Ernie Pyle. In a letter home, Pyle provides more evidence the greatest generation had its mind on the small but important things that preoccupy us today. From his base in North Africa, he encourages his friend Paige

Cavanaugh to pursue a dalliance with a music teacher. "Give them protuberances you spoke so highly of an extra stroke or two for me, will you?" Pyle wrote. "Who cares if she can play the piano when there are other and better things to play with?"

I'll bet that you actually don't get within 10 feet of her, and then jack off as soon as she leaves." Charge!

BABE OF THE MONTH



MENA SUVARI staked her claim to the popular imagination when she appeared to us in a dream, nude, swathed in rose petals. That star turn in *American Beauty* assured her of a loyal fan base for years. Even a slice of Mena can be sweet—her attempts to have phone sex in *American Pie 2* made our palm pilots sweat. Mena's a triple threat: She can play the schoolgirl naif, like the a cappella singer who charms Oz in the first *American Pie*. Or she can up the ante as she did with her faux seductress in *American Beauty*, bank-robbing cheerleader in *Sugar and Spice* and daughter of a porn kingpin in *American Virgin*. And she can put her noble forehead to work in roles that elude most teenyboppers (*Musketeer*). She'll push the envelope again in the drugged-out *Spun*, which, given Mena's string of hits, ought to be called *American Train-spotting*. Before Hollywood fell at her knees, Suvari worked on TV dramas such as *ER* and *Chicago Hope* and played bit parts in *Nowhere* and *Kiss the Girls*. Mirroring her Kevin Spacey-baiting role in *American Beauty*—Mena is married to an older man. She got hitched to the cinematographer of *Sugar and Spice*, who is 16 years her senior.

"Everyone should say vagina at least once a day."
—Kimberly Williams

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MILD LANGUAGE
VIOLENCE

RACHID TAHA'S *Made in Medina* (Mondo Melodia) arrives simultaneously with Cheb Mami's *Dellali*. It was Mami's 1999 duet with Sting, *Desert Rose*, that spurred the *rai* revival and made Taha's U.S. deal possible. Long a star on the European dance circuit, the Algerian exile rocks with intensity, raging against the machine with a conviction that breaks the language barrier.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Leonard Cohen's first studio album in a decade, *10 New Songs* (Columbia), features his raspy bass voice at its seductive best. His lyrics make relationships mysterious, even mystical, which is testimony to his poetic powers.



—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Stone Gossard didn't want his solo album, *Boyleaf* (Epic), to sound too much like his band, Pearl Jam. His edgy guitar is at the core of his sound, and most of the songs on this disc would fit nicely on Pearl Jam's next CD. But the quirky singing and arranging are pure Gossard.

—VIC GARBARINI



Rock renegade Iggy Pop has made a punk masterpiece with *Beat Em Up* (Virgin). *L.O.S.T.* offers unsubtle echoes of *In-a-Gadda-da-Vida*. *Savior* promises to "watch me walk on water away from here." You might call it genius, but I would never insult the Ig like that.

—DAVE MARSH

Back to Blue-Eyed Soul (Zacoda) is the *Basement Tapes* of high-pitched heartbreak. The great falsetto singer David Lasley, best known for backing James Taylor, put this together by

DAVID CONLIS

I HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD DEPART-MENT: Viagra sponsored the *Earth, Wind and Fire* tour. Pfizer, Viagra's maker, provided free health checks.

REELING AND ROCKING: Don Henley and Bonnie Raitt will sing for Disney's live-action movie *The Country Bears*, along with John Hiatt. . . .

LL Cool J may star in a remake of the blaxploitation movie *Dolemite*, backed by an army of kung fu women. . . . **Dr. Dre** protégée **Truth Hurts** makes her recording debut on the soundtrack for *The Wash* and will also be seen in a cameo as a lounge singer in *Ali*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Boy George's** London musical, *Taboo*, features the **Culture Club** hits *Do You Really Want to Hurt Me* and *Karma Chameleon*. It's based on his life during the Eighties, when the band was hot. . . . **Paula Abdul** is the choreographer of the off-broadway show *Reefer Madness*. . . .

TCP, the dancers on *Outkast's Rosa Parks* video, have their

fast tracks

own CD coming out on Outkast's label. . . . **Bill Wyman** has completed the second volume of his autobiography, *Stone Alone 2*, which covers the all-important years, 1969 through 1981. . . . More performers joined **B.B. King**, **Shelby Lynne** and **Bon Jovi** to record radio spots for Seagram's 7. Listen for **Melissa Etheridge**, **Lucinda Williams** and **Lionel Richie**. . . . **Eagle-Eye Cherry's** new CD, *Present/Future*, is out soon. . . . The **Goo Goo Dolls** have a studio CD in the works. . . . **Bobby McFerrin's** first acoustic jazz release in almost a decade features **Chick Corea** on piano and **Omar Hakim** on drums. . . . **Mick Jagger's** *Goddess in the Doorway* boasts **Lenny Kravitz**, **Bono** and **David Bowie** duets. To see who made the cut, look for it any day. . . . **Nelly's** clothing line, *Vokal*, is in stores. . . . Lastly, **Cake** rises. Their video for *Short Skirt/Long Jacket* comes in a New York version, summer version and Spanish version. Have a slice.

—BARBARA NELLIS



rummaging through his 35-year career. It features Detroit doo-wop, an Aunt Jemima jingle, obscure singles and previously unreleased material. Call it the best Smokey Robinson CD of the 21st century.

—D.M.

Suzanne Vega's *Songs in Red and Gray* (A&M) is sublime. Songs of loss and self-discovery, sung in a haunting voice, are balanced between introspection and passion. This is her finest work since her debut.

—V.G.

If you think that James Brown's rep is based on his explosive dance jams, think again. Before the funk flowed, Brown was an intense, raspy-voiced love man. The evidence can be found on *Ballads* (Polydor).

—NELSON GEORGE

Bluegrass picker Earl Scruggs has friends in ragged but right places. On *Earl Scruggs and Friends* (MCA Nashville), devotees such as Elton John and Johnny Cash appear alongside the wicked banjo player, who in the Forties put the punch behind Bill Monroe's plaintive sounds. Cash collaborates with Don Henley on the hymn *Passin' Thru*, but it's actor Billy Bob Thornton who does Cash's *Ring of Fire* proud, supported by Scruggs' deep blues runs and Glen Duncan's spiraling fiddle.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Res is no aspiring R&B queen or hip-hop MC. Instead, her debut, *How I Do* (MCA), showcases an eclectic style with a pop core. The highlight here is *Golden Boys*, where a beautiful melody supports Res' bitter lyric about the vanity of a celebrity ex-boyfriend.

—N.G.



Spanner Banner's *Real Love* (Heartbeat) is R&B-styled reggae that owes a lot to Michael Jackson and Prince. But Banner is still one of Bob Marley's children, and most of these tunes were hits in Jamaica.

—D.M.

Goth fans, be alerted: Glampire has risen from the grave with his fifth album, *Drop Dead Gorgeous* (Musesick). It's a cross between early Bowie and the Cure. Order your black eye makeup.

—C.Y.

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Leonard Cohen <i>10 New Songs</i>	8	7	5	8	7
Iggy Pop <i>Beat Em Up</i>	7	9	7	8	9
Res <i>How I Do</i>	7	7	9	6	8
Rachid Taha <i>Made in Medina</i>	8	7	8	6	8
Suzanne Vega <i>Red and Gray</i>	4	8	7	8	7

SUCCESS
IS ONE THING,
ENJOYING IT
IS ANOTHER.



B&B
THE
COGNAC
LIQUEUR

WEB BRANDS

You won't find some of the best new stereo brands in the listening room at your electronics store. Companies such as Outlaw Audio and Hsu Research sell their high-end home theater products online, creating a new category called web brands. You won't be able to test items before you bring them home (though most companies offer a 30-day return), but you'll save serious cash, since prices don't include the markup tacked on by distributors and retailers. For example, Hsu sells its VTF-2 subwoofer for \$500—even though models with similar specifications go for \$3000 in stores. Outlaw Audio's 1050 is a

6.1-channel receiver with Dolby Digital and DTS decoding that can output 65 watts per channel. At \$500, Outlaw's receiver costs about a third of a store brand with similar specifications. Our favorite web brand: Better Cables. From the company's website, customers can order handmade cables for S-video, audio interconnects, RGB video and other connection types. The silver-plated cables output a high-quality signal to improve sound and picture quality for DVD players, HDTVs and other electronics. Prices range from \$50 to about \$400, depending on connection type and length. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Outlaw Audio's 1050 receiver (below left) sells for a third the price of similar models, but can be purchased only online (\$500). Better Cables creates custom cables of any length and connection type (\$50 to \$400).



GB hard drives capable of housing the equivalent of 400,000 books. Notebook computers could have 200 GB of storage, the equivalent of 42 DVDs (or more than 300 CDs) and handheld personal computers using IBM's one-inch Microdrive could have six GB of memory (capable of storing 13 hours of compressed digital video or eight full-length movies). IBM isn't talking prices yet. However, the company does claim pixie dust technology will quadruple only the capacity—not the cost—of tomorrow's machines. —BETH TOMKIW

POWERED BY PIXIE DUST

It sounds like a new club drug, but "pixie dust" is what IBM Research scientists call their latest innovation. It dramatically increases a hard drive's storage capacity. Who cares? Anyone who edits digital video footage on his computer, or uses a PC to warehouse photographs or music files. Likewise, anyone who maxes out the storage on their TiVo systems will appreciate the power of pixie dust. In fact, this breakthrough, known as antiferromagnetically coupled media in geek-speak, could allow you to stash a library's worth of DVD-quality movies and music

on a single hard drive. Pixie dust uses a thin layer of a precious metal known as ruthenium to squeeze more gigabits of data into each square inch of a hard disk. Today's typical hard drives store up to 20 gigabits per square inch. By comparison, IBM's new Travelstar disk drives for notebooks, which feature antiferromagnetically coupled media, increase per-square-inch storage density to 25.7 gigabits. That doesn't sound like much improvement, but IBM predicts data densities of 100 gigabits per square inch by 2003—or computers with four times the storage capacity of current models. Desktop computers could come with 400



GAME OF THE MONTH

Snapping the guard's neck was the easy part—now where do you stash the body? That's a problem you'll encounter in Konami's

Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons of Liberty, sequel to the original PlayStation game. As mercenary Solid Snake, you'll need stealth, not a fast trigger finger, to get past terrorists and destroy a superweapon. Our advice: Stuff the body into a storage locker. If you're more bloodthirsty, try helping Dante, the main character of Capcom's new game **Devil May Cry**. To keep Satan from reclaiming the earth, you'll have to destroy his hell spawn with a magic sword, two pistols and a shotgun. Bring a strong stomach. —J.B.



THE DATE

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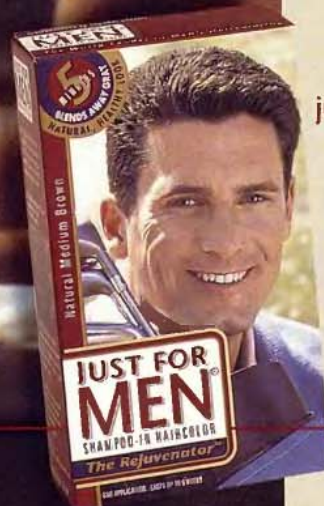
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By LEONARD MALTIN

WITH THE HOLIDAYS approaching, I'm happy to suggest some great gift ideas for the movie buff on your list.

Among the newest books, Taschen's *Some Like It Hot* takes top honors: It is lavish and expensive (\$150) but worth every penny, from its padded yellow ultrasuede cover to its miniature version of Marilyn Monroe's personally notated



Marilyn, Jack and Tony get hot.

script. New interviews with director and co-writer Billy Wilder, producer Walter Mirisch, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon complement the historical data, script drafts and rare photos.

Other notable movie books include *Popcorn Palaces: The Art Deco Movie Theater Paintings of Davis Cone* (Harry N. Abrams), an evocative series of images from a bygone era, and *Rita Hayworth: A Photographic Retrospective* (Abrams) by Caren Roberts-

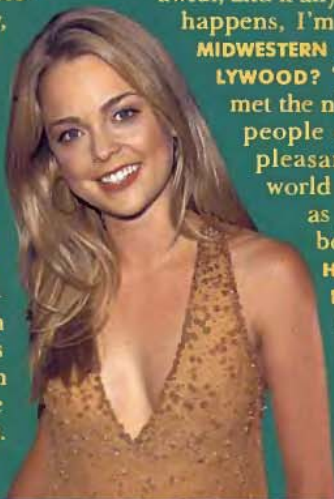
Frenzel, brimming with beautiful shots of this timeless beauty. Two veteran British directors bring us chatty, similarly titled autobiographies: In *So You Wanna Be a Director?* (Tomahawk), Ken Annakin offers helpful advice—based on his own experiences—on how to deal with actresses who try to seduce their directors, and Val Guest's *So You Want to Be in Pictures* (Trafalgar Square) is highlighted by a behind-the-scenes story of the making of *Casino Royale*. A couple of books about the eclectic Dennis Hopper are *Dennis Hopper: Paintings, Photographs, Films* (NAi Publishers) and *1712 North Crescent Heights* (Greybull), a collection of Hopper's photos from the Sixties. *The Barrymores: Hollywood's First Family* by Carol Stein Hoffman (University Press of Kentucky) is an exhaustively researched volume with new information and rare pictures. (I happily provided a foreword.)

The classy Telarc CD label delves into movie music with two impressive releases: *Celluloid Copland*, including scores both famous and obscure by the great American composer Aaron Copland, and *The Film Music of Jerry Goldsmith*, on which Hollywood's gray lion conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in some of his best movie scores, from *Chinatown* to *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*. (Only complaint: The LSO doesn't capture the jazzy feel of the theme from TV's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*)

Finally, lovers of collectibles will want to check out Sideshow Toys' statuettes of the characters from Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein*. Or is that Fronkenshteen?

SCENE STEALER

MARISA COUGHLAN. WHAT DOES SHE DO FOR AN ENCORE AFTER FREDDY GOT FINGERED? "Play a female cop in *Super Troopers*, and the queen bee of a sorority in the dark comedy *Pumpkin*." **THE BEST PART ABOUT PLAYING OFF-THE-WALL COMEDY CHARACTERS:** "It's freeing in a way, because in real life I don't think I'm all that crazy. If you met me, you wouldn't think so either. That's probably why I'm an actor." **DOES SHE WORRY ABOUT BEING TYPECAST?** "Right from the get-go, in *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*, I got to go in all these crazy directions and do all this fun stuff. That's the way I was established, and it's been fairly consistent that I've done those kinds of roles. Most girls have to work



hard to prove they can do that. Still, I would like to play a serious—or normal—role at some point." **HOW DOES SHE DEAL WITH DISAPPOINTMENT?** "Quite well at this point [laughs]. I expect a movie to bomb, I expect it to be awful, and if anything other than that happens, I'm elated." **HOW HAS A MIDWESTERN GIRL DEALT WITH HOLLYWOOD?** "To be honest, I've met the nicest, most wonderful people out here. I've been pleasantly surprised by a world that's not as sinister as people perceive it to be from a distance." **HER COMEDY ROLE MODEL:** "Catherine O'Hara. If I were to continue doing comedic stuff, I would feel blessed to do work similar to what she has done." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Better Than Sex This sexy Aussie import examines a male-female relationship that starts out as a one-night stand. A candid look at what men and women think, in and out of bed. **YYY½**

The Cat's Meow Kirsten Dunst, endearing as silent-screen star Marion Davies, and Edward Herrmann, a perfect William Randolph Hearst, star in this evocative period piece, which speculates about a notorious murder that may have occurred on Hearst's yacht in 1924. British comedian Eddie Izzard is persuasive as an amorous Charlie Chaplin. **YYY**

The Deep End Tilda Swinton plays a dedicated mother who covers up a crime she thinks her teenage son has committed—but soon discovers that her worries are far from over. A solid thriller based on a Forties novel, reset (quite cleverly) in Lake Tahoe. **YYY**

Go Tigers! Ken Carlson's first-rate documentary paints a vivid portrait of Massillon, Ohio, where high school football is an obsession. **YYY**

Hardball Call it corny or predictable, but this story of a washout (Keanu Reeves) who finds redemption in coaching a kids' baseball team in the Chicago projects has a simple message, timelier now than ever: One person can do a surprising amount of good in this world. **YYY**

L.I.E. Brian Cox stars as a pederast who preys on Long Island boys but finds one teenager unusually challenging: The boy has a mind of his own. Provocative, perceptive adult entertainment. **YYY**

The Man Who Wasn't There Billy Bob Thornton stars as a quiet small-town barber who becomes involved in a snowballing crime scheme in the Coen brothers' latest yarn, a meticulously detailed Forties period piece (shot in black-and-white) with great performances and a story that strays a bit. Frances McDormand and James Gandolfini co-star. **YYY½**

Training Day The always-impressive Denzel Washington plays a teasing, manipulative undercover Los Angeles cop who's not only corrupt but out to taint the newest rookie on his team (Ethan Hawke) as well. Flashy but dramatically unsound, the movie climaxes with its characters turning into Freddy Krueger types who simply refuse to be killed. **YY**

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

Yes, God is a man.

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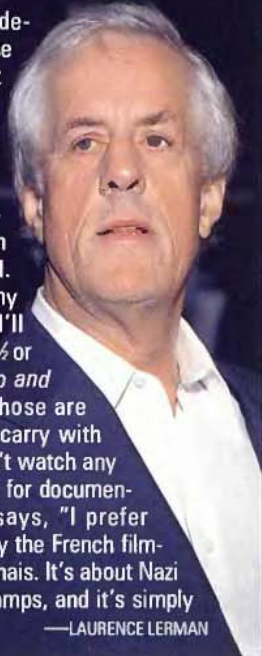
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GUEST SHOT

"If I'm feeling depressed about the quality of current films, I watch *The Hustler* or *Some Like It Hot*," says director and documentarian Michael Apted. "And if I want my soul uplifted, I'll watch Fellini's *8½* or Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers*. Those are the four films I carry with me if I find I can't watch any more drivel." As for documentaries, Apted says, "I prefer *Night and Fog* by the French filmmaker Alain Resnais. It's about Nazi concentration camps, and it's simply outstanding." —LAURENCE LERMAN



LIGHTS, CAMERA . . . SEX

You work in close quarters for weeks on end, looking your buffed best in designer clothing and professional makeup. What are the odds there's going to be romance on a movie set? Let's do the math. Penelope Cruz + Tom Cruise = *Vanilla Sky* (2001): Hollywood's hot homonym isn't Cruise's first romp: He dumped wife Mimi Rogers when he met Nicole Kidman during *Days of Thunder* (1990). Gwyneth Paltrow + Luke Wilson = *The Royal Tenenbaums* (2001): Talk about kissing your sister. Wilson, playing her brother, somehow overlooked that fact when he started dating willowy Paltrow. We would, too. Meg Ryan + Russell Crowe = *Proof of Life* (2000): *Gladiator* before husband Dennis Quaid came home. (Sorry.) Why would Dennis be surprised? She met Quaid while filming *Innerspace* (1987). Lauren Bacall + Humphrey Bogart = *To Have and Have Not* (1944): Yes, he knew how to whistle—looks like she did, too. Robin Wright + Sean Penn = *State of Grace* (1990): She fell for Jason Patric on the set of *Denial* (1991), but ended up with a son and a daughter from the crusty Penn. Renée Zellweger + Jim Carrey = *Me, Myself and Irene* (2000): Funnyman Carrey dumped Lauren Holly, who figured in his divorce during *Dumb and Dumber* (1994), and took up with his latest leading lady—for a while, anyway. Which green-skinned Who was he banging during *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* (2000)?

Kate Capshaw + Steven Spielberg = *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984): Even directors get into the sex-on-the-set act. Capshaw beat out 120 actresses for the role of Willie Scott and ended up as leading lady in the director's life. Not a bad gig.

Uma Thurman + Ethan Hawke = *Gattaca* (1997): She was married to Gary Oldman and dated Robert De Niro (co-star in *Mad Dog and Glory*, 1993) and Timothy Hutton (co-star in *Beautiful Girls*, 1996) before landing the high-flying Hawke. Their second child is expected in 2002.

Katharine Hepburn + Spencer Tracy = *Woman of the Year* (1942). Not just of the year but of his life. The Catholic actor never divorced his wife (though they lived apart).

Kevin Bacon + Kyra Sedgwick = *Lemon Sky* (1987): With sizzling Bacon, there were very few degrees of separation on this set.

Elizabeth Taylor + Richard Burton = *Cleopatra* (1963): Husband Eddie Fisher—stolen by Taylor from Debbie Reynolds—visited the Rome set to confront the couple. Burton ended up marrying Taylor twice.

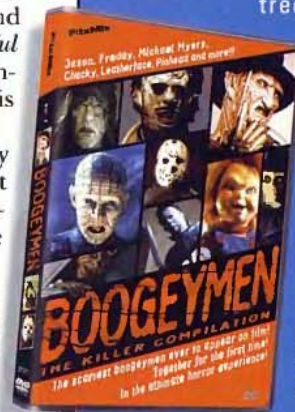
Julia Roberts + Kiefer Sutherland = *Flatliners* (1990): She dumped co-star and fiancé Sutherland just before the wedding, running off with his best friend, Jason Patric; she has also dated co-stars Liam Neeson (*Satisfaction*, 1988), Dylan McDermott (*Steel Magnolias*, 1989) and, most recently, George Clooney (*Ocean's 11*, 2001). —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Almost Famous Untitled: The Bootleg Cut (DreamWorks, \$27) is a laudably exhaus-

GUILTY PLEASURE

Boogeymen (Universal/FlixMix, \$20) is a two-hour greatest hits of modern horror scenes—the "good parts" of 17 slasher favorites, digitized for your pleasure. Freddy, Jason, Leatherface, Michael, Ghostface, Pinhead, Chucky, even Camilla, the sexy tree-siren from *The Guardian*, haunt the crisply produced disc. Robert Englund provides commentary, and optional on-screen factoids give additional info. Two hours-plus of bonus material includes a link to more chilling stuff on the web. The torture scene in *Hellraiser* never looked so appetizing. —B.M.

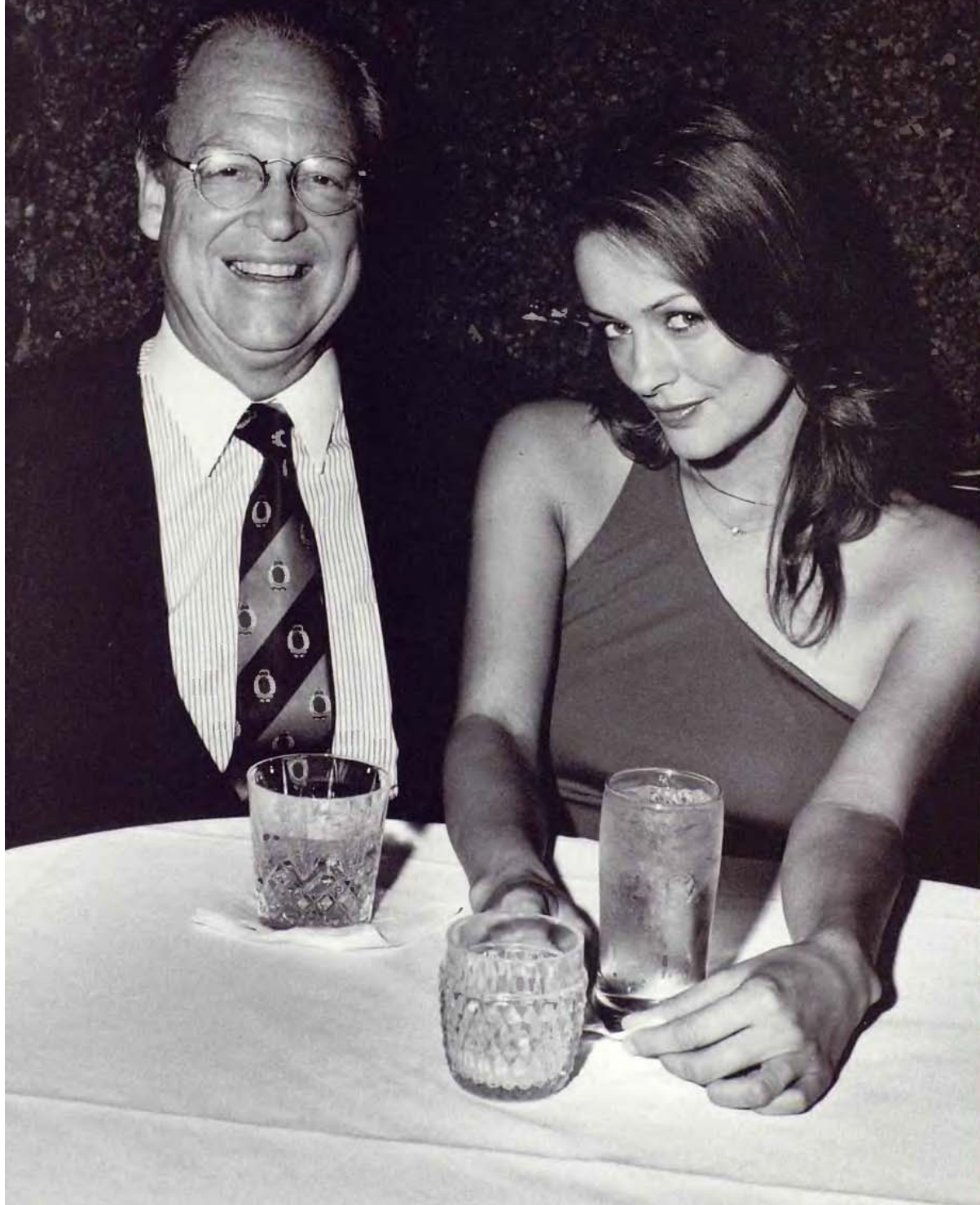


ive three-disc set of the 2001 Oscar winner. Director Cameron Crowe's autobiographical film depicts the tipping point in his prodigious early teens when he landed a writing assignment from *Rolling Stone* that meant going on the road with a touring rock band. Crowe's affection for the music and the moment is contagious—and the effect survives the 36 minutes added for *Almost Famous Untitled*, the director's cut provided on this set's first disc (the theatrical version appears on disc two). The third disc is an audio-only collection featuring six "unreleased" tracks from the film's fictional band, Stillwater. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
SPECIAL EFFECTS	<i>How the Grinch Stole Christmas</i> (Carrey cavorts brilliantly under heavy troll makeup, and Seuss survives), <i>Evolution</i> (David "I'm not Mulder" Duchovny takes on a nasty space amoeba; much better on the small screen).
THRILLER	<i>With a Friend Like Harry</i> (potential psycho insinuates himself into a French family's life; deliciously Hitchcockian), <i>Swordfish</i> (Travolta's charge to Hugh Jackman? Hack or die. Bonus: Halle Berry on the half shell).
ART HOUSE	<i>About Adam</i> (Kate Hudson's dreamboat docks in both of her sisters and her brother's girlfriend; wry Irish sleeper makes blarney hip), <i>Sexy Beast</i> (Mob reaches out to ex-thug in his repose for one last job; Ben Kingsley sizzles).
ACTION	<i>The Fast and the Furious</i> (that's muscle cars and muscle heads, in order; brain in neutral, don't hit pause, enjoy the ride), <i>Kiss of the Dragon</i> (visiting cop Jet Li scissor-kicks the Parisian mob into submission; stylish and fun).

Surrender to the fact that life isn't fair.



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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

HELP FOR THE OVERLY HIRSUTE

Mother nature is capable of playing tricks on her creations. Take the fate reserved for the male human. When he reaches his 20s, the hair on his head migrates to his nostrils, ears and back. Perhaps there was some advantage to having whiskers sprouting from the nose and shoulders back in the day, but contemporary women don't generally go for it. Masochists can stand in front of the mirror with a pair of tweezers, but smarter men will outfit themselves with the latest hair removal technology from **Groominglounge.com**. There you'll find at-home waxing kits, battery-operated nose-hair trimmers, shaving gels and oils, plus a page that explains how to get rid of the dreaded unibrow. The Grooming Lounge will soon open men-only spas in a number of cities, where attractive technicians will take care of all your grooming needs. (By the way, the "hand job" listed on the spa menu is a manicure.)

LOAN SHARPIE

In an attempt to goose the economy, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan has cut interest rates many times this year. It doesn't appear to have done too



much good, except for slightly lowering rates for home loans. If you want to buy a house or condo, or find out if refinancing saves you money, visit the Motley Fool's Home Center section at fool.com/homecenter. I've been playing with the decision-making calculators to find out how much I can borrow based on my income, what my tax savings would be and whether or not I should pay points to lower my current interest rate. The Home Center also offers tips on car buying, but you may not like them: Rule number one is "Don't do it." Spoilsports.

BEST OF THE BLOGS

By now, you've probably heard of weblogs (or "blogs"). Basically, they're the captain's logs of the bloggers' online meanderings. (In some ways, *Living Online* is a weblog.) Folks at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have come up with a site called the Blogdex, a "best of the blogs" site, which lists the most frequently referred-to links from hundreds of blogs. I look at Blogdex (blogdex.media.mit.edu) every day, and it always pays off. When I last checked, Blogdex reported the most popular links were for a CNN story about a McDonald's

contest scandal, a bizarre Shockwave cartoon featuring human-headed robots and marauding elephants, and a Yahoo article about a protester who chopped off a testicle on the steps of Peru's parliament building. (Fortunately, his doctor said he'd be able to enjoy a "normal sex life.")

NAME GAME

Would George Michael have been as successful at getting himself arrested in a Beverly Hills restroom had he remained Georgious Krylacos Panayiotou? Would the glam band Queen have made it to the top of the charts if front man Freddy Mercury opted to stay with his birth name, Farrokh Bulsara? You can discover the former funky names of hundreds of celebrities and sports figures at www.famousnamechanges.com.

MOVIE SPOILERS

Am I becoming harder to please, or are movies get-

ting worse? For every indie gem like *Ghost World*, there are a dozen blunders like *Planet of the Apes*. My friends who saw Burton's lukewarm remake of the unbeatable Heston flick warned me not to bother. I didn't, but I was curious enough to find out what happened by reading the synopsis at themoviespoiler.com, a site that reveals plots as well as the endings of current theater releases. If all you want to do is find

out the surprise ending to a movie, head to moviepooper.com, where you can read denouements to hundreds of movies, old and new. Example (Close your eyes if you haven't seen *Field of Dreams*): "He is Ray's father, not Shoeless Joe. They play catch."

E-MAIL TO GO

Mail2web.com is the easiest way I know to check e-mail from a computer other than your own. Unlike Hotmail or Yahoo mail, you don't have to register or set it up to retrieve mail. It's free—all you do is enter your e-mail address and password. Why can't the whole web be like this?

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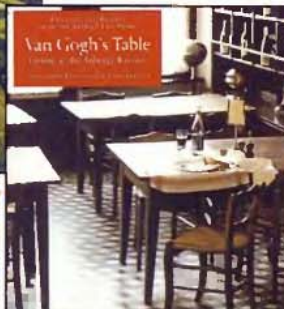
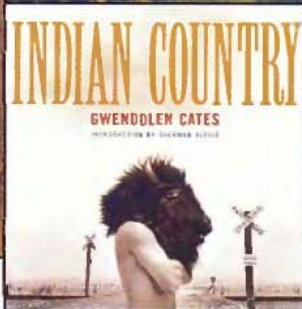
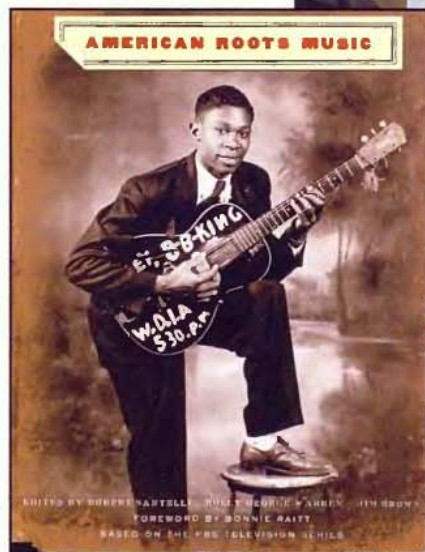
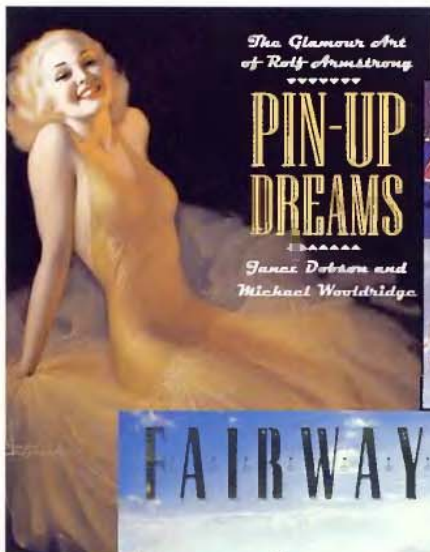


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SEASON'S READINGS

It would take 20 Santas to carry all the gift books that appear this time of year. To make sure the ones you give end up on coffee tables and not behind doors, here's our guide to the best. After all the cocktail-party stories told over the years, the story of the cocktail itself is long overdue. In ***Straight Up or On the Rocks*** (North Point), William Grimes, restaurant critic for *The New York Times*, does an expert job—mixing classic-drink recipes with wonderful accounts that will leave cocktail connoisseurs happy. Equally exhilarating for collectors of vintage illustration is ***Pin-Up Dreams: The Glamour Art of Rolf Armstrong*** (Watson-Guptill), by Janet Dobson and Michael Wooldridge. Acknowledged as the father of pin-up artists, Armstrong did more than 200 magazine covers after creating his first calendar in



1919. To earn strokes with the golfer on your list, seek out ***Fairways: America's Greatest Golf Resorts*** (DK), a handsome guide to 100 golf resorts selected by golf travel writers, with ratings for challenge, beauty, lodging, cuisine and amenities. Basketball fans will find a package of thrills in ***At the Buzzer! The Greatest Moments in NBA History*** (Doubleday). The text is by Bryan Burwell, but Bill Walton narrates two accompanying CDs that include original broadcasts and new commentary. History junkies can easily satisfy their reading habits with ***World War II Day by Day*** (DK), a chronicle of the war in articles and time lines, including Nazi invasion of Poland and the surrender of Japanese forces in Singapore. Car buffs and Bruce McCall aficionados will fancy ***The Last Dream-o-Rama: The Cars Detroit Forgot to Build, 1950-1960*** (Crown), a whimsical rendering of such dream cars as the Bardot-inspired Ooh-La-La and the Nixoneer Squelchoramic, which serve as a brilliant rearview mirror of Fifties life. What do men love besides their cars? 40 Movie stars and air guitars. In ***Their First Time in the Movies***

(Overlook), Les Krantz tracks down the first steps on the road to stardom of 100 famous actors and actresses (over 30 of whom are spotlighted in an accompanying one-hour VHS or DVD). ***The Book of Rock*** (Thunder's Mouth) is an A-to-Z reference of 500 top bands. Philip Dodd's list will give fans plenty to debate. Opening up nicely with a foreword by Bonnie Raitt, ***American Roots Music*** (Abrams) is an excellent companion volume to the four-part PBS-TV series that aired in the fall. In ***Beatles Gear*** (Backbeat), Andy Babiuk traces the evolution of the musical instruments played by the Fab Four, from

the greasy kid stuff to their high-end equipment. The art of cooking is celebrated in ***Van Gogh's Table: Dining at the Auberge Ravoux*** (Artisan). Alexandra Leaf and Dr. Fred Leeman find the perfect balance of art book and cook-

book, with stories, paintings and recipes from the cafe that served as Vincent van Gogh's last home. Jan Bartelsman's ***Magic in the Kitchen*** (Artisan) shows off acclaimed American chefs in photos and profiles. Recipes are included. The art of photography is well represented in new books by masters of the craft. ***Harry Benson: Fifty Years in Pictures*** (Abrams) not only showcases the incredible career of the acclaimed photojournalist, but also encapsulates an era of American history. Another way of looking at American history, ***Vital Forms*** (Abrams), by Brooke Kamin Rapaport and Kevin Stayton, et al., examines familiar things—from the Eames chair to Slinkies. ***Indian Country***

(Grove), by Gwendolen Cates, is a handheld museum of Native American life, presenting images that tell the story of a separate nation within our own. ***Color Photography*** (Assouline), by Gabriel Bauret, is a glorious volume dedicated to the evolution of color in nudes, urban landscapes, fashion and war. Finally, when the winter blahs set in, a surefire antidote to cabin fever can be found in ***Love, Lust, Desire: Masterpieces of Erotic Photography for Couples*** (Carlton), edited by Michelle Olley. More than 40 photographers share intimate images of couples who appear to have found a way to make every day seem like Christmas. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

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By ASA BABER

OUR LONG national dream is over, and the first war of the 21st century has begun. When the war will end, nobody knows, but September 11, 2001 will live in our history as a day of iniquity. It showed us the best and the worst of manhood.

Men hijacked four jumbo jets and sowed incredible death and destruction over American soil. Men—firemen, policemen and emergency medical personnel—also voluntarily trooped toward death as they moved in immediately and selflessly to try to rescue people at the World Trade Center. And, according to reports, men fought the hijackers on United Airlines flight 93 and prevented an even greater tragedy as that aircraft crashed into a field in rural Pennsylvania instead of the White House or the Capitol.

It says something positive about us that there were men who reacted with fortitude in the face of the destructiveness of those hijackers. If there is an all-out war against terrorism (and by the time you read this, there could be), it will be mostly men who do the heavy lifting on the front lines. They will acquit themselves just as courageously as their brothers-in-arms did this September, I assure you.

However, a funny thing has happened to men in our culture over the past 30 years, something that should be remembered if we do not want to repeat it. In our struggle with terrorism from the Seventies through the Nineties, the virus of political correctness steered many men—including men in some of the most powerful positions in our country—in the wrong direction as they tried to present themselves as softer, sweeter, kinder and gentler than the next guy.

Think about it. President Gerald Ford signed a directive that limited the operational range of the CIA overseas. President Jimmy Carter seemed flummoxed by the ayatollahs of Iran and, it could be argued, was voted out of office for his ineffectiveness in dealing with them. President George Bush the Elder stopped short of eliminating Saddam Hussein at the end of the Gulf War, which could have been a lost opportunity to hit terrorists where they live. And President William Jefferson Clinton, that New Age favorite, never met a cruise missile he didn't like as he lobbed them over land and foam in an attempt to look like a warrior (while avoiding direct confrontation with the forces of evil).

We sure lost our balls—at least for a while. We practiced a form of politically correct warfare in those days, so no wonder the bad guys had the misperception that America was a land of no guts or de-



09•11•01

termination. At the highest levels of government, we dismissed many undercover operatives, trashed our “humint” capabilities, relied almost exclusively on satellites and other technology for information gathering, avoided any tough questions about the intentions of our allies and just generally wimped out. These were tragic mistakes. The result? September 11, 2001.

So allow me to make a few observations about the next steps we should take in our war against terrorism. FYI, my credentials in this area are adequate. I served a full tour of duty in the U.S. Marine Corps, including time in the Far East, and then lived in the Middle East for several years afterward. I have spent time in Turkey, Greece, Lebanon, Egypt, Western Europe (including East Germany, when that country was under Soviet domination) and Central America (El Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras). More important, I have cultivated good sources of information about terrorism during my years as a journalist and have studied the subject for decades. I suggest:

(1) We love to have a singular enemy to hate, like Osama bin Laden, but terrorism is like a fire in a peat bog. It runs underground much of the time, but it springs up in surprising places and is the product of no single human being. If I had the draw on Osama, my training would kick in and I would probably try to kill him, but I would not be under the illusion that I was really changing anything.

(2) To find the true sources of terrorism, it is necessary to walk back the cat in the area of finances (i.e., search for the principal sources of support and suste-

nance for terrorists). A simpler way of saying that? *Follow the money.* Find out who funds the front men who do the dirty work. You'll be surprised, I promise you. (Hint: The list of those who fund terrorism includes some of our most fashionable allies, not just the smaller states that you often hear mentioned. This is one of the best-kept secrets in the world.)

(3) Once you have followed the money and found the culprits, it does no good to sit on the information. You have an obligation to tell the American people who is plotting against their interests (assuming you believe a fully informed democracy is the best means of national defense). Our intelligence analysts have known for years about the depth and latitude of state-supported terrorism by our allies. But those same analysts have been told to not embarrass our most favored relationships and alliances. (Yes, political correctness reigns in intelligence agencies, too.)

(4) When dealing with terrorists, it is best to remember that every action will be met with an equal and opposite reaction—but not at a time or place of your choosing. Any war against terrorists is a dirty war, by definition, and American civilians will sometimes suffer severe consequences. (You might want to remember that fact the next time you argue in favor of nuking several countries at the same time.)

(5) Anger is vital to sustain any war, but shrewdness and self-control count, too. Never underestimate your enemy and never overestimate yourself. Terrorists bring out the worst in us, but if we give in to the beast they stir in our hearts, and if we strike out blindly and impulsively, we will lose everything we value in ourselves. Every time you experience irrational anger, turn it into cold anger. Only the self-controlled will survive in this jungle.

(6) Nations and states spend more time calculating the future than you may know. Geography can be destiny, so take a look at a map of the world and decipher which entities will want which territories soon. Will China move into Russia? Will the U.S. become an island, without influence in Europe as some of America's previous allies squeeze her out of that continent? Will Israel survive, or will her allies abandon her when terrorists convince people it is too dangerous to support that state?

God bless America, land that I love. May we stay smart and cool and brave as this next war grinds on and our losses often burn in our throats.





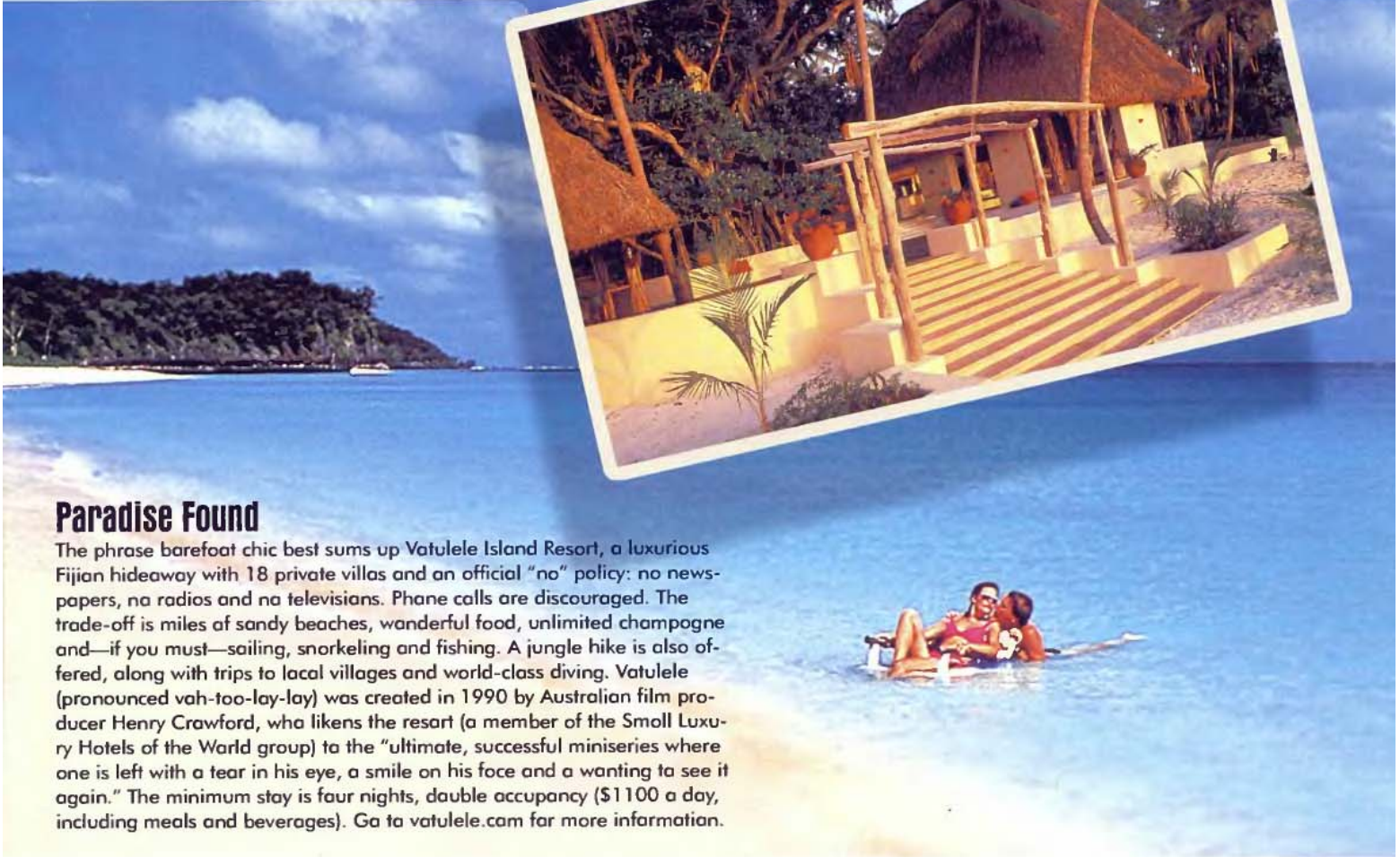
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MANTRACK

hey...it's new



Paradise Found

The phrase barefoot chic best sums up Vatulele Island Resort, a luxurious Fijian hideaway with 18 private villas and an official “no” policy: no newspapers, no radios and no televisions. Phone calls are discouraged. The trade-off is miles of sandy beaches, wonderful food, unlimited champagne and—if you must—sailing, snorkeling and fishing. A jungle hike is also offered, along with trips to local villages and world-class diving. Vatulele (pronounced vah-too-lay-lay) was created in 1990 by Australian film producer Henry Crawford, who likens the resort (a member of the Small Luxury Hotels of the World group) to the “ultimate, successful miniseries where one is left with a tear in his eye, a smile on his face and a wanting to see it again.” The minimum stay is four nights, double occupancy (\$1100 a day, including meals and beverages). Go to vatulele.com for more information.

① HOW TO CARVE A COUNTRY HAM ②

AT THE SHANK END, CUT A V-SHAPE WEDGE BETWEEN THE SHIN AND MAIN LEG BONES. THIS GIVES YOUR KNIFE ROOM TO WORK.

CUT THIN SLICES DOWN TO THE BONE, MOVING TOWARD THE BUTT END. RELEASE THESE SLICES BY CUTTING PERPENDICULAR AT THE BONE.

③

FOR ADDITIONAL HELPINGS, HOLD THE HAM BY THE SHANK BONE AND CUT PARALLEL TO THE BONE TO REMOVE THE MEAT, AND THEN SLICE IT AGAINST THE GRAIN.

True Brit

Lesley Waters is best known in the UK as a television chef and culinary educator. She was the head teacher of London's prestigious Leith's School of Food and Wine and became a popular BBC cook-show host. She currently has her own TV series, *Flavors From Abroad*. Her new book, *How to Cook* (Ryland Peters & Small), is useful and beautifully photographed. She breaks down her recipes first by method (baking, poaching, grilling, etc.) and then by food groups (soups, salads, seafood, fowl, meat). Her approach is sensible and accessible—and, as the seared beef salad with horseradish dressing here can attest, the results are appetizing. The appealing photography is by Peter Cassidy.

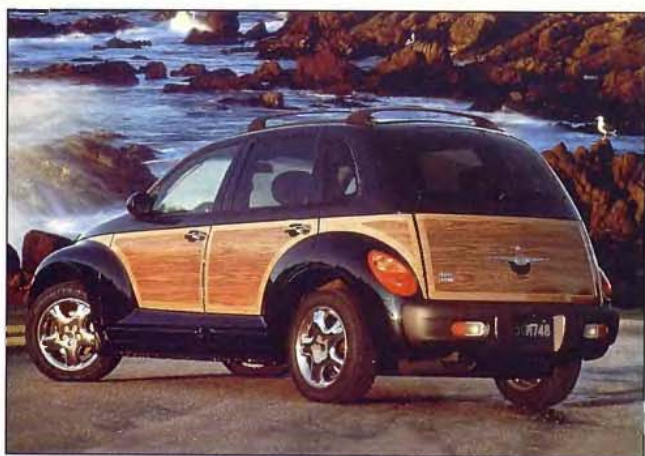


MANTRACK



Tool Guy

The Duluth Trading Co. carries irresistible guy stuff. Check out the titanium and aluminum hammer pictured above that virtually eliminates shock normally transferred back to your arm (about \$125). It's next to a leather plumber's bag from the Czech Republic that can tote camera equipment, a laptop or Gatorade and PowerBars (about \$100). The curious gizmo below the hammer is a treasure hunter's tool. Its blade is welded to the handle at a right angle to give you better leverage (about \$35). The 22-inch machete is perfect for blazing a trail through a bamboo jungle (about \$40, including the leather scabbard). Last, the Pentagon Elite pocketknife by SOG has been dubbed by Duluth "the monster truck of tactical folders" (about \$85).



Chrysler Gets a Woodie

"We wanted a look that re-created the carefree fun of the Sixties California surf wagons," said Trevor Creed, Chrysler's senior vice president of design. So for 2002, Chrysler will offer a PT Cruiser Woodie edition with a medium oak woodgrain that is framed with light ash moldings on the doors, quarter panels and liftgate. The woodie applique will be an \$895 option on all 2002 PT Cruiser models. Also new will be a Dream Cruiser Series 1 limited edition that's Inca gold with metallic sparkle, a "Dream Cruiser Series 1" chrome badge on the liftgate and an individually numbered plaque on the dashboard—plus additional Inca gold interior trim. Only 7500 will be built. It should cost around \$23,000. A Dream Cruiser Series 2 will follow.

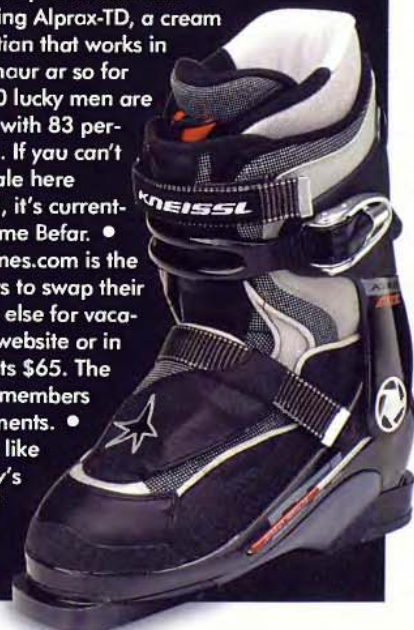
Clothesline: Derek Fisher and Brian Shaw

Los Angeles Lakers guard Derek Fisher (top right) is part owner of a clothing company that will offer a casual line by next fall. "A lot of people expected me to do athletic clothing, but it's going to be casualwear similar to that of Ralph Lauren Polo or Tommy Hilfiger," says Fisher. "When I dress I wear an undershirt. More than likely it's a tank, because if I take off my shirt I like to show off my arms." Lakers guard Brian Shaw (bottom right) is 6'6" tall, so he relies on Los Angeles designer Ron Finley to create a wardrobe that fits him. (Finley's company is named Drop Dead.) "I don't like wearing ties, so I throw on a suit with a T-shirt underneath," says Shaw. He wears a size 14 shoe by Nautscha. His favorite is a shoe boot made of a stretchy material. "It looks great with both casualwear and formalwear."



Guys Are Talking About...

Comfortable ski boots. It sounds like an oxymoron. But—surprise—Kneissl of Kufstein, Austria offers the Rail, a new soft ski boot (pictured below). It combines a solid plastic skeleton with a comfortable shell and a warm liner braced with stainless steel. According to Kneissl, the boot slips on and off easily, even in frigid weather, and all the sensitive areas of the foot are supported in a soft, formfitting material. Price: about \$400 a pair. • **Topical "Viagra."** The pharmaceutical company NexMed is developing Alprox-TD, a cream for guys with erectile dysfunction that works in 10 to 20 minutes, versus an hour or so for the little blue pill. About 2500 lucky men are currently testing the product, with 83 percent reporting positive results. If you can't wait for Alprox-TD to go on sale here (maybe another year at least), it's currently sold in China under the name Befar. • **House swapping.** Trading-homes.com is the website for anyone who wants to swap their humble abode with someone else for vacation purposes. Listing on the website or in the thrice-yearly directory costs \$65. The site also supplies tips to help members make the necessary arrangements. • **Great martini glasses.** Do you like the stemware *Sex and the City's* Samantha serves martinis in? It's Orrefors' Intermezzo pattern (\$118 a pair).



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The Playboy Advisor

Can you recommend any sex toys? My wife and I have bought a good number of them at adult bookstores, but most break easily or don't work at all.—L.T., Baltimore, Maryland

You should hang with us at the Adult Novelties Manufacturers Expo, held each year in Los Angeles. It has booth after booth of dildos, vibrators, whips, fake vaginas, butt plugs, lubricants, porn stars and other toys. We couldn't make it to the 2001 show—we're still testing last year's models—so we asked for a field report from Lou Paget, who scouts ANME for her popular sexuality seminars (there's info at loupaget.com). Paget isn't usually impressed with what she finds; most products are exercises in hype (how can anyone improve a dildo design?) or knock-offs that don't work as advertised (manufacturers know that few people return sex toys). But two items caught her eye. The first, the Tongue Joy, is a chrome-plated minivibe that you secure to your tongue or a finger with a silicone band. We ran a photo in July 2001, page 25. Lou likes it because it's quiet—many women find noisy vibrators distracting—and allows a woman to enjoy the vibrations and the warmth and wetness of her lover's mouth at the same time. The second, the Tool Chest, is a leather dildo harness the guy wears on his chest. While his lover sits down for a ride, he can finger her, enjoy the show or get his tongue involved.

Last month I placed a personal ad online and arranged a meeting with a woman who replied. We talked for an hour and laughed a lot. But when I asked for her number, she refused. She said she "takes numbers but doesn't give hers out." Is she eventually going to call or is she treating me as a sucker?—A.H., New York, New York

You've known this woman for an hour. She's smart to play it safe, and typically people who place and respond to personal ads are disappointed by, but understand, the cut-and-run. Why waste anyone's time if you're not interested? If she wants to see you again, she'll call. If she doesn't, well, what's your interest?

Is there any way to eliminate razor burn? I've shaved with hot water, cold water, in the shower, after a shower, before a shower and with every brand of foam I can find—and I always get a rough shave.—N.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

We feel your pain. The most common cause of razor burn is shaving against the grain. So don't do that. The rest of our advice you've probably heard before. Prep your face with a hot (but not too hot), slightly soapy washcloth that you push against the grain to get the whiskers to stand up. Try a



shaving brush to apply foam; it also helps the whiskers stand up and looks cool if any babes walk in. Use a razor that has a pivoting head. Don't press too hard, especially around your neck. Experiment with gels or natural oils. One oil we passed around the office has received rave reviews. It was developed by Bill Hamilton, a former roofer and frustrated shaver who as a teenager began concocting lotions with household products such as baking soda, vinegar, cooking oil and shampoos and conditioners. In 1987, after consulting with a pharmacist, Hamilton had his eureka moment. PLAYBOY readers can request a sample of Total Shaving Solutions by writing Total Solutions, 2400 S.W. Jefferson, Peoria, Illinois 61605, or through Internet sites such as ultimate-shave.com and totalshavingsolution.nu.

I've heard that you can seduce women through hypnosis. I know people stop smoking or lose weight through hypnosis, so maybe there's something to this. Are these techniques difficult to learn?—P.R., San Juan, Puerto Rico

If you have the idea that you can get a woman at a bar to look deep into your eyes, and then deep into your pants, come back to reality. Despite every man's fantasies, a woman who is hypnotized isn't going to do anything against her will, though she may show fewer inhibitions (you also can achieve this with a back rub). Your subject has to be willing and able to be hypnotized, and it takes practice to pull it off. In his guide *Look Into My Eyes: How to Use Hypnosis to Bring Out the Best in Your Sex Life*, Peter Masters suggests that a couple use hypnosis as they would any sex toy. The book includes the basics of inducing a trance and supplies vari-

ous sexual scripts. But Masters also presents hypnosis as a way to experiment with "erotic control." For example, he suggests that you instruct your girlfriend during a trance that she will feel aroused whenever you say, "You look sexy in that outfit." You can imagine the possibilities.

You may not believe this, but I fantasize about being eaten. I don't mean oral sex but full-scale devouring by a woman who gets so excited by my taste that she loses all control and consumes me, cleanly and painlessly. There are a few variations on the theme: being cooked for a feast held by a group of hungry women, or being eaten slowly, with each piece cooked in front of me. Some of my girlfriends have been amused by my desires, but others were horrified. Have you ever heard of this?—W.I., Cleveland, Ohio

No, but we're never surprised anymore. Katharine Gates opens her book *Deviant Desires* with a story she heard from a New York dominatrix. One of the woman's clients had drawn knobs and dials on a large cardboard box to make it resemble an oven. Wearing only socks, he laid on his back inside the box, put his arms tight against his sides and lifted his knees, so he resembled a turkey. The dominatrix then described for him how the oven was slowly growing hotter, and how she couldn't wait to remove her roaster, carve him up and eat him. Gates thought this unusual until she investigated and found a universe of people who shared similar cannibalistic desires (it's known as *vore*, which makes you a *voreophile*). "It's a kind of rape fantasy that substitutes oral engulfment for intercourse," Gates writes. As to why this idea turns you on, there are theories that it has to do with separation anxiety or an early fixation with nature shows and fairy tales. To each his own. We're content to have a woman devour our penis—as long as she doesn't chew.

In September you offered some bad advice. S.R. described waking each morning with a phlegmy, deep voice. This is not a quaint "love voice" but rather a common symptom of laryngopharyngeal reflux, a condition caused by the passage of stomach acid into the throat through an incompetent lower esophageal sphincter. The acid burns can lead to swelling, lung irritation, bad breath, postnasal drip, frequent throat clearing and, over time, cancer of the voice box. You also referred to forcing one's voice into a deeper pitch as a "party trick." Use of low pitch for increased authority or sexiness is one of the most common causes of voice abuse, and it can lead to vocal fold nodules, cysts, hemorrhage

and other problems. Such tricks by untrained voice users should not be encouraged.—Dr. Robert Sataloff, Chairman, Department of Otolaryngology, Thomas Jefferson Graduate Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Doc, you are no fun at all.

I would like to buy a DVD player to replace my VCR. Is there a service that can convert my video tapes to DVD?—R.V., Lafayette, Indiana

If you're talking about Hollywood or adult movies, you can (1) find a buddy who has a DVD burner and a monster hard drive, (2) wait for the studios to release the titles on disc or (3) store your tapes away from heat and light until burners become standard fare, which shouldn't be long. If your videos are family-friendly home movies, you can have them converted at Lifeclips.com, which charges \$40 for each two hours of tape.

My new girlfriend wants me to go along with things I have never tried before. In a crowded bar, she went to the restroom and came back without her shirt—she had on a bikini top. She walked up like she didn't know me, rubbed my shoulders and challenged me to arm wrestle. I was stunned. She beat me in front of about 50 cheering people, then left. When I got to her home she stripped me, tied me up and left me on her couch while she exercised and watched TV. Later she got ready for bed, came out and screwed me, then left me there. She untied me in the morning before she left for work, then called me two days later to make plans for another date. I'm not sure what to make of this. What do you think?—G.D., Kansas City, Missouri

We think you should work on your arm-wrestling technique—or not.

What does it mean when a guy jacks off after I pause while giving him head?—C.B., Toronto, Ontario

It means he misses your mouth. If he masturbated to orgasm, you may have pulled away just as he was about to come. In that case, his reaction was instinctive. Otherwise, he stroked himself to stay hard. The next time you need to take a break, keep your hands moving. Keep your lips moving as well, by telling him how much you love sucking him.

A friend claims that having an erection in public is illegal in some states. If so, how is it enforced? What's the penalty?—M.V., San Diego, California

Control problems? Steer clear of Indiana and Tennessee. In Indiana, appearing in a public place in a "discernibly turgid state" is a misdemeanor punishable by as long as a year in jail and up to a \$5000 fine. In Tennessee, your bulge could lead to a \$500 fine, though the state exempts boners that appear in rest rooms, locker rooms, doctor's offices, college art classes and nudist camps. Even in states that don't specifically ban erections,

police officers may make arrests. Bob Morton of the Naturist Action Committee notes that many statutes distinguish between nude, which is sometimes legal, and lewd, which is always illegal. He says cops reason that if a guy is visibly aroused, something lewd must be going on, so they bust him. Morton also notes the difference between turgid and well endowed but flaccid, and that certainly some men have been falsely accused. These laws typically are designed to intimidate customers at strip clubs and to prosecute gay men who cruise for sex.

I receive junk e-mails from America Online addresses. I reply to ask that no more e-mails be sent but almost always get a message that the return address isn't a known AOL member. Is there any way to make people stop filling my mailbox with come-ons for penis enlargers, get-rich-quick schemes and weight-loss programs?—P.C., Evansville, Indiana

First, don't bother with a reply. By the time you write, the spammer's service provider will have shuttered the account—or, more likely, it was a fake address to begin with. If your reply goes through, it tells the spammer that his e-mails are being read, which means he'll send more junk or sell your address to others. Delete the junk you receive and say a little prayer that the senders get a deadly (computer) virus. You can find software or services that stop some or most of the junk, but spammers usually find ways past the filters. A more common strategy is to create an e-mail account at a free service such as Yahoo. Whenever you post to a message board or sign up for an offer that you suspect will generate junk, use that address. Then, because your current address has been compromised, open a new personal account with an address you give only to family and friends.

I couldn't believe your response in September to the reader asking what to do when police show up at his door looking for child pornography. You wrote, "Never let the police into your home unless they have a warrant." You even gave instructions to help perverts clean their computers to avoid being caught. I know you guys hang off the liberal edge, but it sounds like you support child abuse. The reader had done nothing wrong, so why should he have a problem letting the cops do their job? I teach a college psychology course, and you can believe this will be passed on for years.—D.K., Los Angeles, California

Share the question and our response with anyone you wish. Perhaps one of your students will have the wisdom to challenge your narrow and reactionary take on the right to privacy—particularly the odd view that people who won't let police officers into their homes without a court order must have something to hide. Why have a Fourth Amendment? As for clearing your browser and cache, anyone dealing in child porn doesn't need instruction from us. But if folks unin-

tentionally surf upon questionable material, are you suggesting they leave it on their computer until the cops show up for a search?

How long should I keep my running shoes before replacing them?—P.D., Lancaster, Ontario

We get plenty of exercise researching this column, so we called Paul Carrozza, who owns Run-TEX in Austin, Texas and covers footwear for Runner's World. Although there are variables, such as your weight and running schedule, he suggests that casual runners replace their shoes about twice a year. More active runners may need to replace their shoes as often as every two months (this assumes you have properly fitted shoes; if not, you could destroy them within 100 miles). Most runners sense when they need fresh shoes because the ground starts to feel hard. But it's also a good idea to keep an eye on your midsole—if the foam there feels mushy, the shoe is dying or dead. The most durable shoes have polyurethane midsoles and carbon rubber outsoles, but the downside is that polyurethane is relatively heavy. If durability is important, Carrozza suggests testing a pair of Asics Gel-MC Plus, New Balance 587 or 991, Mizuno Creation or Saucony Stabil.

A PLAYBOY article in July stated that the most semen recorded in one ejaculation was 2.23 teaspoons. Are you sure you didn't mean tablespoons? The last time I gave my boyfriend a hand job, he came in gushes. At least a tablespoon landed on his thigh, and the rest covered most of my right breast. Would you tell me how to accurately measure his load so you can crown him the new champion? Will he win a prize?—G.H., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

You sound like his prize. If you're curious about your boyfriend's production, have him come in a measuring cup or a condom, or your mouth. (The last may not be scientific, but it's definitely more fun.) That 2.23 teaspoons was produced by the power hitter in a fertility study of 1300 men. Until someone with a lab coat and an advanced degree agrees to measure your boyfriend's spunk—and we can't imagine why anyone would, unless he appeared to lack sperm—his talents must remain the stuff of legend.

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.



KILLER COPS

a case study in callousness

By JAMES BOVARD

In the last decade, they killed and maimed more unarmed people than the Unabomber and the Aryan Nation combined. They have a worse human rights record than the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If they were a foreign-based death cult like Hamas, and you contributed to their cause, you would face up to 10 years in jail for supporting terrorism. Instead, they are supported with your tax dollars.

They are the 1400 members of the Prince George's County police department.

Prince George's County, adjacent to Washington, D.C., is home to thousands of federal bureaucrats. In a series published in July, *The Washington Post* highlighted some of the police department's accomplishments: "Since 1990, Prince George's police have shot 122 people, killing 47 of them. Almost half of those shot were unarmed, and many had committed no crime."

Among the shootings the police department ruled as justified: "An unarmed construction worker was shot in the back after he was de-

the custody of Prince George's officers," the *Post* noted. "Police said they don't keep track of such deaths. By examining autopsy reports and other documents, however, *The Washington Post* was able to identify 12 people who have died in police custody since 1990."

The *Post* discovered the death of one person in police custody from a workers' compensation filing by a policeman who requested disability payments because he suffered "emotional" problems after permanently subduing an arrestee. At least one suspect died after being severely beaten while wearing handcuffs. Medical examiners have ruled two of the deaths in police custody to have been homicides—yet the department has not disciplined a single officer in an in-custody death.

The system is scrupulous and idealistic when it comes to respecting the rights of killer cops. Police are protected by the "Law Enforcement Officers Bill of Rights"—a Maryland law (similar to laws in many other states) that prohibits the questioning of a police officer for 10 days

the code of silence among officers."

Even after the 10-day muzzle expires, police enjoy their version of the Miranda warning. Nothing they say can be used against them in any criminal proceedings. They enjoy the privilege of confidentiality—all statements to internal affairs investigators are kept from public scrutiny.

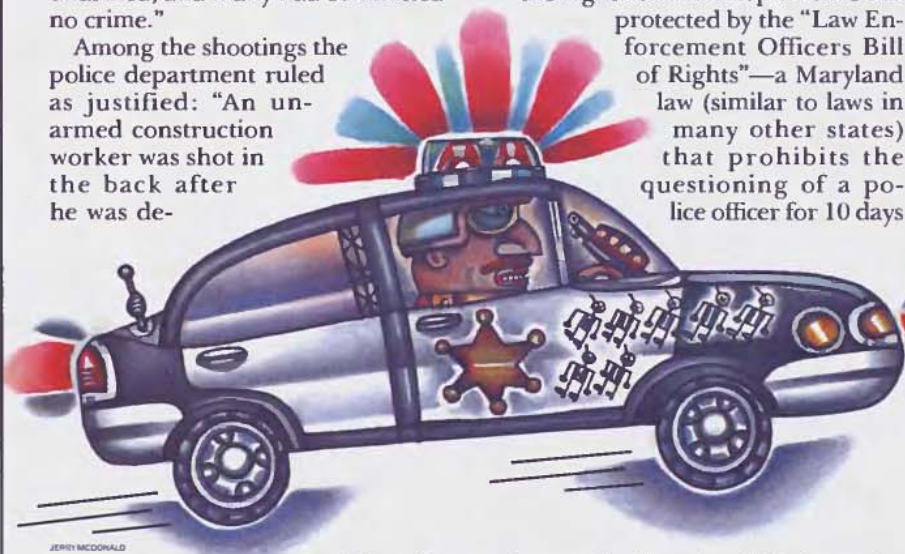
This bizarre policy might be unnecessary. One homicide detective who looked into the suspicious death of a man in police custody explained that he did not try to question the two policemen involved "because he didn't want to violate their constitutional rights against self-incrimination." In some cases, police are not questioned about shooting civilians until months after the victim has died.

Prince George's seems devoted to covering up official killings. County lawyers refused to provide internal police records of police shooting investigations because it would be "contrary to the public interest"—even though state law seems to require that such information be revealed. Wayne Curry, the first black chief executive officer of Prince George's County (which is the nation's most affluent majority-black county), revels in the bad-boy record of his police, declaring last year that "people don't want no pansy police force."

Many other professions keep records of lethal mistakes, although reluctantly. Ford and

Firestone issued a recall after a flurry of accidents. Medical errors cause tens of thousands of deaths every year. Since 1990, in an effort to protect us from incompetent practitioners, a national data bank has tried to track iatrogenic, or "doctor-caused," fatalities. We don't have a word for "police-caused" deaths.

In 1994 Congress passed a law requiring national record keeping on police shootings, justified or otherwise. However, neither the Justice Department nor most local police departments have bothered to keep track. As a result, it is difficult to know how many other police departments may have cops as trigger-happy—and as legally untouchable—as those in Prince George's County.



tained in a fast-food restaurant. An unarmed suspect died in a fusillade of 66 bullets as he tried to flee in a car from police. A homeless man was shot when police mistook his portable radio for a gun. And an unarmed man was killed after he pulled off the road to relieve himself."

Some local police practices appear to be borrowed from South Africa in its police-state days. "No one knows how many people have died while in

after any incident in which he or she used deadly force. In Prince George's County, there is no greater offense than prematurely asking a cop why he gunned down a citizen. The *Post* noted that "a lawyer or a police union official is always summoned to the scene of a shooting to make sure no one speaks to the officer who pulled the trigger." A toothless citizen police-oversight panel complained that the 10-day rule "invites abuse and raises serious concerns about collusion and



BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

strange tales from the sexual frontier



By PATTY LAMBERTI

Who wouldn't want to be a professional sex expert? Consider the perks: an office stacked with sex toys and smut, a mailbox stuffed with invitations to swingers' parties and an obligation to practice the sexual techniques you preach. But there is a downside. When strangers find out what you do for a living, they invariably ask, "What is the weirdest question you've ever been asked?" For the rest of your life, it seems, you will be recounting the sexual peccadilloes of perverts in Peoria.

We became aware of the curse when James Petersen, the author of *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life* and a former Playboy Advisor, served on a panel with Ruth Westheimer. A member of the audience asked Westheimer to recount the strangest confession she had ever heard. She replied, "A young man called and said, 'My girlfriend likes to toss fried onion rings on my erect penis.'" Dr. Ruth later admitted that she's told the onion ring story about 1000 times in 20 years. "I hate that story," she said. "It's an albatross."

Petersen could sympathize. He has his own story. "A reader once wrote the Advisor and said, 'I masturbate with sandpaper. Do I have a problem?' I told him, 'Yes, but not for long.'"

Some years later, Petersen read a book by two California sex therapists. "They had treated the same guy, or a guy just like him," he recalls. "They had him shift to lighter grades of sandpaper,

then velvet, then a real woman. He still gets a hard-on every time he goes into a hardware store."

We contacted other sex columnists and therapists and asked for their most memorable case histories. The anecdotes offer an interesting map to the fringes of American sexual tastes.

Amy Alkon's weekly sex and relationship advice column, Ask the Advice Goddess, is syndicated to more than 70 newspapers.

My favorite letter was from a man in Ohio, where most of my weird letters come from. This guy said, "I like to wear women's clothing, but I don't consider myself a cross-dresser, because my thighs are a bit thick to look good in a mini."

People send me pictures of their body parts. One guy sent me a Polaroid of his penis, along with four one-dollar bills. I thought he was paying me to look at his photo. But then I saw a note that said, "Use this money to take pictures of yourself and send them back to me."

Dan Savage writes a syndicated weekly advice column, Savage Love. His latest book is The Kid: What Happened After My Boyfriend and I Decided to Go Get Pregnant: An Adoption Story.

It's all subjective. People ask me questions about the types of sex I enjoy, and I think, Hey, good sex question. People ask me questions about things I don't enjoy, and I think, Jesus, what a freak.

The strangest conversation I have ever had about sex occurred on the radio, when I was talking to a man who was particularly fond of his horse. About halfway through the conversation, it occurs to me to ask if we're talking about a boy horse or a girl horse. He clears his throat, and in an offended voice says, "I am not a homosexual." Oh, gee, I thought, thanks for clearing that up.

Lou Paget is the author of The Big O: Orgasms: How to Have Them, Give Them and Keep Them Coming.

What I find weird is how people rationalize their desires and actions to put themselves above judgment. Many

men have told me that even though they're having intercourse with other women, they're not being unfaithful to their wives, because they don't ejaculate. Many women have told me they're not having sex, even though they're giving men blow jobs.

These types of rationalizations are even built into laws. I once spoke to a woman from Calgary who was getting a divorce. She'd become involved in a lesbian relationship. The husband sued for infidelity but lost because there was no penetration.

Sari Locker is the author of The Complete Idiot's Guide to Amazing Sex.

A 34-year-old man once asked me, "Our cat watches us have sex. Can this damage the cat?"

Susie Bright is the author of Full Exposure: Opening Up to Your Sexual Creativity and Erotic Expression.

Most sex questions boil down to these sentiments: "Am I OK? Will anyone ever want me? How can I make the lust last?" It would be cruel of me to ever tell someone they're weird when they ask an honest sex question. It's like being a shrink—you can't ever tell your patient, "You're grossing me out!"

However, sometimes I get accused of things, as a sex expert, that seem incomprehensible to me, and I will share the weirdest one of those:

I once received a series of horrible story manuscripts from a writer in southern California. I sent a courteous rejection letter, without commenting on his writing. To my amazement, he sent back a letter accusing me of being prejudiced against his work because I objected to his enormous penis and that I was campaigning against big dicks because I was a feminist determined to make women think that size doesn't matter.

I wondered why he thought that—in my experience, feminists are some of the biggest size queens around. (He should see my sex-toy collection.) But more than that, I wondered why he thought I knew anything about his



cock, because the only thing I could ascertain from his manuscripts was that he was a poor writer.

I called an editor friend who recognized the man's name instantly and said, "His penis isn't big at all."

"You've seen it?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," she said. "He goes to the Lifestyles swingers convention in Nevada every year, trolling for women to give him a good tie-up and beating."

"I'm not following you," I said. "He didn't say anything about bondage and discipline in his letters."

"That's his tactic," my friend explained. "He builds up the rumor that he has a huge dick, and then, when he lures you into his bedroom, he expects you'll be so pissed to find he has an average-size dick that you'll beat the shit out of him. He's a total masochist."

Now, is that weird or what? I hate people who ask for one thing and mean another.

Sandor Gardos writes the Ask Dr. Gardos column at thriveonline.oxygen.com.

Long before Viagra, a reader had gotten a hydraulic penile implant. When the fluid was released from the implant and into the sac, he got an erection. Years after the operation, he took up deep-sea diving. He wanted to know how deep he could dive before the hydraulic tubes burst. I called the manufacturer. They had absolutely no idea.

Carol Queen is a staff sexologist at the sex-toy store Good Vibrations and the author of Exhibitionism for the Shy.

A man wrote me wanting to know how he could get castrated. He was hoping a physician would perform the procedure, but he was willing to consider someone who wasn't a doctor. His reason—he was disturbed by his sexual fantasies. He thought his hormones were the cause. The lower his sex drive, he thought, the less disturbing his fantasies would be. I told him castration wasn't elective surgery.

Another letter came from a group of nurses in Portland who were having a safe-sex problem. One of their patients was a menstrual blood fetishist. Apparently his personality didn't inspire women to hand over their used tampons. So he stole them from the garbage. He reconstituted them with water, like tea bags. The nurses wanted to know if this was safe. Or how they could convince him to quit.

Marty Klein is a sex therapist and the creator of sexualintelligence.org.

A woman once asked me, "My hus-

band likes to secretly take pictures of women's asses around the neighborhood. Even though I'm very pretty and like sex, he prefers to masturbate to these photos rather than have sex with me. Is he likely to change?"

My other favorite made me feel like Mr. Manners: "At a swing party, I say it's bad etiquette to be the first to take out a whip—one should wait for the host or hostess to do so first. Don't you agree?"

Pepper Schwartz is the author of Everything You Know About Love and Sex Is Wrong.

"How deep into the vagina is the clitoris?" This was an easy one to answer. I told him to stop digging and start stroking.

A woman once asked me, "How can I get over my sexual obsession with

didn't get there. Is this true?"

A woman wrote, "I'm 23 years old and involved with a 54-year-old guy. He doesn't like to use condoms. Can he pass on any old-age diseases to me?"

Isadora Alman has written her weekly syndicated newspaper column, Ask Isadora, since 1984.

A man and his partner had this elaborate sexual fantasy they were trying to make a reality. They wanted to make a wall-to-wall, room-size pizza. He'd dress up as a garlic clove and she'd dress up as a pepperoni. With classical music playing in the background, they'd run across the room, meet in the middle and start coupling. They wanted to know if the oil on the pizza would weaken their condom. My response was geared more to the readers of my column: "And you all think I make this up?"

Deb Levine writes the Ask Delilah column at thriveonline.oxygen.com.

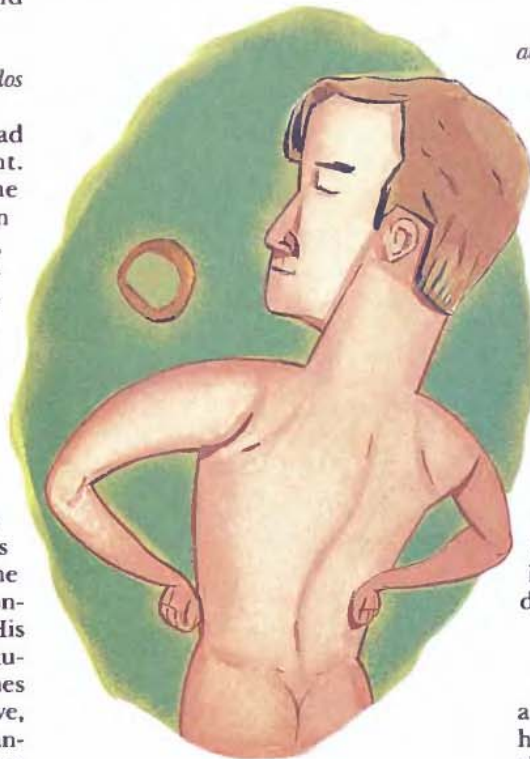
A man wrote me about his girlfriend. Whenever they had sex, she liked to talk finance. She'd say things like, "Come on, baby. Let's see you balance my checkbook" or "Oh, honey. Take a loan out for my apartment and pay no interest for six months." Once, she shouted, "Mortgage my house payment now!"

I was interested in knowing what his girlfriend did for a living. Was she a bank loan officer? A real estate broker? Regardless, this type of talk turned her on. For some people, money equals power, which equals sexiness. I told him to ask her what she wanted to hear back. He suggested he could say, "Gee, baby. My capital is at an all-time high." That didn't sound all that bad to me.

Chip Rowe is the Playboy Advisor.

A man wrote: "Each summer, I drag a recliner into the woods near my house. When I feel horny, I sit in the chair in the nude and spray insect repellent everywhere on my body except on my genitals. Is this normal?" I responded, "Have you seen any other chairs out there?"

I haven't told that story as often as Dr. Ruth has related her onion ring anecdote, but it's getting close. I generally don't use the words weird or strange to describe these types of letters. I prefer "uncommon." Biologically and culturally, everything outside of heterosexual intercourse in the missionary position for the purpose of procreation is "weird." So anything about sex that's interesting is probably weird to someone.



gangsters?" She was only orgasmic with men who were dangerous. I told her to get her thrills elsewhere, like from deep-sea divers, Navy Seals or bungee jumpers. There has to be a better way to have an orgasm than collecting thugs.

Louanne Cole Weston writes the Sex Matters column for webmd.com.

I have two memorable questions. One was, "How can I make sure that my partner has orgasmed without asking her? Somebody told me I should look at her position when I am finished. If she turns her bottom toward me and shows her buttocks, then she

SURRENDERED WIVES

Daniel Radosh is way off in his review of Laura Doyle's *The Surrendered Wife* (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Although I was the husband rather than the wife, I read that book and others in an attempt to understand and save my marriage. I respect Doyle's approach, which instructs women to give up control to their husbands.

In exchange, women will enjoy more intimacy, passion and peace. Nowhere does Doyle suggest that women should let men dominate them.

The closing sentences of Radosh's review are revealing: "A 'surrendered' wife isn't any less controlling than a combative one might be. She's just better at getting away with it." Actually, Doyle's book is designed to help the combative wife who isn't getting away with anything. Instead, she is alienating her husband with her shrewish attitude and exhausting herself trying to control both their lives. Shrews have been with us forever. My question is, Why so many now, and why are they so vindictive? I believe the answer lies with radical feminism, which has convinced women they can change and "fix" men. I can't tell you how many times I've heard one woman advise another, "It's OK, he's trainable." I know lots of unhappy women who could benefit from Doyle's advice. Most of them have been through many failed marriages and relationships. One of them is my ex-wife.

Donald Taylor
Barstow, California

STRIPPERS UNITE

I admire the ladies in San Francisco who formed a strippers' union ("Strippers Unite," *The Playboy Forum*, September). I attempted to organize a similar union in Los Angeles, but it never got off the ground.

Until I was fired for trying to organize a union, I worked at the Fantasy Theater in Colton, a suburb of Los Angeles. As at most strip clubs, the owners classified the dancers as independent



FOR THE RECORD

SEX MADE SIMPLE

"Men sexually are like microwaves and women sexually are like Crock-Pots. A woman is stimulated more by touch and romantic words. She is far more attracted by a man's personality, while a man is stimulated by sight. A man is usually less discriminating about those to whom he is physically attracted."

—from *WAIT (Why Am I Tempted?) Training, an abstinence-only program designed for high school students by Friends First, a group based in Longmont, Colorado*

contractors. We were each required to pay a \$30 daily fee to "rent the stage." Periodically, management raised the fee—one time they said they needed money to pave the parking lot, another time for remodeling. They also said they needed to pay for advertising. The owners also charged us late fees, sometimes as much as \$40. Some clubs make their dancers sell club merchandise and then pay for whatever items they can't sell.

If dancers were truly independent contractors, none of this would happen. The clubs would pay for their own remodeling, parking lot and advertising costs. We also would make our own schedules. But the owners set schedules for us, which effectively gives them paid employees without the pay. At least the women at the Lusty Lady received a wage. I didn't, and neither do most dancers. We worked for tips, from which we paid our fees and also tipped the DJ and waitresses. When business was bad, we often went home with nothing, or even having paid to work.

Because I was considered an independent contractor, the state labor

board said it could not help me. I hired an attorney, and with the help of another dancer sued the club to recover lost money. Not to minimize the problems of the dancers at the Lusty Lady, but at least their grievances were settled in a relatively timely manner and they did not have to engage in a costly court battle. It took five years for our lawsuit to reach a jury, which agreed with us and awarded me nearly \$38,000. The other dancer won \$17,000. It was a long battle, hampered by dancers who were scared to come forward. Unlike with the Lusty Lady, there was no sense of camaraderie.

Stripping is a legitimate facet of the entertainment business. Dancers should be treated fairly. I am moving back to the Los Angeles area to again try to organize a strippers' union. I encourage others to help me put this nonsense to an end.

Virginia Pritchett
Mineral Wells, Texas

SPERM WARS

In her response in September to "Who Owns Your Sperm?" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), Brenda Shults states, "The judicial system needs to realize that a child is better served by the absence of an unwilling parent." It is despicable when women trick men into getting them pregnant and paying child support. But the welfare system is already burdened with thousands of deadbeat parents. Even if a child is best served by the absence of an unwilling parent, he or she benefits from the dollars that person provides. Sometimes I think it would be a good idea to sterilize unwilling parents so they don't repeat their mistakes.

K.T. Sanders
Bellevue, Texas

In November 1999 you ran an article about my case ("The Perils of Paternity," *The Playboy Forum*). After my wife and I divorced, I had a paternity test performed on our youngest daughter, who was about 18 months old when I

moved out. The tests showed that she was not mine. In light of that evidence, I asked the courts to reduce my support payments. The courts refused.

I am still paying to support the girl, who is now 13 years old. In fact, for a few months this year, the state Office for Child Support Enforcement confiscated double my child-support payments because I was both collecting unemployment and teaching part-time. That amounted to nearly my entire paycheck. Agency officials refused to acknowledge my requests for the double payments to stop until my state senator contacted them on my behalf. Your readers can find out more about paternity fraud on a website operated by my current wife at fla.paternity.fraud.com.

David Ziskind
Davie, Florida

PORN HYSTERIA

In May, you wrote about the appointment of Utah's first porn czar, Paula Houston ("They're Back," *The Playboy Forum*). In one of her first major actions, she has decided that Victoria's Secret posters should feature fully clothed models. The nonsense began when a mother noticed her six-year-old son take an interest in a store poster that showed a model covering her breasts with her arms. The mother wrote the chain, requesting that it take down its "lewd and sexual images."

That's when Houston arrived on her white horse. She praised the mother's stance, citing Utah's indecent public display law, which states that a "person is guilty of a class-A misdemeanor who willfully or knowingly publicly displays at newsstands or any other establishment frequented by minors pictures of nude or partially denuded figures posed or presented in a manner to provoke or arouse lust or passion or to exploit lust or perversion for commercial gain." If Houston believes a lingerie poster constitutes porn, her reign will be scarier than anyone guessed.

Chris Clark
Salt Lake City, Utah

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

ASSHOLES

Two days after the attack on the World Trade Center, the Reverend Jerry Falwell (founder of the Moral Majority) joined the Reverend Pat Robertson (founder of the Christian Coalition) on the Christian Broadcasting Network's 700 Club. At a time when most Americans were shocked by the actions of religious zealots, we were witness to the excesses of our homegrown prophets. Two months after the tragedy, the remarks still rankle.

JERRY FALWELL: I agree totally with you that the Lord has protected us so wonderfully these 225 years. And since 1812, this is the first time we've been attacked on our soil and by far the worst results. And I fear, as Donald Rumsfeld, the Secretary of Defense, said yesterday, that this is only the beginning. And with biological warfare available to these monsters—the Husseins, the Bin Ladens, the Arafats—what we saw on Tuesday, as terrible as it is, could be minuscule if, in fact—if, in fact—God continues to lift the curtain and allow the enemies of America to give us probably what we deserve.

PAT ROBERTSON: Jerry, that's my feeling. I think we've just seen the antechamber to terror. We haven't even begun to see what they can do to the major population.

FALWELL: The ACLU has to take a lot of blame for this.

ROBERTSON: Well, yes.

FALWELL: And I know I'll hear from them for this. But, throwing God out successfully with the help of the federal court system, throwing God out of the public square, out of the schools. . . . The abortionists have to bear some burden for this because God will not be mocked. And when we destroy 40 million little innocent

babies, we make God mad. I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People for the American Way—all of them who have tried to secularize America—I point the finger in their face and say, "You helped this happen."

ROBERTSON: Well, I totally concur, and the problem is we have adopted that agenda at the highest levels of our government. And so we're responsible as a free society for what the top people do. And the top people, of course, is the court system.

FALWELL: Pat, did you notice yesterday the ACLU and all the Christ-haters, People for the American Way, NOW, etc., were totally disregarded by the Democrats and the Republicans in both houses of Congress as they went out on the steps and called out unto God in prayer and sang *God Bless America* and said, "Let the ACLU be hanged"? In other words, when the nation is on its knees,

the only normal and natural and spiritual thing to do is what we ought to be doing all the time—calling upon God.

ROBERTSON: Amen.

Falwell later claimed his comments had been taken out of context, and apologized to "every American, including those I named." For his part, Robertson added materialism, secularism, bad television, Internet pornography and a lack of state-sponsored prayer to the list of reasons God lifted the "mantle of divine protection our nation has enjoyed since its founding." He also claimed he had "not fully understood" Falwell's comments. Apparently that didn't stop him from agreeing with each of them.

I point the finger in their face and say, "You helped this happen."

—JERRY FALWELL

THE POLITICS OF SEX

new report, same old reaction

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

We'd heard about the project for months. Surgeon General David Satcher had put together a report so explosive it had to be shelved. No one involved in the project had a copy to leak. This was *X-Files* territory. Did it include a plea to provide flavored condoms in schools? A call for mandatory masturbation? A plan to teach birth control through anal sex?

In late June, Satcher finally released the unseen but already controversial document. It is less about sex and more about sexuality, which is what sex becomes when you form a committee to talk about it. In *The Surgeon General's Call to Action to Promote Sexual Health and Responsible Sexual Behavior*, Satcher outlines a bureaucratic strategy for advancing the national dialogue on sexuality. Moral conservatives promptly scanned the report for the dirty parts—i.e., paragraphs with words such as condom, abortion and homosexual. We read the bibliography, looking for the names of friends. If you're like most Americans and consider sex a

natural and necessary part of life, the report reads like *Common Sense*, without the passion. If you're part of the uptight minority that holds the reins at the White House, it is nothing short of blasphemy—a call for the U.S. to return to the traditions of Sodom and Gomorrah, with porous condoms and unnatural acts between people whom God has not joined.

At a press conference, Satcher explained what he felt was an urgent need for the report. "We have a long way to go in our comfort in talking about sex," he said. "I think we have created a conspiracy of silence."

A conspiracy of silence? Is Satcher the only man in America who has never seen *Jerry Springer*, *Sally* or *Geraldo* during sweeps? Has he never walked past a newsstand and scanned the covers of *Cosmopolitan* and *Maxim*? Does he not have cable? There's no conspiracy

of silence about sex—at least not about dysfunctional sex, which is the kind most often practiced by people who have been kept ignorant by government decree.

As government reports go, *The Surgeon General's Call to Action* is short (16 pages), well documented (seven pages of references and suggested reading) and collaborative (130 persons, representing 90 organizations, provided input). Contributors ranged from the head of the Kinsey Institute to the senior pastor of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, as well as enough Ph.D.s to crash a hard drive.

To its credit, the report suggests laudatory public-policy goals such as put-

sure it's part of a "committed, enduring and mutually monogamous relationship"—like your divorced parents had. (3) If you're not paying attention, maybe you'll listen to sexual role models such as Magic Johnson and Jerry Falwell, or community leaders, the press, teachers, church leaders or lawmakers. We're urging them to help out, because they know so much about sex, and present it so well. (4) Use condoms. But as we said, you're not going to fuck, so don't worry much about this. It's more a theory. (5) Be nice to gay people. (6) Don't abuse children. (7) Don't rape anyone.

Like others before it, the report reviews the success of various government programs designed to educate youngsters about the driving force of life. Not surprisingly, it finds that education works better than ignorance. Consider the California experience. In a moment of courage, Governor Pete Wilson jettisoned an abstinence-only program for the poor called Education Now and Babies Later in favor of a

Medicaid waiver for comprehensive family planning. Between 1997 and 1998, the new program prevented an estimated 108,000 unwanted pregnancies, including 50,000 unintended births, 41,000 abortions and 15,000 miscarriages. The state figures it saved more than \$512 million in prenatal and birthing costs.

The official reaction of the Bushies to Satcher's report was predictable. The White House, beholden to the votes of the right, distanced itself from any sane discussion of sexual health. "The surgeon general was not appointed by this administration," a presidential spokesman said. "The president thinks abstinence is important." *The San Francisco Chronicle* unearthed a senior official who reported that Bush objected to portions of Satcher's report and had little confidence in the surgeon general. The source wasn't



MATTHEW STRAUS

ting reproductive-health care (e.g., birth control and treatment for venereal disease) within reach of the poor and disenfranchised. It also acknowledges the growth in sexually transmitted diseases, sexual violence and unwanted pregnancies. To combat these problems, the surgeon general wants the nation to give its citizens more information about sexual health, and he wants this education to "begin early and continue throughout the life span." That's as close as he gets to calling for an end to the travesty of abstinence-only sex education in schools, or the threat of mandatory content filters on the Internet in public schools and libraries. These are the places where sex education happens.

Its good intentions notwithstanding, Satcher's report could have been reduced to a single page that includes: (1) Kids, don't fuck. (2) If you do, make

saying which portions the president objected to specifically, but it's probably the 15 pages that don't say, "Just say no. Goodnight."

For a few days, at least, the report gave the religious right something to do besides yell Bible passages at gays. "Pro-family" groups immediately attempted to make Satcher guilty by association with his former boss. They asked, "What would you expect from a Clinton appointee?" *Boston Globe* columnist Don Feder couldn't contain his outrage, reminding his readers that Clinton's first surgeon general was Joycelyn Elders, "the mullah of masturbation" (actually, Elders did nothing more than suggest that touching yourself is how most young people first learn about their sexual response, and that perhaps they shouldn't be given the idea it's bad for them).

Feder attacked the surgeon general for having consulted with "commercial sex workers" (i.e., prostitutes). "Besides hookers," he wrote, "Satcher received sage advice from their colleagues in Planned Parenthood, the Alan Guttmacher Institute and the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States." Whores, fellow travelers, one and all. Lest we forget, Jesus sought out commercial sex workers. He admired their honesty.

So as not to disappoint the news media, a spokesman for Focus on the Family, the Colorado-based lynch mob-activist group, called for Satcher's resignation. His report was nothing more than "bad science and bad medicine." The surgeon general had been used as a pawn, the group's spokesman charged, "by liberal groups to add credit to their ideology." The model of health proposed by Satcher was "not the model that most Americans want for their kids."

Who says? According to a Kaiser Family Foundation survey of 4000 public school families, more than eight in 10 parents say condoms and other forms of birth control, including details on how to use them and how to talk to your partner about them, should be part of sex education. Three quarters said abortion and sexual orientation should be discussed. Most realize, perhaps from personal experience, that vows of chastity break more frequently than condoms.

Instead of listening to Americans, the Bushies continue to push faith-based abstinence programs. There's a word for people who rely on prayer, promises and good intentions for birth control. They're called parents.

do gay teens need legal protection?



The paragraphs considered most controversial in the surgeon general's call to action were these:

"Sexual orientation is usually determined by adolescence, if not earlier, and there is no valid scientific evidence that sexual orientation can be changed. Nonetheless, our culture often stigmatizes homosexual behavior, identity and relationships. These antihomosexual attitudes are associated with psychological distress for homosexual persons and may have a negative impact on mental health, including a greater incidence of depression and suicide, lower self-acceptance and a greater likelihood of hiding sexual orientation.

"Averaged over two dozen studies, 80 percent of gay men and lesbians had experienced verbal or physical harassment on the basis of their orientation, 45 percent had been threatened with violence and 17 percent had experienced a physical attack."

The surgeon general called for more school programs that teach straight teenagers to be tolerant of gays and lesbians.

The fundamental problem with tolerance for the Christian right is that it believes being gay is a "choice," like choosing a restaurant, or, at worst, an addiction, like crack cocaine. With the proper moral guidance, gays can be persuaded to change their minds and straighten out. The American Family Association website reflects this misguided belief in its section devoted to the "homosexual agenda": "What Christians know to be sin, this movement calls alternative lifestyle. What Christians know to be aberrant, this movement calls normal. What Christians know to be a choice, this movement calls genetic." The AFA believes that confronting sinners maintains "the honor of Christ." Never mind that in the biblical accounts of his life, Jesus had nothing to say about homosexuality, one way or the other.

Within a few weeks of the surgeon general's report, Anthony Chase of *In These Times* noted what appeared to be an underreported cost of sexual bigotry. He took a closer look at well-publicized high school killings and

noticed a disturbing pattern. In each case, the killers had been taunted by classmates for being gay. Jocks reportedly abused Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold with epithets like faggot and homo.

Surely it's not that simple. Others who have looked at high school killers have blamed Marilyn Manson, Stephen King, movies such as *Natural Born Killers* and *The Basketball Diaries*, drug abuse, inattentive parenting and/or easy access to guns. What does seem to play a common role is fear. For too many kids, high school is hell. This past summer, the Secret Service studied 37 school shootings and found that in more than two thirds of the incidents, the attackers had felt "persecuted, bullied, threatened, attacked or injured."

Some school systems have attempted to legislate the problem away by adopting speech codes that prevent students from harassing gays. What's odd is that the same people who preach that we should "love thy neighbor" are the most vocal opponents of these codes. A group called Campaign for California Families worries (with some justification) that the codes violate the free-speech rights of Christian students who oppose homosexuality and feel it's important to be able to publicly condemn and belittle gay classmates. "Homosexual activists are imposing their values on six million children statewide," charged a spokesman for the group. "They are usurping parental rights and local control." Trouble is, the values of those activists are shared by most Americans—live and let live. Somewhere along the way, we stopped teaching our children that, if we ever did.

Dick Carpenter of Focus on the Family chimed in with this insight: "The California proposals are setting up a structure where some students are more equal than others. Fat kids, kids with pimples, kids who wear glasses and kids who play in the band are all harassed."

Right. If you give equal rights to gays, soon every kid is gonna want them.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TURF WAR

SALT LAKE CITY—One day last summer, Dee Dee Derian mowed her lawn wearing a bikini. A neighbor complained to the police, who showed up at Derian's home



to check her compliance with a city law against public lewdness. The local prosecutor declined to press charges, saying that the bikini sufficiently covered Derian's buttocks and breasts. Derian says other residents have it in for her because she runs a topless maid service out of her home.

DEAD RIGHTS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—Watch what you say at a funeral home. The state legislature passed a law that prohibits the use of "indecent or obscene language in the presence of a dead human body." The representative who pushed the law says it came at the request of the Board of Mortuary Science, "out of respect for the dead and loved ones of the dead." The law also prohibits transporting an uncovered corpse in the passenger seat of a car.

LEGALLY BOUND

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—Soon after police arrested Jack Bodne in a murder-for-hire scheme, his wife filed for divorce. She said her husband's arrest had humiliated her. She also alleged that he had told dirty jokes, used profanity and kept child porn on his computer. Bodne denied his wife's charges, but a judge granted the di-

vorce. Bodne, who allegedly paid a cop posing as a hit man to kill three associates, fought the divorce. A state court of appeals ruled in his favor, deciding that his arrest and behavior wasn't enough to justify a divorce. Instead, a spouse must prove habitual, cruel and inhumane treatment that makes the marriage too "revolting" to continue.

BUSYBODIES

KINGS MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA—On a warm September morning, a naked two-year-old ran outside her family's rural home to retrieve her kitten. Two hours later, a social worker showed up. She said a passerby had complained about a nude toddler, and that she wanted to talk with each of the family's four children alone. The family refused. The father said he was troubled by the child welfare agency's ability "to force themselves upon families without any kind of oversight." A state court ruled against the family. It stated that the Fourth Amendment doesn't apply during child welfare investigations because they aren't initially criminal matters.

LOVE HURTS

CANTON, OHIO—Kevin Erwin went online looking for a submissive lover. The woman who answered his ad seemed to fulfill his fantasy—Erwin says she even signed a contract agreeing to be his sex slave. The woman says that when she later told Erwin she wanted to end the affair, he tortured her for eight hours. Prosecutors charged Erwin with rape, kidnapping and assault. During his trial, he testified that the woman never uttered pepper or tomato—two words they had chosen as signals to slow or end rough sex. A jury acquitted Erwin of all charges, although the foreman said that after hearing three days of testimony about the couple's sex life, he wanted to scrub himself with bleach.

PC MEMORIAL

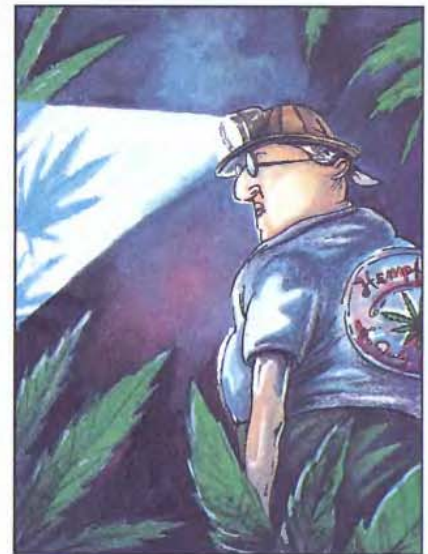
ATHENS, GEORGIA—A committee at the University of Georgia rejected a proposal for a campus memorial that would list the names of students and alumni killed during U.S. wars. The committee's student representative, one of seven members who voted against the proposal, said the monument would "by its nature exclude females, non-Anglo males, African Americans, homosexuals and international students."

RECORD-A-COP

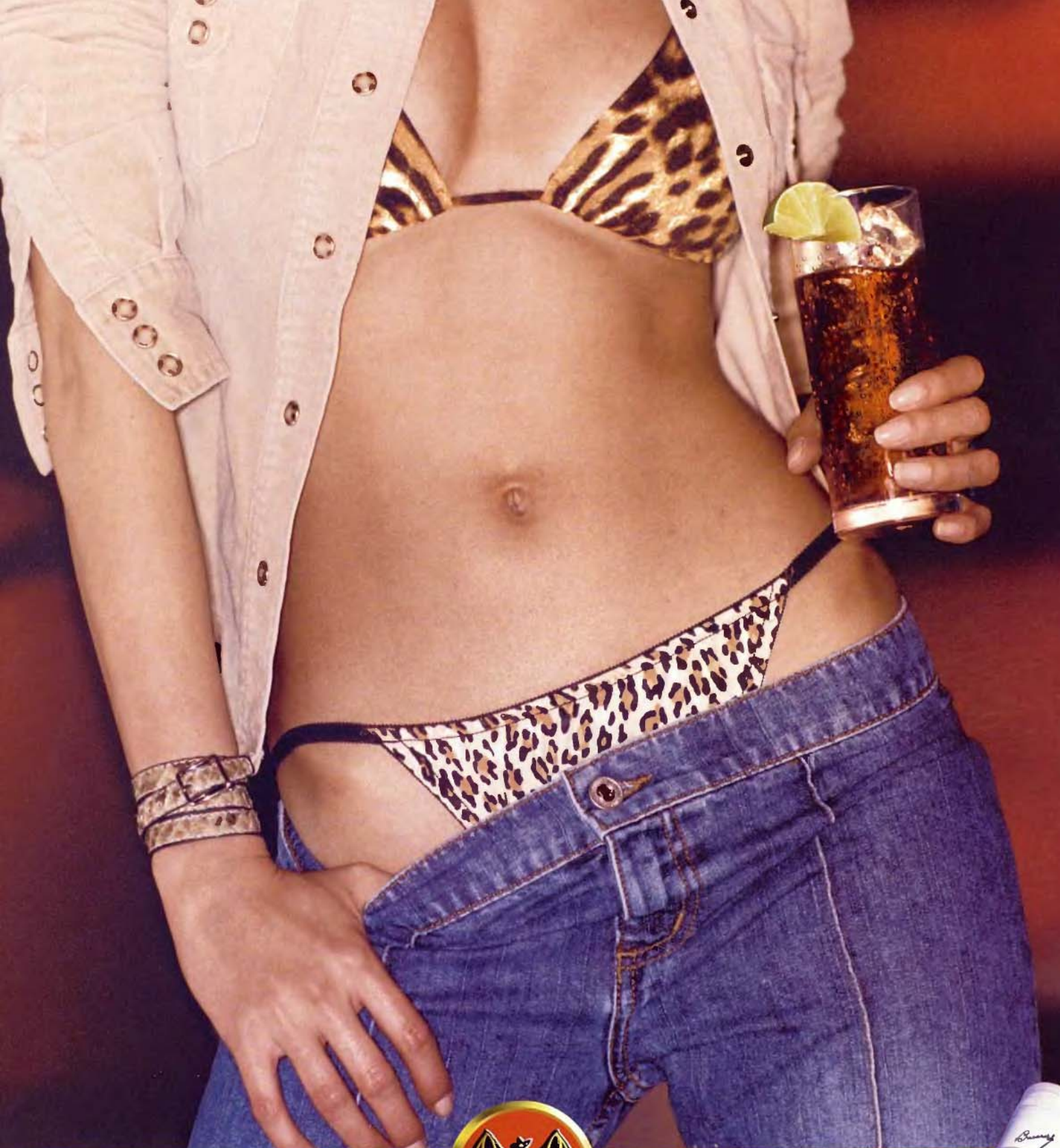
BOSTON—Police say they pulled a rock musician over because his Porsche had a noisy muffler and a broken license plate light. The musician thought his long hair, leather jacket and sports car were more likely reasons, so he secretly recorded the officers as they questioned him for 15 minutes about whether he had drugs in his car. They also threatened to jail him. He later took the tape to police headquarters to file a complaint, which led to his being convicted of illegal wiretapping. When he appealed, the state supreme court ruled against him. One dissenting justice noted that "this is apparently the first time that a citizen of Massachusetts has been convicted because he recorded a police officer performing an official function in a public place in the presence of a third party within the sight and hearing of passersby."

JOINT VENTURE

FLIN FLON, MANITOBA—Prairie Plant Systems, which last year won a contract to produce medical marijuana for the Canadian government, is growing the reefer in an abandoned zinc and copper mine. The crop grows faster underground because of elevated levels of carbon dioxide and be-



cause heat, light and humidity are strictly controlled. Prairie Plant Systems plans to deliver enough weed to fill more than a million joints. In exchange for receiving the marijuana, hundreds of sick Canadians have agreed to test its effectiveness.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

WILL SMITH

a candid conversation with the star of "ali" about getting your ass kicked, losing your money and why some rap embarrasses him

Will Smith shows up for his *Playboy* Interview on the Columbia Pictures lot after working all morning on *Men in Black 2*, sharing the soundstage with partner Tommy Lee Jones and a cast of wormlike, chain-smoking, coffee-drinking aliens.

It's frivolous fare compared to *Ali*, which comes out this month. *Ali* tells the epic story of *The Greatest*, including the boxer's transformation from Cassius Clay to Muhammad Ali, his decision to give up his championship belt during the prime years of his career by refusing to serve in Vietnam, and his redemption in knocking out George Foreman. It is an important role for Smith, one that might determine if he can move beyond the popcorn-picture genre and prove he is as good an actor as he says he is.

In person, Smith has a lot more in common with Muhammad Ali than *MIB's* Agent J. Like Ali ranting "I told you so" after the Sonny Liston and Foreman fights, Smith is not above boasting about the movie or himself. But despite the influence of Michael Mann, who last pulled an Oscar-nominated performance out of Russell Crowe in *The Insider*, Ali holds no guarantees for success. From *Raging Bull* to *The Hurricane*, boxing bios rarely KO the box office, certainly not

enough to justify Ali's budget of \$105 million. It's just the kind of risk the real Ali once enjoyed, and Smith relishes being in a position unfamiliar to him: the underdog.

"Ninety percent of people you ask thought this was the worst career move I ever made," Smith says. "To quote Ali, they misjudged, they miscalculated, they got it all wrong. This is the rare film that has the potential for critical acclaim and for becoming a popcorn movie at the same time. It has the most incredible boxing footage ever committed to film. You will never see an actor making films on the level I am, allowing heavyweight boxers to punch him in the face as much as I did. This is the film of the decade. Period."

Even though he's become a globally bankable movie star with irrefragable charm, the 33-year-old rapper turned actor has long been proving himself to doubters. At the age of 18, he told his parents he was skipping college to become a rap star. The industry was fledgling, its proponents mostly rapping about hard lives in the ghetto, something Smith knew nothing about. He was raised in middle-class Philadelphia in surroundings furnished by a father who owned a refrigeration business and a mother who worked for the school board.

Smith was given a year to prove himself. In that time he and partner D.J. Jazzy Jeff won rap's first Grammy Award, for *Parents Just Don't Understand*, and became one of the first rap acts to reach platinum status. Other hits followed, and the duo was touring the world and raking in the bucks, with Smith making a stylish impression in videos.

That would prove to be a saving grace for Smith, who promptly blew most of his cash on himself and his friends. He didn't spread enough of that money to the IRS, which provided a much-needed wake-up call. Luckily, the taxman wasn't the only one paging Smith. Quincy Jones and NBC thought his goofy charm might translate to television. Soon, Smith was the star of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, a hit sitcom about a kid who leaves the Philadelphia hood and heads west to live with rich relatives.

The transition to Hollywood didn't take long. Smith showed potential in the movie version of *Six Degrees of Separation*, playing Paul, the confused but charming gay hustler who appeals to the liberal guilt of a bunch of art-loving New Yorkers and cons his way into their circle, claiming he is the son of Sidney Poitier.

The next big break came with *Bad Boys*, a



"I want to be the standard. I want Tom Cruise to take movies that I turn down. I want you to have to ask Tom Cruise, 'So what does it feel like to have to wait until Will turns it down?' That is what I want one day."



"There's something cathartic about getting knocked down and standing back up. No one can train for a year and compete with a professional. But the average person on the street, I will beat the living dog crap out of."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"The images we see of Africa are from the bush. It's the same thing black people say about the news in the U.S. When something happens, the newspeople find the most ignorant black dude and put him on TV."

high-testosterone buddy action comedy that was originally crafted for Dana Carvey and Jon Lovitz but was reconfigured for Smith and fellow TV star Martin Lawrence. The film turned loose Smith's macho potential and led to a lead role in *Independence Day*. Playing jet pilot Captain Steven "Eagle" Hiller, Smith kicked alien tail with a gleeful flourish. The sci-fi spectacle grossed more than \$900 million worldwide and Smith became a box-office king. He landed subsequent roles in such diverse films as *Men in Black*, *The Legend of Bagger Vance*, *Enemy of the State* and the much-panned *Wild Wild West*. He won a couple of MTV Awards, three Blockbuster Awards and a nod as Star of the Year from ShoWest, an award bestowed by theater owners. Smith then returned to rap by providing the catchy title song to *Men in Black* and releasing *Big Willie Style*, a multiplatinum seller that hatched the hit song 'Gettin' Jiggy With It. Smith was on a fast track even if his personal life suffered from it, evidenced by the end of his three-year marriage to Sheree Zampino in 1995. He rebounded from his divorce by falling in love with actress Jada Pinkett. They married in late 1997 and had a son the following summer and a daughter last year (Smith also has a son from his first marriage).

Playboy tapped *Daily Variety* columnist Michael Fleming (who previously interviewed Kevin Spacey and Robert Downey Jr. for the magazine) to catch up with Smith at this

critical juncture in his career. Fleming reports:

"Smith arrived for the interview in light blue warm-ups, still in makeup from shooting scenes all morning. He's tall and rangy, with the easy gait and the broad shoulders of an athlete, obvious testament to the ring hardness gained from endless rounds of sparring to play Ali. Despite his busy schedule, Smith had no problem focusing on the task at hand. And, like Ali, he tends to make numerous boasts and pronouncements that somehow never leave you thinking, Wow, this guy's a jerk. Maybe that's because, like Ali, he carefully thinks about and believes what he says, and he can usually back up his bragging. Any expectation that Smith might have been tired or distracted after shooting a movie all morning dissipated immediately. 'I'm down with you, dog, till the wheels fall off,' he says as we are about to start. He means it."

PLAYBOY: You once rapped a hit song called *I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson*. After trading blows in the ring with real fighters, do you think you could handle an accomplished boxer?

SMITH: You have to spend large portions of your life doing something to be great. No one can train for a year and compete with a professional in anything. But the average person on the street, I will beat the living dog crap out of.

PLAYBOY: How did you train?

SMITH: My trainer is Darrell Foster—he trained with Sugar Ray Leonard. For the initial 14 months, his approach was not to teach me to fight like Ali. He taught me to fight, feeling that once I knew how to fight, as an actor, I'd learn how to fight like Ali. "The way we are going to do that," he said, "is that I'm going to put these gloves on, and I'm going to show you what it feels like to face a man on the other side of the ring who wants to bash your head in."

PLAYBOY: So how does it feel to get your ass kicked?

SMITH: There's something cathartic about getting knocked down and standing back up, something really animalistic that puts you in touch with the center of who you are. It's the concept of fight or flight. You really discover who you are in that 30 seconds before the bell rings, and especially in that five seconds after the first time you get clipped.

PLAYBOY: So the first time that you got knocked down, were you thinking about swinging back, or calling your agent to get you out of this?

SMITH: I didn't go down the first time I got clipped. I was hit by Michael Bentt, who plays Sonny Liston in the movie, and it was in the early days of training, just after Darrell told all the fighters to turn it up on me a notch. I kind of dipped when I should have dived, and I caught a right hand square in the center

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of my forehead. I felt an electric shock from the top of my spine down the back of both of my elbows. It was a straight right hand, and you really want to avoid right hands and left hooks. That was the first clean shot, and it woke me up. I had to decide how committed I was to becoming Muhammad Ali.

PLAYBOY: Ali came to watch you in the ring. What was that like?

SMITH: When he came down the first time, he was really excited. It was great to watch his eyes, because even at his age, he is still amazed by himself. He is looking at me, but he is really looking at himself. He told me I got him so excited that he was going to make a comeback.

PLAYBOY: You became a star by playing comic action heroes in popcorn movies. Now you're in a serious drama, playing one of the 20th century's most famous icons—while he's still alive. There are no flying saucers, no special effects. Why do it?

SMITH: I think his story is almost biblical. He is the patron saint of all colonized people, all people who suffer under cultural imperialism. He is the perfect depiction of being who you want to be, which is the universal theme that really attracted me. If his life didn't happen for real, you couldn't write it, because it would seem so phony. It's perfect. Everything he lived and the experiences he had are so rich and so close to the center of what human beings are, what poor people around the world experience emotionally and spiritually on a daily basis. I felt like there was nobody in the world who could do this but me.

PLAYBOY: That's bold.

SMITH: There are roles you are born to play. Muhammad Ali just happened to be the guy I could relate to spiritually and emotionally, down to his attraction to women.

PLAYBOY: The script is very open about Ali's affairs while he was married. Your image is of a happily married monogamous guy.

SMITH: I can relate to his appreciation of women. It's not as superficial as the common male attraction to women. The manifestation of the behavior is common, but I can relate to the depth of the attraction, because it is not sexual with him. You see him with six-year-old girls, you watch him with his daughters. He just loves female energy.

PLAYBOY: Was Ali your hero, or more your father's hero?

SMITH: My father's. There were times in my father's life when he agreed with and loved Ali, and times when he hated him.

PLAYBOY: You mean when Ali refused to fight in Vietnam?

SMITH: My father was in the Air Force, so they disagreed on that. People look at Ali and say, "Wow, he is the greatest. I really admire him." Think about what we are saying—I admire that he didn't go to Vietnam and kill strangers. We would

like to think we could all stand up and say, "Wait a minute, exactly why are you sending my 17-year-old son to Vietnam?" That before we would pick up a gun and kill a stranger, we would have some comprehension of what we were doing. But instead we say he is a revolutionary.

PLAYBOY: Ali took a stance and paid a high price: the prime of his career and his heavyweight championship belt.

SMITH: I can relate to the simplicity of that, which I think is at the center of the man. I enjoy having nice things. I will never know what I would have done in a similar situation. That is the bittersweet nature of doing this role. I love playing Ali, but I will never know if I am as great as I think I am.

PLAYBOY: You first became famous because you had a gift for rhyming. How good were Ali's poems?

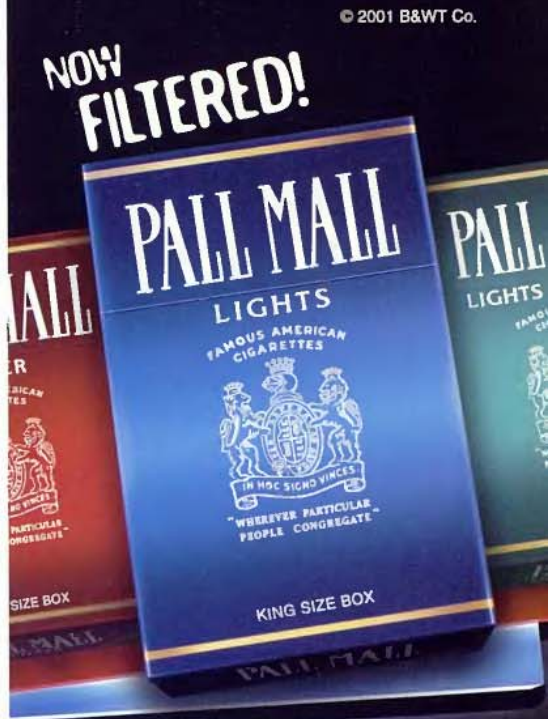
SMITH: My favorite is the one he does for the Ali-Frazier fight. I actually do it in the film. "Ali comes up and meets Frazier, but Frazier starts to retreat/and if Joe goes back any farther/he'll wind up in a ringside seat." I love that. His poems were perfect in the moment. He was a boxer, not a poet, but his poetry was so charged. And it was fun that someone could have such a cavalier attitude about fighting a killer.

PLAYBOY: In his second *Playboy Interview*, Ali claimed he had been profoundly affected by traveling to Africa to fight. You went to Africa to re-create the George Foreman fight. How did it affect you?

SMITH: Oh, man. That was truly an experience of a lifetime. Jada and I purchased a house in South Africa, and we are going to live there for a year starting in December. The experience in Africa was amazing. I had dinner with Nelson Mandela. It's weird to talk about because I haven't intellectualized it all yet. I am still living off the emotion of the experience. Africa is the best and the worst of everything that exists on this planet, the most beautiful land you will ever see in your life. So many countries in Africa were colonized by so many different people; different worlds exist within an hour of one another. You hear someone speaking French—an hour away it's Portuguese. Then there are all the tribal languages.

When I first landed in Africa, I was really pissed off that I was so ignorant and that children in America, when they say Africa, think of lions, tigers and giraffes. I got this State Department breakdown of Mozambique and Maputo, and it reads like going there is a death wish. In all my years in America I have never seen a picture of a beautiful African woman. Think about that. Have you ever seen a picture of a beautiful African woman?

PLAYBOY: Most men can probably recall being moved at a young age by photos in *National Geographic*.



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SMITH: Right, but that's a little different. We stepped off the plane in Africa, and there were a few hundred people in the airport. Some girls came running up, and I was like, Oh my God, why don't they show these in *National Geographic*? I met Miss Mozambique. She is 6'5" and, believe me, you have never seen a woman who looks like this. It felt like God's house was in Africa and he made sure everything around his house was beautiful. The images we see of Africa are from the bush. They show you the least educated, poorest people they can find to put on television. It is the same thing black people say about the news in the U.S. When something happens, the newspeople find the most ignorant black dude and put him on TV to explain it. That is exactly what happens with Africa. But let me tell you, Africa has the most beautiful women, the most beautiful landscape, the poshest hotels. I didn't even know there were cities! As dumb as that might sound, I was surprised to see that Johannesburg is like Manhattan. Clubs, restaurants. It made me angry that I didn't know. Poverty exists in Africa, the epidemic of AIDS exists, but they are isolated in the poorer areas, where the people are uneducated and don't have access to hospitals and adequate medicine. The richest and the poorest live in Africa.

PLAYBOY: Is this something you'll do for just a year or will you keep a place in Africa from now on?

SMITH: I refuse to miseducate my children in the way that I was miseducated. My oldest son is eight, and when I talked to him about Africa, he asked, "Did you see any giraffes, Daddy?" We will go there for a year and I will put him in school and we will experience the continent.

PLAYBOY: Back to Ali. Another reason that you seem right to play him is your confidence.

SMITH: And I am so pretty.

PLAYBOY: Pretty, charming and confident, way back to when you started your acting career. Ali was that way from the beginning. Is all this a way to mask fear and insecurity?

SMITH: In his case, part of it was to convince himself. He mastered psychological warfare. When you say you are the greatest enough times, you believe it and other people believe it. Then you have to prove it and live up to being the greatest. I think a large part of it was to fuel himself.

PLAYBOY: What about you? You became the star of *The Fresh Prince* when you had never acted before.

SMITH: I never had any question that I was great.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you a little terrified?

SMITH: I had made videos and was no stranger to the camera, but the dialogue was brand new and it took me time to figure it out. Jada made a point the oth-

er night that really stuck with me. She said I was brilliantly naive, and I honestly believe that's exactly what I am. I think I could be the president of the U.S. if I really wanted to. Someone with a political background might say, "No, you can't—you didn't do this or that." But that person had better hope I don't decide that's what I want to do next. That attitude was never more obvious than on *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. I was so naive that I wasn't really nervous. The night before the first reading, I remember sitting in my house. I had DirecTV, with like 999 channels, and I'm flipping through and watching show after show, all these different people. It just dawned on me that, considering all the people I was seeing on TV, the law of averages would not allow me to be the worst. A betting man would wager I'd be somewhere in the middle. So at worst, right away I'm better than half of all the people on TV. Now, I'm not dumb. I've performed and been onstage, so that has to be worth a couple of percentage points. That puts me at the point of being better than 65 percent of all people on TV. I know I'm surrounded by a very good cast, and directors and producers who know what they're doing. That's worth another nine or 10 percent. I learned from my father that a huge part of success is a willingness to work, so I made it a point to learn every single word of dialogue in the script. While I waited my turn, I'd mouth everyone else's lines. It took about six episodes for somebody to notice and say something, because you tend to look at the person who's talking. But if you ever watch reruns of the show, you'll probably see me doing it.

PLAYBOY: Did you really believe that confidence formula you'd worked out, even though you were a newcomer to acting?

SMITH: I always felt that if anybody could do it, I could, simply based on the fact that, within 10 or 15 percent differential for intellect or physicality, we are all similarly talented. What makes us different is who wants it more. The greatest strength I have is that I am a terminator. Period. Once I say I'm going to do something, there are two options. I am going to do it, or I am going to be dead. I made up a saying, and when I said it to my wife, she didn't like it. But I am going to let the world decide: Success is baked by a chef named obsession. That is how I feel. I am one of the most obsessive people you will ever meet. I absolutely will not lose at anything. If you beat me, rest assured the best person in the world will be on a plane tomorrow to teach me how to do it better.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

SMITH: My father taught me how to play chess when I was seven, and rarely do I run into somebody who beats me. On *Enemy of the State*, this old dude beat me bad. The next day I found a chess master to train me for the next three months



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so I could beat that dude before the movie was over.

PLAYBOY: And you beat him?

SMITH: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Did you get your work ethic from your father?

SMITH: Yes. He owned a refrigeration business, you know those long freezer cases you see in supermarkets? We installed those, and we had an ice company, manufacturing those big bags of ice. As soon as I could drive, say from age 15 to 18, I practically ran the business myself. There is one thing that I remember most about my father. I might have been about 13, and we went into the basement of a supermarket where he had to fix a compressor. A supermarket basement is just about the nastiest place in the world, maybe four times worse than a dirty movie theater floor, for comparison's sake. We go down there, our feet sticking to the floor, and I see this rat lying right where we need to be. This thing had eaten d-Con, which essentially burns its insides out and kills it. From the front it looked OK, but the rat's stomach and back legs were burned away. With his bare hand, my father tried to move it but it was stuck. So he yanked on it, tore it loose and flipped it out of the way. Then he put his head down on the floor where the rat was, to do his work. Let me tell you, I never complained, from that day forward, about doing what I had to do to feed my family.

PLAYBOY: Despite your star power and the prestigious movies director Michael Mann has made, *Ali* almost fell apart, and only was made when you and he took responsibility for the budget. Studios feared that a historical film about a black man wouldn't draw audiences in some foreign territories. How did you feel about that?

SMITH: A hundred million dollars is a lot of money. In the past, these types of films have been difficult for studios. Michael Mann and I put our fees in to augment the budget and show our commitment to the project. We also showed our commitment in other ways. We all decided early on that while getting injured

would be difficult for production, if we didn't deliver real boxing, it would be on film for the rest of our lives, and our kids and grandkids and Muhammad Ali would see it. We decided there would be no movie fighting. In this movie, we are fighting, punching, everybody is getting hit. We started with the headgear so everybody could get used to what it feels like.

I injured my thumb in the first six months of training. The doctor said I broke it, and that hyped me up. It felt like commitment to me. I liked that I was punching people and my thumb was hurting. This film was the most difficult thing I have ever done, to the point that I had to stop in the middle of the day

SMITH: Cary Grant was rounded enough emotionally to be in any kind of film, and that's the kind of career I am searching for. Right now Tom Hanks is the man, and there's Julia Roberts, Denzel, Tom Cruise. The bottom line is the ability to perform in the role and take people where you want them to go.

PLAYBOY: Compare yourself with guys like Cruise, Hanks and Mel Gibson. Is there a quality you have that these guys don't?

SMITH: Of the guys who are really funny, most of them probably wouldn't have fit in *Bad Boys*. Most of the really brilliant dramatic actors wouldn't have fit in *Men in Black 2*. What I'm working toward is diversity. Tom Hanks' career, plus action movies, is what I'm shooting for. I don't

view myself as going against white actors. I want to do a role that that person wanted to get. I want to be the standard. I want Tom Cruise to take movies that I turn down. I want you to have to ask Tom Cruise, "So what does it feel like to have to wait until Will turns it down?" That is what I want one day. I want you to have to ask Tom Hanks, "If Will turns down the next whatever, will you take it?"

PLAYBOY: Do you have leading-man looks? You have described your face as a car with the doors open, because of your prominent ears.

SMITH: I'm comfortable with the way I look. I do have prominent ears, but women love them, they like the way they stick out. I did have to pin them back to play Ali.

PLAYBOY: How, as a director, does Michael Mann broach the subject that his star's ears don't work for the role?

SMITH: Michael Mann doesn't pull punches on anything, ever. He just says, they have to go. They made this prosthetic mold and put it on the backs of my ears. It took an hour and a half each day, but it made my ears less noticeable.

PLAYBOY: What part of your acting repertoire haven't we seen yet?

SMITH: Romance. There is a little romance in *Ali*. I haven't been in a real romantic scene yet.

PLAYBOY: You had a passionate scene with Anthony Michael Hall in *Six Degrees*—

SMITH: [Laughs hard] That is the only love

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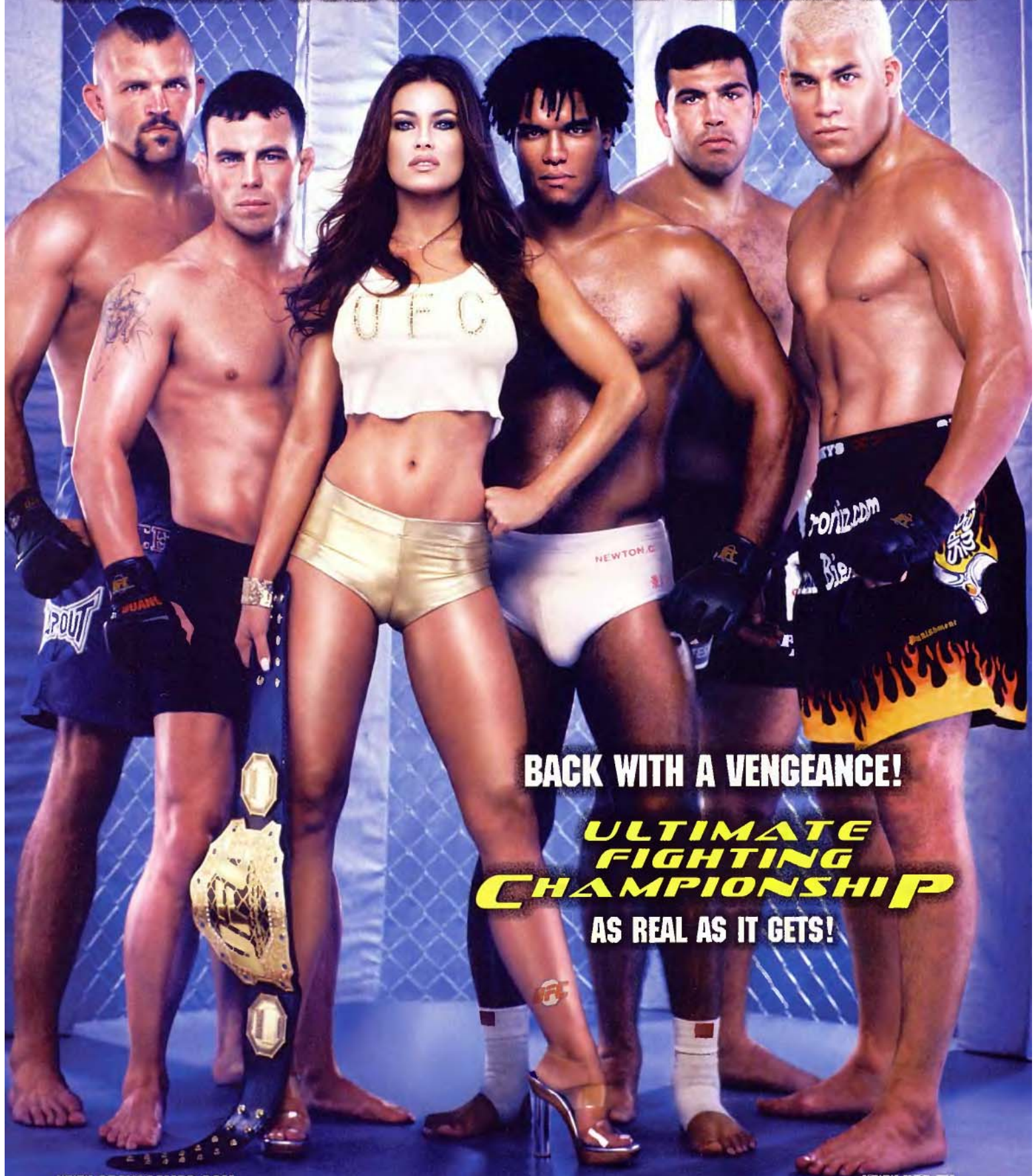
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scene I have ever had. I'd like to show I can do more than that!

PLAYBOY: How did you go from playing the Fresh Prince to a gay con artist?

SMITH: *Six Degrees* was the hardest I ever had to work to get something. John Guare authored the play and the adaptation. He had worked onstage with three or four actors he loved. He wasn't enjoying the concept of bringing someone in and teaching him, all over again, who Paul was. He kept saying, "I don't want to meet him, I don't need to, I have my cast." But finally, after six months, he came to the set of *Fresh Prince*. He walked into my dressing room, saw I had a picture of Run DMC next to one of Mao, and he said, "Oh my God, you're him, you're Paul!" I never read a piece of dialogue. He said, "You get it!" He hugged me, said he was so excited because he never thought there was a chance it would work. I'm sitting there thinking, Man, I'm brilliant.

PLAYBOY: That proved the easy part. What was the hardest thing about that movie?

SMITH: It was the fact I had never taken myself psychologically to that place before. I hadn't really mastered the craft. I would go 48 hours as Paul—I wouldn't come out of character. You do that a few times in a 10-day stretch, your lines of reality begin to blur. I'd speak like Paul and not realize it and people would say,

"Why are you still talking that way?"

PLAYBOY: Despite that, you didn't want to do the gay kissing scene. If you were faced with that situation now, would you do things differently?

SMITH: *Six Degrees* was the film that proved I was an actor. If I took that role now, that scene would prove my commitment to the part. But back then, people didn't look at me as an actor. I was a rapper who was acting, and I felt I had things to protect. Now I protect my integrity as an actor, but back then I thought, How can I make a rap album after they've seen me kissing this white dude? What annoyed them was that I didn't make it known before I took the film, and if I felt this way, I shouldn't have done the movie. I agree with that. But I also have to say that's the best performance I had given in a movie—until *Ali*. *Ali* blows everything else I've done right out of the water.

PLAYBOY: You first asked Barry Sonnenfeld, who directed you in both *Men in Black* movies and in *Wild Wild West*, to do *Ali*. Then *Wild Wild West* came out and was a flop. *Ali* languished until Michael Mann stepped in. Did you and Barry need a break after *Wild Wild West* proved to be a disappointment?

SMITH: No. There were script issues, and at that point I didn't want to make *Ali*. I was petrified by the concept of playing *Ali*. I knew how much it would cost and

I didn't know if it would ever come together. Barry took another movie, and during that time I met Michael Mann. He said, "If you were going to do *Ali*, here is what I think you should do." It was the first time I was inspired by the potential. *Ali* is a half-court hook shot at the buzzer and Michael Mann hit all net. When those shots go in, people go berserk, scream at the top of their lungs. It is the film of the decade. Period. The excitement and action of *Heat*, the depth and interpersonal relationships of *The Insider*, the epic quality of *The Last of the Mohicans*. Michael Mann's mind and soul and heart were working on all cylinders on *Ali*, and I was his tool.


PLAYBOY: A couple of questions about *Wild Wild West*.

SMITH: Everybody has at least one, man.

PLAYBOY: *Wild Wild West* was an expensive disappointment. When did you realize you were in trouble?

SMITH: Probably at the press junket, after the reporters had seen the film. I have a fairly good relationship with the media, so a lot of guys who rip other people kind of take it easy on me. You always know by the first question. After *Ali*, people will ask, What was it like portraying a man that great? On *Wild Wild West*, the first question was, So, are you working on *Men in Black 2*?

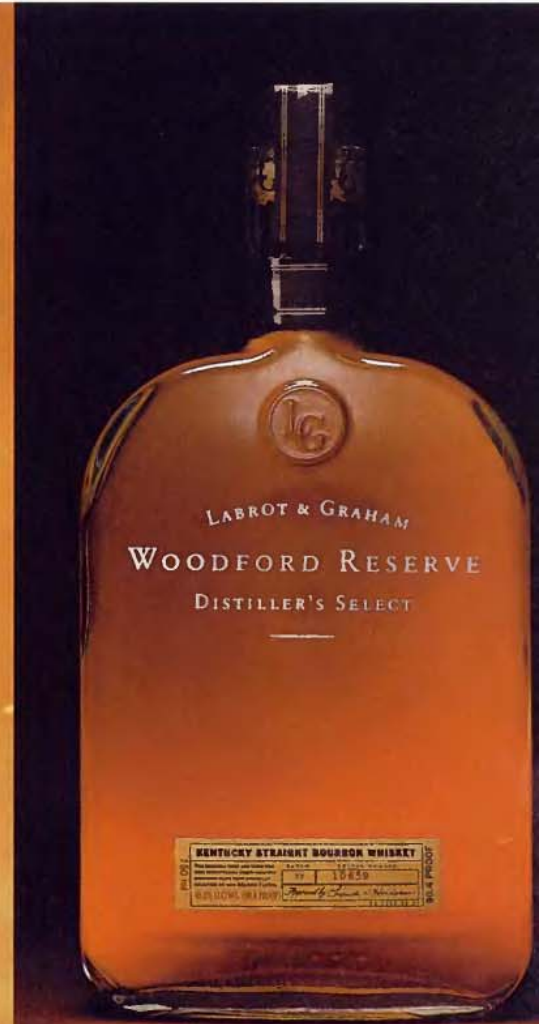
PLAYBOY: The measure of a fighter is what he does the moment he's knocked



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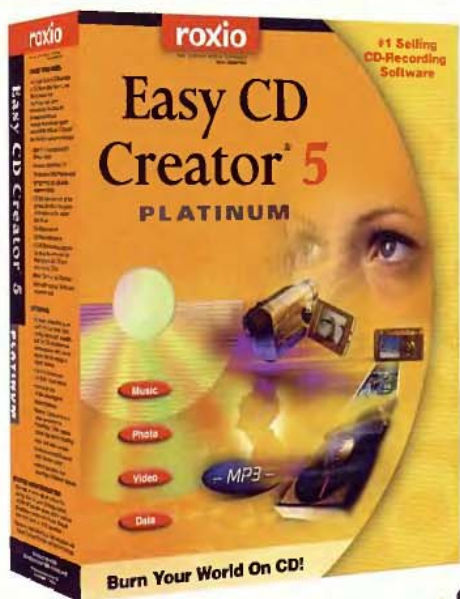
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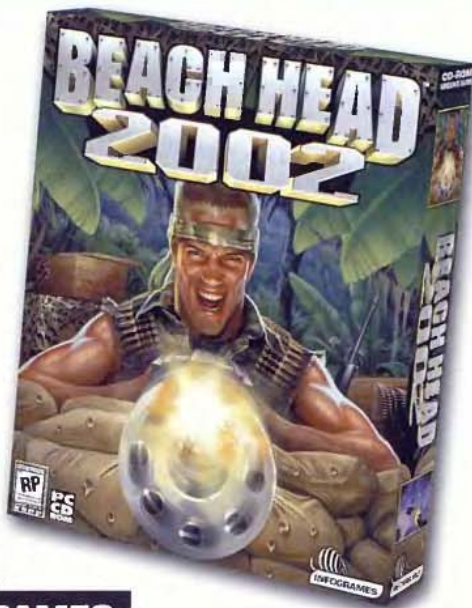



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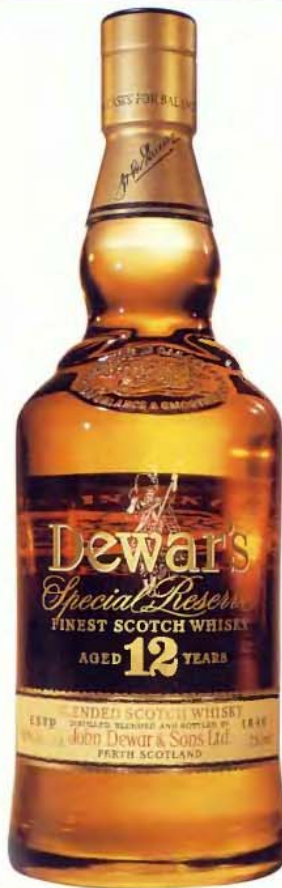




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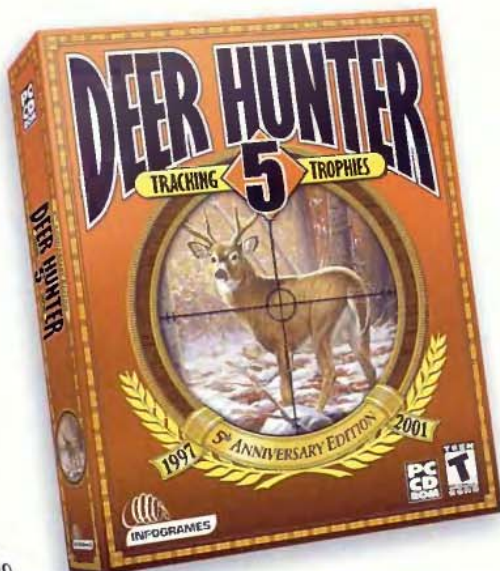
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down the first time. How did you handle your first big movie failure?

SMITH: The thing that made it really bitter was I knew the movie wasn't good. *Six Degrees of Separation* didn't make any money either, but it was a great film. *Wild Wild West* ended up making money, but I knew the movie was bad, and that's what hurts me. My fans and I have an unspoken understanding that I don't put out no dookie. I don't make wack movies, and people come out in droves the first weekend and make me look like a big star. *Wild Wild West* had a \$52 million opening weekend, number one movie, and it killed me because I knew it was wack. I felt like I had cheated my fans.

PLAYBOY: When you moved from being a rapper to starring in a good-natured sitcom like *Fresh Prince*, did you worry about being perceived as a sellout?

SMITH: Not really. I got broken in really early in the world of rap. There were always people who said my music was soft, that it wasn't real rap. My skin was toughened enough to laugh at that type of aspersion. And *Fresh Prince* reflects pretty much the core of my personality. The level of goofiness I exude in that show matches the level I exude daily with my kids and my family. I am very silly, and that show is an accurate depiction of how it is 80 percent of the time you spend with Will Smith. I'm 33, and I was 21 or 22 then. I've matured, but there's not that big a difference.

PLAYBOY: Do you let your son listen to rappers whose songs degrade women or celebrate violence?

SMITH: I listened to Eddie Murphy's comedy albums when I was growing up. I think the dynamic that needs to exist is that parents tell kids they are not allowed to listen to something, and then the kids sneak and listen to it. You create the moral groundwork for your children, knowing that they have to stray, that they have to live as who they are. You never say this to your kids, but that's the approach I'm taking. So I tell my son he's not allowed to listen, but in the back of my mind I am hoping he does.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the hard-edged rap being made now? Could you see yourself doing that kind of music?

SMITH: I have to live as who I am. I create the music that's in my heart. I talk about the things I feel, and I am in a position that a lot of guys aren't in. I don't have to rap for money. I make what I want the way I want to make it. It's hard for me to outwardly condemn people for trying to feed their families.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned with some of the messages in these songs?

SMITH: The bottom line is that a lot of people who have been blessed with this forum aren't really smart. I have educated myself beyond a lot of my peers in the rap world, and, more than anything, here's my beef: I understand what you are saying and what you feel, but the

world is bigger than what you are rapping about. Just rap about more topics in your world. You mean to tell me, all day long, all you do is smoke blunts, have sex and kill people? You never do anything else? You have never one time in your life really liked somebody, never been soft and acted spun-out over some girl? You never sat outside some girl's house hoping she isn't with somebody when she comes home? Let me hear that story.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that too much rap is one-sided?

SMITH: Absolutely. We were in a village in Mozambique. Jay-Z and Tupac were scribbled on the walls of a shack with no running water and no electricity. Rap music is black America's contribution to the world, and that is who people around the world think black Americans are. They represent me. I have less of a problem with Eminem. He is really creative but so far over the top that it's clearly a farce. Eminem isn't trying to make people believe that's really how he lives his life every day. Eminem is silly, having a good time, and he doesn't affect my community.

PLAYBOY: Whose work do you most admire?

SMITH: There are a lot of guys underground who have skills, but Jay-Z is the most talented mainstream hip-hop lyricist. I just think there are more topics he could explore. He is smart, so I know he will.

PLAYBOY: *Independence Day* was a gigantic hit, but with the exception of *Star Wars* starring Harrison Ford, these films almost never make superstars of their actors. Did you know you would become a big star because of that film?

SMITH: Not at all. I knew it would be fun, just reading the script. After the movie's Super Bowl commercial in which the White House blew up and it said, "Enjoy the Super Bowl, it might be your last," I knew it would be big.

PLAYBOY: You were paid a bit more than \$1 million for a movie that made \$900 million. Did you feel cheated?

SMITH: The benefit for me is that I had already come through the music business, so I knew that it all balances out. You make a smaller fee for *Independence Day*, one that isn't comparable to your contribution, but you make way too much money for *Bagger Vance*. Eddie Murphy told me, "It's a marathon, man, it's not a sprint. Settle down."

PLAYBOY: In *The Legend of Bagger Vance*, some were surprised that you would play second banana to Matt Damon, and there was criticism that your character was subservient.

SMITH: I loved what *Bagger Vance* turned out to be, simple concepts that are similar to the concepts I believe about life. I love the analogy to golf. I play golf a lot. The Hindu principles of life are not unlike how I approach situations. The bot-

tom line is, once you get started after you hit that first ball, no matter where it goes, you have to hit it again.

PLAYBOY: Compared with being punched repeatedly in a boxing ring, was one appeal of *Bagger Vance* the chance to play golf all day?

SMITH: Oh God, yes. I made entirely too much money for *Bagger Vance*. I would have paid to do *Bagger Vance*. My manager is going to hate it if you print this, but I have never had that much fun making a movie, ever.

PLAYBOY: You were raised by strict parents in Philadelphia who had dreams that you'd graduate from college. How tough was it, at the age of 18, to tell them you weren't going?

SMITH: It was toughest for my mom. She'd spent that year setting everything up. My high school years were really tough on my mom, because I was a chronic B student who did absolutely nothing. I don't think I did one night of homework as a senior, and I still got Bs and graduated. I worked out a formula after being told that my homework would be 10 percent of the grade. I decided I'd get As on all my tests, but I didn't feel like doing homework. If I got As everywhere else, I would get a 90. If I got Bs, that's an 80, and still a B. My mother hated that I would let my mind go to all that trouble to figure out how to get a B.

PLAYBOY: Did she let up after giving you a year and watching you succeed?

SMITH: We made it big, won the first Grammy ever for rap. My parents said they wanted me to go back to school after a year, but by then we had gone to London, recorded an album and signed a record deal. My mother still tells me, "You going back, baby." Then she says, "Oh listen, I just love that new-model Mercedes."

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that you don't have a college degree?

SMITH: Yes. I wouldn't change anything about my life, because if you change one thing you change everything. But I just hate that there is a scholar in me and it almost feels like I'm wasting a part of myself. I know that making movies and music and entertainment is just a pit stop on the way to my true greatness. I want to be so much beyond what I am doing.

PLAYBOY: What is that?

SMITH: I want the world to be better because I was here. In the past year, I have been with probably the two best-known figures in the world, Muhammad Ali and Nelson Mandela. Just being around those guys made me feel like, God, I suck. I am nothing. I mean absolutely nothing, and the bad part is that I have the power and the potential to be everything. I can make some big changes with the number of people who know me around the world, who respect how I

(continued on page 171)

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as
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as
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JOHN F.
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as
The Moudeman

SHARON
STONE



as
Slenda Starr

GARY
HART



as
The Commodore

Americans love a good political sex scandal. Between accusations leveled at Thomas Jefferson for maintaining a “Congo harem” at Monticello (true, as it turns out) and the evasions of Gary “The Dodger” Condit (there aren’t many sentences linking that pair), there is a long, unbroken chain of sexual couplings festooned with garlands of rumor, gossip and lawsuits. So it’s no surprise that politicians behave like the B-list actors they rub shoulders with in the “National Enquirer.” It’s said that Washington is Hollywood for ugly people. We have presidents consorting with celebrities, and starry-eyed interns from California bringing a relaxed West Coast take on sex to the District of Columbia. The only problem is that the girls are more naive than battle-hardened starlets. And while Russell Crowe knows how to bag ’em and cut ’em loose, a low-level congressman like Condit doesn’t have a (text continued on page 172)



THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Did George Washington sleep here, there and everywhere? If you like circumstantial evidence, it seems he did. First, begin with the obvious. George was tall, handsome and powerful. One lady wrote in her diary of her "womanly admiration" of his "noble exterior," which is the 1776 equivalent of "He makes me wet." Second, the morals of his time and class inflicted few penalties on a man who took lovers. Third, when he married Martha, she was a plump widow with two difficult children. She was also the richest woman in Virginia. (Oh—that!) George may have been her trophy husband.

In addition, history has left us lines to read between. In 1780, for example, Washington and his aides "frolicked" with a rich widow, Mrs. Prevost, and some "fair refugees" from New York for four days. Heroic rebel officers and cute, lonely women—you connect the dots. Another likely paramour is Kitty Greene, the young, pretty wife of General Nathaniel Greene. Kitty was the Pamela Des Borres of the revolution, enjoying flings with Hamilton, Burr,

ONE LADY WROTE IN HER DIARY OF HER "WOMANLY ADMIRATION" OF HIS "NOBLE EXTERIOR," WHICH IS THE 1776 EQUIVALENT OF "HE MAKES ME WET."

Kościuszko, Lafayette, Steuben and Mad Anthony Wayne. Could she have missed the big man? Nah.

Another lady in George's orbit is Peggy Shippen. Shippen remained behind American lines when her traitorous husband Benedict Arnold fled to the British. She is credited by some with artfully convincing the Americans of her innocence with a show of distress. The beautiful Tory girl was observed at headquarters "practically naked, shouting that she had a hot iron on her head, and that no one but General Washington could take it off." When Washington—first in war, first in peace, and certainly first in hot iron removals—went to her bedroom, she pulled back the bedclothes, "revealing her charms." Was George chomping in return?

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WHAT KILLED WARREN G. HARDING?

Right after his wife learned that he had a mistress (he actually had two, squeezed around orgies he attended at a crony's home), the president went on a western swing. After Harding nearly collapsed making a speech, he went to San Francisco. His physician, Dr. Charles Sawyer, first blamed it on food poisoning, then pneumonia. When Harding crapped out in the Palace Hotel, docs said it was a cerebral hemorrhage. But his wife, who was alone with him when he died, forbade an autopsy and burned all his letters. Months later she entered Dr. Sawyer's sanatorium; a little more than a year later, Sawyer died—under circumstances reminiscent of Harding's death.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LASCIVIOUS LETTERS?

While Martha Washington was said to have destroyed most of Washington's correspondence, J.P. Morgan's library managed to acquire some letters a century later. However, Morgan's librarian burned them on the grounds they were "smutty."

WHO'S MENTIONED IN BOB PACKWOOD'S 8200-PAGE DIARY?

The Oregon senator faced multiple sexual harassment accusations in 1992. The Senate Ethics Committee seized his diary, which observed two decades of sexual encounters with staffers and colleagues—and the bed hopping of senators and representatives. Packwood resigned before the information became public.

WAS ELLEN ROMETSCH A SPY?

A beautiful call girl, Rometsch serviced John F. Kennedy—until he had her deported. Turned out she once worked for the leader of communist East Germany. When the Senate tried to investigate what might have been a breach of security, Bobby Kennedy had J. Edgar Hoover push to drop the hearings.

WHO SCRATCHED BILL CLINTON'S FACE?

One Saturday night in 1993 Clinton entertained Sharon Stone and other celebs in a hotel room. Sunday night, Hillary returned to D.C. from a 16-day vigil with her dying father. On Monday, the press ran reports about the weekend soiree with the slender star. On Tuesday, Clinton had what looked like long fingernail scratches on his face. On Wednesday, his spin doctors pinned it on a shaving accident. Or wrestling with Chelsea.

WHO DID PAULA PARKINSON TAPE HAVING SEX WITH HER?

The busy D.C. lobbyist's 1980 appearance in PLAYBOY led to the rumor that she had videotaped herself engaged in a personal act of persuasion with a congressman. The assumption was that her partner was Representative Tom Evans, with whom she acknowledged having an affair. But was it? And was he the only one?

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WASHINGTON INSIDER

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HOW TO HANDLE ACCUSATIONS

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Admit them: "Whatever you do, tell the truth."—*Grover Cleveland to his campaign manager after he was accused of fathering a child out of wedlock*

Deny them: "I did not have sexual relations with that woman."—*Bill Clinton, regarding his friend-in-fellatio Monica Lewinsky*

Parse them: "I haven't done anything that I regard as unfaithful to my wife, the only woman I have had coital sex with in the 20 years we've been married."—*Senator Chuck Robb*

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"I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet mouth/Oh! My red-lipped, sun-browned sweetheart, dark-eyed daughter of the South."—*Lines from a love poem by Herbert Hoover*

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will be assailed?"—*Woodrow Wilson in a letter to his wife*

"It is a good thing I am not a woman—I would always be pregnant. I can't say no."—*Warren G. Harding*

CONGRESSIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS

"I'm serious. Anyone who wants to put a tail on me, go ahead. They'd be very bored."—*Senator Gary Hart*

"You can always teach 'em to type, but you can't teach 'em to grow tits."—*Representative Charles Wilson of Texas on why he hired beautiful women as secretaries*

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"I'll always love you. I . . . I . . . God, feel such super love for you. By the way, the newsletter should start arriving."—*Then-Representative Don Riegle of Michigan, while having sex with a staffer, who was secretly tape-recording him*

"I've not been a perfect man, and I've made my share of mistakes."—*Gary Condit*

"I see Kennedy has changed his position on offshore drilling."—*Senator Howell Heflin, after seeing a photo in the National Enquirer of Ted Kennedy on top of a woman in a boat*

Extremely important former congressman and author seeks escape from third marriage. Looking for nubile assistant to test-drive relationship with eye to forming deeper contract. Box #6065

ALL THE WAY WITH JFK

"I get a migraine headache if I don't get a strange piece of ass every day."—*JFK*



INTIMATE CONNECTIONS MEN'S ROOM LIVE!

"All I will say is that I was Frank's pimp and Frank was Jack's. It sounds terrible now but then it was a lot of fun."—*Peter Lawford, speaking of salad days with Sinatra and JFK*

"I want her name and number. We may avert war tonight."—*JFK during the Cuban missile crisis, asking Defense Secretary Robert McNamara for a secretary's number*

"Would you please shop around and see who these belong to? They're not my size."—*Jackie Kennedy to JFK about a pair of panties she found in her bed*

WHAT THEIR LOVERS SAY

"Lyndon looked at me like I was an ice-cream cone on a hot day."—*Madeleine Brown, who claims she had a 20-year affair with Johnson and bore him a son*

"He ate pussy like a champ. I'd have to say, 'Whoa, boy, come on up here.'"—*Gennifer Flowers*

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

YOU: Starry-eyed young thing with a taste for apples. ME: Biggest fruit lover in the Senate. YOU: Into old cats. ME: One of the oldest old cats. Let's make like Adam and Eve! Box #7125

NEED YOUR PARTY LINE TOWED? ALWAYS LIVE ALWAYS HOT

the CURSE of CLINTON

DAN BURTON (R-Ind.)

Early in 1998 Burton, darling of the Christian Coalition, called Clinton a scumbag. In September the champion of family values is forced to admit that an extramarital affair resulted in an out-of-wedlock child.

HELEN CHENOWETH (R-Idaho)

In a 1998 campaign ad the Christian conservative harpy calls for Clinton's resignation, saying, "I believe that personal conduct and integrity do matter." Days later, she admits to an affair with a married man: "I've asked for God's forgiveness, and I've received it."

HENRY HYDE (R-Ill.)

While Hyde, head of the House Judiciary Committee, planned impeachment hearings against Clinton, news broke that he, too, had had an extramarital affair. Though 41 at the time of the fling, he blows it off as a "youthful indiscretion."

BOB BARR (R-Ga.)

A staunch pro-lifer, Barr called for Clinton's impeachment before anyone knew about Monica Lewinsky. Subsequently, news leaked out that his second wife—who believed he was cheating on her with a woman who would be wife number three—filed an affidavit that said he paid for an abortion she had in 1983.

GARY CONDIT (D-Calif.)

Condit was an early Democratic critic of Clinton's obfuscation during the Lewinsky scandal, calling it the "drip, drip, drip theory" of coming clean. Fast-forward to 2001, with a tight-lipped Condit eating his words.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Call him Big Bill's hex on us all. Hail to the chief!



NAME STATESMAN THAT

1.) What is the only condom to be named after a U.S. president? (A) Rough Rider (B) Old Hickory (C) Andrew Johnson (D) The Great Emancipator

2.) Historians have three explanations for George Washington's death. Which of the following has not been presented? (A) He caught cold while riding his horse when it was snowing. (B) He caught cold after an assignation with an overseer's wife in the Mount Vernon gardens on a chilly afternoon. (C) He caught cold while visiting a beauty in his slave quarters. (D) He was knocked out cold during an altercation at the Cherry Tree bordello.

3.) What is Gary Condit's nickname among colleagues and staffers in Washington? (A) Mr. Blow Job (B) Mr. Blow-dry (C) Mr. Blow-up Doll (D) Mr. Geez-I-Blew-It-This Time

4.) James Buchanan, our only unmarried president, had a 23-year friendship with William Rufus King, our only unmarried vice president. How did insiders refer to King? (A) Bill (B) Miss Nancy (C) Mr. Vice President (D) The First Lady

5.) What is President James Garfield's major distinction? (A) He freed the slaves. (B) He defeated the Mexicans at Iwo Jima. (C) He was the first president to use an indoor crapper in the White House. (D) He was the first president known to have cheated on his wife.

6.) To help him remember the good times they all had together, Peter Lawford took photos of JFK and Marilyn Monroe. What were they doing? (A) Playing touch football on the beach. (B) Wearing Castro beards to a Halloween party. (C) Discussing nuclear disarmament with Adlai Stevenson. (D) Marilyn was fellingating Jack in a bathtub.

7.) Gary "Commodore" Hart may have blustered his way

through the exposure of his private life had not a photo emerged of the comely Donna Rice sitting on Hart's lap while they were aboard a yacht. What was the name of the yacht?

(A) Dashed Hopes (B) Crushed Dreams (C) Monkey Business (D) Titanic Ego

8.) How did South Carolina Congressman John Jenrette and his wife, Rita, distinguish themselves during their short tenure in Washington in the late Seventies and early Eighties?

(A) They opened a soup kitchen for Washington's homeless. (B) They opened up a swingers' club in the Capitol basement. (C) They threw the best Super Bowl party in town. (D) They fucked on the steps of the Capitol.

9.) A not entirely credible witness has said that in the Fifties, she observed FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover playing a gay sex game. What was the game?

(A) He dressed in drag, and while one leather boy read from the Bible, another diddled Hoover. (B) He dressed as John Dillinger, while two naked junior G-men blew him away. (C) He dressed as Ethel Rosenberg, and the boys whispered atomic secrets while stripping. (D) Name That Show Tune

10.) Dwight D. Eisenhower fell in love with the beautiful driver of his staff car, Kay Summersby, during WWII. How did he refer to her when among friends?

(A) "A cute little jeep with a tight gearbox" (B) "Private Parts" (C) "A double-breasted GI with a built-in foothole" (D) "Tina Turner"



CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

SCANDALS & SCOUNDRELS

FROM: JOHN DEAN

SUBJECT: UNTIL WATERGATE, THE MEDIA BLINKED AT 200 YEARS OF CAPITAL SHENANIGANS

SYNOPSIS:

It's doubtful we will ever know the true nature of Congressman Gary Condit's relationship with Chandra Levy. Maybe it was simply a fling for him that turned into a nightmare when his "good friend" disappeared, the victim of a random crime. Or maybe it was something far more sinister, a fatal attraction in more ways than one. While Levy's situation is a tragedy, Condit finds himself a part of the latest Washington sex scandal.

Condit is old enough to remember that the news media once ignored or killed information about the sex lives of public officials before these stories became political scandals. This may explain why he is so outraged at the media's pursuit of his sex life. In fact, I discovered that from the late 1890s until after Watergate, in 1974, there was near silence in the Washington press corps and the national news media about the peccadilloes of Washington officials.

For more than 70 years the news media went out of their way to avoid reporting on sexual indiscretions. They reported on indiscretions only when they were impossible to avoid. Thus, when one of Utah's first two senators, Arthur Brown, was fatally shot by his mistress in a Washington hotel room in 1906, the press couldn't avoid her trial for murder. However, the proceedings in the courtroom were far more lurid than anything in the newspapers. Likewise, the press overlooked President Warren Harding's extramarital affairs until after his death and, even then, much of the mainstream press ignored the book by his mistress Nan Britton, published in 1927.

This reticence to report private matters left countless Washington sex scandals buried. They might never have been exhumed from their archival resting places had Watergate not triggered a change in the rules. Others wiser than me can decide if our history is truly better off digging out details of FDR's affairs with Lucy Mercer and Missy LeHand, Eleanor Roosevelt's relationships with cigar-smoking lesbians Nancy Cook and Lorena "Hick" Hickok, Ike's impotence with his pretty World War II Irish jeep driver, Kay Summersby, (continued on page 196)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED DATE



ELIZABETH RAY



KAY SUMMERSBY



WILBUR MILLS + FANNE FOXE



Love, Tempest Storm



ANNE MARIE SMITH



BLAZE STARR



Thinking of You! Gene Tierney



XAVIERA HOLLANDER

40... considerable information concerning sex parties which took place at the Hotel Carlyle in NYC, and in which a number of persons participated at different times. Among those mentioned were the following individuals:

- ROBERT F. KENNEDY
- JOHN F. KENNEDY
- PETER LAFFORD
- MARILYN MONROE

b7c

169



"Hey, it's beginning to feel a lot like Christmas!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GUIDO ARGENTINI

here's a place
that remembers
when business
travel was fun



Hotel Deluxe

Before the economic downturn, a guy could go out of town on business, fly comfortably upgraded, enjoy meals cooked by Daniel Boulud and treat everyone at the table to a Knicks game and extended nightcaps at Scores. It was a time of good fellowship and promising business alliances. When it came time to file your expense report, you did your best to reconstruct the expenditures, most of which were cash. But the guys in accounting weren't worried. Their motto:

No receipts? No problem.

Then everything changed.

Suddenly we were getting memos from the boss saying he had to sign off on all travel plans and that he now required a note detailing our expected expenses and their likelihood of producing additional revenue. How can you describe a party in those terms?

Given this dreary business landscape, we were delighted to find a little hotel where the business traveler comes first.









ere we see the sort of amenities still available to the weary downsized business traveler. Towels—as many as you need—are handed to you by a member of the Hotel Deluxe housekeeping staff. And she would be happy to draw your bath and personally make sure that the temperature is to your liking. She will stick around to perform an amusing tableau—which doesn't show up as a now-disallowed cable movie charge.







THERE'S MORE HOTEL SEX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

BEYOND VIAGRA

say hello to gene therapy
and the promise of easier
and better erections

article by michael parrish

FOR ALL its success in thwarting impotence, Viagra still has several shortcomings. It works for only 50 percent to 75 percent of men, for example, and its side effects can include headaches, flushes, dyspepsia and blue-tinged vision. Heart patients taking drugs such as nitroglycerin are warned to avoid it. And then there's the strategic planning required. Those romantic moments of spontaneous lust that make life so grand are hard to come by while waiting for the capsule to kick in.

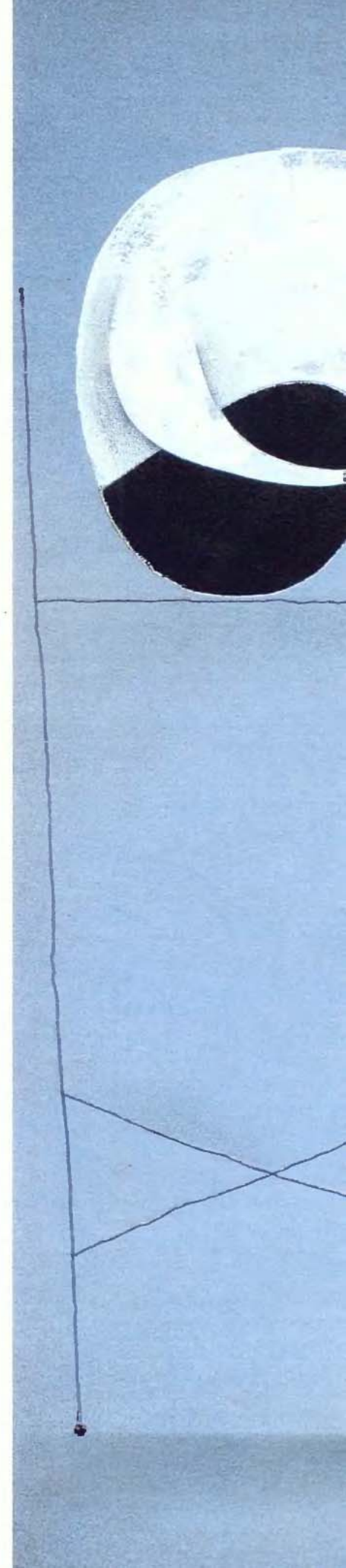
Wouldn't it be a lot less trouble to get your sex life tuned up every six months in a quick visit to your doctor? In terms of sex, the basic idea of gene therapy is to prime the penis by infusing it with an extra dose of genes—like the genes already present—that are key to producing erections. When a romantic occasion arises, so will you. No muss, no fuss.

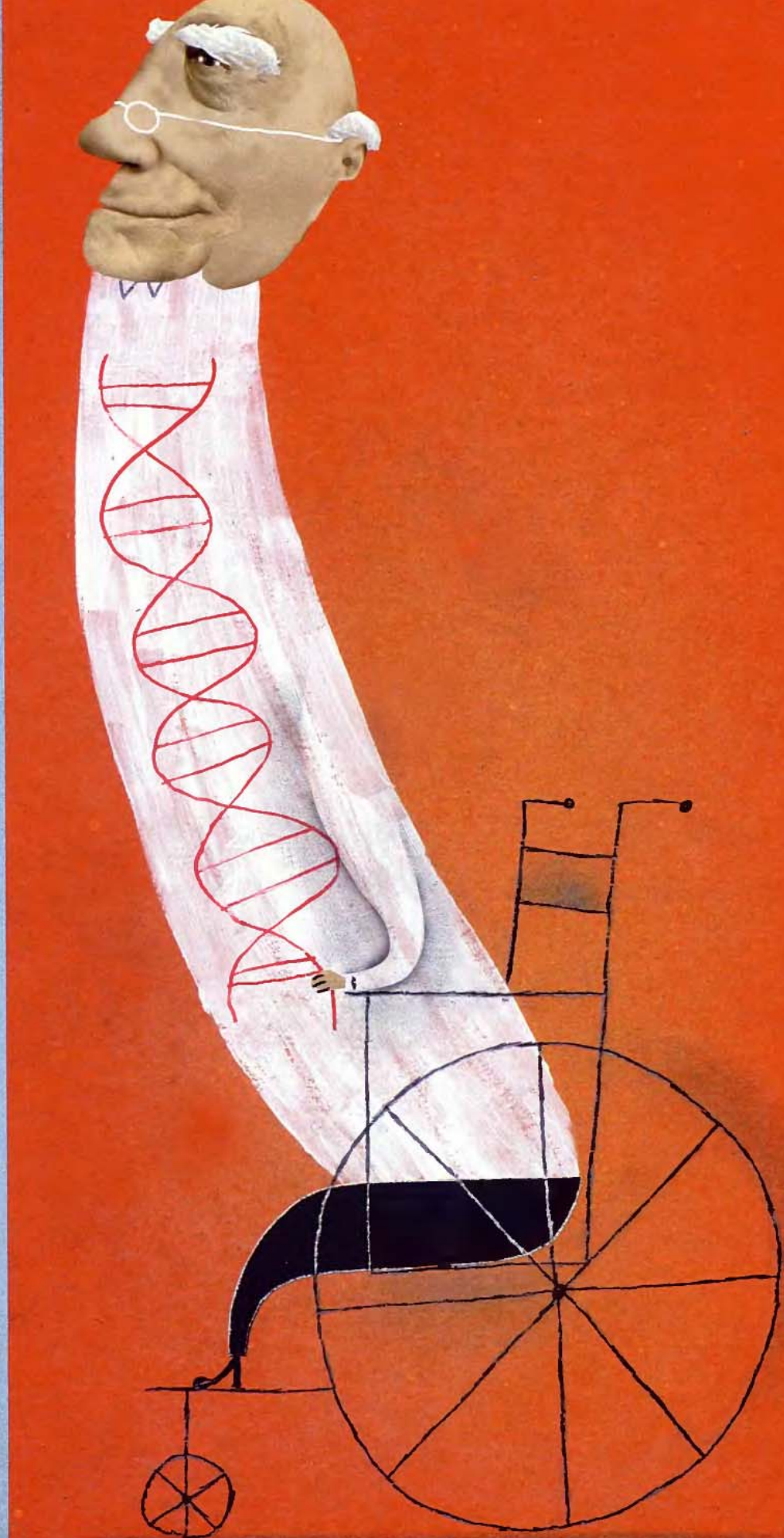
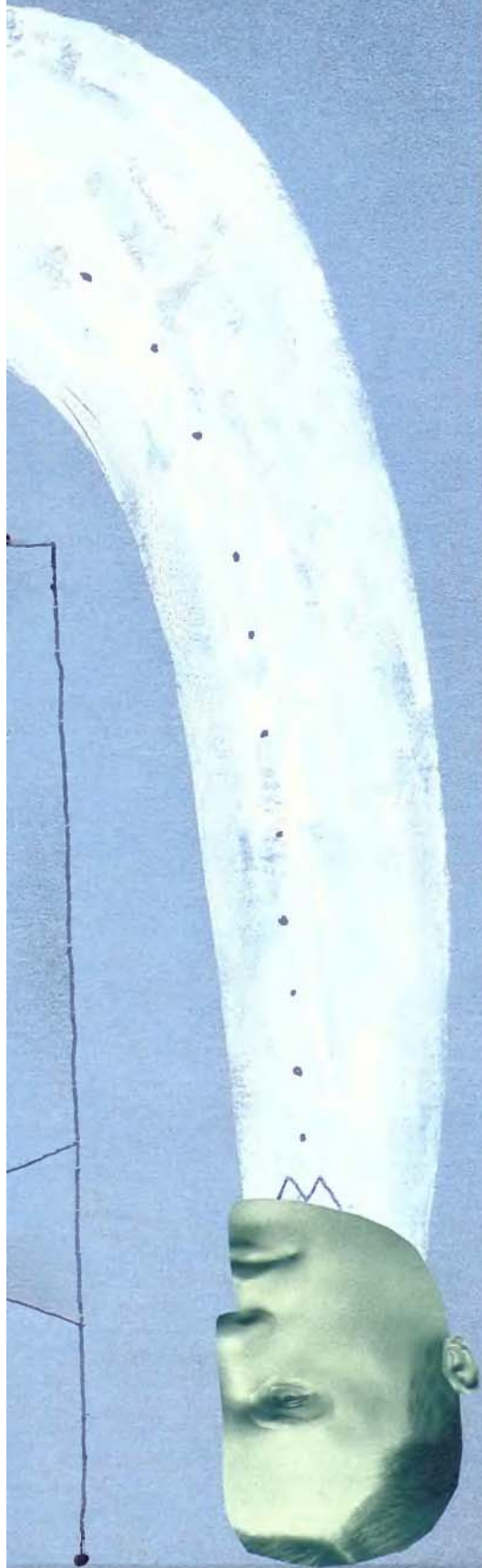
"It will be bigger than Viagra," predicts Dr. Arnold Melman, professor and chair of the urology department at Montefiore Medical Center/Albert Einstein College of Medicine, in New York.

"It should give a more natural physiologic response, a return to what people had before—normal erections and intercourse."

Gene therapy's crucial advantage, as Dr. Melman and other researchers see it, is that it works only in the penis. Because the penis is in many ways physically isolated, it is an especially attractive organ for gene therapy. "The phenomenal thing about the penis is that it hangs off the body," says Dr. Jacob Rajfer, professor of urology at the UCLA School of Medicine and chief of urology at Harbor-UCLA Medical Center. This means higher concentrations of therapeutic agents can be placed there, with the promise of creating a much more inspiring erection than pills can produce. Dr. Rajfer estimates that up to 90 percent of sexually impaired men could respond to gene therapy.

In contrast, when you take a pill like Viagra, you're introducing a drug that runs through your entire system. Viagra works on smooth-muscle tissue, the type of muscle that makes a man hard. Although it may seem illogical, erections are produced when the smooth muscle of the penis relaxes. This allows





extra blood to rush in, where it becomes trapped, keeping the penis rigid during intercourse.

But smooth muscle is also present in the intestinal tract, blood-vessel walls, prostate, urethra, bladder, pancreas, gallbladder and liver. A drug that circulates throughout the body can affect these sites as well—increasing side effects. Yet keeping dosages low enough to avoid serious side effects also means you may have less performance where it counts—in the penis.

"Any oral drug has that limitation," says Rajfer. "You're exposing all that smooth muscle to your drug. You're limited in what you can give, because when you reach a certain concentration of Viagra, you start stimulating the vascular system, and that begins to affect your blood pressure."

Gene therapy operates on smooth-muscle tissue, but only in the penis. The extra genes are released directly into the penis muscle, not into the circulatory system. So, as with a shot of cortisone, the genes don't spread throughout the body. They would be injected by your doctor, using a tiny, allegedly painless needle. Some researchers foresee using a cream or injection combined with a tiny electric charge. The more absorption there is, the fewer genes that would have to be used.

Gene therapy may also be used in combination with Viagra, Melman says, to increase the number of men helped by both therapies. "Gene therapy could prime the penis cells to work better—with Viagra or any other drug coming down the pike," says Melman. "It would make this organ different from the rest of the body, so it would be more responsive to lesser amounts of the drug." Using less of any drug means fewer side effects, which could be a particularly welcome improvement to taking Viagra by itself.

But erections are many-splendored events. It turns out that different genes, affecting different parts of the process, can be used to make them happen.

Melman and Dr. George Christ, the researcher who runs the Einstein lab, are by several measures closest to an approved gene-therapy treatment. They've already shown that their genes work on laboratory rats—with an effect lasting several months—and hope to start human clinical trials as early as next year. By spring, they could know whether their technique works in men. Food and Drug Administration approval could come a couple of years after that.

Melman and Dr. Christ picked genes that affect what Melman calls the "final common pathway" leading to an erection. Their genes work on tiny structures of the cell called ion channels,

which are vital mechanisms that allow the smooth muscle to relax, so the penis can engorge with blood and stiffen.

Their method introduces the extra genes by attaching them to what researchers call naked DNA—simple molecules of the chemical string that carry genetic information in the nuclei of cells. "One of the beauties of using this naked DNA," says Melman, "is that it's very safe." Naked DNA doesn't spread effectively from cell to cell. But the penis has a special network of minute pores, says Melman, that will send the message throughout the penis that it's time to get up. "The whole penis will become erect at once when the right signal is released," he says.

Melman predicts the same basic technique could be applied to diseases associated with other smooth-muscle tissue in the body. He and Christ have already studied their gene-therapy method as a way to treat dysfunction of the bladder. Other smooth-muscle diseases that could be candidates include: hypertension, asthma and irritable-bowel syndrome. "A lot of diseases that people have now come from contraction of smooth muscle," says Melman. And a lot of this smooth-muscle trouble develops as we age.

"This is going to be like the fountain of youth," says Melman. "I really believe that."

As to impotence, other researchers are experimenting with genes that directly increase the amount of nitric oxide—the main chemical compound that triggers erections—in the penis. Rajfer and his colleague Dr. Nestor Gonzalez-Cadavid, director of the urology lab at Harbor-UCLA Research and Education Institute, use a different gene attached to a different delivery agent—a so-called "gutless" version of a common virus, a relative of those that cause the common cold. "Our feeling is that God made the penis to work through this gene pathway, so that's where the action is," says Rajfer.

Viruses are popular gene-delivery vehicles because they are good at invading cells. This version is considered gutless because it doesn't excite the body's immune system—causing inflammation, among other difficulties—as much as a full-strength virus would do. The UCLA team believes the problems of immune-system reaction can be solved, and that, if all the pieces fall into place, they are three to five years from beginning clinical trials on humans.

"If you find an effective way to deliver high concentrations of a product with no dissemination outside the penis—if you find something that's safe, effective and long-lasting," says Rajfer, "you've got it."

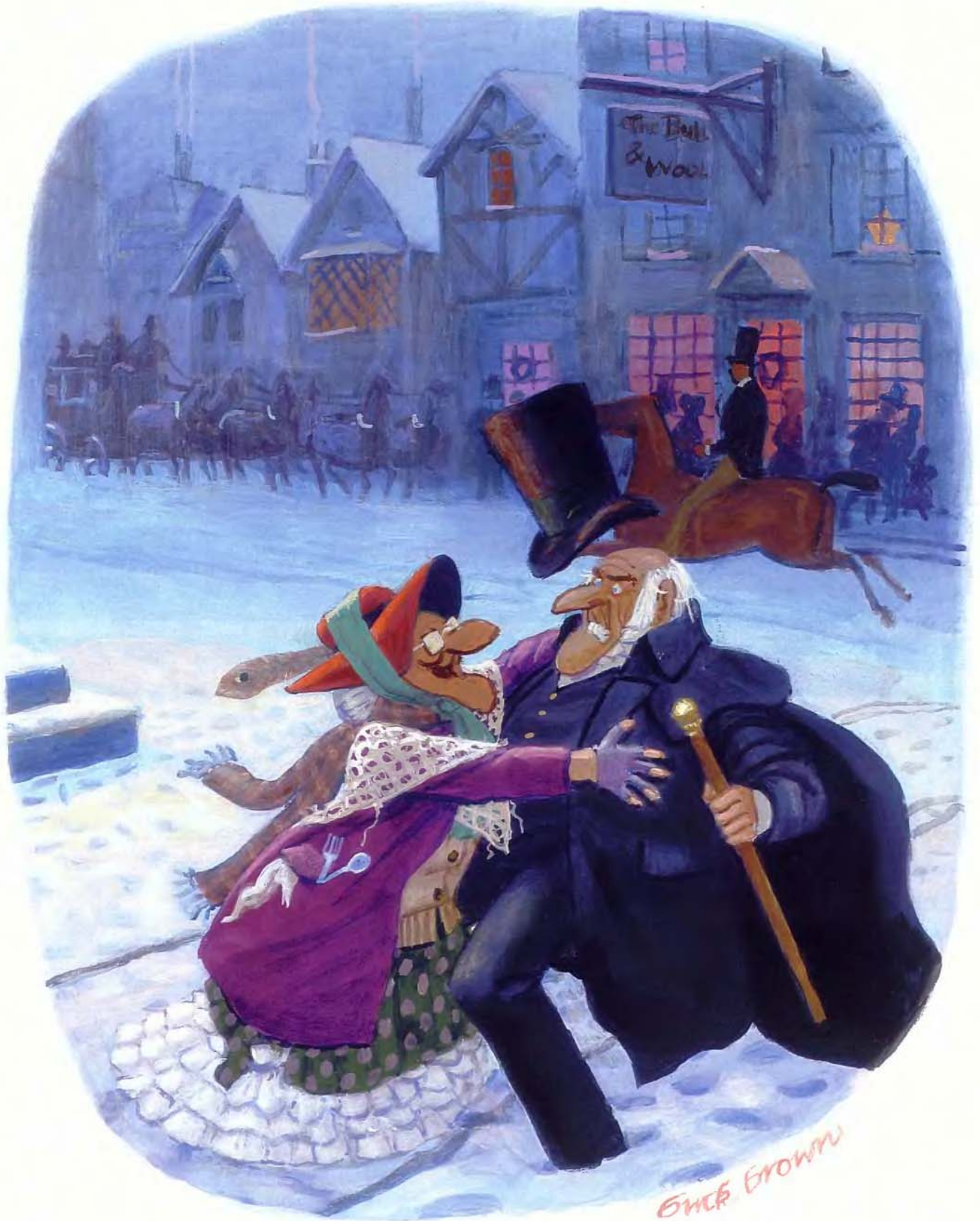
Researchers at both Tulane University and Johns Hopkins Hospital have selected their own genes to increase nitric oxide in the penis. Dr. Wayne Hellstrom, professor of urology and andrology at Tulane, thinks they could be more than a decade away from commercial availability. His colleague, research fellow Dr. Trinity Bivalacqua, believes that wait could be cut to as little as five years. Hunter Champion, a cardiology fellow at Johns Hopkins, foresees the day when a man will get his gene tune-up with an ordinary injection in the arm, with the genes "tagged" to work their way through the circulatory system, ending up in the penis.

Researchers still face hurdles. In 1999, 18-year-old Jesse Gelsinger died while in human trials of a gene-therapy treatment for a genetic liver disorder. Although viral gene therapy wasn't shown to be dangerous per se, the controversy has left doubt. Tom Lue, urology professor at the University of California San Francisco School of Medicine, is conducting parallel animal experiments. One uses gene therapy, as the other researchers are doing. But Lue is also working with another idea that uses various proteins (produced by the genes) that have already been extensively tested and, in some cases, approved by the FDA for use in other treatments. "We think the gene proteins may be easier for the public to accept," says Lue, "because it's already there. People may feel that it's safer." They might also be easier for the FDA to approve, cutting off as much as five to 10 years in bringing a therapy to market, says Lue.

"If you look at the treatment options right now," says Lue, "they are symptomatic. You take Viagra. It works for a few hours. You have to take it again. Gene therapy offers another approach. It may actually be a cure."

The related problem is money for research. Scientists say Viagra's introduction has lessened interest at the National Institutes of Health to fund further impotence research. And no one doubts that big pharmaceutical houses will swoop in if gene therapy can be made practical. But none has been interested in funding experiments at this stage. They see bigger, faster financial returns from Viagra and the next generation of oral treatments. "Funding is extremely tight," says Dr. Gonzalez-Cadavid. "The NIH may not be as interested now that some think Viagra has solved the problem. And the drug companies have no interest in supporting research that could ultimately rival their pills."



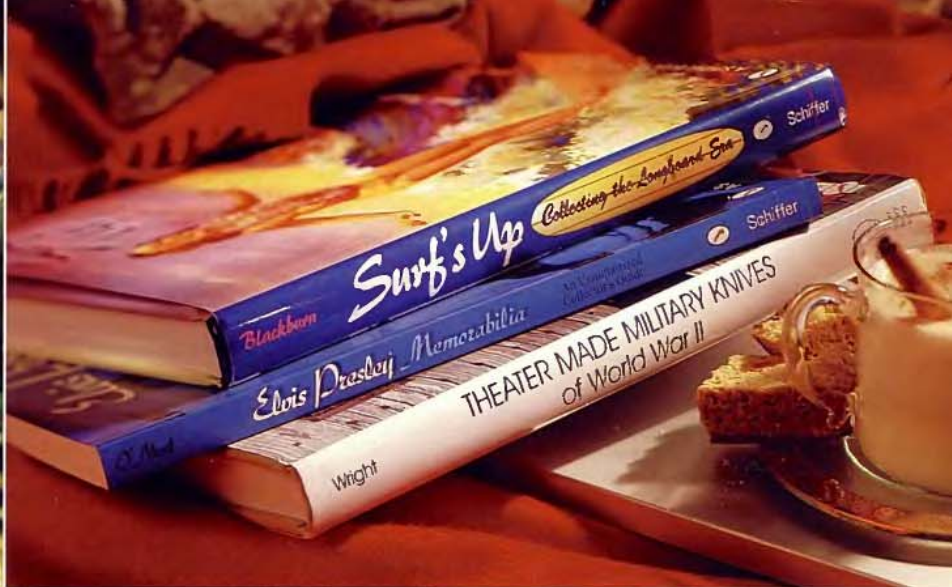


"It's Christmas Eve, Guv'nor—surely you can spare a little somethin' for the needy!"

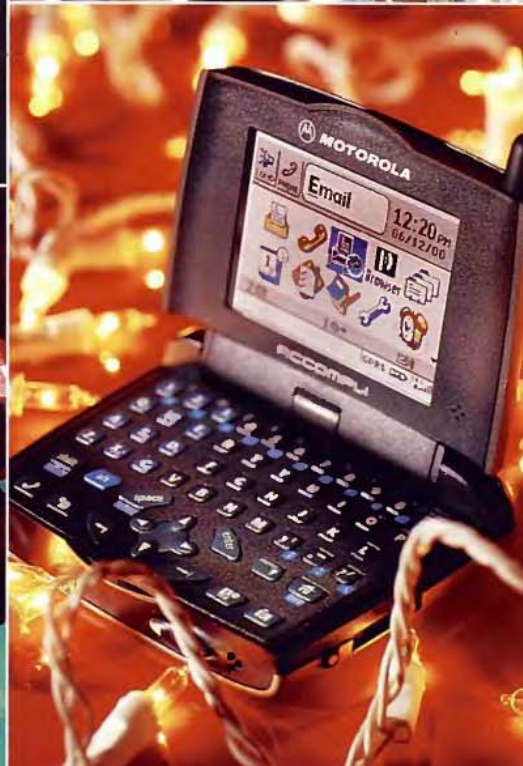
PLAYBOY'S
Christmas
GIFT
Guide
 IF YOU'VE GOT IT, SPEND IT

Right: Our holiday roundup of liquors includes (left to right): Château de Lignères, a cognac made from grapes grown on the same estate where it is distilled and aged (about \$50); a commemorative jug of Evan Williams bourbon (about \$20); Bacardi O orange-flavored rum (about \$14); 94-proof Broker's, an English "gin for gentlemen" (about \$20); the Balvenie 25-year-old single-cask scotch (about \$180 in a signed and dated bottle); Whaler's Rare Reserve dark rum (about \$12); and Vincent Van Gogh Wild Appel vodka, a tart new Dutch liquor with the essence of apples (about \$30). Below: Kenwood's DV-5900M, a 400-disc DVD (audio and video) player, can be linked with two additional units (\$1800). Next to it is the *Die Hard Ultimate Collection* DVD boxed set, which includes two-disc special editions of all three films (\$80); *Ultimate Jordan*, a two-disc set that features classic game footage and interviews (\$25); and *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* Special Edition, with "subtitles for people who don't like the film" (\$25).





Top left: TAG Heuer's Kiri-um Formula 1 chronograph displays the time in both digital and analog modes (\$1650 with a rubber strap). Above: *Surf's Up*, a price guide to stuff from the longboard era (\$59.95); *Elvis Presley Memorabilia*, "an unauthorized collector's guide" (\$29.95); and *Theater Made Military Knives of World War II* (\$59.95)—all from Schiffer Publishing. Right: Crystal martini glass (\$90 for two), silver-plated cocktail shaker (\$360), and a silver-plated toothpick holder (\$125)—all from Christofle. Below right: The Motorola Accompli 009 combines a mobile phone with a PDA, so you don't have to carry both. It can send and receive e-mail wirelessly (\$550). Below: Nickel-plated E-Micro Mag 2000 paintball gun with a 13" barrel can fire up to 26 balls per second (about \$1400). Left: XM Radio subscribers will be able to listen to 100 channels of digital-quality programming with Sony's DRN-XM01 satellite radio receiver (about \$300).





Top left: These funky cotton-and-rayon ties by House of Stoke are made from the remnants of Hawaiian shirts (about \$25 each). Above: Limn's City bike, built by Bruce Gordon, incorporates a lightweight frame and rear-position gears with such features as a bell, package rack, lights and fenders (\$5400). Left: At roughly 3"x1" and 5.6 ounces, Kyocera's Finecam S3 is the world's smallest 3.3-megapixel digital camera. It features four flash modes, a 4x zoom and a stainless steel body. Digital images (in color or black and white) and 15-second movies are saved to a 16MB memory card that attaches to a PC via the included USB reader (\$600). Below left: Bang & Olufsen's Avant 4 is a 52" flat-screen monitor capable of displaying HDTV broadcasts. It's available in three colors (\$8500 with a motorized stand). Below: Mulholland Brothers' Carry-On Trolley with wheels and a retractable handle (\$1000) and its Safari Bag (\$815, including a carrying strap) are both made of rich Lariat leather originally created for the Pony Express. The ebony walking stick with a sterling silver tiger handle (\$595) is also by Mulholland Brothers.





Above: Counterfeit Cubans look like the real McCoy, but they're actually hand-rolled cigars, aged five months, from Nicaragua (\$99 for a box of 50 Belicoso tarpedoes. Other sizes are available). Above right: Capressa's Espresso Pro pump espresso machine is lined with stainless steel. The result? Richer coffee. It can also deliver hot milk in seconds (about \$250). Right: The aluminum steering mechanism of BMW's StreetCarver skateboard was derived from the original BMW 5 Series chassis. The hard rubber covers of the aluminum wheels and the wood and fiberglass construction of the deck (the same process used in snowboards) ensure a smooth ride (\$500). Below right: The Balinese-made sterling silver money clip and credit card holder (\$295), cuff links (\$180) and flask (\$475) are all from the John Hardy Collection. William Henry's T10 pocketknife features a sterling silver handle, a hand-forged stainless Damascus blade, an inlaid sapphire thumb peg and a three-piece titanium frame (\$595 in a limited edition of 100). Below: Teac's Fifties-style SL-D80R stereo radio and CD player is pictured here in 1957 Chevy red (\$150).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 174.



bloodtest

fiction By Andrew Vachss

a rookie hit man

gets on-the-job

training

Don't put that on!" the gray man driving the generic-looking gray sedan said to the much younger man in the passenger seat.

"The boss said——"

"What the boss said was, I'm in charge."

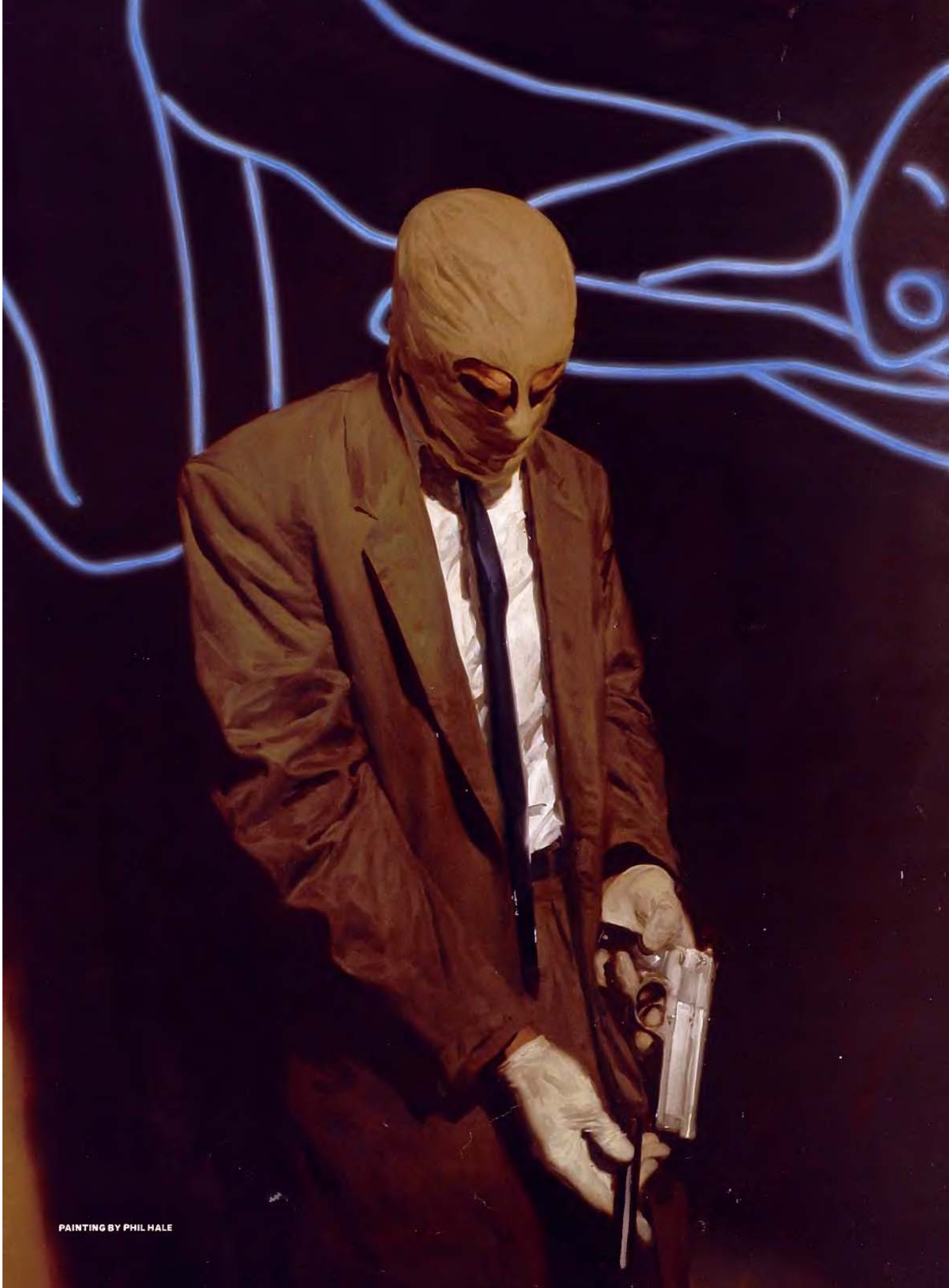
"Yeah, but——"

"The cops see a guy driving around this hour of the night, wearing a ski mask in the middle of June, they make up some excuse—busted taillight, smeared license plate—and they pull us over."

"They got to have probable cause——"

"Where'd you hear that, from one of the big-time gangsters last time you were in the county tank? The cops tell the judge how they found us both wearing rubber gloves, with a couple of





PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

unregistered pieces under the seat, and the judge, he's going to, what? Toss out the case?"

"That's why the boss has lawyers, man. He said no matter what happened, he could always——"

"You know what we're supposed to do tonight, right?"

"Yeah. We're going take out that——"

"That's the job, understand? That's what we have to get done. That's what a job is, something you have to get done. You think we could go ahead and get it done *after* we got stopped by the law? Gun-felony bust, this town, even if some bought-and-paid-for judge eventually kicked us loose, they'd hold us for 24 hours minimum, just waiting on arraignment. We've got a schedule—we have to stick to it."

"I——"

"Never get impatient. That's always a mistake. We put the masks on just before we go in. That way, anybody spots us back of the joint, they make us for two drunks, maybe trying to wait on the girls when they come out."

"I don't see why we got to do it right where he——"

"This is a job, all right? It's work. And part of every job is doing it the way the client wants it done. Where he wants it done, when he wants it done and how he wants it done, understand?"

"The boss——"

"The boss *is* the client."

"Yeah, yeah. I got it. But why does he want it done like this?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"Hey, I'm just trying to learn, OK? You're supposed to be the big pro, right? The boss said I got to do this one with you, I'm doing it, ain't I? I mean, I could do it myself, but——"

"But you never have."

"Everybody's a virgin once. Even you. When was your first one, about 100 years ago?"

"More questions?"

"I didn't mean nothing by it."

"Sure."

"Look, after tonight, you won't have to put up with me, OK? The boss said, I do this one with you, I pass the test, I'm blooded in. After that, I can do jobs on my own. Just like you."

"That's between you and the boss."

The gray car rolled past a one-story building set in the middle of an unlit parking lot. The building had no windows; its slab-sided monotony was broken only by the glowing red outline of an impossibly proportioned nude woman and various other promises, wrapped around three sides of the building in streams of neon:

XXX TOTALLY NUDE XXX GIRL-GIRL SHOWS XXX PRIVATE ROOMS XXX

The gray man checked his watch and said, "Four-fifteen is the time we move.

We've got a seven-, eight-minute margin. We'll pull into the back, sit there for a minute, make sure it's clear."

"What's the big deal, a few minutes either way?"

The gray man made a sound of disgust. He slowly wheeled the gray sedan around the back of the strip joint, positioning it at an angle so he could watch both the back door of the building and the streets that ran along either side of the lot.

"Yeah, well, I guess you ain't perfect, pal," the younger man said. "I heard you did a real long stretch a while back."

"Is that right? What else did you hear about that?"

"I heard you did almost 20 years. For a contract hit."

"It was 17 and change. And it was for a homicide—nobody ever proved it was paid for. In fact, I'm still on parole from that one. It was a life sentence. But it looks like you didn't hear anything you could use."

"What're you talking about, man? I'm not planning on doing no 17 years."

"Nobody plans on doing time. It's how you do it that's the test."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I went down by myself. You following me?"

"Sure. You didn't rat nobody out."

"Which is why I'm still working for the same people, see? Like I said, that was a test. And I passed it."

"You did all that time, and you're still doing this?"

"If I was a plumber and I did 17 years inside, what would I do when I got out, be an architect?"

"The boss should've taken care of you. I mean, 17 years. . . ."

"I was the one who got caught, not the boss. So I was the one who had to do the time. That's the way it works."

"But he did take care of you while you were——?"

"Everyone makes their own arrangement. I made mine, and I stuck to it."

"Big deal. I——"

"Put that away! No smoking on the job."

"Why not? We ain't playing with gasoline here."

"We're not playing at all. They can get DNA from saliva."

"Fine! Jesus, look, how come it's gotta be exactly 4:15?"

"Because that's when he'll be in the back office."

"The bouncers——"

"They'll all be out front. He likes to bring a couple of girls back there with him when the last shift's almost over, and he doesn't like to be interrupted."

"The back door——"

"It'll be open."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Sometimes a man's on more than

one payroll."

"You mean one of the bouncers?"

"It's time," the gray man said.

He opened the door. The interior light did not come on. The gray man stepped out and slipped the ski mask over his head. He motioned for the younger man to do the same.

The gray man reached under the front seat and extracted a blued steel automatic. By the time the younger man joined him, holding an automatic of his own, the gray man was screwing a long tube onto the front of his weapon. Again, the younger man copied each move.

They walked to the back door of the club. No lights shone on the back side of the building. The gray man held his weapon straight down, dangling by his side, and used his free hand to turn the doorknob. Slowly. It yielded.

He stepped inside, the younger man close behind.

To their left, a sign said DRESSING ROOMS. The gray man turned right, walked a short length of hall, then turned right again, heading for the far corner of the building. He motioned for the younger man to stay back a few steps. The only sound was the music coming from the front of the strip club.

The gray man stepped through the door of the dimly lit office. A pudgy man with a red face was sprawled in an office chair. He was fully dressed, but the pants of his suit were puddled around his ankles. A skinny brunette with improbable breasts knelt in front of him; a heftier blonde with a more believable chest stood slightly to one side, as if waiting her turn.

"Anybody screams, everybody dies," the gray man said.

"You," he said, pointing to the kneeling brunette with his pistol, "get up. Go over and stand with the other one."

The brunette got up without a word. The gray man nodded. The younger man walked over to the two women, stuck his pistol in his waistband and handcuffed the women together.

"Turn around and face the wall," the gray man told them.

They did it, moving in sync as if accustomed to being yoked together.

"Where's the rest of it?" the gray man asked the man in the office chair, indicating half a dozen lines of cocaine on a mirror on top of the desk.

"In the safe," the man in the office chair said, his voice resigned.

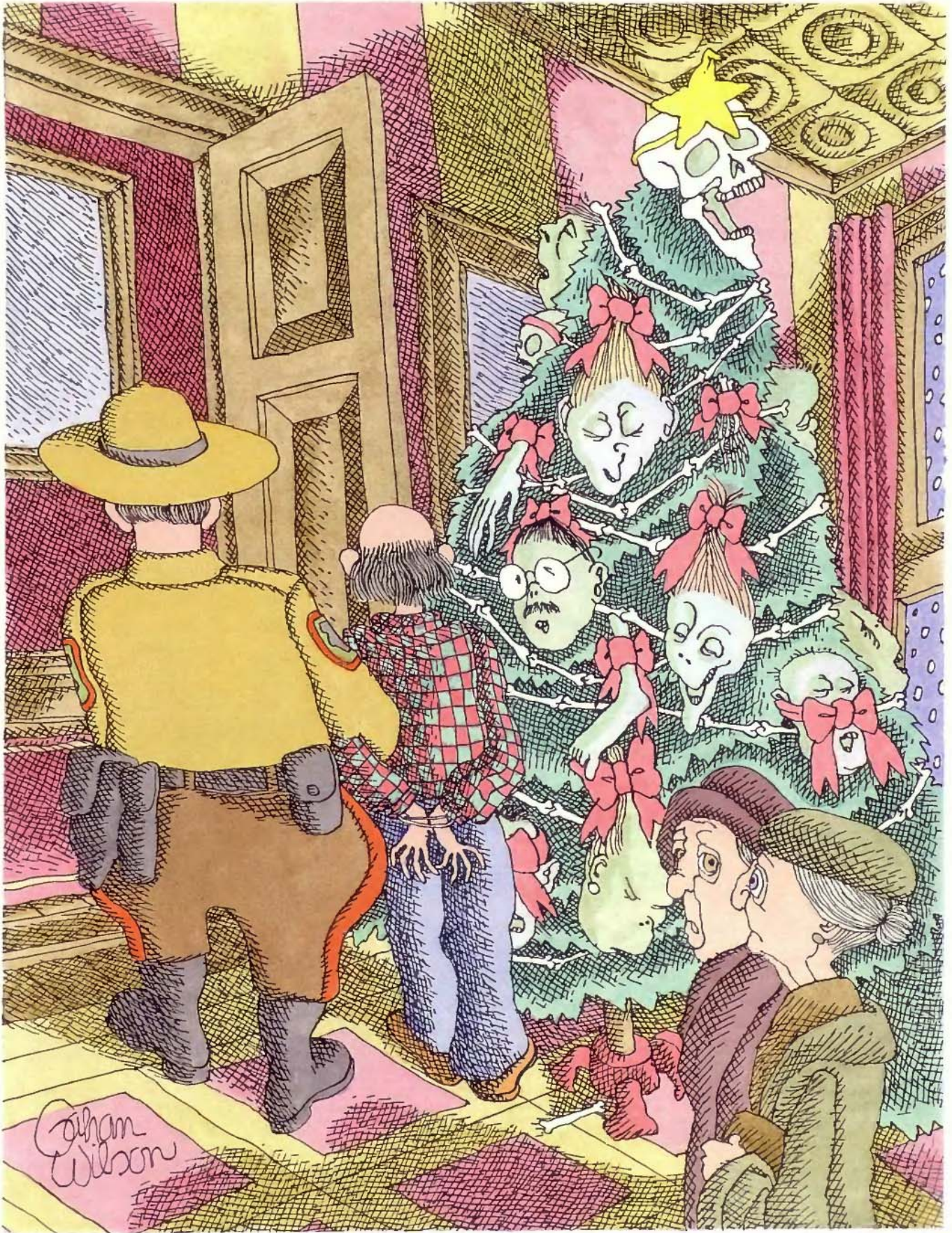
"Get it."

"Sure," the red-faced man said, scrambling to pull up his pants as he rose. "Whatever you——"

"Open the safe," the gray man said.

As soon as the red-faced man started to turn the safe's dial, the gray man

(concluded on page 191)



"Apparently, every Christmas he'd take the tree out of storage and add a few more ornaments!"

TECH TREK

POLAR BARE? TIME TO LOAD UP ON NEW WINTER GEAR

Fashion By
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

We sometimes wonder how Nordic guys pick up all those arctic beauty queens. They have to balance the clothing requirements of Nanook of the North with the need to look good enough to impress an ice goddess. And we all know it's difficult to bundle up and still muster any flair. If you want to get a girl out of her thermal thong and into your arms, that's exactly what you have to do: Stay warm, look cool. Lucky, then, that winter clothes are borrowing technological tricks from sports gear and

fairer-weather friends. New fabrics mean that cold-busting comfort can be packed into fashionable, easy-to-wear styles. This goes for shoes, too—kiss those mukluks and galoshes goodbye. Of course, some additional items—like soft cashmere sweaters and hardy wool tweed pants—are perennial glacier gear. And there's always a place in the cold wind for leather. To test the utility of these frozen fashions, we cruised the treeless expanse of Iceland, an implausible home of fabled beauties—and ice—accompanied by a posse of cold-weather Casanovas with names such as Fjolnir, Oddgeir and Eythor. And we came up with a can't-miss formula that will help you attract snow bunnies faster than Eythor can say, "Who's your dottir?"

Go with the floe.
Left to right: Fjolnir wears jacket and leather pants by Ron Chereskin, Columbia Sportswear hoodie and Urbanium glasses. Eythor wears bomber by Boss Hugo Boss, Joseph Abboud turtleneck and pants by Valentini (from Bergdorf Goodman). Alli wears Trend Corniani turtleneck and vest and pants by Ron Chereskin.





At left, Fjolnir is in jacket by Eider (available at Paragon Sporting Goods), sweater by Benetton and goggles by Urbanium. On snowshoes in the background, Alli wears jacket by Killy (from Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop), pants by Spyder and shoes by Salomon. Above, Oddgeir wears jacket by Weatherproof and goggles by Orley.

PRODUCED BY JOE DOLCE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALDO ROSSI

Far left: Alli is in jacket, pants and scarf by Boss Hugo Boss, cable knit turtleneck by Ron Chere-skin, hat by Benetton and shoes by Salomon. Behind the dais, Kjartan wears jacket and gloves by Ecko Function, cashmere pants by Valentini and shoes by Columbia Sportswear. Second from right, Fjolnir wears leather vest by Loro Piana, cashmere turtleneck by Brioni, pants by Valentini (all available at Berg-dorf Goodman), hat and gloves by Columbia Sports-wear and shoes by CAT. Far right, Oddgeir wears jack-et by Moncler, pants by Weber, shoes by CAT and hat by Eggert.





Our couple relaxes on some lava rock. Alli, who is no doubt hoping to find a core of hot magma, is wearing hooded parka by Bill Blass and denim jacket and jeans by SBU (available at Bergdorf Goodman). Kloe wears satin dress by A.B.S. and jewelry by Charles and Colvard Created Moissanite. Her jacket, of winter-white fake fur, is by Phat Farm.

Kloe supervises the pitching of tents in dress by Thierry Mugler, shoes by Stuart Weitzman and glasses by Christian Dior. Squatting, Oddgeir wears jacket, pants and T-shirt by Spyder. Standing, Fjolnir is in jacket and vest by Killy (available at Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop), sweater and wool trousers by Thierry Mugler.



Here, one of Iceland's famous fairies turns up in a dress by Manolo Couture and boots by Giuseppe Zanotti. Mr. Lucky is in jacket by Columbia Sportswear and waders by Daiwa. When it comes to this kind of fly-fishing, your rod technique can make all the difference.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 174.



Baby, Stop!



We're On TV

Playboy Puts an Adult Spin on the Reality TV Show



There's only so much you can cram into one show, but these young lovers do their best. The cast (top, clockwise from left): Jeremy, a sexually inexperienced web techie. Devinn, an adult-film star. Patty, the youngest housemate. Her skateboarder boyfriend, Ten. Antwan, a chef and self-described "love doctor." Southern belle Jillian, who some suspect is a call girl. Xiamora, an actress who likes to be called X. Here are just a few of the pairing possibilities.



For all their blunt footage and implied affairs, shows like *The Real World* and *Big Brother* pull out just when we want them in. So voyeurs everywhere took notice when Playboy TV threw the bedroom doors wide open with *7 Lives Xposed*, the new reality-style series that captures the bumping and grinding of seven hot-blooded roommates. Adult star Devinn Lane is the housemother who invites the amateurs to make bank by having 54 webcams broadcast their sex lives from a Silver Lake love shack. Her motto is "More sex equals more money," but having three guys and four girls lock limbs in intimate quarters is a sticky situation. *Seven Lives Xposed* delivers more flesh and less teasing than its repressed prime-time big brothers—all with a wink at the genre.



SOKOL

"Don't worry, my dear. It's not really true that Santa comes only once a year."

By Katie Moran I just had the most amazing experience—my first orgy. I should say up front that I'm a young woman with an open mind. For a while I swore off men and tried dating women exclusively. Then, after some awkward girlfriend problems, I scrapped that approach. I was in between lovers when a friend of mine—a guy I'd date casually—told me he had received an invitation to a sex club via the Internet. To keep out sexual predators (single guys), only couples and single women were admitted. Would I go with him and have a look? Of course. I didn't even have to think about whether I'd participate in anything, because I knew it would be a bunch of fat, old people who would never interest me. Still, I was up for a lark.

The club was kind of off the beaten track for LA. It was in Pasadena, about 20 minutes from most of the fun and raunchy Hollywood clubs. On regular nights the place was a large, upscale club. However, the promoter who had rented it out for the night had renamed it Club Lust. "Oooh, how exciting," I snickered to myself.

We walked in and it appeared just as I thought it would—a normal club. There was a huge dance floor and two stages with poles. It was all fairly sedate except for some gorgeous, topless girls who were pole dancing. Couples were sitting and drinking at booths that lined the back and sides. The place was big and had the feel of an underground Seventies disco (not that I've ever been to one, but I've heard stories). It all looked tame to me, but it was early and I was willing to be patient. My date and I took a walk back to the VIP room. We figured it was the most likely spot for action, and there was actually a couple having sex in it. Things were starting to look promising. We danced for a while, my eyes wandering constantly for signs of sex acts. The club was filling up with some of the hottest people I had ever seen. Many of them were well-known porn stars dressed in glitter and gold. The place was obviously where the sex industry goes for fun. An hour later, about midnight, there were at least 10 girls on the stage and six dancing on the bar. By now they were completely nude, and they were touching and kissing one another. In the other direction, I noticed guys getting blow jobs in the main-room booths. My date and I were like kids. We ran from one end of the room to the other to check out the sights and

O a letter from
swinging LA, courtesy
of a girl who
lives the life
**Orgy in
Pasadena**

sounds. One girl had shaved her pussy into polka dots and dyed it green.

Then came the shocker. I heard a "What the hell are you doing here?" come at me from behind. I turned around to see my ex-girlfriend. Party temporarily over. For such an animal in bed—she was a petite, 21-year-old wild woman—she appeared panic-stricken and lost. The good news was that she apparently wasn't mad at me anymore, because she was following me all over the place. (I had jokingly called her a dirty whore, but English is a second language for her so she didn't get it.) The whole time she was at the club she didn't even take off her coat. Closet case, I guess.

By one A.M. the party was in full swing. Couples and threesomes were going at it in the VIP room's little red vinyl booths. I jumped up onstage and stroked this beautiful blonde's ass. I couldn't help it. She was wearing a dress up to her navel and no panties, and she was swinging on one of the many poles. Women were now lying flat on their backs onstage, while men crouched in front of them performing oral sex. A few times I saw a row of people going down on each other, five or six deep. I was struck by the strange realization that men with shaved asses and balls look like women from the backside—there was just skin and sweat everywhere. The back room was my favorite—dark and steamy, a red glow coming from a single light in the corner. By 1:30 everyone had piled to the back in groups of two, three, four or five. But, from my perspective, everyone looked united. It was an extremely accessible orgy. All I could hear was panting and cooperative moans. The sound itself was such a turn-on. The tiny Spanish girl I had been eyeing the whole night had already teamed up with a married couple in cowboy hats, so my date and I decided to just attack each other. We grabbed a booth and went at it. We positioned ourselves to maintain the best sight lines, and so that I could reach over the back of the booth and kiss a hot girl covered in pink sequins. It was incredible. Just hot urgent sex. The club closed at two but the bouncers were nice enough to let anyone who wanted to finish up stay until three. Club Lust—what a great idea. It's so much more fun than a hotel room, don't you think?



Celebrity CHRISTMAS CAROLS

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



Angelina Jolie

(To the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen")

God spare me sweet and gentle men;
They make such lousy lays.
I crave those weird, near-mental men
Who don't run down for days.
That's why I married Billy Bob:
He fucks till my eyes glaze.

Call me wanton, but that's why I enjoy
What I enjoy,
And when he puts on that Santa
Suit, oh boy.

America's anti-sweetheart, I
Am lewd, tattooed and crude.
That's why they made me Lara Croft:
We both reek attitude.
And "Tomb" grossed big, so those of you
That I offend—get screwed.

Otherwise, may your Christmas Eve be bright,
Merry and bright.
As for us: think B&O with Christmas lights.

Dick Cheney

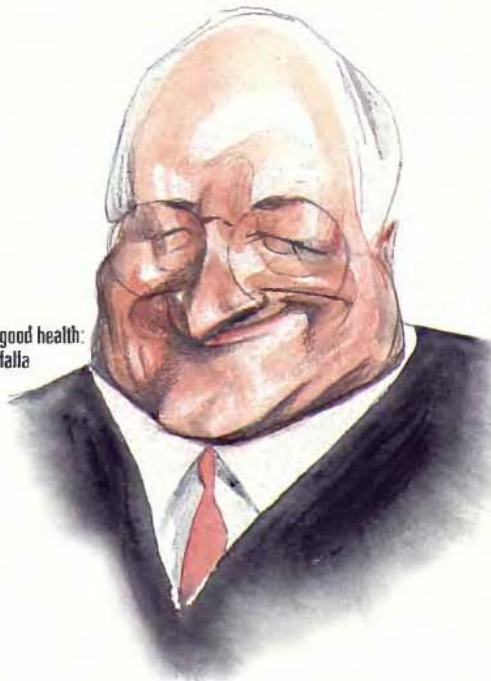
(To the tune of "O Holy Night")

O holy cripes!
It's my defibrillator!
Hey, just a joke.
Had you spooked, though, I see.

'Cause that would leave
The country run by DUBYA,
And face it, bub, ya
Don't want that, trust me.

(Chorus)

If you're smart, you'll wish for my good health:
A heart attack means President AlMalla
Running the show
Without my cunning wisdom.
So pray... yes pray...
That I'm still here
Next Christmas Day.



Mel Brooks

(To the tune of "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer")

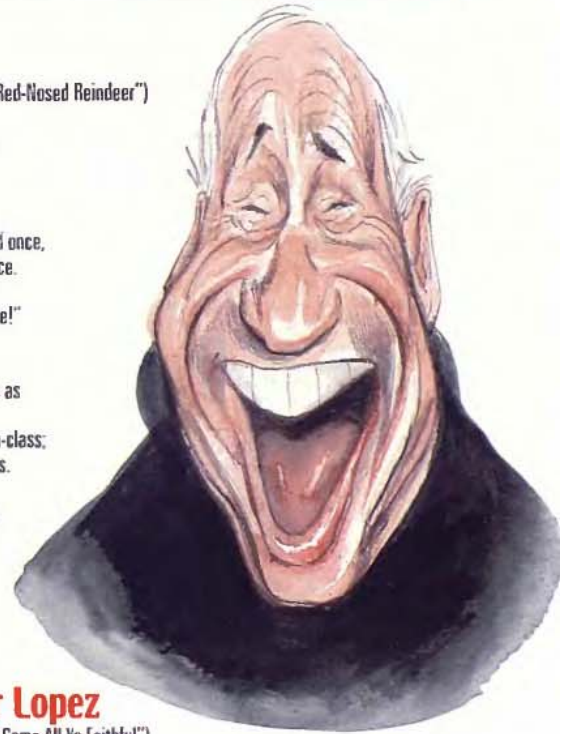
Adolf, the Nazi madman,
Made a million bucks for me.
I raked in dough and Tonys:
"Sieg heil" that, you SOB!

Since "The Producers" worked once,
I hoped that it might work twice.
Gold mine! So now get ready
For "Young Frankenstein on Ice!"

(Chorus)

Broadway always snubbed me as
Lowbrow slapstick, but
A hundred bucks a seat's high-class:
Shove that up Neil Simon's ass.

I'd wish you Merry Christmas,
But since I'm a full-time Jew
With attitude, this Happy
Hanukkah will have to do.



Jennifer Lopez

(To the tune of "O Come All Ye Faithful")

Some gals be faithful
To their man whatever.
No thanks; I'd rather
Not destroy my career.
Look, I'm not fickle, I was in a pickle:
The media grew vile,
Bad press just cramped my style.
When Puffy went on trial,
I had to get clear.

We were united
Till he got indicted:
Not good PR for
My new film and CD.
My trip is "showgirl," not "rich gangsta's ho," girl.
With fame, pitfalls get bigger,
And backlash quick to trigger,
Like that time I sang the N word—
The hood fell on me.

It's been a tough year.
I've not had enough cheer!
Let's get together
For some holiday fun.
We'll do the town; I'll wear my see-through gown, as
We hit the flyest spots, dear!
Do 20 J. Lo shots, dear!
(Unless things get too hot, dear,
And then—puff!—I'm gone.)





Jenna Bush

(To the tune of "Silent Night")
Silent night, horing night,
Can't go cruise, dad's uptight.
He, at my age, raised hell and had fun.
Now that he's prez I should live like a nun.
Kids my age get their kicks;
I can't, though—"bad politics."

Jailhouse scenes, press so mean;
Thanks, dear dad, for that boozier gene.
My revenge dream: their shock and dismay
When I announce I'm the Playmate for May.
Till then, much yuletide cheer.
(Someone please sneak me a heer!)

Tiger Woods

(To the tune of "Do You Hear What I Hear?")
Do you hear what I hear?
Muted snickers when I hit the ball.
Do you fear what I fear?
That I'm merely mortal after all.
I'd won the Slam,
Four big ones straight, then wham:
I just lost it, and can't get it back.
One day godlike, the next, in the pack.

Do you see what I see?
My face popping up less over time.
That's what really scares me:
No more Wheaties box or Nike line.
But hey, good cheer—
The giving season's here.
And to make mine merry, of course,
Keep on buying stuff I endorse.



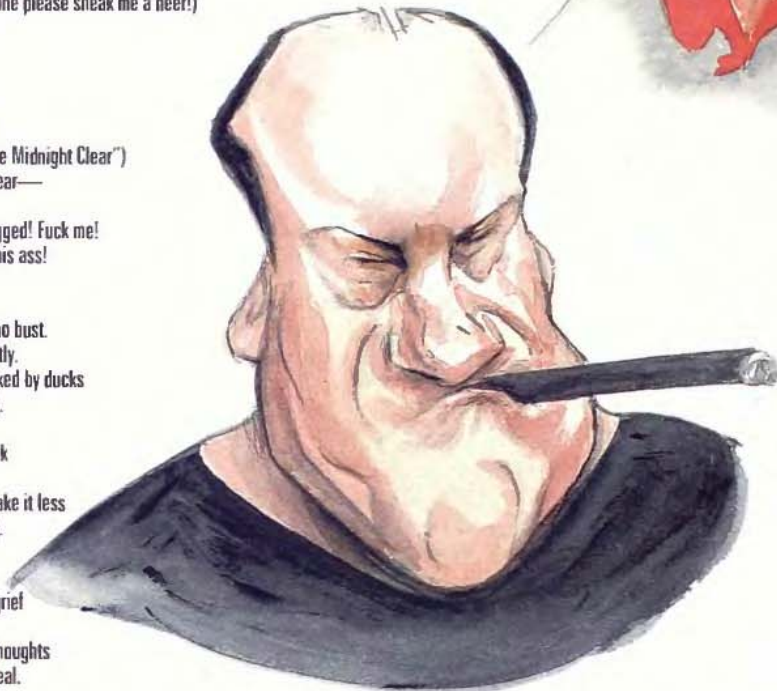
Tony Soprano

(To the tune of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear")
They came upon the midnight clear—
An FBI strike force, en masse!
Our Christmas tree had been bugged! Fuck me!
When I find out who rolled, it's his ass!

(Chorus)
But wait, it's just a bad dream, no bust.
These nightmares occur frequently.
My nerves are fucked, I get freaked by ducks
And I'm scared of my own family.

I'm on the brink, so I see a shrink
Who may be as crazy as I.
When filled with stress, I can make it less
By going and shooting some guy.

(Chorus)
I'm not the only guy brought to grief
Because of a Big Pussy; still
I must be nuts: I have nagging thoughts
That me and my life just aren't real.



Julia Roberts

(To the tune of "Here Comes Santa Claus")
Who needs Santa Claus?
Hey, not me, because
My career's pure gold.
Some gals might
Need Mr. Right,
For me, though, that gets old.
Liam, Oylan, Kiefer—all
Sent tingles down my spine.
Oscar is my true love, though:
He boosts my bottom line.

Won't disparage
Kids and marriage,
But for me, no way.
Ass gets big,
You lose your figure,
Stardom slips away.
I've got no soul mate at Christmas
But I'm far from bleak.
Hard to feel deprived when I've
A new guy every week.



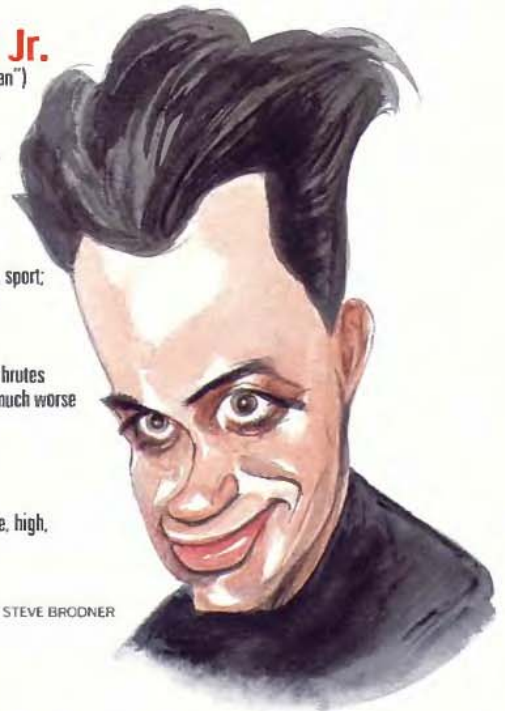
Robert Downey Jr.

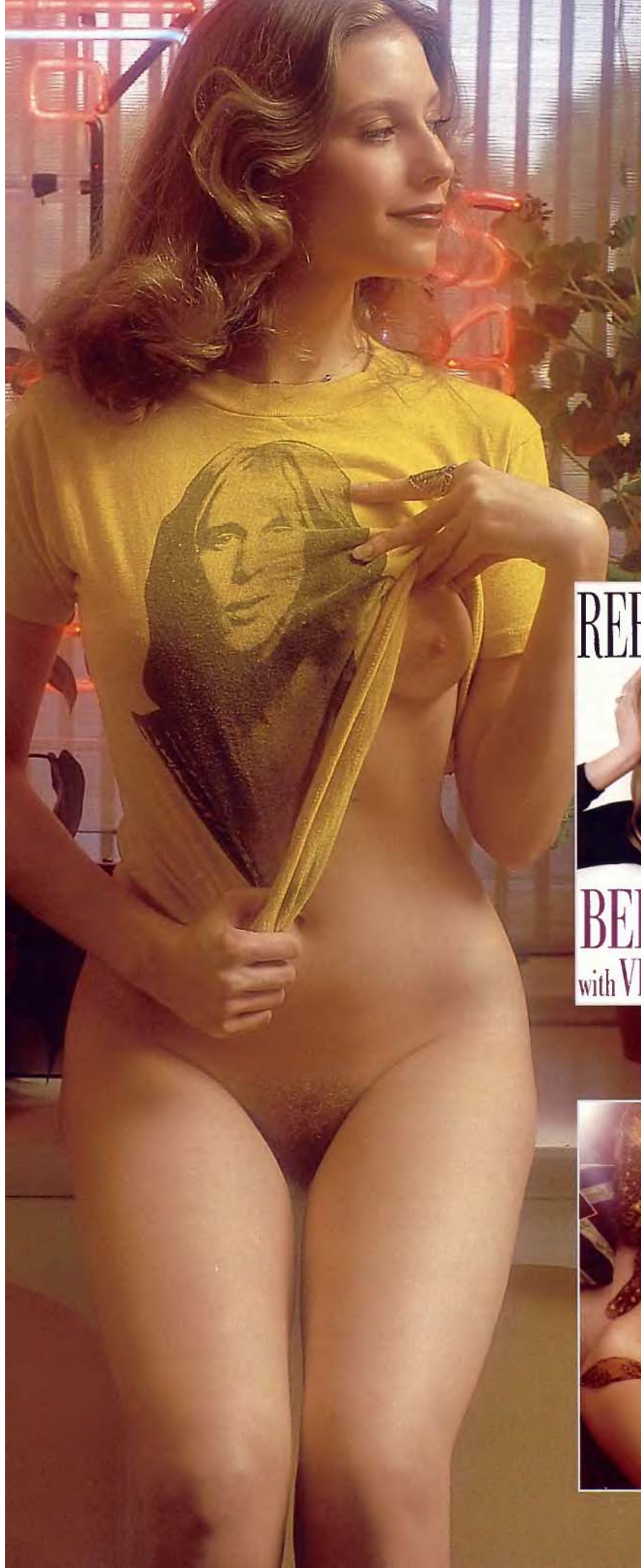
(To the tune of "Frosty the Snowman")
"Rohhie, the snowman,"
That's my rep in Hollywood.
'Cause I'll do a line most any time,
And in any neighborhood.

Hell, I saved "Ally."
Got a Golden Globe, that's class!
So whate'er I snort, don't knock it, sport:
Give some to the "Spin City" cast.

I'm unrepentant.
Jail's no sweat: though filled with hutes
Savage and perverse, they're not much worse
Than your average network suits.

I keep relapsing,
In my hapless, random way.
So don't be surprised if you find me, high,
On your couch on Christmas Day.

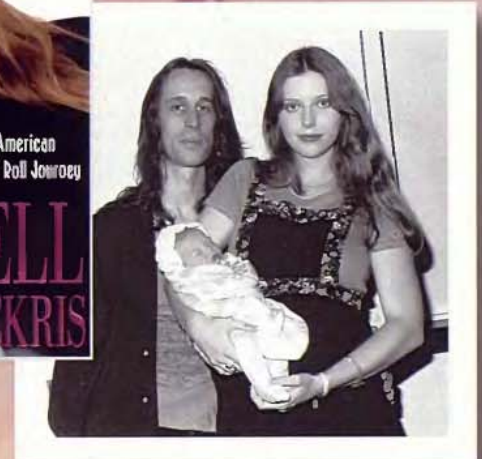




BEBE

playmate, rock muse, mother and author—the wild child returns

By the time Bebe Buell became Miss November 1974, she was already a patron of the arts. That's another way of describing what director Cameron Crowe calls a "band aid" in his movie *Almost Famous*. Crowe, who documents his own life in the movie, writes a valentine to Miss Penny Lane, whom he admits is based on Bebe. She loved Todd Rundgren, Steven Tyler, Elvis Costello and Stiv Bators. She liked Mick Jagger, Jack Nicholson, Jimmy Page and Warren Beatty. And they all reciprocated, to one degree or another. In *Rebel Heart*, the book that she wrote with Victor Bockris, Bebe is surprisingly candid and still a little dewy eyed—and why not? She's kept



The world according to Bebe (clockwise from above): Bebe with Todd Rundgren and baby Liv when the adults were pretending that Liv was Todd's child (the deception lasted until Liv was 10 years old). With Aerosmith front man Steven Tyler and their daughter, actress Liv. Playmate Bebe in her November 1974 pictorial. Performing with her band in New York in 2001. Her *Centerfold*. Wearing her cool Todd T-shirt in the *PLAYBOY* spread. Bebe's written journey through the rebel heart of rock and roll.

STILL ROCKS

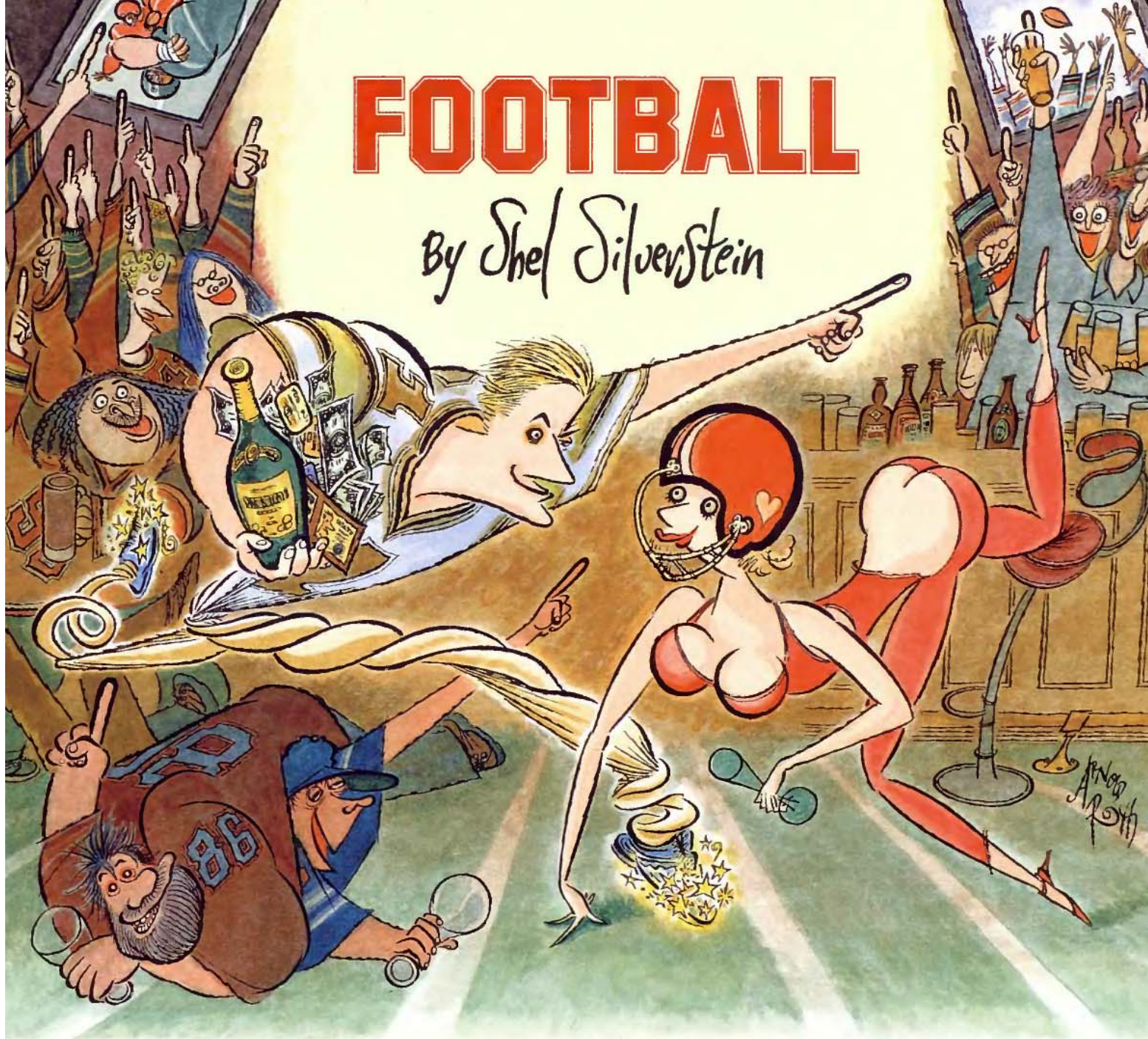
her wits, her looks, her heart and most of the men (maybe not Elvis). Her daughter is a drop-dead gorgeous actress. These days, Bebe is in front of a band, not backstage. She has said, "I thought the way you met people was to be a fabulous model, a genius aristocrat or a movie star." It turns out none of that was necessary. Bebe soon learned just what Hef knows: Everyone wants to be with the girl next door. Next, she plans a book on rock etiquette. If you watched Kate Hudson play her in the movie, you know that there's a certain strategy to the rock-and-roll life. The men Bebe loved—and liked—are middle-aged now, but there's something still innocent about her. And that's just the way we like it.



SEE BEBE'S ORIGINAL PLAYMATE PHOTOS
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

FOOTBALL

By Shel Silverstein



it's football Sunday and I'm
drinkin' with the fools
When I look down the bar
and there on a stool

She looks good, she looks tough,
now she looks my way,

Hey, gimme the ball and watch me
run my plays.

I say, "Hey, sweet mama, I been
scoutin' you,

I like your style and I like your
moves."

But the bitch looks away like I'm
not even alive,

First and 10 on my 25,

So I try a pass—she don't blink
at all,

Second and 10—I'll run the
damn ball.

So I try a little sneak round her
tight end,

She throws me for a loss, way
back to my 10.

Third and 25—I put my hand on
her knee,

But she is playin' Big D—and
I'm back to my three.

She looks tough, plays rough,
holdin' strong,

I gotta go for it—fourth and long.

Now I'm moving up the field.
There's the goal I'm headin' for,
I got moves that the girls adore,
Like they never seen before.

I'm slidin' and slippin',
Dodgin' and dippin',
And the crowd begins to roar,
"He's gonna score!"

I'm gonna score!

I go to the pocket 'cause this play
don't miss,

I say, "Here's my bankroll, how'd
you like to tackle this?"

She says, "Well now, you might

just be my type."

Hey, first and 10 at the midfield stripe,

She says, "You know, champagne always gets to me."

Whoa—first and rollin' on her 33,

I say, "Let's go to my place," she says, "All right."

I'm eating up yardage and the goal's in sight,

She whispers, "Tell me your life story."

I'm drivin' deep into her territory.

We're on the couch, the lights are low,

Fourth and inches to go.

Yeah, I am movin' upfield,
There's a goal I'm headin' for.
I got moves that the girls adore,
Like they never seen before,
I'm slidin' and slippin',
Dodgin' and dippin',
And the crowd begins to roar,
"He's gonna score!"

I'm gonna score!

I'm on the attack, pushin' her back,

I'm sure she's gonna go for the sack.

Now I see an opening, I'm divin' for the goal, when

She blows the whistle and calls me for holdin'.

She says, "Time out, buster, that macho jive

Is unnecessary roughness and you're penalized.

Illegal use of hands and piling on

And your chance to score is damn well gone."

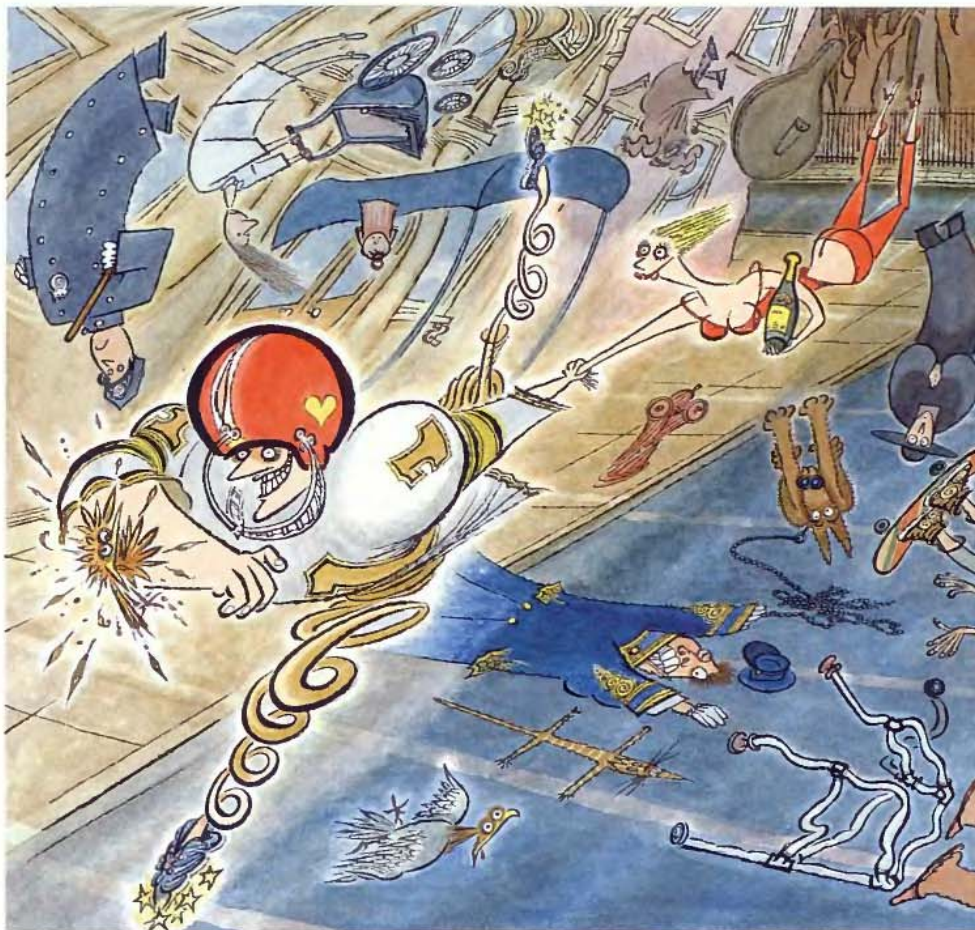
I'm back to her 20, back to her 40.

All the way back out of her territory.

Fourth and 80 and I gotta punt!

But that's the last game I played with that...

Callous, castrating creature.



Blonde Victory



miss december knows you can't take life lying down

ANOTHER WOMAN'S beauty pageant victory prompted Shanna Moakler to pack her bags and head west. "I was first runner-up for Miss USA and I remember watching the girl who beat me win Miss Universe on TV," she says. "My phone started ringing. I inherited her crown and had to move to Los Angeles." The 26-year-old Rhode Island native, who started modeling at the age of 15, got her acting break with the role of a conniving cop on the TV series *Pacific Blue*. "I was like Heather Locklear on *Melrose Place*—the naughty one," she says. "I got to do things I wouldn't normally do in everyday life."

After roles in such movies as *The Wedding Singer* and *Love Stinks*, Miss December took time off to raise her daughter, Atiana, with former fiancé Oscar De La Hoya. When the boxer publicly broke up with her, Shanna filed a \$62.5 million palimony suit that is still pending. "It was devastating and cruel to see him on TV at the Latin Grammy Awards with another woman,"

Shanna Moakler assumed the title of Miss USA 1995 (right) after her predecessor won the Miss Universe pageant. She played officer Monica Harper for two years on TV's *Pacific Blue* (center). After a very public breakup with fiancé Oscar De La Hoya, Shanna found salace with boyfriend Dennis Quaid (far right).





she says. "I don't know what his intentions were besides to hurt me, but he succeeded at that." She met new boyfriend Dennis Quaid (who endured a similar breakup with Meg Ryan) after his band, the Sharks, performed in a Los Angeles club. "One of the reasons Dennis and I really connected is that we both went through humiliating public betrayals and he understands what I'm feeling," she says. "He is such a gifted, underrated actor." Although Quaid is 47, Shanna brushes off comments about their 21-year difference in age. "He has a better body than any 25-year-old and boundless energy," she reports. "It has never been an issue."

In between raising her daughter and going on auditions, Shanna writes screenplays and records songs with her band, DVS. "It's pronounced devious," she

Shanna is a serious card shark. "I go to Vegas as often as I can," she says. "Baccarat is my favorite game—I can put \$500 down and win five grand. I love it because there is a little more suspense than there is in something like blackjack. I get rowdy, scream and rip up the cards!"











says. "We sing Destiny's Child-style R&B music and we're having a lot of fun recording our demo." She has also been devoting her time and money to the Special Olympics since she was 13. "I was a professional roller skater for 10 years and I would volunteer at the rink to teach these kids to skate," she says. "I got to work with these amazing families who were told their children would never run or laugh. I got to witness miracle after miracle. If I wasn't acting, I would love to work in a hospital with newborns in the nursery or doing ultrasounds." More than anything, Shanna wants everyone to know she is a survivor and not brooding about her past. "I am a spiritual person and believe God is leading me and my daughter in a better direction," she says. "I won't ever let the betrayal of one man make me afraid to fall in love again."

There's more Shanna at cyber.playboy.com. Save a call to Reader's Service: The cool Rabbit Head navel ring is available at playboystore.com.





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Shanna Yeaker
BUST: 34c WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117
BIRTH DATE: 3.28.75 BIRTHPLACE: Providence, Rhode Island
AMBITIONS: To live a long, healthy, happy life
and to look back and have no regrets.
TURN-ONS: Love, Truth, beauty, freedom,
Confidence, nice hands and a great cologne.
TURNOFFS: People who lie, cheat and are
dishonest, unhappy endings.
MY FAVORITE ERA: The glamour and class of
the Forties.
FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Any Sade, David Gray, Aaliyah,
Alejandro Fernández and all of the Rat Pack!
MOST ROMANTIC EVENING: To be in St. Barts with the man
I love, enjoying the sun and sand, making love
and ordering room service!
MY FAVORITE WRITERS: Anne Rice, H. P. Lovecraft.



*My first Photoshoot
in Miami, Age 16.*



*The Swimsuit
Competition at
Miss USA! (1995).*



*Modeling and
Acting in N.Y.C.*



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mrs. Claus realized that her marriage was in trouble when she found out Santa was nailing more than just stockings in front of the fireplace.

Why is Santa so jolly?

He knows where all the bad girls live.

During dinner, a man said to his date, "You know, drinking makes you beautiful."

Puzzled, she said, "But I don't drink."

"I know," he said. "But I do."



A rabbit was hopping through the forest when he came upon a giraffe rolling a joint. The rabbit said, "Giraffe, don't do drugs. Come, run with me through the forest."

The giraffe looked at the rabbit, then at the joint. He dropped the joint and ran off with the rabbit. They came upon an elephant snorting cocaine. The rabbit said, "Elephant, don't do drugs. Come, run with us through the forest."

The elephant looked at them, looked at his razor blade and mirror, tossed them away and began running with the rabbit and giraffe. The three animals then came across a lion about to shoot up. The rabbit said, "Lion, don't do drugs. Come, run with us through the forest."

The lion looked at the rabbit and then at the needle. He put down the needle and started to beat up the rabbit. Horrified, the giraffe and elephant asked, "Lion, why are you doing this? He was trying to help you."

The lion answered, "This little fucker? He makes me run around the forest like a fucking idiot every time he's on ecstasy."

A wise man once said that instead of seeing a woman wrestle, he'd like to see her box.

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A car struck a blonde walking across the street. The driver knelt by her side. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"You're just a blur," the blonde responded. "Something must be wrong with my vision."

Concerned, the man leaned closer to her and asked, "How many fingers have I got up?"

"Oh no!" she cried. "I must be paralyzed from the waist down too."

A man asked a female clerk, "Hey, miss. May I have 11 condoms?"

"Don't 'miss' me, mister," she responded.

"Oh, very well," the man said. "Make it a dozen and meet me in the parking lot in five minutes."

A woman was walking through the woods when she came across a leprechaun caught in a trap. The leprechaun said, "If you release me, I will grant you three wishes."

The woman freed the leprechaun, who said, "Thank you. You now have three wishes. And whatever you wish for, your husband will get 10 times over."

The woman said, "I want to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

The leprechaun warned her, "Your husband will be the most handsome man in the world. Women will flock to him."

The woman replied, "That's OK. I trust my husband."

So, *poof!*—she became the most beautiful woman in the world. For her second wish, she wanted to be the richest woman in the world. The leprechaun said, "That will make your husband 10 times richer than you."

The woman said, "That's OK. We'll share our money."

So, *poof!*—she became the richest woman in the world. The leprechaun then inquired about her third wish. She answered, "I'd like a mild heart attack."

A man walked into a bar and drank a triple scotch in one gulp. "Wow," the bartender said. "Something bad must have happened."

"I caught my wife having sex with my best friend," the man said. "I told her to pack her bags and get out."

"What did you say to your friend?" the bartender asked.

The man replied, "I looked him straight in the eye and said, 'Bad dog!'"



Willie Neiman

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The Seven Dwarfs were all standing outside a convent. When a nun walked out, Dopey approached her and said, "Excuse me, Sister. Do you have any dwarf nuns in there?"

The nun replied, "No."

Dopey then asked, "Are there dwarf nuns anywhere in this city?"

The nun replied, "Not that I'm aware of."

As she walked away, the other dwarfs began chanting, "Dopey fucked a penguin, Dopey fucked a penguin."

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.



"Smile! You're on next year's Christmas card!"

FICTION

By STEVE ALMOND

HOW TO LOVE A REPUBLICAN

can
great sex
overcome a
few minor
policy
squabbles?
vote yes

I met Darcy Hicks early in the primary season, at a dive in Randolph, New Hampshire. She was sitting at the bar in a blue skirt, sipping from a tumbler and looking bored. A few of the locals had hit on her already. But they were missing it. Her edges were too crisp for the room. Her makeup was nearly invisible.

The stool next to her opened up and I sat down. A Kenny Loggins tune came on the jukebox and the bartender began to sing along. Darcy glanced at her drink, trying to decide whether another would make matters better or worse. I'd had a miserable day and was feeling sorry for myself, lonely, a little reckless. I introduced myself and asked her please not to take offense if I bought her a drink.

Darcy turned slowly. In profile, she'd seemed dangerously icy. But straight on, her face was sweet and a little flushed.

"Jack and ginger," she said.

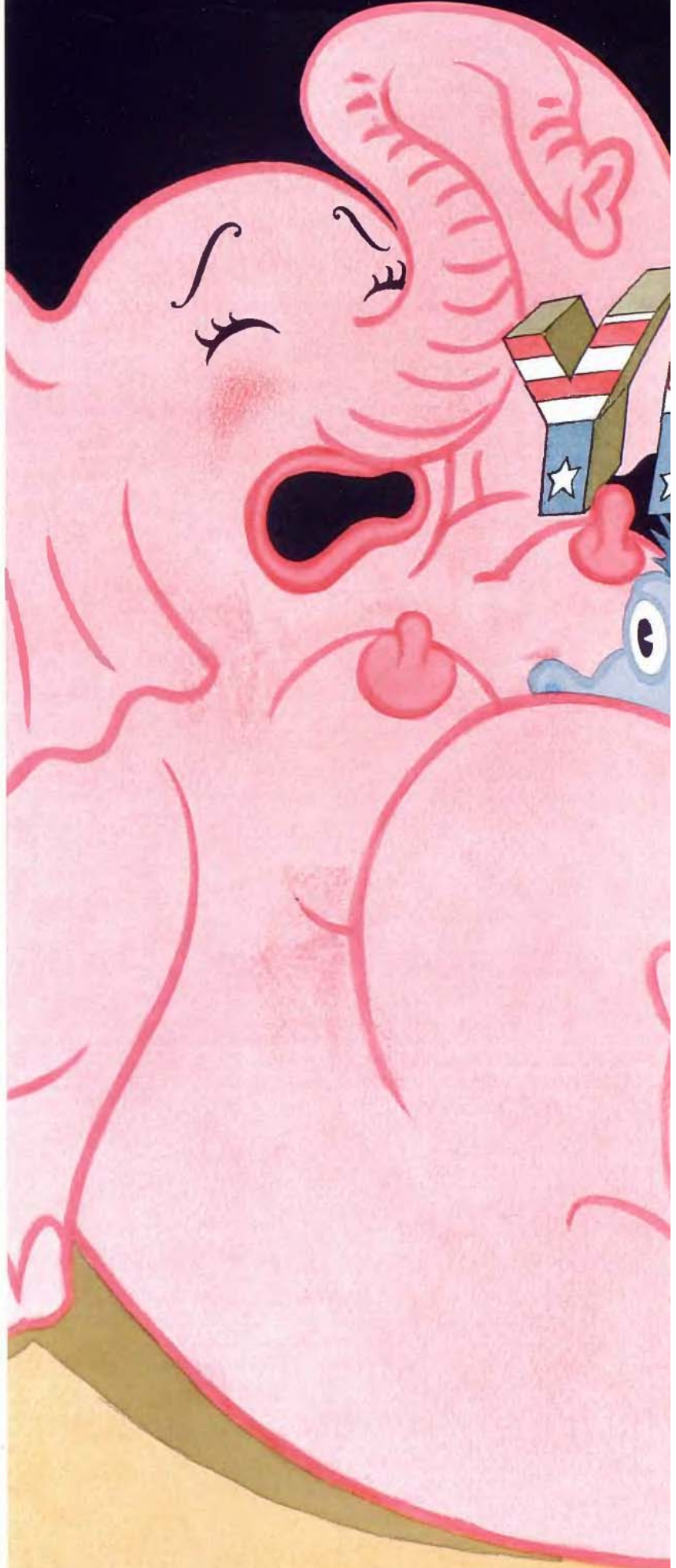
I ordered two.

It turned out we were both in New Hampshire doing issue work. Darcy was pitching agricultural subsidies to the Republicans, I was pitching drug counseling to the Dems. I'd spent the past week trolling rehab centers, listening to earnest social workers and sad, unconvincing ex-junkies. At night, I squeezed into the tiny hotel bathtub and tried to wash the smoke out of my pores. Darcy was faring no better. She'd twisted her ankle that morning touring a derelict strawberry farm.

"Who farms here?" she said. "What would they farm, granite?"

"Maybe they thought they had sent you to Vermont."

She shook her head. "There are no Republicans in Vermont."





The truth is, we were on the fringes of the campaign, miles from the action; our duties were more ceremonial than anything. But there was in each of us the bug of politics, a talky competitiveness, a desire to impose our sense of right on the world. We carried, along with our clattery Beltway cynicism and our Motorolas, a tremendous vulnerability to hope. And now, as we talked and drank, this vulnerability became shared property, like the pack of Camel Lights that lay between us, or the tales of model UN coups, the geeky adolescent versions of our adult passion.

Outside, the December night was crisp. A fog had rolled in and lay draped over the pine barrens like gauze. We stood beside my rental car, shivering, swinging a little. Darcy was packed neatly into her blue cotton blend. Her hair was the color of wet straw and fell to her clavicle. A flower belonged behind her ear. Kissing her seemed the most uncomplicated decision I had made in years.

So there was that, an evening of esprit de corps, some very fine necking in the great hither and yon of the electorate. Back in D.C., the situation was a little less clear.

Darcy worked at the Fund for Tradition, a think tank devoted to—as the swanky, four-color pamphlets told it—*fiscal restraint and the defense of traditional values*. I was at Citizen Action, a descendant of the LBJ era. We didn't have pamphlets. Our mission was to lobby the halls of power on behalf of the disenfranchised. To piss, in other words, up the mighty tree of capitalism.

We conducted the same basic life at a slightly different amplitude. The brutal hours of apprenticeship, the hasty lunches and reports whose sober facts gummed our thoughts. We were both involved with other people, people more like ourselves, who satisfied us in a placid way. I might never have seen her again. Except that I did.

She was standing alone in the Senate gallery. Congress was on break, the tourists gone. Darcy gazed down into the darkening well of the Senate. She was wearing a peacoat and a dark pillbox hat, which now, in my memory, I have affixed with a veil, though I'm certain this was not the case.

I circled the gallery and waited for her to notice me. When I called her name, she gasped and placed a hand over her heart.

"Oh Billy! It's you."

"I'm sorry. Did I startle you?"

"No," she said. "Not at all."

"You look beautiful," I said.

This wasn't what I'd meant to say. It was certainly too ardent for the setting.

But it was the truest thing I was feeling, and, anyway, Darcy had this effect on me.

She shook her head a little, then blushed. "What are you doing here?" she said.

"I'm not sure. I was visiting a friend downstairs, a guy who works with Sarbanes. I just sort of wandered up here."

"I come here all the time," Darcy said. "It helps me think."

"About what?"

She pursed her lips. "Why we're here, I guess. The desire to effect good in an arena of civility."

"Is that Jefferson?"

"Not really. It's me."

The smell of the Senate rose from the empty well, old leather and something vaguely peppery—Brylcreem, maybe. The place exuded a sense of quiet dignity, which was more than the absence of its usual clamor, and seemed closer, in the end, to the calm we hoped to find at the center of our lives.

"Does that sound hokey, Billy?" Darcy said suddenly.

"Not at all."

"You don't think so?" Her face leaped from the dark fabric of her coat, sweetly arrayed in worry.

"Are you hungry?" I said.

Darcy opened her mouth but said nothing.

"Other plans?"

"Sort of. I should—" She looked at me for a moment. "Hold on."

"If you've got plans, I don't want to impose."

Darcy laughed, a bit lavishly. "I wouldn't let you impose," she said, and drew the cell phone from her coat pocket.

We were both tipsy and tangled in my flannel sheets. We'd talked about not letting this happen, this sudden rush into the secret bodies. But Darcy, her neck, the length of her torso, the wisp of corn silk above her pelvic basin and the gentle application of her hands, her generous, unfeigned devotions to my body—which I secretly loathed, which shamed me for its deficiencies of grace and muscle—and her hair reeling across my chest. . . . All these came at me in a tumble of violent emotion, stripped from me the language with which one crafts cautious deferrals, the *maybe I should go*, the sudden pause, the stuttered breath and step back, the gallant bonered retreat to the bathroom.

No. We made instead a ridiculous flying machine in two clamped parts. In the thick of our clumsy desire, pungent and shameless, we clutched each other by the cheeks, let the skin of our bellies smack briskly, and flew.

"So that's what it's like to love a Republican," I said.

"There are other ways, too." Darcy giggled. "Do you have cigarettes? I'd kill for a cigarette."

I reached into my bedside drawer.

She took a slow drag and blew the smoke at the ceiling. "Oh yeah."

Outside a light snow fell. The cars on the road made a sound like the surf. The moon lit Darcy's face. Her nose was a little blunt. One of her incisors pushed out dramatically from the neat band of her teeth. These flaws served to particularize her beauty. One's memory snagged on them.

"You're my first beard," Darcy said thoughtfully.

She sat up and peered around the room. Che Guevara stared down at her from the closet door, in his fierce mustache. My fertility goddesses stood ranked along the sill, squat figures with sagging breasts and hips round as swales. I waited for Darcy to ask me about them, so I could recite my Peace Corps stories. (I'd saved a little girl's life! A goat had been killed in my honor!) But she only took another drag and covered her warm little breasts.

"Where are we again?"

"My apartment."

"The address, you dope."

"Why do you want the address?"

"For the cab."

"Oh please don't go. I'd rather you stayed. Or I could drive you."

"No. I need to think about this."

"Can't we think together? I'd like to think with you."

"I'm not sure you're the best thing for my thought process."

Darcy rose from the bed and began collecting her clothes. I watched her move around the room. I wanted terribly for her to come close enough that I could take a bite of her tush, which trembled like a pale bell. But this was not going to happen. From the other room came the slithery sound of pantyhose, the clasp of a bra.

"What's there to think about?" I called out. "Was this a mistake? Because I don't feel like this was a mistake."

Darcy reemerged, looking combed and dangerous, like something from a winter catalog. She took a last drag off her cigarette and dropped it in her wineglass. A horn sounded below in the street.

"Can I at least walk you down?"

"You're sweet. I wish you wouldn't."

She set her fingers to her throat and said, a little dreamily, "I'm going to have a rash tomorrow, from your beard."

I went to the window and watched her slip into the cab. There was something tragically illicit about the moment. I didn't know what to do. The

(continued on page 176)

sports
By GARY
COLE
and
DAVID
KAPLAN

The snowball has started an avalanche. Each year, more young players make the jump from undergraduate or high school senior to professional ballplayer. The snowball was high schoolers Kevin Garnett and Kobe Bryant. Why crack books and attend class when you can make millions and drive a new Mercedes? The avalanche came this year when four of the five top selections in the NBA draft had no college experience. Of the first 20 players drafted, only two were college seniors (Shane Battier from Duke and Brendan Haywood from North Carolina). Of the first 12 draft picks, only Battier had played more than two years of college basketball.

The college game is thin on name recognition and talent. On the other hand, the race for the national championship hangs not only on who you can recruit but also who you can keep in school. Michigan State's Tom Izzo took an unseasoned but talented team to another Final Four. Most fans figured to see the Spartans in the hunt for another national championship this season. But when sophomore Jason Richardson and freshman Zach Randolph bolted for the NBA, the odds on Michigan State even *(continued on page 134)*

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP
OF THE BEST TEAMS
AND PLAYERS



The Duke Blue Devils, led by Playboy All-America guard Jason Williams, will attempt to repeat as national champions.

LaVell Blanchard, forward, 6'7", 215, junior, Michigan. Averaged 17.8 points and 8.4 rebounds per game. David West, center, 6'8", 232, junior, Xavier. School's first-ever Atlantic 10 Conference Player of the Year, 17.8 points per game. Marvin O'Connor, guard, 6'4", 190, senior, St. Joseph's. Set school season record for points

(706). Frank Williams, guard, 6'3", 205, junior, Illinois. Last season's Big 10 Player of the Year, 14.9 points per game. Jason Kaponog, forward, 6'8", 206, junior, UCLA. Bruins' leading scorer past two seasons, 17.2 points per game. Chris Marcus, center, 7'1", 285, senior, Western Kentucky. Leading rebounder in nation last season.

LaVell Blanchard
Michigan

David West
Xavier

Frank Williams
Illinois

Jason Kaponog
UCLA

Marvin O'Connor
St. Joseph's

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLAYBOY'S 2002

Kareem Rush, forward, 6'6", 218, junior, Missouri. Averaged 21.1 points per game last season. Michael Sweetney, forward, 6'8", 260, sophomore, Georgetown. Team's leading scorer and rebounder. Eyo Effiong, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete winner, center, 6'9", 240, senior, Winthrop. Three-year starter. Casey Jacobsen, guard, 6'6", 210,

junior, Stanford. Averaged 18.1 points per game and shot more than 50 percent from the floor. Jason Williams (not pictured), guard, 6'2", 196, junior, Duke. Finished season with 21.6 points per game average. Gary Williams (not pictured), Coach of the Year, Maryland. Led Terps to at least 20 wins in six of the past seven seasons.

Kareem Rush
Missouri

Eyo Effiong
Winthrop

Chris Marcus
Western Kentucky

Casey Jacobsen
Stanford

Michael Sweetney
Georgetown

ALL-AMERICA TEAM



PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. DUKE
2. KENTUCKY
3. ILLINOIS
4. MARYLAND
5. UCLA
6. MISSOURI
7. IOWA
8. FLORIDA
9. KANSAS
10. VIRGINIA
11. ST. JOSEPH'S
12. FRESNO STATE
13. BOSTON COLLEGE
14. TEMPLE
15. GEORGETOWN
16. MEMPHIS
17. CONNECTICUT
18. SYRACUSE
19. OKLAHOMA STATE
20. STANFORD
21. MISSISSIPPI
22. UTAH
23. TEXAS
24. ALABAMA
25. GONZAGA

making the 64-team tournament field went from certain to long.

Will the game survive? Because of a surfeit of talent and some great coaches, the answer is a resounding yes. While the player names may not be as familiar, the game itself is as exciting as ever.

Last season we predicted that Duke and Arizona would be the two best teams in the nation and that Duke would win the national championship. The crystal ball doesn't work any better than that. Now Duke is looking to repeat, and it appears to have the talent to do so. Playboy All-America point guard Jason Williams decided to stay at Duke despite being a probable number one pick in the NBA draft. Now he has a chance to lead his team to a fourth national title. No school since UCLA has been as dominant as the Blue Devils, who have made nine Final Four appearances under coach Mike Krzyzewski and played in the title game seven times. Krzyzewski, on his way to being the greatest college coach of all time, emphasizes academic success as well as basketball excellence, and he does it with unparalleled class and style.

While Duke may be the favorite, the race is wide open. Illinois will be back, as will Maryland, which reached last year's Final Four (as PLAYBOY predicted). Kentucky, UCLA and Florida have legitimate title aspirations as well.

Here's the rundown on our top 25 teams for this season.

(1) DUKE

The Blue Devils are our choice to win another national championship, largely because All-America point guard Jason Williams decided to return to school rather than jump to the NBA. The 6'2" guard played in all six NCAA tournament games last season and averaged 21.6 points. He has completely recovered after breaking his hand in a pickup game in late August. The Blue Devils return the best backcourt in the nation with Williams and Chris Duhon forming a jet-quick combination that can score from anywhere. Coach K and Co. must find a replacement for All-America forward Shane Battier, who was Duke's best defensive player, their leader on and off the court and a talented scorer both from the perimeter and in the paint. Top guns for the Blue Devils front line include Carlos Boozer, Casey Sanders and Nick Horvath, with Boozer one of the nation's premier inside forces. Throw in 6'8" swingman Mike Dunleavy, and you have a team that should add more jewelry to their fingers next spring.

(2) KENTUCKY

The Wildcats lost power forward Jason Parker to a torn ACL, but they still

have a deep pool of talent that ought to help coach Tubby Smith quiet his critics in Lexington. Tayshaun Prince pulled out of the NBA draft, a decision that gives UK one of the best small forwards in college ball. Prince can run, jump and score in a variety of ways. Keith Bogans, who also pulled out of the draft after a poor showing in a pre-draft camp, is a superb guard who uses his size and athleticism to score as well as to initiate Kentucky's half-court offense. The 6'8", 253-pound Parker came on strong at the end of last season, capped by his 22-point, 13-rebound performance in an NCAA tournament loss to USC. Unfortunately, Parker blew a knee in a pickup game and will be sidelined at least six months. Six-ten junior Marvin Stone will be expected to pick up Parker's points and rebounds. Jules Camara, who missed last season on a suspension, will add strength along the baseline. Marquis Estill and freshman Chuck Hayes should help Kentucky muscle up in the rugged SEC. Beyond Prince and Bogans, the perimeter features Cliff Hawkins, Gerald Fitch and freshman sensation Rashaad Carruth. Pile it up and Tubby has a nice problem—finding minutes for all of his stars.

(3) ILLINOIS

The key to the Illini's chances of improving on last year's Regional Final appearance, where they lost to Arizona, will be the continued development of Playboy All-America Frank Williams and the leadership and perimeter shooting of Cory Bradford. Robert Archibald will provide defense and rebounding, and at 6'11" he is a presence on the low post. However, he must improve his scoring on the interior to open things up for the perimeter attack and to give junior star Brian Cook room to operate inside. At 6'10", Cook is a talented forward, but he needs to be more of a force around the basket and more consistent with his perimeter jumper. A pair of hard-nosed forwards make the Illini one of the most physical teams in the country, as 6'8" Lucas Johnson and 6'9" Damir Krupalija crash the boards with reckless abandon. They also score. Add an excellent recruiting class led by jumping-jack guard Luther Head, and the Illini appear headed to the Final Four.

(4) MARYLAND

Another talented backcourt tandem, Steve Blake and Juan Dixon, will attempt to lead the Terps to a consecutive successful ACC season. Inside, Lonny Baxter will handle low-post scoring and most of the board work, but he needs solid support from Tahj Holden

(continued on page 148)



"Last Christmas, I gave until it hurt."

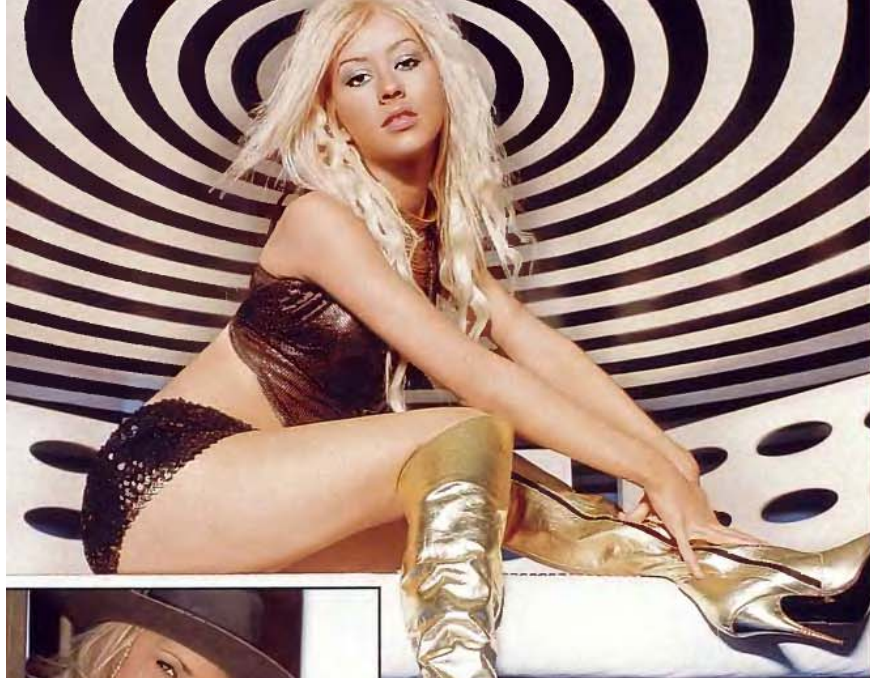
SEX STARS-2001

T it was the year of the belly button. As if guys didn't already have enough to drool over, the female navel joined Ts and As and legs as totemic targets. Pop moppets Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera (not to mention Jennifer Lopez) pushed plunging waistlines down to the base cleft. However, our favorite laplander has to be TV host Brooke Burke. Now there's a winking omphalos for you. Elsewhere, 2001 saw models turned actresses such as Kylie Bax and Angelica Bridges turning up in PLAYBOY. Guys got tougher—like Ben Affleck, who takes on Tom Clancy's character Jack Ryan. But the most encouraging sign is the strength of the bare market—Summer Altice and Brande Roderick vying to be the next Pam or Carmen. So enjoy the celestial bodies, and we'll see you in the coronary care unit.



1.

2.



1. **THE ROCK** Taken for granite
2. **KATE HUDSON** Goldie spawn
3. **CHRISTINA AGUILERA** Baby marmalade
4. **ANTONIO BANDERAS and ANGELINA JOLIE** Original sinners
5. **JAIME PRESSLY** Fringe benefits
6. **KID ROCK** Mack daddy
7. **KIM CATTRALL, CYNTHIA NIXON, KRISTIN DAVIS, SARAH JESSICA PARKER** Four score in the city
8. **ESTELLA WARREN** Hot Apes' hit







6.



7.



8.



9.

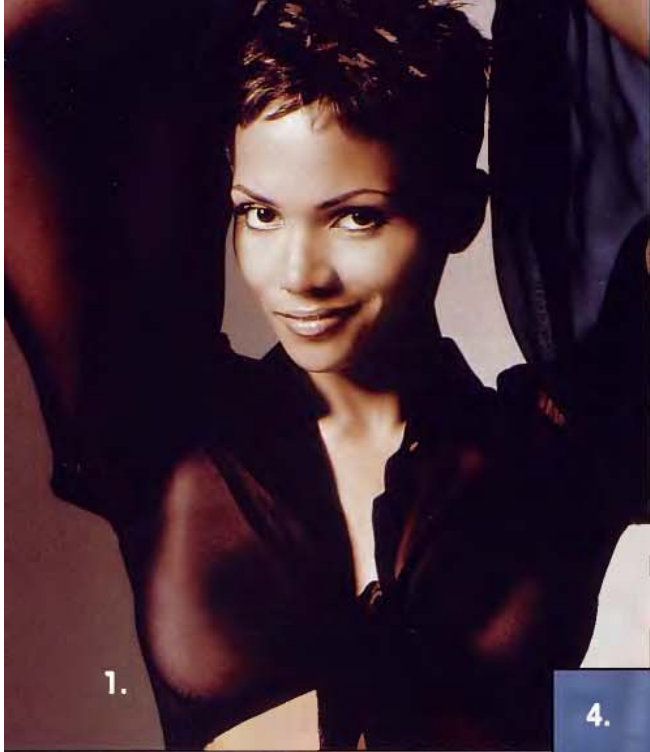
1. **BROOKE BURKE** *Wild On B*
2. **SUMMER ALTICE** *Heat, meet humidity*
3. **KYLIE BAX** *Peeled kiwi*
4. **BRITNEY SPEARS** *Belly interesting*
5. **JUDE LAW** *Hey!*
6. **'N SYNC** *The boys rule*
7. **ANNA KOURNIKOVA** *Advantage in*
8. **BEN AFFLECK** *All revved up*
9. **JENNIFER LOPEZ** *J. Lo rider*
10. **JANET JACKSON** *Sex pop*
11. **CHARLIZE THERON** *Screen gem*



10.



11.



1.



2.



3.



4.



6.

- 1. **HALLE BERRY** Hot flash
- 2. **BRANDE RODERICK** PMOY
- 3. **JORDAN** Body politic
- 4. **RUFUS SEWELL** Darn good
- 5. **KATE BECKINSALE and JOSH HARTNETT** Oahu wahoo
- 6. **ANGELICA BRIDGES** Toll you so
- 7. **MARK WAHLBERG** Planet rock
- 8. **PAM ANDERSON** Stud finder
- 9. **CARMEN ELECTRA** Watts up



5.





MADONNA

Madonna



NELLY

Nelly



JANET

Janet

Playboy

Music Poll 2001

TEEN POP STILL SATURATED THE AIRWAVES IN 2001, BUT THE APPEARANCE OF THE WHITE STRIPES, ALICIA KEYS, OURS, LUCINDA WILLIAMS AND TRAVIS MAKES US THINK THAT SINGERS AND SONGS ARE MAKING COMEBACKS. SPEAKING OF COMEBACKS, WHO HAD A BIGGER YEAR THAN THE FAB FOUR WITH *I*? IF EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN, THE BLUEGRASS REVIVAL—SPARKED BY PATTY LOVELESS, *O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?* AND DOLLY PARTON—IS ROOTS MUSIC FOR THE SOUL. WE'VE REVISED THE POLL, SO LOOK FOR SOME NEW CATEGORIES AND MUSICIANS. THEN SHARPEN THOSE PENCILS. OR GO TO PLAYBOY.COM AND VOTE.

Jennifer Lopez
JENNIFER

* MAIL YOUR ENTRY NO LATER THAN DECEMBER 15, 2001.



DESTINY'S CHILD
Destiny's Child



ALICIA KEYS
Alicia Keys



WEEZER
Weezer

ROCK

R&B

ARTIST

- BONO
- NELLY FURTADO
- DAVID GRAY
- P.J. HARVEY
- JANET JACKSON
- KID ROCK
- MADONNA
- MOBY
- ALANIS MORISSETTE
- STEVIE NICKS
- BRITNEY SPEARS
- STEVEN TYLER
- PETE YORN
- ROB ZOMBIE

GROUP

- ALIEN ANT FARM
- BEATLES
- BON JOVI
- COLDPLAY
- GREEN DAY
- INCUBUS
- LIMP BIZKIT
- DAVE MATTHEWS BAND
- MUDVAYNE
- NO DOUBT
- STAINED
- TOOL
- TRAVIS
- U2
- WEEZER
- WHITE STRIPES

INSTRUMENTALIST

- CARTER BEAUFORD
- THE EDGE
- JONNY GREENWOOD
- BUDDY GUY
- RICHARD THOMPSON
- BOYD TINSLEY

ROCK CD

- ALL THAT YOU CAN'T LEAVE BEHIND* — U2
- AMNESIAC* — RAOIOHEAO
- BEAT EM UP* — IGGY POP
- BREAK THE CYCLE* — STAINED
- EVERYDAY* — DAVE MATTHEWS BAND
- HYBRID THEORY* — LINKIN PARK
- THE ID* — MACY GRAY
- LOVE AND THEFT* — BOB DYLAN
- NO NAME FACE* — LIFEHOUSE
- TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS AND JACKET* — BLINK-182
- WARNING* — GREEN DAY
- WEEZER* — WEEZER
- WHITE LADDER* — DAVID GRAY

ARTIST

- AALIYAH
- INDIA ARIE
- BABYFACE
- BILAL
- MARY J. BLIGE
- CRAIG OAVID
- DESTINY'S CHILD
- R. KELLY
- ALICIA KEYS
- JENNIFER LOPEZ
- MAXWELL
- MYA
- JILL SCOTT
- LUTHER VANDROSS

R&B CD

- AALIYAH* — AALIYAH
- BORN TO DO IT* — CRAIG DAVID
- 8701* — USHER
- ETERNAL* — ISLEY BROTHERS
- FIRST BORN SECOND* — BILAL
- LOVERS ROCK* — SADE
- NO MORE DRAMA* — MARY J. BLIGE
- SONGS IN A MINOR* — ALICIA KEYS
- SURVIVOR* — DESTINY'S CHILD
- WHO IS JILL SCOTT?* — JILL SCOTT
- YOUR WOMAN* — SUNSHINE ANDERSON

HIP-HOP

ARTIST

- DMX
- D12
- EVE
- GHOSTFACE KILLAH
- JA RULE
- JAY-Z
- JUVENILE
- LUDACRIS
- 112
- OUTKAST
- ST. LUNATICS
- THREE 6 MAFIA
- WU-TANG CLAN
- XZIBIT

HIP-HOP CD

- BACK FOR THE FIRST TIME* — LUDACRIS
- THE BLUEPRINT* — JAY-Z
- COUNTRY GRAMMAR* — NELLY
- DIGITAL BULLET* — RZA
- MALPRACTICE* — REDMAN
- MISS E SO ADDICTIVE* — MISSY ELLIOTT
- SCORPION* — EVE
- WE RIGHT HERE* — DMX

ALL THE BEST NEW R+B ARTISTS HAVE MADE NODS TO THEIR MUSICAL ROOTS, BUT NO SINGER OF MARVIN GAYE'S CALIBER HAS EMERGED.

DETACH HERE



AALIYAH
Aaliyah



BRITNEY
Britney Spears



SHELBY
Shelby Lynne



BON JOVI
Bon Jovi

DETACH HERE

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

DETACH HERE

ELECTRONIC

- APHEX TWIN
- AUTECHRE
- BASEMENT JAXX
- DAFT PUNK
- FATBDY SLIM
- GROOVE ARMADA
- KRUDER AND DORFMEISTER
- MIRWAIS
- PAUL OAKENFOLD
- SAINT GERMAIN
- SQUAREPUSHER

SOUNDTRACK

- ALMOST FAMOUS
- AMERICAN PIE 2
- BABY BOY
- THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS
- GHOST WORLD
- HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH
- LARA CROFT: TOMB RAIDER
- MOULIN ROUGE
- O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?
- ROCK STAR
- RUSH HOUR 2
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DETACH HERE

RETURN ENVELOPE



BILLIE
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JAZZ

ARTIST

- TONY BENNETT
- TIM BERNE
- DEE DEE
- BRIDGEWATER
- MARTY EHRLICH
- KURT ELLING
- BÉLA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES
- DAVE HOLLAND QUINTET
- DIANA KRALL
- BOBBY MCFERRIN
- BRAO MEHLOAU
- JANE MONHEIT
- JOSHUA REDMAN QUARTET
- OIANNE REEVES
- SEX MOB
- CASSANDRA WILSON

JAZZ CD

- BALLADS: REMEMBERING JOHN COLTRANE* — KARRIN ALLYSON
- DOT COM BLUES* — JIMMY SMITH
- FLIGHTS OF FANCY* — JOE LOVANO
- THE LOOK OF LOVE* — DIANA KRALL
- MATTHEW SHIPP'S NEW ORBIT*
- SOLID ETHER* — NILS PETTER MOLVAER
- SONGS WITHOUT WORDS* — FRED HERSCH
- SYMBOLS OF LIGHT* — GREG OSBY
- TRAVESÍA* — DAVID SÁNCHEZ
- UP POPPED TWO LIPS* — HENRY THREAGILL

NEXT BIG THING

- BETA BAND
- JADAKISS
- NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS
- OURS
- SIGUR RÓS
- STROKES
- SUM 41



JERRY LEE
Jerry Lee Lewis



ARETHA
Aretha Franklin



LUCINDA
Lucinda Williams

COUNTRY

REISSUE

ARTIST

- GARY ALLAN
- BROOKS AND DUNN
- TRACY BYRD
- DIXIE CHICKS
- STEVE EARLE
- FAITH HILL
- GEORGE JONES
- PATTY LOVELESS
- SHELBY LYNNE
- DEL MCCOURY BAND
- TIM MCGRAW
- BRAD PAISLEY
- DOLLY PARTON
- TRAVIS TRITT
- LUCINDA WILLIAMS
- LEE ANN WOMACK

COUNTRY CD

- BURN* — JO OEE MESSINA
- DOWN THE ROAD I GO* — TRAVIS TRITT
- ESSENCE* — LUCINDA WILLIAMS
- HOUSTON KID* — RODNEY CROWELL
- I HOPE YOU DANCE* — LEE ANN WOMACK
- I'M ALREADY THERE* — LONESTAR
- MOUNTAIN SOUL* — PATTY LOVELESS
- ROOTS, VOL. 1* — MERLE HAGGARD
- SMOKE RINGS IN THE DARK* — GARY ALLAN
- STEERS AND STRIPES* — BROOKS AND DUNN
- WHEN SOMEBODY LOVES YOU* — ALAN JACKSON

- THE COMPLETE IN A SILENT WAY SESSIONS* — MILES DAVIS
- GIRL GROUP GREATS*
- HEY! HO! LET'S GO: THE ANTHOLOGY* — RAMONES
- JUST A SONG OF OLD KENTUCKY* — MONROE BROTHERS
- LADY DAY: THE COMPLETE BILLIE HOLIDAY ON COLUMBIA*
- ONE LOVE: THE VERY BEST OF BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS*
- ULTIMATE!* — THE YAROBIRDS


HALL OF FAME

- CLASH
- ARETHA FRANKLIN
- AL GREEN
- MERLE HAGGARD
- JOHN LEE HOOKER
- CAROLE KING
- JERRY LEE LEWIS
- CURTIS MAYFIELD
- JONI MITCHELL
- VAN MORRISON
- JOHN PHILLIPS
- IGGY POP
- RAMONES
- LOU REED
- SMOKEY ROBINSON
- RUN-DMC
- PATTI SMITH
- U2

THIS YEAR'S SUREFIRE TRICK WAS TO GET GWEN STEFANI TO SING A DUET WITH YOU. JUST ASK MOBY AND EVE.



DETACH HERE



big boi

dre

By Tony Green

outkast no more

riffs and raps from Dre and Big Boi

Music debates are often characterized by insular, hipper-than-thou rhetoric, but Outkast is a group most people agree on. They get love from strip clubs to martini bars, from Popeye's to Starbucks, from electro-beat geeks to rap fiends—which makes them innovators. The day we caught up with them, they were doing a sound check for Area One at Atlanta's Lakewood Amphitheater, where they were backed by a nine-piece band.

"A lot of people don't realize the effect we've had," as Southern hip-hop artists and as artists in general," said Antwan "Big Boi" Patton. "Some people get what we're doing, but a lot don't."

To make the point, Andre "Dre" Benjamin said, "I was in the studio with George Clinton once. He told me the way to record is to have a bunch of things going at the same time and then keep cutting stuff out, adding, rearranging, until you get what you want. That's how we do it. But folks try to be sneaky. They ask us, 'Where do you draw the line between keeping it real and art?'"

"People always trying to ask what it is we do," said Big Boi. "I tell them we just do what we feel. It's simple. We talk about everyday life. Everybody can get with that."

Although they share a musical vision, there's no confusing Dre and

Big Boi. Andre's afro, dashiki and bell-bottoms mark him clearly as the group's id, an eccentric whose musical tastes run from Wes Montgomery to the Sex Pistols to Squarepusher. On the way to the sound check, in his red SUV, he cues up a new track he's been working on. It's a vicious double-time workout, with an R&B falsetto hook spliced to a drum-and-bass underpinning. "I like fast beats," he said. "I actually like anything that doesn't sound American—Irish music, Indian music."

Big Boi, on the other hand, sports a lime ensemble. Even his athletic shoes are green. It's in the pimp tradition of Southern hip-hop. He's the realist to Dre's flower child, the one with a taste for Seventies soul and funk. He even has a strip-club pole in his den for after-hours entertainment. He argues with promoters and finalizes the lodging arrangements for tours. You get the impression that if anyone had a problem with his room, he'd keep it to himself rather than get into it with Boi. "Niggas be forgettin' up in here," he says to a Stankonia assistant about paying dues. "It was a minute before we had our own rooms on tour. We didn't have separate rooms until our third album." And his raps have the same sneering edge. Dre apologizes to the fictional mother-in-law in "Ms. Jackson" while Big Boi jeers,

taunting with lines like, "You and your girl ain't talkin' no more, 'cause my dick up in her mouth."

They are in harmony. The energy between Big Boi and Dre has propelled a series of albums that are by turn witty, tragicomic and ruff-neck.

Since critics called "Stankonia" the best album of 2000, many wondered why it didn't make it onto any Grammy ballots. Without Outkast, the most exciting thing at the ceremony was an anticlimactic Eminem-Elton John duet. "It was our manager's fault," said Dre, picking over a fried-fish platter in their studio. "Fuckin' forgot," Big Boi drawled from across the table. And that's it?

"Yeah, man," said Dre. "We figured we would put it out in time for the awards season. And as it was getting time, we were like, 'Are we gonna miss the deadline?' and he was like, 'Naw, it's cool, it's cool.' And we just missed the door."

"It is cool, though," said Big Boi. "We're just gonna keep the buzz going around till this year."

That won't be hard. After seven years and three stellar albums, one a certified classic—1998's "Aquemini"—the duo topped themselves with "Stankonia." They're planning to release basement tapes, à la Bob Dylan, in time for Christmas. Which only means more people will jump on the Outkast express.

"Some people get what we're doing, but a lot don't."

BASKETBALL *(continued from page 134)*

The player names may not be as familiar, but the game itself is as exciting as ever.

and Chris Wilcox, because Maryland's one question mark is its inside depth. Dixon is a prime-time scorer and as mentally tough as any player in the nation. This will be the final season for Maryland's longtime home, Cole Field House, and with all of this talent it could close its doors after hosting a national championship party.

(5) UCLA

The Bruins return just about everybody from last season and add a fabulous recruiting class to the mix. Playboy All-America Jason Kapono is a prolific scorer who has good range from the perimeter and also scores well in transition. He could have an even better year if he gets solid inside play from Dan Gadzuric, who needs to improve his scoring and rebounding numbers. Matt Barnes will also be counted on to provide scoring from a forward spot. Someone else must step up on the front line; the pool of candidates includes T.J. Cummings, Spencer Gloger and Josiah Johnson. Point guard Ced-

ric Bozeman must try to fill the shoes of the graduated Earl Watson.

(6) MISSOURI

The Tigers boast an exciting player in Playboy All-America Kareem Rush, who is electrifying in the open court and can score in a multitude of ways. He will need help, though, from point guard Wesley Stokes, the man who runs the Tigers show. Backcourt mate Clarence Gilbert adds solid perimeter shooting to the MU attack. Inside, Missouri needs solid play from Arthur Johnson and Travon Bryant but will also look to junior college transfer Uche Okafor if he's eligible. Two other players to watch along the baseline are freshmen Najeeb Echols and Jeffrey Ferguson. Missouri is deep and talented, giving coach Quin Snyder enough ammo to make serious noise on the national scene.

(7) IOWA

Reggie Evans may not be a true center, but he's still extremely tough to

handle on the post, where his scoring and rebounding make the Hawkeyes go. Coach Steve Alford is depending on the return of a healthy Luke Recker, who became an important part of the Iowa attack last season but missed the stretch run of last season with a knee injury. Recker is a complete backcourt player. Brody Boyd must find more consistency from the perimeter to nail down the other guard spot, while the Hawkeyes need improved play from 6'11" Jared Reiner and 6'7" Glen Worley along the front line to take the heat off Evans. If this club stays healthy and its perimeter game is solid, Iowa could rock.

(8) FLORIDA

At the end of last season, coach Billy Donovan straightened his tie, looked in the mirror and said, "See you in the NCAA championship game next season." That's when he thought Kwame Brown, the number one high school player in the nation, would be playing college basketball. It's also when he assumed that Teddy Dupay, a firebrand floor leader for the Gators (and one of their best three-point shooters), would still be eligible. Loosen the tie, Billy. Kwame went pro, and Michael Jordan made him the first-ever high school player to be drafted number one. Dupay has been dismissed from the team. Should Donovan throw in the towel on the season? Not exactly. Udonis Haslem can be dominating on the inside. Brett Nelson still provides the Gators with a perimeter threat. Orien Greene and Justin Hamilton have potential. But what appeared to be a fast track to the Final Four for Florida has turned into a long and winding road.

(9) KANSAS

Coach Roy Williams has his Jayhawks ready to make a run at a Final Four berth with a strong team led by Drew Gooden and Nick Collison up front. Gooden runs the court as well as any big man in the nation, and if KU can dominate the glass and get the ball to standout guards Jeff Boschee and Kirk Hinrich, they will make a serious run in the national tournament. Last year KU outrebounded 25 of its 33 opponents, thanks in large part to the efforts of 7'1" Eric Chenowith, but he has graduated. A nagging question this season: Do the Jayhawks have enough depth inside?

(10) VIRGINIA

When Pete Gillen arrived as coach a few years back, he promised to rebuild Virginia and said he'd do it in a hurry. After the team's 10-0 start last season, fans were excited about the Cavaliers'

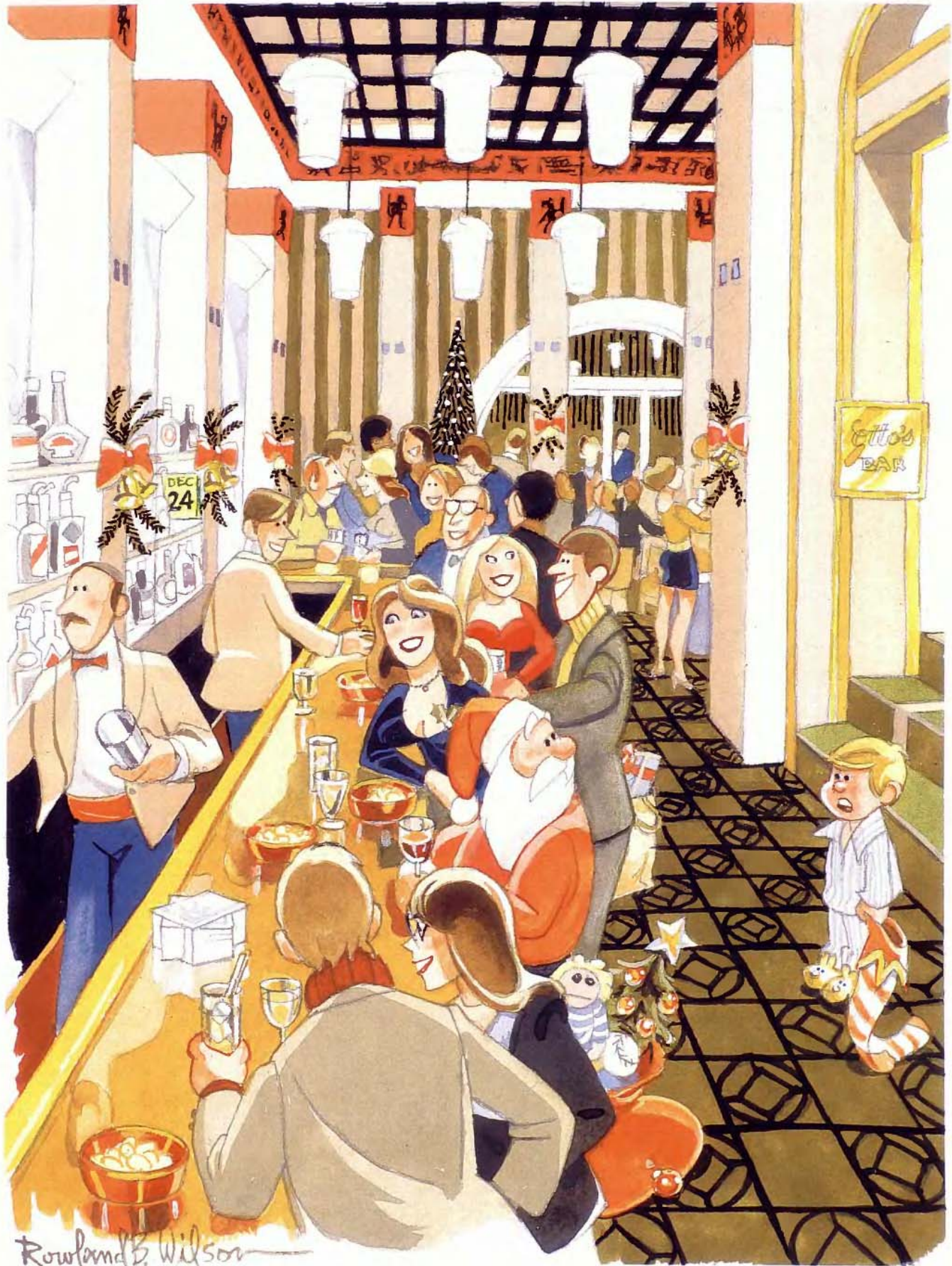
(continued on page 202)

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. A donation of \$5000 has been made by PLAYBOY to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Eyo Effiong from Winthrop University. Effiong has been the starting center on three consecutive Big South championship teams and has played in three NCAA tournaments. He was on the National Dean's List for 1999-2000 and has been on the Big South All-Academic Team for the past two seasons. In addition, he's been the Big South Presidential Scholar for the past three years. His major is business administration with a minor in accounting and his overall GPA is 3.49 on a scale of 4.00.

Honorable mentions: Matt Bonner (Florida), Demetric Shaw (Kent State), Bill Phillips (St. Joseph's), Silvije Turkovic (Loyola-Chicago), Andy Cavo (Siena), J.R. Vanhoose (Marshall), Jobey Thomas (UNC-Charlotte), Garry Hill-Thomas (Nevada-Reno), Andy Hipsher (Akron), Jafar Taalib (North Carolina A&T), David Webber (Central Michigan), Luke Recker (Iowa), Jake Sullivan (Iowa State).



"So there you are!"

PRECIOUS METAL

BEEN A GOOD BOY ALL YEAR? TREAT YOURSELF TO ONE OF THESE



Above: Builder and racer Steve Saleen expects to sell 300 to 400 of his \$395,000 mid-engine Saleen S7s in the next few years. Order one and you'll be in fast company. Its power plant is a 550 hp aluminum V8. Combine that with the S7's lightweight steel frame, honeycomb composite carbon fiber panels and a four-wheel double-wishbone suspension, and a driver with cojones will see 60 mph on the speedo in less than four seconds. A couple of shifts later, 200 mph (and more) will be the magic number. A gazillion vents and louvers and a ground clearance of about four inches mark the S7 as a not-too-thinly disguised race car for the streets. Right: If you can't wait until Ferrari introduces its successor to the F50 in the next few years, you'll have to settle for the 360 Spider convertible. The bad news is that this 400 hp, \$176,000 drop-top is in such short supply, greedy dealers are getting more than \$300,000 for the car. With a zero-to-60 time of 4.3 seconds, we can see why.



Opposite page: Porsche's Carrera GT, which is expected to go into production within a couple of years, will surely break Ferrari's stranglehold on hyperquick road cars. A V10 engine estimated at more than 600 hp, rear-wheel drive and ceramic brakes ensure a top speed of more than 200 mph and great tire grip. Price? Maybe \$400,000.



BY KEN GROSS Exotic cars aren't for everyone. Built by hand in limited numbers, they're made of lightweight materials such as titanium, magnesium and carbon fiber. Most are mid-engine for ideal weight distribution. All are tested in a wind tunnel for stability at high speeds. Two hundred miles per hour is the goal, with a zero-to-60 time around four seconds. But before you break out your checkbook, keep in mind that these exotic babies, which cost at

least \$175,000, have an unquenchable thirst for gas, minimal ground clearance and tiny trunks. (Golf clubs ride shotgun.) These cars can exceed the national speed limit in first gear—with four or five more to go. Insurance premiums? If you have to ask, you can't afford them. The cars are loaded with the latest electronics, such as computer-controlled shifter paddles on the steering wheel (that's what Formula I drivers use), so they are difficult to service and require great skill to drive. But if you're up to the task, you'll be rewarded with uncanny road handling, blinding acceleration and a top speed that would have won major international car races a few years ago. All but the Saleen S7 are built in Germany and Italy, where speed limits aren't always taken seriously. The S7 hails from Irvine, California. Asymmetrical

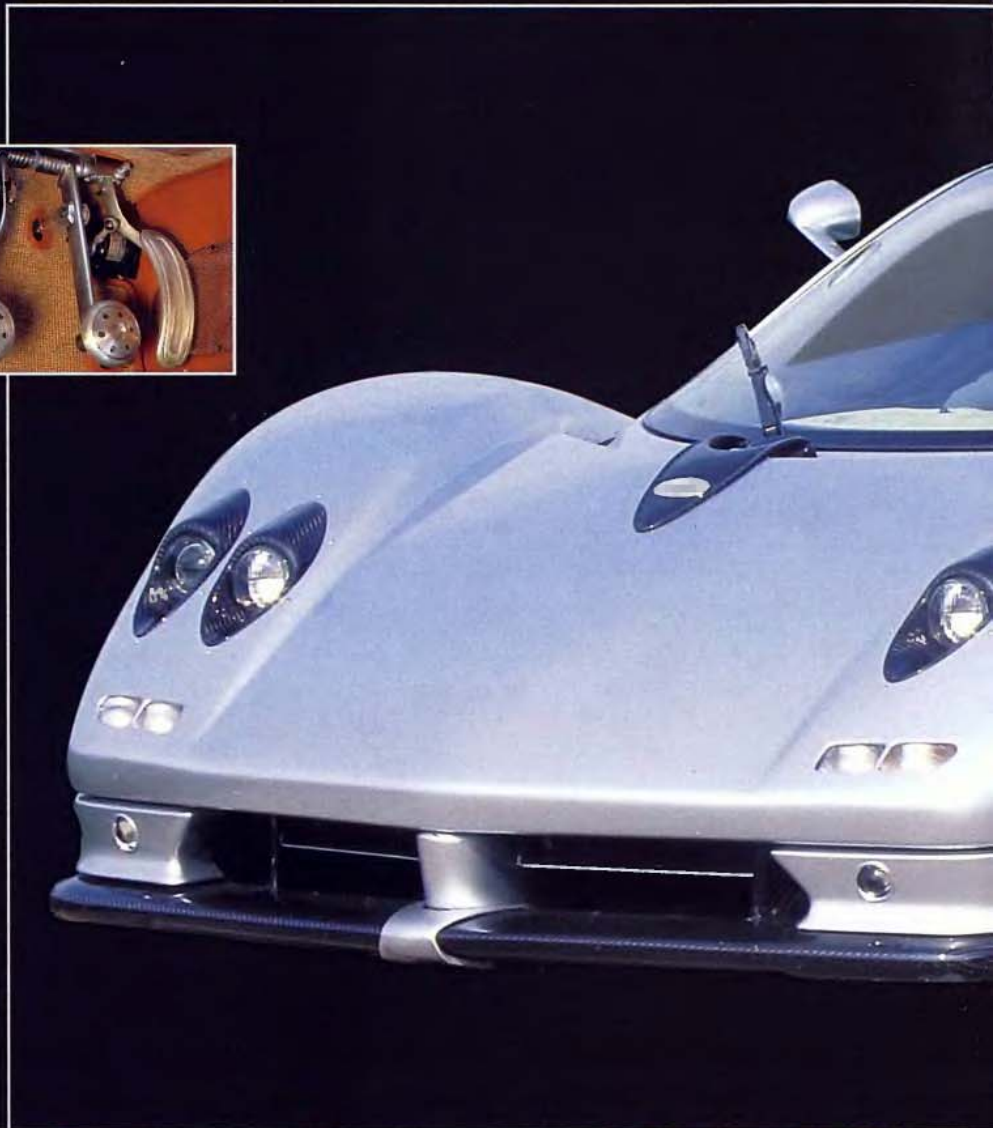


PRECIOUS METAL

seating places the driver slightly ahead of the passenger for optimal control at high speeds. Expensive sound systems are secondary in most supercars. In mid-engine vehicles, you're seated just inches from the mo-



tor. There's a long waiting list for all the cars in this feature, and the Bugatti Veyron won't be introduced until 2003. With a tentative price of \$750,000, you won't see many coming and going. Also pictured in this feature is the Porsche Carrera GT, a concept model that the company's chairman, Wendelin Wiedeking, insists will be built "if we can make money on it." With a price rumored to be about \$400,000, they should. Some manufacturers insist on running financial background checks before they'll put a potential buyer on their gotta-have-it list, so poseurs need not apply.





Above: The rare \$300,000 Pagani Zonda C12 hails from Modena, the heart of Ferrari country. With a specially modified 394 hp Mercedes-Benz V12, the shark-shaped Zonda features a custom race-inspired carbon fiber chassis and body panels supported by a high-strength steel frame. A Pagani-designed six-speed gearbox, drilled brake and clutch pedals (see inset) and fitted luggage add to the car's allure. A 550 hp, \$350,000 C12-S version is also available. Left: Volkswagen hopes to resurrect the Bugatti marque in 2003 with the EB16/4 Veyron (named after Pierre Veyron, the Bugatti race driver). Estimated around \$750,000 with a top speed of about 250 mph, the Veyron will be powered by an 8-liter, 16-cylinder engine with four turbochargers and direct fuel injection. Its horsepower? Hang on, Sloopy—987 ponies. Bugatti blue and a horseshoe-shaped grille are a few of many styling cues designed to link what will be the world's most powerful road car with the Bugatti race cars of the past. Below: Lamborghini's venerable \$265,000 Diablo 6.0 is still a ferociously quick (205 mph) road car. With its raucous, 550 hp V12 positioned just

behind the driver's head, the Diablo sounds as fast as it goes (zero to 60 in 3.95 seconds). If you don't mind its stingy 12-mpg fuel consumption (and being a target for every cop on the interstates), you'll love this car. The Diablo's successor, the L147, will be powered by a 48-valve V12 that's expected to develop about 600 hp.





*"When we were making our gift list, you specifically said,
'Fuck the mailman!'"*

Centerfolds On Sex

**NATALIA
SOKOLOVA**

*What I
Love About
Oral Sex*

I love going down. I like the penis. Some women do it because they're expected to. I do it because I want to. It turns me on. But I have to be in love. If I'm not in love, I'm not interested. I can't have sex just for sex. If I'm not in love, I prefer not to have sex. I have gone for months without it. I need to be in love to have good sex, because that way I feel cherished and never feel used. And I like to swallow. I think men are bothered by women who don't swallow. But if you love a man, it's part of who he is. And again, it's all about love. There's nothing wrong with it, or disgusting about it. It's part of the man I love.

An Erotic Moment

A man took me down to the Caribbean. We had a big fight in the middle of the night. After a while, we decided it was stupid to fight, so we made up. We had a room right on the beach, so we decided to go for a midnight swim. It was a beautiful night. I was wearing nothing but a pair of see-through panties. While I was swimming I looked up and saw the moon and an incredible number of stars. The water was so warm. It was amazing. As I was getting out of the water, my hair was wet and my panties were completely sheer, so obviously we didn't make it to the room. We did it there on the sand. We just fell into sex. At that point, I would have done anything. Then we jumped back into the water. The sand isn't the most comfortable place to do it, but at that moment, it was perfect.

On Women

I appreciate the beauty of women, but I don't like them as much as I like men. I've tried women sexually—actually, it was more like I was present in the sexual picture. It was with my guy and another girl. She was a good friend of mine who was in a strong relationship herself. I was very skeptical of the whole thing, but he wanted it. And just the fact that he liked it and was getting excited made me excited. But if it had been just me and the other woman, I would never have done anything. I'm not into girls for sex. Again, if you're comfortable, if you and the man trust each other absolutely, then I don't see anything wrong with it. My other absolutely, then I don't see anything wrong with it. My guy knows I'm not into it that much. I surely don't want it to become a habit. I did it mostly for him because I love him. It was never for me.

Natalia Sokolova



Catherine Bell

tv's most popular uniformed woman on flirting for fun, nipponese weirdness and how to swear in farsi

When Catherine Bell had a three-line walk-on appearance in the first season of *JAG*, she assumed it would be her last. In the next scene she was a bloodied corpse. *JAG* also died a quick death, when NBC scuttled the drama after one season. But a year later, its executive producer, Donald Bellisario, resurrected the idea and sold it to CBS. Bell sent him a letter saying she was perfect for the role of Major Sarah MacKenzie, the gung ho Marine lawyer. Bellisario remembered her as a "good actress with a pretty laugh." Bell was hired and the series became a huge hit.

Bell was born in London, her parents divorced when she was two and she moved with her mother, an Iranian-born nurse, to Los Angeles. Her father died three years later in a car accident. At seven, Bell was recruited to appear in commercials. Though she enjoyed the experience, her real ambition was to become a doctor. She enrolled at UCLA as a premed student but in her sophomore year dropped out to become a model. At 19, she spent four months in Japan walking the runways, homesick and lonely.

Bell returned to Los Angeles determined to be an actress. She took acting classes, appeared in an American Express commercial for Mexican television and landed a job as Isabella Rossellini's nude body double in *Death Becomes Her*. Still frames from the film are Internet staples.

Bell's career soon received a boost from guest appearances on *Friends*, *Dream On* and *Hercules*. She landed a major role in Miramax' *Men of War*, co-starring Dolph Lundgren, appeared opposite Maureen O'Hara in the CBS movie *Cab to Canada* and co-starred in TBS' *The TimeShifters*, with Casper Van Dien.

Robert Crane caught up with Bell at her home in Los Angeles. He reports: "This woman never rests. When she's not filming, she rides motorcycles with her husband, snowboards, kickboxes, skis, races cars and paints. Bell, who speaks Farsi fluently, is young, talented, beautiful and possesses the same sort of boundless energy as her good friend, the effervescent Jenna Elfman."

1

PLAYBOY: What are the privileges of rank?

BELL: Telling lower-ranking men what to do. I got promoted at the beginning of the season, before my co-star did. So I outranked him for about six episodes. It's fun. You have the power to say, "End of discussion. Dismissed." It's great! When we were on an aircraft carrier for a few days in the beginning of the season, some of the crew didn't recognize me and thought I was really a lieutenant colonel. These guys see me, see the insignia and go, "Ma'am!" and snap to attention! Our technical advisor told me to say, "Carry on" or "As you were," when they do that because otherwise these guys would remain totally frozen.

2

PLAYBOY: Care to comment on the proposition that military justice is to justice what military music is to music?

BELL: It's pretty different. There isn't as much leeway in the military justice system. You do something wrong and you are in trouble. Even things that are common in regular society—you have an affair with the wrong person in the military, you're out.

3

PLAYBOY: How do you recruit when you're looking for a few good men?

BELL: I'm a huge flirt and my husband, Adam, knows it. I've learned who to flirt with and who not to. I've found that even smiling at someone can get you into trouble. I smile, I'm friendly, I hug people, and most people—like the guys at work, who I spend most of my time with—understand. I can sit on one of the guys' laps and hang out and have a great time, and he knows it doesn't mean anything. But I've learned that not every guy knows that, so I'm pretty careful.

4

PLAYBOY: Would you be good at taking orders?

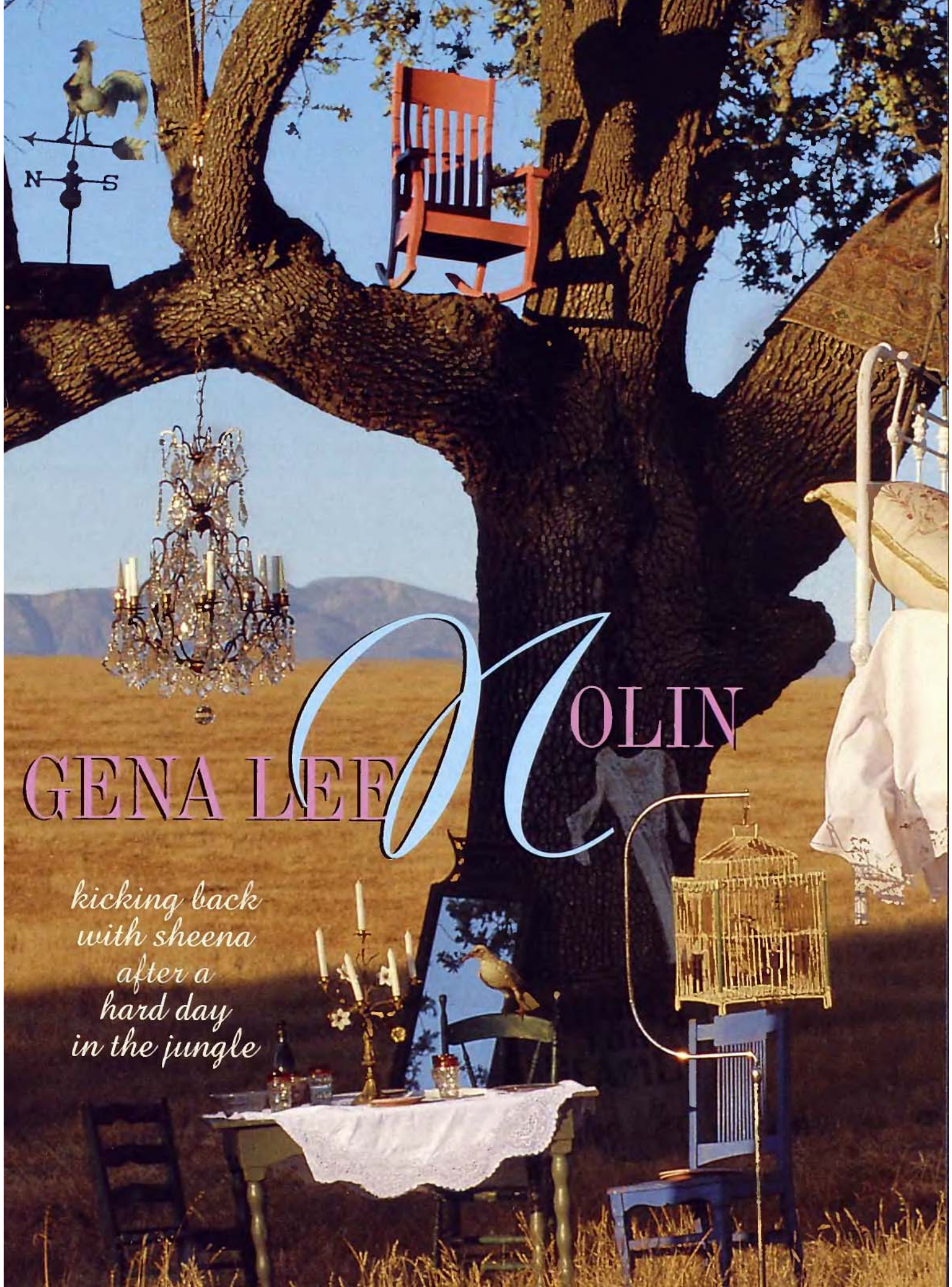
BELL: I'd be better at giving orders. At work you're essentially taking orders. The director's telling you to do something. It's a little different though—you have more of a say in it. You can never do that with a superior officer. "You know, Admiral, I gotta tell ya, what's my motivation, sir?"

5

PLAYBOY: You've modeled in Japan. What do Americans still not understand about the Japanese?

BELL: I've been to Europe and countries all over the world, and they're all a little different. But when I was in Japan, I thought I was on a different planet. They're much more serious. There's no holding hands or kissing in public. But at the same time, I've never been grabbed on the street so much. Someone grabbed my breast, someone grabbed my ass. I'm a kickboxer, and I've always been pretty tough and feisty. I would just turn around and slug these guys and knock them down, and they'd go running. It's a very different way of thinking over there. The first week that I was there, I was trying to be friendly and I turned to the guy next to me on the subway and said, "Hi, I'm Catherine. I'm from America." Oh, my God! He was so offended. You don't talk to strangers in public unless you're formally introduced. He gave me this horrible look and moved to the other side of the car.

I was eating with some Japanese people and was joking around with one man. I tapped his chopsticks because he was getting some food near mine. He threw down the chopsticks, walked out of the restaurant and didn't come back for 45 minutes. Apparently, crossing chopsticks is a symbol for death. I didn't know. (continued on page 192)



GENA LEE *COLIN*

*kicking back
with sheena
after a
hard day
in the jungle*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



I

F YOU'RE thinking of messing around in Gena Lee Nolin's humid jungle, you'd better be ready to rumble. The fabulous former *Baywatch* vixen is busy protecting Africa's wildlife on her second season as TV's *Sheena*. In the syndicated action series, Nolin plays the orphaned jungle queen raised by a shamaness who has taught her the mystical power of shape-shifting into animals. "I've morphed into panthers, tigers, eagles—anything with a strong spirit," she says. Gena has a lot of creative input on *Sheena* and retooled a recent episode in which *Sheena* lost her virginity. "The writer wanted me to rip open a condom package with my teeth and say something completely tacky," she tells us. "I wanted to send the safe-sex message without going to such extremes, so we showed the condom for two seconds and sealed the deal with a kiss."

Gena describes herself as a "meat-and-potatoes type of gal" from Minnesota. After her family moved to Las Vegas, Gena beat out hundreds of other applicants to be one of Barker's Beauties on *The Price Is Right*. "The producers called 20 minutes after my audition and said, 'Get your makeup bag, honey. You're coming on down!'" she says. After two years of showcase showdowns, Gena sunk her teeth into the role of troublemaking Neely Capshaw on *Baywatch* and recently reprised her role for a made-for-TV reunion movie. "Playing a bitch is fun," she says with a giggle. "If I wasn't stealing a boyfriend, I was stirring the pot." So how does the Queen of the Jungle blow off steam otherwise? "I'm a closet crocheter," she confesses. "I've crocheted afghans that could cover up a whole living room. It's a little nerdy, but that's all right. C'mon, I'm giving to the world—I'm giving a whole lot of scarves!" Battle on, *Sheena*.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VDGL
STYLING BY LANE W.
GENA LEE IS WILD AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

















SHEENA'S WORLD

it's a jungle out there and this queen rules

Issued in 1953, the 3D version of Sheena (left) marked the end of the trail for the jungle queen's comic-strip adventures. Her legend lived on in a Fifties TV series starring Irish McCalla (below). Today, Sheena is amply embodied by Geno Lee Nolin (bottom).

LONG BEFORE the warrior princess Xena, there was the jungle queen Sheena. Originally conceived by Jerry Iger and drawn by one of his top artists, Mort Meskin, the felicitously feral comic-strip heroine made her first appearance in 1937 in a European tabloid called *Wags*. Relying only on a knife and her wits to defend her unspoiled African turf against villains who ranged from ruthless game poachers to sadistic Nazis, the blonde Tarzan swung into the hearts and minds of American boys the following year, when she appeared in the first issue of *Jumbo Comics*.

By 1942 Sheena had become popular enough to have her own title, the first female comic-book character to earn that distinction. In 1954 she made the leap to TV. Her scant leopard-print costume was filled by statuesque blonde Irish McCalla, a model from Nebraska who posed for renowned pin-up artist Alberto Vargas. Airing for two seasons, the TV series was faithful to the comic strip, with Sheena frequently called on to rescue her bungling trader friend, Bob Reynolds, played by Christian Drake.

Sheena went into hibernation for almost three decades, until Columbia Pictures revived her as a starring vehicle for Tanya Roberts in the 1984 feature film *Sheena*. Using a zebra as her primary mode of transport, the cinematic Sheena was able to communicate telepathically with the creatures of the jungle.

Although the film adaptation of Sheena's adventures was savaged by critics, a syndicated TV series launched by Columbia TriStar in the fall of 2000 has proved that legendary jungle queens never die—they swing right back into action. In her latest incarnation, Sheena is portrayed by former *Baywatch* beauty Gena Lee Nolin. The new Sheena doesn't merely communicate with the animals; she has the power to transform herself into one, making her, in our minds, a real 21st century fox. Having survived a full season of adventures, as well as the ratings jungle, *Sheena* by Gena may prove to be the fittest queen of them all.

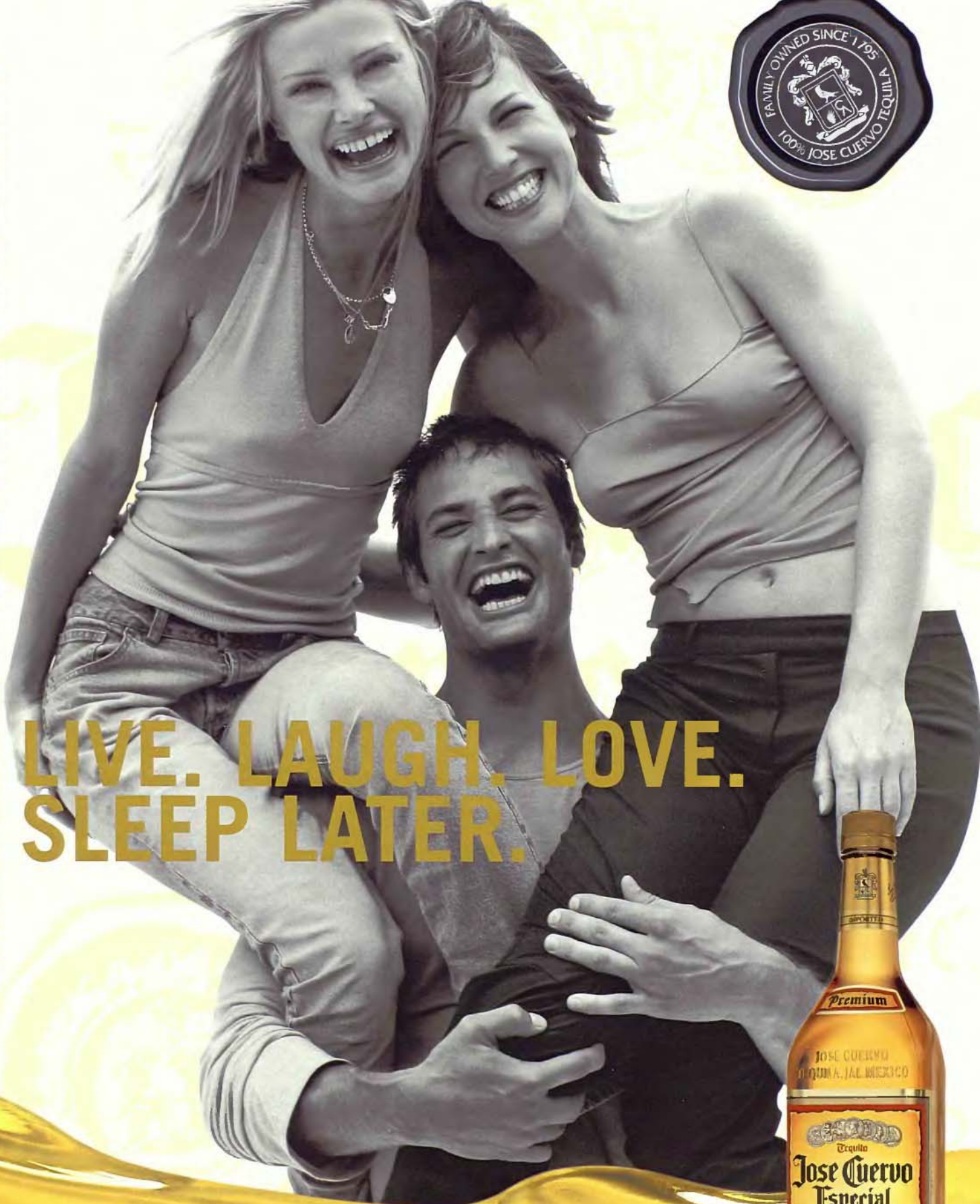




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Back then I thought, How can I make a rap album after they've seen me kissing this white dude?

have chosen to live my life. Instead, I am just caught up in the drug that is the world of moviemaking.

PLAYBOY: When you won your Grammy, you made a lot of money, blew most of it and got into trouble with the IRS. What was the craziest thing you did with money?

SMITH: I had six vehicles, and a garage that held one. Cars and trucks and motorcycles were parked everywhere. Then it got to the point where I was so broke I had to ride my motorcycle because I couldn't buy gas. It was that bad.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents all over you for that?

SMITH: Not really, because by that point, I had already been successful. My father always said, "If all this stuff goes south, you can still come back to the icehouse."

PLAYBOY: Did you change your ways, or did the TV series just give you more money to spend?

SMITH: Having money and going broke is different from being broke. Being broke is light years better than going broke. When you are already broke, there is always the feeling that everything would be great if you had money. Going broke, you have to deal with the notion that you had all of that, and this is what you did with it. It makes you evaluate who you are and what you have done and the choices you've made in your life. But adversity inspires me. There is a sick part of me that likes to react to adversity.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the *Ali* film is about his spiritual journey, his decision to become a Muslim. You grew up Catholic and once said you thought the nuns and priests in Catholic schools were a bit racist, and that organized religion was a little cloudy to you. Are you a religious man now?

SMITH: I don't have a relationship with God through other people. My relationship with God is between me and God. I went to a Catholic school and one of the nuns called me a nigger. I couldn't believe it. I was like, Wow, how did God put her in charge?

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with such an insult from an authority figure when you were that young?

SMITH: At that point in my life, I had been called nigger enough times that the word didn't hurt. It was just the shock that it came from a nun. Ouch. My grandmother and my mother were Baptists, so I had another experience with God that was separate from my experience at school. My grandmother really was my conduit to God. I measured the beauty and strength of God through my

grandmother. Because that nun wasn't my central contact with God, it wasn't devastating, but it was harsh. She's wearing the old habit and all, and I'm like, C'mon, at least be in plain clothes when you say something like that. That was brutal.

PLAYBOY: If your son tells you at 18 that he's bypassing college to go into rap, what will you say?

SMITH: All you can offer your children is knowledge, discipline and love, and that is all I'm going to try to do. I don't feel I own my children. They are their own people, the way that I am my own person. It is actually worse to never take a gamble that you feel positive about than losing everything on the gamble. Taking your shot and missing is a much better life than never taking your shot.

PLAYBOY: You got married early, had a son, then got divorced. What was hardest about that?

SMITH: To me, divorce is losing, and I don't lose. That is how I approach any situation. I am not going to lose. Not only am I going to win, I am going to win bigger than anyone has ever won. If you have been successful, apply that same concept to everything you want to be

successful in. The divorce was tough because I was just about to discover that. I got married right when I started *Six Degrees*, and that was the most lost I have ever felt in a role, so she didn't really know who she married. It was a really tough time in my career, and my marriage was the casualty of my achieving that higher level of expertise in my craft.

PLAYBOY: Then you fell in love with and married Jada Pinkett. What are you doing differently now?

SMITH: The most important thing is to be on the same page with the other person. Jada and I are 85 percent on the same page, so the time we spend together is working on that other 15 percent. There are a lot of people who start at 40 percent. Jada and I rarely argue.

PLAYBOY: Movie star couples have been falling by the wayside recently, whether it's Tom and Nicole, Alec and Kim or Jennifer and Puffy. Is it harder being with a star who has a high level of insecurity and needing approval?

SMITH: The difficulty is sifting through your life to a central concept, where everything starts from. Jada and I have agreed on this basic concept: You don't say anything that is not the truth, period. Nothing comes out of your mouth that is candy-coated or aimed to protect the other person.

PLAYBOY: For many, that would seem a shortcut to divorce.

SMITH: We both believe you cannot be successful otherwise, so we agreed on that basic concept. If I ask you a question, I



want to know the truth, uncut, unadulterated. If we both accept that, then we can accelerate our conversation and the movement of the relationship. Other people might get caught up in the question, "Honey, how does this dress look?" Don't make it complicated. Tell the truth.

PLAYBOY: That's probably easier to answer if your wife looks like Jada Pinkett.

SMITH: No. Even on her, sometimes the dress looks wack. I don't say anything to my friends that I wouldn't say to my wife. If I look at a woman, I might say, "Man, she has a big ass." I say that to my friends and I say it to my wife, just like that. That is who I am. If a person doesn't want to be around you, let him or her make a decision not to be around you based on who you are.

PLAYBOY: Did the two of you sign a prenuptial agreement?

SMITH: No. I don't even like the concept of a prenup. The idea is that this is going to work out and we're going to be to-

gether forever. I am the type of guy who doesn't have a plan B because plan B distracts from plan A. I also feel that if plan A is good enough, then the place you fall when you miss on plan A is great.

PLAYBOY: You once sent a truckload of flowers to Jada. What was your most overt romantic move to woo a woman?

SMITH: I got her pregnant. Nah, I like to do stuff. On Jada's 28th birthday, I had a Latin quartet wake her up, playing outside of the bedroom at six o'clock in the morning. She had to be at work at seven, so I took care of the wake-up call. This Latin band serenaded her with *Mi Amor* in the front of the house, then I escorted her to her birthday present.

PLAYBOY: What was her birthday present?

SMITH: A Ferrari 456.

PLAYBOY: Now that's romantic.

SMITH: Well, you know, I am the romantic type. You start with the romance and then you bang them with the heat.



Strange Bedfellows

(continued from page 74)

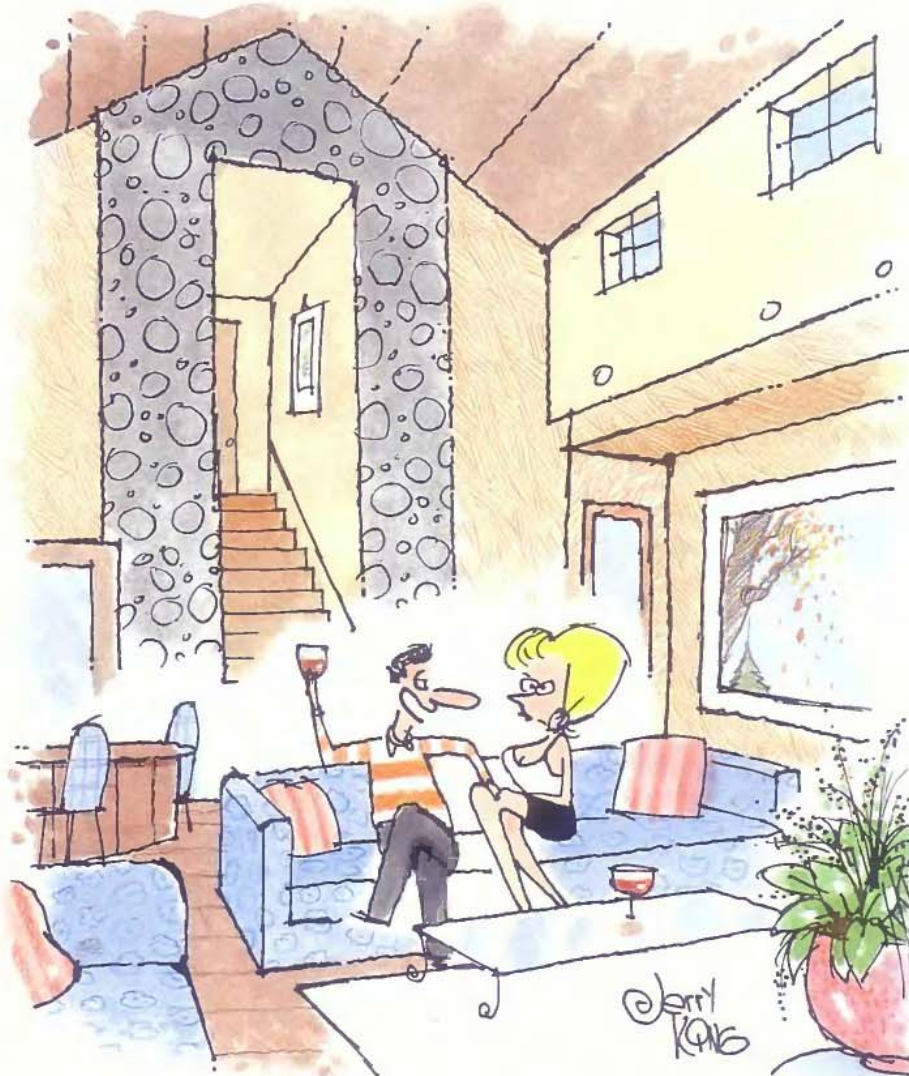
clue. In fact, the ineptitude of politicians who order off the menu has made the history of sex in Washington the finest body of farce ever written on these shores.

Farce? Certainly. Of course, this isn't to say there aren't tragic elements to the tales. The mystery of Chandra Levy's whereabouts is hardly a joking matter. The specter of Bill Clinton, the most politically capable president in half a century, squandering his gifts on evasions was a lamentable sight. But let's look on the bright side. Let's try to remember the laughter.

Take the story of old Wayne Hays, the mean and cantankerous congressional baron who kept on his staff the buxom blonde Elizabeth Ray solely to be a receptacle for his urges ("I can't even answer the phone!" she said). When does she blow the whistle? When he gets married. Not because he doesn't marry her, but because he doesn't invite her to the ceremony. "It looks bad that I'm not invited," she says, suddenly concerned about her image. Now, that's funny.

Then there's the story of Ken Calvert, a California congressman who police caught naked in his car while engaged in a sex act with a prostitute. What was his first response? To try to flee. It gets better: After five months of stonewalling, Calvert defends himself by saying that he didn't know the woman was a prostitute. Who did he think she was? The school crossing guard?

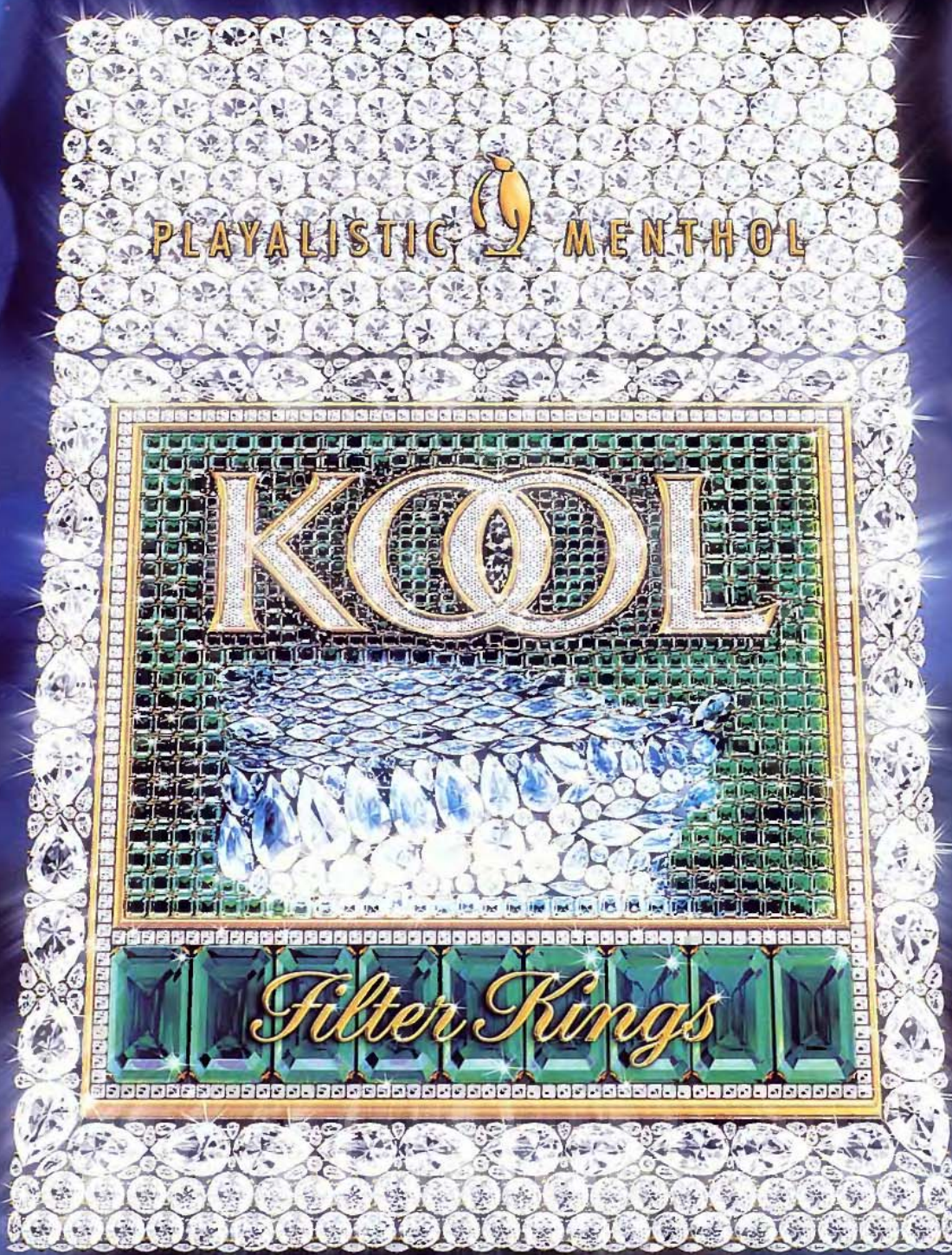
We have not scratched the surface. Think of what a great farceur would do with the flash of flop sweat felt by the Bible-thumping, born-again Christian Congressman Jon Hinson the instant he realized the gay porno theater he had slipped into had caught fire, and he now faced the choice of burning to death or fleeing into a phalanx of Action News cameramen. Or think of the anus-puckering moment Congressman Mel Reynolds experienced as he sat in a courtroom listening to a tape on which a 16-year-old girl he'd been having sex with promised to introduce him to a Catholic schoolgirl she knew. Mel heard himself gleefully exclaim, "Jesus, a Catholic! Did I win the Lotto?" Or remember self-serving Bob Packwood, one of the supposed solons of the Senate, called to account for the 20 years of incessant tongue-slipping, bottom-squeezing, tit-cupping harassment of aides, lobbyists and elevator operators. His best move? He hastily rerecorded portions of his massive oral diary to change his image. One altered entry veered from damaging information on his accusers to offering this thought: "I really am kind of looking forward to settling in and working hard in the Senate and voting for what's good for America and leaving a



"What do you say we skip the turkey and move right to the stuffing?"



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MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Vatulele Island Resort*, 800-828-9146. *Duluth Trading*, 800-505-8888. *Chrysler*, daimlerchrysler.com. Ski boot from *KDR Business Resource Center*, kdr-usa.com. *Glasswear* by *Orrefors*, orrefors.com.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Pages 90-93: *Liquor*, at liquor stores nationwide. *DVD changer* by *Kenwood*, 800-536-9663. *DVD movies*: From *Fox Home Entertainment*, foxhome.com. From *Columbia Tristar*, cthe.com. *Watch* by *TAG Heuer*, from *LVMH*, 800-321-4832. *Books* from *Schiffer Publishing*, schifferbooks.com. *Glass, shaker and toothpick holder* from *Christofle*, 877-728-4556. *Cell phone and PDA* by *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. *Paintball gun* from *Pro Team*, proteamdirect.com. *Radio* by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. *Ties* from *Littlegrasshack*, littlegrasshack.com. *Bike* from *Limn*, 415-543-5466. *Camera* by *Kyocera Optics*, yashica.com. *TV* by *Bang & Olufsen*, 847-299-9380. *Trolley, safari bag and walking stick* from *Mulholland Brothers*, mulhollandbrothers.com. *Cigars* from *J.R. Cigars*, 800-572-4427. *Espresso machine* by *Capresso*, 800-767-3554. *Skateboard* by *BMW*, 888-269-6654. *Money clip and credit card holder, cuff links and flask* by *John Hardy Collection*, from *View-Point Showrooms*, 800-237-9477. *Knife* by *William Henry*, williamhenryknives.com. *Radio* by *Teac America*, teac.com.

TECH TREK

Page 98: *Ron Chereskin*, chereskin.com. *Columbia Sportswear*, columbia.com. *Boss Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *Joseph Abboud*,

212-586-9140. *Valentini*, at *Bergdorf Goodman*, 212-753-7300. *Trend Corneliani*, 800-222-9477. Page 99: *Eider*, at *Paragon Sporting Goods*, 212-255-8036. *Benetton*, benetton.com. *Killy*, at *Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop*, 800-SCANSKI. *Spyder*, spyder.com. *Salomon*, salomonoutdoor.com. *Weatherproof*, 631-273-8020. Page 100: *Boss Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *Ron Chereskin*, chereskin.com. *Benetton*, benetton.com. *Salomon*, salomonoutdoor.com. *Ecko Function*, ecko.com. *Loro Piana*, *Brioni*, *Weber* and *Valentini*, all at *Bergdorf Goodman*, 212-753-7300. *Columbia Sportswear*, columbia.com. *CAT*, catfootwear.com. *Moncler*, 011-354-551-1121. *Eggert*, at *Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop*, 800-SCANSKI. Page 101: *Bill Blass*, 212-581-8270. *SBU*, at *Bergdorf Goodman*, 212-753-7300. *A.B.S.*, absstyle.com. *Charles and Colvard Created Moissanite*, moissanite.com. *Phat Farm*, 212-533-7428. Page 102: *Thierry Mugler*, thierrymugler.com. *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. *Christian Dior*, 800-929-DIOR. *Spyder*, spyder.com. *Killy*, at *Scandinavian Ski and Sport Shop*, 800-SCANSKI. Page 103: *Manolo Couture New York*, 718-246-4689. *Giuseppe Zanotti*, at *Neiman Marcus*, 888-888-4757. *Columbia Sportswear*, columbia.com. *Daiwa*, 562-802-9589.

PRECIOUS METAL

Pages 150-153: *Saleen*, saleen.com. *Ferrari*, ferrariusa.com. *Porsche*, porsche.com. *Pagani Zonda*, modena-design.it. *Bugatti*, bugatti-cars.de. *Lamborghini*, lamborghini.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 211: *Weather station* from *Davis Instruments*, 800-678-3669. *PDA and cell phone* by *Samsung*, 800-726-7864. *Energy drinks*: *Hype*, hype.com. *Hansen's Energy*, hansensenergy.com. *TV* by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. *Champagne and bucket* by *Pommery*, pommery.com. *Top and thong* by *Playboy*, playboystore.com.

legacy everyone can be proud of, if I can get this ethics matter behind me." *Stop it man, you're killing me!*

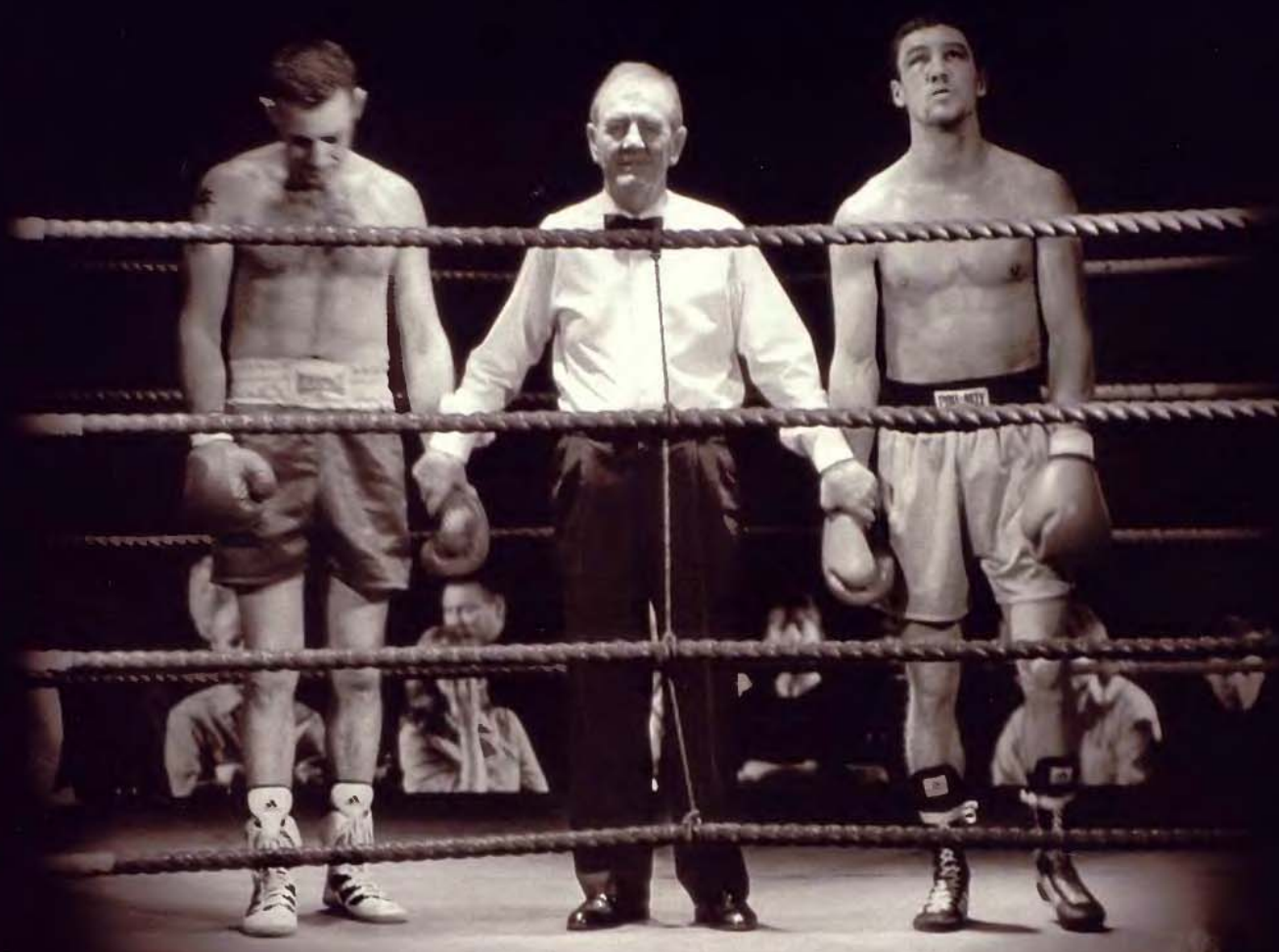
And of course, there's the great Slick Willie Clinton and Electra-Lux Lewinsky drawing-room comedy. At nine years in the running, it's the *Cats* of political sex scandals. Did Molière ever write a line as exquisite as "It depends on what the meaning of the word 'is' is"? Then came the solemn reaction of the statesmen who argued with furrowed brows over whether the president's utterance was brilliant or a blunder, when all it ought to have done was unleash a great national surge of pants wetting. Oscar Wilde wouldn't even have had the nerve to stage the ensuing development where a full six-pack of the president's steeliest spittle-spewing pursuers—Newt Gingrich, Henry Hyde, Robert Livingston, Dan Burton, Bob Barr and Helen Chenoweth—were revealed to have enjoyed extramarital hoedowns of their own.

Since 1976, when Wayne Hays got his comeuppance, there have been, by unofficial count, 35 Washington sex scandals, about one every eight months. Wilbur Mills and the Argentine Firecracker, Clarence Thomas and Long Dong Silver, Chuck Robb and his back rubs. They and their many tumescent colleagues were merely following in the footsteps of our greatest—and cheesiest—leaders. It is the American way. Remember, during World War II the White House was occupied by Franklin Roosevelt and his live-in girlfriends, and his wife Eleanor with her in-house gal pals. Yet the nation presided over by this unorthodox crew whupped the mighty nation presided over by that sexually ascetic, woman-hating nut job Hitler. This may not earn us a laurel crown, but it has the virtue of being a fact. People haven't changed, but our reactions have. In June 1844, President John Tyler, a 54-year-old widower, married 23-year-old Julia Gardiner, described as "raven-haired, with a radiant complexion, an hourglass waist and a full bust." Although he faced reelection in November and had a country to run, Tyler devoted a lot of attention to his new bride. The conflicts became too much for Tyler and he decided not to run. He and Julia went back to Virginia and banged away, producing seven children, the last of which he sired when he was 68.

John F. Kennedy—the Minuteman—barely concealed his raucous sex life, and the media turned a blind eye, thinking it did not matter. Surely that was a mistake. Now the media routinely focus on sex lives, acting almost as if that was all that mattered. Reporters had the gall to ask George W. Bush if he'd ever committed adultery, as if it had an impact on how he'd handle the issues. Surely we ought to be able to think of a better way. Until then, we'll just keep laughing.

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"It's a confusing time," Darcy said. "Election years always are. Are you going to kiss me?"

golden thread between us had snapped. How had this happened? I threw open the window and bellowed: "Why do I feel like I've been taken advantage of?"

Darcy looked up. Her face shone behind the dark pane. Just before she laughed, her mouth pulled down slightly at the corners, which suggested, even in the midst of her gaiety, an irrevocable sadness. I was certain, gazing down through the soft tiers of snow, the smell of her rising up from my beard, that this sadness could be undone. This was my bright idea. I was, after all, a good liberal.

But then Darcy disappeared and I was left to moon liberally through the long white weekend, during which I spoke and ate and fucked dispiritedly with the woman I was dating, a good woman,

with earnest rings of hair and a powerful devotion to social justice.

I called Darcy at the office and listened to her outgoing message, its crisp, chirpy tones making me feel renounced, and left two excruciatingly casual messages. By week two, my heart had dithered into a boyish panic. I left a final message on her machine telling her that I didn't understand what was going on but that I was hurt and confused and felt something had been betrayed, the feelings that had passed between us, that these feelings felt real to me and that they didn't come along very often and shouldn't be squandered, and that if she felt any of these same things, even unsteadily, she owed it to herself, as well as just to common decency, to call me back.

What was this thing between us, anyway? Just some jungle fever of the low

political stripe? Who was Darcy Hicks, anyway? Maybe this was her secret fetish: sexing up the left and reporting the details to her Republican overlords. On and on I went, the florid improvisations of the wounded heart.

And then, just as this clatter was subsiding, I saw her again. On C-Span. She stood at the edge of the frame as John McCain—fresh off his win in New Hampshire—rallied the troops in an Iowa VFW hall. Darcy kept drifting in and out of the picture. She was wearing a red dress and smiling desperately. McCain told the crowd he'd come to Elk Horn for one purpose: to discuss the plight of the small family farm and the need for renewed agricultural subsidies.

The phone rang. It was late, one in the morning on a Tuesday.

"What's your address again?" Darcy said.

I wanted to say something caustic and clever, but adrenaline had flushed my chest, and all the words that I had marshaled in my rehearsals for this moment seemed stingy and beside the point.

The line crackled. "Billy? Hurry up! My battery's going dead."

"Where are you?"

"That's what I'm asking you. Oh!" Darcy squealed, and her phone began to cut out, I could only hear her voice in snatches, urgent little phonemes: *time, get, numb*—. The line went dead.

Twenty minutes later, my buzzer rang. Darcy burst into my apartment. She was flushed, her lipstick was off-kilter. A purple fleece hat sat goofily on her head. She threw her arms around me and burrowed her cold cheeks into my neck. A noise of pleasure came from her throat, as if she were settling into a hot bath.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she murmured.

I stood there trying not to relent.

"I'm just back in town," Darcy went on. "I was in Iowa. Trent sent me out on subsidies and ethanol production, and John, John McCain, he used one of my workups in his stump. And then he asked me—or Roger, his press guy—asked me to do advance work in South Carolina! Can you believe it? You have to meet John in person to get the whole picture. But those five years in Vietnam, I mean, he just cuts through all the bullshit. The man radiates charisma."

I found myself (rather unattractively) wishing to torture Senator John McCain.

Darcy pulled her hat off and her hair fell in a tangle.

"Are you proud of me?" she said.

"I'm a little confused, actually."

"Well, it's a confusing time," Darcy said breezily. "Election years always are. Aren't you going to kiss me? I know you're glad to see me." She nodded ever so slightly at my erection.

I tried to look indignant. "I left



"How wonderful it is! I give little girls presents and when they grow up they give me presents."

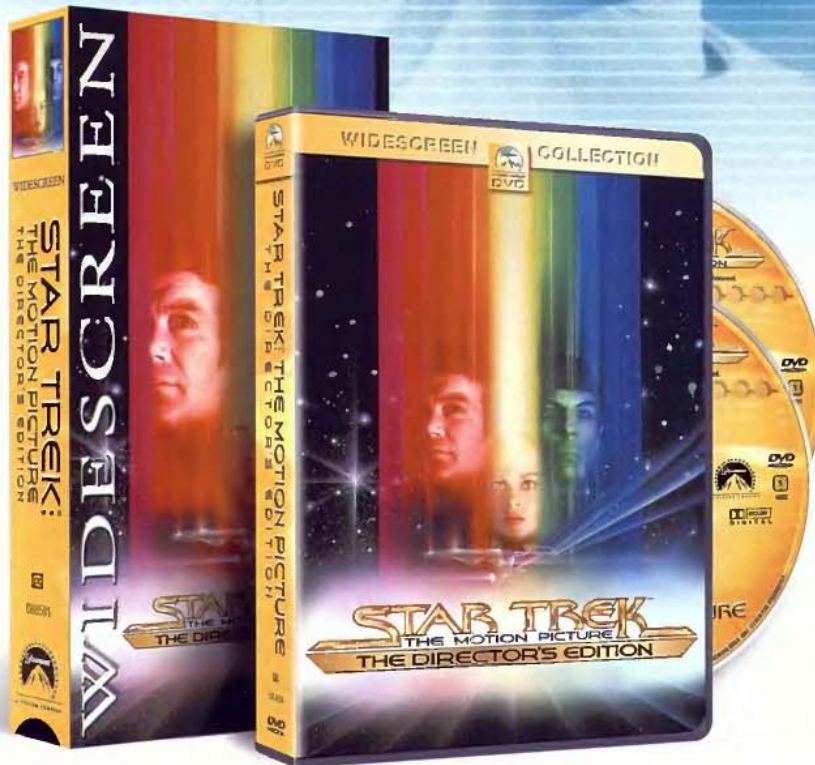
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messages for you."

"I know I should have called. I'm sorry. Don't be mad at me. There was a lot going on. Not just Iowa. There were other things." She slipped her hands inside my pajamas and touched my ribs. "Are you cold, baby? You've got goose bumps. Can we lie down? I'm so tired. I've been thinking about lying down with you."

I was sore with the need for Darcy. But I didn't like the way I'd been feeling, and I distrusted this erotic lobbying.

"What other things?" I said.

"I'm a loyal person. What I've been doing has been for us, OK? Just trust me, Billy. Don't you want to trust me?"

"Yeah. I mean, I want—"

"Then do. Just do. Quit asking questions and kiss me."

"I just want to know what we are."

Darcy let out a little shriek of frustration. "Would you stop being so *literal*? This is a love affair, Billy. OK? Withstand a little doubt. I'm the one who's taking the risk here."

"Meaning what?"

"Stop being naive. The woman always loses power in a sexual relationship."

"Not always," I said.

Darcy sighed. She took her hands off me and stepped back. "I just flew four hours with a goddamn baby howling in my ear. I haven't slept for more than three hours in the past two days. I'm expected to show up to work tomorrow, bright and early, to host a reception for Jack Fucking Kemp. I don't do this. I don't come over to men's houses. But I'm here, Billy. Do you understand? I am here. Now take me in your arms and *do something*, or I'm going home right now."

What Darcy enjoyed most was a good lathering between the thighs. As a life-long liberal, this was a specialty of mine. In some obscure but plausible fashion, I viewed the general neglect of the region as a bedrock of conservatism. The female sex was, in political terms, the equivalent of the inner city: a dark and mysterious zone, vilified by the powerful, derided as incapable of self-improvement, entrenched and smelly. Going down on a woman was a dirty business, humiliating, potentially infectious, best delegated to the sensitivos of the Left.

I relished the act, which I considered to be what Joe Lieberman would have termed, in his phlegmy rabbinical tone, a mitzvah. It required certain sacrifices. The deprivation of oxygen, to begin with. A certain ridiculousness of posture; cramping in the lower extremities. One had to engage with the process. There were no quick fixes.

This was especially true in Darcy's case. She was scandalized by the intensity of her desire, and highly aroused by this scandal. But the going was slow. If I told her "I want to kiss you there," she would grow flustered and glance about helplessly. Just act, was her point. Ditch all the soppy acknowledgment, the naming of things in the dark. The word

self back on the pillows and turned to face the wall and murmured the blessed nonsensical approvals of climax.

By March, Darcy was traveling nearly every week. She was unofficially on loan to the McCain campaign, which was full of reformist spunk but foundering in the polls. I expected Darcy to be devastated by the results of Super Tuesday, which all but assured Bush the nomination. But she emerged from her flight (a red-eye out of Atlanta) beaming.

"Kenny O'Brien talked to Roger about me. He wants me to do advance work for Dubya! Isn't that amazing?"

My reaction to this news was complicated. I was thrilled and impressed. Darcy was making a name for herself. But this would mean more travel for her, more prestige, more action, while I remained in D.C., plinking out obscure proposals on how to reduce recidivism, stewing over whether to vote for the Android or the Spoiler. And missing her.

Beyond envy, I felt genuinely unsettled. Darcy had been a rabid McCain supporter—one of his true believers. She had derided Bush as a semi-pro, a lollygagger. It was hard for me to fathom how she could now throw her support behind him.

"We fought the good fight," Darcy assured me. "The key is that we managed to push finance reform onto the agenda."

"You really think Shrub is going to do anything on that?" I said. "The guy raised \$50 million before he even announced."

Darcy frowned. "Don't be so cynical," she said. "Have a little faith, for a change."

Winter limped into April and we barely noticed. The dirty slush glittered and the gutters lay ripe with magic. And then, one day in early May, the cherry blossoms reemerged along Pennsylvania and I turned 27. Darcy organized a celebration at a tapas bar on Foxhall Road, one of those places where the waiters are obliged to enforce a spirit of merriment by squirting rioja from botas into the mouths of particularly valued diners.

Darcy considered the evening to be a

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pussy made her wince. (A tainted word, I admit, but one I employed with utmost fondness and in the spirit of fond excitements.)

I kissed my way down her body—the damp undersides of her breasts, her bumpy sternum, the belly she lamented not ridding herself of. Always, I could feel the tendons of her groin tensing. I nipped at them occasionally.

She perfumed herself elaborately, which meant withstanding an initial stringency, after which she tasted wonderful, strongly of herself, the brackish bouquet of her insides. I was careful not to linger in any one spot but to explore the entire intricate topography, the nerves flushed with blood and tingling mysteriously, while Darcy pressed her-

triumph, and I hoped she was right. My friends were a glum and brainy lot, non-profit warriors and outreach workers. They could see how smitten I was and spoke to Darcy with elaborate courtesy. But to them, she must have appeared no different from the hundreds of other GOP tootsies cruising the capital in their jaunty hair ribbons.

I met Darcy's friends the following week, at a luncheon that was held in the executive dining room, on the second floor of the fund's stately colonial. The maître d' grimaced politely at my sweater. He whisked into the cloakroom and reappeared with an elegant camel hair sports coat.

Darcy waved to me and smiled, which instantly snuffed my doubt, made me hum a silent pledge of allegiance to our love. The men at her table wore matching dark-green blazers, with an FFT in gold script over the breast pocket. Darcy stood out like a rose among a stand of rhododendrons.

"A remarkable young woman," said the gentleman on my left, the moment she had excused herself to the bathroom. "You are watching a future congressman from Pennsylvania."

"Congresswoman," I said, half to myself.

"Yes," he answered, poking at a rind of fat on his plate. "Darcy mentioned that about you."

At the brief reception after lunch, while the higher-ups clustered about Will, Darcy introduced me to her mentor. Trent was a thick blond fellow with the most marvelous teeth I had ever seen. "This your special friend, Hicks?" Trent said. "Good to meet you."

"Bill," I said.

"Bill. Good to meet you, Bill."

He gripped my hand and held it for a

few beats. It occurred to me that Trent had served in the armed forces, possibly all four of them.

"Darcy tells me you have done some work for Bradley."

"Not really. A little volunteering."

"A good man," Trent said. "Principled. Shame he got ambushed by Gore. Not

"You take care of her," Trent said.

"Darcy does a pretty good job of taking care of herself."

Trent dragged his knuckles across his chin and shot me a look of such naked disdain that I took a step backward. Then he wrapped Darcy in a bear hug, gave her a kiss on the brow and wished me well.

"He just seemed a little aggressive," I said to Darcy later, in her office.

"Nonsense. He's just protective."

"You know him better than me."

"Wait a second." Darcy's eyes—they were steel blue—flickered with her triumph. "You're jealous!"

"The guy was all over you. And the way he behaved toward me—"

"He wasn't all over me. He was being affectionate."

"Oh, is that what they're calling it these days?"

Darcy began to laugh. She'd had three cups of punch and was still flying. I listened to her gleeful hiccups and watched the chandelier glint in the foyer. "Trent's LC," she said finally. "Log Cabin, Billy. He's gay."

She began laughing again.

Trent the Gay Republican? "He must be thrilled with Shrub's support of the sodomy laws in Texas."

"There you go again," Darcy said, imitating Reagan. "Judging people. And here I thought you enlightened liberals didn't judge people."

Darcy traveled throughout spring and into summer, and this lent to our relations an infatuated rhythm. My heart beat wildly as I waited for her plane to land. This was not her beauty acting upon me, the glamour of her ambitions, even the promise of sex, but the sense of

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surprising, particularly, but a shame. What're your plans for the election, Bill?"

"I'll probably be sitting this one out," I said.

Trent barked. "How long you been in the District, Bill? No such thing." He winked and drew Darcy against him. "You watch this one, Bill. She's going places."

Darcy blushed.

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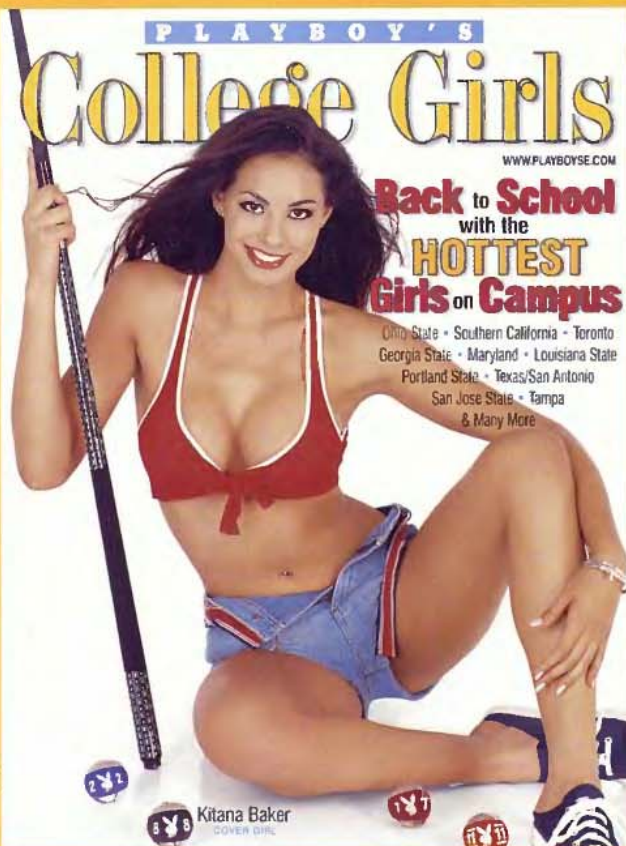
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good intention she radiated, a kind-heartedness measured in the drowsy hours before she could assemble her public self. This was my favorite time: Darcy in the shades of dawn, warm with sleep, her hair scattered across the pillow.

There was an ease to her domestic rituals, the way she snipped out coupons (which she would never use) and scrubbed her lonely appliances and listened sympathetically to the latest reports from home. She fretted endlessly over what to pack for her trips. "I'm too fat for these slacks," she complained. "I'm one big fatass, Billy."

This was not true. If anything, Darcy was growing slimmer. But these sudden bouts of self-doubt were necessary to her maintenance. They were vestiges of her girlhood, of the awkward striver who lived behind the awesome machinery of her charm. They were the part of her that needed me.

I was a fool to watch the Republican Convention. But there was an element of morbid curiosity at work. I wanted to see Jesse Helms reborn as an emissary of tolerance. (What would he wear? A dashiki?) And besides, I had promised Darcy. She was attending as a Bush delegate from Pennsylvania.

What has always astounded me about the Republican psyche is its capacity for shamelessness. Here was the anti-immigration party parading its little brown ones across the rostrum, the party of family values showcasing its finest buttoned-down catamites. Here was Big Dick Cheney—who had voted against funding Head Start as a congressman—excoriating Bill Clinton for not doing enough to educate oppressed children. On and on it went, and nobody exploded from hypocrisy.

Darcy called me each night, giddy with the sense of how well it was coming off. "Did you see me on CNBC?" she asked. "Deb Borders interviewed me. Did you see Christie Whitman, Billy? Wasn't she amazing? OK. Don't answer that. I miss you, Billy. Do you miss me? Do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you love me?" she said suddenly.

"You know I do."

"Say it."

"I love you, Darcy."

"I love you, Billy. I love you so much."

"Where are you?" I asked. "Are you in your room?"

"I'm on my bed."

And so we progressed, deeper into our thrilling disjunction.

By October, the Bush people had taken Darcy on full-time. She was living out of a suitcase, returning to D.C. with purple stains under her eyes, sleeping 12 hours straight. I took it as my duty to

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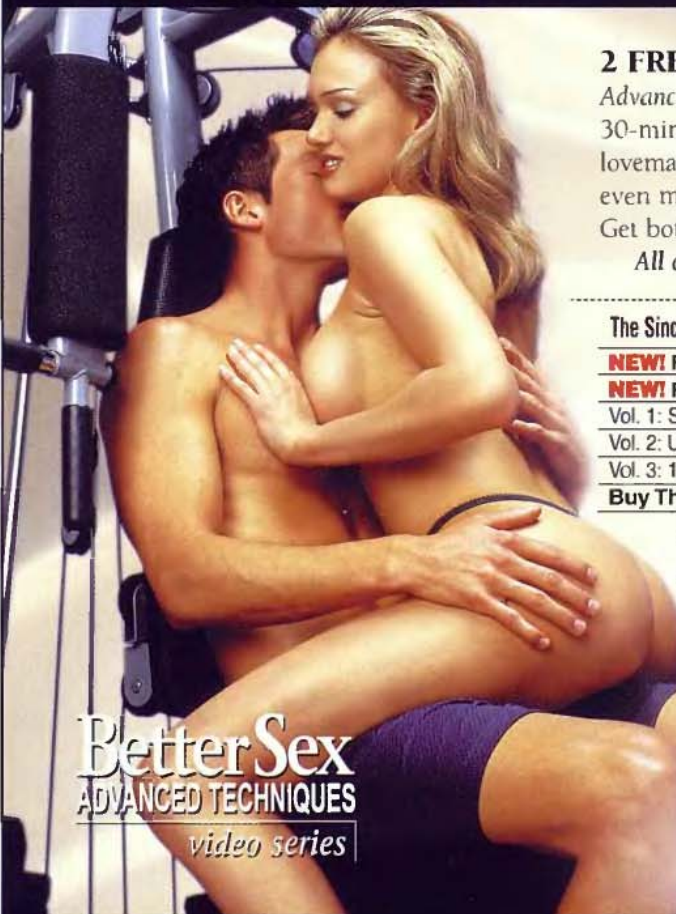
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offer her refuge in the cause of intimacy.

And Darcy returned this devotion. Even as the campaign drew to an end, she came at me in a dizzy operatic spin, ravished for affection, for a private domain in which she could shed the careful burnishings of her ascent. One evening, as we lay flushed on gin, she announced that she had a surprise for me and rose up on her haunches and slipped off her panties and knelt back. All that remained of her pubic hair was a single delicate stripe.

I felt touched to the point of tears. Here was this miraculous creature, tucked beyond words, right here in my apartment on the eve of the election, flashing me her pubic mohawk. She vamped gamely even as her eyelids drooped, and licked her lovely incisors and urged me forward. How could it possibly matter that she opposed gun control?

I called Darcy at 2:42 A.M. on election night. The networks had just issued their flop on Florida, and Dan Rather—in an apparent caffeine psychosis—was urging America to give Dubya a big old Texas-size welcome to the White House.

Darcy was at the Radisson. There were whoops in the background and the echoes of a bad jazz band.

"Congratulations," I said.

"Billy! Oh, you are so sweet!"

"Well, no one likes a sore loser."

"It was so close," Darcy said. "It's a shame anyone had to lose!"

There was a rush of sound and Darcy let out a happy scream. "Stop it! Stop!"

She came back on the phone. "That was Trent."

"Can you come over?" I said. "I'd like to congratulate you in person."

Darcy drew in a breath. "I'd love to. That would be so nice. But I promised some people I'd stay here. At least until Dubya gives his speech."

I was quiet for a moment.

"Honey," she said. "Are you OK? Are you mad?"

I was maybe a little mad. But I knew how hard Darcy had worked for this, how much hope she'd pinned on the outcome. She had leaped toward the thick of the race, bravely, with her arms wide open and her pretty little chest exposed, while I'd thrown up my hands in disgust and voted for Nader.

"No," I said. "I'm proud of you, Darcy. You deserve this."

"I love you, Billy."

"I love you too," I said quietly. "You crazy Republican bitch."

She laughed. A chorus of deep voices swelled in the background, and Darcy, carried away by some shenanigans, shrieked merrily.

I wondered sometimes why she didn't just settle for some GOP bohunk with a carapace of muscles and the proper worldview. She could have had her pick. We both knew that. But that's not how the heart works. It runs to deeper needs. "I'll try to come over after the speech," Darcy whispered. "I want to see you."

Two weeks later, we were in Darcy's apartment, still trying to figure out what had happened. Al Gore was on CNN,

imitating someone made of flesh.

"Why doesn't he give it up?" Darcy murmured.

"Why should he give up?" I said.

"Because he lost."

We had both assumed the election would bring an end to the tension. One or the other side would win, fair and square, and we would move on.

"You can't say he lost until they count all the votes," I said. "It's just too close. Can't you see that, honey?"

Darcy sighed. She'd cut her hair into a kind of bob, which made her look a little severe. "Why did Gore ask for recounts in only four counties? He's not interested in a full and accurate count. Admit it. He wants to count until he has the votes to win."

"They both want to win. It's called a race."

"Don't patronize me, Billy."

"I wouldn't patronize you if you didn't keep oversimplifying the situation."

Darcy clicked off the TV. "Why do you talk like that, Billy? Why do you make everything so personal?"

"Trying to impeach the president for getting a blow job? That's not personal? Or DeLay sending his thugs down to Miami to storm the canvassing board? What is that? Politics as usual? Are you kidding me?"

Darcy shook her head; the edges of her new haircut sawed back and forth. "I can't talk with you about this stuff. You get too angry."

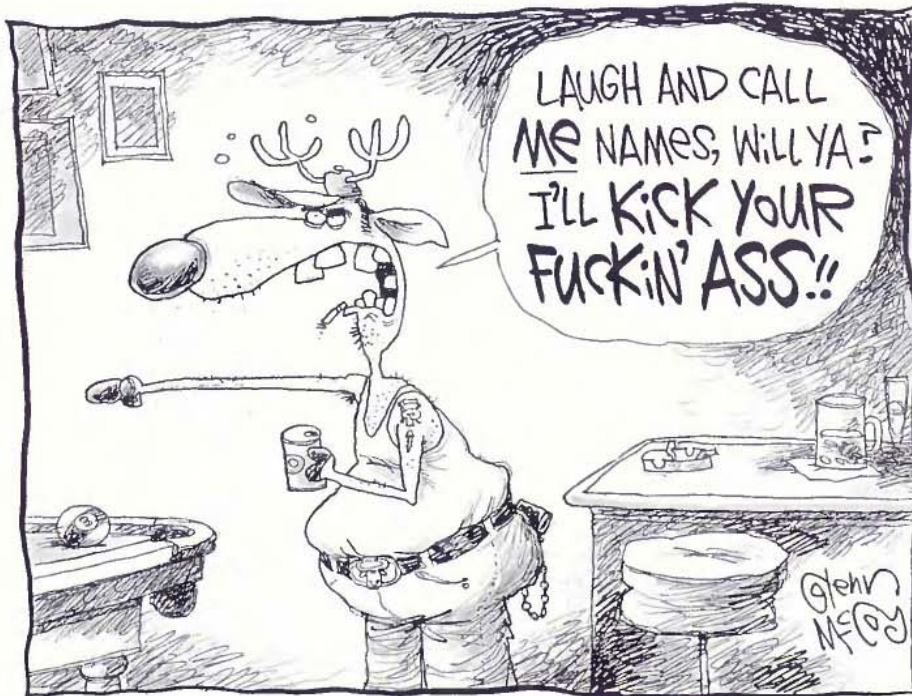
"You're as pissed as I am."

"No," she said. "I just want this to be over."

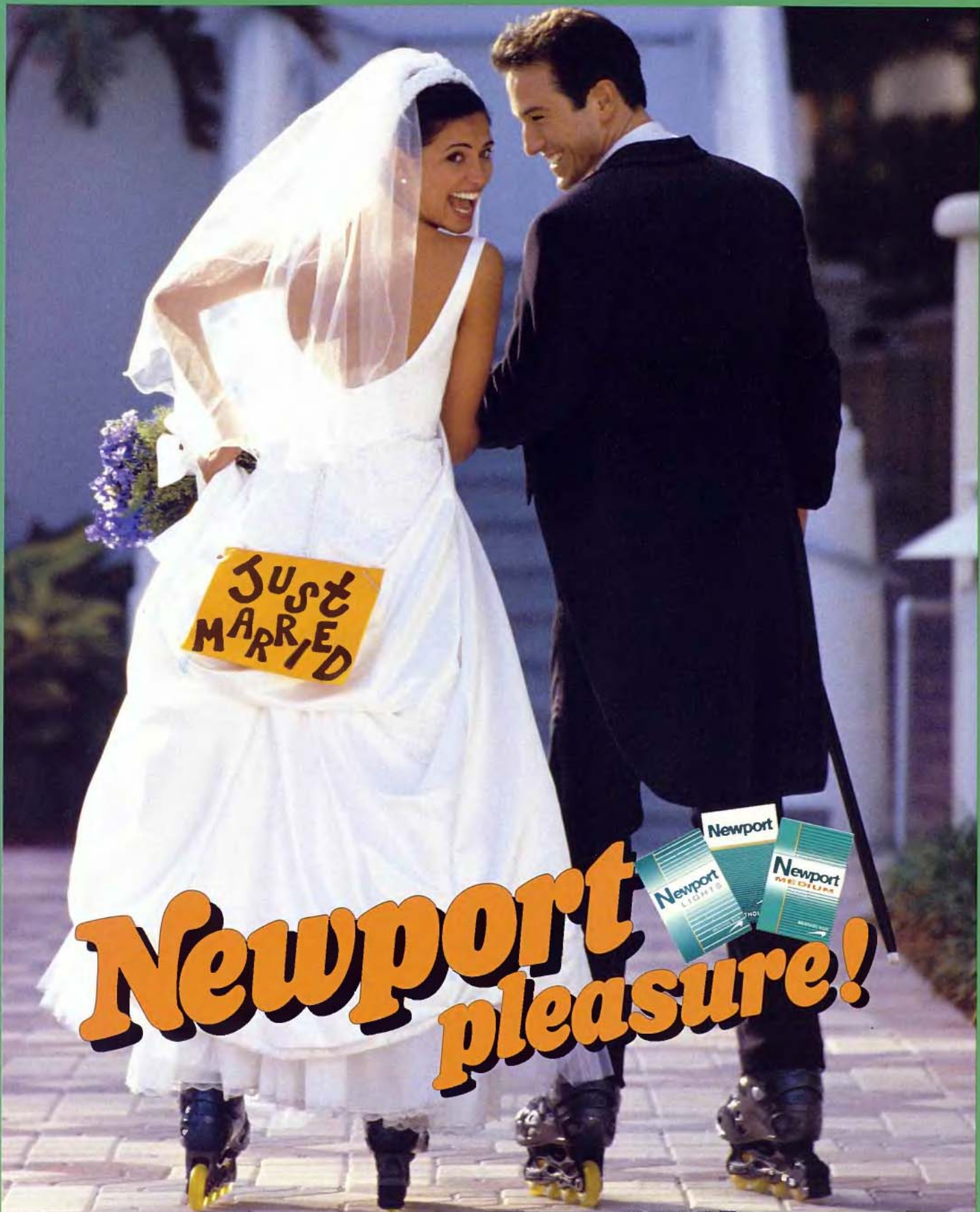
We didn't say anything else, but the mists of rage hung about us. And later on, after we had retired to the bedroom, this rage hid within our desire and charged out of our bodies in a way we hoped would bring us closure. We slammed against each other and gasped and clutched, did everything we could think to enthrall each other while at the same time hoping to murder, to die together, and woke instead, in the morning, bruised and contrite.

I agreed with Darcy, after all. I wanted the election to be over. I didn't want to be angry at her, because I loved her, and that love was more important than any election. I honestly tried to ignore the dispute. What did I care? Gore had run an awful campaign. He deserved to lose. Gradually, though, the radical truth was becoming clear. More voters had gone to the polls in Florida intending to vote for him. The statisticians all understood this, and the voting machine workers, too. Even the brighter reporters, the ones who bothered to think the matter through.

The cold fog of December descended on the capital and I sat in my apartment glaring at CNN and fantasizing about



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putting a bullet in James Baker's skull. Darcy called out to me from the answering machine, her voice loosened by red wine. My name sounded vague and hopeful in her mouth.

And then, one night, just after the final certification of votes in Florida, a knock came at the door. There was Darcy, in her blue skirt and her lovely snagged smile. She was breathing hard. I imagined for a moment that she had run from somewhere far away, from Georgetown, perhaps, through the dark banished lowlands of Prince George's County, or from the tawny plains of central Pennsylvania.

"We need to talk," she said.

She fell against me, smelling of gin and lilacs and cigarettes. Here she was, this soft person, soft all the way through. I felt terribly responsible.

"Where'd you come from?"

"That bar down the street."

"The Versailles?"

"Uh-huh."

"What were you doing there?"

She looked up into my face. "My friends say I ought to dump you."

"What do you say?"

"I don't know. You're a good lay." She tugged at my jeans. But this was only an imitation of lust, something borrowed from the booze. Her hands soon fell away. "Where the hell have you been?"

"I haven't been anywhere. I've been here. Look, I'm sorry. I haven't quite known what to do."

"You could start by returning my calls, OK? OK, Mr. Fuck-ing Sensitivity?" Darcy glanced into the living room, at the pizza boxes and heaps of clothing. She shook her head. George W. was on now, staring into the camera like a frightened monkey. "Please, Billy, don't tell me you're still moping about this election."

"It's more like constructive brooding."

Darcy plopped onto the couch. Her knees pressed together and her calves flared out like jousts. This lent her an antic quality, as if she might at any moment leap to her feet and burst into a tap-dance routine. "Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"I'm not doing anything to myself."

"I just don't understand why you have to hold this against me. I don't hold your views against you."

"That's because you're winning," I muttered.

"What?"

"You're winning. You can afford the luxury of grace. But I'll tell you what: If these undervotes ever get counted and Gore pulls ahead, you and the rest—"

"That is never going to happen," Darcy said sharply. She smoothed her skirt with the heel of her palm and took a deep breath. "You know as well as I do that if the situation were reversed, Gore would do the same thing as Bush."

"You may be right," I said. "But if he did that, he'd be wrong. And I hope I'd have the integrity to see that."

"And I don't have integrity?"

"I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is—"

But what was I saying? Wasn't I saying precisely that?

Darcy narrowed her eyes as she waited for me to clarify myself.

"Look, I know you have a lot invested in Bush winning. You worked hard for him. And I realize we have different views on how to run things. I don't want you to be a liberal. But I'm talking about the underlying principle. Democracy means you do your best to look at all the ballots. You try to find the truth."

"Please, Billy. I came over here to talk about us."

"This is about us," I said. "We have to agree on the basic stuff. Truth. Fairness. I'm not talking about the damn election anymore. I don't even care who wins. They're both Republicans in my book. I'm talking about what you believe and what I believe."

"Would you listen to yourself?" Darcy said. "This is just

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politics, Billy. Christ. You're as bad as Gore."

"Don't reduce this to politics. Please. I want us to be able to agree here." I wasn't screaming exactly, but my voice kept throttling up, because I could see where we were headed and it made my heart ache.

Darcy shook her head. "I knew this was a mistake. You don't even know what day it is, do you? A year ago, Billy. We met a year ago tonight."

For a moment there, it looked as if fairness might prevail. The Florida Supreme Court issued the ruling that should have come down in the beginning: Recount the entire state, by hand. But then, of course, the U.S. Supreme Court stepped in to rule that, well, something or other involving equal protection and, more obscurely, the Constitution, and anyway there certainly wasn't enough time to clear this mess up—*such a mess!*—so, you know, don't blame us, we're only trying to help. Bush wins.

All over Washington, the Republicans whooped it up. They'd managed to gain the White House and the only cost had been the integrity of every single civil institution in our country. What a bargain! I spent the evening swilling Jack and gingers, howling into Darcy's various machines, imagining I could taste her. Our situation was unclear, by which I mean: She was no longer returning my calls. At around one in the morning, I drove to her apartment.

"Go away," she said through the intercom. "You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk. I love you, honey. I wanna say sorry."

"I'm not going to talk with you, Billy."

"I don't wanna talk about that. I promise. Buzz me in, honey. Please."

She was wearing an old nightgown, the cotton soft and pilled. Her face was a little puffy. Now it was my turn to fall against her, to kiss her brow and plead. Her body stiffened a little.

"I was wrong," I said. "I was a jerk. Nobody makes me feel like you do. We fit, you know. Our bodies, we just fit."

She rose onto the balls of her feet. But she didn't push me away. "You're too angry," she said. "I don't like it when you get so angry."

I sank to my knees and hugged her waist. "I'm sorry. Something takes over. I start thinking too much."

It is true that Darcy was a Republican. But she was still a woman, and as such susceptible to forgiveness. I pressed my cheek against her and breathed warm air into her belly. Her muscles slowly softened.

"No more thinking, Billy. No more arguing. It's over now." With just her fingertips, she hoisted the hem of her nightgown. The tiny blonde hairs at the top of her thighs stood on end. My

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tongue took up the taste of laundry soap. A thick pink scent came from the hollow below.

Could I have known, as she climbed onto the bed and opened herself to me, as I kissed that softest skin, that my anger would rise once again? But who can know these things? They are products of the past, of history finding an apt disguise in the moment. I wanted only to give my beloved this pleasure, to be forgiven. Why, then, as her knees fell open, as her breath bottomed into rasps and her flesh began to pulse, could I think only of James Baker? He rose from the darkest region of my love, his tongue twisted like an old piece of steak. Loathing shimmered around him like an aura. Why was I thinking of this man while Darcy lay open before me, like a blossom?

Perhaps because (it occurred to me darkly) Darcy did not view Baker as a bad man at all. She had described him as a righteous man, not unlike her grampa Tuck. And now suddenly I imagined James Baker in the humble suit of a country preacher, presiding over my very own wedding.

Darcy was digging her fingers into the meat of my neck, murmuring *go go go*. Her body clenched. This was the life she wanted: a wallop orgasm and the sort of man who knew when to keep his mouth shut. I thought of my own parents, marching into the grim precincts of New Haven to register voters. They had done this. They had believed. My lips felt numb. I wasn't entirely sure I could breathe. Up above, the shuddering began. Darcy's thighs came together in a swirl. How I had loved this moment! The roar of the engines on the runway, the sudden flight. I closed my eyes and breathed in her body. But there was Baker again—and now he was winking at me.

I lifted my head.

Darcy's hands pawed the air. Her mouth puffed my name.

"The Supreme Court," I said, "has stopped the hand count."

"No, Billy. *Go*. I'm close." Darcy's eyes were pinched. Her hands had slipped to her breasts, which she gently cupped. Her hipbones were standing out like tiny knobs. What in God's name was wrong with me?

"Billy. Damn it! Please. Come on. Not funny."

I could feel my throat knotting up with sorrow.

Darcy lifted her head from the pillows. Her eyes were starting to clear. "What exactly are you doing here?"

"Once the High Court rules, there are no more appeals."

And now Darcy drew back. "Do you have any idea how despicably you're behaving? Oh Billy, you really are a sad case." Darcy closed her legs and pulled a sheet across her chest, like a starlet. "The

election is over. Don't you get it? *Over*."

"That's not the issue," I said quietly.

"The issue?" Darcy's fists were curled around the sheet. "Do you even know what the issue is anymore? The issue is us, OK? The issue is, do you really love me. That's the issue, Billy."

Darcy waited for me to say something heroic. This seemed the thing to do, certainly, to renounce my stingy polemical heart, to affirm the primacy of love. What kind of liberal was I, anyway? And this is surely how it would have gone in the movies, where everything gets absolved in time for the credits. Though I loved Darcy, thrilled to the music of her body, stood in awe of her drive, I could not fathom how I was supposed to live with my disappointment in her.

Nor did I understand, exactly, how she could love me when she found my core beliefs naive and pitiable. Perhaps this was a uniquely Republican gift, the ability to ignore inconvenient contradictions. Or perhaps she was simply better at loving someone without judgment. All that matters is that I failed to tell her, in that moment, that I loved her.

"You should leave," Darcy said quietly. Her voice floated down in the dark. "Get out of here, Billy. Don't come back."

My friends told me I'd made the right decision. They were extremely reasonable and full of shit. I knew the truth, which was that Darcy was the most exciting lover I would ever take, because I always hated her a little, and never quite understood her, and because she forgave me this and loved me therefore more daringly, without relying on the congruence of our beliefs, the dull compliances of companionship.

I watched the inauguration simply to catch a glimpse of her. She was in the crowd beneath the podium. The camera caught her twice, a pretty woman with ruddy cheeks and a wide sad smile, gazing into the frozen rain.

Soon, she would rise to the office appointed by her talents and give her passion to another man. Eventually, she would move out to Bethesda or Arlington, where the stately oaks and pastures of bluegrass survive. She would attach herself to the tasks of motherhood and governance with brilliant loyalty. And she would grow more achingly beautiful by the year, as our regrets inevitably do.

Washington was her town now. I understood that much. I lacked the guile, the gift for compromise, the ability to separate my wishes about the world from the cold facts of the place. I sat on my couch as the oaths were sworn and watched for Darcy's yellow hair, which flickered in the wind that swept across the capitol and then was gone.



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bloodtest

(continued from page 96)

stepped close to him and fired a single shot into the back of his head. The red-faced man dropped. The gray man knelt next to him and put a bullet into each eye. Then another into his right ear.

The gray man stood up, unscrewed the silencer and pocketed each half of the disassembled weapon in a separate pocket of his coat. Empty-handed, he motioned for the younger man to move away from the women.

"Wait a minute," the younger man said. "You know what the boss said."

"Shut up."

"The boss said no witnesses, man!" the younger man whispered harshly, nodding his head urgently in the direction of the handcuffed women. "We got plenty of time. No reason why I can't have a little taste of that stuff first."

"No."

"No? The test is whether I can follow orders, right? Well, the order was no witnesses. You were right there when the boss said it."

"What he said was 'no witnesses,'" the gray man said. "But he wasn't talking to you. He was talking to me."

"So? What difference does that—?"

"All right," the gray man said. "But hurry it up. And give me that piece."

The younger man handed his pistol to the gray man and turned toward the women. The gray man briefly examined the weapon in his hand, shook his head, flicked off the safety and said, "Hey!" softly. The younger man turned. The gray man shot him between the eyebrows. He knelt next to the body and added three more bullets, exactly as he had done to the man in the office chair.

The gray man took the pistol he had used to kill the club owner from his pocket and reattached the silencer. He put the weapon on the desk. Then he stripped off the surgeon's gloves he had been wearing, being careful to turn them inside out, revealing still another pair of gloves underneath. He removed the single-layer gloves from the body of the younger man, pocketed them, then regloved the body with the gloves he had removed from his own hands.

Satisfied, he wrapped the younger man's hand around the pistol used to kill the club owner.

The gray man got to his feet. "You know the story you have to tell," he said to the handcuffed women, "and what happens if you don't."

They didn't answer.

The gray man walked out of the office, down the hall and out into the night. The gray sedan was gone. A black sedan was parked in its place.

The gray man got into the backseat. The black sedan pulled away.



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Catherine Bell (continued from page 157)

"I have a problem with cultures that are so sexually repressed that they end up becoming really twisted."

6

PLAYBOY: So what's with their fetish about schoolgirl porn?

BELL: I don't know. It's nuts! I have a problem with cultures that are so sexually repressed that they end up becoming really perverted and twisted. You'd see men on the subways reading these comic books. You wonder, "Why are these men reading comic books?" And you look closely, it's these little schoolgirl drawings—the big eyes, little bitty noses, cute little perky lips and pigtailed. I think it comes from all that repression. Let it out, let it go.

7

PLAYBOY: You ski. Why is there animosity between snowboarders and skiers?

BELL: It's total snobbery. I haven't quite switched over to snowboarding yet. I've

tried it a few times, but as a skier I know snowboarders just eat up the mountain, and they knock down skiers constantly. They're just going too fast or they're out of control and they don't know what they're doing yet. Snowboarding's tough to learn. When you haven't gotten it yet, you're all over the place. With skiing, if you lose your balance, you fall right where you are. I'm not sure what snowboarders think about skiers. They just think we're geeks or something.

8

PLAYBOY: Which sport is harder?

BELL: Snowboarding is harder, but I started skiing a long time ago. I mean, when you fall while skiing, you don't really hurt yourself. When you're learning to snowboard, you catch an edge like you always do, and you don't just gently fall to the ground, you slam to the

ground and either break a wrist or crack your tailbone. After two days of that, I was so bruised and banged up.

9

PLAYBOY: You own a pair of Italian greyhounds. Can you train greyhounds with peanut butter?

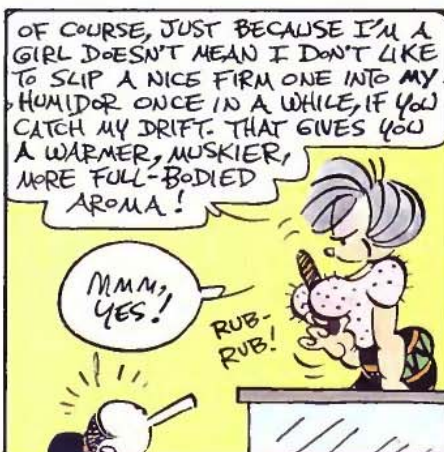
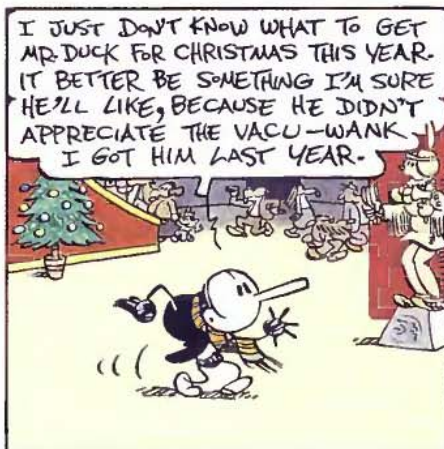
BELL: Yes! They love peanut butter. It's really fun. You just give them a tiny bit and they do that [licking sound] thing forever. You can train these guys with anything. But I always feel so bad when I do that. One time I gave them a piece of dried apricot. I didn't think it was going to be a big deal, but it stuck in their teeth, oh my God, for an hour. It was so bad, trying to get it out. It's cruel. These guys are really smart. That's one of the reasons we got them.

10

PLAYBOY: What can you say in Farsi that can't be translated in English?

BELL: You couldn't print it, because some Iranian would read it and be really offended [laughs]. My mom taught my husband all the swear words, and they're really bad. In Iranian, if you want to insult

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



someone, you insult his family and his mother. How about *madar jendeh*. It basically means that your mother's a whore [laughs]. *Kharcoseh* is another zinger, and it refers to a woman's intimate body part, and not the nicest way to say it either. My mom taught Adam that word. She and I say that to each other because it's so over the top that it's like, "*Kharcoseh!* What are you doing?"

11

PLAYBOY: Better name—Persia or Iran?
BELL: I like Persia. I know it's not Persia anymore, but Iran has so much shit attached to it now, unfortunately. It used to be a beautiful place. I never went after I was a baby, but my mom tells me it was like Paris. It was beautiful. My grandfather used to work for the Shah, so my mom lived like royalty over there.

12

PLAYBOY: We read somewhere that men can say anything in front of you. Is that true?
BELL: Totally. You can ask my husband. The guys at work know this, too. If there is a pretty woman and the guys are talking about her, I jump right in. "Yeah! Check her out! She's really hot!" I don't have a problem. I don't get offended easily. It would take a lot. Yesterday, my husband bought a new video game, a fighting game with women with huge

breasts. The graphics are amazing, and they fight and their breasts actually jiggle. Sometimes a girl's skirt flies up and you see her panties, and I'm like, "Cool! Check out her panties! My God! Her tits are huge!" You know, that's how I talk. I have no problem.

13

PLAYBOY: Do the guys say what they want to do to other women in front of you?
BELL: Yeah, a little bit. Some guys, if they're just total pigs, need to take it easy there. Down, boy. But if they're appreciating women, you know, I can understand you'd want to do certain things.

14

PLAYBOY: You play drums. Who is your favorite drummer?
BELL: Since I'm a new drummer, I just started listening to everybody: John Bonham, Neil Peart. I've got all the Led Zepelin and Who CDs in my trailer. I'm trying to listen to the old greats. And then there are some of the new guys like Dave Grohl and Taylor Hawkins. I love jazz drumming. It's beautiful. Again, I'm new. I never used to pick out the drumbeat by itself. Now I'm actually listening to the drumbeat.

15

PLAYBOY: Do you have wacky nights with your close friend Jenna Elfman?

BELL: Like when we get naked and roll around in hot oil? I'm sure your readers would like to hear about that, but I'll never tell! Jenna is really fun. We were just in the Caribbean with a bunch of our friends. She has so much energy. I think she's amazing. We met in our acting class. We're both Scientologists, but we were in the same acting class, too. I knew her husband better than her because her husband and I were in the same class. She was in a different class at the same place. She's so talented. She's funny, silly and fast. A lot of fun to go out with.

16

PLAYBOY: Have you guys gotten into any trouble?
BELL: No, not yet. Good idea, though.

17

PLAYBOY: There are websites featuring photos of your body-double work for Isabella Rossellini in *Death Becomes Her*. In an article you said there is worse stuff out there. Where can we find it?
BELL: There's some soft-core I used to do. No. There was a rumor about that on the set once. I did a love scene in a cable movie that wasn't a big deal. Kind of a *Red Shoe Diaries* sort of thing. I was almost topless on *Dream On*. So that's about it. Nothing too embarrassing.

18

PLAYBOY: Why is the company of men more interesting than that of women?
BELL: I think because I was an only child and a tomboy. Women can be tough on women. I used to be really shy and a lot of women thought I was stuck up. I had to be nice and be a regular person and let them know I wasn't there to steal their boyfriends. Women can be so insecure. Let's just be girls. Now I have some female friends, but I'm still more comfortable with men. I have more male friends than I do women. I'm more of a guy. Let's have a beer and just have fun.

19

PLAYBOY: Your belly is pierced. What are the limits of good taste in piercings?
BELL: For me, it's my belly button. That's it. At some point, it gets into self-mutilation and some weird psychological aberration.

20

PLAYBOY: What can be expressed in a tattoo that can't be expressed verbally?
BELL: I've got one here [pointing to ankle]. It's a heart and it says LOVE. I could certainly say "love." But it's just a creative way of expressing myself. Tattoos represent something about yourself, but nothing you couldn't express verbally.



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SCANDALS

(continued from page 78)

and JFK's sexual athleticism.

In Washington, D.C. during the late Fifties and early Sixties, when I was in graduate and law school, I noticed the latitude given the personal foibles and weaknesses of powerful officials. At the time, I was dating a girl whose father was a senator who had a serious drinking problem. The most feared muckraking columnist in Washington then was Drew Pearson, who was a friend of this senator. Repeatedly, Pearson warned the senator that if he didn't get his act together he was going to have to write about it. But Pearson never did, nor did he have any intention of doing so. He told the senator's wife he was merely bracing her husband, trying to help him by frightening him, for he saw a man with a brilliant mind wasting it with the sauce. Sadly, the threats didn't help.

When Senator Barry Goldwater ran for president in 1964, I turned down a job in the campaign to finish law school. The senator's son was my good friend, so I followed the race closely. The only issue that ever threatened President Lyndon Johnson's election was a sex scandal that surfaced briefly before election day. It was the first sex scandal in a presidential campaign since Grover Cleveland fathered a child out of wedlock, which was an issue in the 1884 presidential contest. Initially, all the Washington newspapers agreed to disregard the 1964 story—but the president's aides forgot to ask United Press International to kill it. When UPI broke the story, other news organizations reported as well that White House

chief of staff Walter Jenkins, who was married with six children, had been arrested for engaging in homosexual activity at the YMCA a few blocks from the White House. The story fizzled quickly, however, when FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover spiked it with a report that no national security problems had arisen, and Jenkins was said to be in the hospital.

In the mid-Sixties, when I worked as the minority counsel to the House Judiciary Committee, I saw how Congress dealt with sexual misconduct by one of its members. When the Congress convened in January 1967, a move was launched to deny Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell his seat in the House. Powell had been investigated earlier for abusing his payroll and expenditures. He was hiring his ladyfriends and entertaining them lavishly at government expense. When Powell was cited for contempt of a New York court after refusing to pay a default judgment (he had carelessly ignored a defamation case that started when he accused a constituent of being a bag lady), the earlier House investigation of "financial irregularities" and the fact he was evading the New York authorities came to a head. Not sure how to handle New York's first black congressman, particularly at a time when Congress was writing significant new laws in response to the civil rights movement, the House created a select committee to make further inquiry.

The Reverend Powell's womanizing was legendary. Tall, trim, strikingly handsome and always elegantly dressed, he was a powerful force to be reckoned with. Because several members of the House Judiciary Committee were appointed to

the select committee, and they used the Judiciary Committee's hearing room for their meetings and proceedings, I became privy to, and indirectly involved with, the undertaking.

Some committee members were reluctant to have congressional pages carry sensitive material to or from Powell, and felt that several of the tasks should be handled by an attorney. My office adjoined the hearing room, so I was dispatched, by default, to deal with Powell. I found it a pleasure, actually one of my more memorable experiences in government service, because we quickly hit it off. We had both gone to Colgate University. He was a fascinating man, and his office was a delight to visit. He employed some of Capitol Hill's most beautiful women, and his friends in the entertainment industry—Louis Armstrong, Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis Jr. and Lena Horne, to name a few—were often arriving or leaving.

Ultimately, the House of Representatives went far beyond the recommendations of the select committee and refused to seat Powell. He took his case to the Supreme Court and won. Powell's sexual activities, which underlay much of the inquiry (his hiring beauty pageant winners as staff and flying them to and from his retreat in Bimini), weren't used to deny him his seat. But sex was certainly a part of the subtext. And the record (later sealed and buried) was filled with private sexual information, none of which was ever leaked to newsmen (or left the confines of the investigative committees). Powell was quite conscious of what was not being said. In his own inimitable way, he once said to me: "All those white guys must be worried I'm going to screw their wives. That scares 'em, so we don't talk about that." Powell accused his detractors of hypocrisy and claimed they had concocted charges against him they were guilty of themselves. In time this would prove to be prescient, for Ohio Congressman Wayne Hays was one of the key behind-the-scenes players to oust Powell. "I've not done a damn thing they haven't done. And I can prove it," Powell protested to me.

I can still see him thumping his index finger on a copy of *Washington Exposé* by Drew Pearson's partner and successor, Jack Anderson, which had just been released. The book contained the hottest inside account of misconduct in the nation's capital. I recently checked, and found that the 486-page *Washington Exposé*, published in 1967, has absolutely nothing to say about sex, not a word. In those days, even the toughest muckrakers stayed away from peccadilloes and dalliances.

Probably the best example of this laissez-faire attitude toward illicit sex involved J. Edgar Hoover's efforts to destroy Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. After Hoover convinced Attorney General



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Bobby Kennedy that King was a communist, he began wiretapping and bugging him, particularly his hotel bedrooms. Soon Hoover was dispensing copies of tapes, transcripts and photos of King's sexual activities with a number of women at the Willard Hotel in Washington. Hoover's distribution list included *Newsweek*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, *The Atlanta Constitution* and *The Augusta Chronicle*. All refused to use the material. So Hoover tried passing out his material on Capitol Hill, but no one there wanted it. Exasperated, Hoover finally had copies of the tapes sent anonymously to King's wife. What amazed me when I first picked up bits and pieces of this story was that no one in the media dared blow the whistle on Hoover. Clearly, they were afraid of him.

By the time I served as counsel to the president at the Nixon White House in the early Seventies, I was aware of the rules of permissible and impermissible sexual conduct, and what was fair game for the media. As with my predecessors and successors, one of my responsibilities as White House counsel was to squelch potential problems. Rumors of JFK's reckless sexual exploits and LBJ's sexual boasting were well known in Washington—yet still not reported. But this was not the type of problem I faced. In fact, I could not envision my president, Richard Nixon, having sex with anyone, though it had apparently happened at least twice, for he had two daughters. Many years after Watergate I was approached by two reporters about alleged Nixon affairs with women. Neither of them produced even a hint of questionable sexual activity, however. It was my colleagues in the White House who were my concern.

For example, Chief of Staff Bob Haldeman once instructed me to investigate one of the president's speechwriters. He was running down a rumor the president had received. While Haldeman was not opposed to hiring homosexuals, he told me, he simply wanted to know if the writer was gay. He did not buy the thinking of the pejoratively entitled congressional report (circa 1950) on "Employment of Homosexuals and Other Perverts in Government," which claimed that homosexuals were susceptible to recruitment as communist spies.

I read the speechwriter's FBI background investigation and also talked with him during the course of business. I even visited people who had known him for many years. I was relatively confident he was not homosexual. To this day that seems the case; he's simply a confirmed bachelor.

J. Edgar Hoover, who in the Seventies was living in the Forties, had a fixation about homosexuality. He once sent a report to the White House of a rumor that Haldeman had a young male secretary, plus several young men as his aides. That had supposedly raised eyebrows. Hoover claimed that someone on Capitol Hill had asked the FBI if there might be a nest of homosexuals at the White House. When I mentioned Hoover's report to Haldeman, who had been aware of it long before I arrived at the White House, he roared with laughter. "Christ, I wish I did have a few working for me. I'll bet they'd be better than these young guys who have to run home to their wives every night."

Occasionally, the problems were potentially more serious. Like learning that *Life* magazine's senior investigative reporter, William Lambert, had a story

about a White House official and a high-level State Department officer being involved with a high-class prostitution operation in New York run by Xaviera Hollander. Lambert, however, wasn't investigating Nixon administration officials. He was just giving us a heads-up, letting us know that a New York City police informant, Teddy Ratenoff, had obtained a copy of Hollander's john book, and Ratenoff was looking for a book deal.

My predecessor at the Nixon White House had hired a former NYPD detective to investigate these sorts of problems. I dispatched the detective. Within a few days he reported that Hollander had two john books, with her "sensitive clients" in a book that had not been obtained by Ratenoff. But we still didn't know who might have a potential problem. So I simply began casually testing here and there. Most responses were, "Hey, I should be so lucky." But when I whispered the story to White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, his face went white as a sheet. "I'll deny it," he said quickly. In light of Ziegler's schedule and high profile, he was the last person in the White House I suspected.

That potential sex scandal never surfaced. Two decades later, however, I did learn it had been the State Department's chief of protocol and one of his assistants (who had once worked at the White House) who arranged such services when requested by visiting foreign dignitaries. Providing hookers for foreign bigwigs, paid for with tax money, was (and I don't doubt remains) a Washington sex scandal waiting to happen. As Clinton's former aide Dick Morris learned, Washington call girls do not always adhere to the code of silence.

Watergate, the scandal with which I became involved, was not a sex scandal. However, this fact has not prevented G. Gordon Liddy, Watergate's most decorated felon, from trying to make it one. Not surprisingly, Liddy wants to divert attention from his bungled burglary of the Democratic National Committee, an undertaking that demonstrated slightly less judgment than that of an average juvenile delinquent. Liddy now claims he really didn't know what happened during Watergate. He has been persuaded by the Watergate revisionists that it was a sex scandal. This revisionist history is based on one man—Phillip Mackin Bailey, who has spent much of his adult life in and out of mental institutions. Bailey has also claimed to be a serial murderer and an abandoned space captain from Alpha Centauri.

Bailey's sexual activities first came to my attention while I was at the White House. The Department of Justice advised me that a young woman they believed worked at the White House had been a victim of Bailey's efforts to extort women into prostitution. Two assistant U.S. attorneys were sent to my office to



"I'm sorry, Debbie, I'm leaving skiing for snowboarding and you for Kimmy."

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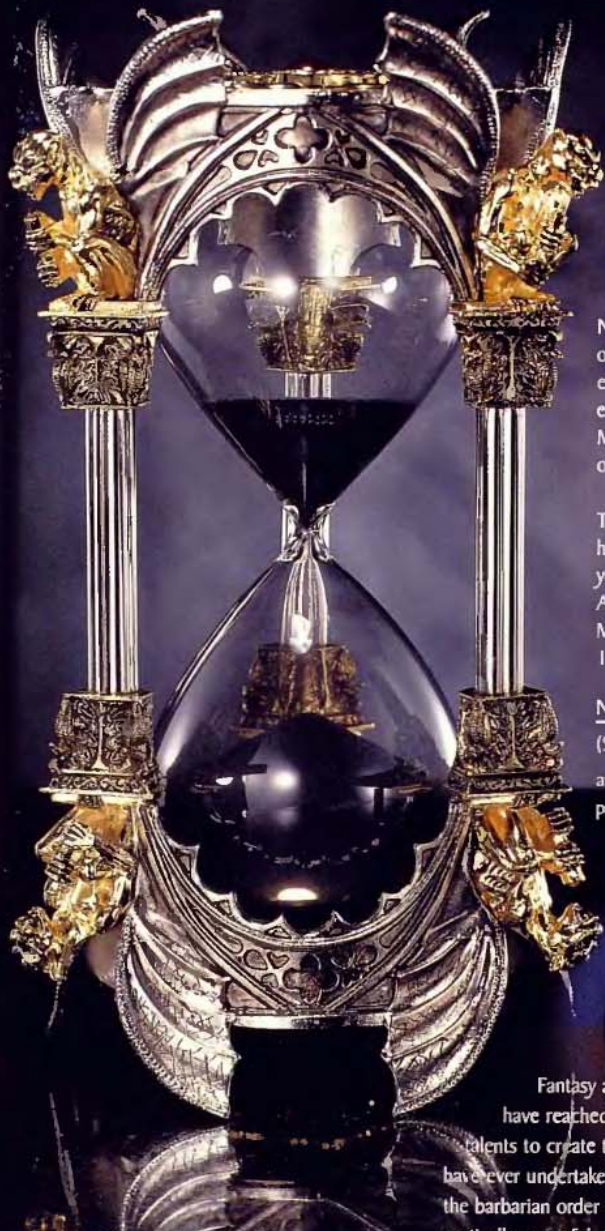
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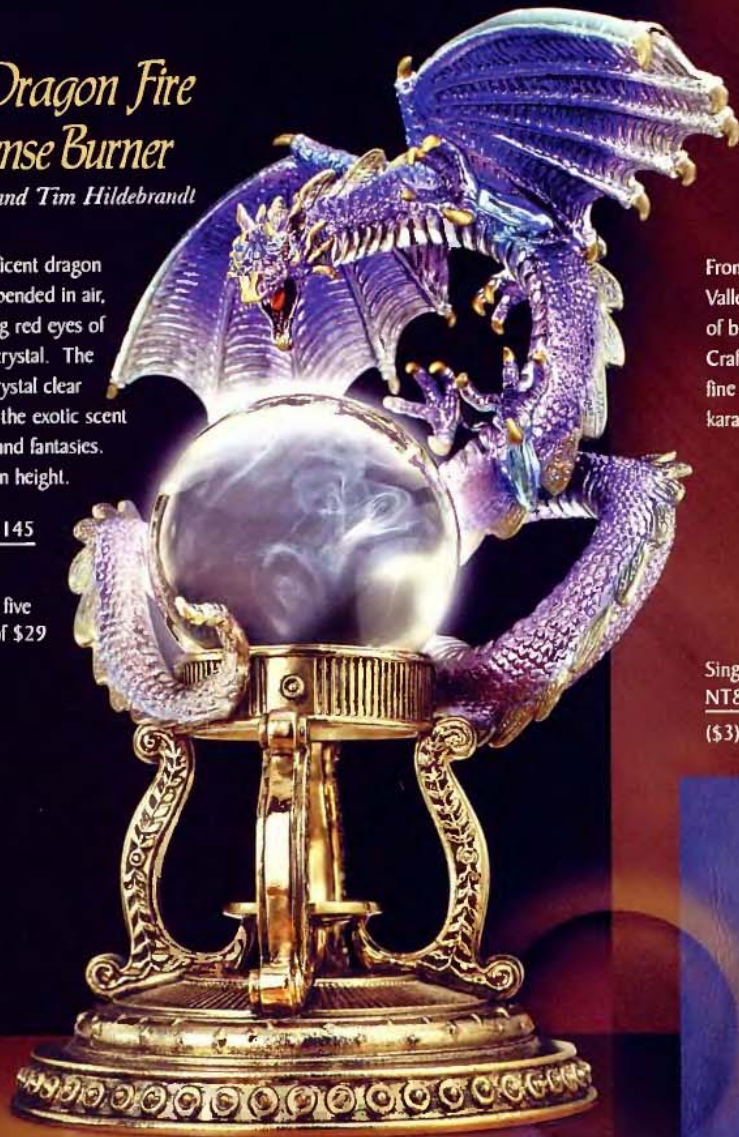
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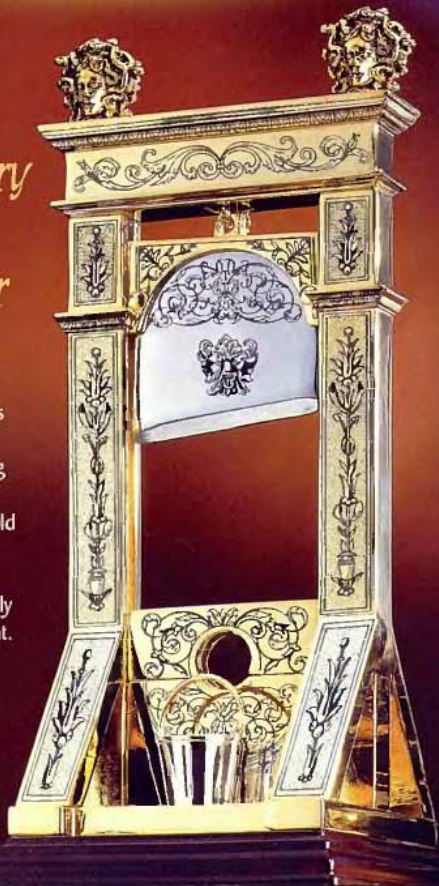
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explain that Bailey, a young Washington attorney, had just been indicted for extortion, racketeering and prostitution.

This story surfaced in the local newspapers. *Time* magazine published a brief article about Bailey, but it never became a serious sex scandal. He was quickly and correctly perceived as a man who had serious psychological problems. His victims were primarily college girls and young professional women. After Bailey was released from St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington—where a federal judge had sent him for observation—he pled guilty to one charge and was sent to prison. After his release, he invented the story that he was running a call-girl ring at the Democratic headquarters at the Watergate, which was the real reason for the Watergate break-in. For decades he tried to peddle his story. He finally found a writer willing to believe any conspiracy theory about anything, including Watergate. His story is pure fiction.

Watergate had nothing to do with sex, but it did expose the underbelly of the Nixon presidency. As a result of the investigation, I learned about Nixon's effort to create a sex scandal for Senator Edward Kennedy. Nixon had special counsel Chuck Colson undertake the dirty deed. Colson hired a detective to follow Kennedy when he went to Paris in 1970 for Charles de Gaulle's funeral. Colson ended up with photographs of the married senator dancing until dawn with an Italian princess (one was even published in the *National Enquirer*). The mainstream media would not touch them. The year before, in an attempt to maximize the scandal after the accident at Chappaquiddick, Nixon had his own investigator try to uncover and leak information to the press. The effort failed, largely because other newspeople did not want a sex story. But Nixon kept Kennedy under surveillance whenever possible. As Haldeman later explained, Nixon hoped "to catch Kennedy in the sack with one of his babes." He didn't, and given the media's ethos at the time, if Nixon had uncovered such information, it would likely never have been published.

The rules of the media regarding Washington sex scandals have obviously changed. I have no doubt about what triggered the change, for I was sitting in a front row seat when it happened. The Watergate scandal's revelations, along with the culmination of the divisive Vietnam war, had a profound impact on journalism. The media gave Washington officials the benefit of the doubt before Watergate. Newspeople ignored the private lives of public officials—when Eisenhower lied about aerial reconnaissance flights, no reporter questioned him. When Johnson lied about events in Vietnam, he got away with it. After Watergate and Vietnam, however, journalists

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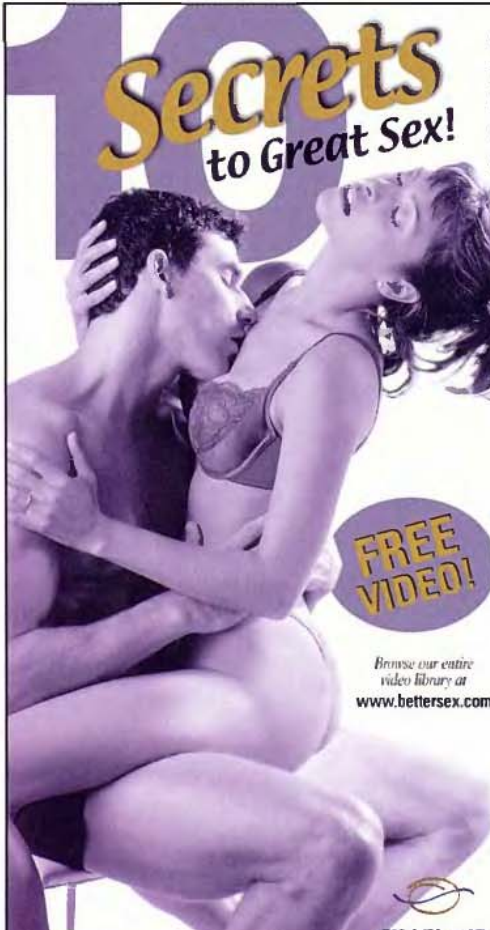
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understood that they had missed Nixon's abuses of power, and had let several presidents mislead the American people about the war. By the time Nixon resigned in shame, the media had adopted its no-more-Mr.-Nice-Guy attitude toward all Washington officials. It has never been the same since.

The new outlook became apparent when Congressman Wilbur Mills, who'd been stopped by police for speeding, was discovered with stripper Fanne Foxe at two A.M. at the Potomac River's tidal basin. The congressman had deep scratches on his face; Foxe had two black eyes. He was drunk, and she had to be pulled out of the water. While no arrests were made, the media chased this story like flies after garbage. Mills, the Ways and Means chairman who at that point had served in Congress for 36 years, couldn't sober up fast enough to figure out what had happened in Washington. A few months later, an intoxicated Mills followed Foxe to Boston, where she performed at the Boston Burlesque Theater as "the Tidal Basin bombshell"—with the media on the story. Mills would soon slide from office, first resigning his chairmanship, then retiring from Congress two years later. Little about this affair escaped coverage. Foxe signed a book deal, reviving the genre of the Washington mistress tell-all. Times had changed.

Washington old-timers didn't immediately notice the new media vigilance. As Wilbur Mills was falling from grace, Ohio Representative Wayne Hays was adding his mistress, Elizabeth Ray, to his congressional payroll. Two years later, when Hays married his Ohio office manager, he could not keep his mistress. Hays expected Ray (after he told her what the Mafia could do to girls who talked) to disappear. Fearing for her life,

Ray went to *The Washington Post* to protect herself. She told them she worked as a secretary for Hays, but explained, "I can't type, I can't file, I can't even answer the phone." She said her only responsibility, for which she was paid the full salary of a congressional secretary, was to have sex with Hays.

At the time the Ray story broke, I was working on a story about the 1976 Republican Convention for *Rolling Stone*. I thought I would interview Ray. Her new book, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*, was causing a stir, because it implied she'd had sex with other members of Congress.

When I arrived at her high-rise apartment, she was wearing blue jeans and a tight red sweater that accentuated her best features. Her long blonde hair looked like it had just been washed. She was pretty. After a few warm-up questions to get comfortable, we got to the nitty-gritty. But it was soon clear that she wasn't going to name names, at least not on the record. I was curious as to how she'd gotten involved. She struck me as naive, almost innocent. "Do you know why you got involved as you did?"

"Sometimes I've wondered if I was really stupid or what. I've tried to analyze this, to see if I was the dumbest girl in the world to get into what I did. But I didn't think I had any choice. I was used for going out with other men, I mean, I was used in every kind of way." Her look left little to the imagination.

"So, if you had to advise other girls?"

"I would tell them to try not to get into that kind of situation. I'd tell them that it's not glamorous like I thought it was. It's not that way at all. You pay for every minute of glamour. You really pay, emotionally and physically, for every bit of the excitement of power," she explained with feeling. Elizabeth Ray had

been looking for Prince Charming. She had decided there were no princes, and little real charm, on Capitol Hill.

I had gathered some titillating material (she had told me she'd had an affair with Vice President Hubert Humphrey), but I'd lost interest in the story. This woman had been exploited by enough men in Washington. It was time to leave. As I packed my tape recorder, she asked, "Would you like to see my pictures?" She batted her eyes coquettishly. I must have blushed, because she sighed and added, "You don't have to, of course. I just thought you might like to."

"Sure," I said.

She disappeared into her bedroom and reappeared carrying a large folder from which she pulled a 10"x12" in-living-color photo of herself, nude. "This is the one PLAYBOY is using," she observed. "Do you like it?"

"Why, yes," I said, feeling my face flush. Her body was lovely, sensuous and soft-looking. I doubted my wife was going to think too keenly about this phase of the interview.

"How about this one? Actually, I like it better," she said, pulling another revealing picture from her folder.

"You certainly photograph beautifully," I said, my embarrassment and guilt vying to see which would get me out the door first. Back at my hotel, I made a few notes in my diary about the interview, "Thanks to Watergate, Wayne Hays didn't have a chance." Earlier I had visited a friend, a seasoned *Newsweek* reporter. I closed my diary entry on June 28, 1976, thinking about that conversation: "John Lindsay is right. Washington is not a very pleasant place in the aftermath of Watergate."

Watergate changed the rules. Congressman Condit's outrage at the media's attention to his private life is misplaced. Newspeople are doing to him only what they have done to others for the past three decades.

In surveying 200 years of Washington sex scandals, looking particularly at those of recent vintage, one fact became evident to me: It's not the sex, but the lying about it that causes most of the trouble. That fact posed the greatest problem for Gary Condit. Just as those of us involved with Watergate at the Nixon White House provided a guide for what not to do with a president who abuses the powers of his office, Condit has written his own book on how not to handle a Washington sex scandal.

Writing more than 2000 years ago, Plutarch observed: "Statesmen are not only liable to give account of what they say or do in public, but there is a busy inquiry constantly made into their very meals, beds, marriages and every other sportive or serious action." Gary Condit ignored history at his peril.





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BASKETBALL *(continued from page 148)*

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chances at tournament time. Add in wins over Duke, Maryland, North Carolina and Tennessee, and UVA spirit was high until a shocking first-round NCAA loss to Gonzaga. Because four starters from that squad are returning, Cavaliers fans can't wait for the new season to begin. Expect a solid season from point guard Majestic Mapp, who missed last season with a knee injury. This club has reliable scoring and veteran leadership, and if Mapp returns to full strength, Virginia will be a contender.

(11) ST. JOSEPH'S

When Playboy All-America Marvin O'Connor coolly scored 37 points versus Stanford in last year's NCAA tourna-

ment, it brought national attention to a team that could do even better this season. With O'Connor spurning the NBA and returning for his senior season, he and running mate Jameer Nelson will make up one of the most formidable backcourts in the nation. The Hawks can run, but they need solid inside play from Bill Phillips as well as a boost on the front line. How well coach Phil Martelli's troops handle the pressure of national attention and a high ranking remains to be seen. One thing is certain: They have the perimeter firepower to get to the Big Dance.

(12) FRESNO STATE

Fresno State fans had high expectations at the end of last season, but the

loss of guard Tito Maddox was a blow for the Bulldogs. He was dismissed in mid-August after the school learned of his dealings with a sports agent. Maddox, who was the WAC newcomer of the year last season and finished fourth in the nation in assists with eight a game, would have been a key component in what promised to be a loaded Bulldogs squad. Small forward Chris Jefferies must now step up his scoring as well as take over as team leader. FSU will win most battles in the paint with post player Melvin Ely. He is not only a scorer and rebounder but also a solid shot blocker who intimidates opposing offenses. Fresno State would have been a possible Final Four team with Maddox in the lineup.

(13) BOSTON COLLEGE

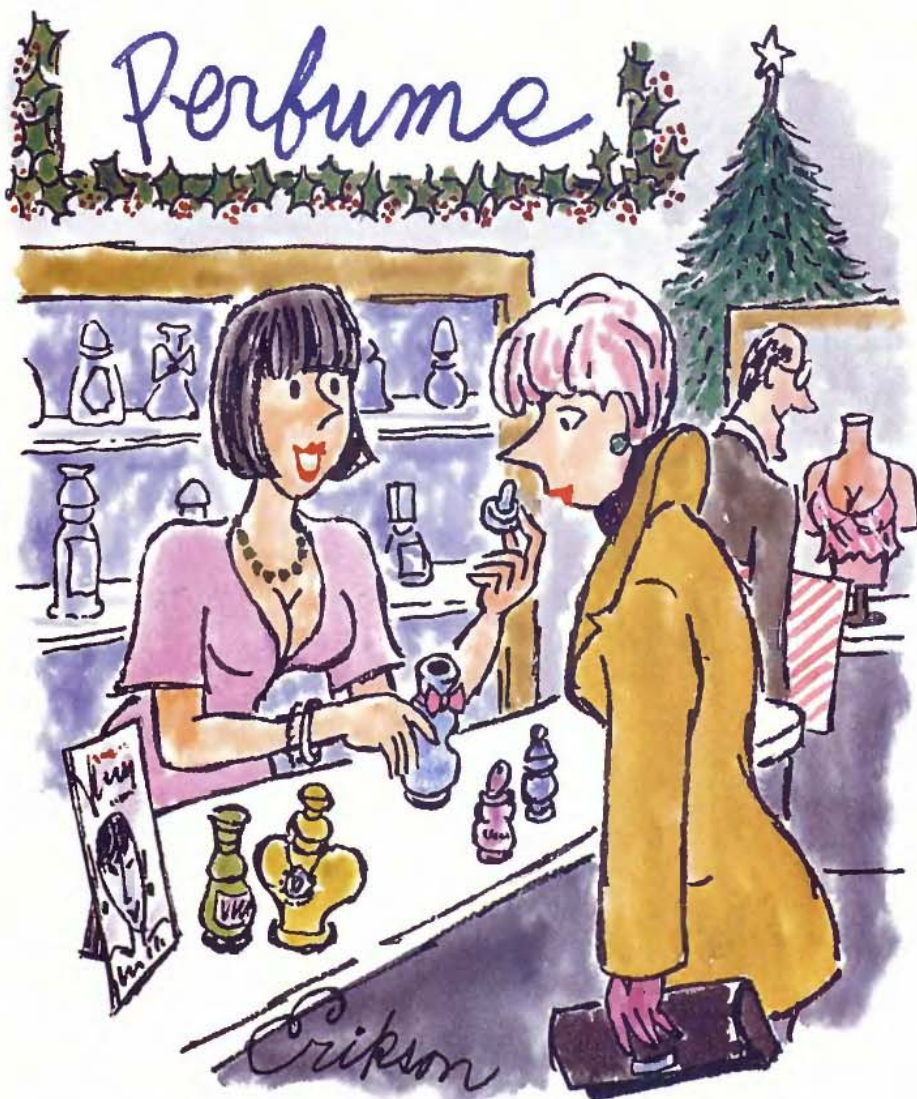
Coach Al Skinner's Eagles made the national rankings last year, climbing into the top 10 when most experts thought they were at least a year away. Now the team will have to deal with increased expectations as well as defensive game plans designed to stop standout guard Troy Bell, who averaged 20 ppg last season. Bell needs help inside and will get it from junior Uka Agbai (6'8", 245). Additional muscle will come from Andrew Bryant and scoring punch from Kenny Walls and Ryan Sidney, who combined for nearly 17 ppg last season. The Eagles snuck up on people last year. Now they'll find out what it's like to be everyone's "big game."

(14) TEMPLE

The Owls boast one of the nation's biggest front lines, with 6'9", 245-pound Kevin Lyde returning to school after pulling his name out of the NBA draft. He will team with 6'10", 290-pound Ron Rollerson to make Temple tough to stop in a half-court game. Standout guard Lynn Greer will have to pick up the slack, both as a scorer and as a leader, created by the graduation of Quincy Wadley. Wingman David Hawkins was impressive in his freshman season, but needs to improve his 10.4 points per game and become more of a factor on the boards. John Chaney's club struggled early last season, losing seven in a row in December. But when an NCAA tourney berth was on the line, the team responded with a strong run that fell one game short of making the Final Four. There are rumors that this could be Coach Chaney's last season.

(15) GEORGETOWN

Despite the loss of guard Demetrius Hunter, who surprised the Hoya faithful when he decided to transfer to Nevada-Las Vegas over the summer, there is enough talent to take Georgetown back to the glory days of the Eighties and early Nineties. Georgetown returns three starters from last season's NCAA team,



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A

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The Bernola twins make it a baker's dozen Playmates who appear in this 12-month calendar, and they're all clad in nothing but the sexiest intimate wear we could find! Also featuring cover girl Jaime Bergman, Nicole Marie Lenz, Summer Altice, Shannon Stewart, Buffy Tyler, Nefertari Shepherd, Nichole Van Croft, Brooke Berry, Brande Roderick, Cara Wakelin and Stacy Fuson.

A. NL7365 \$14.99

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B. NLCC2002W Wall \$6.95
C. NLCC2002D Desk \$6.95

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D. NL7677 \$12.95

2002 College Girls Calendar

Featuring images from Playboy Special Editions' College Girls series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".

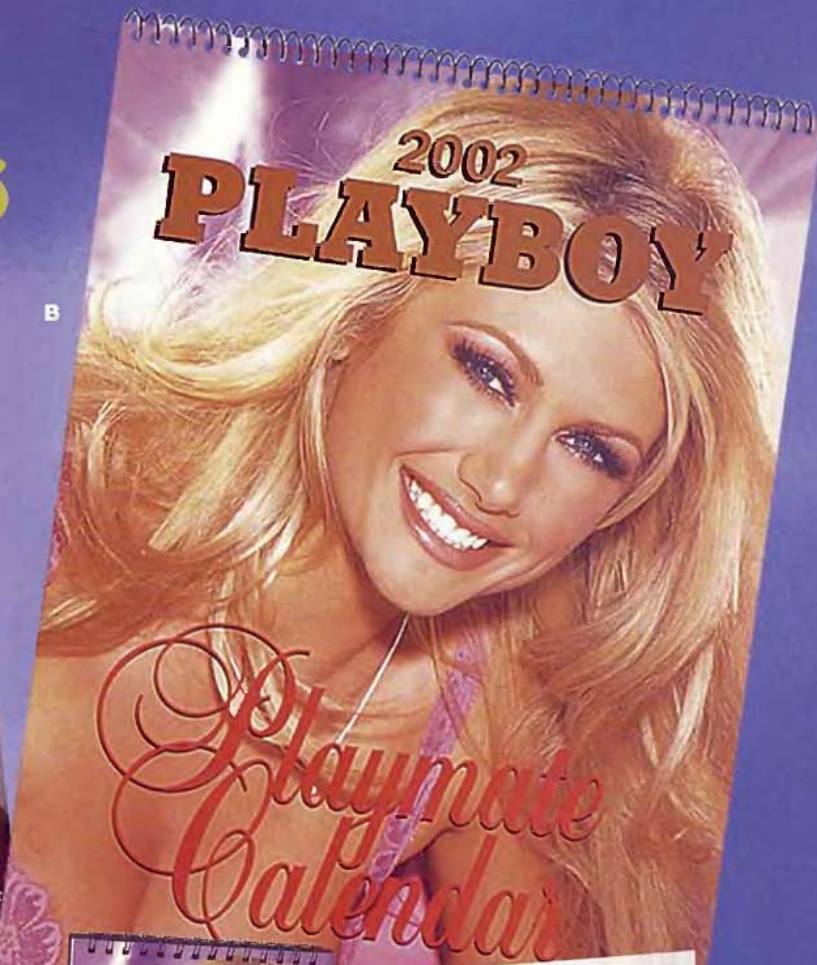
E. NL7678 \$12.95

2002 Book of Lingerie Calendar

Featuring images from Playboy Special Editions' Book of Lingerie series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".

F. NL7676 \$12.95

B



C



D



E

F

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1. To enter, go to www.michelob.com or www.playboy.com and follow the online instructions to complete and submit an official online entry form. Sweepstakes begins 12:01 a.m. Central Time (CT) on July 1, 2001 and all entries must be received by 11:59 p.m. CT on November 30, 2001. No other method of entry is acceptable. Three drawings will be conducted throughout the promotion time period. See Rule #3 for details regarding the three entry drawings. By participating in this sweepstakes, participants agree to be bound by the Official Rules of this sweepstakes and all decisions of the sweepstakes administrator.

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3. One winner will be selected in each random drawing to be held on or about the following drawing dates: September 3, 2001; November 5, 2001; and December 3, 2001 and being among an eligible entries received by an independent judging agency, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. To be eligible for the September 3, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on July 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on August 31, 2001. To be eligible for the November 5, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on September 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on October 31, 2001. To be eligible for the December 3, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on November 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on November 30, 2001. Entries received for previous drawings will not be carried over to subsequent drawings. Winners will be notified by mail. Winners may not substitute or transfer prize but sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with a prize of equal or greater value. Third tier prize per household.

4. All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. Winner will be required to complete, sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and identity and publicly release within 10 days of prize notification. Winner's information must be used to verify prize. Winner will be required to complete, sign and return a liability and publicity release prior to receiving their prize. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Any prize restrictions or prize returns that Sponsor or its agents or subsidiaries may result in disqualification and the awarding of that prize to an alternate winner.

5. Employees and the immediate families of employees of the Group, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, wholesale distributors, and individual retail stores are ineligible. This sweepstakes is void in California and where prohibited by law, and subject to federal, state and local regulations. Taxes, if any, and liability the responsibility of the winner.

6. Acceptance of any offered prize is irrevocable to use winner's name, voice, biographical information and/or likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation or all media now known or later discovered world wide and on the World Wide Web without notice or review or approval as permitted by law.

7. Prize 1st: Trip for two (2) to the Playboy New Year's Eve party at the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles, CA on December 31, 2001. Includes round-trip coach air transportation from gateway city nearest winner's home to Los Angeles, CA, and two (2) nights double-occupancy hotel accommodations and limited ground transportation including a complimentary ride to and from the party. Winner will also have the opportunity to attend a Playboy Playmate's Dinner at the party (subject to availability). Travel Dates: December 30, 2000-January 1, 2001. If winner cannot take trip as specified, prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. Travel subject to availability and change. Trip cancellation insurance, ground transportation, meals, gratuities and all other expenses not specified herein are solely winner's responsibility. Approximate Retail Value (ARV) \$5,476 each. Total ARV of all prizes \$16,434.

8. By accepting a prize, winner and their travel companions agree to understand that the Group assumes no liability for any and all losses, damages, rights, claims and actions of any kind resulting from acceptance, possession or use of any prize, including without limitation, personal injuries, death and property damage. By participating in this sweepstakes, participant agrees to be bound by all the Official Rules of this sweepstakes.

9. For a list of winners, read your prize books and complete address on a 3" x 5" card and mail to: Attention: Michelob Light Playboy Triple Platinum Sweepstakes Winner List, P.O. Box 30511, Irving, America, MN 55558-3051. Requests must be received by February 1, 2002. Winners' names will be posted on Michelob.com after December 14, 2001.

including Playboy All-America forward Michael Sweetney, a wide body who can score and rebound. He will team with Wesley Wilson to give coach Craig Esherrick a rugged one-two punch. In the backcourt, Kevin Braswell must be more consistent with his three-point shot to open up the paint for the Georgetown big men. Braswell is the school's all-time steals leader and ranks in the top five for assists.

(16) MEMPHIS

John Calipari tried the NBA, but while he liked the professional payday, his intense coaching style is better suited to the college game. He already has the Tigers vying for national prominence. Memphis returns a talented squad that is led by Kelly Wise and Scooter McFadgon—just the sort of experienced players that coach Calipari needs to blend with one of the nation's best recruiting classes. The player everyone will be watching is freshman guard Dajuan Wagner, who was among the top five players in high school last season and scored 100 points in one game. Wagner could make a real difference. Although this team needs some time to jell, when it does, look out.

(17) CONNECTICUT

The Huskies have slipped a bit and need a strong season from their guards to become a legitimate threat to win the Big East and return to the NCAA tournament after a trip to the NIT last season. Taliek Brown and Tony Robertson must step up their performances to support talented forward Caron Butler. Robert Swain and Ben Gordon could make an impact as scorers, while Johnnie Selvie is the primary low-post threat. A freshman with promise is 6'9" Emeka Okafor.

(18) SYRACUSE

Senior forward Preston Shumpert returns after a breakout junior year in which he averaged nearly 20 points per game. He's a great shot maker but will need help if the Orangemen are to surprise again on the national level. Depth inside is a question for Jim Boeheim's team. To seriously compete, he'll need solid contributions from Jeremy McNeil or seven-foot freshman Craig Forth. Freshman Billy Edelin has big scoring potential but needs time to learn his role in the offense as he competes with Shumpert and DeShaun Williams for shots. Boeheim is one of the best in the business and has the skill to nudge this team into the top 10.

(19) OKLAHOMA STATE

Oklahoma State was forced to deal with tragedy last year after a midseason plane crash claimed the lives of several members of its basketball family. The Cowboys are committed to succeeding

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this year, and with their top five scorers returning, they should be one of the stronger teams in the Big 12 conference. Maurice Baker and Fredrik Jonzen lead a balanced attack that has size, quickness and experience, and if the team gets significant contributions from the bench, they could make this a season to remember in Stillwater.

(20) STANFORD

Any team with a player as talented as Playboy All-America Casey Jacobsen will be tough to beat, but the Cardinal suffered some heavy losses from last season's 31-3 squad. Jacobsen needs help from seven-foot Curtis Borchardt. In addition to staying healthy, Borchardt must prove he is more than just a defensive presence and must put up some points. Another player who has to step

up his game this season is junior guard Julius Barnes. The Cardinal has been living in the catbird seat for a while, but now it seems to be headed back to the ground.

(21) MISSISSIPPI

If the Rebels maintain their stellar defensive play, they could emerge as one of the top teams in the Southeastern Conference. Ole Miss returns 6'8" Justin Reed, whose 11 points per game and 5.9 rebounds per game make him a force on the low post. Guards Aaron Harper and Jason Harrison need to develop more consistency when shooting from the three-point stripe and must spark the Rebels' transition game. Interior depth will be this team's big question, and if it's answered positively, coach Rod Barnes will have another winner on his hands.

(22) UTAH

The Utes suffered through last season without the team's most important ingredient—Rick Majerus. The rotund coach took the season off because of health problems—both his and his mother's. Now Majerus is back and looking forward to the season. He's especially excited when he looks down his bench to see nine lettermen returning. Best of all, that includes all five starters. Chris Burgess, Travis Spivey and Britton Johnsen form the center of a team that should win the Mountain West Conference title. Add MWC Freshman of the Year Nick Jacobson, who was third on the team in scoring, and you have the ingredients necessary for coach Majerus to cook up a winner.

(23) TEXAS

Rick Barnes has done a solid job rebuilding the Longhorns. Now his challenge will be to replace Maurice Evans and Darren Kelly, who combined to score 30.9 ppg and grab 9.9 rebounds per game. Texas' best scoring threats will be 6'8" Chris Owens (14.4 points per game last season) and the inside play of 6'8" James Thomas, who provides UT with toughness on the low post. Freshman point guard T.J. Ford will be expected to run the show, defending and keeping defenses honest from beyond the arc.

(24) ALABAMA

Great things were expected from this team when superstar forward Gerald Wallace burst onto the scene a year ago as one of the most coveted recruits in Bama history. However, the squad never made its mark, and road woes kept the Tide from making the Big Dance, forcing them to settle for a berth in the NIT. Wallace has now taken his act to the NBA, but there is still an impressive boatload of talent for coach Mark Gottfried. Freshman point guard Maurice Williams will be expected to run an offense that should have strong scorers in Rod Grizzard and Erwin Dudley along the front line.

(25) GONZAGA

Dan Dickau is a prime-time player who is among the nation's best point guards. Backcourt partner Blake Stepp is excellent as well. They are both top scorers and combine to make the Bulldogs tough to defend. The key to this club's shot at another deep run in the NCAA tourney is its inside game, which will lean on Zach Gourde as a scorer on the low post. If Gourde gets any significant help on the boards and Dickau and Stepp live up to expectations, the Zags could march in the NCAA tournament once again.



"Oh, my goodness, Mr. Moore! And you're not even on my Christmas card list!"



PLAYMATE NEWS



RABBIT RADIO



Top: Broadcasters for the week Reneé Tenison, Donelle Folta, Jessico Lee, Kerissa Fare and Coro Wakelin. Above: Kerissa, Caro and Jessica took over the Houston airwaves, much to the enjoyment of KLOL-FM listeners.

Listeners who tuned in to Houston's KLOL-FM this summer were greeted with a sweet surprise: Playmates on the airwaves. For one week, Danelle Folta, Jessica Lee, Cara Wakelin, Reneé Tenison, Stacy Fuson and Kerissa Fare filled in for the vacation-

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- December 7: Miss January 1971
Liv Lindeland
- December 12: Miss September 1993
Carrie Westcott
- December 14: Miss July 1968
Melodye Prentiss
- December 16: Miss October 1981
Kelly Tough
- December 23: Miss March 1979
Denise McConnell

ing morning team of Grego Pruett and the Boner. The Centerfolds were paired up to host a variety of segments, including Playmate Wake-Up Calls, Playmates in the News, Playboy Party Jokes, Centerfolds on Sex, Playboy After Hours and Playmate Pick-Up Lines. "I love to shake peo-

ple up and to get them to realize that maybe they weren't accurate in their perception of a Playboy Playmate," Danelle says. "It's a fun way to interact with the listeners." Doug Harris, marketing consultant for KLOL-FM, has been contacted by several sponsors in the U.S. and Canada who are interested in Playmate-centric programming. Stay tuned for future broadcasts. "When you see a Playmate in the magazine," Harris says, "you're taken by her beauty. But when you listen to her on the radio for four hours, you really get to know her. That appeals to the American male."

ENGAGED

We hate to tell you, but Jaime Bergman, who plays lifeguard B.J. Cummings on Howard Stern's TV show *Son of the Beach*, is off the market. The lucky man? Angel front man David Boreanaz, who proposed to Jaime on a mountaintop in the California desert. The couple has yet to



30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In a period of his life he dubs "the Captain's Paradise," Hef juggled girlfriends on opposite sides of the country: Miss December 1971 and Chicago Mansion goddess Karen Christy and Barbi Benton, who never became a Playmate but lived at Playboy Mansion West in Los Angeles. "I was crazy about Karen," Hef says. "When my romance with Karen became too intense, I lost Barbi, and when I tried to put that romance back together, I lost Karen."



Karen Christy.

set a wedding date, but this news brief begs the question, What is it with rich, good-looking TV stars snagging all the hot women?



OH, DONNA



Like Pamela Anderson, Anna Nicole Smith and Jenny McCarthy before her, Donna D'Errica has joined the elite group of Playmates who have become household names. Left to right: Donna the Centerfold in 1995, filling out the beloved red Baywatch swimsuit in 1996, mugging at a Passion for Fashion event in 1998, cuddling with Shauna Sand at Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream Party in 2001.

My Favorite Playmate By Denis Leary



My favorite Playmate is Anna Nicole Smith—because she's a mess!

Leary isn't the only star who cites her as his best-liked Centerfold. Gilbert Gottfried professed his adoration for the 1993 PMOY in September 1998's *Playmate News*.



VICTORIA TV

By conducting interviews with fellow Playmates on her cable-access talk show, *Under Our Skin*, Victoria Valentino is debunking the theory that beauty is only skin deep. "I love to talk about women and discover the voices behind their photographic images," Victoria says. "My sisters in history are wonderful. Each has a beating heart, a deep soul, talent and a good brain, but since the moment their Centerfolds came out, men have been objectifying them. I love to give them a venue where they can let the world know who they are and break the stereotypes that surround

PLAYMATE NEWS

pin-ups. Lillian Müller was a guest on my show. She's nearly 50 and she looks fabulous. She cracked everyone up. She is full of energy and positivity. Her face doesn't have a single wrinkle and her body is as tight as ever. That woman has designer genes."



LOOSE LIPS

The first time I saw Hef after many years was at Glamourcon in 1995. I said, "Darling, the last time I saw you, my legs were over your shoulders." He said, "I remember that."

—Victoria Valentino

I just hate my Centerfold. Too much eye shadow and hair. No one thinks it's me.

—Ava Fobian

Mark Wahlberg asked me to dance, so I said yes. Then I slipped on a spilled drink and fell to the floor. He was like, "My God, are you OK?" I couldn't look at him. I got up and left.

—Angela Little

Yes, I have implants. I used to be an A cup. They've made me more confident. I feel more like a woman now.

—Dalene Kurtis

HOLLYWOOD DAHMS



Quick, name your favorite famous triplets besides Erica, Jaclyn and Nicole Dahm. Stumped? That's because our titillating trio has cornered the Hollywood market.



Clockwise from top left: Taking on Lil' Kim in the flick *Juwanna Mann*, shilling for Michelob Light, hosting a September issue release party with cover girl Jerri Monthey.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

If you're looking for a cool stocking stuffer, pick up the 2002 **Suzi Simpson** calendar (below). "I hope this calendar does well, because the money is going to Laura's House, a place where women and children can go when they've been beaten or need a safe place," Suzi says. . . . Pamela Anderson and Kid Rock were named the Hot Get-a-Room couple in *Rolling Stone's* annual Hot Issue. . . . Julie McCullough and Rebekka Armstrong teamed up with PETA and wore teeny-weeny lettuce bikinis to protest National Hot Dog Day in Washington, D.C. The gals ate "not dogs" and blasted meat-eating politicians with the slogan, "Let Vegetarianism Grow on You." Julie speaks candidly about getting fired from the hit TV sitcom *Growing Pains* in the show's *E True Hollywood Story* episode. . . . The media frenzy surrounding the release of Bebe Buell's autobiography, *Rebel Heart*, included articles in *Newsweek*, *Talk*, *W* and *Entertain-*

Tony Hawk is game.



ment Weekly. Bebe also hyped up her book on Bill Maher's *Politically Incorrect* and on *20/20*. . . . Kerissa Fare, Deanna Brooks, Jessica Lee and Victoria Fuller dressed as World War II Army nurses to promote the video game *Castle Wolfenstein* at a Los Angeles Activision booth. Skateboard legend Tony Hawk (pictured) took a break from hawking his eponymous game to hang with the girls. Can you blame the dude?

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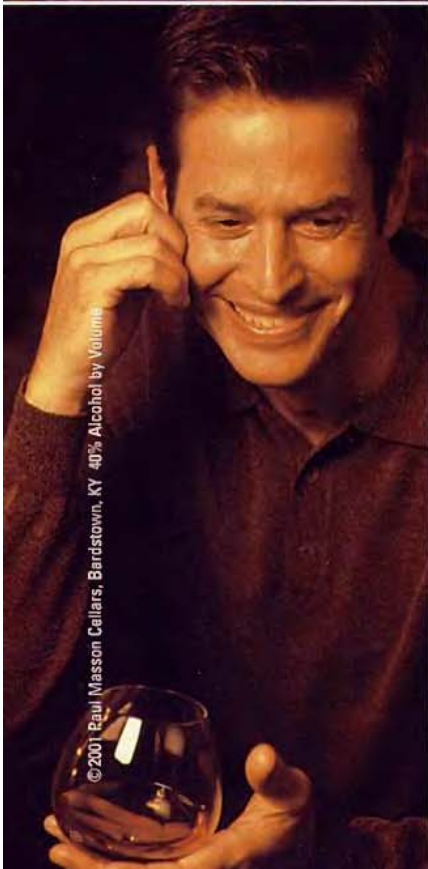
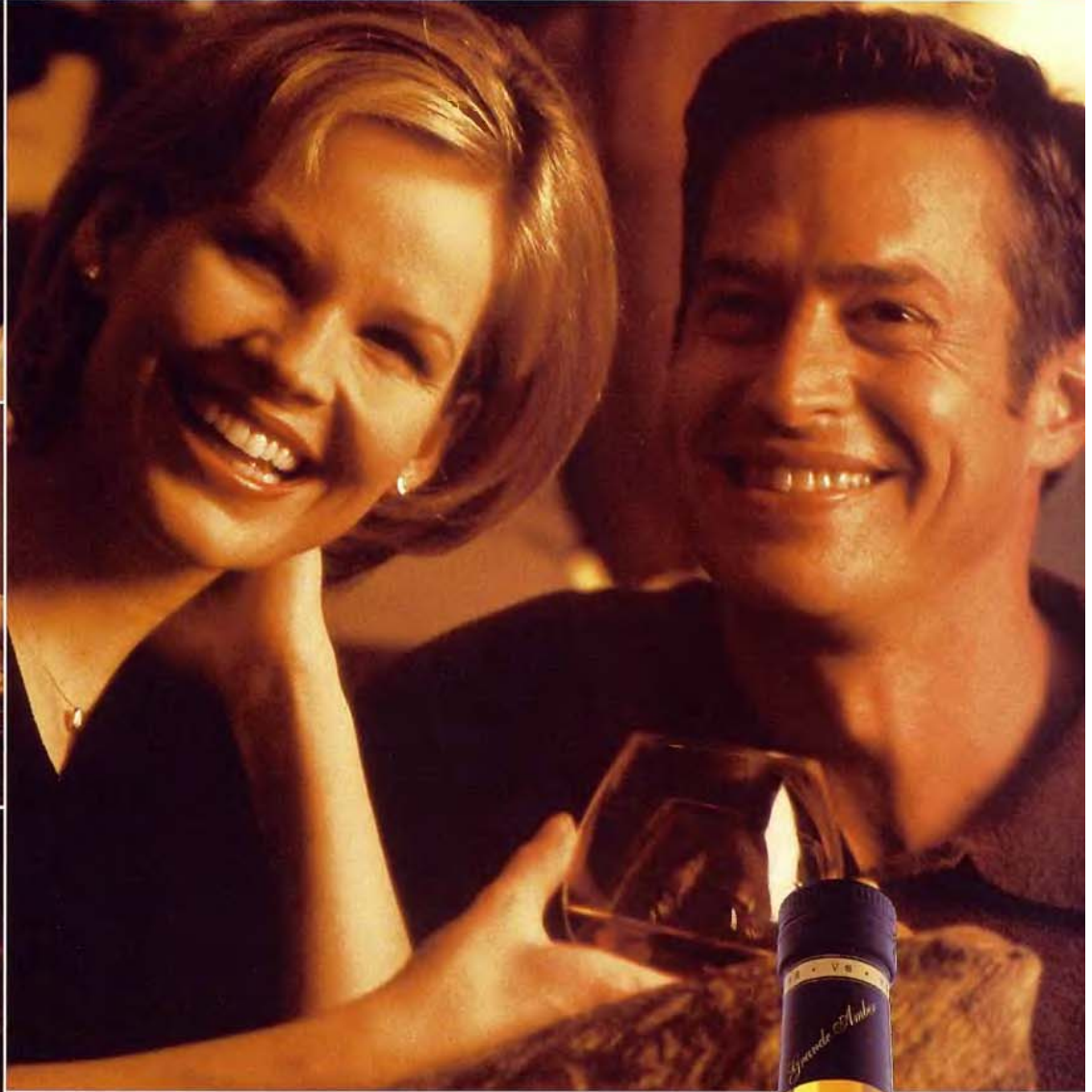


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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOLIDAY STRESSBUSTERS

It's not the holiday hoopla that wears you out, it's keeping up with everything else. So to help you get it together, we've assembled a bag of year-end tricks. How can you get any last-minute shopping done when you've had too much eggnog? Easy. Use Samsung's I300 Palm Powered cell phone to double-check your Christmas list while you call stores to deliver. A Vantage Pro weather station by your bed will warn you if the commute isn't worth the effort. The LCD screen displays the temperature, humidity and rainfall totals. Holiday parties invariably fall on a night when the Knicks play the 76ers. Record all the action on Panasonic's Showstopper TV, a 27-inch model with a 30-hour hard-disk recorder. One surefire stress-buster for any season is lingerie for her from playboystore.com. Just thinking about it makes us feel better already.

—J. BUHRMESTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

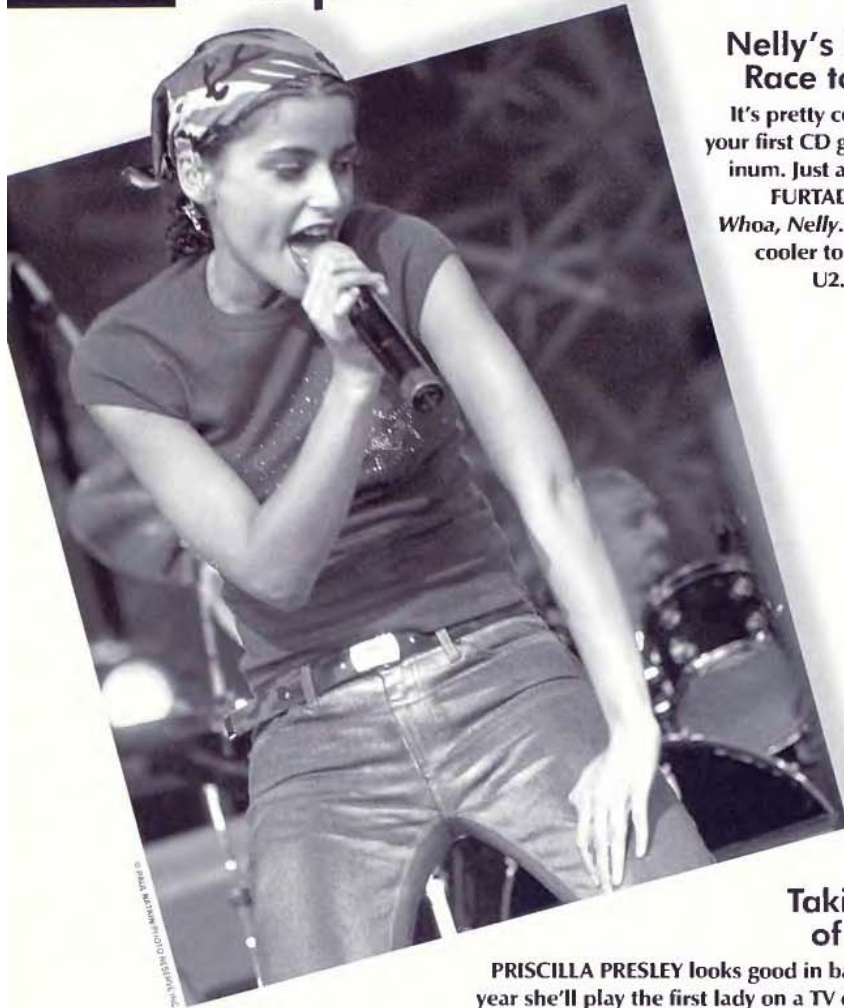


Left: The Vantage Pro weather station communicates with an outdoor sensor (not pictured) to give sophisticated readings (\$500). Samsung's I300 is a combination PDA and cell phone with a full-color screen. It can act as a speakerphone, so you can access your schedule and other information while talking (\$500). Energy drinks are a great pick-me-up the morning after. Two of the latest, Hansen's Energy and Hype Classic, both contain ginseng and taurine for a boost before your next holiday party (about \$2 each).



Above: While we're out testing the limits of the term open bar at the company Christmas party, Panasonic's 27-inch TV and hard-disk recorder is programmed to record our favorite shows (\$800). Next to it is Pommery Brut Millésimé 1995 champagne, which comes packaged in a designer ice bucket (\$170). Left: Give her something you can enjoy: Playboy's sheer baby-doll top and thong (\$46). Buy it at playboystore.com and stay warm by the fire with brandy and cigars.

Grapevine



Nelly's in the Race to Stay

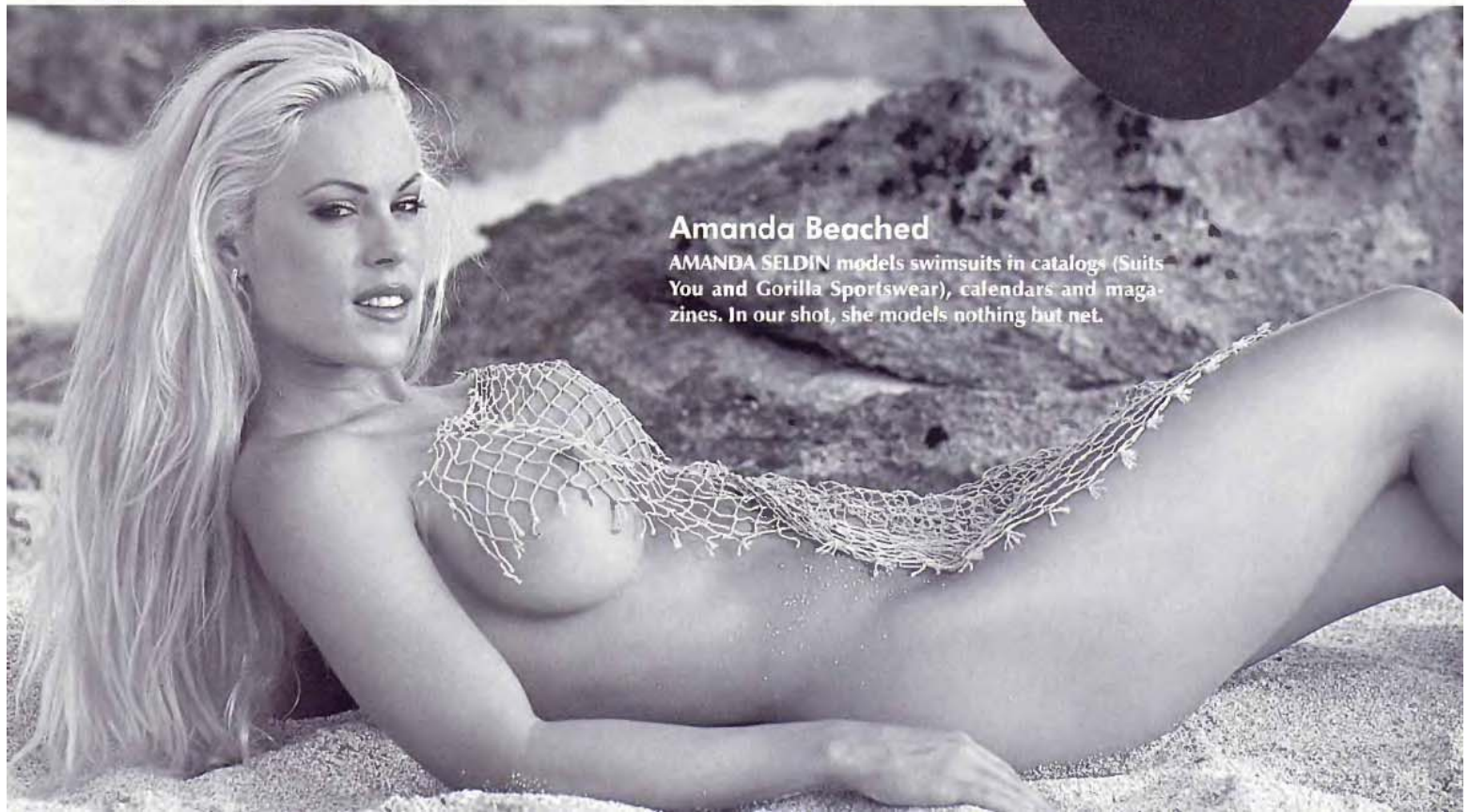
It's pretty cool when your first CD goes platinum. Just ask NELLY FURTADO about *Whoa, Nelly*. It's even cooler to open for U2. She did.



Taking Care of Business

PRISCILLA PRESLEY looks good in basic black. Next year she'll play the first lady on a TV drama, but she's already been the King's queen.

© VINCE CAVATAD



Amanda Beached

AMANDA SELDIN models swimsuits in catalogs (Suits You and Gorilla Sportswear), calendars and magazines. In our shot, she models nothing but net.



Playing With Keys

ALICIA KEYS was discovered by Clive Davis, but the rest of the story is hers: a number one platinum CD, *Songs in A Minor*, a tour with Maxwell and an MTV Video Music Award.

© ROBERT MATHEU



A Pinch of Lynch

KELLY LYNCH has two movies out this year: *The Slaughter Rule*, a drama, and *Joe Somebody*, with Tim Allen. Kelly buckled up, but she isn't playing it safe.

© ALBERTO ORTEGA/SAGELLA LTD.



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Hour Power

The *Rush Hour 2* team is too busy to slow down. **JACKIE CHAN** has *High-binders* and *The Tuxedo* coming up. **CHRIS TUCKER** has *Double-O-Soul* and *Guess Who's President?* And **ZHANG ZIYI** finished *2046*, *Musa* and *The Legend of Zu*. They kick ass.



© PASCAS STRICKER

What's Between Oceania and the Deep Blue Sea?

Her bare assets are obvious. **OCEANIA VAILLANCOURT** has been an ESPN ring girl, a spokesmodel for Budweiser and Corona and a promotional model for the XFL San Francisco Demons.



HERE COMES CHRISTMAS

Most Christmas baskets contain the same old stuff: wines, cheeses, the dreaded fruitcake. Then there's adultgiftbaskets.com. Santa might come down the chimney and stay for this one. Get in the mood with a video—*The Tantric Guide to Sexual Potency*, an 85-minute XXX erotic romp that teaches you “how to prolong the sexual experience and reach heights of mutual satisfaction.” Tantric massage oil, Kama Sutra body powder, Lotion D'Amour (a raspberry-flavored edible oil), incense, candles, body glitter and a lingerie outfit are also in the basket—along with two vibrators and an erotic gizmo named the Purple Venus Butterfly II. The basket is as festive as the contents. Price: \$175.



SANTA RIDES AGAIN

In Brazil he's Papai Noel, in the Czech Republic he's Svaty Mikalas and in Siberia he's Dedt Moroz, but no matter how you say his name, Santa Claus is known everywhere. If you're intrigued with the fat man in the red suit, the *Santa Map*, “a cultural geography of the world's most beloved man,” definitely belongs underneath your Christmas tree. It's loaded with such lore as a time line on Santa from prehistory to today and info on Santa books, movies, music, art, his house at the North Pole, and towns, islands, etc. named after him—plus a sleighful of other facts. Look for the map in stores or go to santamap.com. Price: \$9.95.

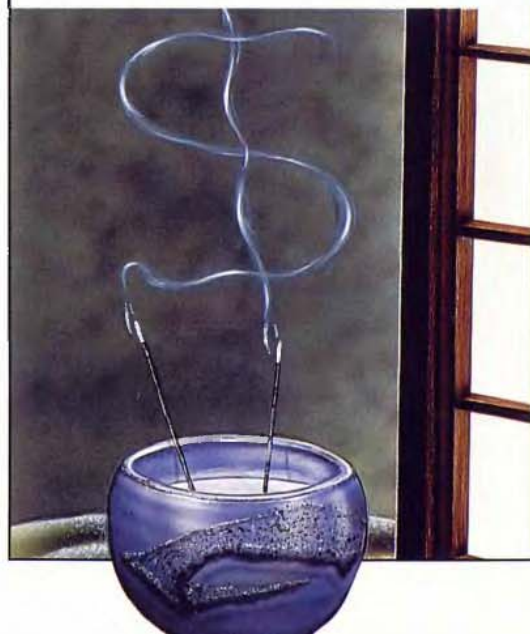
CALL OF THE WILD

Anybody can hit the slopes on skis or snowboards. But if you want to go down hills on something different, check out K2 Corp.'s new Snowcycle 1.0. It features shaped skis for better control and a mountain-bike suspension that's easy on the backside. Price: \$850, including a pair of foot skis. Call the company at 800-972-4063 for information on dealers and ski resorts that sell the Snowcycle. A K2 Belly Bomber sled board is also available.



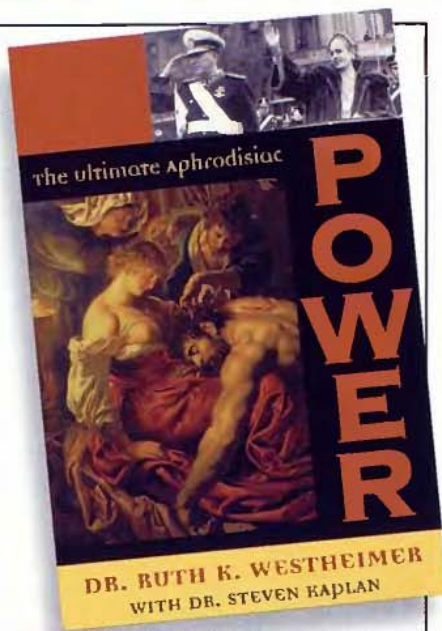
SNIFF THE BEST

The Rolls-Royce of Japanese incense companies is Shoyeido, a family firm in Kyoto that's been around for 12 generations. Prices for bundles of its incense range from \$2.75 to almost \$400. Order a catalog from Shoyeido's Boulder, Colorado outlet at 800-786-5476 and you'll get a five-stick sampler pack. Translucent Path (or *sho-kaku*), the expensive smoke, isn't one of them.



DR. RUTH TELLS ALL

Who would know more about aphrodisiacs than Dr. Ruth Westheimer, America's leading sex therapist? Now she and Dr. Steven Kaplan have written *Power: The Ultimate Aphrodisiac*, a behind-the-scenes look at famous couplings, from biblical times to Jack and Jackie. With chapters titled "The Sultanate of Women: Sex and Power in the Ottoman Harem," "European Unions: Political Marriages and Other Mismatches" and "JFK: All the President's Women," *Power* packs more punch than the tabloids. Price: \$22.95, in bookstores.



WE'RE SPEECHLESS

Artist Peter Kuper has a one-man show at Manhattan's Parsons School of Design from December 5th until January 11th. In conjunction with the show, Top Shelf Productions has published *Speechless*, a collection of some of Kuper's best artwork, ranging from the cover for *Aesop's Fables* (pictured here) to the comic strip *Jungleland* and *Mad* magazine's *Spy vs. Spy*, which he's been illustrating since 1997. *Speechless* is available in bookstores for \$19.95. It will also be on sale at Parsons School.



ART OF THE PLAYMATE

Yes, that's Shauna Sand, Miss May 1996, who's been rendered on wood by Italian artist Walter Girotto and then offered as a 32"x22" *giclée* print in a limited edition of 650. It's part of the Uniquely Playmates series that can be found on the web at 12-20art.com. Each print is numbered and signed by the artist and includes an embossed Rabbit Head logo and a certificate of authenticity. The price: \$495. Look for gorgeous Devin De Vasquez, Miss June 1985, to be next in the Uniquely Playmate series.



JEEPERS PEEPERS

The ProVision 100 is the ultimate toy for Peeping Toms. Adjust its 18" cable to any position, look in the eyepiece, press a button on the handle and a powerful bulb illuminates wherever you're looking—behind walls, into engines, down drains, even up the chimney for you-know-who. Fiber optics are the secret. Price: \$300 from Chicago Miniature Lamp at 888-398-1522, or go to provision100.com. You can't play doctor with it. The bulb gets hot. A clip-on mirror and a magnet are also available.



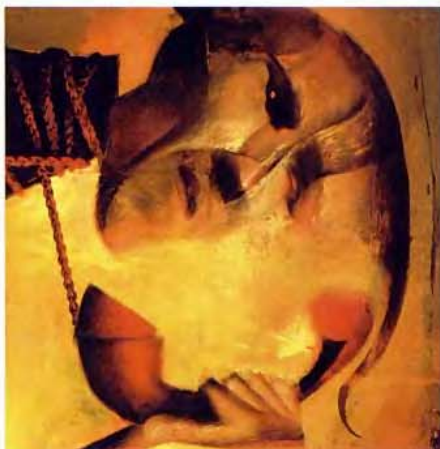
COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

Flammarion's series of books on collectibles are must-haves for connoisseurs of wristwatches, pocketknives or corkscrews. Each book has about 500 color illustrations devoted to its subject. For example, the Spaceman watch pictured here was manufactured in Switzerland in 1974. "The movement is mechanical and the watch is mounted directly onto the strap, a single piece of patent leather," says René Pannier, author of *Collectible Watches*. Price: \$14.95.

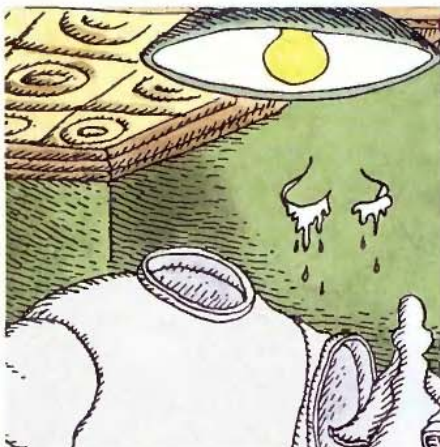




PLAYMATE REVIEW: ROCK THE VOTE



AIDING AND ABETTING



INVISIBLE MAN



SEX, SEX, SEX

JOANIE LAURER—THE WRESTLER FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE WWF CHARACTER CHYNA COULDN'T WAIT TO GO ANOTHER ROUND WITH PLAYBOY WHAT SHE SAYS GOES. A PICTORIAL THAT WILL PUT YOU ON THE MAT

BRIT HUME—WHEN THE STAR ANCHOR LEFT ABC FOR FOX NEWS, IT WAS LIKE DITCHING THE YANKEES TO JOIN AN EXPANSION TEAM. NOW HE'S TURNED THE NETWORK INTO A NEWS POWERHOUSE. HE TALKS ABOUT THE ATTACK AGAINST AMERICA, BUSH VS. CLINTON AND THE MEDIA'S SECRET AGENDA IN A TOUGH INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

THE TERRORIST DOLLAR—MONEY DRIVES INTERNATIONAL CRIME AND TERROR. **JEFFREY ROBINSON** DESCRIBES THE FINANCIAL LANDSCAPE, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BATTLEFIELDS IN THE FIRST WAR OF THE CENTURY

OCEAN'S 11—AS HOLLYWOOD GETS SET TO RELEASE THE REMAKE, **BILL ZEHME** TIPS HIS FEDORA TO THE ORIGINAL PACK OF RATS. INCLUDED: SWINGING AND SINGING BY SINATRA, DINO AND THE REST. PLUS, INTERVIEWS WITH CAST MEMBERS ANGIE DICKINSON AND JOEY BISHOP

KISS AND MAKEUP—IN HIS NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY, KISS ROCKER **GENE SIMMONS** DISHES THE DIRT YOU WON'T SEE ON *BEHIND THE MUSIC*; PARTYING WITH GROUPIES; DATING CHER, LOVING PLAYMATE **SHANNON TWEED** AND GOING FROM A JEWISH KID NAMED CHAIM WITZ TO THE STAR OF THE GREATEST GLAM-ROCK SHOW ON EARTH

SEXUAL ETIQUETTE—DO WOMEN LIKE IT WHEN YOU TOUCH THIS AND NOT THAT? WHAT ABOUT OLD LOVERS? BAR TALK? DIRTY TALK? SO MANY QUESTIONS, SO FEW ANSWERS. **ANKA RADAKOVICH** COMES TO THE RESCUE

THE INVISIBLE MAN—HE'S A VOYEUR, A THIEF AND A PROWLER. HE LEAKS SECRETS AND STARTS FIGHTS. WHEN NO ONE CAN SEE YOU, IT'S FUN BEING A CRIMINAL—UNTIL YOU GET COMPANY. FICTION BY **ROBERT COOVER**

AIDING AND ABETTING—HOLLY HAS A BAD-NEWS BROTHER WHO COULD WRECK HER FAMILY. BUT THAT'S NOT THE HARROWING PART. FICTION BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

WEBCAST YOUR NEW YEAR'S PARTY—MAKE IT A REALLY BIG BASH AND TELL THE WORLD! ALL YOU NEED ARE A FEW PIECES OF NEW SOFTWARE—AND A WOMAN IN A SEXY DRESS

ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA—A KILLER SNOWBOARD, COFFEE-TABLE BOOKS, A SUPERB BASEBALL BAT AND LOTS OF BOOZE. GREAT GIFTS FOR THE PROCRASTINATOR

PLAYMATE REVIEW—HEY, THIS IS THE KIND OF ELECTION WE LIKE! FULL DISCLOSURE, LOTS OF DIMPLES AND A DOZEN CANDIDATES

PLUS: THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS FROM **ROBERT S. WIEDER**, NAKED BAR GIRLS, **JULIE CIALINI** REVEALS HER BEDROOM SECRETS, AN OUTRAGEOUS YEAR IN *SEX* AND **NICOLE NARAIN**—A PLAYMATE TO RING IN 2002