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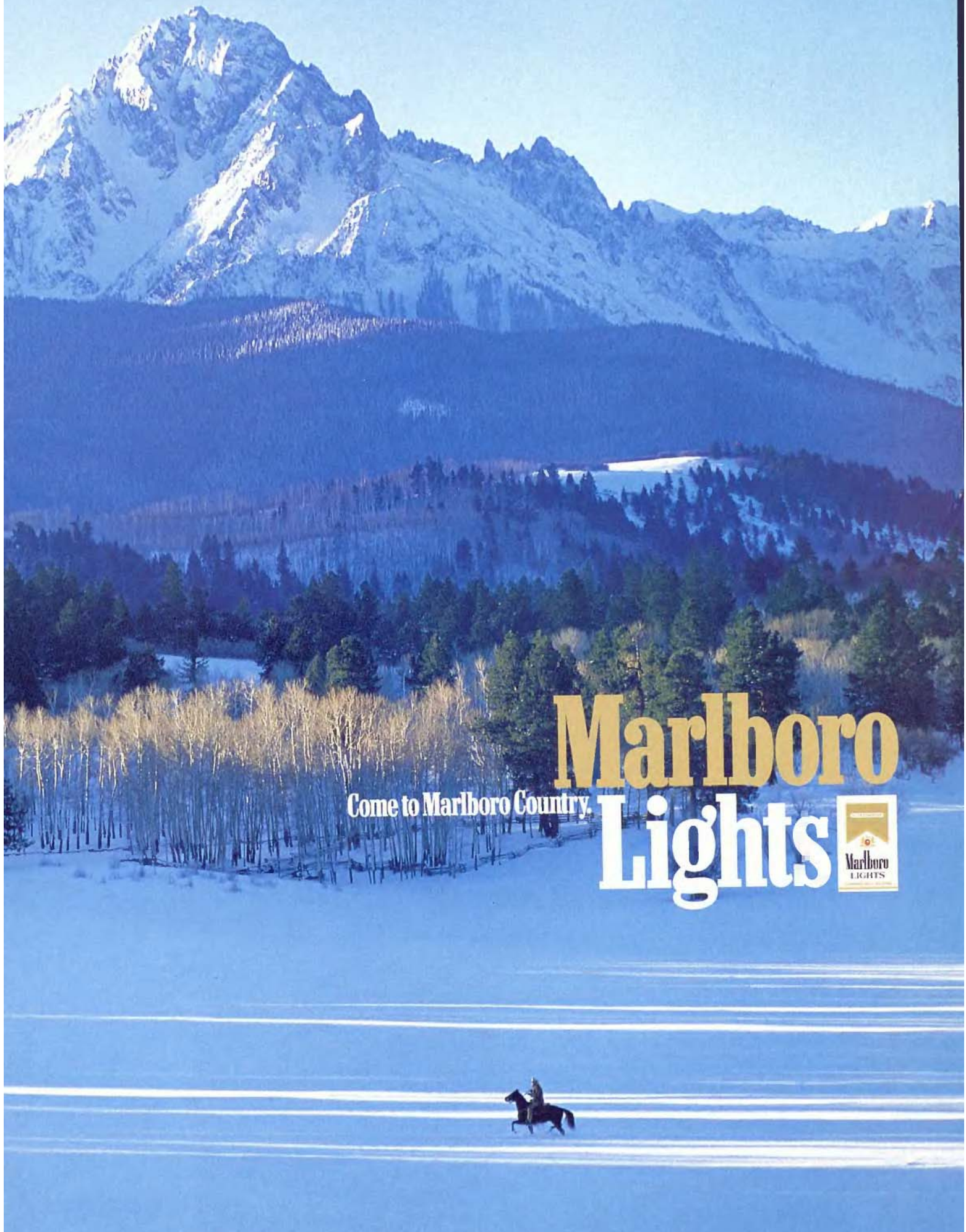


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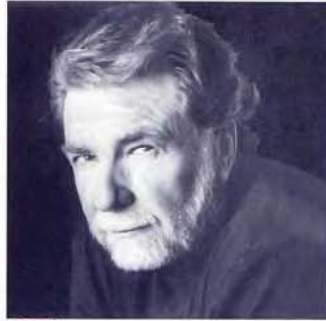
Playbill

THANKFULLY, the post office isn't charging us extra. This month we're delivering a magazine that packs two PLAYBOY heavyweights, **Anna Nicole Smith** and **Vince McMahon**. Our lucky valentine and cover girl, Anna Nicole, has always been a larger-than-life Playmate. And now she's richer than Mrs. Croesus. In addition to beguiling millions of readers, Smith enchanted billionaire J. Howard Marshall II and married him. He died, and a California court awarded her \$450 million. If you want more on the battle over Marshall's estate, read the papers. If you want to admire the charms of our million-dollar baby, turn to the pictorial by **Stephen Wayda**. Vince McMahon knows a thing or two about diamond rings—except he calls them wrestling mats. Driven and fierce, McMahon consolidated regional wrestling districts into the powerhouse now known as the World Wrestling Federation. His shows, *Raw Is War* and *WWF Smack Down*, reign supreme on TV. His XFL—set to debut this month—promises to bring that raw circus to pro football. This month McMahon throws down a remarkable *Playboy Interview* with eYada.com talk-show cat **Kevin Cook**. In it McMahon describes his life as a series of bouts. He has faced down a stepfather, a raging libido and Ted Turner. Speaking of faked entertainment, did you know that during torrential rains the contestants of *Survivor* were magically outfitted in rain slickers? Or that a tribal vote was reportedly overruled by the producer? For more behind-the-scenes mischief, read our sly article *The Survivor Scam* by **Steve Pond** (illustrated by **Brian Rea**). It will make your journey to the outback on *Survivor II* that much better.

You're good with a wrench. You've always wanted to be an astronaut. We have news: Astronauts want to be like you. There's a crew of celestial hard hats who are assembling the new Space Station. In *Really High Steel*, best-selling author **Mark Bowden** (*Black Hawk Down*) takes you eight miles high to relive the exploits of key NASA grip Tom Akers. The artwork is by **John Zeleznik**. Did someone say space is a vacuum pump? Earthbound nauts preoccupied with handheld Titans—that would be all of us—will enjoy *The Moron's Guide to a Larger Penis* by **Chip Rowe**. He gives you the fat and skinny on grisly ways to enhance your erector set. Seems they can put a man on the moon but can't put a rocket in your pocket. As for putting it in hers, we've got news. We sent **Will Lee** into Biosphere 1 to test lab techniques for navigating the Scylla and Charybdis of a woman's thighs. Turns out there are *19 Ways to Take Off Her Panties*. Not 20, not 18. Take notes.

We caught glimpses of **Sela Ward** on *Sisters*, in *The Fugitive* and on Sprint commercials. But it's her love scenes on the hit show *Once and Again* that make her the ultimate Lorelei. In a *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane**, Ward takes us South, where she can "smell sex everywhere." Then she confirms every fantasy you had about cheerleaders—the original pom pilots. Our short story, *I-900*, by **Richard Bausch**, is another tease. Engaging a phone-sex girl in small talk creates intimacy, which is hell on the goal at hand. The art is by **Malcolm Tarlofsky**.

Winter means serious dressing. Read *Top of the Lot*, a review of topcoats, produced by **Joe Dolce**. Check out other options in *Tips and Microchips* by **Joel Enos**. Once you figure out how you want to track your portfolio, you'll be ready to acquire the hardware and hit the Street running. For a bigger rush, we asked Playmates to pick their favorite cars. *Hot Women, Hot Wheels!* will rock your chassis. Then wave hello to **Amy Cobb**, a surfer girl built for long boards. Her pictorial was shot by **Arny Freytag**. And that's it from us. Latronic, dude.



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POND



REA



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PLAYBOY

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Amazing what some men will do for an inch or two. You'll laugh, you'll cry—just don't try it at home. BY CHIP ROWE
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Whether you recognize her from Sprint commercials or Once and Again—the TV show that won her an Emmy—you know she's the epitome of a dark erotic South. We got her thoughts on sex as a sport, her cheerleading stunts and the etiquette of shooting nude scenes. BY ROBERT CRANE
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The daring designer in trendy London sings in a band—and is enthralled with PLAYBOY. She even has a pin-up tattoo. So we hired her. Then she did her Bettie Page imitation.
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Deanna Brooks loves to do it in public. She picks up pointers for home performances at strip clubs. She likes to sneak a peek at others. "I love the realness of live sex." We love you, Deanna.
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Receiving a fortune requires some canny moves. A top financial advisor tells Anna Nicole Smith how to handle her assets. BY JOHN D. SPOONER

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The woman on the phone sex line is a hot number with a dirty mouth. Our talkative hero wants to get to know her first. It's a titillating problem—so what else could we do but listen in? BY RICHARD BAUSCH

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He calls himself the boss hoss of wrestling. We call him one of the canniest guys on the entertainment circuit. It's an inside peek at the WWF—and a preview of the vaunted XFL. BY KEVIN COOK



cover story

Ka-ching! Anna Nicole Smith hails from the Lane Star State, where bigger is always better. If the bauntecus beauty's good fortune holds up in court, Madonna can step aside. Anna will be the material girl of this millennium. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot our cover. Our Rabbit has always suspected that diamonds are a girl's best friend.



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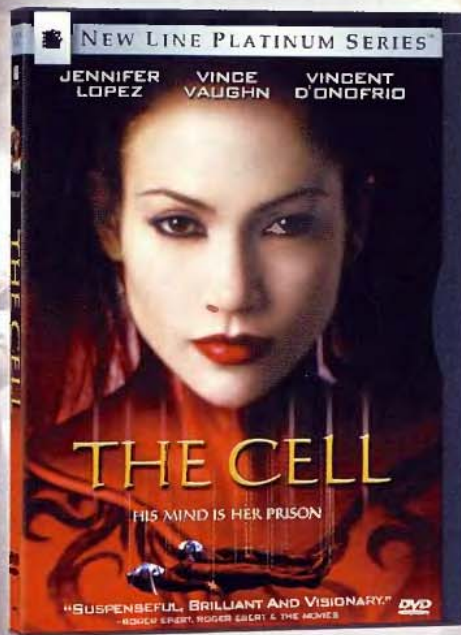
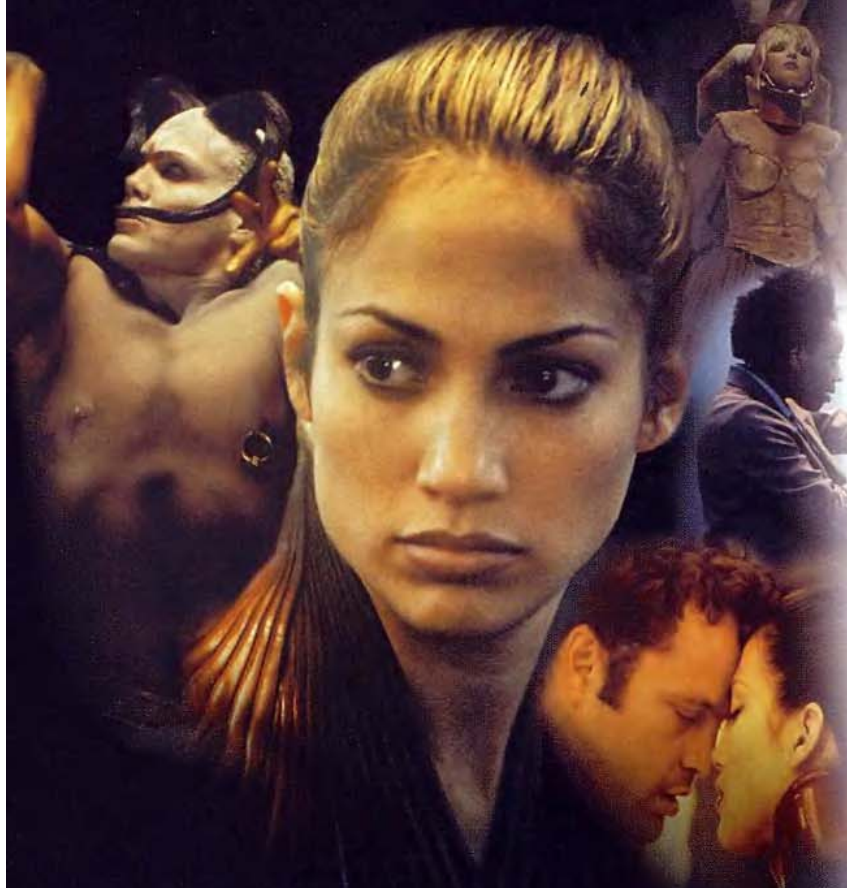
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

BRANDE'S BIRTHDAY

Hef surprised Playmate Brande Roderick with a personalized birthday greeting on the set of her series, *Baywatch Hawaii*. For Brande, the starring role as lifeguard Leigh Dyer is a piece of cake.



HOT GIRLS, COOL CLUBS, STAR POWER

Beyond the velvet rope: Hef and his girlfriends Tina Jordan, Katie Lohmann and Cathi O'Malley, with Janet Jackson at Las Palmas in Hollywood, are out for another glamorous night on the town.



HEF'S ANGELS

Hef and his angels, Katie Lohmann, Tiffany Holliday, Tina Jordan and Cathi O'Malley, met up with one of Charlie's own, Cameron Diaz, at the Los Angeles premiere of *Charlie's Angels*, also starring Drew Barrymore and Lucy Liu. What makes a hit? A \$40 million box office opening, beautiful women, attitude and a sense of adventure—things Hef and Charlie's Angels know all about.

VICTOR, VICTORIA

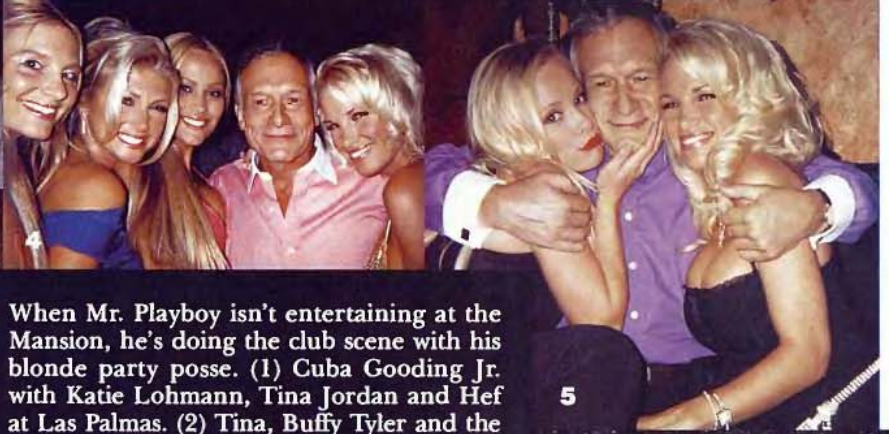
Christie Hefner's cocktail party for the Chicago International Film Festival at Playboy headquarters reunited photographer Victor Skrebneski and one of his muses, 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt, who struck a perfect pose.



MOVIE NIGHT

At the Playboy Mansion, every Sunday is movie night. Hef takes a moment to greet World Wrestling Federation superstar Chyna. Her November issue sold out from coast to coast and generated reams of enthusiastic mail. Playmates Jennifer Rovedo and Nicole Lenz (above) make sure that *Ally McBeal*'s Peter MacNicol has a good seat and plenty of popcorn.

ON THE TOWN



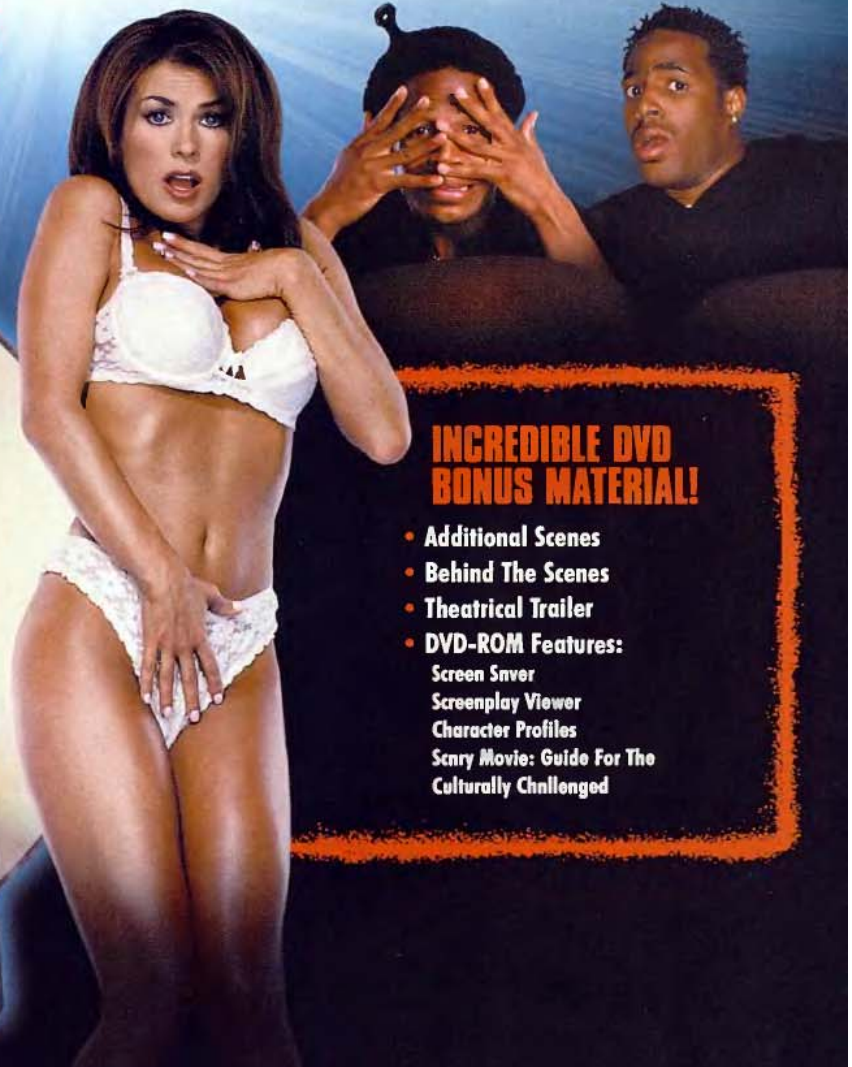
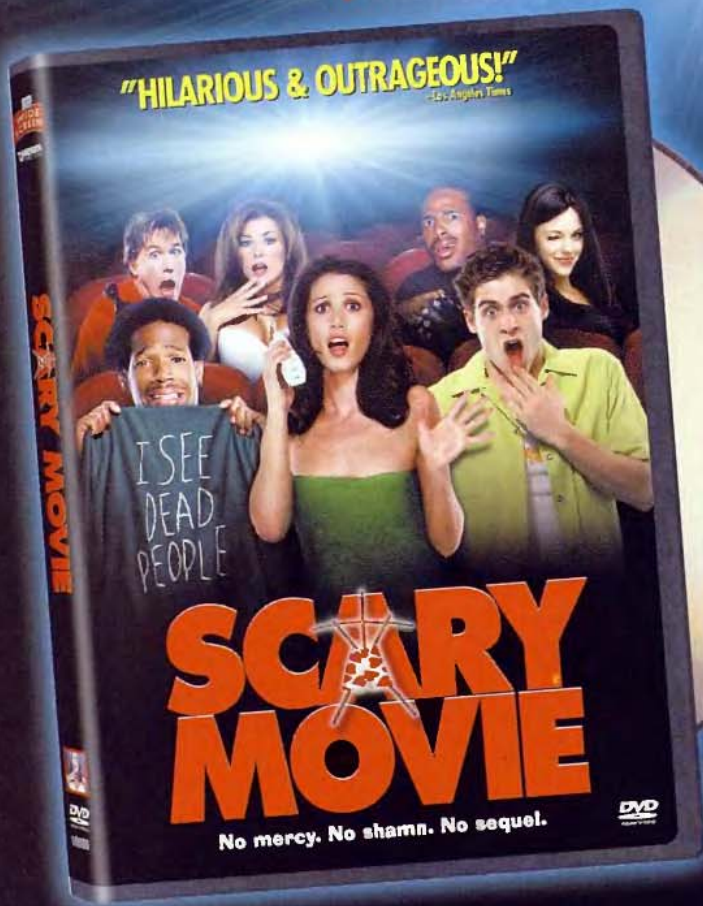
When Mr. Playboy isn't entertaining at the Mansion, he's doing the club scene with his blonde party posse. (1) Cuba Gooding Jr. with Katie Lohmann, Tina Jordan and Hef at Las Palmas. (2) Tina, Buffy Tyler and the Man at Barfly. (3) Angela Little and Cathi O'Malley. (4) Jessica Paisley, Brande Roderick, Mandy Bentley and Tina in a nostalgic moment. (5) The Firm is the place to be on Thursday nights. Just ask Jaime Bergman, with Hef and Tina. (6) Madonna's CD release party was all *Music* and boy toys. (7) Buffy, Katie and twins Cassie and Maile Moore with Hef. (8) On Wednesdays, everyone does their thing at Las Palmas, including Tina, Hef, David Spade, Katie and Cathi. (9) Verne Troyer pops up. (10) Hef has his hands full at HBO's post-Emmys bash. (11) Summer Altice and Suzanne Stokes party up. (12) Britney who? 'N Sync's Justin Timberlake with the gang at Las Palmas. (13) Tina and Suzanne get friendly. (14) It's a blonde, blonde, blonde world!



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Dear Playboy



680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
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E-MAIL DEARP@PLAYBOY.COM

WONDER WOMAN

Chyna (November) has it all. She has opened doors for all body types and sizes. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for showing off her fabulous body in such a classy way. My boyfriend and I were equally excited to buy the issue.

Debbie-Jo Gill
Edmonton, Alberta

Chyna proves there is beauty to be found in all women. She entered a male-dominated profession and came out on top. The WWF's phenom is a positive role model for women everywhere.

Matt Westfall
Orrville, Ohio

I am a 27-year-old, happily married woman who doesn't fit the typical ideal



Fine Chyna.

of beauty. Sadly, most magazines rub our imperfections in our faces. So it is fabulous to see Chyna on your cover. Thanks for giving her the opportunity to show the world how incredibly sexy she really is, and for giving women hope for change in the future.

Cheryl Waite
Nampa, Idaho

Please don't feature any more wrestlers in PLAYBOY. I have no interest in a woman who could break me in two.

Lanny Nestic
North Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

I don't consider a 6' woman with 14-inch biceps beautiful.

Louis-Philippe St.-Laurent
Montreal, Quebec

Chyna is bigger than many football players here at Colorado State University. Here's a bit of advice: College students want to see soft, not stone.

Tony Quinn
Fort Collins, Colorado

Women bodybuilders are not usually considered soft and feminine, but Chyna proves that muscles are sexy.

Natasha Stooksbury
Kingston, Tennessee

After checking out the Chyna pictorial with my girlfriends, we came to the conclusion that she is—or once was—a man. Either that, or she has a testosterone imbalance.

Andrea Littlefield
Portland, Maine

Who you callin' imbalanced? Chyna is all woman—an especially fit one.

I WANT YOUR SEX

Lou Paget's *Twenty Things I Learned in Sex Class* (November) is interesting and immediately brings to mind the lyrics from the Alice Cooper song *Only Women Bleed*: "She spends her life through

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—Playboy Magazine



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pleasin' up her man." I don't expect a woman to do that. I hope the days when women have to act like sex puppets in order to get love and affection are over. Sex is better without excessive demands or power plays.

John Strang
Torrance, California

Every American male ought to read Paget's article. In fact, it should be a high school reading requirement.

April Bell
Saginaw, Michigan

BE STILLER MY HEART

Have you seen *Meet the Parents*? It's hilarious. I'd much rather see Ben Stiller (*Playboy Interview*, November) in action than read what he has to say about being a workaholic.

Jan Scott
Las Vegas, Nevada

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Matt Taibbi's article *Russian Girls* (November) is too conservative. Three years



Bad boys.

ago I married a gorgeous Russian attorney 30 years my junior and started miss russia.com, a millionaires-only match-making company. My clients pay over \$25,000 for a custom tour, and 95 percent of them return from Russia engaged. Why? Because, in the words of a Fox News producer who documented a tour, "this ain't your daddy's Russia."

James Hickman
Dallas, Texas

I've gained a great deal from the wisdom of PLAYBOY over the years. However, *Russian Girls* is offensive and misogynistic. The article portrays Russian women as passive and submissive, which, according to Taibbi, are desirable traits. I happen to be in love with a woman who is independent. Does that mean I don't live up to PLAYBOY's standards?

Ezra Haines
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As an American woman of Hungarian descent, I am fascinated and infuriated by Taibbi's article. I appreciate his effort to dispel the stereotype of Russian and Eastern European women as babushka-wearing, unkempt housewives. However, he tells only half the story. Violence against women and their widespread trafficking are facts of life in the former Soviet Union and all over Eastern Europe. Russian women are considered valuable commodities for the very reasons Taibbi describes. Consequently, women are lured into prostitution by false promises of a better future. Out of respect for your many female readers, PLAYBOY should present the other side.

Agnes Wells
Dover, Delaware

Your *Russian Girls* article has me nodding in approval. I've encountered these women of the Eastern Bloc, and they are everything described and then some. I live in the Northeast, where the women are as cold as the winter is long. So what's a red-blooded American male to do? Zip up, call your local travel agent and book the next flight to Moscow on the double.

Doug Peterson
Williamstown, Massachusetts

NOT-SO-EASY RIDERS

While James R. Petersen's *Biker Wars* article (November) covers a lot of the truth, it doesn't give your readers the entire picture. I'm a biker, though I don't hold a patch. I've had members of both clubs in my car shop (I'm a mechanic by trade) and there's never been a problem. Not all bikers are bad. There are many of us who get the short end of the stick because of articles such as this. So I ask that the next time you publish something as controversial as this, please tell the whole story.

Andy "Wolf" Reading
Wolf Pack Motorcycle Club
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

As a member of the Hell's Angels, I would like to congratulate Petersen and PLAYBOY on a well-researched and factual article about our club and the Outlaws motorcycle club. It's rare to find such a well-written piece on this volatile subject that avoids sensationalism.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The war between the Hell's Angels and the Rock Machine has taken an entire province hostage. More than 150 people have been killed in Quebec since 1994. Jail guards have been killed, police and prosecutors have been intimidated, over 100 bombs have exploded and recently a journalist from a prominent Montreal newspaper was shot five times because he called for a crackdown on the



Buffed up.

gangs. It's important to mention these facts not to sensationalize the events but to remind people that innocents such as 11-year-old Daniel Desrochers, killed by a car bomb detonated on August 9, 1995, are at the mercy of the ruthless rival factions. Though the Illinois war was a bloody one, it pales in comparison to what Quebec has experienced.

Stéphane Landry
Montreal, Quebec

What's wrong with you guys? Your coverage of biker outlaws does more to tarnish people's perceptions of riding a motorcycle than to glorify it.

Tim Mehren
Seattle, Washington

Petersen rides a 1974 Norton, wrote a love letter to millennium bikes as recently as May 2000 and glorifies bikes till our eyes glaze over. He doesn't glorify car bombs.

IN THE BUFF

None of the other Centerfolds has a prayer against Buffy (*She's So Buffy*, November), the heartbeat slayer.

Daniel Dudych
Des Plaines, Illinois

Every month I eagerly await my husband's PLAYBOY, and to my pleasant surprise, the beautiful Miss November is from Texas. Thanks so much.

Anna Alaniz
Houston, Texas

When I opened my November issue to the Centerfold, I knew I'd laid eyes on the next Playmate of the Year, Buffy Tyler. I can't wait until the June issue to see her again. Please give us another perfect photo.

Fred Cowan Jr.
Indianapolis, Indiana



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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

EIGHT WAYS TO SPELL GOTCHA

History and *Jerry Springer* tell us that if you're cheating on your woman you won't be for long. We asked Maxine Fiel, a behavior analyst in New York, how women know when men are cheating.

The nose knows: Fiel says most women get suspicious when your breath "smells like sex" (!) or your clothes reek of perfume and your girlfriend's sweat.

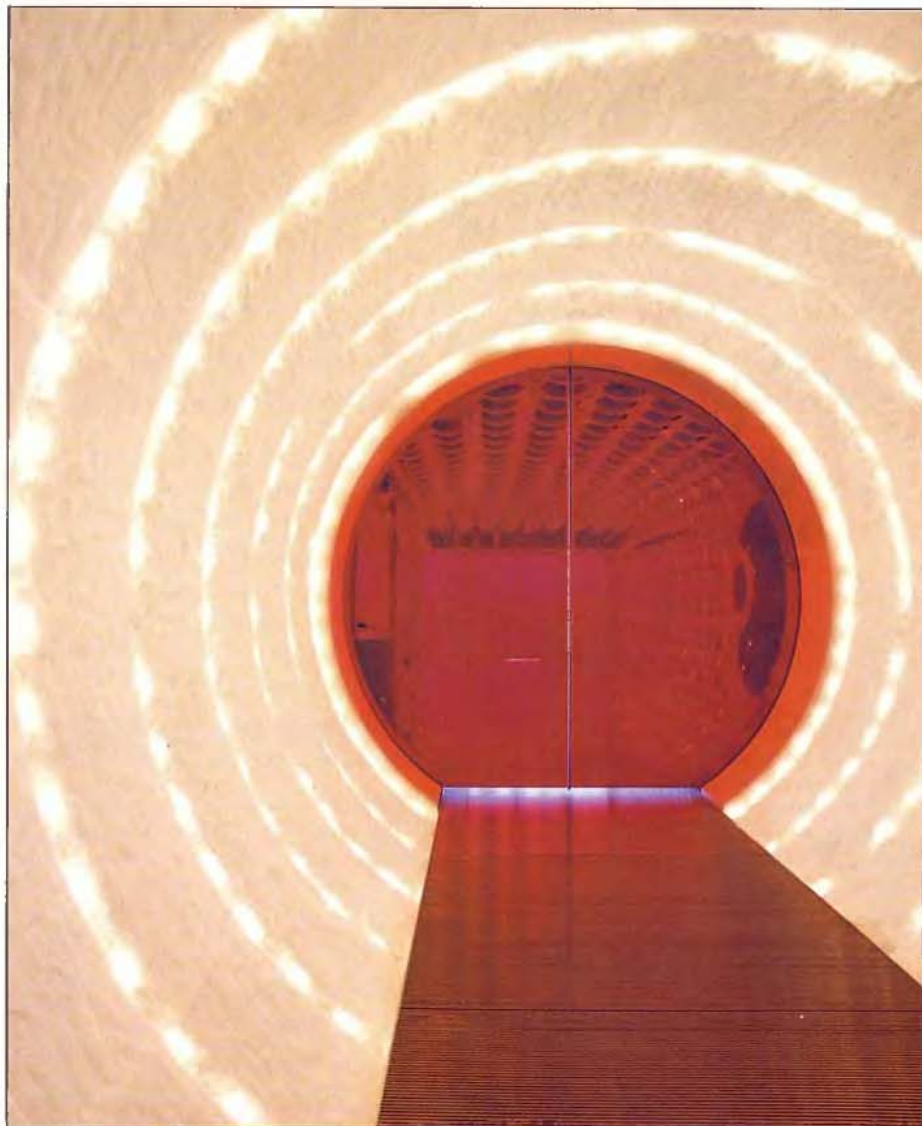
You change your hair: Moving your part around or losing it entirely.

Call me Calvin: You start telling her how to dress. "You're projecting the new woman's style onto her."

The Samoan pile driver: Although you don't watch porn, you suddenly want to try new stunts in bed.

DIAMOND SETTING

What's in a name? For the Lillian Ball Studio in New York, diamonds are a girl's best friend. Ball designs jewelry using the distinctive shape of everyone's favorite blue potency pill. While Ball has a men's line of jewelry based on vitamins and capsules, we prefer the pendant pictured below. It possesses the four qualities that are shared by all fine diamonds: color, clarity, cut and context.



LENNY'S WOMB WITH A VIEW

Rock stars can, of course, do whatever they want when they decide to build themselves a dream house. Above is what Michael Czyns of Architropolis created for Lenny Kravitz' Miami getaway. Its entryway has a white faux-fur tunnel encircled with lights. There's a metal walkway leading to a pair of engorged, sliding red Plexiglas doors that lead into the living room. We're not, strictly speaking, Freudians, but we think that Lenny may be looking for some primal comfort in the steamy Southlands.

That's our song: You play a new CD over and over.

Yo, homes: You start dressing differently. Like, for instance, Puff Daddy.

Instant fortitude: You need a few drinks

before getting it on with the old lady.

Through your stomach: When you aren't interested in exotic food but bring home Rwandan takeout, she'll know there's more spice in your life than paprika.



HEY, ISN'T THAT GRANDMA?

Albert Allen, a strange and little-known photographer, worked the bohemian scene in Oakland and Berkeley, California from 1916 to 1930 to create his opulent tableaux vivants. He was besieged by the Purity League and indicted four times. But he persisted in photographing female nudes in all their Jazz Age glory. Interest in his work has revived recently and a new book, *Albert Arthur Allen: Premiere Nudes* (Twin Palms, limited edition of 3000, phone: 800-797-0680), offers an expansive look at his elaborate studio work with its mix of Busby Berkeley fantasy and frank carnality.

MAPLE LEAF RAG

Big shots in Toronto did some player-hating when critics of Eminem tried to

cancel a concert there. However, the show went on as planned, with Mr. Mathers brandishing his site-appropriate chain saw and goalie mask. Jim Flaherty, attorney general of Ontario, tried to stop Em from entering Canada because of complaints his lyrics incite hate and violence. Toronto Police Chief Julian Fantino said Eminem's "glorifying violence is

totally unacceptable. It just goes over the bounds of propriety. If that's moralizing, then I'm moralizing." However, authorities at the border declined to keep him out. "We aren't the thought police," said Ministry of Immigration spokesman Derik Hodgson. "If all people who made bad music were kept out of Canada, we could have stopped disco."



PR ITEM OF THE MONTH

We're used to getting interesting mail, but a package from Odyssey Group Video impressed us because of its sheer enthusiasm. In addition to the press release and chomes, there was a nifty jail-invoking grid and lineup shots. This was not cheap to produce. And what did they want us to know about? An all-girl adult video about a prison called Ooze (as in Oz—get it?), which they tell us is "a nonpenile institution." Now if we could only harness that energy for good.

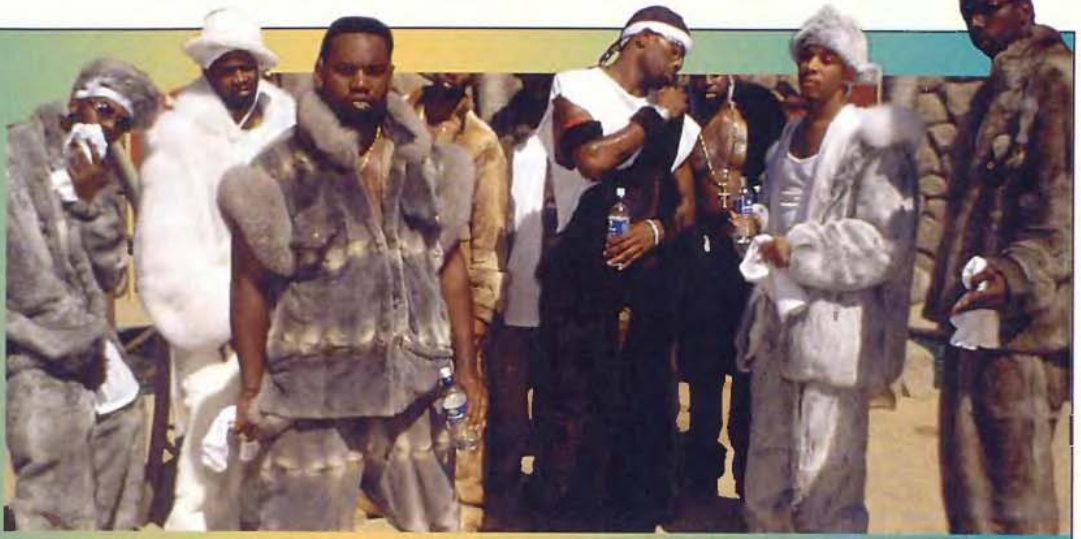
DISH OF THE MONTH

Big oil begets big appetites. In Houston, executives hungry after a day of divvying up the Caspian head to the clubby Bistro Lancaster in the historic Lancaster Hotel. Toss in a few honchos from the Houston Texans, the NFL's newest expansion team, and you get the hottest power-dining spot in town. Chef Tommy Child's fare has Texas written oll over it. But it's not the dusty chuck-wagon-and-pinto-bean cuisine you might expect. Take his rack of farm-raised Texas antelope, crustied with coriander for what Child describes as a fragrant, intense-yet-mild Tex-Mex taste. Carved into two big juicy chops, the tender (not gamy) meat comes with a corn cake—another Tex-Mex touch—asparagus and jalapeño-mint jus that packs some heat. That's the way they like it down in Texas.



EIGHT THUMBS UP TO YOUR MOTHER: WU-TANG'S FAVORITE MOVIES

We're always glad to see a new Wu-Tang Clan album. Their latest, *The W (Loud)*, puts the Clan back on top of the hard-core pile. We asked the ermine out-fitters about their taste in videos. By the way, ODB: Phone home.



	INSPECTAH DECK	MASTA KILLA	METHOD MAN	RAEKWON	U-GOD	GHOSTFACE KILLAH	GZA	RZA
WHAT ARE YOUR THREE FAVORITE MOVIES ON VIDEO?	Enemy of the State Menace to Society King of New York	Godfather Heat Cooley High	Orgasmo Matrix The Best Man	Once Upon a Time in America Five Heartbeats Scarface	Shawshank Redemption The Beach Scarface	Juice South Central Dead Presidents	Roots Deadly Venom Five Heartbeats	Deadly Venom Godfather trilogy Star Wars (all of them)
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE WESTERN?	Young Guns	Young Guns	The Long Riders	Ask somebody who watches 'em	The Good, the Bad & the Ugly	I don't watch Westerns	The Good, the Bad & the Ugly	Young Guns
WHO'S BETTER, SONNY CHIBA OR BRUCE LEE?	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee	Bruce Lee

THE PLAYBOY SMELL-OFF

You may recall news of a study a few years ago that found men and women become sexually aroused by such homey smells as doughnuts and licorice. Now, the scientist who conducted the research—Dr. Alan Hirsch, Neurological Director of the Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation—has put out a line of spray fragrances. His SA-For Men is a combination of licorice, citrus and baby powder, while



"I hate it when you go somewhere and 9 million people are staring at you."
—Britney Spears

SA-For Women combines lavender, cucumber and pumpkin. We contacted Hirsch at esexualarousal.com and conducted our own unscientific study on these sprays. Without explaining what the hell she was doing, a female editor sprayed seven of her friends. Then the crew hit the bars, with the following results: (1) One male subject went home with a female stranger, who gave him a blow job. In the morning, when the fragrance had worn off, she was no longer interested. (2) One terribly shy male subject actually received a woman's business card, although he still frets about actually calling her. (3) A notoriously stingy

male bartender gave one female subject an Absolut and cranberry on the house. (4) The female editor's boyfriend was hit on by a woman she described as "some drunk bitch." (5) Although the female editor didn't apply the fragrance to herself, a male editor had sprayed her earli-

er in the week before she left for home. A great writer but a lousy reader, he sprayed her with SA-For Men instead of SA-For Women. On a crowded bus, a woman tugged on her sleeve and offered up her seat. Our colleague took it, assuming she was getting off at the next



BEYOND THUNDERDOME

On Comedy Central's *Battlebots*, contestants build radio-controlled robots armed with lethal weaponry that fight to the death in a booby-trapped arena. The popular robot-kicking spectacle boasts Miss September 1995 Donna D'Errico as a battlecaster who oversees the metal-mangling efforts of crowd faves like Vlad the Impaler. It's *Revenge of the Nerds* versus *The Terminator*, and it's as addictive as Cheetos.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



QUOTE

"To err is human, but to really foul things up requires a computer."—PAUL EHR-
LICH, BIOLOGIST

LATIN LOVELESS

According to a survey by the Italian Institute of Andrology, percentage of Italian men between the ages of 18 and 30 who suffer from premature ejaculation: 20. Percentage of Italian men in the same age bracket who say they have no love life: 18.

SHE'S A REAL HEIFER

Percentage of identified genes in cattle that are identical to known human genes: 83.

MY LAST-MINUTE VALENTINE

Number of Internet sites with the word gift in their names: 46,071.

HUMDINGERS

In a survey by General Motors, the average percentage of people who can identify any particular car model: 20. The percentage of respondents who know what a Hummer is: 98. The number of Hummers sold each year: 1200.

SMILEY'S PEOPLE

Number of U.S. military and civilian personnel at the Defense Department who have been convicted of espionage since 1982: 68. Number of employees convicted of espionage since 1982, while working for private defense contractors: 12.

VIRAL STAIRCASE

According to Ira Winkler, a former computer expert at the National Security Agency, number of computer geniuses in the world who are capable

FACT OF THE MONTH

The 200 black, special-edition 2002 Ford T-Birds featured in the Neiman Marcus annual holiday catalog sold out less than two hours after they were made available. The cars carried a price tag of \$41,995.

of finding vulnerabilities in operating systems: 500 to 1000. Estimated number of hackers who can use a genius' findings to attack computer networks: 5000. Number of "clueless" cybergeeks who are hacking around: 100,000.

BREWING LOYALTY

According to a survey by iSwag.com, percentage of respondents who use a coffee mug bearing their company's logo who had also been promoted in the previous six months: 37. Percentage of mugless workers who had been promoted: 8. Percentage of employees who used something featuring their company's logo during the weekend: 2.

POOR SPORTS

In tests by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety that subject vehicle bumpers to a 5 mph impact, the range of the cost of repairs for various makes of medium-size sport utility vehicles: \$2918 to \$6282. Repair costs for a Volkswagen Beetle: \$134.

ONCE A NAG, ALWAYS A NAG

Highest number of defeats in the history of U.S. Thoroughbred racing: 86 (held by 9-year-old gelding Zippy Chippy).

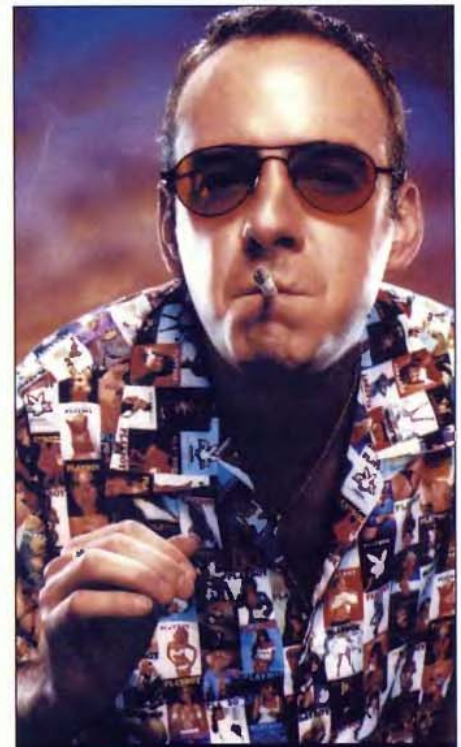
NO CLASS

According to research by a Rutgers University professor, percentage of surveyed students who admitted they were guilty of plagiarism: 16. Percentage who cheated on tests: 26. According to the Center for Academic Integrity, percent of students who will cheat in some form during their undergrad careers: 75. —BETTY SCHAAL

stop. Instead, the woman remained on the bus and commenced smiling seductively. To her boyfriend's dismay—and cutting a potential long story short—the editrix didn't invite the woman home for a nightcap.

LONDON BALLING

Headed to Broadway? In September, London's Whitehall Theater opened *Puppetry of the Penis*, featuring two Australian men who "manipulate their genitalia into various shapes, objects and landmarks." Described in the show's



FATBOY SLIM FEST

Funk-soul brother Fatboy Slim—or Norman Cook to his mum—is back with *Halfway Between the Gutter and the Stars*, the follow-up to his platinum *You've Come a Long Way, Baby*. Though stormin' Norman is legendary for his partying (his shirt, above, is exhibit A), he's slowed down after knocking up Mrs. Slim. "I'm not saying I don't do it—but I come home the next morning as opposed to two days later. And of course back at my house, it can get pretty close to the bone. We've got a pole-doncing pole in the middle of the lounge." Despite the strip club atmosphere at home, Fatboy refrains from offering tips for deejaying in the bedroom: "I tend not to listen to anything when I'm doing it. Because I tend to sing along, which doesn't go down well with my partner. I learned that a few years ago. Chicks don't dig it when you're singing along to a song whilst you're having sex."

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VERY COOL COOLER

We appreciate a good ad when we see it. This image was created by Novient, a company in the web-based-solution business (beats us, too). They were touting their success and thought this watercooler (with an upended nebuchadnezzar of Dom Pérignon) was a way to catch our eye. It did. We've installed one in our office. However, we use flutes instead of paper cups.

press release as well-endowed, performers Simon Morley and David Friend spend more than an hour engaging in the ancient Australian art of genital origami. To the layman, that means they bend, twist and stretch themselves to do impressions of the Loch Ness monster, a hamburger, bow tie, wristwatch, bullfrog, mushroom cloud, windsurfer, sea anemone, wedding ring, slow-emerging mollusk, three-wood golf club and the Eiffel Tower. A video camera hooked up to strategically placed television monitors helps ensure that audiences don't miss a single dick trick. After debuting in Melbourne, *Puppetry* toured Australia, a long and hard journey that's documented in the film *Tackle Happy*, whose marketing slogan was "Two Men, Two Dicks, Too Much Spare Time." A pair of producers from London realized they had to pick up the show when the woman sitting next to them at a festival performance became incontinent while watching the boys' impersonation of Kentucky Fried Chicken.

THE TIP SHEET

Sword fight: A party with a depressingly high male-to-female ratio.

Scratch-and-sniff condoms: Lifestyles' new Luscious Flavors boxes come with scent panels—the next-best thing to a taste test.

Nakednews.com: Hosted by nude anchorwomen, it's a broadcast where politicians are constantly in bed with special interests, the weather is usually nippy and the Dow is always up.

Stephen Lynch: His new comedy CD, *A Little Bit Special*, is full of saccharine melodies and vulgar lyrics. We like the tender ballad *Gerbil*.

Canadian ballet: Buffalo, New York slang for strip clubs across the border, from *Slanguage* (Hyperion) by Mike Ellis.

Essential oils: Billed as the perfect prep for a perfect shave—whether you're working on your face or your girlfriend's

"I've always wanted to sell out. The problem is, nobody wanted to buy me."—John Waters



coochie. A few drops'll do, be it the high-end bottle from Declor or the regular guy's King of Shaves.

Tommy's Juiced Up: While you're at it, wax your johnson with the new bath gel from Tommy Hilliger, designed to make you tingle in all the right places.

National Practitioner Data Bank: An annual listing of 20,125 American doctors facing disciplinary actions for such missteps as cutting into the wrong side of a patient's brain or using an amputated foot in a crab trap.

Wind-o: The alimentary breezeway that enables flatulence.

BABE OF THE MONTH



Since retreating from modeling, multilingual Manica Bellucci has spiced up foreign movies far a decade. Now the 32-year-old Italian beauty is poised to make an impression on these shores. You might remember her 1992 debut as one of the vampire brides who seduced Keanu Reeves in *Dracula*. Her role in 1996's French film *The Apartment* caught the attention of director Stephen Hopkins, who cast her as Gene Hackman's sexpot wife in last year's *Under Suspicion*. Bellucci, who lives in Paris, most recently starred in Miramax' romantic comedy *Malèna*. Besides the obvious reasons that she was a perfect choice to play a widow who enchants the men and boys of a Sicilian village, one producer added that Bellucci has "a lot of unspoken emotion in her face. It cuts through the beauty."

By LEONARD MALTIN

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (Sony Pictures Classics) is a poetic presentation of martial arts action post-*Matrix*, set not in the future but in China's formal past. Michelle Yeoh and Chow Yun-Fat star in this saga of honor, betrayal, violence, passion and love, directed by Ang Lee. A disillusioned master fighter forsakes his destiny and gives up his ancient sword, but the coveted and historic instrument of death becomes a magnet for disreputable competitors. The dreamlike action sequences are irresistible and have already raised a considerable buzz among film festival attendees; if only the story itself didn't take quite so long to play out. ★★★½

Poking fun at movie-making and moviemakers seems too easy for someone of David Mamet's talent, but **State and Main** (Fine Line) works as well as it does because he understands—and embraces—the details that others have overlooked. The always-welcome William H. Macy plays a director who has brought his company to a small town in Vermont. A steady stream of bull comes

so naturally to Macy's character that he doesn't think twice about how to handle a spoiled, oversexed star (Alec Baldwin), a recalcitrant actress (Sarah Jessica Parker), a small-town mayor (Charles Durning), a local girl (Julia Stiles) who is

a smart bookstore owner (Rebecca Pidgeon) who actually listens to him and offers intelligent advice. *State and Main* provides no startling revelations, but it's great fun to watch. ★★★



Mirth's Gillian Anderson.

F.W. Murnau's silent classic *Nosferatu* is one of the creepiest movies ever made. **Shadow of the Vampire** (Lions Gate) offers a fanciful story of that movie's creation, highlighted by two exceptional performances: John Malkovich as the obsessive director, and Willem Dafoe as the exceedingly strange actor Max Schreck, who played the title vampire. Dafoe's performance is worthy of an Oscar, and ought to be studied by anyone who cares about great acting. How does one portray a freakish character, and go over the top, yet stop just short of caricature? Dafoe manages to pull it off. E. Elias Merhige directs the proceedings with a sure hand, and Steven Katz' script captures the filmmaker's intensity and decadence in equal portions, with nice turns by Cary Elwes as a cameraman, Catherine McCormack as a self-possessed actress and Udo Kier as Murnau's long-suffering producer. ★★★

turned on by the visiting movie star or the underlings who make up his troupe. Philip Seymour Hoffman co-stars as a naive playwright (and first-time screenwriter) who walks around in a daze most of the time—especially when he meets

filmmaker's intensity and decadence in equal portions, with nice turns by Cary Elwes as a cameraman, Catherine McCormack as a self-possessed actress and Udo Kier as Murnau's long-suffering producer. ★★★

Maggie Greenwald is the best-kept secret in film. Her latest feature, *Songcatcher* (with Janet McTeer and Aidan Quinn), isn't destined to reach a wide audience. Like her other movies, it isn't flashy or trendy, and there

HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT

isn't a huge promotional budget behind it. It's simply a great American film.

This will come as no surprise to the few who have followed Greenwald's consistent but low-key career. Her compelling gender-bending Western saga, *The Ballad of Little Jo*, came and went in 1993 but lives on through home video—and in a recent stage adaptation by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater. Inspired by a terse obituary in a vintage newspaper, Greenwald wrote this story about a woman (Suzy Amis) who heads West in the 1860s

and quickly learns there is no place for a single female on the untamed frontier. So she passes herself off as a man and lives the rest of her life that way.

Amis recently told me that making the film was a life-changing experience; she found Greenwald an inspiring woman to work for. Greenwald has the same effect on the audience—she opens our eyes to facets of Americana that others have overlooked. In *Songcatcher* it's the notation of folk songs in the backwoods South.

But the director isn't easily pigeonholed. She also made one of the best versions of a Jim Thompson novel ever put on film, *The Kill-Off*. It was screened at Sundance in 1990, won some praise and then disappeared. Shot on a shoestring budget, it's rich in seedy atmosphere and vivid performances by a cast of movie un-

knowns—and it's one of the best film noirs I've ever seen. Don't expect to find it at your corner video store, but you can contact its video distributor, Kenon Entertainment (xenonpictures.com, or call 800-829-1913).

I recently met Maggie Greenwald while she was in Los Angeles to promote *Songcatcher*. This mother of a three-year-old daughter resides in Brooklyn, teaches at Columbia University and has no urge to make an empty-headed Hollywood picture. With just four films under her belt in 12 years, she's ready to work more, and recently directed a Lifetime movie called *What Makes a Family*, with Brooke Shields, Cherry Jones and Anne Meara.

The future is unlimited for a talent like this. And if more movie lovers get to know her existing work, they'll be looking forward to whatever she does next, as I am.

—L.M.

Edith Wharton's best-known novels deal with society's misfits, outcasts and masters in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The protagonist in *The House of Mirth* (Sony Pictures Classics), played by Gillian Anderson, is an independent-minded woman who pays a heavy price for her refusal to "play the game." Deeply attracted to an attorney (Eric Stoltz) but determined to find someone of more substantial means, she slides into a quicksand pit of deceit and betrayal with her so-called friends. Yet she refuses to fight back, even though she has the ammunition to do so, because it would be unseemly. Terence Davies adapted and directed this exquisitely detailed production but deadened it with a snail-like pace. The story gets more interesting as it goes along, but not every viewer will have the patience to stay the course. Dan Aykroyd, Laura Linney and Anthony La-

Paglia fill out an expert cast, yet I can't help thinking that an actress with more magnetism than Anderson might have given the film a shot in the arm. **★★**

Snatch (Screen Gems) might be subtitled *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels, Part 2*. Once again, director Guy Ritchie has concocted a black-tinged farce in which a gallery of sleazy underworld characters collide with one another as they go about their business, which includes a daring diamond robbery and an illegal bare-knuckle boxing match. Armed with a bigger budget (and a growing reputation), Ritchie has added one star (Brad Pitt) and several familiar character actors (Benicio Del Toro, Dennis Farina, Rade Serbedzija) to his ensemble, and refined some of his visceral editing tricks. *Snatch* is a wild ride—fresh, original, violent and funny. I like it even better than Ritchie's debut film. **★★★★**

SCENE-STEALER

LAURA LINNEY. BEST KNOWN FOR:

Playing Jim Carrey's wife in *The Truman Show*. **WHAT THAT LED TO:**

"I didn't work for a year.

I mean, nothing! It was bizarre, and I'm glad that period is over. But that's show business for you.

This past summer I made four films back-to-back."

ROOMMATE WHILE STUDYING AT JULLIARD:

Jeanne Tripplehorn.

NOW APPEARING IN:

The House of Mirth and *You Can Count on Me*,

written and directed by Ken Lonergan, in which she gives an Oscar-worthy performance.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO WORK WITH A PLAY-

WRIGHT TURNED DIRECTOR:

"There's not a single minute of verbal improvisation in that script.

Every word, every stutter, every 'um,' every 'well, I mean,' is scripted. It was a challenge to get all that right."

THE STRANGEST PART THAT SHE'S EVER BEEN

OFFERED:

"Mother Teresa! I'm a five-foot-seven blonde with blue eyes. The idea of my playing Mother Teresa, who's like four-foot-two, dark-skinned, ethnic . . . my agent and I laughed and laughed." —L.M.



MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard malin

Charlie's Angels (Listed only) A great showcase for Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore and Lucy Liu; just don't expect story or characterization. The fun and high energy carry it. **★★½**

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (See review) Its dazzling, post-*Matrix* action scenes make this worth seeing, but the story is too drawn out. **★★½**

Dr. T and the Women (Listed only) Richard Gere almost escapes unscathed from this incredibly annoying Robert Altman film about an ob/gyn who's surrounded by selfish women. **★**

The House of Mirth (See review) Gillian Anderson stars as Edith Wharton's doomed heroine in this study of American society—and the perils of breaking its rules—at the turn of the century. A snail's pace weighs down this exquisitely detailed film. **★★**

Lucky Numbers (Listed only) Travolta and Kudrow deserve better than this unfunny comedy about a rigged lottery. **★**

Pay It Forward (Listed only) The extraordinary presence of Haley Joel Osment makes this film worth seeing—along with Kevin Spacey and a game but miscast Helen Hunt. Still, this Frank Capra wannabe sputters and disappoints. **★★**

Shadow of the Vampire (See review) Willem Dafoe gives an Oscar-worthy performance as the freakish actor who played the title role in the classic silent film *Nosferatu*—the screen's first vampire. John Malkovich stars as director F.W. Murnau. **★★★★**

Snatch (See review) Guy Ritchie's follow-up to *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* is another barrel of dynamite: a wild ride through the London underworld that's fast, funny and fresh. Brad Pitt is part of the action. **★★★★**

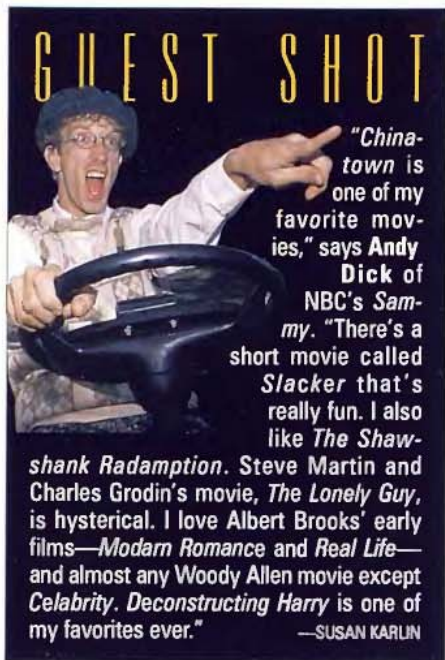
Stardom (Listed only) Denys Arcand dissects the culture of celebrity by following the unexpected career of a beautiful Canadian hockey player who becomes a supermodel. **★★★**

State and Main (See review) William H. Macy plays a glib movie director who invades a small Vermont town with a pack of demanding stars. Alec Baldwin, Sarah Jessica Parker and Philip Seymour Hoffman co-star in this amusing film by David Mamet. **★★★★**

Tigerland (Listed only) Joel Schumacher directed this compelling film about Army recruits training for combat in Vietnam. A fresh and powerful look at how military life affects different people. **★★★★½**

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look

★★★ Good show ★ Forget it



"Chinatown is one of my favorite movies," says Andy Dick of NBC's *Sammy*. "There's a short movie called *Slacker* that's really fun. I also like *The Shawshank* Radamption. Steve Martin and Charles Grodin's movie, *The Lonely Guy*, is hysterical. I love Albert Brooks' early films—*Modern Romance* and *Real Life*—and almost any Woody Allen movie except *Celebrity*. *Deconstructing Harry* is one of my favorites ever."

—SUSAN KARLIN

DESERT ISLAND TAPES

With Tom Hanks' *Cast Away* in theaters and *Survivor II: The Australian Outback* on TV, we've got that marooned feeling. But with a VCR and a little electricity, you're never alone.

Lord of the Flies (1990): In an example of survival of the fittest, schoolboys stranded on an island divide into two parties: Democratic liberals and Fascist conservative militants. Guess which party wins.

Crusoe (1988): Daniel Defoe's story of the original survivor is retold in gorgeous images by cinematographer turned director Caleb Deschanel. Shirtless Aidan Quinn looks a lot better than Richard Hatch—and he doesn't eat rats.

Castaway (1987): This is giving us ideas: Middle-aged Oliver Reed advertises for a companion to spend a year alone on an island with him—and sexy Amanda Donohoe, not shy about naked bodysurfing, answers the ad. Stylishly directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Flight of the Phoenix (1965): One of the manliest movies ever made. Jimmy Stewart tries to organize survivors of a plane crash in the Sahara before the heat turns them into french fries. Spectacular, riveting drama.

The Blue Lagoon (1980): Admit it: It sucks, but you recall it fondly. Couldn't be 15-year-old Brooke Shields romping in the buff, could it? Shame on you.

Six Days, Seven Nights (1998): It had all the right ingredients: sunshine, blue water, bottle blonde. Too bad Anne Heche came out before this was released. At least now we understand why she never warmed up to Harrison Ford. Those peacock kabobs look good, though.

And Then There Were None (1945): Mystery maven Agatha Christie strands 10 peo-

ple on an island, where they are killed off one by one. If CBS' *Big Brother* had had a plot like that, the ratings would have been much higher.

Marooned (1969): Three astronauts—led by Gene Hackman—are stuck in orbit with a dwindling air supply. Houston is trying to get them down, but there's a hurricane brewing. And their wives are upset. Cheesy, campy fun.

The Most Dangerous Game (1932): Hunting fanatic Count Zaroff (Leslie Banks) gives shipwreck survivor Joel McCrea a knife and a one-day head start on a remote island before he begins to track him down.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

No film captured the complexities of the late-Sixties rock-and-roll revolution as effectively as the Rolling Stones' *Gimme Shelter*, which recently arrived in a DVD Criterion Collection release (\$40), celebrating the film's 30th anniversary. It remains the behind-the-concert-scenes film with a difference—that is, it includes a killing, plus footage of the Stones and the filmmakers reviewing the clip that recorded the harrowing moment when several Hell's Angels, hired by concert organizers to keep the peace, silenced an 18-year-old black man forever. Criterion shoehorns in its usual wealth of extra materials, including a small booklet with essays and thoughts on the controversial film. (Was it a snuff film? An exercise in spin by the Rolling Stones, who partially financed the production?) The DVD, re-

GUILTY PLEASURES OF THE MONTH

The curious culture of flesh peddling is the subject of two DVDs—*American Pimp* (MGM) and *Pimps Up, Ho's Down: The Director's Cut* (Delta Entertainment). These documentaries celebrate the trashy world of extreme ghetto finery. Pimps and their bitches explain "the game" in brutal detail. All of which is hysterically funny if you squint at the fact that these are predatory morons and damaged-goods ladies. But if you enjoy seeing folks exploit their skanky delusions—and who doesn't?—you'll get down with the mack attack. Happy Valentine's Day.



mastered from an original camera negative and spiffed up with Dolby Digital and DTS 5.1 sound, is a revelation to anyone who knows the film only from TV. The film documents Mick Jagger and Keith Richards during their performing peak, when the Stones staked a claim as the greatest rock-and-roll band in the world.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	<i>The Art of War</i> (UN superspy Snipes stir-fries foes of a Chinese trade agreement; solid, if familiar), <i>The Way of the Gun</i> (kidnappers and their plan go south of the border; an all-you-can-eat bullets-and-grunge buffet).
GIRLS	<i>Bring It On</i> (Kirsten Dunst's bodacious pom-pom princesses pursue cheerleading's crown; hot drivin'), <i>Coyote Ugly</i> (it's <i>Flashdance</i> via <i>Cocktail</i> with perky Piper Perabo as the little tank-topped barmaid who could; irresistibly disappointing).
SUSPENSE	<i>What Lies Beneath</i> (Harrison Ford's dead mistress? Decent chills as wife Pfeiffer feels violated from beyond), <i>Hollow Man</i> (Kevin Bacon, invisible psycho; director Paul Verhoeven eschews big voyeuristic payoffs for blood and guts, alas).
FEEL GOOD	<i>Space Cowboys</i> (geezers Eastwood, Sutherland, Garner and T.L. Jones hobble up to Hubble territory; NASA meets AARP), <i>The Replacements</i> (Keanu Reeves QBs motley NFL strikebreakers; coach Hackman boots it into the end zone).
KILLERS	<i>The Watcher</i> (Reeves, this time as a strangler making life a living hell for fed James Spader; moody, but nothing new), <i>The Cell</i> (supershrink Jennifer Lopez dives into a homicidal kidnapper's subconscious; slick and lush, if obtuse).

TEN YEARS AGO U2 decided that they'd overdone being preachy and earnest. So they reversed course and spent the Nineties overdoing irony and spectacle. That didn't feel right either. On *All That You Can't Leave Behind* (Interscope), they finally stop trying so hard, and let the music do the talking. The result is a masterpiece. This is the album their fans have hoped for since *The Joshua Tree*. Their playing is relaxed yet focused, as the songs, not the production, take center stage. The gospel-tinged *Stuck in a Moment, Kite and Grace* illustrate the band's powerful positive energy, and the luminous *Beautiful Day* may be their finest single ever—and it establishes the album's redemptive theme. —VIC GARBARINI

Polly Jean Harvey creates relentless drama in the glorious rock-and-roll anthems that comprise her sixth album, *Stories From the City, Stories From the Sea* (Island). The obvious comparison is to Patti Smith, because Smith does so much with a few repeated chord progressions. But P.J. Harvey has none of Smith's preciousness, which makes the former a better singer and poet. The *Stories* CD is hypnotic and melodic, with the vocals



You Can't Leave U2 Behind.

high in the mix, so you know that she's singing plaintively about the flickering possibility of love and belief in an ugly world. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

If Muddy Waters had never left Mississippi for the bright lights of Chicago, he'd probably sound a lot like R.L. Burnside on *Wish I Was in Heaven Sitting Down* (Fat Possum). Burnside, arguably the finest blues shouter working today, finally received national recognition when a track from his remarkable techno-blues album, *Come On In*, was featured on *The Sopranos* and its soundtrack. This album has some nice loops and scratches, courtesy of Beck's *DJ Swamp*. But the real attraction is R.L.'s deeply heartfelt vocals. He tells his family's tragic history on the blues-rap *Hard Time Killing Floor* with unpretentious ele-

gance. It makes most of today's boastful raps sound childish. —V.G.

No single musician can be credited with the invention of heavy metal, but Tony Iommi was certainly the first to figure out the possibilities for awe and terror in roaring guitar distortion. His riffs with Black Sabbath are still inspiring kids to pick up the guitar. Now he's following the recent example of Carlos Santana by putting out an album with various guest vocalists, ranging from Ozzy Osbourne to Billy Corgan. *Iommi* (Divine/Priority) is a treat. Iommi's deceptively simple (easy to imitate, impossible to duplicate) riffs are recorded with all the oomph of modern technology. The master has delivered a monster. —C.Y.

It's easy to miss the real Madonna story, damned as she is for paying too much attention to the bottom line. She's the only pop star who's survived two decades with both legend and audience intact. It's not just that *Maverick* is one of the most popular albums of her career. It's also one of the best, a brilliant collaboration with a batch of dance music producers. The album has enough Madonna traits and techno trickery to give it unity, but the best part is that she's uniquely comfortable dipping into the whole pool of pop. This isn't a successful marketing ploy. It's a sign of how much the woman loves these sounds. She's fascinated not just with her own music, but also with everyone else's. —DAVE MARSH

Like Dolly Parton, Iris DeMent or fiddler turned warbler Alison Krauss, Kasey Chambers has one of those voices that are so country they make you say hot damn. There's a burr and an emotional catch in her drawl. Not only that, but she also writes memorable tunes with pungent lyrics—about cars, nature and Southern life. The thing is, the South she's from is not the one you'd expect, but southern Australia. This means her voice is an inspired creation if you like it and an affectation if you don't. *The Captain* (Asylum) lets you decide. *You Got the Car*, about putting the brakes on romance, and *We're All Gonna Die Someday*, about how you can kiss her ass,

make me hope she's successful enough to get looser with her mean streak. The result could be some new-fashioned country fun. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU




Tony Iommi.

In an era when the hot music genres are hip-hop, alternative, electronica and teen pop, Lenny Kravitz is a throwback. Since his debut in 1989 with *Let Love Rule*, he's maintained his stardom the old-fashioned way: Kravitz specializes in hooky pop-rock with occasional ventures into sweet soul music. It's clear from his catalog that he's always believed the best moves are the old ones. His sixth album, *Greatest Hits* (Virgin), is a testament to his dedication to the melodies, riffs and sonic timbres of pop-rock's early-Seventies golden age. The signature tracks *Are You Gonna Go My Way* and *Fly Away*, which open this 15-song collection, are the

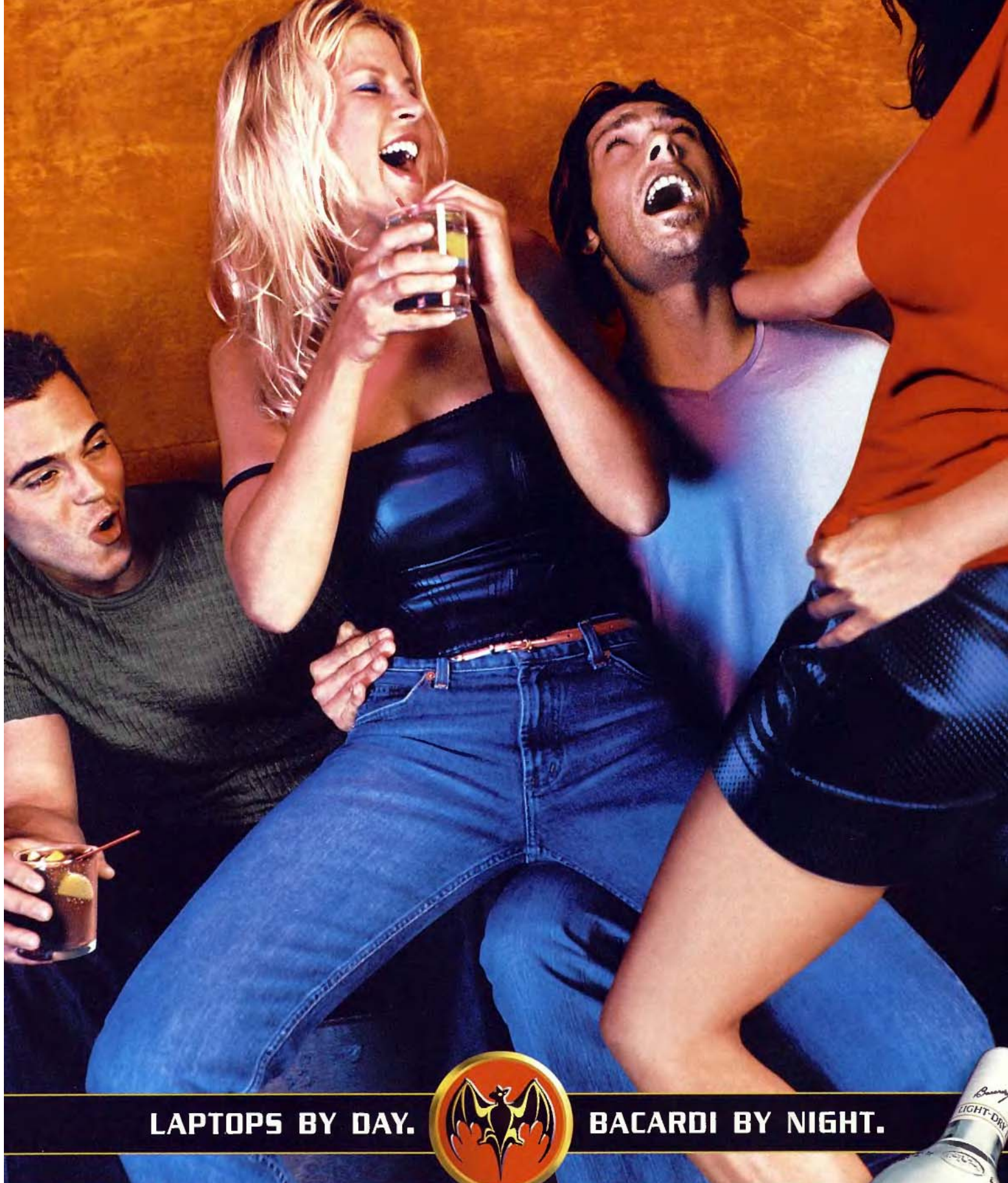
kind of driving, vibrant guitar-driven hits that were staples of Top 40 radio. Early in his career, Kravitz made a fetish of using vintage soundboards, amps and instruments to achieve that precious retro feel. The textures of *Always on the Run* and the chugging *Mr. Cab Driver* are the fruits of his labor—dirty-sounding tracks that, for his fans, sound more authentic than the polished productions of his peers. Even his forays into soul music, such as *It Ain't Over 'Til It's Over* in its melody, backing vocals and string arrangement, echo the classic Philly Sound. Kravitz' songwriting can be both well crafted and incredibly banal. *Again*, the one new song on *Greatest Hits*, is a sharp, midtempo rocker with an ingratiating chorus and lame verses. Kravitz

SOUND BITES



LENNY'S
ROAD TRIP
CDs

- Gold:** Aretha Franklin
- Electric Ladyland:** Jimi Hendrix
- Songs in the Key of Life:** Stevie Wonder
- Amplified:** Q-Tip
- 2001:** Dr. Dre



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STRANGE POLITICS AND BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT: Now that the election dust has settled, it will be up to the people to decide if **Marilyn Manson's** endorsement of **George W.** raised Bush's hipness factor.

REELING AND ROCKING: In *Snipes*, **Nelly** will play a hip-hop artist kidnapped on the eve of the release of his new album. . . . **Fredro Starr**, formerly of **Onyx**, will appear with **Julia Stiles** in *Save the Last Dance*, a story about a Midwestern girl who moves to Chicago and becomes romantically involved with a kid who has a rough past.



NEWSBREAKS: **Rod Stewart's** new album, *Human*, will be released on Valentine's Day. . . .

Barry White discussed downloading music for free with students at Oxford University. Yes, Oxford. . . . Downtown Palm Springs will be home to a memorial statue of former mayor and congressman **Sonny Bono**. They got him, babe. . . . Sotheby's auctioned off **Jimi Hendrix'** green silk jacket to the Hard Rock Cafe in Manchester for \$50,000. . . . The 50th anniversary of Sun Studio will be celebrated this year, and you can expect an all-star album and a PBS special. **Paul McCartney**, **Dylan**, **Elton John**, the **Who**, **Page and Plant**, **Van Morrison**, **Aerosmith** and others perform songs by Sun's greats: **Elvis**, **Carl Perkins**, **Johnny Cash**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Roy Orbison**. . . . Webnoize, the digital entertainment authority, estimated that last September 1.4 billion songs were downloaded using Napster. . . . The **John Lennon** exhibit at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame will not be mounted anywhere else. Until September 2001, you will be able to see

such items as artwork, furniture, costumes, guitars, lyrics and childhood mementos, all from **Yoko's** personal collection. . . . Although **David Bowie** started the music-royalties securitization deals on Wall Street, the latest involves **Marvin Gaye's** estate. You can own a piece of Gaye's catalog, which includes more than 200 songs and compositions, as an investment. The bonds have the approval of all three of Marvin's children. . . . Speaking of Motown, **Berry Gordy** has launched a foundation named after his late sister **Gwen** to help early R&B artists with medical and other expenses. . . . **Huey Lewis**, who sang a duet in *Duets*, has a new CD with the **News** called *Plan B*. . . . A study at the University of Arkansas compared the emotional effects of classical music with those from other genres and found that listener-selected music is always the most relaxing—whether it's **Mozart**, **Yanni** or rap metal. . . . It's hard to believe, but **Posh Spice's** autobiography deal has set a record and the book won't even be in stores until the fall of 2001. . . .



In other literary news, **Will Smith** has a book coming out this spring based on a song he wrote for his son, *Just the Two of Us*. . . . The next **Black Crowes** studio album will be out sometime this spring. . . . **Burt Bacharach** is booked into 22 cities through early May with a 10-piece band for a career retrospective. Expect to hear everything from *What's New Pussycat?* to *Walk On By*. . . . This past fall, the third annual **Cypress Hill Smoke-Out Festival** offered for the first time an all-female mosh pit. If only the promoters at Woodstock had thought of that. —BARBARA NELLIS



still seems to be an artist in search of himself. One gets the feeling that he wants to go deeper. Until he pushes his writing further, perhaps with the help of a collaborator, Kravitz will remain just a pop star. But maybe that's enough.

—NELSON GEORGE

Paul Pena is a real talent with guitar chops that **Bonnie Raitt** compares to **Jimi Hendrix'**, a fine, funky, limber voice and eloquent, loose-limbed songs. But **New Train** (Hybrid), his second album, comes out 27 years after it was recorded, at a time when he is suffering from a life-threatening illness. The lapse is as inexplicable as it is unfair. Pena sounds like a combination of **Curtis Mayfield** and **Bob Seger**—bluesy and grave, lonely and loving. You know one of his songs, *Jet Airliner*, because **Steve Miller** had a hit with it. Virtually every song on *New Train* offers similar rewards, and if the album sounds dated, it isn't any more so than such early-Seventies classics as *Talking Book* and *Moondance*. **Paul Pena** deserves



more than his legend. He deserves to be heard and celebrated. —D.M.

In operation since 1969, Cuba's **Los Van Van** transforms everything, including the male chorus, into a rhythm instrument. *The Best of Los Van Van* (Hemisphere) is the place to acclimate to one of the world's strongest grooves. —R.C.

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Kasey Chambers <i>The Captain</i>	8	7	6	8	8
Tony Iommi <i>Iommi</i>	4	6	8	6	8
Lenny Kravitz <i>Greatest Hits</i>	5	8	8	5	4
Madonna <i>Music</i>	9	7	7	9	6
U2 <i>All That</i>	8	10	8	8	6

AUTOPILOT

Someone knows what you want to read on your PDA, and it isn't just sports scores and stock quotes. Adult-oriented content is a hot download for handhelds. New websites such as Palmstories.com and SinPalm.com offer everything from pictures to personal ads. For steamy subway reading, Palmstories.com presents four erotic tales each weekday (from categories such as straight, group and gay) and a free weekly demo story for a



MITCHELL CONNELL

monthly service fee (about \$6). The site also features an archive, so you can access your favorite sex story while working on your desktop computer. There's even a story submission form for aspiring erotic authors. Slick-looking erotigo.com offers Erotiguide, a free city guide with a sexy slant. The downloadable service lists bars, clubs, bookstores and restaurants for travelers looking for something a little spicier in their evening plans. The site also includes Erotifolio, a free web-clipping application that will download porn pictures (set to your preference) directly to any Palm-compatible device. The adult entertainment portal SinPalm.com downloads erotic fiction and even sexier stuff such as photos, nudie e-mail greetings (called SinCards), sex tips and web links to your handheld. The company also plans to launch two new services. The first, Sinto go.com, helps those on the road locate strip clubs, escorts, erotic masseuses and other adult services in different cities. The second, Pocket Personals, displays ads with preview pictures so you can do your digital dating on the go. If finding a partner isn't your problem, download PalmaSutra, a scaled-down version of the *Kama Sutra* available at palmgear.com. The freeware cheat sheet includes two dozen sexual positions (complete with sketches and explanations), such as

the Amazon, Lotus and Centipede. The program uses 38 KB of memory and is available in several languages, including English and French. —JOEL ENOS

MOVE OVER, MP3

After a four-year flash of popularity, the MP3 format may be facing retirement. New digital music formats such as VQF (TwinVQ Format), WMA (Windows Media Audio) and MP4 now provide smaller file sizes and improved sound quality. The latest digital audio format to debut is known as Advanced Audio Coding. Compared with MP3, AAC is superior in a number of ways, including smaller file size (at roughly two thirds the size of an average MP3 tune), resulting in faster downloads and the ability to fit more songs on portable players, hard drives and recordable CDs. And the audio performance is significantly better. AAC provides up to 48 channels of audio and sampling rates of up to 96 kHz. While a number of portable MP3 music players are beginning to support Microsoft's WMA files and RealAudio's G2 format, very few play AACs yet. The first is the sleek MEA110 from Toshiba, but with a \$500 list price, it's a costly consideration. —MARC SALTZMAN

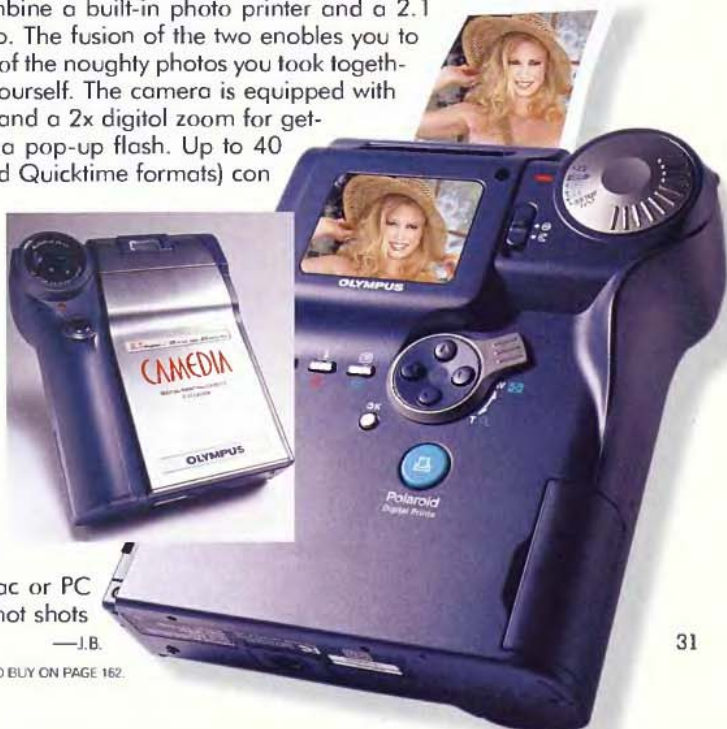
GAME OF THE MONTH

Japanese cartoons are no *Cinderella*. These anime are filled with gunfights, shapely women and all the other trappings of a good Schwarzenegger shoot-'em-up. Rockstar Games hopes that energy translates in *Oni*, its videogame version of these cartoons, created for PlayStation 2, PC and Mac. Rockstar even brought in anime artists to illustrate the game's story of Konoko, a policewoman who is charged with bringing down a crime ring. Using new animation technology, Konoko can kick ass with a combination of martial arts and gunplay, allowing players to disarm opponents and turn their own guns against them. Let's see Snow White top those moves. —JASON BUHRMESTER



WILD THING

Olympus' new C-211 Zoom is more than an instant camera—just don't tell your girlfriend. Developed jointly by Olympus and Polaroid, the C-211 Zoom (\$800) is the first to combine a built-in photo printer and a 2.1 megapixel digital camera. The fusion of the two enables you to instantly make her prints of the naughty photos you took together and keep copies for yourself. The camera is equipped with 3x optical glass zoom and a 2x digital zoom for getting in close, as well as a pop-up flash. Up to 40 images (in TIFF, JPEG and Quicktime formats) can be stored on an 8 MB SmartMedia card, and the two-inch LCD monitor allows you to scroll through your shots before deciding which ones to print. Full-color photos are complete in just 15 seconds, and a 10-photo pack of Polaroid 500 instant film sells for about \$10. And once the memory is full, the C-211 can connect via USB to a Mac or PC so you can dump those hot shots onto your hard drive. —J.B.



By MARK FRAUENFELDER

AUTOMATED AUTO BUYING

I buy almost everything on the web. Why? One, the prices are usually better than in stores. Two, I don't have to drive or hunt for a parking spot. Three, no waiting in line. And four, the product information I get beats the shoulder shrugs and the vague bullshit that comes out of the mouths of most store clerks (who are next to impossible to find, anyway). When it came time to buy a new car for my wife, I decided to use an online auto seller. Greenlight.com caught my eye: It's partly owned by Amazon.com, which has a well-earned reputation for outstanding customer service. Greenlight is also one of the few online car sellers that provide instant quotes. (Most auto sites make you wait for a dealer to call you on the phone. No thanks.) Greenlight was easy to use. I entered the make and model of the car my wife wanted (a New Beetle GLX Turbo with manual transmission) and my zip code. Greenlight immediately displayed the price (\$21,342, excluding local taxes and motor vehicle fees), along with the MSRP (\$21,700) and dealer invoice price (\$20,225). Next, I picked the exterior and interior colors. I entered a credit card number to pay a \$200 refundable deposit, and within an hour, a cheerful woman named Penny called me from Greenlight. She had located the



car I wanted in San Diego, about 130 miles from my house in Los Angeles. Penny explained that she would hold my hand through the buying process, and e-mailed me a con-

firmation form with the final price (with tax and DMV fees) and a contact at the dealership. Two days later, I walked onto the lot with a cashier's check in hand and met the salesman. He had the paperwork from Greenlight in his office, and we signed it in a matter of minutes. Then he sent me to the "fellow in finance." This was the only part of the process that felt like the old way of buying cars. The guy, who said he was 70 years old and worked at the dealership strictly "for fun," tried to sell me paint protection and some kind of leather upholstery treatment for \$500. I kept saying no. His best line: "It's important to protect your paint job. If you were family, I wouldn't even ask. I'd just add it on." Lucky for me, we aren't related. After I drove the car home, Penny called to ask how everything went. I told her the next time I buy a car, it'll be through Greenlight. Just keep the finance guy away from me.

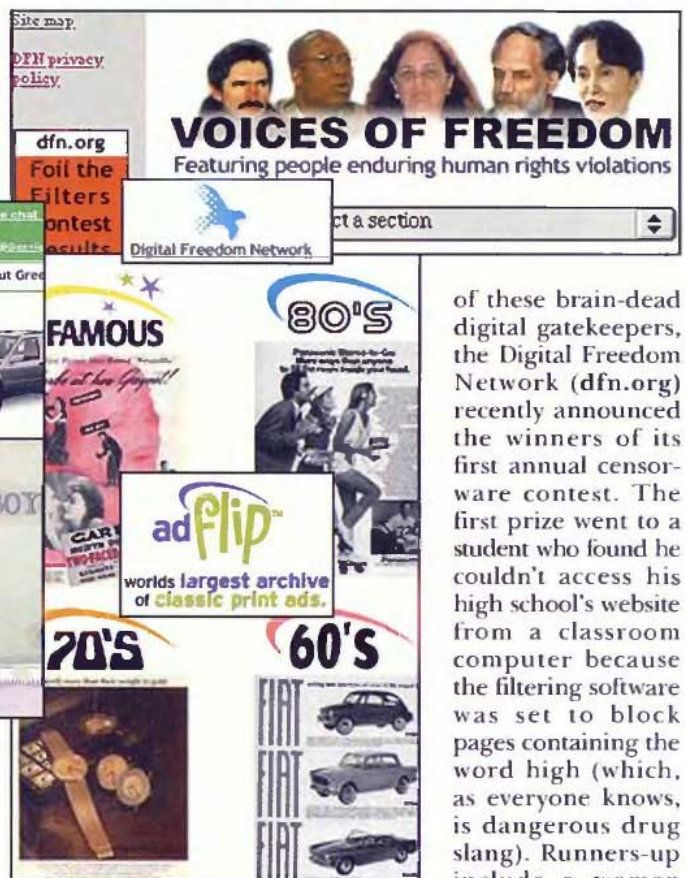
FLASH—BOOM OR BANE?

Shockwave.com undoubtedly paid Tim Burton a lot of money to produce *Stainboy*. Suckers. Burton's three-minute Flash-animated cartoon is a snorefest, and has a sight-gag ending that reminds me of something a bored seventh grader would

draw during detention. The only part I liked was Danny Elfman's wonderfully goofy soundtrack. For a taste of how great Flash animation can be, visit www.dougallencomics.com, where you'll be treated to the hilariously intoxicated world of *Steven*, Allen's cartoon of a foul-tempered drunken kid. From the opening screen—where you're forced to play a crooked game of ball and cups with Steven before proceeding—you feel like you're visiting the down-and-out burg of misanthropic Steven and his mutant animal comrades.

FILTER FOLLIES

I have nothing against parents who want to set limits on their kids' web surfing. But the use of web filters isn't the answer, because they don't work. More aptly called censorware, these programs are designed to prevent users from accessing certain kinds of Internet content. To demonstrate the folly



of these brain-dead digital gatekeepers, the Digital Freedom Network (dfn.org) recently announced the winners of its first annual censorware contest. The first prize went to a student who found he couldn't access his high school's website from a classroom computer because the filtering software was set to block pages containing the word high (which, as everyone knows, is dangerous drug slang). Runners-up include a woman who couldn't register

on Hotmail as hillaryanne because the site's censorware blocks anything with Aryan in it. DFN awarded its Silicon Eye to Tim M., who tried to register Heather but couldn't because the name contains the words "eat her."

QUICK HITS

The chief executive officer of Boeing makes \$3 million a year. The president of Skechers USA takes home \$515,000. The chief exec of Philip Morris earns \$6 million. Find out how much top executives at hundreds of companies make at eComp online.com. Travel back in time by visiting adflip.com, a gallery of retro print advertisements.

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

ETERNITY

for men

Calvin Klein

eau de toilette

©2000 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation. 33341110 for men

Bloomingdale's

traditional classics
a distinctive set from the
ETERNITY FOR MEN fragrance collection.
a \$57.00 value is yours for only \$46.00

ETERNITY
for men

ETERNITY
for men

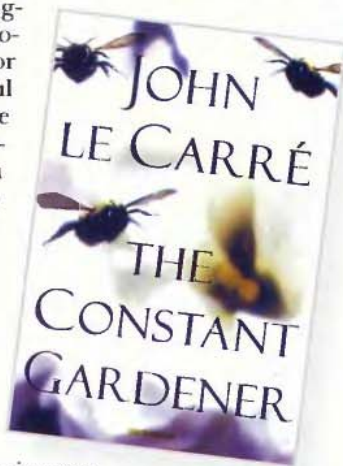
deodorant
alcohol free / sans alcool
Calvin Klein

ETERNITY
for men

eau de toilette spray
vaporisateur
Calvin Klein

DIGGING UP THE TRUTH

The gent with the green thumb in John le Carré's latest novel, *The Constant Gardener* (Scribner), is Justin Quayle, an English diplomat who serves in Nairobi. Middle-aged, elegant, polite to a fault, Quayle seemingly pays more attention to his flora than to the political climate or to the activities of his beautiful young wife, Tessa. Even before this long, meticulous heart-break of a novel begins, Tessa has been murdered while on a northern journey with an African doctor, now suspiciously missing. The home office is eager to write off the death as the result of a lovers' quarrel, but Quayle believes it has more to do with Tessa's investigation of a new tuberculosis drug being tested on the country's poor. Ignoring embassy demands and danger to life and limb, he searches out the truth. It's a familiar murder mystery setup, but le Carré is less interested in who killed Tessa than in what unchecked capitalism and foreign office duplicity have done to Africa. His garden, "dangerous, decaying, plundered, bankrupt, once-British Kenya," is so entwined by greed and corruption it seems beyond restoration. It's a depressing, unsettling landscape, but, thanks to the author's exquisite style, one that's impossible to ignore.



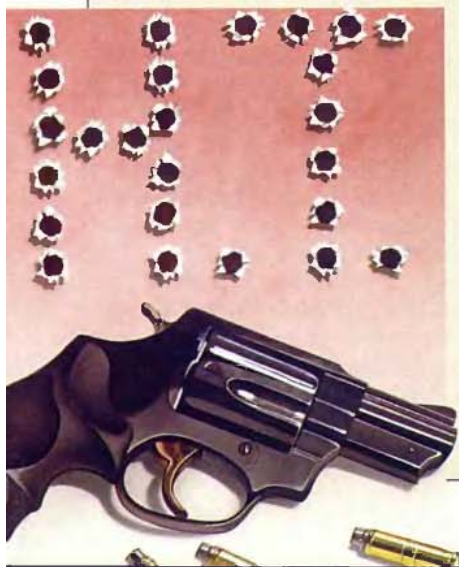
—DICK LOCHTE

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

The legend of Hunter S. Thompson is far more frightening than the real Hunter S. Thompson. In *Fear and Loathing in America* (Simon and Schuster), he allows a rare glimpse into his personal correspondence. A must-have for diehard Thompson fans, this second of three volumes will also benefit those who are fuzzy on the historical details of the years between 1968 and 1976, but would rather learn from a cynical, grumpy, paranoid, pot-smoking writer than from a stuffy college professor. The letters document everything from his bizarre campaign for sheriff of Pitkin County to his son's breakfast cereal to his anger at mail-order companies

that write misleading catalog descriptions. No other writer can incorporate pigfucker so gracefully into a sentence. The grumpiest old literary lion, Norman Mailer, is the subject of *Mailer on Mailer*, a documentary that recently aired on PBS. Like Thompson, his opinions on everything—from Vietnam to television—are contrary. But Mailer's are more elegantly expressed.

—PATTY LAMBERTI



LET'S GET IT ON

Paul Joannides has sold more than 150,000 copies of his self-published *Guide to Getting It On! The Universe's Coolest and Most Informative Book About Sex*. If there's a more entertaining and honest guide to man's favorite topic, we haven't seen it. Joannides and his wife, Toni Johnson, have written a new book, *Guide to Great Dates*, that includes 250 bright ideas for making an impression, along with the resources to make it happen. We asked the Playboy Advisor, Chip Rowe, to pull Joannides out of bed for his take on dating and sex.

PLAYBOY: How about some ideas to help a guy get a little on Valentine's Day?

JOANNIDES: Most guys try too hard to get laid, as opposed to just having a great time. The natural consequence of having a great time is getting laid. So do something fun. How about making beer? It's a multistep process, so you're guaranteed at least three dates. Another favorite is stargazing at an observatory. Don't do anything that will exhaust your energy for sex.

PLAYBOY: Did writing *Guide to Getting It On!* and its popularity improve your sex life to any degree?

JOANNIDES: I wrote it as revenge for eight years of Catholic school. I say that as a joke, but it was an exorcism. I learned how limiting it can be if the penis is at the center of your sexual universe. Men have to get away from the notion that sex is just sticking it in. I also gained an appreciation for how much women enjoy sex. I grew up thinking they close their eyes and allow it.

PLAYBOY: You're a psychoanalyst by trade. Analyze for us the current American view of sex.

JOANNIDES: If Americans had a healthy view of sex, you and I would be out of jobs. We haven't gotten any more comfortable talking about sex with our partners than our parents were talking to each other about it. And we still don't talk to our children, even about masturbation.

PLAYBOY: You read a lot of sex manuals before you wrote your own. What didn't you like about them?

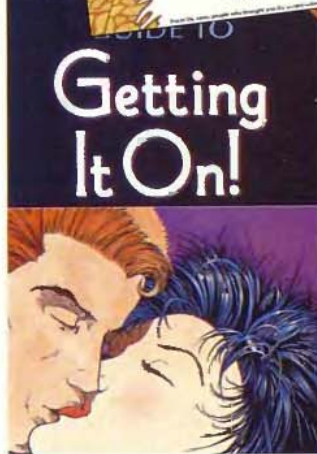
JOANNIDES: The holier-than-thou attitude, the great white doctor saying, "I know what normal is." I think most sex books are just a rehash of Masters and Johnson, who mapped out sex as a scientific formula. But how can a formula explain why one woman can have an orgasm by having her hair brushed, while another gets off from having her nipples sucked, while a third woman finds it both painful and obnoxious if you suck her nipples or brush her hair?

PLAYBOY: When you were working on the book, did you encounter a particularly difficult chapter or subject?

JOANNIDES: The chapter on what's inside a girl was a little tough because I had trouble being irreverent.

PLAYBOY: Have you encountered any resistance when marketing your sex guide?

JOANNIDES: College newspapers and the alternative press have reviewed it favorably since the first edition in 1996, but no large publications except PLAYBOY mentioned it until last year. That's not to say I didn't hear from the mainstream press. Typically an editor would call and say, "We can't review this, but would you send an extra copy?"



By ASA BABER

TWO WOMEN call me on the phone and ask me to come over to their cubicle for a minute. We're good friends and we usually joke around when we talk, but as I approach them, they are engaged in a serious conversation. They are standing close together, and as I stare at them, wondering what they are doing, they ask me, in unison, "Which one of us has bigger shoulders?"

"What?" I laugh. They are in matching halter tops and cotton skirts, and they look like Siamese twins joined at the shoulder.

"Which one of us has bigger shoulders?" they chirp in happy voices. They turn around, still pressed together, and show me their backs to help me make the call, explaining the various points of comparison that I should consider before I announce the winner of the Bigger Shoulders Award.

I am charmed, as usual, by their smiles and energy, and I am eager to solve their problem, just as I am always eager to solve problems women bring to me. To be frank, I consider it an honor whenever women request my judgment about something, and I cherish the illusion that if I help them, they will love me and nourish me and praise me and nurture me, which is exactly how I want to go through life.

Then it hits me like a sledgehammer: I am at great risk in this conversation. "Ace, you are being conned by these two wenches," says a voice inside my head. "They are setting a trap for you with their question. If you answer it, you will be toast. It is a tactic as old as the Garden of Eden, and you are about to fall for it."

I feel the cold and clammy claws of fear clutching at my little gonads as I reach into my wallet and pull out the card I carry with me at all times, and I read it aloud:

MIRANDA FOR MEN

(1) I have the right to remain silent in the face of any and all questions women ask me, no matter how innocuous those questions may appear to be on the surface. (2) I acknowledge that anything I say in response to women's questions can and will be used against me in the court of female public opinion. (3) I have the right to make one phone call to an attorney or any other legal counselor I might choose, who will advise me as to which questions can be safely answered and which ones must be avoided if I am to survive this encounter with my reputation intact. (4) I recognize that, as a member of the male sex, I can in no way—at any time, in any place or in any mental condition—keep up with the



MIRANDA FOR MEN

mixed signals, chat rate, tangled motivations, complex strategies or deceptive word choices of females of the species. (5) Finally, I accept the fact that if I am so foolish as to answer questions after reading this Miranda warning and listening to my legal advisor, the odds are that I will say something I will regret. In other words, from this moment on, I proceed in this venture at my own hazard and risk.

I begin to walk away, but my two friends run after me. "What's with the card, Ace?" they ask.

"It's my Miranda for Men card," I answer. "Every man should have a copy in his pocket, because he never knows when he might need it. Now, excuse me, because I have to call my lawyer."

"Just tell us who has bigger shoulders, for God's sake!"

"There's no way I'm going to answer that one."

"Why not? It's a simple question."

"There are no simple questions. You're setting me up for a fall. No matter how I answer, I will inevitably insult at least one of you. 'Who has bigger shoulders?' How can I know which one of you really wants to win that title? And what happens if I name the wrong person? You're putting me in a no-win situation, and you love it."

To their credit, they begin to laugh. "Maybe you're right. You sure you don't want to tell us, though?"

"Hey, I'm just trying to stay alive," I say. "So *sayonara* for now."

With luck and pluck and my trusty Miranda card, I survived that dangerous moment, but I know there will be more like it in the future, as there will for most guys reading this column. That being

the case, let me give you three examples of other questions women will ask that you should never answer:

"Do these jeans make me look fat?" The dull-witted among you probably think you should simply say no to this interrogatory, but it is not that simple. Obviously, if you say, "Yes, you look fat in those jeans," you become roadkill on the highway of life. But if you say no, you still open up the question of weight in general, which is an issue more deadly to your health in male-female discussions than an anthrax attack. Therefore, when your opinion is being sought about clothes and how they fit, always mumble something in a foreign language and change the subject immediately.

"Do you find that woman attractive?" Once again, either an affirmative or a negative response will get your clock cleaned. Maybe you're at a party or walking down the street. As per usual, your eyes are sweeping the territory on their customary poontang hunt. Tall, small, you fall for them all and life is a feast—but this is something you cannot admit to the woman at your side. So when you are asked about it, the safest response is simple: Stop whatever you are doing, bend over and make horrendous retching noises. (We're talking vomitorium-level sounds, my friends, Puke City times 10). She will be distracted by your plight, and the question will be forgotten, at least temporarily.

"Have you heard any good jokes lately?" Did you cringe as you read that supposedly innocent question? If a guy asked, you'd have no fear. But a woman? Sure, some women love all kinds of humor, and they are a joy to behold. But let's face it: The greatest secret of male experience is that many women seem humor-challenged—at least they do when they're around men. It starts in grade school and lasts a lifetime: the chick who turns into a prude whenever humor threatens. So should you choose to launch into yet another version of "There once was a girl from Nantucket," or should you share the latest one about the donkey and the nun, your ass could be grass. The best policy? Turn the question around. Ask her if she's heard any good jokes lately. If her eyes brighten and her hands quiver as she launches into a ribald tale about a hooker, a one-legged lesbian and the Bangkok basket trick, and if she uses colorful language that could make a long-haul trucker blush—marry the broad. Otherwise, read your Miranda for Men card when she's not looking, because you're going to need it soon. Guaranteed.





19 WAYS TO TAKE OFF HER PANTIES

BY WILL LEE

IT'S QUARTER TO 12 on Friday night, and you've handled your evening with the lissome brunette with the precision of a surgeon. She loved the Australian chardonnay you picked, she let you carry her piggyback across that deceptively shallow puddle and she even cackled at your joke about Brooklyn and pantyhose. What's more, you've finally waltzed her with the grace of Fred Astaire from your couch to your bed. Now, only a flimsy triangle of silk and Lycra keeps you at bay. All it takes, in the basest physical sense, is a quick tug and a smooth pull down her legs, and milk and honey are yours.

Rarely is there so much to gain or lose by making the merest misstep. With closing the deal in mind, here is an empirical guide to ensure that her thong—and not your rejected ass—ends up on the bedroom floor.

LIMN THE EDGES

Leigh, 34: "My favorite foreplay-to-sex move is when a guy runs his fingers under the entire length of my pantyline. I like to direct him, starting below my belly button and moving him toward one hip, then the other hip, then around the back. The best part is leading him from my tailbone and down the back of a thong, between my legs and then up the front again. I think it drives him as crazy as it does me."

TAKE IT EASY, COWBOY

Jill, 30: "The worst, which seems to have happened to me a few too many times, is when I'm feeling safe and certain that I want to have sex. The minute I take my skirt or pants off, the guy immediately reaches for his wallet or goes running to the bathroom for condoms. Once I was going for this guy's boxers and he leaps up, runs to the stereo and goes rifling through his CD collection. He said he just had to find *Sister Christian*. He put it on, then disappeared into the bathroom for, like, five minutes. He came out with just a condom on, grinning. And there I was, listening to Night Ranger and giggling. I was completely not in the mood and ended up leaving."

KNOW THE PRICE OF SHOCK VALUE

Dan, 29: "There was this one ridiculously good-looking girl I dated who had some kind of sexual embolism. Or maybe she had a mental chastity belt that prevented her from taking her damn panties off. I tried cajoling her, cleverly stoking her guilt in a hundred different ways, pleading, begging, but if my hand got within three inches of her panties she'd leap like a jackrabbit. One horny night I'm dry-humping her and just aching for it. So I roll off her, take my boxers off and ask her, 'Honey, have you ever watched a grown man masturbate?' She looks at me like I'd just told her a few decades with a Thighmaster would

make her fit for public viewing. So I start to beat off, mad as hell. Thirty seconds later, in some kind of weird vengeful trance, she's riding my cock with the most unreal energy. Of course, I never talked to her again."

Deanna, 30: "I tell men to rip my panties off, and not just some meek tearing-the-strap shit. I've been into it ever since this one guy took the back of my thong in his fist and with one clean powerful jerk snapped it off—I loved his strength, and the balls it took to just do it. Yeah, I'm basically asking for a wedgie, but I'm so ready to fuck after a guy does that."

RISE TO THE CHALLENGE

Lauren, 29: "Every girl loves it when a guy gets hard in her hand. Making a man's cock go from a soft, mushy mass to this thick, stiff, pulsing thing is the greatest feeling for me, especially when I do it through his pants. I'll let his cock chill out for a few minutes, then start stroking it with my fingertips and my nails, then wrap my hand all the way around and start pumping away. When I begin to feel it throb, my other hand is already taking my panties off."

BE THE IRON CHEF

Stefan, 26: "Every time I have a third date I invite the girl over to my place and make her what my friends now call Chicken Take-Her-Pants-Off. It's basically chicken marsala with rice. Saffron rice. It hasn't failed yet, and, no, I'm not quite ready to reveal my secret ingredient."

MASSAGE HER

Alexandra, 25: "I was playing War one night in college with a close guy friend of mine and after a while we started tickling whoever lost. That turned into a little innocent kissing and pawing, and that's all I thought—what I think we both thought—was going to happen. He gave these amazing back massages, so I asked him to give me one before I went to bed. But the difference this time—what got me so hot—was his hand-massage technique. He would rub one finger from top to bottom, then stroke my palm, then another finger, and so on. By the time he was done with that I was already quivering. But then he lifted my top really slowly and reached under and rubbed my nipples really softly for about five seconds. I could feel his hard-on through his sweatpants. Well, I just couldn't take it anymore, so I turned over, unbuttoned my jeans and begged him to get inside me."

SIMULATE THE EXPERIENCE

Anne, 26: "We were on the second date and I was (continued on page 162)

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



Bolt From the Blue

Who'd have thought a Volvo would be one of the socko machines at the Paris Motor Show 2000? Pictured above is the company's four-wheel-drive Performance Concept Car which provides a hint at what Volvo might put on the pavement somewhere down the line. Under its Laser Blue skin is a powerful five-cylinder, 300-horsepower engine coupled to a six-speed gearbox. Push buttons give you a choice of three suspension modes (comfort, sport and advanced sport), and a sophisticated microprocessor "reads" the road to maximize driver control. The interior features polished leather seats and an instrument panel surrounded by Nubuck suede trim. How Swede it is.

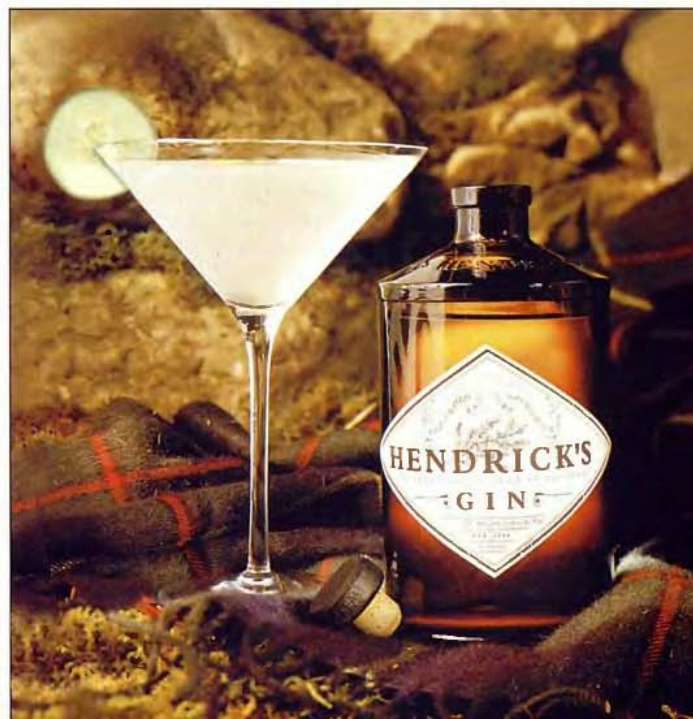
Best Seats in the House

A big-screen HDTV and speakers galore don't make for a total audio-video experience. To complete the picture, you need the kind of comfortable seating found in luxury theaters. Below is Leather Center's Washington, a recliner for two with dual drink holders. Price: \$4436. Other models in the company's home theater line range from a single chair (\$1750) to a triple-seater in top-grain leather with power seats (about \$15,000). The Washington and other seating systems aren't available at Leather Center retail stores. Custom entertainment-center installers and select audio-video dealers sell the chairs.



Try a Drop o' This, Laddie

The marketing slogan "a most peculiar gin" doesn't begin to describe Hendrick's, an 88-proof small-batch liquor from Scotland that is infused with coriander, juniper, citrus peel, rose petals and cucumber (the taste of the roses and the cucumber is pronounced). While having a glass, go to a peculiar website, cucumbergin.com, and watch prancing cucumbers leap into a bottle of Hendrick's. Price: about \$28.



MANTRACK



Wok Like a Man

If you like Chinese food but are daunted by the prospect of cooking it at home, *Everyday Chinese Cooking* by restaurateur Leeann Chin and Katie Chin (Clarkson Potter) is a book you'll appreciate. Its premise is that you don't have to be distracted by exotic ingredients, special equipment or a substantial commitment of time. The Chins provide more than 150 easy recipes along with serving suggestions and ingredient substitutions that reinforce the notion that Chinese cooking can be healthful, simple and stressless. Their stir-fried Asian eggplant and salmon with tofu (above) prove the point.



Clothesline: David Boreanaz and J. August Richards

David Boreanaz (left), who plays a good-guy vampire on the TV series *Angel*, says he likes suits by Armani, Valentino, Hugo Boss and especially Helmut Lang, "because his styles are modern and edgy and have a great cut that fits me well." New York, Dublin and Chicago are Boreanaz' favorite

cities in which to shop and hang out. His favorite item of apparel? "A scarf from my sister Bo because of its personal value." J. August Richards (right), who plays a streetwise renegade vampire hunter on the show, says his personal style is two parts designer and one part thrift shop. "Mix vintage with designer and an ensemble looks expensive but is also personal and fresh." Richards loves to wear both Donna Karan and Dolce and Gabbana suits but says, "I put my own stamp on them with a flashy shirt and funky-ass shoes. If your stylist dresses you, it's not you."



Guys Are Talking About ...

The return of Vespa. The icon of Italian style that whisked Audrey Hepburn down cobblestone streets in *Roman Holiday* is back in the States after a 15-year hiatus. Two models are available: the 2000 ET2 (\$2950) and the ET4 (\$3950) shown here. The latter features a four-stroke, 150cc engine that will get the little bugger up to 70 mph. The instrument pad (inset) has a wonderful retro look. • **"Smart" tennis racquets.** Although we haven't hit with one yet, Head's new Intelligence Racquets sound like a technological marvel. Embedded in the throat of each racquet is a breakthrough material called Intellifiber, which converts mechanical energy into an electrical response that automatically stiffens the racquet and virtually eliminates vibration. Two models are available, priced at \$325 and \$360. • **Argentine wines.** Some are rough as a gaucho's beard, but not Terrazas de Los Andes 1999 alto cabernet sauvignon, chardonnay and malbec vintages. All are a steal at \$10 each.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

A BONEHEAD'S GUIDE TO FRENCH KISSING

- 1 PRY OPEN HER MOUTH WITH YOUR MOUTH.
- 2 GENTLY TOUCH HER TONGUE WITH YOUR TONGUE.
- 3 CLOSE EYES AND IMAGINE A FIGURE EIGHT OR OTHER PLEASING SHAPE.
- 4 VARYING SPEED AND DIRECTION OF TRAVEL, ROLL YOUR TONGUE AROUND HER TONGUE, USING THE ABOVE SHAPE FOR REFERENCE.
- 5 IF YOUR TEETH SCRAPER AGAINST HER TEETH, EXTRACT TONGUE. RETURN TO NON-EUROPEAN KISSING.



DVD VIDEO PLAYER
 Now watch movies wherever
 you go on our portable,
 highly entertaining DVD
 player with TFT LCD screen.
 The perfect travel
 companion.



CDM 4500
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 gives you direct access
 to the Web. Instantly.
 Constantly. Wirelessly.



CDM 9000
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 tri-mode digital telephone with
 Web browser goes anywhere,
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MOBILE VIDEO
 Play movies and video games
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 Makes long trips seem
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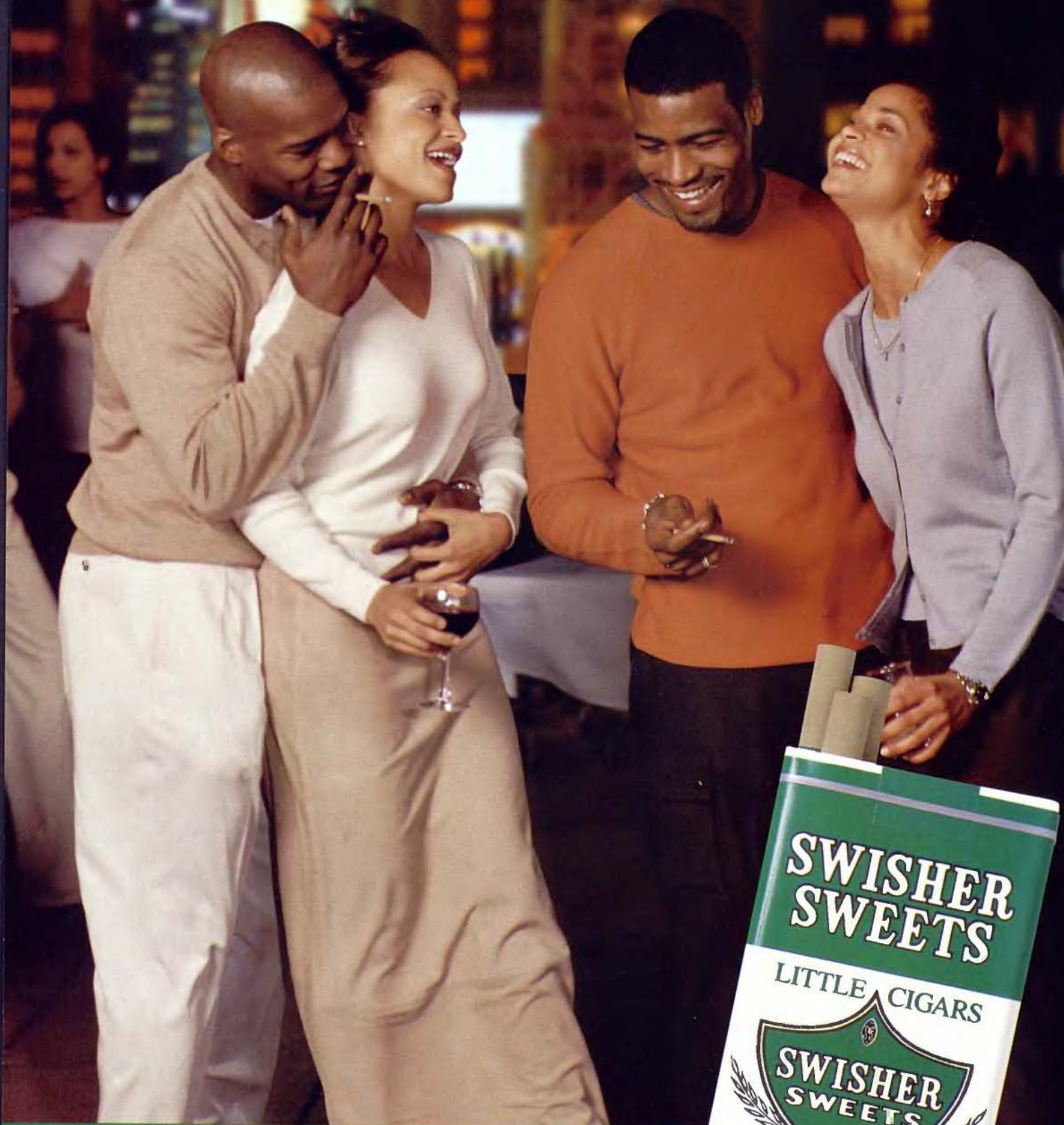
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The Playboy Advisor

Last summer, my shy music-teacher wife shed every extra pound and got a boob job. Yet she still didn't feel confident about how she looked. I suggested that she submit her photos to PLAYBOY, but she had another idea. A friend of mine planned to visit us for the weekend. She asked what I would think if at some time during my friend's stay, she allowed him to see her nude. I said I had no problem with this; the idea turned me on. I figured his reaction would give her confidence a boost. When I brought my friend home from the airport, my wife was in the pool in a teeny, nearly transparent bikini I hadn't known about. My friend, who hadn't seen her in three years, appeared to be in shock. The show continued the next day when she allowed him to catch glimpses of her naked breasts as she sunbathed. That night we all climbed into the hot tub and soon began talking about my wife's new body. There didn't seem to be any problems with her modesty: She scooted up on the edge of the hot tub and removed her bikini top. She and I began to make out and invited my friend to join in. The three of us wound up on the living room floor. My wife had never allowed me to come in her mouth but now swallowed from both of us. Later she asked to be "double fucked" with me in her vagina and my friend in her ass. She kept screaming, "Fuck me!" I was blown away; I had never seen this side of her. The next morning she asked if she could take my friend to catch his plane home. She returned horny as hell and we had a fantastic day of sex. She later told me she had given my friend "the blow job of his life" in the airport parking lot. This may sound stupid, but I'm wondering if I should feel jealous. Also, my wife was vocal and frantic during our threesome. I want that every night, but it hasn't happened since. She says the situation was a total loss of control on her part, and that she would be embarrassed otherwise. How can I unleash the wild woman again?—R.T., Seattle, Washington

You're overlooking the larger problem: How are you going to keep her? If you listen closely, you'll hear what she's saying: "I'm the new me, but you're the old you." She lost weight, felt the stares of other men and realized how bored she had become. That puts you at a disadvantage, but the situation is not hopeless. First, recognize that you could tell her 50 times a day that she's irresistible and it wouldn't have the same effect as one stranger winking at her. She's ready to explore, and standard sex from hubby isn't going to hack it, especially as her confidence grows. You have to show her it's worthwhile to stick around. Get wild yourself: Introduce



fun sex toys, blindfold her, eat dessert off her body, massage her, make love to her on the hood of the car. Love her like she's not yours. If you don't, your wife may again blow another guy at the airport—then get on the plane with him.

I cut my face during a game of roller hockey. A teammate said I could finish the game because I had 24 hours to get the cut stitched. Any truth to that?—T.M., Buffalo, New York

None. You don't need to rush to the hospital in a panic, but you should get medical attention as soon as possible. Each passing hour increases the risk of infection and scarring. Dr. Stephen Rice, director of the Jersey Shore Sports Medicine Center in Neptune, New Jersey, recommends staying in the game only if you can clean the wound, bring its ends together and stop the bleeding. That's important because you may unknowingly carry hepatitis or another blood-borne disease, which would put others at risk. We have another suggestion: a helmet with a cage guard.

My boyfriend kept pushing me to try anal sex. I finally gave in and it was more painful than giving birth. I started to scream, but he wouldn't stop. When he finally did, he told me I wasn't experimental enough, and that that made me much less sexy to him. He said if I wouldn't do it he would move on to someone who would. What should I do? Try again? My girlfriends tell me it isn't that bad.—R.T., Brooklyn, New York

Your girlfriends aren't dating morons. Tell your boyfriend to move on. Then find a lover who knows the difference between an experi-

ment and an assault. If you haven't been turned off completely to anal sex, work your way up to full penetration with lots of lubrication and smaller objects like fingers and butt plugs.

What's the best way to get rid of the runner in a cigar?—P.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When a cigar burns faster on one side than the other, it's generally a lost cause. Tunneling occurs because of poor fermentation of the leaf, a natural flaw in the cigar or improper rolling. You can try to recut above the run, but a cigar that has already been lit never tastes as good the second time around.

I had my nipples pierced last year and now would like to get my penis done. I've settled on a Prince Albert, which, as you know, is a ring that enters the opening of the urethra and exits in the center of the V formed by the glans on the underside of the penis. I figure I can't go wrong with a permanent G spot tickler and added stimulation for the most sensitive part of my cock. Is there anything I should know before I have it done? Also, where did the Prince Albert get its name?—T.R., Reno, Nevada

Having someone punch a hole through your penis takes a special sort of faith. Readers tell us that besides the physical sensations, the best thing about having your penis pierced is walking around knowing you have a pierced penis. The Prince Albert is the most common penile piercing, and should be the least painful. You'll bleed for anywhere from one to four days, particularly at night when you have involuntary erections. It takes about eight weeks for the wound to heal and as long as 10 months before you can remove the jewelry. You can attempt intercourse after the first few weeks, but proceed cautiously and keep everything sparkly clean (even healed piercings can create tiny tears in the skin that allow STDs a foothold). Use plenty of lube on the inside and outside of a condom with an extraroomy head to cover the jewelry. Oral sex presents its own challenges: Penis jewelry has been known to chip teeth. So don't rush her. The PA can stimulate the G spot during doggy style, but if she prefers other positions you might consider an apadravya, or vertical bar through the glans. Some men also pierce their frenums, coronas and/or scrotums. One step at a time.

As for the origin of the Prince Albert, the legend owes much to Doug Malloy, a modern primitive who in the Seventies attempted to romanticize body art by giving it a colorful history. Malloy claimed that an English fashion maven pioneered the piercing during the early 19th century to allow gentlemen to strap their penises against their legs

and avoid an unsightly bulge. A generation later, Prince Albert supposedly had it done to keep his foreskin retracted and his penis "sweet smelling" for Queen Victoria. The only piercings that have verifiable histories are the *apadravya* (mentioned in the *Kama Sutra*) and the *ampallang* (a horizontal bar that got its start in Borneo).

I found myself in an uncomfortable situation on a business trip to Los Angeles. When the limo driver dropped me at the airport, I realized I had only two singles. I wasn't sure what to do. Should I have offered him the two bucks with an apology? Instead, I shook his hand and thanked him. Now I feel like a schmuck.—K.T., Chicago, Illinois

If you find yourself short of cash, apologize and ask for his card. Then send a thank-you note with a tip. Copy his boss. That way you're a schmuck only if you don't follow through.

My wife and I are swingers. We want to have a child, but I'm concerned. Is there a time frame during which a fertilized egg would be in danger from another man's sperm in the event that a condom broke?—R.T., Orlando, Florida

Once the egg is fertilized, there's no risk of anyone else's becoming the father. If a condom breaks before your wife is pregnant, things could get interesting. In his book *Sperm Wars*, evolutionary biologist Robin Baker describes what happens when two (or more) men ejaculate in a fertile woman over a short period of time. Over the course of days, the armies of sperm battle for control of the path to her womb. Of the 300 million sperm unleashed by the average ejaculation, 99.8 percent are killers or blockers designed to assist an elite team of fertilizer sperm. The blockers keep stragglers from reaching the egg; the killers poison any sperm produced by another guy. The battle rages even if the armies arrive days apart, although by then most of the first guy's troops have died or weakened enough that it's a lopsided battle. Unfortunately, the good guys don't always win. Studies indicate that, because of sperm wars and/or deception, 10 percent of children born worldwide are not sired by the men who believe they're the father—and that some additional percentage are conceived this way but miscarried or aborted. Once in a while there's a draw: By one estimate, at least one of every 400 sets of fraternal twins have different fathers.

My girlfriend is five feet tall and I'm 6'3", so it makes it difficult to 69, though we'd like to be able to do it. Do you have any suggestions as to how we could pull this off?—B.T., Baltimore, Maryland

We take it she's not interested, or you wouldn't have written. Most couples of disparate height find that, with minor adjustments, every position works. That's because, as a 5'4" lover once told the 6'5" *Advisor*, "We're all the same size in bed." (She proved

her point admirably.) Ralph Keyes concluded the same after interviewing hundreds of tall and short Americans for his book *The Height of Your Life*. "As is apparent in any room full of seated bodies, height variation above the hips isn't nearly as great as that below," Keyes noted. "With rare exceptions, the only real difference in sex between couples whose height isn't matched and those whose is is that their toes don't touch when they make love lying down."

Recently I talked my father out of two bottles of Crown Royal distilled in 1957. Do these bottles have any value that should give me pause before I crack one open for a special occasion?—G.M., Lynnwood, Washington

Because it's mass-produced, even Crown Royal bottled nearly 50 years ago has mostly sentimental value. John Hansell of *Malt Advocate Magazine* (whiskeypages.com) suggests you sip it with your father while toasting his generosity. Rather than blended Canadian whiskeys, collectors search almost exclusively for single-malt scotch produced in limited quantities by respected distilleries (blended whiskeys generally need to be at least 80 years old to get a second look). A bottle of vintage Macallan from 1938, 1940 or 1950, for example, can be worth \$1000. Both Hansell and David Wainwright, who appraises whiskeys for Christie's, mentioned an elusive single-malt scotch produced by the now-defunct Ladyburn distillery. Hansell bought a bottle for \$23 at a Manhattan wine-shop in the Eighties that he sold last year for \$2000; a Christie's client from Scotland won hers in a raffle. Another client purchased a bottle at a shop in Spain, asked Wainwright what it might be worth, then flew back to buy the seven others.

Ever since I was a child, I have fixated on women in cars that won't start. I suppose you could call this a fetish, because it gets me incredibly turned on. Have you ever heard of such a thing?—A.K., Harrisonburg, Virginia

Can't say we have, but nothing surprises us anymore. One way to discover if you're unique is to create a website devoted to your interest, get it listed at Yahoo, and wait for the e-mail that begins, "I thought I was the only one. . . ." In the meantime, we don't recommend that you work as a mechanic.

My girlfriend loves oral sex. The problem is that she won't stop, even after I come. I usually have to make up an excuse to get her to quit (my aching back, my leg is asleep, etc.). Do you have any suggestions to bring the festivities to a close without hurting her feelings or lying about it? Things get painful after a while.—G.H., Baltimore, Maryland

One of life's exquisite pleasures is a woman who extends one blow job into two or three. She watches her man come and hears a starter's pistol. If it hurts, tell your girlfriend to slow down. She needs to know that

your penis is extrasensitive following ejaculation, which should make sense, since she's just as sensitive following her own orgasms. If you want a woman to stop sucking your penis (egad—did we just write that?), give her something else to do. Tell her, "I'm so turned on; let's make love," or "Your turn," or "Come up here and kiss me." In the meantime, remember: A few haunted souls can't get blown even once, and right now they hate your guts.

As a man in his mid-70s, I'm troubled when I read that we "older" people presumably have reduced sex lives. Growing older has its advantages. In our mid-50s, my wife and I went from having sex three weeks out of the month to four weeks—no more blackout periods. When all the kids had moved out, my wife and I had complete control of the house for any and all activities 24 hours a day. Two years ago I agreed to my wife's suggestion that every night was a bit of a strain. So we do it every other night, with the exception of special events such as Father's Day. You may wonder what keeps our interest so high. Good health, good diet, vitamins and hot fantasies. Adult movies also help. So never assume that us older types aren't enjoying sex to the fullest.—R.H., Litchfield, Connecticut

Who's assuming? The *Advisor* often hears from readers of an advanced age (i.e., older than us), and they seem to know what they're doing. In one survey of singles over 70, two thirds reported being sexually active. In another study of healthy 80- to 102-year-olds, half said sex was at least as interesting and important to them as when they were younger. You'll enjoy a new anthology edited by Joani Blank called *Still Doing It: Women and Men Over 60 Write About Their Sexuality*. While sex later in life may not be as frequent or intense, Blank's contributors show that it's often more tender, satisfying and kinky. Many people come to realize, usually by necessity, that sex can occur even when a penis doesn't get hard, a vagina doesn't get wet, and no one reaches climax. Speaking of aging, we were startled by the title of another book that recently crossed our desk: *Great Sex After 40. Is it that time already?*

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 via playboyadvisor.com, which includes a database of past columns. The *Advisor's* latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



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INDECENT LEISURE

should a sexy website be grounds for dismissal?

Herbert and Tammy Robinson of Polk County, Florida thought they'd found the perfect way to earn extra money. In 1997 they started charging adults \$30 a year to access naked photos of Tammy on becca.lynn.com.

In January 1999 they received an anonymous e-mail from someone who threatened to make the couple watch as he raped and killed their children. The Robinsons immediately telephoned the FBI and the Polk County Sheriff's office. When Deputy Charles Gates Jr. arrived at their home, he downloaded 60 photos of Tammy from the couple's computer. Instead of investigating the e-mail threat, Gates showed 10 of the images to a judge, who decided they violated local standards of decency.

The police seized Tammy and Herbert's computer, their children's computers, sex toys, pornos, all of Tammy's clothing, family vacation videos and even a video of their daughter's birth.

One day after the couple posted bail, Herbert Robinson was fired from his job at Publix, a supermarket, where he'd worked in the stockroom for years.

George and Tracy Miller, a married couple, worked as critical-care nurses at Scottsdale Health-Care Osborn, an Arizona hospital. During their spare time the couple operated a sexually explicit website which charged 22,000 members \$14.95 a month to watch them have sex. The site also included photographs of Tracy Miller, a.k.a. Dakota Rae, posing seductively in a nurse's uniform.

By June 1999 word of the website had spread throughout the hospital. (About 150 of the Millers' co-workers subscribed to the site in one month alone.) In July, Scottsdale HealthCare Osborn told the Millers that because of the website, they were not to come to work until further notice. A hospital spokesperson warned that the Millers could be disciplined for engaging in "immoral or indecent conduct while on or off duty."

In August the Millers were fired. Administrators claimed the Millers

were terminated not because of the website but because they tried to recruit co-workers to appear on the site, which they allege created "a hostile or offensive working environment."

The Millers denied that they ever asked co-workers to disrobe for the camera. Their attorney, Lawrence Walters, who also represents the Robinsons, says that the employees who supposedly accused the Millers of sexual harassment were never identified. He contends that the hospital used its sexual harassment policy as a smoke screen to make a moral judgment on the couple's private life. Last

off the web. Gesellschaft was immediately fired.

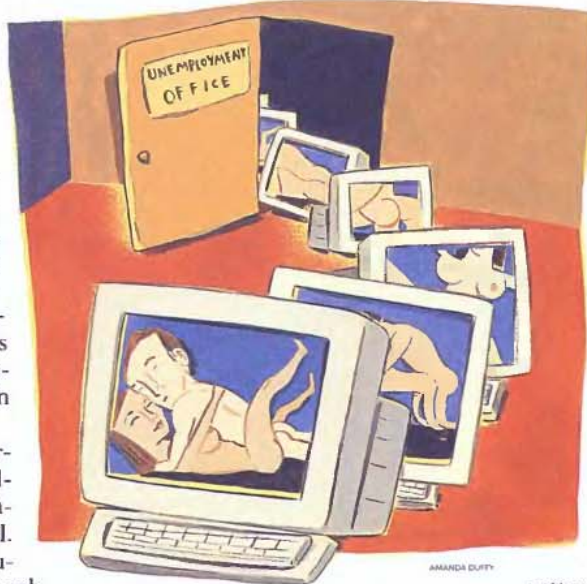
Kurt Mingledorff is an optometrist in Pensacola, Florida. During his leisure time, he operates sexyoffice.com, a site where women, in various states of undress, act out a range of fantasies. The women are not patients or employees of Mingledorff's optometry business. Instead, they are models whom Mingledorff pays to pose in his office after it has closed for the day.

Local law enforcement officials found nothing illegal about the website or Mingledorff's conduct. But after reading an article in the *Pensacola News Journal* about the website, Vision Service Plan, an eye-care insurance company, terminated his contract. According to Terry Daugherty, director of VSP's provider networks, Mingledorff's website was "inconsistent with VSP's standard of professionalism."

No patient or employee ever filed a complaint against him, he never mentioned his website to clients and he never asked his patients or employees to model.

During the late Eighties, in an effort to curb rising health care costs, companies began spying on their employees, firing those who smoked cigarettes during their leisure time. While smokers are now protected from termination in 30 states, it is legal for private companies to fire employees for almost any other reason, including an employee's after-hours online activities.

Government employees are spared similar indignities. In 1998, a school board administrator in the Midwest started an amateur nude modeling site. When county officials discovered her hobby, they issued an ultimatum—dismantle the site or lose her job. Her lawyer sent a letter reminding the county that the First Amendment protects government workers from this sort of threat. The officials immediately backed down. It's too bad that all American citizens don't enjoy that same benefit.



year the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission ruled that the Millers could sue the hospital for wrongful termination.

In 1998 Wendy Gesellschaft, a counselor for children with behavioral problems, stumbled upon her husband surfing through porn sites. Hoping to fulfill his fantasies, she posted naked photos of herself on bettysbabes.com. A year later, she was called into her supervisor's office at the Community Intervention and Research Center in Panama City, Florida. Her supervisor held a naked photo of Gesellschaft, which someone at the research center had downloaded

By **PATTY LAMBERTI**

THE MAN WHO READ PLAYBOY

j. edgar hoover's secret obsession

Last fall, using the Freedom of Information Act, the Internet site APBnews.com secured 213 pages of FBI documents related to PLAYBOY. It appears that the magazine was the object of more than a decade of scrutiny by the nation's top G-men.

In December 1962, publisher Hugh M. Hefner had undertaken a project he called the Playboy Philosophy. In the third installment, Hef criticized J. Edgar Hoover's stance on pornography, charging that the FBI director used an antismut crusade to cover up his agency's failure in the fight against organized crime. Apparently Hoover was more concerned with morals than with mafiosi.

Shown the article by an assistant, Hoover sent a note: "What do we know of H.M. Hefner?" The hunt was on.

The task of monitoring PLAYBOY fell to an agent named Milton Jones. Jones regularly sent a summary of the magazine's content to his supervisor, Cartha "Deke" DeLoach. Contacted by APBnews, DeLoach recalled that Jones was a church deacon, "a somber, strait-laced individual who had the same thing for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day of his life."

Jones took the assignment just as Hefner began publishing the Playboy Philosophy, his attempt to spell out the magazine's guiding principles and edi-

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

torial credo. In one of his first reports, Jones notes that the February 1963 article was the "third part of a series of four articles." Had he only known. The Philosophy would eventually expand to 25 installments.

The March 1963 issue almost made a convert of Jones.

"Hefner's editorial comments begin on page 55 and in general deal with the Puritanism attitude, which he claims exists in America today," Jones reported. "Hefner classifies this attitude as 'stultifying to the mind of man as communism, or any totalitarian concept. Hefner skillfully weaves historical occasions with regard to the rights of man into the article while attempting to prove his basic claim that security and conformity stifle the initiative of this country. He sets forth his belief that our nation's founders established the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights to ensure not only the freedom of religion but also freedom from religion."

Jones notes that there is no mention of the FBI in Hef's editorial, though the cartoon strip *Little Annie Fanny* caricatured Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. He warns his supervisor that because of the positive reader response to the Playboy Philosophy, Hefner expects to continue his editorial for sever-

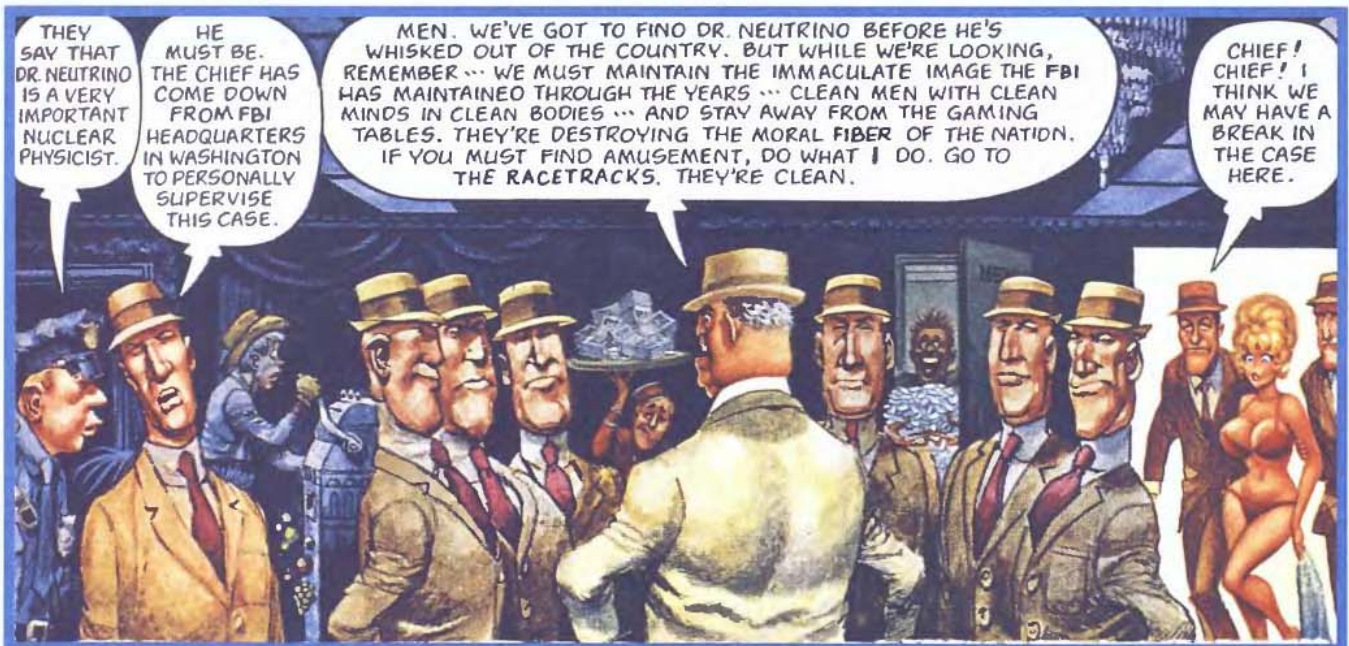
al more issues to permit a fuller exploration of "Puritanism's effect on sexual behavior, censorship, birth control, abortion and PLAYBOY's sometimes misunderstood attitude toward women."

In May 1963, Hefner targeted the threat of creeping censorship: "Sexual freedom," he wrote, "only grows naturally in a free society. Totalitarianism is more apt to beget sexual exploitation, prostitution and perversion."

Hefner quoted two articles written by Hoover (*Let's Wipe Out the Schoolyard Sex Racket* and *The Fight Against Filth*) that had been widely reprinted in the mass media. Jones whined that Hefner had taken the director's statements out of context.

From that moment on, Jones' reviews of PLAYBOY took on the flavor of an enemies list. Forget skillful weaving. Jones now reviewed the "rabid ramblings of Hefner." Perhaps we were naive, or simply irreverent. But at the same time Jones was dissing the magazine, PLAYBOY's editors courted his boss. The magazine offered J. Edgar Hoover a VIP key to the recently opened Playboy clubs, but explained he would have to pay cash. The director ignored the offer, as he did invitations to respond in print to articles on sex and censorship.

Several of Agent Jones' memorandums detail Hefner's 1963 arrest for



the publication of nude photographs of Jayne Mansfield. Jones recounts Hefner's defense, noting that he "flaunts his disrespect for the Chicago authorities." In passing he notes that the magazine includes an article titled *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, by Lenny Bruce, "a very controversial and foul-mouthed so-called comedian."

The January 1965 *Playboy Interview* with Martin Luther King elicited this response from Jones: "The entire article is typical King double-talk and is another classic example of the unbounded duplicity of this false prophet." After reading the June 1965 interview with Melvin Belli, Jones commented, "This two-bit Barnum and Bailey barrister grossly distorts the role of the FBI in law enforcement and continues, through his excesses, to display the baseness of his character. To do anything but ignore him would play into his hands and provide him with more of the publicity he seeks. This is another case where the director and the bureau can well be proud of their enemies." The memorandum is classified top secret. Even more chilling is Jones' casual aside that the contents of a panel discussion involving activists and campus leaders had been referred to the Domestic Intelligence Section.

Jones began to flex, to pump up the prose. He was perturbed by the magazine's "smart-aleck" tone. Its editors were "moral degenerates who publish this high-priced trash." The agent warned: "They would probably like nothing more than to entice the bureau into a verbal tiff over their scurrilous writings. Ignoring these garbage collectors appears to be the best means of putting their rantings into proper perspective."

Of special concern to Jones was the continuing *Little Annie Fanny* series. "This highly satirical strip attempts to poke fun at the director and the bureau's well-established reputation for loyalty, patriotism and high moral behavior. Its ridiculous exaggerations indirectly compliment the character and ideals of the FBI. Typical of the college humor tone of irreverence so flagrant in this article is the gross disrespect shown for the American flag." Part of the memorandum is blacked out but suggests that the FBI investigated one or both of the strip's creators, Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder.

An interview with Art Buchwald in the April 1965 issue caused Jones great

concern. In it, Buchwald joked that there were so many FBI informers in the Communist Party that "someday soon J. Edgar Hoover will be elected chairman of the American Communist Party." He also said, "You're allowed to make fun of the FBI because they have such a good sense of humor. They never get upset when you make fun of them. You may get a call from two FBI agents in the morning after the column appears, at three o'clock, but it is always a friendly call. It is the one organization in Washington that doesn't mind being laughed at."

A parody of folk music in the Febru-



ary 1965 issue of *PLAYBOY* mentioned that Twang Furty had recorded the song *The Ballad of J. Edgar Hoover*, sung to the tune of *We Shall Overcome*, for "Scratchy Records." Jones, evidently missing the joke, notes that bureau files contain no information pertaining either to the song or to Scratchy Records. "This is obviously a parody of a folk record ad and is typical of the overall makeup of this self-proclaimed publication of sophisticates."

Jones continued his one-man vigil for most of the decade, even when the magazine carried no mention of the director or the bureau. Again and again, he summarized *PLAYBOY* with a single sentence: "This magazine included a wide variety of photographs and cartoons dealing with nude and seminude

men and women."

The files also contain letters of complaint from concerned citizens. One missive, written on the stationery of the El Rancho Craig Motel in Craig, Colorado, enclosed a cartoon the writer thought endorsed the "Rather be pink than extinct" attitude. Hoover responded to each citizen that, although he couldn't share details of bureau investigations, he was on the case.

The files contain a copy of the *Congressional Record* of June 12, 1971. On that date Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana read into the record an excerpt from the *Playboy Interview* with George McGovern:

PLAYBOY: Another of the items at the top of your presidential agenda, you said some time ago, would be the dismissal of J. Edgar Hoover from the FBI. Do you feel he's outlived his usefulness?

MCGOVERN: I don't think any man ought to be permitted ever again to hold the top job in the Federal Bureau of Investigation over a long period of time, as Hoover has. Hoover should have resigned 25 years ago. He has become paranoid. In that sense, he is not only a menace to citizens but also a chief obstacle to proper law enforcement. The FBI's own documents show clearly how widespread is the intrusion of the FBI into the private lives of ordinary Americans. I've had colleagues come up and say, almost in terror, "Aren't you afraid Hoover is going to spill your file to some newsman?" It's a terrible thing to be faced with that kind of situation. You shouldn't have to live in fear of J. Edgar Hoover.

He ought to be accountable to us, not the other way around.

Jones avoided direct confrontation with the magazine's editors, but a single memo reveals the power of a whispered remark. In one of his last summaries, Jones reveals that the February 1972 issue contained the article *Big Brother Watching You? See Sam Ervin*, as well as mention of attempts by the ACLU to halt the FBI's unconstitutional surveillance and intimidation of peaceful political groups. And then he offers this gem: "In a pictorial entitled *Angel* concerning actress Angel Tompkins, it is stated that she has appeared in the TV show *The FBI*. It is noted that the production staff has been advised that she is not to be used in any future programs in *The FBI* series."

SPY SOFTWARE

When we developed Spector, our software designed to secretly monitor a person's online activity, we had two specific markets in mind: parents who are concerned about protecting their children online and employers trying to manage Internet surfing at work ("Snoopware" by James R. Petersen, *The Playboy Forum*, November). It never occurred to us that Spector would be used by suspicious spouses. When we received our first letter from a customer who had used Spector to catch her fiancé chatting with several women a day, we considered it a fringe use of our product.

Most of the people who purchase Spector for the purposes of recording their spouse's online activity do so because they have strong suspicions that their mate is cheating on them. We constantly hear from women (and men) who have been lied to for years and have finally gotten to the truth and been able to move on with their lives.

The Internet has made it far too easy to stray. Go into almost any chat room at midnight, and you'll find that regardless of the room's purpose, the discussion is about sex and finding a partner for a real-world encounter or phone sex. If Spector serves as a deterrent to this kind of activity, that's a big plus.

Doug Fowler, president
SpectorSoft.com
Vero Beach, Florida

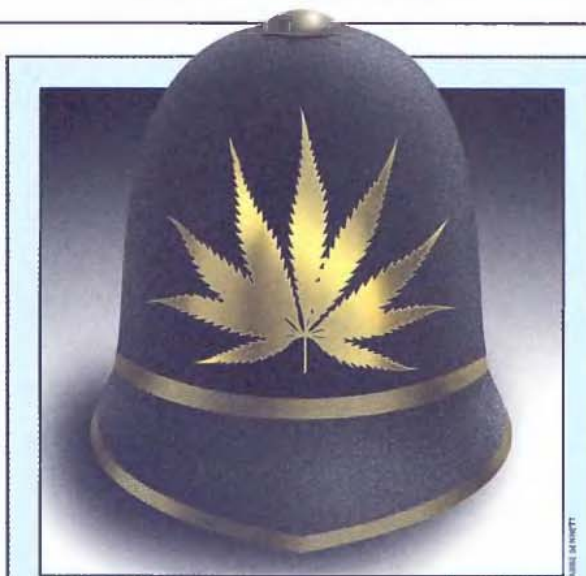
Snoopware is too Big Brotherish. For \$89.95, my company could, if it wanted to, watch my online habits. Because I do my banking and stock-portfolio watching online, my supervisors can see my bank balance or my stock holdings. That's none of their business.

Scott Friedman
Ocean City, New Jersey

*To which your supervisors might respond:
Why are you doing your banking and checking your stocks at work?*

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

In "Deciding Factor" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), James R. Petersen's



FOR THE RECORD

GOOD COPS, BAD LAWS

"Our conclusion is that the present law on cannabis produces more harm than it prevents. It is very expensive for the criminal justice system and for the police. It inevitably bears more heavily on young people in the streets of inner cities, who are also more likely to be from minority ethnic communities. It criminalizes large numbers of otherwise law-abiding, mainly young, people to the detriment of their futures. It has become a proxy for the control of public order, and it inhibits accurate education about the relative risks of different drugs, including the risks of cannabis itself."

—From a report released in April by the Police Foundation, a UK think tank headed by Prince Charles. The report, compiled over two years by a group of police officers, academics and politicians, called on the British government to eliminate jail sentences for possession of drugs such as marijuana, LSD and ecstasy.

message seems to be: There are only two presidential candidates to vote for in November, and neither of them is a good choice. I agree that the Democratic and Republican Party candidates made many voters just want to give up. But there were other parties to choose from: the Libertarians, the Green Party, the Reform Party and the Natural Law Party. Petersen made the same mistake in his article as the organizers of our national election: He didn't invite enough parties to the debate.

Sean Epperson
Seattle, Washington

THE DEA MUSEUM

Dave Nuttycombe refers to the new DEA museum as a celebration of antifreedom ("Bad Trip," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Yet what freedom guarantees any American the right to commit crimes to support drug habits, create an illegal industry that causes widespread death and use the desperation of the poor and the naivete of youth to distribute poisons?

As bad as things got in the Eighties and Nineties, I can't imagine how terrible the situation would have been without special intervention.

And while the DEA museum doesn't have a memorial wall for innocent people killed by police in drug raids, neither does it have a wall for the other victims of drug abuse: people who have overdosed, innocents killed in shoot-outs between dealers, families whose homes have been burglarized by addicts, and children born with drugs in their systems.

Scott Jenkins
Leesburg, Georgia

RECLAIMING VIRGINITY

Patty Lamberti's review of three books that suggest some women should embrace celibacy to improve their lives is not fair ("A Man's Worst Nightmare," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Nowhere in *Sensual Celibacy* does Donna Marie Schroeder slam or demean men. If you don't believe me, read Chapter 10, "Give Men the Benefit of the Doubt."

Sex is more than fucking for some people. Those who seek a different path should not be made fun of.

Beth Hartford-DeRoos
Tracy, California

WHY I'M NOT AN ANARCHIST

In "Why I'm an Anarchist" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), Fred Woodworth implies that society should eliminate all governments. His reasoning is absurd. Anarchy would preclude banking, currency, property rights, capital formation and commerce. An anarchist society would force us all to become

R E S P O N S E

hunter-gatherers. Would this necessarily make the world a better place?

Woodworth's complaints against the government are valid. We must accept that this is the price of democracy. People speak in favor of less government regulation until their Firestones blow; then they demand more. The real answer is to expect less of the government and expect more of individuals.

Thom Wright
Albuquerque, New Mexico

DR. LAURA'S BIBLE

You've probably seen this humorous letter, as it has circulated for a few months on the Internet and even been recited in part as dialogue on *The West Wing*, but I thought I'd send it along for your amusement. It's addressed to talk-show host Laura Schlessinger, who has claimed that gays are "deviants" and "biological errors":

"Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your show and I try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind him that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination. End of debate. I do need some advice, however, regarding some of the specific laws and how to follow them.

"(1) When I burn a bull as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odor for the Lord (Lev. 1:9). The problem is, my neighbors claim the odor is not pleasing. Should I smite them?

"(2) I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?

"(3) I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanness (Lev. 15:19-24). The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offense.

"(4) Lev. 25:44 states that I may indeed possess slaves, provided they are purchased from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims this applies to Mexicans but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?

"(5) I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2 clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him?

"(6) A friend feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination (Lev.

11:10), it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. Can you settle this?

"(7) Lev. 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there wiggle room?

"(8) Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev. 19:27. How should they die?

"(9) I know from Lev. 11:7-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?

"(10) My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev. 19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton-poly-

ester blend). Is it necessary to get the whole town together to stone them (Lev. 24: 10-16)? Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws (Lev. 20:14)?

"I know that you have studied this, so I am confident you can help. Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging."

John Simmons
Atlanta, Georgia

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

FORUM F.Y.I.



Peek (Arena Editions) presents 125 photographs from the Kinsey Institute's private collection of erotic art. Composed of both amateur and professional images taken during the past 120 years, the bedside-table book collects photos that are titillating, scientific or, in some cases, downright odd.



THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY VII

yet another round of whiners and gripers



It's been a while. Did you miss us? In this, the seventh installment of our roundup of finger-pointers, we again examine the culture of not-my-faultism. We were disappointed, as always, to find it thriving. Following the massacre at Columbine, more than half of Americans polled said the Internet should share responsibility for the killings. Dylan Klebold's parents blamed school officials for not stopping Eric Harris, who, unlike their choirboy son, appeared to have violent tendencies. In Las Vegas, a glimmer of hope: Jeremy Strohmeier, convicted of molesting and strangling a seven-year-old girl in a casino bathroom stall, took responsibility. He also spent 30 minutes at his sentencing reciting a list of co-conspirators, including online porn, his ex-girlfriend, drugs, late-night gambling, his biological parents and peer pressure.

We prefer the straightforward approach of coach Mike Ditka, fined \$20,000 by the NFL for making obscene gestures at fans: "I make no excuse for it." Or William Neal, convicted of three murders, who said at his sentencing hearing: "I accept responsibility. If I lose my life, I can live with that." Or the Nevada judges who rejected the pleas of a man who sued a convenience store because he dripped hot coffee on his fingers and leg. "The danger was open and obvious," they ruled. Damn straight.

THE BLAMELESS

Two nine-year-old boys

Mark Trimarco

Scott Krueger

Kelli Moye

Patricia Wells

Charles Ng

Thomas Macnish

Veronica Martin

Lee Williams

Aaron McKinney

Jimmy Watkins

Bert Stone

Ricky Bryen

Sean McGrath

Cynthia Haines

Blaine Gamble

Michael Campbell

Drew Morris

David Strein

Tim Boak

Mary Farnan, Angie Della Vecchia, Frank Amad

Tina Brown

Miriam Santos, Chicago treasurer

Prisoner transport service, North Dakota

Ed O'Rourke

FORUM



THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
Drained piggy banks to buy Pokémon cards but found few rare ones	They wouldn't be rare if you found a lot	Card maker, for operating "illegal gambling enterprise" (sue)
Suffers from what he and his lawyers call "toothbrush abrasion"	Don't brush so hard, dude	Brush makers and American Dental Association, for not warning of risks (sue)
College freshman drank himself to death at fraternity initiation	Tragic lapse of judgment	MIT, which should have babysat (parents settle for \$6 million)
Abandoned newborn daughter in neighbor's yard, where infant froze within hours	Stupid and heartless	Inexperience. Lawyer: Maye didn't realize baby would die in winter cold
Driving drunk and without a license, she crashed a van, killing six children	Wrong ones died	Karma. Wells' mother: "It was the children's time to go"
He and accomplice abducted and murdered 11 people, including children	Major-league sicka	The other guy. Ng says he tortured victims but never thought they'd end up dead
After a hot french fry went down his shirt, he jumped from moving van and injured leg	That's a story for the grandkids	Chrysler, for not including feature that disables van when driver exits (sue)
Burned chin on pickle slice that slipped out of hamburger she was eating	Hot hamburgers contain hot pickles	McDonald's, for serving a "defective" product (sue for \$125,000)
Wayne State University student got forearm tattoo that read VILLIAN	Spelling not required for admission to Wayne State	Tattoo parlor (sue for \$25,000)
Killed Matthew Shepard because Shepard allegedly made a pass at him in a bar	Psychopath	"Gay panic"
Shot wife and her lover, drove away, realized he had more ammo, returned to kill wife	Premeditation	"Sudden passion." Sentenced to 10 years' probation
Stabbed wife 47 times	Some anger there	"Robotic state" induced by wife's badgering him and insulting his penis
Following a traffic altercation, Bryen shot another driver five times	Next time, go around	Gender confusion, which caused temporary insanity (Bryen wore a skirt to court)
Irish tourist crashed rental car in Florida while driving drunk; girlfriend killed	Don't drive drunk	Rental company. Lawyer: It should have known, because Irish are prone to drink
Charged \$70,000 to credit cards to gamble online	Collection agency nightmare	MasterCard and Visa, for not stopping her (sue)
Black man accused of bank robbery	Risky business	"Cultural insanity" brought on by exposure to white racism
Threatened to "finish the job" in e-mail sent to Columbine student	Moron with a mouse	"Internet intoxication"
Suspended by Brandeis University for allegedly plagiarizing term paper	In your own words. . . .	The school, for not telling him how to use footnotes (sue for \$500,000)
Born-again bureaucrat fired for surfing far smut at work	Naughty, naughty	Satan and the porn sites, which wouldn't let him surf away
Legally drunk, he was arrested for impaired driving	Clod	Hypnotist who put him in lingering trance at bar (acquitted)
Each smoked cigarettes for three or more decades and developed cancer	What—they can't read? (package warnings began in 1966)	Tobacco companies (Florida jury awards \$145 billion in class action suit)
Disappointing debut for her magazine <i>Talk</i>	You can't win 'em all	Her staff (which she hired). "Start-ups are not for kids"
Convicted of extorting campaign contributions from city contractors (later overturned)	Extortion? Chicago? What else is new?	That time of month. "I am probably the first woman to go to jail for PMSing"
Child-killer Kyle Bell, serving a life sentence, escapes during transfer	That's not good	Prison officials, who didn't inform service that Bell was an escape risk
Drunk climbs transformer; takes 13,000 volts	That's quite a chaser	Power company and local tavern (sue)

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

COP ROCK

ALTAMONTE SPRINGS, FLORIDA—A 14-year-old girl at a music festival asked two cops to take her camera closer to the stage and snap a photo of the band. The officers



obliged—and added a bonus shot of one cop's penis. The officers said they had been kidding around when one cop lifted the leg of his shorts and the other snapped a photo. Officials suspended both without pay. The local prosecutor declined to charge the officers with indecent exposure, explaining that the girl had not seen an actual penis but only a photo of one.

HALF-BAKED

WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND—Town officials removed a six-foot Mr. Potato Head from the front of city hall following complaints that the figure was racist. Wearing a Hawaiian shirt, sunglasses and a wide grin, the dark brown "Tourist Tater" had been installed as part of a state tourism campaign. The spud had been in place for nearly four months before a photo in the local paper prompted two affirmative action officials to protest. "The only thing missing is the watermelon," said one. The artist says her potato simply has a tan, but the mayor countered, "As long as anyone is offended, we need to take corrective action."

MURDER AND DEATH

NEW YORK—Whatever its proponents say, the death penalty does not deter those

who contemplate murder. According to a study by *The New York Times*, states that don't put convicted killers to death have lower murder rates than those that do. Statistics compiled by the FBI show that homicide rates during the past 20 years have been 48 percent to 101 percent higher in states with the death penalty than in those without. Looking for a safe place to live? The states that don't have capital punishment are Alaska, Hawaii, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

BIRTH RIGHT

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—State law does not allow people of the same sex to marry, but at least two lesbian couples have found a loophole. In 1999 an appeals court ruled in a malpractice suit that a person's sex is determined not by genitalia but by chromosomes. By citing that decision, two couples in which one partner is a male-to-female transsexual received marriage licenses in Bexar County. In both cases, the transsexual partner provided the clerk with a birth certificate showing she had been born male.

PENIS POWER

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—An appeals court threw out the conviction of a man arrested for parading around town in a six-foot cloth-and-papier-mâché penis costume. Joshua Dostis, a professional clown who ran for president as the "Waffles Party" candidate, said he wanted to bring humor to the campaign but that he had been misunderstood. "My intent was never to alarm or affront anyone, especially children. I told them I was a mushroom." A judge found Dostis guilty of lewdness, but the ACLU, in turn, appealed the conviction, using First Amendment grounds.

CHILD GROOM

CONYERS, GEORGIA—When 21-year-old Summer Strickland learned she was pregnant, she and the father of the child married. But there was a problem: The father is 14. That put Strickland in a catch-22. While it's legal in Georgia to marry someone under 16 if you have a child together, it's illegal to have sex with anyone under 16 unless you're married. Six weeks after the birth of her daughter, authorities

arrested Strickland and charged her with statutory rape for the premarital sex that got her pregnant. If convicted, she faces up to 20 years in prison.

VIRTUALLY ILLEGAL

WHITBY, ONTARIO—A provincial judge rejected a prosecutor's argument that live sex sites are the equivalent of brothels. Police had raided and shut down the Sin Bin, an online site that charged surfers \$15 a month plus \$5 a minute to watch women masturbate or play with sex toys in real time. Visitors also could tell the women what they wanted to see, a service the prosecutor claimed made the site "a virtual-reality bawdy house."

BLIND LUST

HOVE, ENGLAND—Two blind men who visited the Pussycats Club for a stag party asked if they could touch the dancers. The manager turned down their request, citing a local ordinance that bans contact between the women and patrons, but pleaded on their behalf to the city council. "Both men said they very much enjoyed the dances and sensed highly the proximity of the dancers and, in particular, enjoyed the smell of their perfume," the manager explained. "Given their disability, they felt



that controlled touching ought to be permitted." He suggested the council allow certifiably blind men to place one hand over a performer's clothed breast, with her consent, as she danced. City officials said that they would consider the request.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

VINCE MCMAHON

a candid conversation with the boss hoss of wrestling about life as a tough guy, battling ted turner and janet reno and saving the nfl from pantywaists

Get ready for X-rated football. After the Super Bowl (that showcase for prima donnas and pantywaists) comes a whole new ball game—a game with more blood and guts, kicks in the nuts and sheer smashmouth spectacle than the cold, corporate National Football League could ever give you.

That's the hype, anyway. And whether you call it XFL PR or XFL BS, this new pro league is a bold play by XFL founder Vince McMahon, the hypemaster with balls as brassy as the wrestling shows that made him a billionaire.

Will the XFL win America's football fans over? NBC thought enough of its chances that the network invested \$50 million in the league and will televise XFL games in prime time. The reason? McMahon, the giant-killer who turned pro wrestling from an obscure sideshow into a TV heavyweight more popular than college football or the NBA. He's the starmaker who turned Steve Williams and Dwayne Johnson into Stone Cold Steve Austin and the Rock, two of the biggest names in trashtainment. McMahon, 55, is the guy who created modern pro wrestling by admitting that the sport is fake. He let fans in on the joke, then proceeded to bowl them over with a sublimely ridiculous show, a crazed sitcom or soap complete with lewd jokes, backstage intrigue and operatic wars

in the ring. Fake? Of course! Everybody knew it, and millions of World Wrestling Federation fans played along with the gag. Unlike the rubes they're purported to be, WWF lovers are attuned to modern media: At one of the WWF's weekly Raw Is War spectacles, a McMahon fan held up a sign that read MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL IS FAKE.

What's real and what's fake? McMahon knows the difference. And of all the things he is—WWF kingpin, actor-brawler playing the evil Mr. McMahon in his own shows, XFL creator, proud father, horny husband, Forbes 400 media mogul—he is foremost a fighter. His ring exploits may be a soap opera on steroids, but go up against him in a boardroom or a back alley and you're in for a beating.

McMahon grew up in Havelock, North Carolina, with an abusive stepfather and a mean streak wider than a country road. He learned to fight dirty. After years of street brawls and minor crimes, young Vince got shipped off to military school, where he was court-martialed. But somehow he stayed out of jail long enough to run headlong into a game as reckless and raw as he was, a game that was in his blood.

On a trip to visit his real father—a man long divorced from Vince's vivacious, five-times-married mother—the kid got a look at

dad's business: pro wrestling, a "sport" that featured snarling men in leotards who pretended to beat the crap out of each other. It was the same sideshow his grandfather had promoted before Vince's father took over, and the boy was hooked in a heartbeat. But his dad told him to find steadier work. "Get a nice government job," said his father. Only after years of waiting and pestering was Vince McMahon allowed to promote a few cards in the backwaters of his father's wrestling circuit.

The rest is a hell of a story line: Eager young huckster turns regional circuit into national spectacle, body-slams cable competitors, gets famous, expands empire into action figures and restaurants, makes first billion, rides 150 mph motorcycle into sunset.

Except that in this story, nothing is as simple as it seems. In fact, McMahon's road to the top was full of potholes. There was bankruptcy, federal charges that he'd distributed steroids to wrestlers, a media war with Ted Turner. There was trouble in his marriage to Linda McMahon, the school sweetheart who became his wife and chief executive of the WWF. There was the death of WWF star Owen Hart in a ring accident, and McMahon's decision to let the show go on after Hart's body was whisked away. There was and is the persistent charge that



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"There will be controversy. If there isn't, we'll create it. Not the lily-white, pasteurized, homogenized pro football that the NFL wants to sell you. You're going to see passion, the passion players have for winning."

"I get off on the number of orgasms a woman has, when I'm the reason she's having them. To be responsible for a woman becoming absolutely without inhibition—that's about the coolest thing in the world."

"The last time I rode a motorcycle I ran into a Volvo. I was on a Boss Hoss—having that much power is like having a 12-foot penis. I hit the Volvo and it launched me. It was just a question of how I was going to land."

McMahon is a cultural boogeyman, a panderer who owes his wealth to bulked-up lugs and their babes, cartoon pimps and their ho trains—the lowest of lowbrow TV.

McMahon answers with a shrug: “That’s what the people want.”

He can afford to be a little smug. After trailing Turner’s World Championship Wrestling in the ratings for almost 100 straight weeks, McMahon’s WWF smacked its rival down and now crushes WCW week after week. Chyna, the WWF women’s star, got raw in the November 2000 PLAYBOY and made that issue a newsstand sellout. The Rock drew roars at last summer’s Republican Convention, then turned up at the MTV awards and got bigger props than Eminem. And now, with Stone Cold Steve Austin back from injury rehab to complete the all-star team and the XFL about to kick off its inaugural season, McMahon is the most powerful figure in the field that he calls sports entertainment.

Is the McMahon of the hour a hero or a villain—in wrestling talk, a face or a heel? What makes him tick people off? And just how good is he in bed? We sent sports talker Kevin Cook, who hosts a daily show, *The Skybox*, on eYada.com, to ask. Cook reports:

“McMahon is as subtle as a concussion. He’s big—6’2”, 230—and in scary shape for a man of 55. He ticked me off at first. I arrived on time at WWF headquarters, a glass box in Stamford, Connecticut festooned with big black flags that make the building look like a pirate ship, and I waited for three hours while he finished up some business meetings. Pacing in his reception room, I watched that Monday’s Raw Is War on 12 screens flanking a backlit WWF logo on the wall. A portrait of the Rock glared down at a jumbo floral display in the middle of the room. The flowers were plastic.

“At last I was ushered into his office: black-and-white wallpaper, stark red highlights, WWF magazines and posters neatly arrayed, a panoramic fourth-floor view of leafy Stamford with Long Island Sound in the distance. After a muscular handshake he said, ‘Let’s go.’

“In the next three-plus hours he would laugh a lot, roll his eyes theatrically, whistle for effect, jump from his chair to act out wrestling moves. He would talk openly about his businesses, his background, his family, about love and Raw and feeling like you have a 12-foot penis, and he would carefully couch a surprising revelation about sexual abuse.

“I’m no WWF fan, but after hours of back-and-forth with McMahon as dusk and then darkness rolled over Stamford, I can tell you that I’d want this guy on my side in a fight.

“With the first XFL games coming in February, we started with football talk.”

PLAYBOY: At the press conference announcing the XFL, you said your league was for real men, not “pantywaists.” You questioned the manhood of guys like Joe Montana, John Elway and Brett Favre.

MCMAHON: I did not. I said it’s not a league for pantywaists, that’s true. But I was really talking about how the NFL has changed football. The billionaire owners—or at least millionaire owners—have changed the rules to protect their prime investment, the quarterback. It’s ostensibly for the safety of the performer, but that hasn’t got a damn thing to do with the game. Once you do that, it’s no longer football as we know it and love it.

PLAYBOY: And the XFL will be?

MCMAHON: We’re not going to protect the investment like NFL owners have: one hand on the quarterback and the whistle blows. It’s not that way in college, it’s not that way in high school and it won’t be that way in our league. I played both offense and defense in my day, and I remember what you’re taught on defense: Knock the quarterback out of the game.

PLAYBOY: Once there’s a famous XFL quarterback, you might be tempted to protect him, change the rules—

MCMAHON: No. It’s part of the game—knock the quarterback out. Now what? You go to the backup, and maybe you

*Don’t get me wrong—I
hate failing. But I’m not
afraid to take chances and
fall on my ass, because
if I live through it
I’ll be better off.*

run more-fundamental plays. That’s how it used to be in the NFL. It changes things: When you draft your backs, you’ll want guys who are versatile, who can run and throw. The NFL would have Mr. and Mrs. America believe there are only a few players who can make it in the NFL, but there’s plenty of talent. There’s a Super Bowl MVP who proved my point. For years no NFL team would give Kurt Warner a chance, and he languished in the Arena Football League. Next thing you know he’s MVP of the Super Bowl. I’m not saying every XFL player is of that caliber, but they’ll sure as hell have the same heart.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who say the level of play in the XFL will be between Arena football and the NFL?

MCMAHON: I’d say between the very best college ball and the NFL. But we’ll have our breakouts, names you haven’t heard yet. You’ll get to know the XFL stars’ personalities—unlike in the NFL, which wants to keep everything secret except the NFL. They don’t promote individuality. They won’t let you celebrate in the end zone, and they have uniform police. They’ll fine a 330-pound guy for letting

his jersey hang out. They wouldn’t let Jim McMahon wear a headband when he played for the Bears. It’s downright un-American! The XFL will give you reality. And it’s going to be easier to produce than World Wrestling Federation entertainment, where we start with a blank page and have to write characterizations and verbiage. Now we can turn the camera on charismatic individuals and let them be themselves. One thing I’ll insist on is that they not be politically correct. I can’t stand politically correct.

PLAYBOY: You’re the antidote to political correctness.

MCMAHON: People lie through their teeth with that stuff. I hate liars. I hate half-truths. I told Rusty Tillman, head coach of the New York and New Jersey Hitmen, “Rusty, the moment you’re not yourself, I guarantee that I will be in your face. Physically as well as figuratively. Then we’ll see what kind of fun we have.”

PLAYBOY: Hall of Famer Dick Butkus is the XFL director of competition. You’d get in his face, too?

MCMAHON: Oh my God, yes! And Butkus knows it. That will be damn good TV.

PLAYBOY: What do the coaches think of your style?

MCMAHON: Rusty said, “Vince, when I coached for the Raiders I swore a lot. Then I was told we had to change our image. I couldn’t swear anymore. Specifically, I couldn’t say ‘fuck.’” I told Rusty he wouldn’t have that problem in the XFL. It’s not just that the word refers to my favorite thing to do in life. It’s that we want communication that’s visceral. Our cameras and microphones are going to capture everything as we go inside what may be the greatest sporting event on television other than the Olympics: pro football. The NFL doesn’t want the real game exposed. They have a corporate image to protect. But we’ll give you the whole show, a reality show inside a sporting event.

PLAYBOY: Should the NFL be worried?

MCMAHON: They have their audience. I think we’ll have their audience, too, and more. We’ll have a new audience that does not watch *Monday Night Football*. A younger demographic that advertisers want. *Monday Night* ratings are down, but sponsors can see that we’re going to grow. Why? Because we look at everything as an entertainment vehicle. Nothing is sacred. We’re not encumbered by the usual rules. That’s something that comes from my life, something that could have been a negative but turned out to be a plus. Most people grow up in a structured environment, but I didn’t. That gives you the ability to fall on your face, to get into trouble, and if you live through it, you don’t know limitations—other than physical ones, which I’m just learning about at 55 years old.

PLAYBOY: We’ll come back to your bouncy childhood, but first let’s talk a little more

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about the XFL. You and NBC each own 50 percent of the league. So who has final cut? Who makes the big decisions?

MCMAHON: That's very clear. I've worked with NBC sports chief Dick Ebersol for years. He's one of my best friends. On the day we announced the XFL, Dick called and said, "What would you think about Saturday night—in prime time?" Getting that credibility, being in that NBC pipeline, was worth giving up 50 percent ownership. But the creative input is mine. Dick told me from the get-go: "This is your vision, and we don't want NBC screwing it up."

You know, the networks aren't doing that well. They need entrepreneurial spirit, and that's what we bring. For better or for worse, the XFL will revolutionize the way you watch sports.

PLAYBOY: What about the credibility question? When there's a thrilling flea-flicker, won't people say it was scripted?

MCMAHON: There will be controversy. If there isn't, we'll create it. But the real show is on the sidelines, in the stands, in the locker rooms, and we're going to show it all. Not the lily-white, pasteurized, homogenized pro football that the NFL wants to sell you. You're going to see passion, the passion players have for winning and coaches have for motivating, and you'll see it live, because our cameras and mikes are right there. Someone drops a pass in the end zone? When he comes off the field, we're there.

PLAYBOY: He's got to talk about it right away?

MCMAHON: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Can you say "fuck" on NBC?

MCMAHON: You can say it, but it will be bleeped out. You'll definitely see coaches, players and fans in the throes of passion, saying and doing things they would never otherwise think of. The linemen who love contact—they're trying to rip somebody's head off! It's all part of our reality show, the one no one else would have the balls to do.

PLAYBOY: Will you market-research the XFL the way you do the WWF?

MCMAHON: Yes. Not only with exit polls and focus groups but also with the empirical sort of research we do all the time. With the WWF we're in contact with our consumers more than 200 nights a year. They cheer, they boo. That's how they tell us what they like, and we're good listeners. Our shows are totally interactive. The fans are part of the show, and sometimes they surprise me.

PLAYBOY: When have they surprised you?

MCMAHON: We had a character, Val Venis, this alleged porn star we thought would be the consummate heel. But when Val's music plays and he walks out, people cheer: "Val! Yeah! All right!" That surprised me. Of course, that character has evolved—he's joined a group called RTC, Right to Censor.

PLAYBOY: He's a good guy now.

MCMAHON: No, he's not. He has seen the

light and joined Senator Lieberman's clan. Which doesn't make him a good guy, OK?

PLAYBOY: You don't like the way Joseph Lieberman invokes God in speeches and talks about cleaning up Hollywood and other bastions of so-called trashy or violent entertainment. Is he at the top of your enemies list?

MCMAHON: Anyone who is against freedom of expression would be up there.

PLAYBOY: And he's reaching the top.

MCMAHON: [Whistles] Yes, he is. Lieberman's scary. Not so much for my business but for our country. I think it was his first speech after Al Gore introduced him as the vice presidential candidate, and Lieberman called it a miracle and gave all thanks to God—I'm paraphrasing—and I thought, Wow, if this guy thinks he's got a closer connection to God than I have, or than anybody else in America has, that's not good. He's not the Pope. He's not a religious leader. So either (a) he actually thinks he's closer to God, or (b) he's a hypocritical politician using God to garner votes. Then I hear that they're going to give Hollywood X number of days to respond—that's scary.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you're more in touch with the public than politicians or corporate leaders are?

MCMAHON: Take the NFL. The suits over there don't know their audience. In corporate America, at the highest level, they don't usually have a clue what their consumers want. They drive Aston Martins, so they think everybody does. They belong to a country club, they think everybody does. It's easy to fall into that trap, but I couldn't do it if I wanted to. I loathe that. I am of the people. If I have a gift, it's the gift of understanding common, ordinary people.

PLAYBOY: How do you understand your fan base?

MCMAHON: It's real, broad-based Americana. The teen audience appreciates us, yet we're sophisticated enough that our female audience is growing by leaps and bounds. We're growing across the board, not just among the male-dominated 12- to 34-year-olds. We own that audience, but I don't say, "Great, we own 12 to 34, so let's focus on them." If you start narrowcasting, you'll make mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Should feminists loathe you?

MCMAHON: We're equal-opportunity offenders. Chyna's one of our strongest characters, far above the vast majority of the men. Our female characters are unquestionably sensual, but they're real bright, too, and they use their sensuality to get ahead. While the visceral, Pavlovian male—

PLAYBOY: Gets played like a violin.

MCMAHON: Absolutely. Many females in the WWF are manipulative. But male or female, everybody's trying to climb the ladder of success. It's all a soap opera about how you achieve stardom, and then what you do after to remain a star.

PLAYBOY: Will there ever be a female champion?

MCMAHON: Chyna's our female champ.

PLAYBOY: But how about a woman winning the belt the Rock has? Could that happen?

MCMAHON: I don't rule out anything.

PLAYBOY: How do you write story lines? Do you brainstorm with writers, send e-mail back and forth?

MCMAHON: Our writers talk with the talent, the talent submits ideas, writers submit ideas and generally it gets filtered through me. I'm blessed with a little creativity and vision. Eventually, it comes out on television in this hybrid form, the most unique form of television in history. Remember the old TV variety show? It's still around. It's the WWF.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose your stars? Did you know that Dwayne Johnson would get so famous as the Rock that he'd knock 'em dead at the Republican Convention and the MTV Awards?

MCMAHON: You can tell if someone has charisma. He has it. So did his dad and his grandfather, who also worked for us. His grandfather was a Samoan chief, about 5'10" and 280 pounds, a rugged, tough son of a bitch, but a sweetheart. And his son, Rocky Johnson—the Rock before the Rock—was an extraordinary performer. A handsome black man. That gene pool is special, and it helps make the Rock a special human being.

PLAYBOY: Did you help him with that eyebrow thing he does?

MCMAHON: No. I think he started that in college.

PLAYBOY: Is Stone Cold Steve Austin a better actor than Arnold Schwarzenegger or Sylvester Stallone?

MCMAHON: Sure, and so is the Rock. Because they can react, and react honestly.

PLAYBOY: Michael Jordan told us he had trouble doing that in *Space Jam*. It's not as easy as it looks.

MCMAHON: Well, Michael Jordan didn't have the right coaching. Put someone with an acting coach? My God, Method acting! That won't work. You have to understand athletes and how they operate, how they think, their attention span—or lack of it. Some people can't give you an honest reaction. You have to challenge them: "Do you have any guts? Do you give a shit about anything? Tell me, and I'll take that and use it." If a guy only cares about his grandmother, I can use that. I'll get him to think of his grandmother in a certain situation.

PLAYBOY: Ominous for Grandma. Do you try to piss off your wrestlers?

MCMAHON: Sometimes. You have to relate to them viscerally.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to a subject you rarely talk about, when a wrestler died in the ring.

MCMAHON: My God, yeah. Owen Hart.

PLAYBOY: Hart died in a ring accident, falling when the harness holding him above the ring broke. You had to decide:

Go on with the show or cancel it? You went on.

MCMAHON: I didn't know if it was the right decision. But knowing Owen as the performer he was, it's my belief that he would have wanted the show to go on.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out what had happened?

MCMAHON: I was backstage in my office when I heard. It happened when the arena was dark, so nobody saw the fall. I thought back to earlier that day: My son Shane and I were out by the ring, walking through a physical bit we had to do that night, and I was shocked and surprised by Owen. He was descending to the ring in typical Owen fashion, yelling and raising hell. He was one of the biggest rippers, as we call them in the business, a practical joker, a prankster. One time he and Davey Boy Smith put goats in my office, and they made sure those goats were well fed beforehand. You can imagine how it stunk. But that's how it is in the WWF, and how it was with Owen. So many jokes—

PLAYBOY: If you could do it over, would you still hold the show that night?

MCMAHON: I just guessed that it was what Owen would want.

PLAYBOY: So you'd do it again?

MCMAHON: I think so.

PLAYBOY: Pro wrestling is a dangerous job, a little like being a stuntman.

MCMAHON: It's a lot like being a stunt-

man, but it's ramped up, because stunt-people wear pads. We don't.

PLAYBOY: At the age of 55 you still perform in your shows. Do you have a high pain threshold?

MCMAHON: I'm blessed that way. I can handle pain. But the older I get, the longer it takes to recuperate. Sometimes we affect pain when there isn't any. Sometimes we feel it and embellish it, if it's part of the story line. Stone Cold kicked my ribs in one night, and we just went ahead. I cracked my coccyx in a bad fall on a pay-per-view, and we continued. I've had several concussions. You get a white flash, and you need time off to get better. I don't perform as much as I used to. I like the opposite side of the camera—being the producer, the director, the cable puller.

PLAYBOY: You don't pull a lot of cable now that you're a billionaire.

MCMAHON: Sometimes I do. If a cameraman is scampering and the cable puller's not keeping up, I'll pull the cable. There's no job too menial.

PLAYBOY: How about ring technique? You don't want to break your neck out there. If Steve Austin jumps off the cage onto you, whose job is it to keep it safe: the leaper or the leapee?

MCMAHON: If you're lying on the mat and Rikishi jumps from the top of the cage onto you, it's Rikishi's responsibility to come down the right way and not

crush you. In that situation you're doing what's called giving him your body. You're saying, "I give you my life." You give your life to somebody even on a simple body slam, because if he turns you facefirst into the mat and slams you, you're either paralyzed or dead.

PLAYBOY: That takes body control. Is it a natural talent?

MCMAHON: No. You learn it. Look at the backyard wrestling you can see on the Internet—some of the media try to glorify that stuff, but it encourages kids to do things they shouldn't. It takes years of training to take a back drop the right way.

PLAYBOY: What's the trick?

MCMAHON: You need to disperse the fall over as wide an area as you possibly can. Think about the physics of it: If you come off the top rope and land with all your weight on your elbow, that elbow is going to be shattered. But land on your back—as much back and leg as possible—and you can disperse the impact. Not that it won't hurt. But you will get back up.

PLAYBOY: Are you fearless?

MCMAHON: Like I said, I grew up in a very volatile environment. My view was that if I took a beating and lived, I won. I still have that view. It gives me a tremendous advantage, because I'm not afraid of failure. Don't get me wrong—I hate failing. But I'm not afraid to take chances and fall on my ass, because if



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PLAYBOY: You had a rough childhood in Havelock, North Carolina, where you grew up in a trailer.

MCAHON: [Laughs] A New Moon trailer, eight feet wide. Trailer park isn't poverty. You don't have much privacy, but there are nice things about it. Everything is compact. And it beats some other places. Prior to that I lived in Manly, North Carolina, in a house with no indoor plumbing. That could get a little disconcerting in the wintertime.

PLAYBOY: So you're the manly man from Manly. Are those your first memories?

MCAHON: Yeah, and the summertime wasn't much better, sitting on the privy with the heat and humidity and stench. Oh, man, the flies! So when we moved to the trailer park, it wasn't so bad.

PLAYBOY: You lived with an older brother, your mother and occasional others, right?

MCAHON: My parents got divorced and I went with my mom, Vickie. She was in the church choir. A real performer, a female Elmer Gantry. Very striking, with an excellent voice. Lived with her and my real asshole of a stepfather, a man who enjoyed kicking people around.

PLAYBOY: Your stepfather beat you?

MCAHON: [Nodding] Leo Lupton. It's unfortunate that he died before I could kill him. I would have enjoyed that. Not that he didn't have some redeeming qualities. He was an athlete,

great at any sport, which I admired, and I remember watching *The Jackie Gleason Show* with him. We used to laugh together at Jackie Gleason.

PLAYBOY: Lupton was an electrician. He hit you with his tools, didn't he? A pipe wrench?

MCAHON: Sure.

PLAYBOY: He hit your brother, too?

MCAHON: No. I was the only one of the kids who would speak up, and that's what provoked the attacks. You would think that after being on the receiving end of numerous attacks I would wise up, but I couldn't. I refused to. I felt I should say something, even though I knew what the result would be.

PLAYBOY: You fought him when he hit

your mother.

MCAHON: Absolutely. First time I remember, I was six years old. The slightest provocation would set him off. But I lived through it.

PLAYBOY: That's an awful way to learn how a man behaves.

MCAHON: I learned how not to be. One thing I loathe is a man who will strike a woman. There's never an excuse for that.

PLAYBOY: Eventually, you escaped from your stepfather.

MCAHON: By the time I was 14 I was on my own. I was pretty much a man then. Physically, at least. In other ways I'm still becoming a man.

PLAYBOY: Was the abuse all physical, or was there sexual abuse, too?

PLAYBOY: Surely it must shape a person.

MCAHON: No doubt. I don't think we escape our experiences. Things you may think you've pushed to the recesses of your mind, they'll surface at the most inopportune time, when you least expect it. We can use those things, turn them into positives—change for the better. But they do tend to resurface.

PLAYBOY: We can leave that topic, but one thing first. You have said that the sexual abuse in your childhood "wasn't from the male." It's well known that you're estranged from your mother. Have we found the reason?

MCAHON: [Pauses, nods] Without saying that, I'd say that's pretty close.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's take a look at the teenage Vince. You once said that you "majored in badass."
MCAHON: I was totally unruly. Would not go to school. Did things that were unlawful, but I never got caught.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever steal?

MCAHON: Automobiles. But I always brought them back. I just borrowed them, really. There were other thefts, too, and I ran a load of moonshine in Harlowe, North Carolina, in a 1952 Ford V8. That was a badass car at the time.

PLAYBOY: What did you get paid for running hooch?

MCAHON: A fortune. I think it was 20 bucks.

PLAYBOY: Finally, the police caught up with you.

MCAHON: They had a lot of circumstantial evidence. I was always in fights, too.

They'd pull up and there we were, me and my group of guys, going at it with the Marines.

PLAYBOY: You fought the Marines?

MCAHON: Havelock is right outside the Marine base at Cherry Point. There was a place called the Jet Drive-In. Real creative—the Jet, because of all the military jets at the base. On Friday and Saturday nights it was time to get it on with the Marines. It was a challenge. Most of them were in great condition, but they didn't know how to fight. I'm not saying they were easy pickings. They got their testosterone going and they were all liquored up. Some of them were real tough. But me and my guys were street fighters. I mean, maybe you've been



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MCAHON: That's not anything I would like to embellish. Just because it was weird.

PLAYBOY: Did it come from the same man?

MCAHON: No. It wasn't . . . it wasn't from the male.

PLAYBOY: That's so mysterious. It sounds like a difficult thing for a kid to deal with.

MCAHON: You know, I'm not big on excuses. When I hear people from the projects, or anywhere else, blame their actions on the way they grew up, I think it's a crock of shit. You can rise above it. This country gives you opportunity if you want to take it, so don't blame your environment. I look down on people who use their environment as a crutch.

through basic training and you know how to operate a bayonet. That's different from sticking your finger in somebody's eye or hitting a guy in the throat, which comes naturally to a street fighter. And they can't believe you're not "fighting fair." Suddenly they can't breathe and/or see, and they realize: "Oh my God, am I in for an ass-kicking."

PLAYBOY: Ever come close to killing one of them?

MCAHON: I would like to think not very close. That's not what I wanted to do. You want to incapacitate the guy. Once you get someone down you don't want him getting back up. You don't want him moving, so you make sure he doesn't. It's not pretty, but it was challenging and fun.

PLAYBOY: Finally, the authorities in Havelock gave you a choice—

MCAHON: Right. It was reform school or military school. I went to Fishburne Military School in Waynesboro, Virginia, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Military school is expensive. My mom was still my guardian and she couldn't afford it. So my dad was notified and he paid.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a wrestling promoter. It was wrestling money that sent you to military school.

MCAHON: That's right. I would see him in the summertime and on the occasional holiday. That he was able and willing to send me to that school made an impression. It was a chance to start over. Maybe it doesn't seem that I changed, since I was the first cadet in school history to be court-martialed, but I at least started to change. No one really knew me at Fishburne. I had no badass reputation to uphold.

PLAYBOY: So why did they court-martial you?

MCAHON: For no particular infraction. Again, I was lucky and a little crafty—I wasn't caught for some stuff that would have meant immediate dismissal, like stealing the commandant's car. Colonel Zinneker had an old, green, beat-up Buick, and he always left the keys in it. He also had a dog he was nuts about. I love animals, but one day I couldn't resist giving that dog a laxative. I put the laxative in some hamburger and the dog did his business all over the commandant's apartment, which thrilled me greatly.

PLAYBOY: What finally got you in trouble?

MCAHON: Insubordination. I had no respect for the military because they were *playing* military. Sure, it's an ROTC program, but we weren't in a war. We were a bunch of kids. The idea of this adult from Army ROTC ordering all these kids around—and getting off on it—ugh! What kind of human being is that? I was insubordinate, but I didn't really have many scrapes at Fishburne. I was playing sports—wrestling and football—and that helped me.

PLAYBOY: What position in football?

MCAHON: Offensive guard and defensive tackle. But all I really knew how to do was fight. So it was, "Bring it on!" But when you've got bare knuckles and you're hitting a guy with a helmet on, it's no good. I was used to gouging eyes and going for the throat. A big kick in the nuts is always primo—you hear the guy go "Huhhh!" and you think, His ass is mine. But you can't do that on the football field. Football is all about technique, and I was a lousy football player. In one game I was personally penalized more yardage than our offense gained.

PLAYBOY: Still, you beat the court-martial and even graduated. By then you had stolen cars and run moonshine. You'd had a drink. You'd had your first joint. You'd lost your virginity.

MCAHON: [Pauses] That was at a very young age. I remember, probably in the first grade, being invited to a matinee film with my stepbrother and his girlfriends, and I remember them playing with me. Playing with my penis, and giggling. I thought that was pretty cool. That was my initiation into sex. At that age you don't necessarily achieve an erection, but it was cool. At around the same time there was a girl my age who was, in essence, my cousin. Later in life she actually wound up marrying that asshole Leo Lupton, my stepfather! Boy, this sounds like *Tobacco Road*. Anyway, I remember the two of us being so curious about each other's bodies but not knowing what the hell to do. We would go into the woods and get naked together. It felt good. And for some reason I wanted to put crushed leaves into her. Don't know why, but I remember that. I don't remember the first time I had intercourse, believe it or not.

PLAYBOY: Your growing up was pretty accelerated.

MCAHON: God, yes.

PLAYBOY: In your early teens you spent a stint in Washington, D.C. with your father.

MCAHON: When I was 12 or a little older, living with my grandmother on my mom's side, my father and his mother came to visit. I must have behaved myself, because I got invited up to be with him.

PLAYBOY: You must have been aching for him all that time.

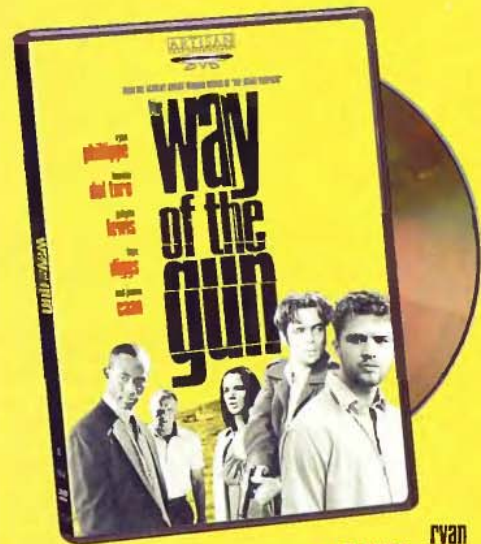
MCAHON: Didn't know it, though. It's funny how you don't know what you're missing if you never had it. Then when I met my dad, I fell in love with him. We got very, very close, but we both knew we could never go back. There's a tendency to try to play catch-up, but you can't. You missed those years. There would always be something missing between us, but there was no reason to discuss it. I was grateful for the chance to spend time with him.

PLAYBOY: There was a colorful wrestler in his stable, Dr. Jerry Graham.

MCAHON: Oh, boy. It's 1959 and I'm

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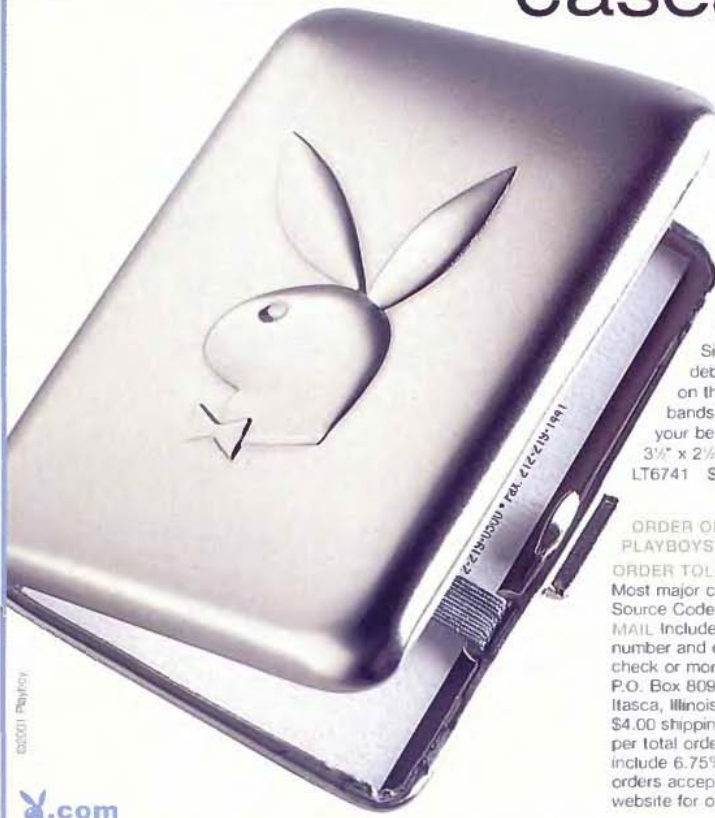
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looking up at Jerry Graham and he's lighting cigars with \$100 bills.

PLAYBOY: That's a good story, but nobody would really do it.

MCMAHON: Graham would. He spent more money than anybody I know. He was a 300-pound guy with platinum blond hair and a thick, heavy beard. He wore red pants and a riverboat-gambler shirt. The shirt was either white or red. If it was red, it had white ruffles. If it was white, it had red ruffles. He wore red shoes and rode around Washington in a blood-red 1959 Cadillac, smoking a cigar. He'd run red lights, blowing the horn, and people would scatter. If they didn't get out of his way he'd cut a promo.

PLAYBOY: Cut a promo?

MCMAHON: Yell. Go off on someone verbally. Graham was good at that. My dad wouldn't let me spend an enormous amount of time with him, but I'd sneak away when I could and go riding with the good doctor. Or we'd be at a party—my dad, Jerry and a couple of the other wrestlers. Jerry and his girlfriend would be arguing and pouring drinks over each other. It was sheer entertainment. I was learning that you can be drawn to people for their charisma, but that's not all there is to them. Damn, Jerry, he loved to drink. There was a time when I thought Jerry Graham walked on water, but he could be a mean drunk, and that turned me off.

PLAYBOY: Still, you were dying to follow your father into the wrestling business.

MCMAHON: I loved it from the day I saw it. The characters! But my dad was pragmatic. He remembered the bad years he'd had. He'd say, "Get a government job, so you can have a pension."

PLAYBOY: You wound up at East Carolina University, where you majored in business. What did you learn?

MCMAHON: That I hated economics. Sat in the back row, didn't like the subject. It's about numbers, not people. Wasn't wild about statistics, either.

PLAYBOY: You attended East Carolina with Linda, a church choirgirl who followed you there and became your wife. She finished college in three years, but it took you five years. Is she smarter than you are?

MCMAHON: Generally, yes. But it depends on how you define smart. I didn't do well scholastically. Had a grade point average of 2.001. You needed a two-point average to graduate.

PLAYBOY: It came down to your last class?

MCMAHON: I had to go back to a couple of professors to get them to change me from a B plus to an A, or I wouldn't have made it.

PLAYBOY: Why did they agree? Just because you didn't steal their cars?

MCMAHON: I guess they didn't expect a knock on the door from a student who wouldn't take no for an answer. Someone who was saying he's been here five

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years, and his wife's been here three and she's graduating and she's pregnant. Now they figure this kid has either made up a hell of a story or maybe it's true. Either way, it didn't hurt them to change the grade.

PLAYBOY: It was a great story line.

MCMAHON: I delivered it with lots of conviction, because it was true. Not that I couldn't have delivered it with conviction had it not been true. But the grades got changed and we both graduated.

PLAYBOY: Soon you had a son, Shane, and a job selling adding machines.

MCMAHON: I'm not good with fucking machines. They have no personality. I went from there to a job selling cups and Sweetheart ice cream cones for the Maryland Cup Corp. in Owings Mills, right outside Baltimore. I would get up early and work a zillion hours, but it wasn't for me. I mean, they want you to talk about the characteristics of the fucking cup. It's a paper cup with a plastic coating, and it has a certain lip-type thing. They cook it at such and such a temperature. One day there I am, selling this guy on the cup, and he looks at me and says, "Son, you don't really give a damn about that cup." I said, "No, I don't, and thank you very much." That was it for that job.

PLAYBOY: Next you got work crushing rocks. You've claimed you worked 90 hours a week, but that's almost impossible, isn't it?

MCMAHON: No, it's not. Linda will tell you. I drove a huge dump truck at Rockville Crushed Stone, and after a while I got promoted to the pug mill. Linda still teases me for it. A pug mill is where you combine different levels of rock with dirt, and I was made the pug mill operator. Now, that was big time.

All this time I'd been pestering my dad to let me work with him: "Come on, Pop. You know I love this stuff." He had a promoter in Bangor, Maine who had been caught stealing. Caught stealing above and beyond the norm, I should say. In those days all the promoters stole. But you can steal too much, and then you're a thief.

PLAYBOY: How much was too much?

MCMAHON: [Laughs] Over about 20 percent and you're a thief. So my dad tells me, "Look, the guy in Bangor, I just threw him the hell out. Go up there. You can't ever say I didn't give you an opportunity, but this is the first and last opportunity you'll have in this company." I went to Bangor, the northernmost outpost of my dad's territory. Now I'm hustling, promoting a product I love. People cheer and boo and have a good time, and I leave with some money in my pocket. Goddamn, life is good! Started making my way south, promoting areas that hadn't been promoted before. First thing you know, half my dad's business is in New England.

PLAYBOY: Pro wrestling had always been regional, but before long you were invading other promoters' turf. You were the guy who was going to make wrestling a national business.

MCMAHON: Right. At tremendous risk.

PLAYBOY: There was a gentlemen's agreement: Promoters don't violate each other's territory. In wrestling terminology, what you were doing was sort of a double cross. You got death threats.

MCMAHON: Many times. On the phone and in person. There's a person who still works for us, Jim Ross, who was at a confab in Memphis back then. Ninety percent of the major promoters flew to Memphis for a big meeting. So one day Jim was sitting on the throne in the men's room when a few of the elder guys come in, and they're saying, "How are we going to stop this kid?" Meaning me. They're plotting to do me in. Of course, Jim doesn't want them to know he's there, because he heard them.

PLAYBOY: They were talking about killing you?

MCMAHON: [Nodding] Murder. They were going to take me out. So Jim, God bless him, in the middle of his defecation he picks up his feet so they can't see him. Here's Jim with his feet up on the throne, thinking, Please don't let them know I'm in here. Sure enough, they walked out, and Jim had no trouble finishing his job after that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they were serious about murder?

MCMAHON: Some of it was probably bravado from a pseudo tough-guy. Some of it was real. They were the last vestige of the old school, and I wanted to change the whole deal. I had to go national.

PLAYBOY: By 1984 you had achieved it. You were planning the Wrestlemania, the first of those huge national shows. But it was also the time your father was dying.

MCMAHON: Dying of cancer. I went to the hospital and I kissed him. I've always been demonstrative. If I don't like you, I'll tell you. If I love you, male or female, I'll hug you and say I love you. But my dad was old Irish. The old Irish, for some reason I don't understand, they don't show affection. That's not how I live my life. It's certainly not the way that my kids, Shane and Stephanie, were brought up—I don't know how many times a day I tell them I love them. But my dad, no. He never said it. Maybe he would say something complimentary about me to somebody else, but not to my face. That time in the hospital, I kissed him and said I loved him. He didn't like to be kissed, but I took advantage of him. Then I started to go. I hadn't quite gotten through the door when I heard him: "I love you, Vinnie!" He didn't just say it, he yelled it.

PLAYBOY: This came after you made your first fortune and promptly went bank-

rupt. You owned horses, had diversified investments. What happened?

MCMAHON: It was visions of sugarplums. It was, "Look how successful I am! I guess I really am somebody." I got involved with people who weren't that bright and let them tell me that I needed tax shelters. There was a construction company, a horse farm, a cement plant, and it all went belly-up. I felt bad about the bankruptcy. I wanted to pay what I owed, but there were other people involved, and finally the banks wrote it all off.

PLAYBOY: Later you had some trouble with the IRS.

MCMAHON: I have withstood numerous IRS investigations. They've never found anything against me, because there's nothing to find. I've always remembered when my dad fronted money for some people before a light-heavyweight fight. A certain party out of New York couldn't show his money, so my dad fronted the money. Laundered it through his company, so the money could be legitimate.

PLAYBOY: A fixed fight?

MCMAHON: Yes. After that came a grand jury investigation, which my dad withstood. And then, just when he thought he was off the hook, *knock, knock!* It was the IRS.

I can still see my dad during that time, saying, "Goddamn it, if I could just get through this I'd pay every nickel I owe and then some. I just want to be able to sleep at night." I remember the anguish on his face when he said it. So I adopted his philosophy, and I sleep at night. In terms of taxes, anyhow. I'm not wild about sleep.

PLAYBOY: How many hours a night do you sleep?

MCMAHON: About five. It takes me forever to go to sleep. I get frustrated and sweat a lot and think, Damn it, you've got to get up in two hours, you stupid son of a bitch. You've got to be at your best tomorrow. Finally, I learned that if your mind is going to race, you might as well enjoy the ride. Watch the visions. It's a colorful show. I'm also learning that as I get older, my dreams get less violent.

PLAYBOY: Are we talking video game-style violence?

MCMAHON: Not the sort you want to remember. Now they're changing, though. Now they're more typical, R-rated.

PLAYBOY: R for sex or violence?

MCMAHON: Both.

PLAYBOY: About 18 months ago you were in a violent motorcycle crash.

MCMAHON: I'm a guy who gets more out of life than some people—more out of one big breath of fresh air than most people get from breathing in and out for a lifetime. Bungee jumping in Germany went OK, but the last time I rode a motorcycle I ran into an idiot in a Volvo station wagon. It was July 3, 1999. I was on

a Boss Hoss, a motorcycle with a Chevy V8 engine. Enormous power. Not enormous speed—I've been on it at 150 miles an hour; it won't go much faster—but great acceleration. Zero to 60 in something like a second and a half. Having that much power between your legs, it's like having a 12-foot penis. But I had a little accident. I was coming down a secondary road, going about 45, when this idiot backed out of a blind driveway. I hit the Volvo and it launched me. It was just a question of how I was going to land. That's when my training in the ring helped me. Up in the air I was conscious of where the ground was, and I made sure I didn't land on my head. It's like taking a back drop or some other wrestling move: You might not hit just right, but you can manage to land pretty flat.

PLAYBOY: You dispersed the impact.

MCMAHON: Right, and again, it's like being in the ring—you don't realize you're hurt at first, because you've got your adrenaline going. You don't know you're hurt until you try to bounce up, and you can't. The bike was uphill from me, gasoline pouring out on me. So I had my motivation: I was going to try not to burn to death. Got up. Walked, kind of. I had broken my tailbone, which wasn't the big problem, because bones heal pretty fast. The big problem was that my pelvis was separated. It felt like I'd given birth to a 20-pound baby. Got out of

there, though, and it didn't keep me from working.

PLAYBOY: You've alluded to feeling older in recent years. How's your libido?

MCMAHON: I am a giver. Whether it's performing in the ring or sexually, that's how I get off. I give. I get off on the number of orgasms a woman has, when I'm the reason she's having them.

PLAYBOY: What's the record?

MCMAHON: [Pauses] You know, you might not be sure when you're younger. She could be like Meg Ryan in *When Harry Met Sally*. When you're older, you can generally tell. Not just from sound, but physically.

PLAYBOY: Muscular interaction.

MCMAHON: There you go. You can't fake that. To answer your question . . . probably six. Which is pretty damn good.

PLAYBOY: How long does that take?

MCMAHON: Over the course of an hour. See, I love women. A woman's body is so complex and so beautiful, and it's not just her body. It's her mind. To be responsible for a woman becoming absolutely without inhibition, surrendering in that way—that's about the coolest thing in the world. I'm not a guy who just appreciates a woman's physicality, either. My wife is chief executive officer of the company not because her last name is McMahon, but because she's the best one for the job. You would think the WWF is a bastion of male domination,

but it's not. I am a women's rights advocate. I'm big on equal pay, all that stuff. It's the right thing to do and it's good business.

PLAYBOY: Linda's not the only family member who's in the business. Your son, Shane, and daughter, Stephanie, work on both sides of the camera. Few fans know that Stephanie, who is a major part of the on-air story line, still works behind the scenes, in ad sales.

MCMAHON: If your name is McMahon, you have a day job and a night job. Stephanie's now segueing out of sales into creative. She's going to head up the creative division.

PLAYBOY: Her night job gets rowdy. Is it annoying to hear fans yelling, "Slut!" and "Stephanie swallows!" at her?

MCMAHON: Not at all. You can't think, That's my daughter they're referring to. It's a character. As the father of the person who plays that character, I think she's getting a response. She must be doing a hell of a job. You know what my worry is? That she might get hurt, just as I worry about Shane or any of the performers. They all take big risks out there.

PLAYBOY: Shane came back after getting hurt in a fall at a SummerSlam show, carrying on the family tradition. But there's one story about a time he was scared to death. He was four years old.

MCMAHON: [Grinning] Linda and I have

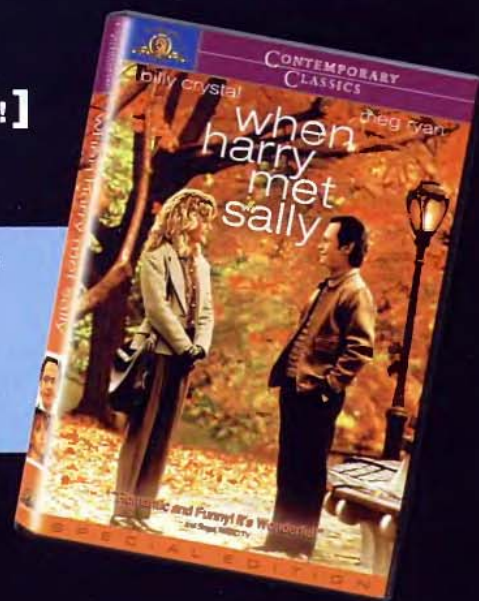
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been married for 34 years now, but we're really different. She would always read to the kids at night. I'd make up stories for them, and my stories were full of action. Couldn't help it. They've just had their bath and they smell so good, they're tucked into their little beds and they're so sweet that you just want to eat them. I'd tell them a story, kiss them goodnight, and they would be absolutely wired. Linda would have to calm them down. So Shane was scared one night. He thought Dracula was in the closet. I said, "Oh yeah? Watch this." I went in that closet and started growling and yelling, having a battle. I threw a little furniture. Now Shane's really scared to death, until finally his dad walks out of the closet. I said, "Son, you never have to worry about Dracula again. Dracula's dead."

PLAYBOY: How are you as a husband?

MCAHON: I tease Linda about the sacrifices I've made for my marriage, but she has made enormous sacrifices. When Linda and I got married, I promised her two things: that I'd always love her and that there would never be a boring moment. I've lived up to both promises. I have always been . . . loyal.

PLAYBOY: And faithful?

MCAHON: Not necessarily faithful. I probably lied to myself, thinking she knew who I was when we got married. The wild guy. But I never, ever threw anything in her face. I was discreet. And Linda never suffered from a lack of attention, physical or emotional. But one day she asked me, point-blank, "Are you having an affair with so-and-so?" And I've never lied to her.

"Yes."

It crushed her. Then she asked, "What about such and such?"

"Yes."

It went on. More names. I said, "Yes, yes and yes."

PLAYBOY: Were your affairs at different times or concurrent?

MCAHON: Different times. Some were concurrent, but I didn't think she had to know that. She didn't ask that question or I'd have had to say yes to that, too. It's not something I'm proud of. I just didn't realize the impact of messing with other people's lives. Notwithstanding the impact on my wife, I'm talking about the havoc you create in other lives, just from wanting to have a good time. There's no such thing as an innocent fling. When a woman commits to a sexual encounter, it's generally with a great deal of emotion. With very few exceptions, it's not just, "Let's have sex! Boy, that was great. OK, see you." Women don't do that. So I guess, maybe . . . I hurt a lot of people. The sex was terrific, but from an emotional standpoint, I regret it.

PLAYBOY: Did you change?

MCAHON: I learned about the ramifications of a sexual relationship, if you're

married. You're touching a lot of lives, mostly negatively. You think, It was just supposed to be sexual. We were supposed to have a great time and be better off. But it's always more complicated than that. It can interfere with your own life, too. Having an affair, running off here and there, can take a lot of energy. It takes a lot of effort, a lot of time. The last five or six years, I've found that I not only appreciate my wife more, but I can get a hell of a lot more done.

PLAYBOY: You don't cheat anymore?

MCAHON: I have been not only loyal but faithful for about six years. Linda and I have a great marriage, and I don't want to screw it up. I'm not saying I don't look. I'm not saying I won't fall off the wagon one day. I hope not, because of all the complications and because I would have to tell her if she asked me. But other than for the innate id, I don't have a desire to go outside our relationship.

And if I'm on the road for more than three days, you know I'm flying afterward to where Linda is.

PLAYBOY: You're always on the move. Were you hyperactive as a kid?

MCAHON: Maybe. When Shane had alleged learning disabilities in high school, we put him on Ritalin. When I was in school there was no Ritalin. Attention deficit disorder hadn't been discovered, so I was just a bad kid.

PLAYBOY: A little Ritalin in 1960 might have changed the course of American entertainment.

MCAHON: [Laughing] That's one drug I've escaped. Maybe I had learning disabilities, or maybe I was just starved for attention, striving to be liked.

PLAYBOY: Your wrestlers have been getting more attention lately. A couple of years ago Ted Turner, Time Warner and their World Championship Wrestling beat your WWF in the ratings for 88 weeks in a row. Now you kill them week after week. How fun is it to body-slam Turner like that?

MCAHON: What happened was that the superstars we created got bought off by Ted Turner. When their WWF contracts came up, Ted opened his checkbook and paid them up to 10 times what we were paying. I had a fraternal, we're-brothers relationship with our stars, guys like Hulk Hogan, and I never thought they would leave. They gave me every personal assurance that they wouldn't. But exorbitant money can change minds. It's not easy competing with a billionaire and Time Warner. Still, we knew we could create new stars, and this time around we'd keep them, knowing that the guys Ted bought would get old quickly. Looking back, yes, there was a brief time when the superstars Ted purchased almost in bulk and the promotional machine he owned—CNN, TBS, TNT, the NBA package, the NFL package, which he had for a while—all combined to put him

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ahead. But how far ahead? An average of 20 percent, or at the most 25. It's not the crushing situation you see now, when we have new stars and their superstars are old and jaded and don't want to work. As my dad would say, the wrinkles are out of their bellies. They're no longer hungry. At Time Warner, they don't understand the creative process. They have never been able to create stars, but Ted buys things. He's always been like that. By the way, he has tried to buy the WWF on many occasions.

PLAYBOY: What's the prognosis for Turner's WCW?

MCMAHON: I understand it's for sale.

PLAYBOY: You interested?

MCMAHON: Possibly.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're on top, has the WWF been getting a little less raunchy?

MCMAHON: On balance, we've never been raunchy. I'd say we are certainly more mainstream than we were several years ago, and we have pushed the envelope too far a few times. A couple years ago we did that with a character called Sexual Chocolate. It was an S&M parody in which Sexual Chocolate was surprised to learn the person gratifying him was a male. Some of the audience got it as humor, but some felt like, How do I explain this to my young son or daughter? So maybe we pushed it too far. There was no reason to go there. But there will always be sexuality in the product. We're a variety show, soap opera, rock concert, action-adventure with a little Comedy Central thrown in and with charismatic world-class athletes performing their feats in the ring. There has never been anything quite like this, and you can't copy it. It can't be copied because there's no formula. It's living and breathing.

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics say it's disgusting. Phil Mushnick of the *New York Post* calls you a pornographer.

MCMAHON: Look, we have a huge demo. Fifteen percent of our prime-time audience is 12 and under. Fifteen percent is 12 to 18. That's 30 percent who are 18 and under, while 70 percent is your older audience. Who do you write for? Remember, we're part of the cable universe, where you've got *The Sopranos*, *Sex and the City*. Compared with a lot of what's on cable, the WWF actually leans to the conservative side. Phil Mushnick? He's so right-wing that everybody laughs at him. Even in the *New York Post* recently, there was only one pro-Mushnick letter. All the rest were pro-WWF, saying, "Phil, grow up. Who the hell are you to view the WWF the way you do in this day and age?" Jerk. Phil writes his opinion, but he never calls us before he writes. He's been invited up here. Won't come, won't meet me anywhere. Hello, Phil? Wake up! It's the real world!

PLAYBOY: Your shows feature talk about "puppies" and "tits."

MCMAHON: We don't say "tits." We use "puppies," a cute term for breasts. It's not

meant to be derogatory. I'd say "tits" is vulgar, but "puppies" is cute terminology. **PLAYBOY:** But the fans yell about tits. And the signs fans hold up at your Monday night show, *Raw Is War*, aren't just about puppies.

MCMAHON: If we see a sign that's objectionable or obscene, we'll take it away. We're scanning the crowd, but sometimes there are 20,000 people there. You might see some signs that should not be there, especially on the live show Monday night. As much as I appreciate freedom of expression, we will ask the person not to display that sign. If he displays it anyway, we'll say, "You know what? We're going to bribe you now. Would you like to have this Stone Cold T-shirt for free? Give me that fucking sign." Generally it works.

PLAYBOY: Last year you were charged with hypocrisy for refusing to allow ads for the documentary *Beyond the Mat* to run during WWF broadcasts. How do you explain that?

MCMAHON: As a business decision. You want to know what happened? Ron Howard is one of my neighbors. Not that I know Ron well, but he called me and said, "Vince, I'd like you to meet this guy. He wants to do a documentary." That's how I heard about Barry Blaustein. I figured it would be a great positive. But when Linda and I went to a private screening, we found out it's so bad. It's the underbelly of the wrestling business in the early Eighties. You've got Jake the Snake off doing blow, and the movie winds up with one of our characters, Mick Foley—Mankind—bleeding everywhere. I think it was a Royal Rumble event in Anaheim. Foley's kids are in the audience, along with his wife, and the camera's on them. Now, Mick's wife has seen him in a lot worse condition, but here she is screaming so much that the kids—who shouldn't have been there for this—are reacting to her hysterical screams. It turned me off so badly. I'm thinking, Barry, you and I have completely different visions of the business.

In the early Eighties, and certainly before then, it was viewed as a six-pack and a blow job. But today's performer is more sophisticated, educated. He's on the Internet after his match, or playing video games. Or he wants to watch tape to study his performance. He does not go to the bar. So few of our performers even drink, much less do drugs and other things that were once run-of-the-mill. So to see Mick and his kids and his wife in that movie was a real downer.

Even before that screening, I had told Barry and his backers, "You're using our characters, our trademarks. But none of our performers got paid. You're not paying the company. Let us buy in—I'll pay half the production costs." We were denied. I told them, "Look, you know we control all the advertising in our vehicles." We have for years, because we

didn't want Turner or anyone else capitalizing on our hard work. We can't control Ford or Chevy, but we control the wrestling genre. So I'm trying to strong-arm Barry and his studio. I tell them, "If you don't let us in, you won't have access to our vehicle." I guess they didn't believe me. Ron Howard said, "You know, Vince, sometimes out there in Hollywood you make bad deals, and you have to live with them." But this wasn't one I had to live with. And my decision wasn't an editorial one, even though I didn't like the movie. There's plenty of stuff we do that I'm not in love with, but the audience likes it. So this wasn't censorship. It was financial. It was, "You guys didn't let us in, even when I was willing to buy our way in, so fuck you. You raped me once, you don't get the privilege of raping me twice. Fuck you. You can't advertise inside our vehicle."

PLAYBOY: Tell us about fear. You're not afraid of Ted Turner or Dracula. What scares you?

MCMAHON: I was scared of the United States government when I pissed off the Justice Department and they trampled on my rights. They accused me of something I didn't do.

PLAYBOY: You were charged with conspiring to distribute steroids. You originally faced six charges but were ultimately cleared of all of them.

MCMAHON: And they were the ones who had been coming to me with a plea bargain! It's supposed to work the other way—the accused goes to the government. But they came to me, and I said, "Fuck you." Those were my exact words. I tried to call Attorney General Janet Reno but never got through, which is probably a good thing.

PLAYBOY: Have you worked out any plans to hand over the reins of the WWF to Shane and Stephanie?

MCMAHON: Depends on what you mean by the reins. We'll be doing films, music—there's a lot to keep me busy, like this little thing called the XFL. But if I bust tonight, Shane and Stephanie and Linda will make sure the business goes on.

PLAYBOY: When you do step aside, will you write a death scene for your alter ego, the evil Mr. McMahon?

MCMAHON: A death scene? No, that wouldn't be reality. Unless . . . you know what? I believe in the laws of nature. When it's time for me to go, I would like to be devoured by the biggest, baddest carnivore that ever walked the face of the earth. And then I'd like that son of a bitch to get indigestion and vomit my remains back up.

PLAYBOY: A romantic finish.

MCMAHON: Yep.

PLAYBOY: And you know you'd get—

MCMAHON: Great ratings.





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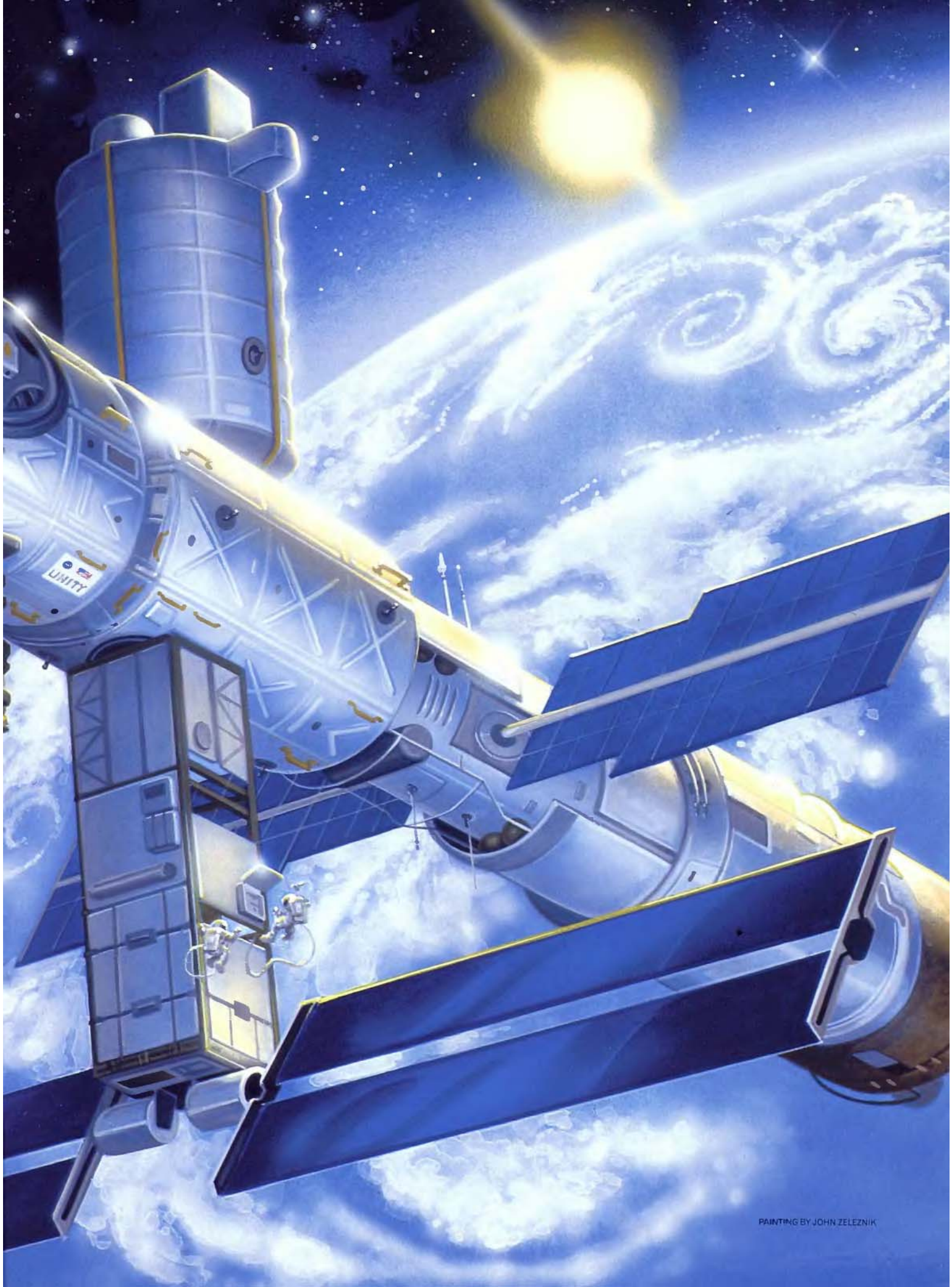
the new spacewalkers are hard hat astronauts who can hang ten—and use hammers—while they're orbiting the earth

article By Mark Bowden

The damn thing wobbled. The satellite floated like some giant oil barrel kicked overboard at sea, only it was 18 feet tall and 12 feet wide and the sea shone 300 miles below.

Astronauts Pierre Thuot and Richard Hieb had trained for years to nab this floating barrel—a stranded multimillion-dollar communications relay known as Intelsat VI (F-3)—and direct it into the open bay doors of the space shuttle *Endeavour*. They had practiced every move they would make in this daring space walk, rehearsing almost daily for months in the vast pools and virtual-reality simulators of the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center in Houston. But no matter how hard you plan and how much you think about working weightless, nothing fully prepares you for the experience. Up here, the rules of physics are not the familiar ones that are hardwired into your body and brain, not the rules that governed the growth of the illustrious human body inside this bulky space suit from single cell to astronaut, but the clean abstractions of textbooks, where every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Sometimes surprisingly equal, and immediately opposite.





PAINTING BY JOHN ZELENIK

The idea was for Thuot to stand on the end of the great arm extending from the shuttle's cargo bay, his feet secured with restraints and heel and toe clips, and then hang his ass out over the edge in a far more literal way than ever imagined by the old test pilots who popularized the expression. With the whole of the Atlantic Ocean and the west coast of Africa rolling brilliantly from toe to heel, he would ride the arm out to the slowly rotating black cylinder and attach a 15-foot-long capture bar to its bottom. There was a steering wheel built into the capture bar that would enable Thuot to gently brake the cylinder's slow rotation. Thus stabilized, the errant satellite could then be drawn gently into the cargo bay for repair. The steps in this procedure had been thought through and practiced so often that one could hardly conceive of anything surprising happening.

Except the damn thing wobbled. As massive as a small house, weighing four and a half tons on earth, the giant black barrel behaved exactly like a spinning top. Whenever Thuot touched it with the capture bar and began to apply the brakes to its spin, the cylinder didn't just slow, it started to wobble, drunkenly, as a top does when it loses its momentum. Thuot pulled back quickly and ground controllers fired the lurching satellite's tiny stabilizing rockets, nudging it back into a stable spin. If the wobble disintegrated into a tumble, not only would it be impossible to snare the satellite, but it would pose a threat to him, the shuttle floating alongside and the six other members of his crew.

It was May 10, 1992. NASA was on the verge of a spectacular failure. If there were a defining moment for the current generation of NASA astronauts, this was it. The single-combat knights of the Sixties' rocket-jock corps have evolved into magnificently over-qualified construction workers—hard hats in space hefting huge components like giant soap bubbles, specialists in what astronaut Bill McArthur calls "really high steel." Six years hence they would embark on the first major construction project in orbit, the International Space Station, the central truss of which was delivered and installed last year. But when Thuot and Hieb encountered this giant wobbling barrel in orbit nine years ago, the Space Station was still on the drawing boards, and the idea of building something huge up there was untested. There was no new tincture of Right Stuff to define the hard hat generation of astronauts—that is, until one man stepped up on that mission to pluck the giant black barrel out of orbit, a man now considered the prototype of the modern astronaut, the Chuck Yeager of the

new ziggurat. His name is Tom Akers.

Intelsat VI, the giant black cylinder, was the latest in a series of high-flying communications satellites designed to keep the growing global cell-phone culture connected; it could handle 120,000 phone conversations simultaneously. But this link in the global Intelsat system had been floating uselessly in space ever since the second stage of its Titan booster rocket had failed to separate two years earlier. Instead of reaching its assigned slot in the heavens some 22,000 miles up, where it would fly in geosynchronous orbit—that is, hold its position by orbiting at the same speed as the planet's rotation—it was stranded here at a relatively pedestrian 300-mile altitude. Rescuing this garage-size satellite worth the gross national product of a small nation was the practical *raison d'être* of this 47th Space Shuttle flight. It would provide the best illustration yet of the shuttle's usefulness. To fail would be more than a humiliation for NASA

"Like all bureaucracies, NASA would be damn hard to kill. A temple for true believers in technology, it has sunk deep roots into American mythology."

and the astronauts aboard *Endeavour*; it would not only suggest the futility of trying to capture and repair satellites, a promising role for future shuttle missions, but also call into question the entire issue of man working in space and hence the Space Station and all further manned space exploration. The future of man in space would not have ground to a halt if the crew failed to snare Intelsat VI, but the error would have presented a setback when NASA had planned on a triumph.

So after the first space walk failed—four tries took three hours and 43 minutes—Thuot and Hieb retreated into the air lock, desuited, huddled electronically with the geeks in Houston and the rest of the shuttle crew, including Akers, and planned a different strategy. The next day they gave it another shot. This time they tried five times, maintaining the space walk for five hours and 30 minutes, and every damn time they touched it, the big black cylinder began to wobble.

Akers watched this frustrating exercise from inside the shuttle. He was a

wiry man with a slow Missouri drawl who was, at 40, a few years older than most astronauts. An Air Force colonel and former test pilot, he had a master's degree in applied mathematics, but he had also worked as a park ranger and spent four years as a high school principal in his hometown of Eminence, Missouri. He still loved to teach and planned to return to it when he finished space traveling. But he had another qualification that prior to this mission wasn't seen as anything special. He was a tinkerer, an unreformed grease monkey. Akers' idea of a relaxing weekend was lying under an old car with a wrench in his hand. He had never lost his childhood passion for fixing things, be they cars, TV sets or toaster ovens. Akers had been an astronaut for five years at that point and had already flown on one shuttle flight. Watching the fiasco out the window, he began doing what he did best—sketching out notions, trying to work out a practical solution with the tools at hand.

"It wasn't just me," Akers says, who has retired and gone back to teaching in Missouri. "It was a group effort that included not just the crew members but also the folks on the ground. Bruce Melnick [another mission specialist] is the one who came up with the idea of sending three people out."

If the cylinder could be grabbed simultaneously at three points, it might stop the wobble cold. But this was easier said than done. The mission called for only one astronaut to ride out on the arm to the satellite and connect the control bar. How were three astronauts to do it? Remember, every action in space is choreographed more diligently than at the Bolshoi ballet. It takes a committee to determine the most efficient technique for blowing your nose. Getting NASA to forget years of planning and practice to try something on the spur of the moment was hard enough, but authorizing an impromptu three-man extravehicular activity and figuring out how to deliver out to the Intelsat not just one more astronaut but two was like asking a 500-pound tortoise to do a back flip.

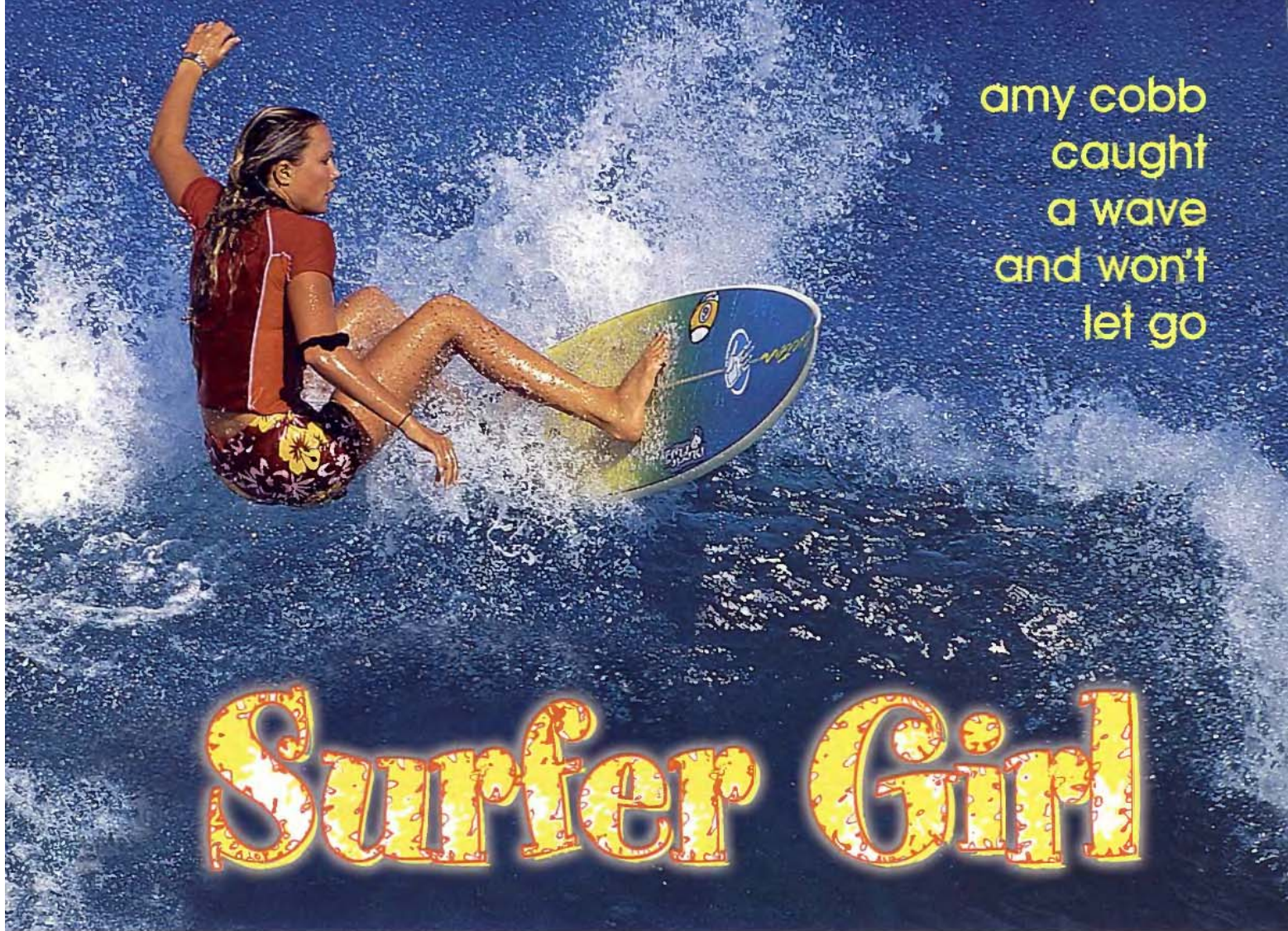
"When we posed the possibility, they didn't like the idea," recalls Akers. "The system was not set up for a three-man EVA."

There were not enough umbilical lines to handle the three astronauts at once. The radio system in the EVA space suits had only two frequencies, complicating communications. Most important, the third astronaut would need a place to stand. It is said that one needs a place to stand in order to move the world; in space, one needs a place to stand to do anything. Only Thuot

(continued on page 143)

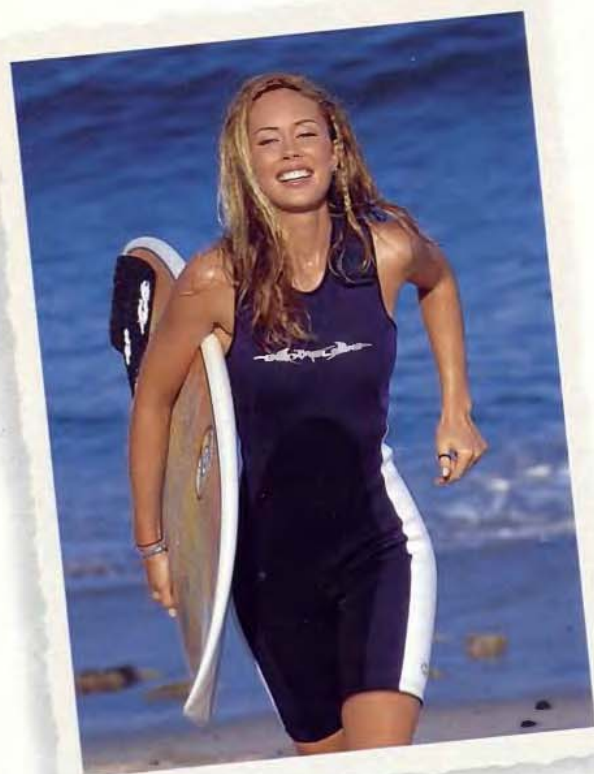


"I think you should know I don't swallow on the first date."



amy cobb
caught
a wave
and won't
let go

Surfer Girl



AMY COBB WAS a rebellious 5'10" 15-year-old in South Carolina when she was discovered by a New York modeling agency. With her mom's support, she gave the Big Apple a try. "But New York is not my place," says Cobb, now 21. "So I thought, Why don't you try Miami? It just felt good. It was crazy and wild, and the beach was there. I was always a beach baby." She still makes a living at modeling, but surfing is her passion. Her former boyfriend, "who's now my best friend," she says, taught her. "Surfing is his life. To see him enjoy it so much, I was like, Wow! If it can make him feel that good, I want to do it!" She learned fast. "I just got better and better," she quips. Now, if the waves are good, she's hanging 10 at 6:30 every morning. The sport, she says, has changed her physically and mentally. "My arms, shoulders and lats have changed so much, I'm like a different person. They just grew and grew. Once you've been surfing for a while, and you're doing maneuvers, you'll start building leg muscle. But until then it's all about paddling." Surfing has mellowed her, too. "You could have been bitten by a shark and you would still go surfing. The feeling you get is awesome. You're riding something that has traveled thousands of miles to break on the shore where you are. Just to know that you're in the power of the ocean is mysterious and breathtaking. As long as there's surfing, I'm happy."

"Surfing not only mellows you out, but it also gives you an entirely different view of the world. You realize there's so much more out there. All the surfers I know want to travel and see the world because they want to find the perfect wave. Surfing allows you to see that life is life, and you need to live it and enjoy it. You need to do your thing while you can."





"I'm from the South, so marriage is important, though not right away. I'm attracted to intelligence, and a guy with goals and motivation. I like someone who realizes that you learn things every day. You never stop learning until the day you die, so it's impossible for you to know everything. I don't care if you went to Harvard or have all the money in the world—that doesn't mean everything."



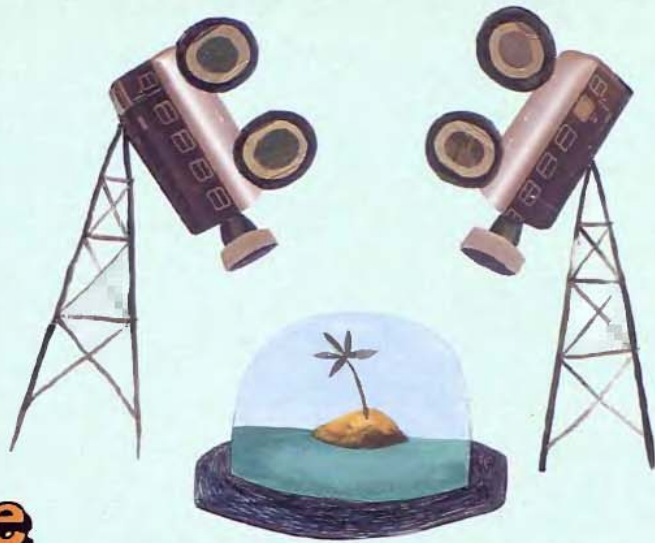




Amy has modeled for magazines from *Surfing Girl* to *Vogue*, but she doesn't like doing runway shows. "There's nothing on me that's fake. I'm all real. And I'm not emaciated like the rest of the models. The whole emaciated thing grosses me out. I really don't dig it. I'm 5'11" and weigh 130 pounds, but compared with the rest of those chicks, I'm way bigger. But I've always thought I was pretty."







the SURVIVOR SCAM

by Steve Pond

So what if the castaways had help?

So what if it wasn't really survival at all? Experts dissect the real drama—and comedy—behind the scenes



SANDMAN Motel



The television producers didn't want it made public, but it took only four days for the first castaways to flee their island and check into a hotel.

This wasn't supposed to happen. They had come to this remote island, a home to beasts but not to man, to test themselves—to confront their strengths and weaknesses, armed only with their wits, resourcefulness and the barest of essentials. Not all of them would stay the course; not everyone would emerge a survivor. But big rewards beckoned, along with that priceless modern commodity—fame—because the whole ordeal was being filmed for a television show.

They settled in for a stay of days, weeks, however long it took. Then they started to realize just how difficult their task was. It rained, their shelter was

makeshift, they had to scrounge for food and some of them didn't even like one another.

So they left. After less than a week on the island, the first of them hopped onto production helicopters and boats and headed for the nearest town. The crew and network tried to cover it up—it wouldn't help if the television audience knew that these adventurers were actually staying in hotel rooms, ordering room service and hanging out in bars.

But when the news finally leaked, the network was unapologetic. "This is not a Robinson Crusoe situation," it said. "We have always been clear that these are 21st century people with 21st century concerns."

By the way, the network that admitted as much was not CBS, and these reluctant survivors-to-be were not the survivors



you may have seen atop the Nielsen ratings. We're not talking about Rich. Rudy. Gervase and Jenna here, nor about the contestants on round two of the show, *Survivor: The Australian Outback*, which kicks off after the Super Bowl. These were three dozen English men, women and children recruited to live in hardship on the remote Scottish isle of Taransay for the BBC series *Castaway 2000*.

So how come Brits—the people who survived the Blitz—couldn't hack it and the Yanks could, roughing it for up to five and a half weeks on the Malaysian island of Pulau Tiga with nothing but grit, desire, some rudimentary tools and the dulcet tones of Jeff Probst to keep them company and put it all in context?

Well, yeah, they had all that. That, and a few other things, courtesy

Brown's Tracker School in New Jersey, calls "a cornucopia of supplies":

- Canteens and drinking water, purified and tested every morning by the production crew.

- Medical supplies, including Band-Aids, antidiarrheal tablets, Betadine, aspirin, prescription medications, plus two doctors and a medical crew standing by to treat anything serious.

- An unlimited supply of sunscreen, bug repellent, tampons, contact lens solution and sanitized hand wipes. Plus condoms.

- Casks of rice and a small supply of canned food (which were gone, says a crew member, inside of a week). Chewing gum, too.

- Blankets, rope and string, baskets and buckets, oars, pots and pans, machetes, hatchets, fish traps, rat traps, netting,



Private citizens who become princes purely by good fortune do so with little exertion on their own part; but subsequently they maintain their position only by considerable exertion. They make the journey as if they had wings; their problems start when they alight.

—Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*, Chapter VII



of a few last-minute phone calls.

"The producers called us before they were scheduled to go out and shoot," says Ford Church, operations manager of the Boulder Outdoor Survival School, "and had a bunch of questions that honestly scared us. They were asking, 'How much food should we give these guys? What kind of gear should we make available to them?' And I'm thinking, 'You're leaving in three days to go shoot this thing and you don't know this stuff?'"

But the *Survivor* producers finally figured out what to pack for their 16 castaways. Included was what survival-

skills teacher Tom Brown, who runs Tom

wood planks, chicken wire.

- The personal "luxury item" that each castaway was allowed to bring, which included a ukulele, a Bible, a deck of cards, a bag of craft beads and a razor (so New York neurologist Sean Keniff could indulge in that favorite pastime of true survivalists everywhere: shaving his chest).

- The rewards of various competitions: three egg-laying chickens, baskets of fruit, a loaded spice rack, a hunting knife, a mask, snorkel, fins and spear for fishing, pillows, hammocks, a can opener, matches, more canned food, chocolate. And a few lavish dinners, be they on a yacht, on a nearby island, at a "local bar" (actually a stage set filled with playacting locals, designed to be just realistic enough to fool a woman who'd been stuck on Pulau Tiga for a month) or on the beach. (The fact that the castaways who won these repasts often threw them up afterward did not diminish the zeal with which they ate.)

- Items that mysteriously showed up during the (text continued on page 134)



16

PEOPLE we'd like to see on *Survivor 2*

EMERIL LAGASSE

He could make even kangaroo meat taste good.

CHER

Is she the ultimate survivor or what?

DEEPAK CHOPRA

He's used to fasting; he won't get greedy with the rice.

KEITH RICHARDS

He's been on borrowed time for decades; clearly he has a foolproof survival scheme.

JUDGE JUDY

She won't take shit from anyone.

CARSON DALY

Just because we'd enjoy seeing him voted off.

DR. KEVORKIAN

(a) He's a doctor. (b) He might come in handy if someone gets too annoying.

ANGELINA JOLIE

If she can sleep with Billy Bob, having rats crawl over her won't be a problem.

BOBBY KNIGHT

To liven things up.

CHYNA

Somebody has to do the heavy lifting.

ANNE HECHE

Already skilled at wandering aimlessly through sparsely populated terrain.

BILL CLINTON

He needs a project.

PAM ANDERSON

Visual motivation for the rest of the team; she survived marriage to Tommy Lee.

TED NUGENT

At least he knows how to hunt.

RUPERT EVERETT

You got to have a gay guy.

RUDY BOESCH

Because he was the best thing about *Survivor 1*.



ACTUAL SURVIVAL IN THE WILD

Follow the "Sacred Order": shelter, then water, then fire, then food.

Protect yourself from the elements.

Find a way to gather and carry water.

Build a fire.

Fish for food.

Eat bugs to live.

Set traps to attract prey.

Beware of hypothermia.

If necessary, make clothes out of bark and leaves.

Remember to cover up during the hottest part of the day.

Identify the tribe's leaders and benefit from their knowledge.

Rely heavily on the advice of the doctor in the group.

Avoid the beach when sand fleas are most active.

Fashion an SOS symbol.

Pray for a rescue.

FAKE SURVIVAL ON TV

Follow the "Survivor motto": outwit, outplay, outlast.

Protect yourself from Jeff Probst.

Don't forget the canteens they gave you.

Build a secret alliance.

Fish for leverage.

Eat bugs to win the immunity challenge.

Shave your chest to attract an agent.

Beware of Rudy when he's cranky.

Make tough wardrobe decisions: the black sports bra or the red tankini?

Remember not to hog the free sunscreen.

Identify the tribe's leaders and vote them off the island.

Make fun of the doctor for his stupid alphabetical voting system.

Avoid the beach when Rich is naked.

Call for help on Greg's coconut phone.

Pray for a 40 share.

HOW TO REALLY PREPARE FOR SURVIVOR 2

BOOKS:

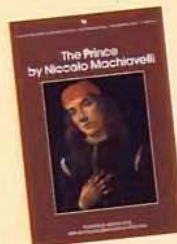
The Art of War by Sun Tzu

The Prince

by Niccolò Machiavelli

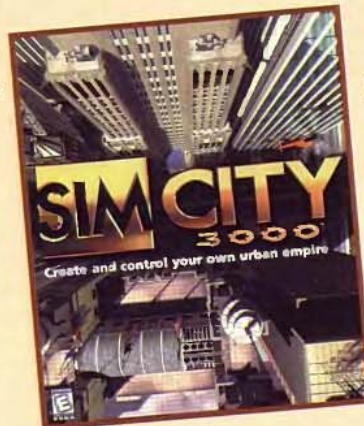
How to Win Friends and Influence People

by Dale Carnegie



MOVIES:

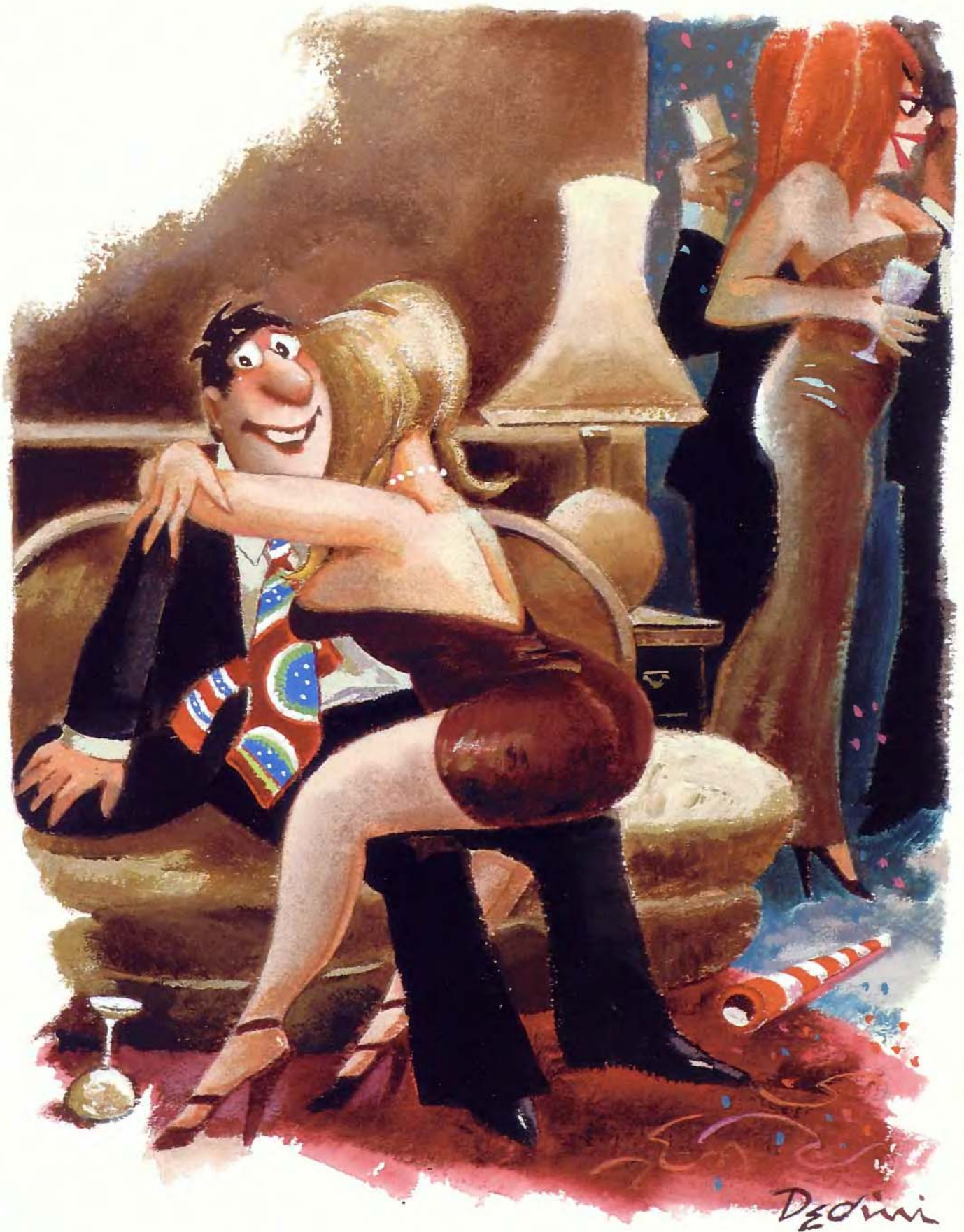
Alive
Lord of the Flies
All About Eve



GAMES:

Risk
Sim City 3000
Chess





"Somebody gave me this power tie. I forgot who."

TOP OF THE LOT

Climb out of the trenches. There's a place between the rock-and-roll fashions and baseball caps of Korn clones and the buttoned-up, buttoned-down Wall Street drones. It's a place where businesswear is more casual than ever and casualwear is more sophisticated. Call it cold-weather cool. The point is, you can revel in winter. It's a chance to mix different materials, like suede, fleece and corduroy. It's a time to experiment with visual textures as

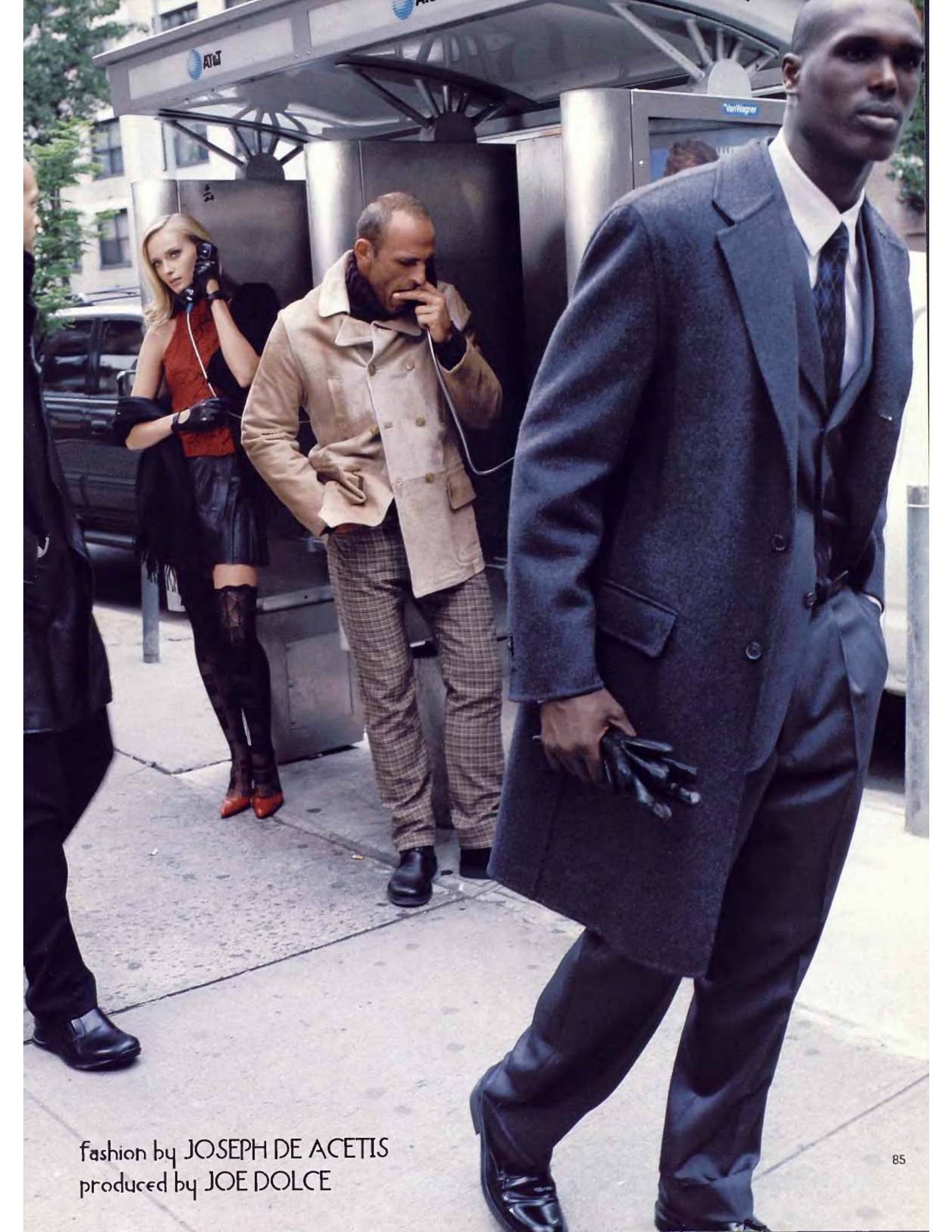
well. One of the most daring ways is with the rejuvenated Burberry plaid—or a pattern inspired by it. These days shirt-and-tie goes well with a leather jacket—there's no need for a suit and overcoat. It's all in how you work the layers. And rumples isn't necessarily sloppy. Softer silhouettes have replaced hard-edged, futuristic *Matrix*-wear. New outerwear is practical, soft and warm. These jackets go down easy—a little hot-buttered rum for your closet.

WINTER
BLASTS IN
WITH NEW
JACKETS
THAT STOP
TRAFFIC



This page: Olivier leans in layers. He's wearing a turtleneck by DKNY, sweater by Helmut Lang and inner and outer jackets by Samsonite. His pants are by Levi's. His gloves, on the hood of the Toyota Solara, are by Emporio Armani. Where there's smoke, there's Katya. She's in a dress by D&G, sunglasses by Gucci and a jacket by Emporio Armani.

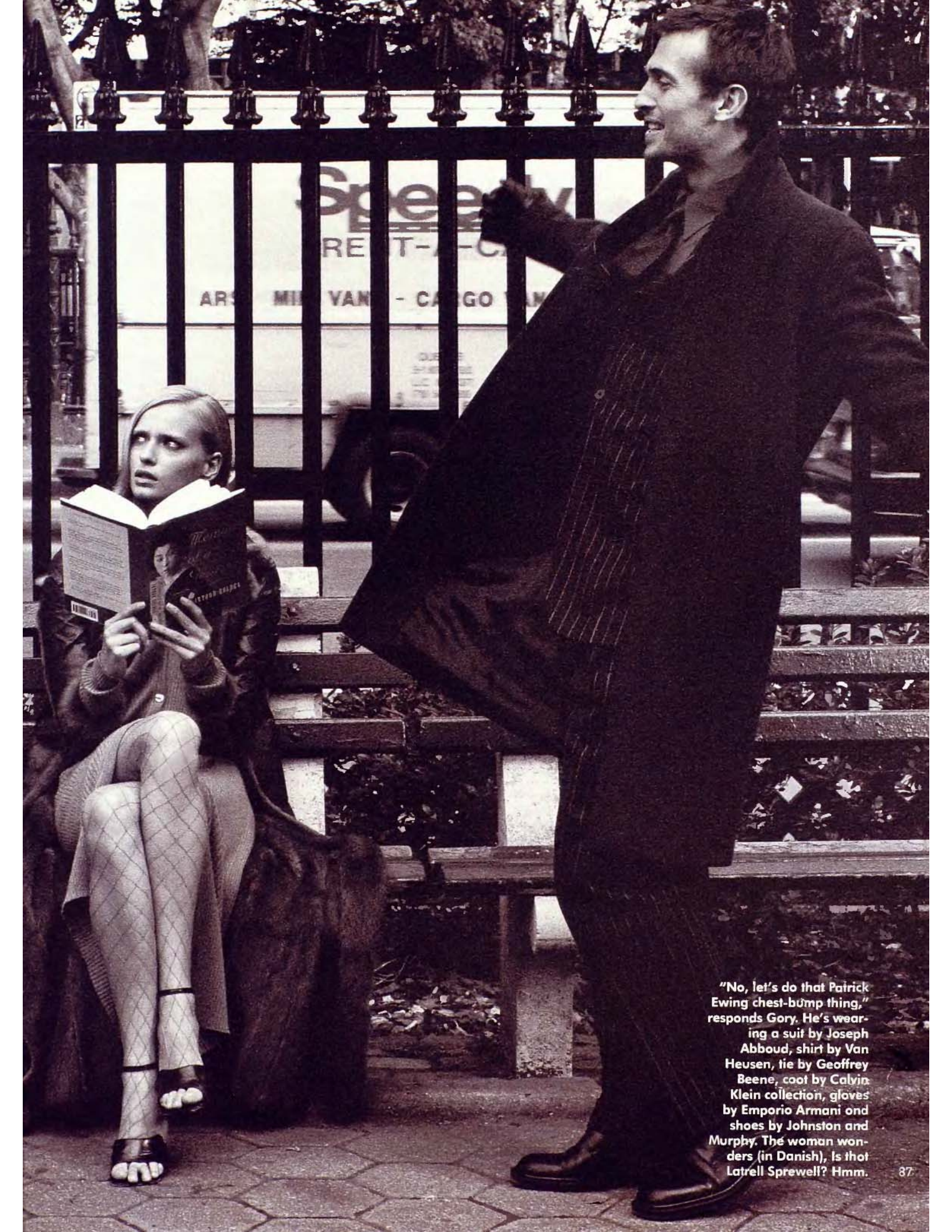
Opposite page: "I can't hear you very well—there's some girl behind me whistling and meowing at passers-by," says Olivier. He's in a turtleneck by Cynthia Rowley, pants by Ron Chereskin, boots by DKNY and peacoat by Perry Ellis. Behind him, that dream girl breathes heavily in a sweater by Easel, skirt by Chrome Hearts, shoes by Yves Saint Laurent and gloves by LaCrasia. Checking her out is Zaiya, in a shirt by Jason Bunin, pants by DKNY, shoes by Johnstan and Murphy, leather coat by Emporio Armani and cashmere scarf by Sulka. Wandering off, Mr. Noté has on a shirt and tie by Prada, suit by Bill Blass, coat by John Varvatos and shoes and belt by Johnston and Murphy. His gloves are by Emporio Armani.




fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS
produced by JOE DOLCE



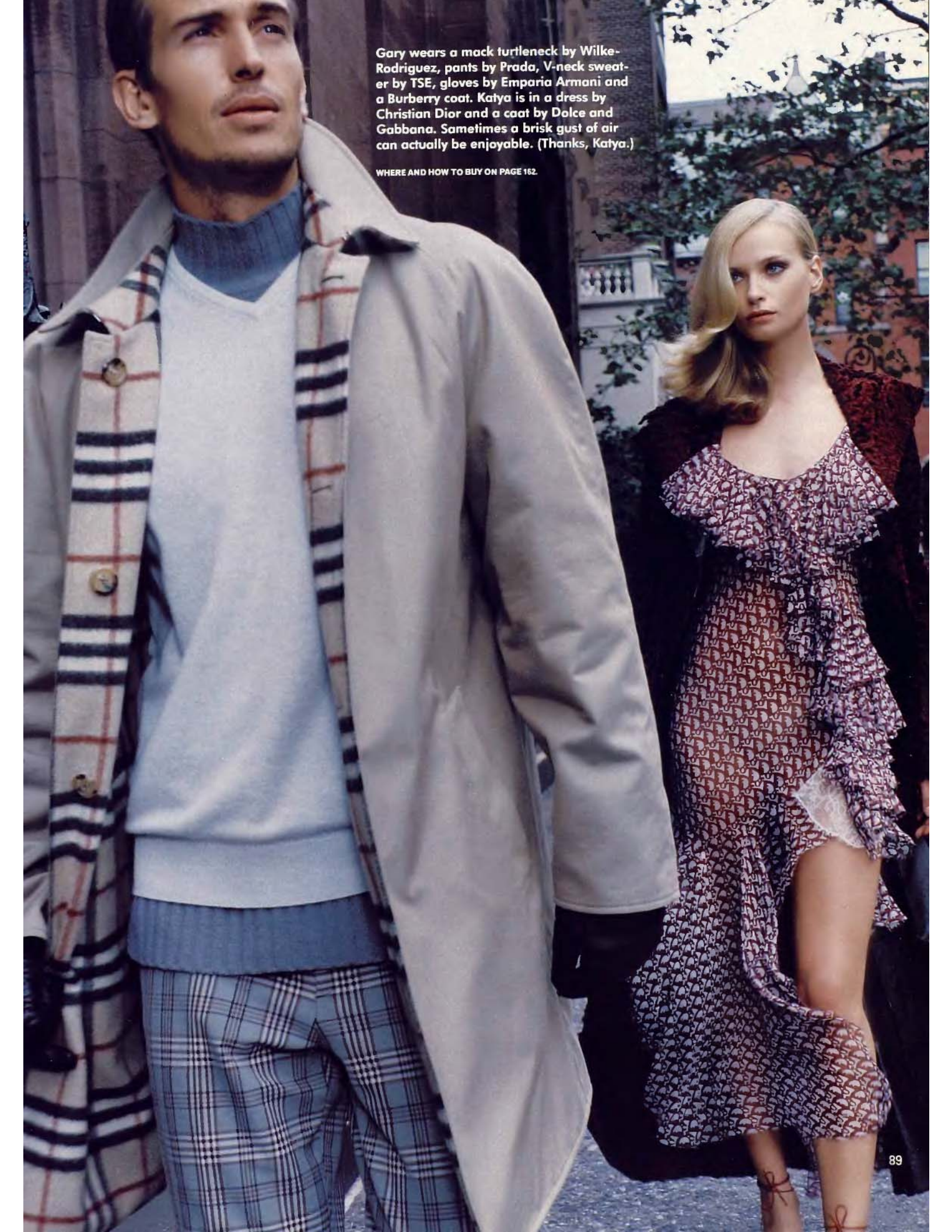
"Let's greet each other as though we were in Little Italy," says Olivier. "I want to impress the girl." He's in pants and coat by Jason Bunin, turtleneck by Sean John, scarf by Sulka, hat by John Varvatos and shoes by DKNY. The woman is in a sweater dress by Louis di Carlo, coat by Dolce and Gabbana and shoes by Robert Clergerie.



"No, let's do that Patrick Ewing chest-bump thing," responds Gory. He's wearing a suit by Joseph Abboud, shirt by Van Heusen, tie by Geoffrey Beene, coat by Calvin Klein collection, gloves by Emporio Armani and shoes by Johnston and Murphy. The woman wonders (in Danish), Is that Latrell Sprewell? Hmm.



Olivier is in a shirt by Geoffrey Beene, tie and suede pants by Ran Chereskin and jacket by John Varvatos. She's in pants by Carla Dawn and top and jacket by Roberto Cavalli. She's thinking (in French), What did Humpty Hump say? "Just grab them in the biscuits." You go, jeune fille!



Gary wears a mock turtleneck by Wilke-Rodriguez, pants by Prada, V-neck sweater by TSE, gloves by Emporio Armani and a Burberry coat. Katya is in a dress by Christian Dior and a coat by Dolce and Gabbana. Sometimes a brisk gust of air can actually be enjoyable. (Thanks, Katya.)

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

1-9000

*baby, this is
phone sex, not
a chat line*

fiction **By Richard Bausch**

IF YOU ARE calling to talk to one of us hot girls, are using a touch-tone phone and have your credit information handy, please press one now. We can hardly wait to talk to you."

"..."

"Please punch in your credit card number, followed by the pound key."

"..."

"Don't go anywhere—we're desperate for your hot love."

"..."

"This is Marilyn, and I'm soooo hot to give you my—"

"Excuse me, Marilyn?"

"Oh, yes, baby, let me have your big—"

"My name's John, OK?"

"..."

"OK?"

"You sound nervous, John. You shouldn't be. I'm gonna do whatever you want me to, baby, and it's gonna be so hot."

"Well, I am a little nervous."

"There's nothing to be nervous about, honey. I'm lying here naked, just thinking of you, John. That's what I'm doing right now. And I'm thinking of taking your—"

"Uh, listen, um, Marilyn—wait. Wait. Please. Do you think we—could we—is there any way we could talk about some other things first? I mean I wonder if we could kind of get to know each other a little. Or anyway seem to get to know each other. Like, can we—talk around a little? You know, just generally? I've come to the conclusion that I need something a little less blunt right-away-into-it kind of thing, you know, and as long as I'm paying for the minutes, I'd think that would be all right. That is all right—right? Is that all right?"

"John, are you gonna talk, honey, or do you want me to?"

"I thought that we would both talk. You know, have a—have a conversation about things in general kind of thing, and, um, lead up to it. That appears to be what I require right now."

"Oh, but I'm all *ready* for you, honey—"

"I know but *I'm* not ready yet. I need to talk a little."

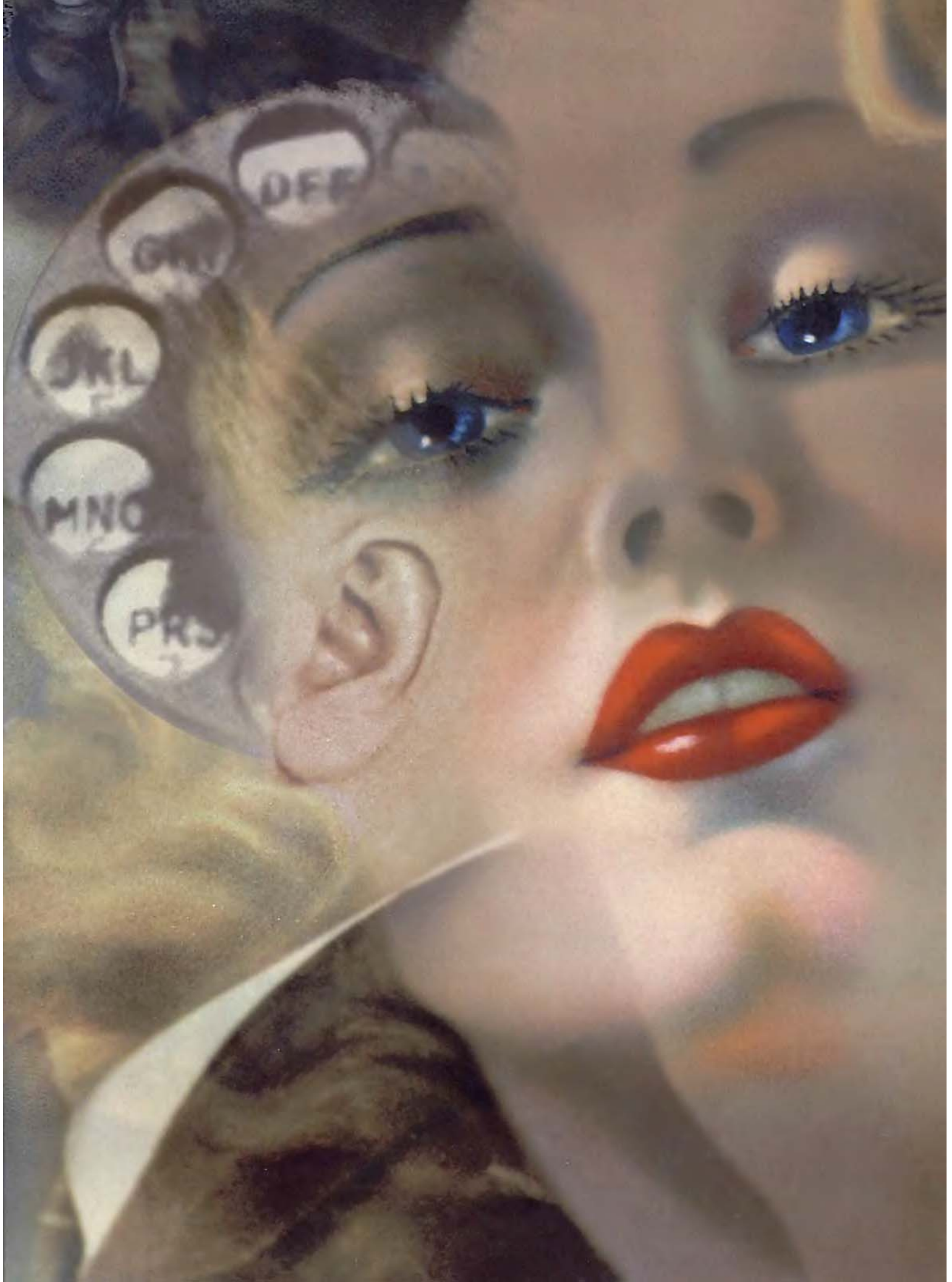
"..."

"Is your real name Marilyn?"

"..."

"Hello?" (continued on page 152)



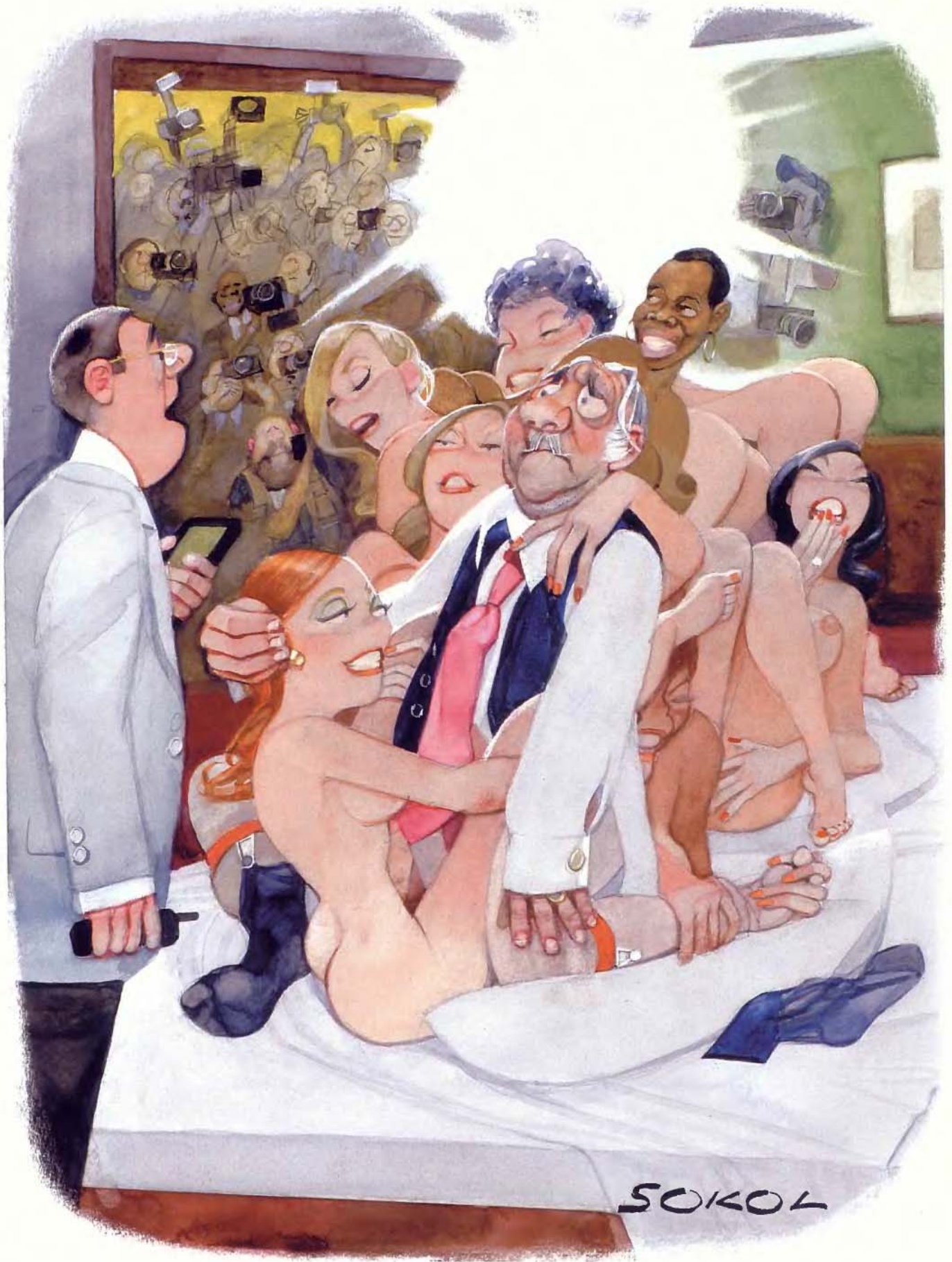




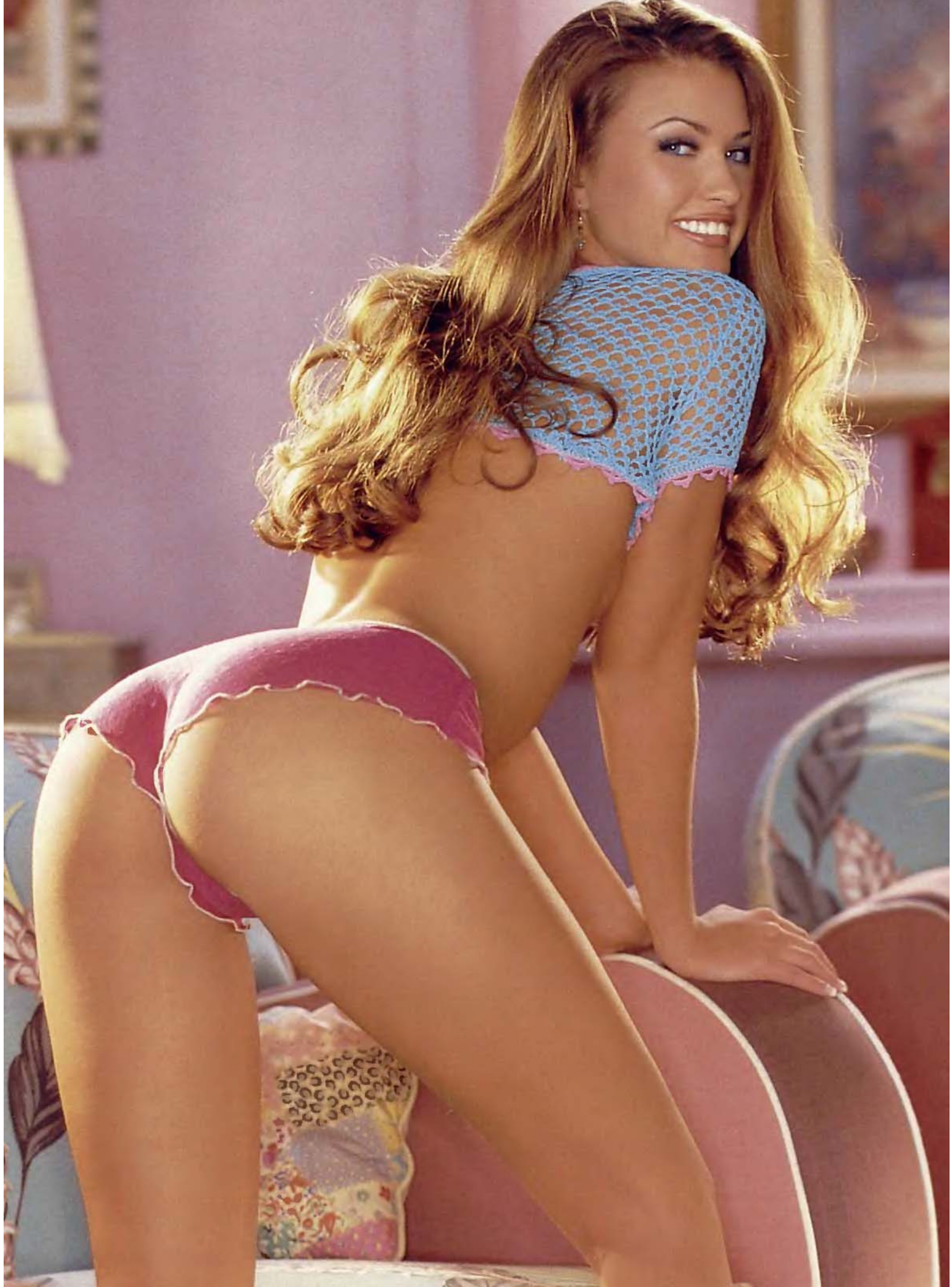
lil' **Kim's** BREASTS

THE REAL MEANING OF GHETTO FABULOUS

Kimberly Denise Jones grew up in Brooklyn. She had a rebellious streak long before she met the Notorious B.I.G. By 1995, Kim was a member of Junior M.A.F.I.A. and was about to become a break-out rap star. Now her CDs go platinum. You'll also see her in the basketball comedy *Juwanna Mann*, in which she plays the girlfriend of the cross-dressing star. Lately, Lil' Kim's breasts have been out everywhere. About them, she says, "I don't think I'm going to cover up any time soon."



"Smile, Senator! Think of it as just another photo op."



WHAT TOOK us so long? Last year we discovered Lauren Michelle Hill at a swimsuit competition in St. Croix. But she's been in front of the camera her entire life.

"Mom owned a modeling agency and used to take her girls to New York," she tells us. "As soon as school was over we'd go there for the summer. Mom would take all four of us—I have two brothers and a sister—to auditions. Every one of us has acted and modeled. Even our cat. He was in *That Darn Cat*. We got him from the set."

Lauren modeled clothes for department store catalogs and posed for the art on Hasbro toy boxes (she's not telling which ones, but we're sure they'd make great collectibles). As a well-coiffed teenager she appeared in ads for hair care products and was spotted by film producers on location in the South.

"In *Heavyweights*, the movie with Ben Stiller about kids at a weight-loss camp, I played the dream girl at a dance. They do a slow motion of me walking across the floor." Not one to let the job description "dream girl" remain just an entry on her résumé, she took a break from landlocked Columbia, South Carolina and tried her luck in Los Angeles. Within a week she'd landed on the *Baywatch* beach.

"In one episode I played one of the boy-crazy junior lifeguards who are sent



lauren hill makes a great first impression

COVER GIRL

We persuaded Lauren Hill to put down her books long enough to pose for our October 2000 cover. (She appreciates Flannery O'Connor and F. Scott Fitzgerald.) But she remained blasé about the photo. "It never sank in until I passed an airport newsstand and saw all those copies." Her verdict on the result: "Adorable." We find her attitude cheeky.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



away for a weekend to learn about teamwork. A strong current sweeps two of the girls into a cave and another girl and I run back and bring everyone to rescue them." Lauren laughs. "Isn't that a great plot summary? I can't believe how that show keeps going on and on."

During a stroll along the tree-shaded Horsehoe walk at the University of South Carolina, where Lauren's a journalism major and a cheerleader, this soft-spoken and ambitious (isn't that one paradigm of a Southern woman?) native talks about Southern writers, expectations of Southern women ("a lot of them are brought up learning how to raise a family, cook and sew") and her deep affection for sports. "I grew up watching sports all the time, and in college especially you're out there to win, giving your all for yourself and the team."

Lauren makes sure that the South Carolina Gamecocks give it the old college try. Eighty thousand fans roar when she leads the cheers at football games. "There were 70 girls at tryouts. When I made the final cut, I called my mom and told her, 'You're not going to believe this, but I made the team!'" (We're not surprised.)

What do cheerleaders do after class? They practice. Three hours is the norm. "And not just stunts," Lauren says, "but lots of conditioning, too—laps and runs up and down the stadium steps." The squad is also deployed to boost the university's basketball and volleyball teams.

Standing a few inches taller than her teammates (most cheerleaders are petite, because the men on the squad have to throw—and catch—them), Lauren caught the eye of a varsity basketball player. "He saw me working out in the weight room the first week of my freshman year. I saw him, too. It's that typical basketball-player-with-the-cheerleader thing," she deadpans.

Their relationship has turned long distance









Wherever she goes in Columbia, Lauren seems to run into old friends. The capital of the Palmetto State retains its charm for this hometown girl. "I grew up very family oriented. My grandmother lived across the street. We'd go to church on Sundays and then to her house for dinner. She had pear and apple trees and we played in her backyard. When I decide to raise a family, I'd like to do it here."



since her seven-foot-tall drink of water signed on to play pro ball in Europe. Lauren also keeps her passport handy for the modeling assignments that take her to all the warm places—most often around the Caribbean. But she notes that a swimsuit model's life isn't always a day at the beach. "You have to be in makeup around 5:30 A.M. so they can start shooting as soon as the sun comes up." How does a beautiful woman manage such a tough job? "You practice the steps and the stance," she says. "You have to make that suit look as

good as possible while you're looking natural."

We think Lauren looks spectacular when the swimsuit is optional.

"I originally said no to PLAYBOY," she says demurely. "I didn't think I could be a Playmate because I'm just kind of normal-looking."

Naturally, we disagree, as did the many readers who wrote us after seeing the October issue, begging to see Lauren featured. Your wish is our command.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lauren Michelle Hill

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 10/27/79 BIRTHPLACE: Columbia, SC.

AMBITIONS: To enjoy my time in front of the camera but eventually have a successful career behind it.

TURN-ONS: A true gentleman with a great sense of humor, and a nice set of abs doesn't hurt!

TURN-OFFS: People who are afraid to embrace their own individuality because they want to fit in.

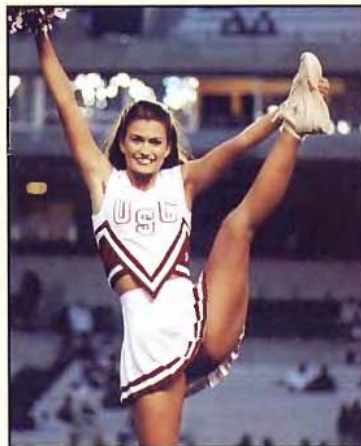
TIP ON DATING A SOUTHERN GIRL: Arrive on time so she can keep you waiting!

KISS MY GRITS: Here we eat 'em morning, noon + night. The rest of y'all don't know what you're missing.

MEMORABLE VALENTINE DATE: He sent me on a scavenger hunt. 20 stops! 3 hours! Little did he know I was his from the get-go!!



Posing in the park - age 14



Go Gamecocks!!



My first + last bangs - yuck!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a quarrel with his parents, the teenager raged against household restrictions. "I want excitement, adventure, money and beautiful women!" he cried. "I'll never find them here at home, so I'm leaving. Don't try to stop me!" With that, he headed for the door, but his father followed him. "I told you I don't want you to try to stop me!" the boy said.

"Who's trying to stop you?" replied his father. "If you wait a minute, I'll go with you."

The definition of a Jewish ménage à trois: two headaches and a hard-on.



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A man was out shopping and spotted a new brand of condoms. He bought a pack and told his wife about it when he got home. "Olympic condoms?" she said, examining the package. "What makes them so special?"

"There are three colors," he replied. "Gold, silver and bronze."

"What color are you going to wear tonight?" she asked.

"Gold, of course."

"How about the silver?" she suggested. "It would be nice if you came in second for a change!"

A duffer hit a wicked slice off the tee that ricocheted through the trees and onto the next fairway, narrowly missing another golfer. When he got to his ball, he was greeted by the unintentional target, who angrily told him of the near miss. "I'm sorry," the errant golfer said. "I didn't have time to yell fore."

"That's funny," the man replied. "You had plenty of time to yell 'Shit!'"

Simpson was assigned to show an important stockholder around the rubber goods factory. He brought her over to a giant machine that spit out an endless stream of rubber nipples. "One of our steady sellers. A lot of babies being born these days," Simpson explained.

Later the stockholder asked about the functions of another huge machine spitting out little rubber discs. "Condoms," Simpson informed her. "Big sellers, too."

"Understandably," she commented. "But why's that needle punching a little hole in every other one?"

"Well," he replied, "we can't afford to let the nipple business drop off, can we?"

Dad," the son said, "we had a spelling contest in school today, and I missed on the very first word."

"Ah, that's too bad, son," consoled the father. "What was the word?"

"Posse."

"Well, no wonder you couldn't spell it," the father laughed. "You can't even pronounce it!"

After a bitter argument, a couple drove several miles down a country road without saying a word. As they passed a barnyard of mules and pigs, the wife sarcastically asked, "Relatives of yours?"

"Yep," the husband replied. "In-laws."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Arriving in the mountains for a romantic winter vacation, the newlyweds settled into their cabin and the guy went out to chop some wood for the fireplace. When he returned he began to blow on his hands and rub them together. "Honey," he complained, "my hands are freezing!"

"Well, put them here between my legs," his bride suggested, "and warm them up."

After lunch he went back out to chop more wood. When he came back he complained again, "Man, my hands are really freezing!"

"Well, put them here between my legs," she offered again, "and warm them up."

After dinner he went out one more time to chop wood. When he returned he again complained, "Honey, my hands are almost numb!"

"For crying out loud!" she exclaimed. "Don't your ears ever get cold?"



A guy had a passion for fishing and spent all his weekends at the lake. One Sunday he went out as usual, but it was so cold and wet that he decided to return home. He came in, got undressed and crawled into bed behind his wife to cuddle. "What terrible weather today, honey," he said.

"Yes," she giggled. "And my stupid husband went fishing!"

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.



"Oh, don't worry about me. . . . I'll see it when it comes out on video!"

FOR .010 AND MORE

For Other Sizes and Oversizes

If you want a size not listed above or larger oversize with them up to 4 1/2-in. diameter. See listing under each type c



12-3040

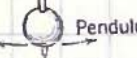


Escapement

Ratchet wheel



Pendulum rod



Pendulum bob



12-3080



Low-Priced Screw-Action Type



7-6150



STEEL CLEAVISES



McPhail

McPhail

Singletree

Steel Center Clip

size doesn't matter enough to do anything stupid

THE MORON'S GUIDE TO A LARGER PENIS

by CHIP ROWE The length of every penis is normal, technically, with the exception of those smaller than 2.8 inches erect, a condition known as micropenis. But who wants to be normal? Most guys would love an extra inch or two. For some, the desire is overwhelming. They are convinced that a larger penis will mean a larger life. Unfortunately, the methods for achieving this questionable goal range from the ridiculous to the reprehensible.

WEIGHTS

A few cultures, such as the Karamojong of northeastern Uganda, practice ritualistic penis stretching. Beginning at puberty, a Karamojong boy hangs circular stone disks from the tip of his penis. When he becomes accustomed to the pain, more disks are added. His penis swings like a pendulum. By the time he's a teenager, he may carry as much as 20 pounds from his penis, which could measure 18 inches or longer. To avoid sitting on these taffylike appendages, Karamojong men tie their cocks into knots.

Ambitious Westerners consider the Karamojong an inspiration. One website

recommends cutting a four-by-eight-inch section from a rubber swim cap and wrapping it around your semierect penis. Secured with a rubber band or tape, the piece provides a base for an S hook from which you can hang weights for hours. "Wearing shorts, you can hang penis and weight over the edge of your computer chair as you work," suggests Tom Hubbard, who runs the site. "Standing, you can carefully hang your penis through the fly opening of pants." An alternate method uses pipe insulation and a hose clamp.

TENSION

Some specialty products, such as the PeniStretcher, tug on the penis using springs. To use the device, a man sticks his erection through a silicone ring and down a cylinder formed by two adjustable brass axles. A support holds the head in place. The PeniStretcher costs \$280, which is reasonable considering the high end of the market: A similar product that arrives in a cushioned mahogany box sells for \$990. The poor man's technique is to place one end of an elastic band around the *(continued on page 150)*



12-3490



Neckyoko
Conter

Neckyoko
Fornites

Flar
and

six playmates pick six vehicles that
a car guy would give his left
you-know-what to own

HOT WOMEN...

Buffy Tyler
Miss November
2000

"I like four-wheel-drive vehicles. In fact, I learned to drive in a truck. I like sports cars, but not for guys. Guys should drive trucks."



HOT WHEELS!

By KEN GROSS What kind of car turns a Playmate's head? A hot one. If you checked the miles per gallon before you bought, she won't even get close enough to kick the tires. Start pinching those pennies. Eye-catchers don't come cheap. These girls like flashy two-seaters with plenty of horsepower and nimble road manners. Try the military vehicle retooled for civilians or a classic Sixties coupe that tears up the tarmac for a quarter of a mile. Are you still wedded to your reliable sedan? Don't say that we didn't try to help.

Buffy's choice is a four-passenger, open-topped Hummer. Here's one for the beauty and the beast. The one pictured here is a 2000 model. For 2001, AM General added a rear-seat armrest—the softies—and that's about it. A Monsoon stereo is a must—if for no other reason than to drown out the Hummer's V8 turbodiesel. Dual-range all-wheel-drive is permanently engaged, and electronic traction control ensures that this \$82,000 big dog digs in and goes wherever Buffy wants to.



Summer Altice
Miss August 2000

"I want to date a guy who takes the time to fix up a vintage car. He'd be the type to pay great attention to detail."



1969 FORD MUSTANG MACH 1

Summer knows her ponies. It was in 1969 that Ford introduced the Mach 1, which replaced the Mustang GT as the company's test horse. Competition Suspension, engine options from 250 hp to 335 hp, a four-speed stick and a limited-slip differential were just a few of the desirable add-ons. No wonder Mustang aficionados back then called the Mach 1 "the supercar of the masses."



Nicole Leuz
Miss March 2000

"The man who drives this car definitely knows how to treat a woman."



FERRARI 360 SPIDER

The 360 Spider represents Ferrari's latest triumph in a heritage of hedonistic models. No wonder Nicole would look twice at a guy driving a \$170,000 machine that's quite possibly the best V8 prancing horse ever built. Turn the key and the 395 hp, 40-valve power plant behind the driver's head fires up with a roar reminiscent of a Formula 1 racer. Pop the clutch and let her rip.



Kerissa Fare
Miss September 2000

"The Z06 has a sleek body style that's sort of feminine. I like men who are in touch with their feminine side."



CHEVROLET CORVETTE Z06

For 2001, Chevrolet resurrected one of its option codes, Z06, to create the quickest production Corvette in its history—a fitting 168 mph ride for a Playmate who thinks fast. The new Z06 boasts a 385 hp V8 engine and less weight. The result: a zero-to-60 time of 4.3 seconds. Priced just under \$49,000, the Z06 is a bargain. Credit Kerissa with wallet wisdom as well as road sense.



Brooke Berry
Miss May 2000

"I've always loved Porsches. They're just really cool."



PORSCHE BOXSTER S

To build Brooke's smart choice, Porsche engineers borrowed some of the best features from the top-of-the-line Carrera 911. The \$50,200 Boxster S engine is a 250 hp six, the brakes are race-inspired discs, and you can opt for either a six-speed gearbox or a semiautomatic that allows for manual shifting à la Formula 1 cars using buttons on the steering spokes. Very sexy.



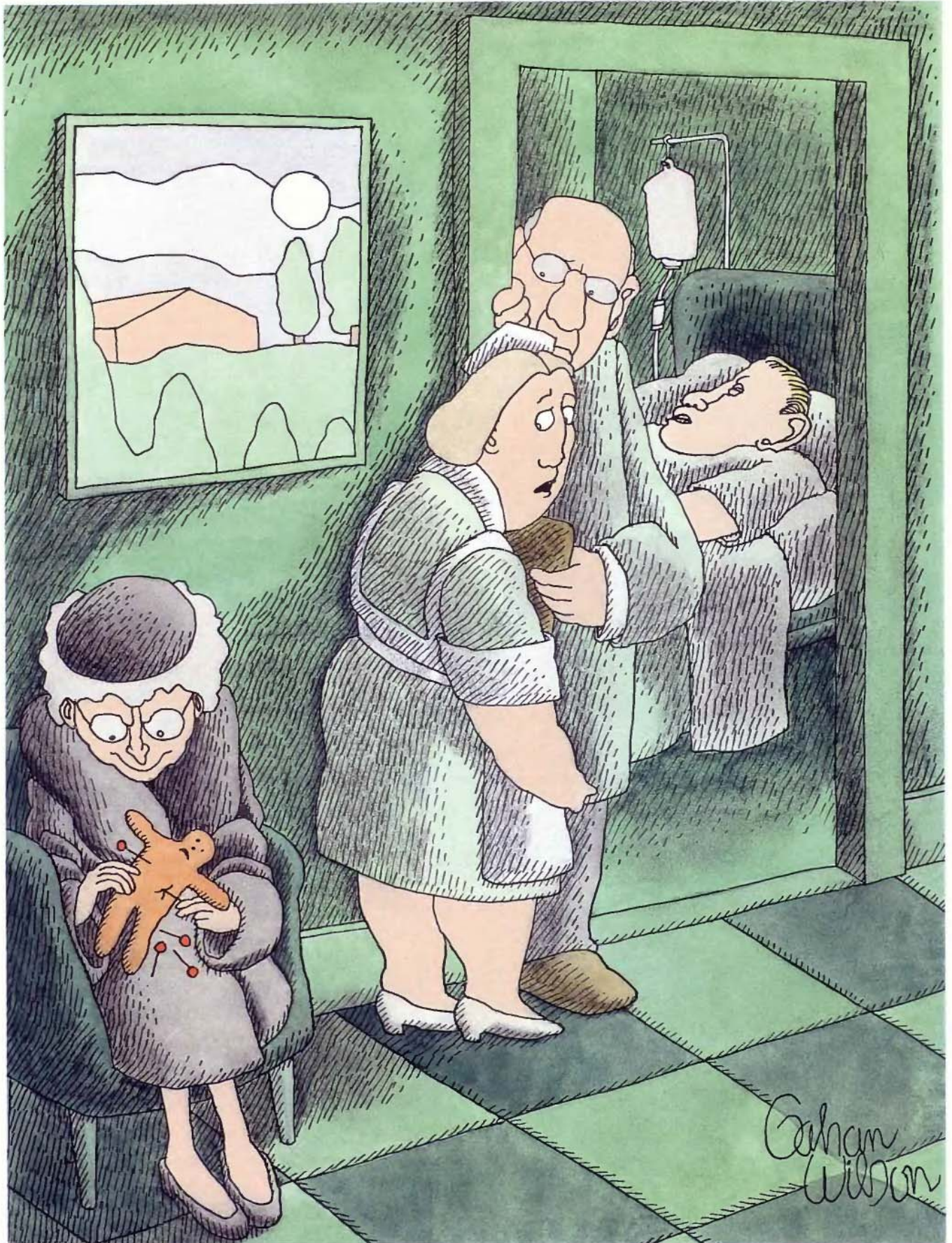
Suzanne Stokes
Miss February 2000

"A guy who drives this car is living in the fast lane. He's also a little dangerous, but mature. I like Lamborghinis."



LAMBORGHINI DIABLO VT 6.0

The 550 hp V12 Diablo is best appreciated on a speed-unlimited autobahn. Its zero-to-60 time is a whisper over three seconds; 100 miles per hour can be reached in just five seconds more. If the road (and your nerves) permits, you'll see 200 on the speedometer. Buttery leather abounds inside. Sure, \$275,000 is a bank-account buster, but nothing's too good for Suzanne, right?



"I think I may have found the problem!"



Sela Ward

20Q

tv's steamiest southern belle on phone bills, cheer-leading and the etiquette of the nude scene

Here's heartening news from the TV wasteland. Amid the smirky sitcoms and bimbofests, this year's best actress Emmy went to a womanly sex symbol who's 44. That's because Sela Ward, the star of *Once and Again* (and whom you might know best from Sprint commercials), happens to be a terrific actress, even if she started out as a University of Alabama cheerleader.

In fact, she was planning to be a painter. But while in New York to cheer the Crimson Tide at a basketball game, she fell in love with the city. After graduating from college, she moved to New York and submitted photos to Wilhelmina Models. Several years as a top-paid model were followed by a small role in a Burt Reynolds film, *The Man Who Loved Women*. She then appeared on hit TV shows *Night Court* and *LA Law* and in telefilms *The King of Love*, *The Haunting of Sarah Hardy* and *Bridesmaids*. She enjoyed a five-year run on NBC's dramatic series *Sisters*, during which Ward won a best actress Emmy. She also received acclaim for her starring role in one of cable television's highest-rated movies, *Almost Golden: The Jessica Savitch Story*, portraying the late NBC anchorwoman.

On the big screen, Ward has appeared in *The Fugitive* opposite Harrison Ford, *My Fellow Americans* with Jack Lemmon and *54*, co-starring Mike Myers.

Robert Crane caught up with the elegant Ward at the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel. He reports: "Sela Ward is terribly sexy in her Sprint ad campaign and she is naturally beautiful in person. Fans, both male and female, stopped at our table to say hi. I have heard that some producers claim she's too attractive. To which I would respond: Is that so wrong?"

1

PLAYBOY: What are the love secrets of Southern women?

WARD: Someone remarked that Southern women are born to flirt, and it's absolutely true. They know how to charm the pants off a man. They know how to zero in and make a man feel like

he's the center of the universe. And it works, because you'll see those guys just puff up. Southern women couldn't be more attentive, they couldn't be more gracious, they couldn't bat those eyes any faster. It's an art. There's not a Southern woman I've met who's not incredibly charming, incredibly gracious and incredibly focused on a guy if she wants to be.

Sex is sort of like the immaculate sport in the South. Nobody talks about it. You can just smell it everywhere. It's a cultural way of relating.

2

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances do you use your Southern accent?

WARD: When I need Trent Lott to help me with my pet projects in Mississippi, like the Grand Opera House. Any time I'm talking to a Southerner, for sure. I wish I could say I used it often, but I think people have, historically, associated a Southern accent with a lack of intelligence. There's something about the accent—it's so foreign to their ears and it's such a lazy tongue. But then there are people like Trent Lott, who has a beautiful accent—that sort of plantation Southern. And Clinton, in his own way, has a charming Southern accent, and people respond to that.

3

PLAYBOY: Is it easier to win an argument using a Southern accent?

WARD: It's like talking to somebody in a foreign language. By the time they get through with all their "fixin's" and "y'all's" you're just trying to decipher what the hell they said. So you might end up giving them their point. When I call back home to somebody, and because I've been gone for so long, I speak quickly to get the point across. But they'll give you little anecdotes, throw in how their mama's gall bladder is doing and what the heat index is to-

day, and then get back to the point. But Southerners are the most colorful, interesting, neurotic, incredibly intelligent and brilliant people, particularly Southern writers—Willie Morris, Eudora Welty, William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams.

4

PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as feeling "ripe and juicy, like a delicious piece of fruit." Are you peeled first or should one bite right through the skin? WARD: Why waste time peeling? Bite through the skin—that way you get all the textures and flavors at once.

5

PLAYBOY: You didn't marry a football player. You didn't marry an actor. Are there certain professions that just don't work out?

WARD: Actors, for sure. Basically, I've learned that you have to stay away from any man who has to do it in front of a crowd. The male actor is a peculiar breed. The industry is fraught with toxicity, first of all. As for men who choose to work in a business that is driven by a tremendous amount of narcissism and egocentricity, you are dealing with someone who is rarely able to give back in a relationship in a way most people would require. It's tough to ride that wave of job insecurity. One moment they're on top of the world. Then they can't get a job. You have to be an extremely strong character to be able to survive in this business, and I haven't met a lot of males with extremely strong characters.

6

PLAYBOY: Sela—what's that short for?

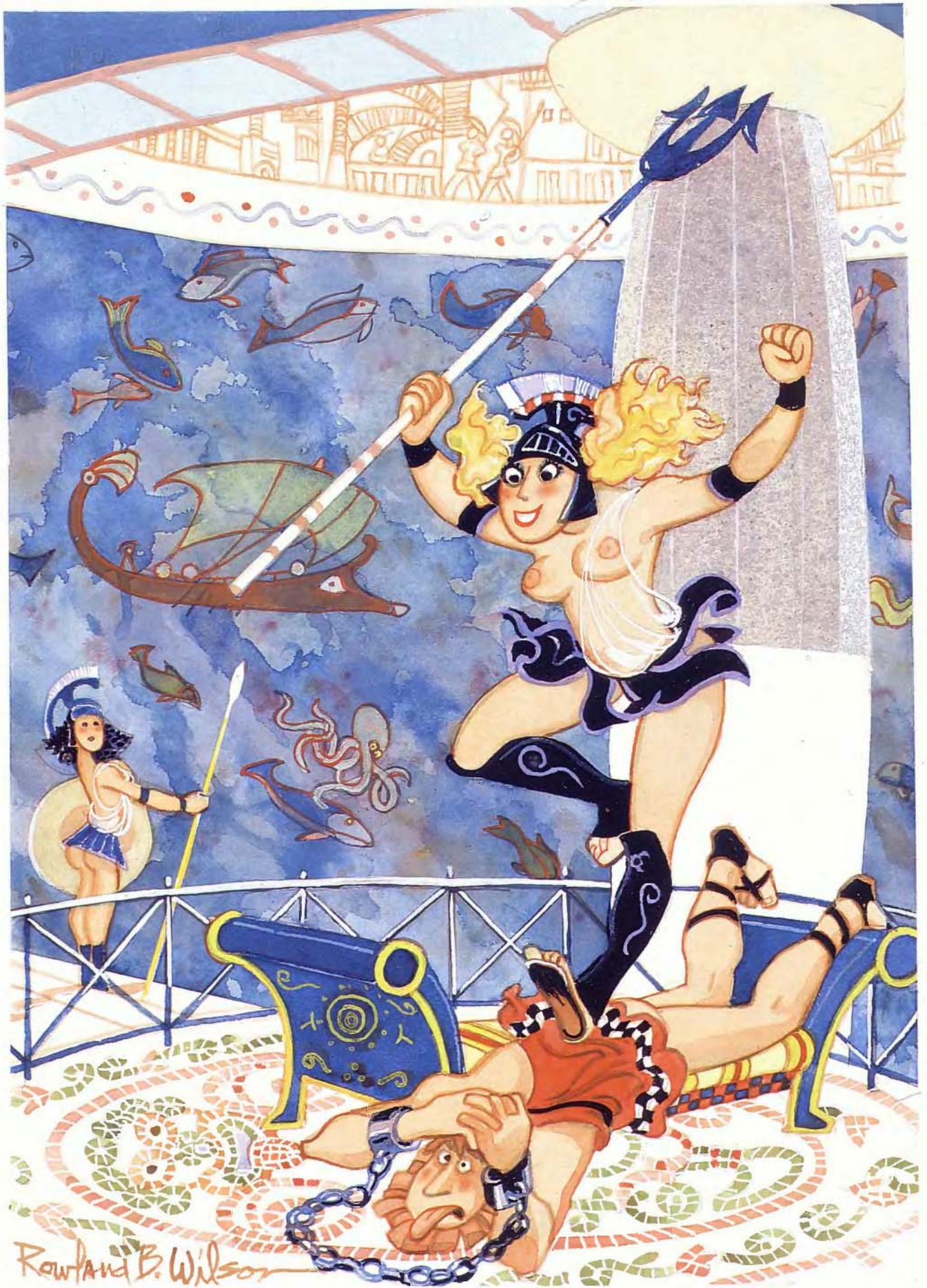
WARD: I'd like to make up something really interesting, but I was named after a friend of my mother's cousin's daughter. It's not short for anything. In Hebrew, it (continued on page 140)



PIPPA

Tits and ass are great. I've been obsessed with PLAYBOY since I was a young girl. As a teenager I collected Bettie Page postcards. I even have a pin-up tattoo on my arm. Strong, voluptuous women are fantastic." Meet PLAYBOY's newest family member, a woman named Pippa who designs Rabbit Head jewelry and clothes for Shopgirl, a new label available on Playboystore.com and at Barneys and Bloomingdale's. Pippa owns Shop, a trendy store in London's Soho district. She sings in a band called Shopgirl, and she's been wearing a vintage Rabbit Head necklace for years. When Pippa told us she wanted to work with us, we were smitten. We particularly liked that she knows what women *and* men want. "Onstage, I can never forget the fact that I have tits and an ass. I want girls' tits and asses to look fantastic in my underwear. I make cute, sexy knickers, vests and cardigans. Some of it's cotton, some of it's silk. It's quite subtle. Girls love the Rabbit Head. It's iconic. We pay homage to the pin-up heritage, but we've given it a modern twist. We can't order the T-shirts quickly enough." Pippa is such a PLAYBOY fanatic that she wore Bunny ears in the music video for her band's first single, *Exotic Pictures*. "It was glamorous," she says. "Hef liked the video and invited us to a party at the Mansion. So there I was, eating chocolate-dipped strawberries at the Wet and Wild party. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven." See Pippa fashionably nude at Playboy.com/current.

**SHE SINGS IN
A BAND, DESIGNS
SEXY PANTIES, HAS A
PIN-UP TATTOO AND LOVES
PLAYBOY. SO WE HIRED HER**



"An amazon, yes! But an amazon in love!"





TIPS & MICROCHIPS

By JOEL ENOS

HOW TO DO

YOUR OWN

INVESTING

NOW THAT

BROKERS ARE

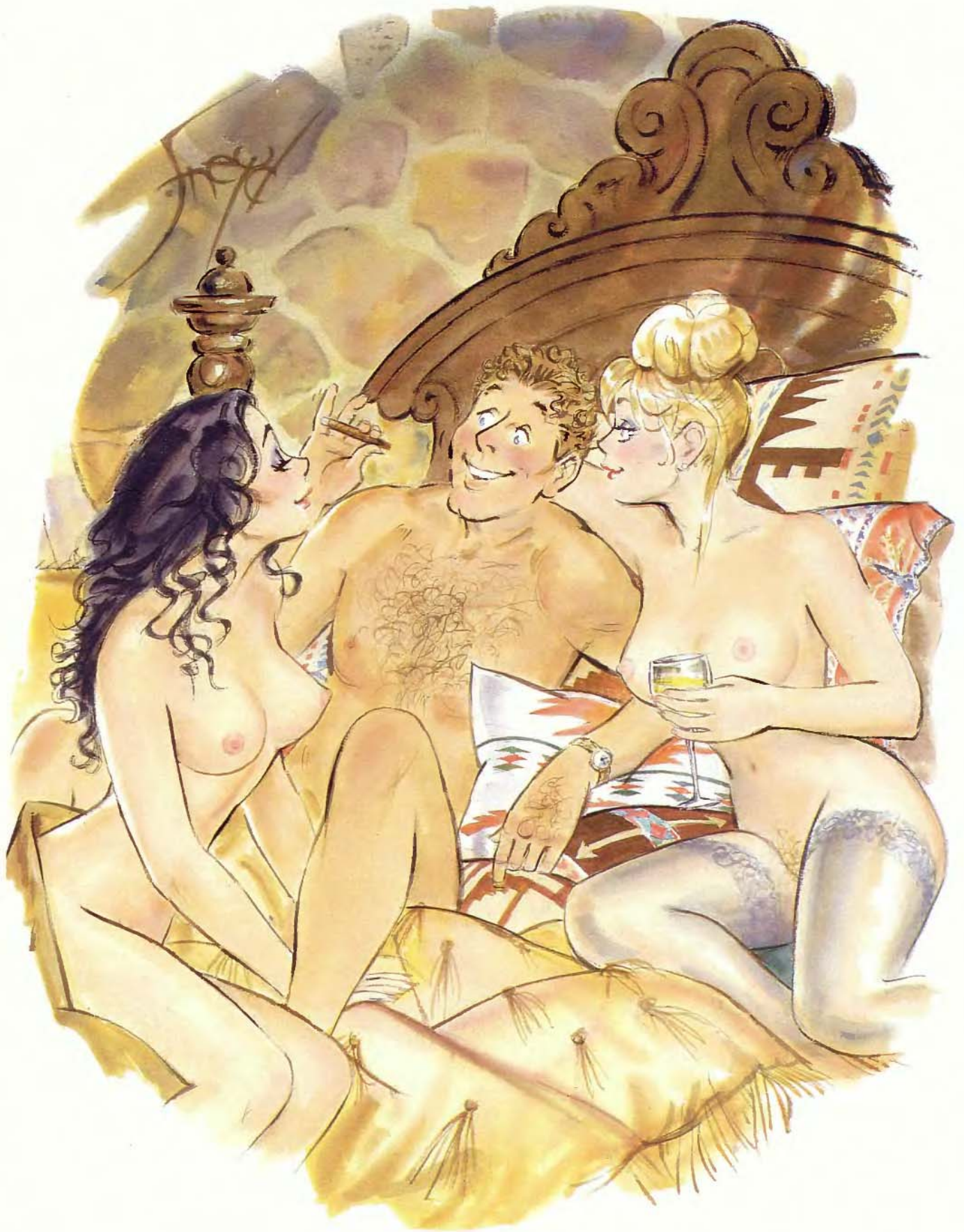
GOING FOR BROKE

HERE'S OUR financial advice: Leave the suit and tie to the stock market stiffs. The latest technology has made it so simple for anyone to become a day trader that even your local grocery boy could be buying and selling stocks and securities with a cell phone, a personal digital assistant or a laptop. These fancy pagers, portable phones, PCs and PDAs have their fingers directly on the pulse of the stock market. They can synch to your PC to update address books and schedules. Plus, they'll get you quotes, account balances, market summaries and everything else you need to stay on top—any time and anywhere. With top online brokers such as E-Trade, Ameritrade and Lind-Waldock adding wireless service to their Net repertoire, mobile gadgets smaller than a cell phone can compete with—maybe even outclass—a PDA or laptop in terms of power. The Ericsson R380 World Smartphone (about \$700), for example, can replace your cell phone as well as your PDA. *(concluded on page 136)*

Our model holds Ericsson's R380 World Smartphone to her ear. It's a combination cell phone and PDA with wireless access to stock quotes, news and other services. In her other hand is a Palm VIIx with 8 MB of memory and 40 web-clipping applications.

119

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR/
aRT miX THE AGENCY



"And all this time I was afraid of coming between two best friends."



Centerfolds On Sex

DEANNA BROOKS ON DOING IT IN PUBLIC AND THE ART OF STRIPPING

Voyeurism and exhibitionism are big turn-ons for me. I like to have sex in public places. I'll never forget the time my husband and I went to a forest preserve to have sex. We had a blanket and everything. He had my clothes stripped off and was starting to take off his. We were doing some kissing and heavy petting, and all of a sudden a jogger comes running by. He looked at us but just kept going. It was so funny. It's interesting to see if you can have sex in public and get away with it. I love the idea that at any moment, someone might walk by and catch you. We do it on golf courses, too. And we have quickies all the time at friends' houses. If I walked in on someone having sex, it would be fun to stay and watch. I would rather accidentally catch someone having sex than watch a porno movie. I'm much more likely to have a tele-scope in my apartment for spying on the neighbors than I am to have a porn stash. I love the realness of live sex. Maybe it's because I'm in the entertainment industry, but with porn movies, I can't help thinking about what's going on behind the scenes. I know there's a director standing next to them, saying, "OK, we need you to put your leg up a little bit more."

I'm a big tease. I'm terribly flirtatious, and I like to strip. I love to go to strip clubs. They're so cool. I go in and get pointers. One of my favorite things is to put on a sexy outfit at home with superhigh heels. High heels make your whole body look great. I light candles and make him sit down. Then I dance for him. A good striptease means being aggressive but never letting him touch you. That leads to anticipation, which guys love. Stripping is great because you're in control. Relinquishing control is fun, too. Experimentation is good for people who are in a steady relationship and who know what they're comfortable doing. Toys, games, third parties. It's all good as long as everyone agrees. I'd be open to a threesome if it were with someone my husband and I were totally comfortable with.

"I'm really into touch. The more touch, the more foreplay, the better."

Deanna Brooks

Why not even broken bones ruin good sex: My husband broke his toe while working at a warehouse. While we were having sex, I got a little carried away and stepped on the toe. It hurt him really bad, but it didn't ruin the moment. Actually, I think I popped it back into place. He didn't even have to go to the doctor after that. See, nothing ruins the moment if you're determined enough. **On experimentation:** I try to stay open-minded when I'm faced with a new sexual situation. There's only one thing I definitely wouldn't do: have sex with a stranger.



She's in the Money

it looks like our saucy
playmate
anna nicole smith
hit it big—very big

WHEN WE first met Anna Nicole Smith, she told us that being a Playmate was “a dream come true.” She said she idolized the first woman to appear nude in *PLAYBOY*, and the proof of that was in the 20 framed photos of Marilyn Monroe that hung on the walls of the studio apartment she shared with her six-year-old son.

That was nearly 10 years ago. Back then, Anna was going by the stage name Vickie Smith, a pseudonym for her real name, Vickie Lynn Hogan. She had moved to Houston from her hometown of Mexia (population 6933), situated some 40 miles east of Waco, where she had worked as a breakfast cook at Jim’s Krispy Fried Chicken. At 17, she married her high-school sweetheart, a co-worker at the restaurant. By the age of 19, she was a single mother, yearning for a new start as a fashion model and trying to make ends meet by working as an exotic dancer in a club in Houston.

A small-town girl with big-time dreams, Anna wrote on her Playmate Data Sheet that her ambition was “to be the new Marilyn Monroe and find my own Clark Gable.” The Gable part was outside our expertise, but we did know a thing or two about launching a career, especially that of a statuesque blonde. At 5’11”, 140 pounds,

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY STEPHEN WAYDA





the curvaceous 24-year-old was definitely a looker.

We invited Anna to the Playboy Mansion, her first foray outside the Lone Star State. We put her on the cover of our March 1992 issue and made her our May 1992 Playmate. The following year, she was photographed for the cover of our June issue and named Playmate of the Year for 1993.

We could tell from the beginning that Anna was destined for big things, but no one could have figured how quickly her star would ascend. Not even Paul Marciano, the Guess jeans mogul who, after gazing upon Anna in the pages of PLAYBOY, signed her to a contract to be that year's Guess model, successor to leggy supermodel Claudia Schiffer.

Anna took her first strides toward a movie career in 1994, landing a small role as a girlfriend of Tim Robbins' in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, a quirky comedy by the Coen Brothers. She followed that with a larger role in *Naked Gun 33½: The Final Insult*, in which she shared yuks with Leslie Nielsen. She found time to do her third PLAYBOY pictorial, a valentine for our readers in the February 1994 issue.

In 1995, Anna moved her acting efforts into the action genre, receiving top billing in two action thrillers, *To the Limit* and *Skyscraper*.



Just three years after her first appearance in *PLAYBOY*, Anna was a bona fide star. But the biggest role of her life, the one that propelled her into the media spotlight and made her one of the most widely recognized celebrities in the world, was her part in the juiciest soap opera to hit Texas since Larry Hagman and Linda Gray did *Dallas*. The story had all the key elements—lust, power and greed—and a small but memorable cast: a dying billionaire oil tycoon, a pair of feuding sons and their drop-dead-gorgeous stepmother. The oil tycoon's name wasn't J.R., it was J.H. Marshall II. A Philadelphia native and Yale Law School graduate, Marshall had begun working the oil fields of Oklahoma in the Thirties, eventually moving to Houston and joining the board of Koch Industries, the second-largest privately owned company in the U.S.

Despite his extraordinary wealth, Marshall had experienced his share of misfortune. In 1961, he divorced his first wife, a childhood sweetheart and the mother of his two sons, and married his assistant, Bettye, whose nickname was Tiger. But Tiger succumbed to Alzheimer's disease. A family dispute led to an estrangement with his older son, J.H. III. In 1982, Marshall took a liking to a dancer named Jewel, and for almost







Poised for stardom following her appearances as Playmate of the Month in May 1992 and Playmate of the Year in 1993, Anna Nicole soon learned that being an international sex symbol isn't always easy. But after enduring tabloid stories about her personal life and being the subject of jokes by television comics, she has shown that she is more than capable of holding her own.







a decade he lavished her with cash and gifts. Jewel died in 1991, reportedly while having a face-lift.

Around that time, J. Howard Marshall became fascinated with another dancer, a towering blonde bombshell named Vickie who worked the daytime shift at Rick's Cabaret. Marshall was in his 80s when he used to show up to catch her matinee performances. He also was wheelchair-bound. With more than 60 years separating them, their relationship raised a few eyebrows and the instant disapproval of E. Pierce Marshall, the younger of J.H.'s two sons and heir to his considerable fortune.

Anna Nicole claims that Marshall proposed marriage to her only a week after they met, but she said, "Honey, let me go make something out of myself first, so people don't look at me as a gold digger."

With her appearances in *PLAYBOY* and her modeling gig for Guess jeans, Anna did an excellent job of making something of herself.

In an interview, Anna admitted to feeling "a little bit embarrassed" about having a relationship with a man who was old enough to be her grandfather. "He dressed me up, he bought me diamonds, he did everything for me. There was so much love there from him." Over time, she came to feel the same way. "He was my Prince Charming. He saved my life, and I loved him for that."

In 1994, around the time 26-year-old Anna's film career was taking off, 89-year-old Marshall presented her with a 22-carat diamond ring. On June 27 of that year, they were married in a private ceremony at the White Dove Wedding Chapel in Houston.

During their brief marriage, Marshall is said to have bought Anna Nicole more than \$6 million in cars, property, clothes and jewels. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that on Christmas Eve, he played Santa Claus in grand style, arranging to have a truck back up to Neiman Marcus to transport the fruits of a spectacular shopping spree.

(text continued on page 141)







Survivor Scam (continued from page 81)

"If those guys were really placed on an island with nothing, there would have been some deaths."

run of the show. When it rained during their second week on the island, for instance, the castaways huddled miserably in their makeshift huts, trying not to get wet. By the time it rained again on day 31, they had all been given matching yellow rain slickers.

In other words, the first *Survivor* wasn't exactly a show about the art of wilderness survival—and round two, set in the Australian outback, doesn't figure to be one, either. "It was a game show, not a test of survival skills," says David Alloway, a survival-skills specialist and author who teaches at David Alloway's Skills of Survival School in Presidio, Texas. "Some of the media and the general public interpreted it as a true survival situation, but it was actually contrary to most group survival situations. I call it *Lord of the Flies* meets *Geraldo*."

Some of the contestants knew that going in: San Francisco lawyer Stacey Stillman says that prior to her stint on the island, she thumbed through a couple of wilderness guides but skipped the chapters on real survival stuff, like making fire without matches. Others learned it along the way. Asked what advice she'd give to future contestants, truck driver Susan Hawk suggested "lots of books on game-playing, civil wars, the fall of the Roman Empire." And preschool teacher Gretchen Cordy, who'd actually taught survival skills in the Air Force, was incredulous and openly critical of the show's setup when she realized how much help the castaways were being given. (This according to insiders on the island. None of her comments, of course, made it into the show.)

Even Mark Burnett, the Svengali behind *Survivor* (as well as the Eco-Challenge endurance races), cops to it. "This is not real survivalism. The most boring show I can think of would be 16 survivalists on an island."

"I think it's important to realize that it's entertainment, and they're using survival as a spin-off for their theme," says Ford Church. "If those guys were really placed on an island with nothing, it would be an interesting show—but I also think there would have been some deaths."

Adds New Jersey survival teacher Tom Brown, "I guess it was survival to them. As far as I'm concerned, if you have a full set of clothing and a pock-

etknife, you're no longer in a survival situation. You're on vacation."

Everyone realizes how praiseworthy it is for a prince to honor his word and to be straightforward rather than crafty in his dealings; nonetheless, contemporary experience shows that princes who have achieved great things have been those who have given their word lightly, who have known how to trick men with their cunning, and who, in the end, have overcome those abiding by honest principles.—The Prince, Chapter XVIII

OK, they're not survivalists. So what are they? It has been suggested that the castaways' truest challenge came not in surviving the elements but in surviving a cutthroat Machiavellian game of office politics that happened to be played in a hot, sandy office 20 miles off the coast of Borneo. And when the winner turned out to be the consummately manipulative corporate trainer Rich Hatch, that simply reinforced the idea that the game was all about using corporate strategies.

"I want to think that this game's not a microcosm of society, but every person over 30 I've talked to thinks it absolutely is," says castaway and student Colleen Haskell. "They tell me, 'This is the corporate world.' So I'm staying in school another year." (First, she's going to appear in a Rob Schneider movie, which should teach her a whole new set of survival skills.)

But is this really the way office politics work, or was *Survivor* no more a true test of business skills than it was of survivalism? "The show was contrived, and that's not the strategy for success in the corporate world," says Joseph Fabricatore, a management consultant from Santa Monica, California. "And the strategy that won was a narcissistic, psychopathic kind of a strategy. You do find people who can be successful with that strategy up to certain levels, but eventually they get found out, or their business just goes away, because people recognize who they're dealing with, and don't want to deal with them anymore."

A prince should never join in an aggressive alliance with someone more powerful than himself, unless as a matter of necessity.—Chapter XXI

We watched them as their 39 days on Pulau Tiga played out over three

months of prime-time television: 16 archetypes (the gay guy, the grizzled vet, the tough chick) fighting it out on a remote island. And we learned many things about them—and their game—along the way.

We learned that Sue felt double-crossed by runner-up Kelly Wiglesworth; that cranky ex-Navy Seal Rudy Boesch liked Rich (but not in a homosexual way, that's for sure), that the hapless innocents in the Pagong tribe somehow didn't figure out that the Tagi alliance was eliminating them one by one until it was too late.

When trouble is sensed well in advance, it can easily be remedied; if you wait for it to show itself, any medicine will be too late because the disease will have become incurable.—Chapter III

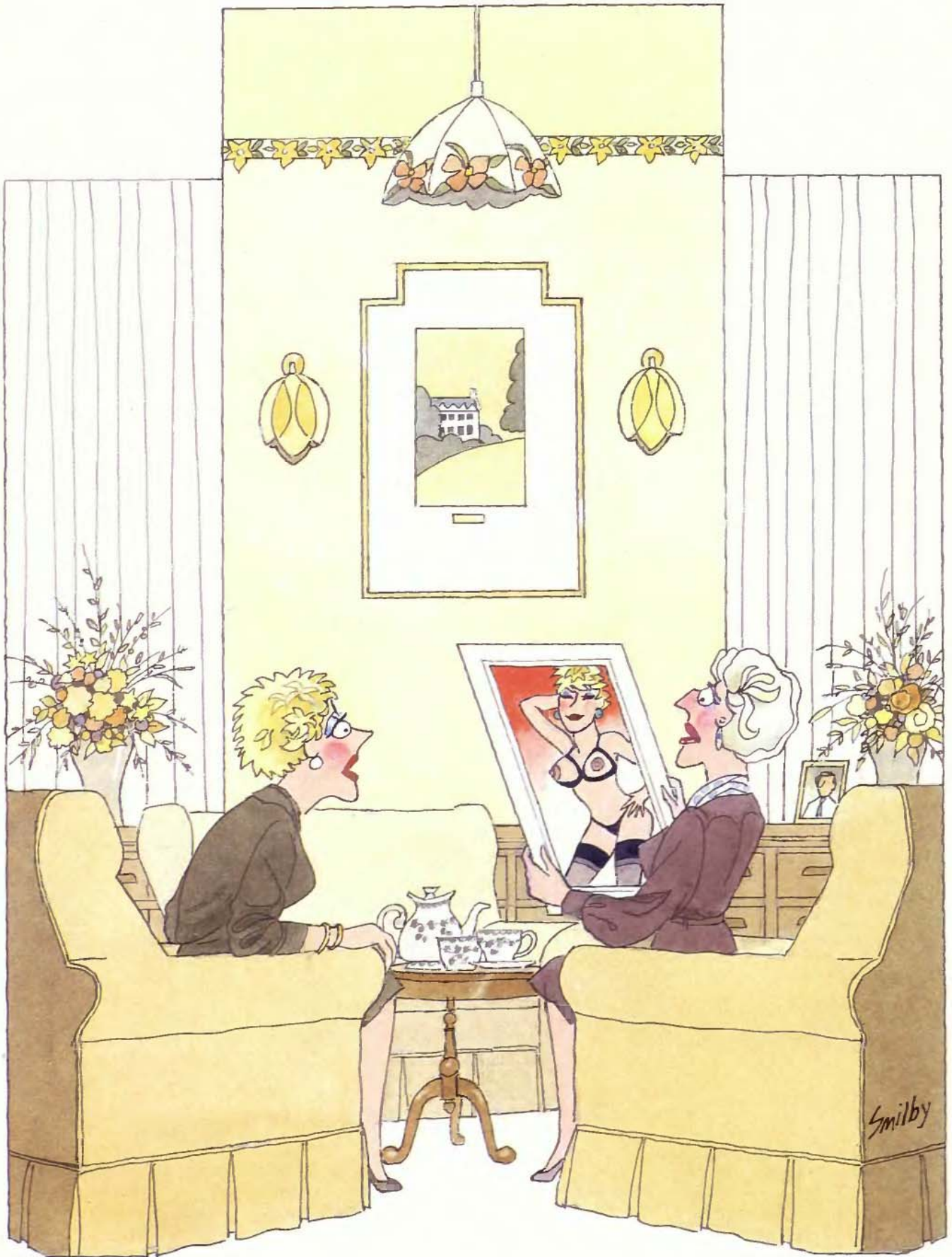
And we learned that on the island, fire represents life. We learned that once the votes are tallied, the decision is final. And we learned, above all, that when the tribe has spoken, it's time for you to go.

Which is not to say that absolutely everything about the experience was laid bare in the 13 episodes. In his book *Survivor: The Ultimate Game*, a diary purportedly written on the island, Mark Burnett reports on the defiant speech YMCA coach Gervase Peterson gave just before being voted off: "Someday," he wrote, "when Gervase's son is old enough to watch the videotape of his father's bold statements, he will see a model for manhood." The only snag is that the speech was edited out of the episode.

Plenty more intrigue was going on behind the scenes. None of the other participants are allowed to write about their experiences for three years (as Rich found out when he tried to sign a book deal), and even the *Survivor* crew members had to sign confidentiality agreements, which were aimed mostly at preventing them from revealing the winner ahead of time. Still, conversations with a few brave insiders flesh out the story:

Malaysia, the nation in which Pulau Tiga sits, was settled by the British. This doesn't mean much except when it comes to the local recipes, which tend to be an unappetizing blend of bad British cooking and Asian influences. "For us it was a lot of beans and cold eggs for breakfast, a lot of rice, a lot of stewed vegetables and what we termed mystery meat," reports one crew member. On occasion the producers would have pizza or McDonald's flown in, but such instances were rare. The third time fish heads were served for dinner, one of the four on-site editors reportedly flipped out.

(continued on page 137)



"I'd planned to give Oscar a nice romantic photograph for Valentine's Day, but the boudoir photographer was such a persuasive young man, and. . . ."

TIPS & MICROCHIPS

(continued from page 119)

The R380 uses a wireless application protocol web browser to facilitate e-mail and short messaging services. It also features a full organizer, voice dialing, handwriting recognition and an infrared modem. The touch screen underneath the dial pad gives you easy access to wireless services such as Bloomberg, the Financial Times and Ameritrade (where you can conduct complete transactions on your phone's screen). Other features include an infrared port (so you can synch to your PC) and a speakerphone mode (so you can shout orders to your broker while driving).

Another notable combo is Motorola's V100 personal communicator (about \$250). The colorful, clamshell-shaped device is equipped to handle e-mail and short messaging services and folds up small enough to fit in your pocket. Attached to an earpiece, it operates as a cell phone. If you need to capture an important thought while you're on the go, the V100 features a voice recorder. The wireless browser will keep you in touch with the market, and the V100's compact keyboard and screen are perfect for buy-and-sell e-mails.

Plenty of brokers live and die by their powerful PDAs, and with good reason. The screen is larger, and a bigger gadget means room for more memory and a faster processor. The latest digital assistants connect to the Net either wirelessly or through applications such as AvantGo. Basically an online and offline browser, AvantGo updates a variety of Net-based content (financial services, weather, movie listings) each time you hook up your mobile with your PC. Channels such as Stock Smart, InfoSpace Finance and Bloomberg will give you a snapshot of the market at the time you synched. Then you can disconnect, hop on the train and check out your portfolio while you're on the move. The downside is that the information will only be as recent as the last time you snagged it off your computer.

Handspring's Visor Prism (\$450) features a full-color display and is compatible with Macs and PCs. Like all

Visors, the Prism can perform a slew of cool functions when it's attached to the company's special pop-in modules. These add-ons can boost your Visor's memory, play MP3 files or take digital pictures. The serious trader will want to try Handspring's new VisorPhone (\$300 with service). The module transforms your Visor into a full-function cell phone. When synchronized with your scheduling software, the Vi-

with Word and Excel, you get 8 MB of memory, 40 web-clipping applications (including E-Trade and CBS Market-Watch) and a wireless modem.

Once connected (setup for Palm.net costs \$10 and monthly service runs between \$10 and \$45, depending on your plan), you'll get quotes and updates from Fidelity Investments, Prudential (which also offers real estate information) and DLJ-direct Anywhere. And with Ameritrade's web-clipping service, you'll be able to buy and sell directly from your PDA—with no strings, wires or phones attached.

Half the size of a full notebook, though nearly small enough to pass for a Palm, handheld PCs such

as Hewlett Packard's Jornada 720 (\$1000) mix power and portability. With its 206 MHz processor, 32 MB of memory and nine hours of battery life, the Jornada can do just about anything a laptop can. The system runs Microsoft's Windows for Handheld PC 2000 and is fully compatible with Word, Excel, Outlook and Internet Explorer. It also includes a 56k modem so you can surf the web on the 6.5-inch screen. You can connect the Jornada to your PC or Palm via the serial or infrared ports. It powers up instantly, so you can begin working exactly where you left off. If you'd rather relax, the Jornada's exterior audio controls and headphone jack allow you to listen to your favorite MP3s with the cover closed.

Sometimes a stock trader needs an assistant to keep everything sorted out. While

Casio's PC-Unite BZX-20 (\$100) and BZX-20D (\$129) watches won't log on to the Net or gather stock quotes, both can store and display your schedules, contacts and to-do lists. The infrared port enables these watches to connect to a PC (so you can synch with Microsoft Outlook) or exchange data with a PDA. Each watch can provide the time in 27 cities and store up to 340 events on your schedule. Then, during the day, your watch can sound an alarm to remind you to check your cell phone for quotes, or your pager for that market update.



Top left: Handspring's Visor Prism PDA will display stock prices an

its full-color screen (\$450). When connected to the company's VisorPhone, it operates as a cell phone with caller ID, conference calling and text messaging (\$300). Top: The Jornada 720 by Hewlett Packard runs Microsoft programs and can synch with your PC (about \$1000). Above left: Motorola's V100 is a combination e-mail pager and cell phone, so you don't have to carry both (about \$250). Above: Keep your contacts and calendar close by with Casio's PC-Unite BZX-20 digital watch (\$100).

visor can play an alarm to remind you of a scheduled call while the VisorPhone dial the appropriate number.

If you need real-time updates while you're out on the sidewalk, you can use the VisorPhone as a modem. Or get a faster Novatel Wireless Visor modem that will give you access to more than 400 web-clipping applications currently available for the Palm OS.

When it comes to the most popular PDA, the only Palm that makes sense for stocks is the 6.7-ounce Palm VIIx (\$450). Along with its scheduler, address book, e-mail and compatibility

GEORGE GEORGIU

Survivor Scam (continued from page 134)

B.B. Andersen told a camera crew he was going to hire a helicopter to fly him out.

The show's crew, by the way, stayed in a small compound close to the Tribal Council set. Part of the compound consisted of a modest complex that had already been on the island: 10 cabins, some meeting rooms, a soccer field that was used as a helicopter pad. Another series of cabins was built to house the 65 crew members. The first dozen or so were relatively nice, but soon workers began to skimp on materials. Most of the crew cabins were 12-by-12-foot cottages equipped with a ceiling fan, a toilet and a cold-water shower. The compound also had a restaurant and bar area. (The producers were asked to leave this compound intact when they left, the better to attract tourists in the future.)

Despite the fact that they had a better diet than the castaways, the crew did not pity their 16 subjects. "Those guys all had a shot at a million bucks," says a cameraman. "I'm a working stiff. Was I going to feel sorry for them? No. The producers negotiated a pretty hard deal, a flat rate with no overtime. I think the first woman to get voted off made more money than any of the crew members." Burnett did not give bonuses when the show became an enormous hit, which also caused a few hard feelings.

Though their task was to film everything that moved and some things that didn't, zeroing in on whatever drama they could find, the 10 camera crews had a few guidelines. For one thing, they were told not to show the castaways oiling up with the unlimited sunscreen that had been provided—though this rule was jettisoned when a two-man oiling session proved useful to illustrate the growing alliance between homosexual Richard and homophobe Rudy.

Initially, the crew tried to interact with

the castaways as little as possible, to create a vérité document. As days went on, things got more relaxed, and the castaways began to ask questions of the staffers. These questions could be answered as long as they were benign, inoffensive and had no bearing on the game; particularly forbidden was revealing any information about what the opposing tribe was doing. The most frequent question the castaways asked the crew was, "What are they feeding you guys?"

At one point, a rumor raced through the staff that a camera crew had been caught giving one of the castaways a PowerBar. "Nothing was substantiated," says an insider who wasn't directly involved, "but a couple of camera crews were accused by the producers of getting too close to the contestants."

From the start, the castaways had a point drilled into them: At any time, any of you can be taken off the island if Mark Burnett feels you're not playing the game correctly.

Sometimes, though, the way the contestants played the game was subject to alterations. Just before the Tagi and Pagong tribes merged, when both groups were down to five members, each was asked to send one ambassador to a summit meeting. Reportedly, Tagi picked Kelly as its ambassador and Pagong opted for Greg—but Burnett overruled those choices and substituted Sean and single mother Jenna Lewis, feeling that the two attractive and unattached castaways had the greatest chance of adding some romantic intrigue to their overnight ambassadorial summit (which also featured a lobster dinner, four bottles of wine and a pair of comfy beds).

And speaking of sexual tension: Everyone heard the rumors that Greg and

Colleen were slipping off into the jungle together for romantic trysts—but despite trying to catch them in the act, the crew never saw anything incriminating. Rumors still fly about other possible liaisons, both between castaways and between one castaway and a crewman. But according to a production staff member, the crew saw little evidence of hanky-panky. Many of them eventually decided that a diet consisting largely of rice seriously stifled the cast's sexual urges, although Rich admits that he enjoyed more than a few instances of underwater self-gratification. Cattier crew members took Jenna's apparent celibacy as proof of "just how flat-lined their libidos were."

Of the cast members that were voted off, Stacey and Susan took it the hardest. "Stacey felt she had been cheated," says a crew member, "but not too many people liked her anyway." Domineering real estate developer B.B. Andersen, on the other hand, was raring to get off the island. After a couple of days he decided the game was stupid, and at one point he told a camera crew that he was going to hire a helicopter to fly him out of there. (He didn't explain exactly how he'd contact the charter service from his digs on Pagong Beach.) B.B. also annoyed financial advisor Joel Klug so much that Joel later said he would have punched B.B. if the contract the castaways signed hadn't prohibited physical violence against other cast members.

After being voted off the island, the unfortunate castaway would usually remain on Pulau Tiga for the first night, sleeping in a cabin in the crew compound with a mattress and sleeping bag. They were not allowed to mingle with the crew members; instead, they were taken for psychological debriefing, then walked to a cabin away from the rest of the staff. The next day, they were taken to a luxury hotel, the Magellan Sutura, in the city of Kota Kinabalu on Borneo, where a more comfortable room and some treats (favorite food, toiletries,



CDs, etc.) awaited.

This postbanishment ritual sometimes varied: Greg was taken to Borneo the night he was voted off the island, because the producers were worried he would be disruptive.

This worry was not uncommon. "Greg freaked a lot of folks out, because he liked to fuck with people," says one witness, who reports that Greg decided the game was silly after B.B.'s exit and subsequently reinvented himself as the island's joker. He fooled around at times that were supposed to be deadly serious (the Tribal Council, for instance), he talked into a coconut as if it were a phone, and mocked the game in such a way that some cameramen asked not to be assigned to him. Mark Burnett pulled him aside for at least one talk.

On the other hand, Greg was one of

two castaways that survival experts and insiders both say probably could have survived on the island without much help (Gretchen was the other). Greg's courses at Tom Brown's Tracker School obviously helped him: That's where he learned to make the rat trap he fashioned in one episode, though he didn't credit his instructor when he showed off his creation. (Brown was not surprised that Greg confused and worried people: "Greg was kind of like that in my class," admits Brown. "If they don't understand his very wry sense of humor, people tend to take him the wrong way.")

As the game went on, everybody behind the scenes got sucked into it and spent their off-hours comparing notes, dissecting the alliances and making predictions. "At one point we were talking about starting a pool, with everybody

putting in five bucks," says a crew member. "But one of the producers said that wouldn't look right. It's probably good we didn't, because pretty much everybody thought Rudy was going to win."

A prudent ruler cannot, and must not, honor his word when it places him at a disadvantage and when the reasons for which he made his promise no longer exist. If all men were good, this precept would not be good; but because men are wretched creatures who would not keep their word to you, you need not keep your word to them.—Chapter XVIII

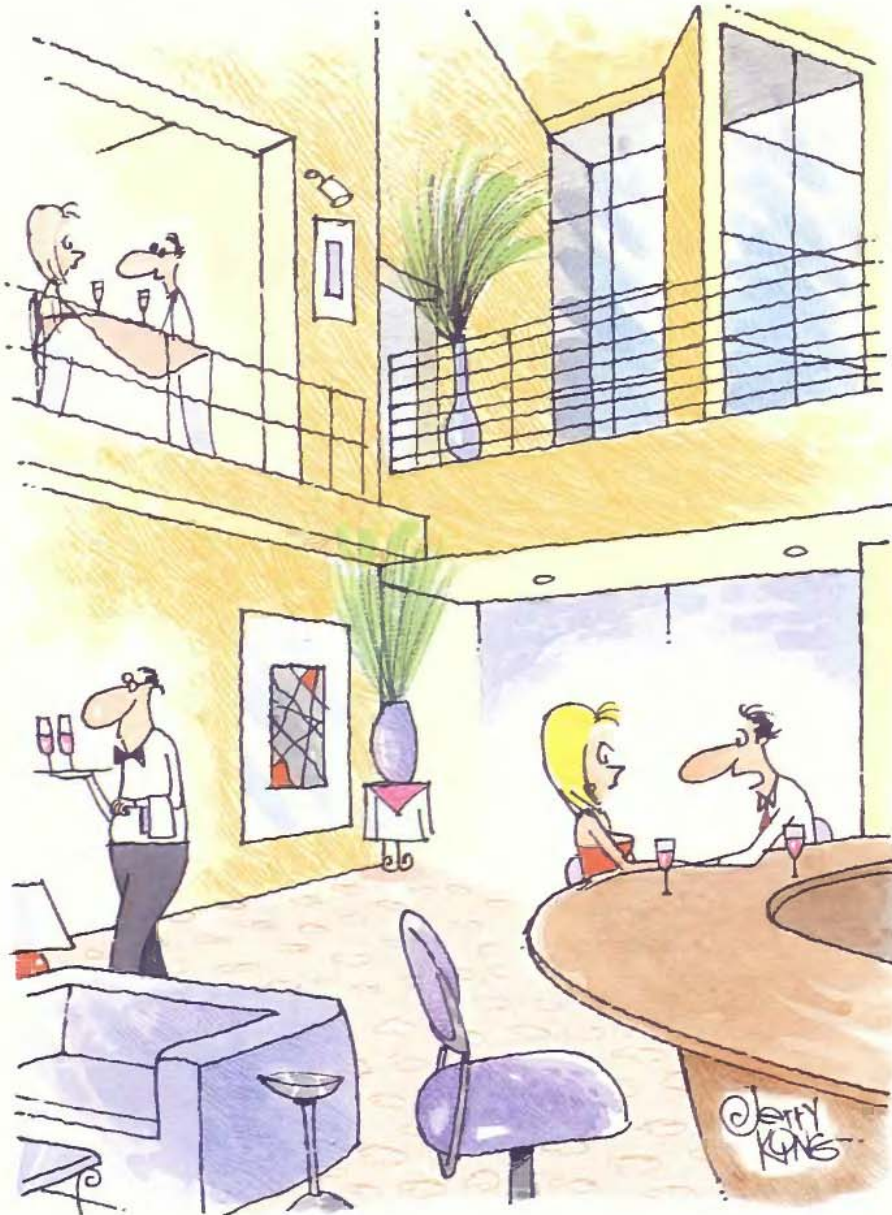
Before we go any further, a disclaimer is needed: The occupations that we have used to identify many of the *Survivor* cast members (neurologist, YMCA coach, student) don't really apply anymore. We should now label many of the castaways as actors, spokespeople, talk-show guests, semicelebrities. They are, you might say, professional Survivors.

Understandably, among those who make survival their profession—those who run or teach at schools devoted to wilderness survival skills—there's frequent scorn for the show, occasional grudging admiration and overall a consensus that whatever it was, it had little to do with true survival.

"I was really excited when I heard the show was coming out," says Cody Lundin of the Aboriginal Living Skills School in Prescott, Arizona. "I thought, Great, you don't need to bullshit with these skills—they're interesting, they're dynamic, this is going to be really cool. But I might have known that if anyone can fuck something up, it's Hollywood."

This is not to say that true survivalists are uniformly disdainful of the castaways themselves—under a different setup, David Alloway insists that a group of people could have survived for six weeks with much less help than the show gave them. "The producer said he didn't think any of those people could survive if he didn't give them rice, that he was the only person who would have been able to survive," says Alloway. "That's pretty much in line with Burnett's ego. But if they had restructured, they absolutely could have survived. They had fresh water, and they had a lot of resources, especially animal resources. They got away from the rat cooking pretty quick, but they could have eaten rat a long time, and done the island ecology a lot of good in the process."

He continues, laughing. "And Richard, instead of dragging one of the deadliest snakes in the world by the tail to the surf to watch it swim, could have whacked it and eaten the thing. That's something I can't wait to teach my students: to play with venomous snakes." (In actuality, the castaways were forbidden to kill and eat the island's lizards and snakes, though they were free to devour the rats.)



"You can trust me, Anne. My being unfaithful is just a vicious rumor my wife started."

Survival specialists have other complaints about the castaways' behavior: They should have realized that eels and rays make better bait than they do food; they should have used the island's resources more and relied on rice less; they should never have voted off Gretchen, the castaway with the best survival skills; they should have arrived at the island better prepared.

"I think they were given the tools and the resources, but they weren't taught how to use them," says Ford Church. "If they had been given a one- or two-week course before they went out there, they could have taken away some of the luxuries they were given and had a more realistic survival situation."

But *Survivor* was really about a completely different survival situation: surviving the other castaways to win the million dollars. And if that meant eliminating threats and violating every rule of group survival, so be it.

"The whole premise of 'last man standing' is antithetical to what I teach in group survival situations," says Alloway. "And that's basically that everybody has strong points, and you should look to those people at certain times. But that's not what this was about."

Cody Lundin agrees. "If you've studied tribal culture, you know that any tribe that acted like that would be dead," he says. "It's giving people a false impression of skills, and it's really doing a number on teamwork in general. Anyone who teaches survival, or anyone who has any common sense at all, knows that if you're in any survival situation with a group of people, you have to work together. And that's exactly what this show wasn't about. It was a classic 21st century case of 'I want to screw you so I can get some cash.'"

Not coincidentally, management consultants have a similar take on the show. "The situation was structured to be what is called a zero-sum game, which means somebody has to lose in order for me to win," says Joseph Fabricatore. "In most corporations, that is not the mentality that's followed today. What's followed is a win-win, or non-zero-sum game, in which everybody gets the opportunity to participate in the positive outcome. That's the motivation for performing. *Survivor* has a contrived and primitive mentality."

This is not to say that the basis of Rich's strategy—building an alliance to secure his position—was a bad one. "Consensus building and alliance building does go on, and that can be good," says John Challenger, president and chief executive officer of the Chicago-based outplacement firm Challenger, Gray and Christmas. "One of the primary reasons mergers and acquisitions aren't successful is the failure to build alliances. The Machiavellian side of it only works for so long before people start seeing through

it. It can catch up with you."

Business consultant Neal Lenarsky, who runs Strategic Transitions, Inc. in southern California, says Rich's strategy identified him as a type known as "the corporate terrorist." Lenarsky identifies three common types: the terrorist who relies on intimidation, the loyalist who cares for his co-workers, and the benign saboteur who tries not to offend anyone but will walk away when colleagues need them. (Sean, with his alphabetical voting strategy, is the classic benign saboteur.)

"We all know assholes who survive for long periods of time," concedes Lenarsky, "but their success is usually short-lived. It's just a fact of nature: If someone pisses off enough people, irritates enough people or alienates enough people, he's going to get killed. And on the show, because of the limited amount of time and how people are voted off, this guy managed to win and be a terrorist at the same time."

But, then, we're not talking about the real world here—we're talking about a hit television show, where what worked the first time around will most likely be trotted out again in the outback. A friend of Cody Lundin was a finalist for *Survivor: The Australian Outback*. The man, who was part Native American and

had taught survival skills for years, was flown to Los Angeles for the last round of interviews. "He walked into the hotel where they were doing it, took a look around and walked out," says Lundin. "I talked to him afterward and he said, 'I could tell from the vibe that it wouldn't flatter me to be a part of this organization.' Basically, he said there were lots of blondes there—they seemed to be going after chicks with big tits—and he didn't want any part of it."

For the next go-around, Lundin has a modest proposal—one that he knows no network would ever have the nerve to implement. "If they want to be cutting edge," he says flatly, "they should make it for real. Have people sign a big-ass waiver—and, you know, maybe people would die."

Then he laughs; you can't be a modern survivor, even in the Arizona desert, without knowing how to face the facts. "They could have had a neat show," he says, "but you can't argue with ratings. That's their bread and butter, that's all they care about. It may have been a joke as far as survival skills go, but they got 50 million Americans. How can I knock that?"



LORENA BOBBITT IN HER STUDY

Sela Ward (continued from page 115)

You disrobe and there are 50 people standing around, respectfully trying not to look at anything.

means Amen, Hallelujah, Lift up. My version is without an *h* at the end. A woman named Sela from upstate New York sent me a note, telling me she got her name because she was the last of seven children, and the name means Amen. I'd love to steal her story, but I'm the oldest of four.

7

PLAYBOY: As a Sprint spokesperson, do you get free phone cards or anything? And what's your average phone bill?

WARD: I got a cell phone from Sprint last Christmas. I'm a phoneaholic. My cell phone bill is \$300, my Internet bill is \$100, my DSL is \$59, the phone at my home in Mississippi is \$200, my LA home phone bill is \$500—Sprint loves me! I'm on the cell phone all the time. If I'm not working, the house phone bill is that much, too. I'm always on the phone. I call my mother every day to check on her. She hasn't been in good health. I check on my sister in Miami, or talk to my friends. I love the phone.

8

PLAYBOY: Is bed a proper place for a dramatic series?

WARD: Where else is there more drama than in bed? You've got screaming, you've got crying, begging, moaning. All the active verbs. Every drama in the world could be played out between the sheets. Every great drama.

9

PLAYBOY: Will there be a line of Sela Ward bedsheets?

WARD: There should be, because it's my obsession. It's my fetish. I buy sheets and dishes. Every time I'm in Italy I'll hit a Frette or Pratesi linen store and stock up. I love those really soft Egyptian cotton sheets. I'd spend all my money on sheets, or great-looking dishes, even if I had to resort to eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. There's nothing more important than how sheets feel on your skin when you crawl into bed.

10

PLAYBOY: Give us the Sela Ward primer on sexuality.

WARD: The three Ms—mood, method and madness. I didn't want to get married until I was 35. If you make it to your early 30s still single, it's such a great ball game. You have a different vantage point. You're down on the field. You're not up in the bleachers. You're there in a way that I don't think is available to one at a younger age. I'm obviously speaking from my own experience. I'm sure there are many exceptions.

11

PLAYBOY: Do you still have your cheerleading outfits?

WARD: Oh, I'm sure—at Mama's house somewhere. I still have them from junior high school. In fact, I just brought home

my little dance review costumes for my daughter—they had been packed away in a chest at my mother's house. I save everything like that. I'm very sentimental and nostalgic.

12

PLAYBOY: Is cheerleading always sincere?

WARD: Of course not! What in the performing arts is? I remember cheering for basketball games. I loved football, but I couldn't care less about basketball. I couldn't tell you who was a forward or a guard. Wasn't interested at all. But I sure acted like I was. I cheered my little heart out! I loved cheering for football. You really felt you were part of something amazing, because Alabama football was a religion. Huge!

13

PLAYBOY: Any embarrassing moments on the field or court? Ever forget anything?

WARD: I did get run over by the players. Fell flat on my face. You know how you lead them when your team is coming out and the cheerleaders go ahead of them? Everybody was coming so fast, I fell flat on my face and they all stepped around me. The guys didn't even stop to pick me up. That's pretty embarrassing. A mouth full of Astroturf. That happened on the home field. As for forgetting anything—you mean like underwear? It's hard to forget your panties when your partner is staring up your crotch 75 percent of the game.

14

PLAYBOY: There are more porno films with story lines involving homecoming queens, cheerleaders or sorority girls. And then there are stewardesses. How would you account for that? Are these categories overrated?

WARD: There's an obsession with how cute and perky and pure they look, but you know that they're secretly doing the quarterback. They connote purity, all-American, apple pie, the untouchable, no access to, the forbidden unpicked fruit! As to their being overrated, I don't think so, because I was all three! Actually, I started to be a stewardess. Wouldn't that have been ironic? I was offered a job at Eastern Airlines when I was taken on by Wilhelmina Models. That would have been really strange. Thank God. That saved me from being a cliché.

15

PLAYBOY: You dated Richard Dean Anderson for a while. Could MacGyver fix everything at the last minute?

WARD: Obviously not.

16

PLAYBOY: Our readers want to know—on *Once and Again* it looks like you're naked under the covers. Are you?



C. Parronotti

"OK, I'll watch *'Felicity'* with you."

WARD: Well, when the bare bum is showing, there ain't much else underneath. We're one close, happy family.

17

PLAYBOY: What is the unwritten etiquette to filming nude scenes?

WARD: I'll cover yours if you'll cover mine. You totally disrobe and there are 50 people standing around being voyeurs, and everybody is respectfully trying not to look at anything. It is so technical. Half the time—particularly doing television—getting Billy Campbell to put his arm here to cover this part of my anatomy, and his leg there so it covers another part of my anatomy, is excruciating to orchestrate. Not that it's not enjoyable. The etiquette comes in trying to protect your co-star—he may be a bit too heavy around the waist or he hasn't worked out enough. You find ways to take care of each other. That's not a very sexy answer. You just hope you really like the person you're in bed with.

18

PLAYBOY: Did anything unexpectedly happen to crop up?

WARD: 'Cause he's having sex with himself? Well, I would never tell.

19

PLAYBOY: Do you have to sign a waiver to your husband?

WARD: To have legal cheating? No, I've just got to take real good care of him the night before and the night after. Bless his heart. I have to say, he's one of those guys with a really strong center. He's a very successful man with a Harvard MBA. But I am his woman. He won't look at the dailies, and he probably looks with one eye as he's watching the finished product. And, you know, I can't blame him. He never says a word; he knows it's my job. It would be easier, maybe, if he were an actor and had that experience. I came home one day and I had just had this love scene with Billy. I flew out of the trailer to get home. I had lipstick smeared all over my face. My husband looked at me and said, "Honey, did you have a love scene tonight?" I said, "Oh yeah, yeah I did." It's a strange thing, crawling into bed with your husband after just making out with another guy 30 minutes earlier. It's an odd set of circumstances.

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PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances can you hear a pin drop?

WARD: When you're having sex and the kids are playing in the next room. Any time you're in bed and there are people milling around the house. I can hear everything.



Anna Nicole Smith

(continued from page 130)

A few weeks later, in January 1995, J. Howard Marshall became seriously ill. His son and heir, E. Pierce Marshall, moved to be appointed his legal guardian. According to one of Anna Nicole's lawyers, the guardianship arrangement permitted her to visit her husband for only 30 minutes at a time.

By the time of Marshall's death, on August 5, 1995, relations between Pierce and Anna Nicole had deteriorated to the point that they held separate funerals, an agreement negotiated through their lawyers.

They also reached an agreement to split his ashes, but it required a court hearing to settle the matter.

For her part, Anna found that there was a high price to pay for her celebrity and her relationship with Marshall. In addition to being raw material for stories mined by the tabloids, she became an easy target for radio DJs and TV talk-show hosts. She earned the dubious distinction of being the subject of two of David Letterman's Top 10 Lists. The first, aired just 10 days after her husband died, featured Anna Nicole Smith's Dating Tips. Among them:

- Prepare a candlelit dinner. If he can blow out the candle, you don't want him.
- Good pickup line: Can I prechew that for you?

Feeling desperate and unhappy in the

months after her husband's death, Anna turned to drugs. She reported at one time that she was taking more than 100 pills a day, and her weight ballooned to 200 pounds. She finally sought help by checking into the Betty Ford Clinic, but that did nothing to help solve her newer problem, financial woes. In January 1996, Anna filed for bankruptcy protection in federal court.

But last September, in a decision on her bankruptcy filing, a federal judge in California ruled that Anna was entitled to \$450 million, the estimated amount Marshall's fortune increased during the 14 months they were married (that's more than a million dollars a day for each day of her union).

A few days after that ruling, a separate trial began in a county probate court in Houston. Anna claims that her husband made verbal promises to leave her half of his estate. Pierce counters that she is not even mentioned in at least five wills written by his father. His older brother, also demanding a settlement, has testified on Anna's behalf.

With jurisdictional disputes, the certainty of appeals, and questions about the size of Marshall's estate, it's unlikely that Anna will see hundreds of millions of dollars any time soon.

Whatever happens, you can be certain we haven't seen the last of her. In the meantime, enjoy what you see here.



Despite years of having smoke blown up his ass, Herb gets a clean bill of health.

What Do You Do With \$450 Million?

our financial advisor gives Anna Nicole sane advice on how to keep her fortune

By JOHN D. SPOONER

This is likely to be the only free advice that Anna Nicole Smith ever receives. Money always draws a crowd, particularly in Texas, and the crowd always wants a piece of the action.

Everyone who comes to see me for the first time basically wants one thing: financial freedom. Assuming Smith receives the almost \$450 million awarded her by Texas judge Samuel Buford, she will have that freedom. Here is my simple plan for making sure she preserves the money and keeps much of it growing as well.

(1) Make sure that \$100 million gets tucked away as your absolute stake-in-life stash. This is the piece no one can take away, steal or con from you. It is also the part from which you take your income—your paycheck, if you will, your pin money. It should be invested in a combination of triple-A, insured tax-free bonds and U.S. Treasuries laddered with different maturities. This portfolio would throw off to you approximately five and a half percent on average, or \$5.5 million annually. This is bedrock, like the sayings of Sam Houston, Jim Bowie and Kinky Friedman. If anyone tries to attack this portion of your money, just say, "My trustees cannot allow anyone to have a nickel of this. You have to speak to them, but I'll save you the trouble. They always say no." Blame it on the trustees. But don't have any trustees. The threat of mystical unnamed authority usually scares off the patent-medicine crowd who just rolled into town with magical elixirs.

(2) You definitely want to be in equities, the stock market, for the second leg of your plan and another \$100 million. Common stocks have returned, on average, approximately 11 percent annually over the past 60 years or so, outperforming virtually every other investment, including gold, fine art and real estate. This 11 percent figure represents about eight to nine percent in appreciation and two percent in dividends. Bear in mind that money doubles in nine years at eight percent, so that your chances of doing better than that with this portion of your funds are favorable. You have a great advantage (several, in fact) over most investors. Smart men will take your phone calls. Smart men are curious, and most of them enjoy the challenge

of women, particularly women with good problems. Call Richard Rainwater in Houston. Ask him to name the best money managers. Call Warren Buffett in Omaha. Ask him for recommendations. (I know he has had his own Hooters membership card. He sent an expired one to Jack Welsh of GE.) Hell, go ahead and call Jack Welsh. I'm sure someone once told you to go to the top. Keep doing it.

(3) The next piece of the puzzle should be another \$100 million that you allocate toward a combination of venture capital and real estate investments. You want to move only with proven winners in these arenas. Call Mort Zuckerman at Boston Properties (real estate) in New York. He's one of the wealthiest men in America, and though he may be a little young for



you, he's smart, owns the *Daily News* (which can keep you in the press) and knows all of the important real estate moguls in the country, many of whom are elderly and could use a jump start beyond mere cash infusions.

Also check out the venture capital area, which should include leveraged buyouts as well (the former invests in start-up and early-stage companies, mainly in sexy new businesses like biotech and technology of all sorts, including, until recently, the Internet). Leveraged buyout firms concentrate on enhancing investment possibilities in seasoned but seemingly undervalued companies. You'll bring enough money to the table to play with the big guys, so I would call Tom Lee, chief executive officer of the venture firm in New York and Boston that bears his name. Being a gentleman of the old school, he would help a damsel in distress and probably take some of your money as well. You enter this venture

world—more speculative than blue-chip stock investing—hoping for the home run, the 10-to-one hit.

(4) You grew up the hard way and then you hit the three cherries. It's time to give back to society. Charitable giving is the last \$100 million leg in your program. The money should be placed into the Smith Family Foundation that a smart lawyer with common sense should establish. With this foundation you can achieve immortality, because it will survive you and go on and on. Your son should be involved eventually, probably as a trustee. It will teach him about the problems of the world. Only five percent of the body of the foundation needs to be distributed annually by law, which leaves a lot of room for growth. This can be a big deal in the future and a powerful springboard for Smiths yet to come. For giving \$10 million for a building at Harvard or Stanford or the University of Chicago, for instance, you could demand that they not only name the building for you but also carve your image in stone on the facade. MIT and the University of Texas would probably be particularly responsive to this.

(5) For the remaining \$50 million, I would add two items, one important and the other frivolous. The important one is an incentive trust for your son. More people are ruined by inheritance than saved, and if you are a true Texan you will want him to show some true grit. Pick a figure—say \$5 million or \$10 million. Set up this incentive trust with you as trustee, plus another trustee who's honest, smart and tough-minded, and name the stipulations. Such as \$1000 a month at the age of 21, unless he finishes college, in which case the monthly check is \$5000. Or \$2000 a month when he's out in life. But once he demonstrates that he's working hard and brings his W-2 form to the trustees, this figure will ramp up if he hits certain guidelines. In other words, the trust demands that your son show character.

The remainder of the money—you can let it rip. Mad money. Take fliers, back a movie, invest in new artists, buy a restaurant, sponsor a car-racing team. If you blow this entire part of your bequest, it won't change your new life in any way, and it will be a wonderful learning experience.

REALLY HIGH STEEL (continued from page 72)

First, there's the view. Not just mind-blowing, say the astronauts who have done it, but life-altering.

and Hieb had been provided with places to restrain their feet. Akers and fellow mission specialist Kathy Thornton had the parts for a truss they planned to assemble on a space walk the following day, so it was proposed that they use that to jerry-build a third platform. If the pilot, Kevin Chilton, could maneuver them close enough to Intelsat, there was a chance.

Houston tried it out overnight in their giant pool—the Weightless Environment Training Facility—then took a deep breath and gave the astronauts the go-ahead. Akers is the one who went out into the cargo bay, sharing an umbilical with Thuot. It took the three about an hour to assemble the new platform and attach foot restraints.

"We had to position ourselves equidistant," Akers recalls. "Then the shuttle pilot and commander flew us up to the satellite. Thuot, Hieb and I took up positions around it. And then we just reached up and grabbed hold of it. It was hard to coordinate. The communications system in the EVA space suits was

designed for just two people—there are only two frequencies. With three people, two had to be on the same frequency. So we decided we would all transmit on the same frequency. If you tried talking at the same time you would just get a loud squeal. So the way we did it was, Ricky Hieb was the quarterback. He said, 'OK, is everybody ready?' We answered in turn. Then we coordinated the timing on his cue. He said, 'OK, OK, grab!' And it worked."

The Intelsat was repaired and released, and it boosted itself up into orbit. Akers went on to fly two more shuttle missions and to become the second most experienced spacewalker with a total of 29 hours and 40 minutes, a milestone he dismisses with typical self-deprecation: "All that demonstrates is that I'm a slower worker than everyone else." But his colleagues in Houston see it differently.

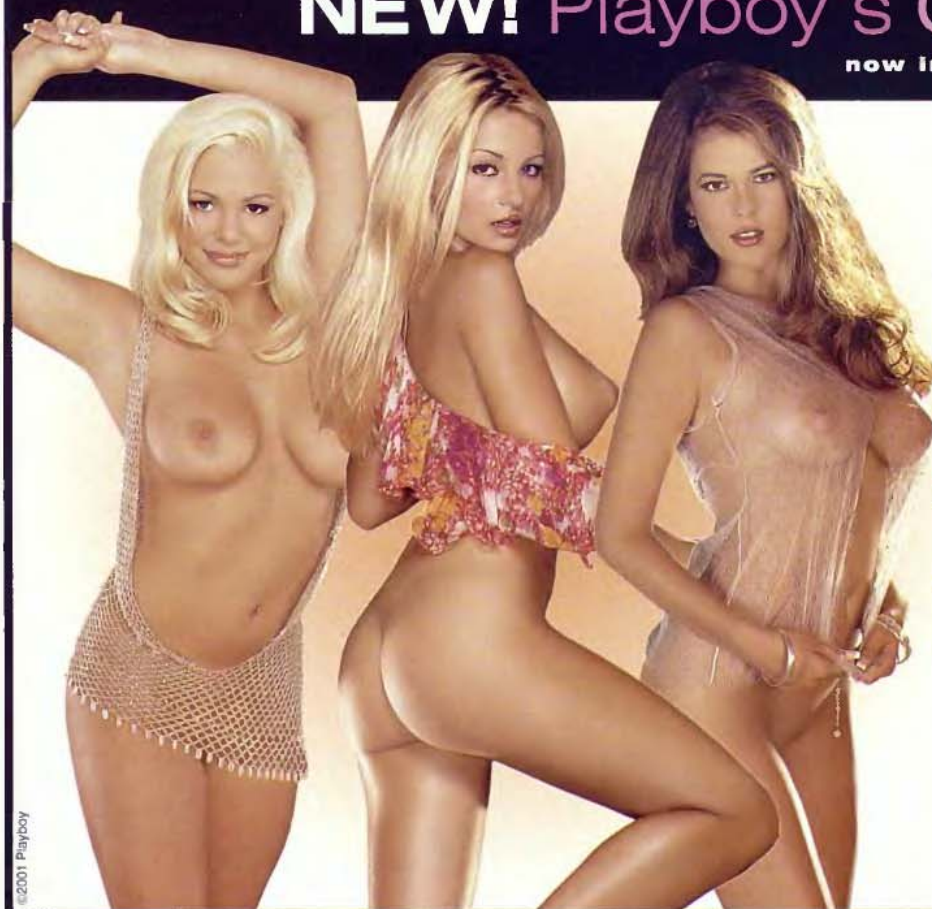
"The Intelsat rescue was the big one," says McArthur, one of the new breed of spacewalkers. "It took place right there on TV with the whole world watching. What Tom brought to that exercise was

an inherent cleverness with tools and practical problem-solving. He won't admit it, but that was an Akers save. Ever since, if you ask NASA what they're looking for today, they'll tell you that they're looking for Tom Akers clones."

The original seven astronauts possessed what Tom Wolfe had dubbed the Right Stuff, the essence of pure manhood that led them right up the ladder of fighter-jock stardom to the vanguard of the New Frontier. The original seven gave way to an overtrained, cross-disciplined astronaut corps that spent most of its time waiting for a mission, laid out under glass in Houston during the Seventies and Eighties like an exhibit of exotic lepidoptera. These were NASA's superachievers, a second generation of would-be space explorers who had been compiling credentials for astronaut selection for a lifetime, folks with multiple degrees in things like astrophysics, aeronautical engineering and microbiology who were also, as it happens, jet pilots or emergency room physicians (or both!) in their off-hours. In relatively anonymous groups of six and seven, still basking in the afterglow of supreme astronaut status—the days of ticker tape parades and White House ceremonies—these super-scouts gradually got their one or two chances to ride the shuttle rockets into

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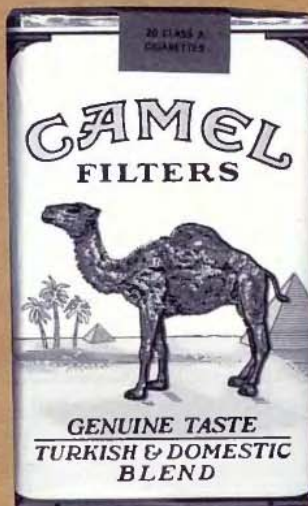
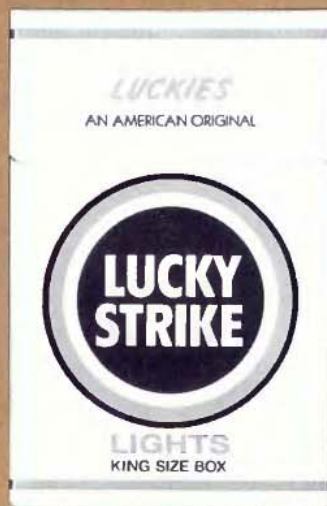
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crew module, which had been delayed for two years by a lack of money and problems with Russia's Proton booster. That module was delivered last June.

Although the Z-1 Truss was unexciting in itself (it looked like a well-packed trunk), it was the first major connector for the Space Station. The truss houses four control moment gyros that will give the final station the mobility and stability necessary for permanent human occupation, which began with the arrival of a Russian and American crew in November.

Five years and billions of dollars and rubles from now, after more than 40 assembly missions have flown and all 100 components are attached, it will be hard to even find the Z-1 Truss embedded in the middle of the complex assembly. But it is the linchpin. The astronauts who spacewalked from the shuttle *Discovery* to

set it in place—Leroy Chiao, Peter Wiersoff, Michael Lopez-Alegria and Bill McArthur—are the first of the real hard hats in space.

Spacewalking remains the province of very few. There have been only 93 EVAs by American astronauts. Among the growing club of astronauts, the spacewalkers form a kind of elite. It's the first thing most candidates say when asked what kind of mission they would like to perform in orbit, and only a select few get the assignment. "Everyone who becomes an astronaut candidate is asked to note the kind of things they would eventually like to do, and just about everybody puts down EVA," says McArthur. "When I went for my first evaluation, they saw that I'd written that down and said, 'An EVA? You and everybody else.'" It's one thing to ride a rocket into orbit

and watch the earth roll by beneath you from the window of *Endeavour*, *Soyuz* or *Mir*. It's another to EVA, to open the door and step out into the eternal blackness of space to become a self-contained, free-falling human satellite, a celestial body of one.

First, there's the view. Not just mind-blowing, say the astronauts who have seen it, but life-altering, as if expanding the borders of your vision from horizon to horizon nudges consciousness out into regions of gray matter heretofore unused. "It's one thing if you're driving in a car and see a spectacular view, but if you stop and get out and stand there to really experience the view, it's 100 times better," says Chiao. "You experience a visceral response. You're completely on your own. The whole world is floating by. I remember watching down between my boots as my feet passed over continents."

But enjoying the view and getting any work done are two different things. Even though you are weightless, the bulky space suit has considerable mass, which means you must cope with substantial inertia. It's hard to get moving, and, once moving, hard to stop. The inside of the suit is pressurized, like a balloon, so it takes effort to move, even to open and close your hands. At first you don't notice it, but after 15 minutes or so, it is painfully wearying. The inside of the suit is not soft—it has bearings, joints, seams and a lot of internal stiffness. The upper torso is a fiberglass shell. After you have battled around inside for a few hours, it is not unusual to accumulate bumps and bruises. Above all, working in space requires breaking down and relearning just about every small action once taken without thought on earth.

"The first thing that I learned about working in space was to conserve hand strength," says Chiao, who has a doctorate in chemical engineering but whose thick neck, torso and arms reveal an equal devotion to the weight room. "You don't use your legs much in a weightless environment, and since you move by pulling yourself around, you are constantly grabbing on to things. Your tendency at first is to grab things tightly, because you hold on tight on earth to support your body weight. But in space you learn to just lightly grasp things, maybe using only one or two fingers. When you use a wrench, you have to hold it tightly for the initial turn, then you can loosen your grip for the remainder of the turns. If you're using a power tool, you learn right away that if the drill end is turning clockwise, then the tool wants to turn counterclockwise. So you learn to make sure that it isn't pushing on the weak side of your hand—your fingers—but into the meaty side of your hand. If you don't do those things, about one hour into the space walk you will find yourself exhausted."



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Some astronauts find the experience of climbing out into space so vertiginous that they must fight nausea and terror. There is a corporate code at NASA that discourages discussing the unpleasant aspects of space flight, but more than half of all astronauts vomit upon encountering weightlessness, severe back pain is common as the spine stretches, and bathrooms are "like being in a really bad hotel with facilities you don't want to go near," says astronaut Kenneth Cockrell. Most astronauts are ecstatic about the joys of spacewalking, but former astronaut Jerry Linenger, who spent months aboard *Mir* in 1997 and who has been more candid than most about his experiences, described feeling an overwhelming sense of falling when he took his first space walk. He felt himself plummeting at 18,000 mph, a sensation nothing like what he felt working for all those months in the weightlessness training pools. "It wasn't just me falling, but everything was falling, which gave an even more unsettling feeling. So it was like you have to overcome 40 years or whatever of life experiences that tell you to let go when everything falls. It was a very strong, almost overwhelming sensation that you just had to control. And I was able to control it, and I was glad I was able to control it. But I could see where it could have put me over the edge."

"Some people aren't very good at coping with a situation where they don't have a lot of control," says Cockrell. "Working in space involves being in an unusual and frightening situation over which you cannot exercise complete

control. So many of the things you have to do are counterintuitive, like hanging on when the thing you are grabbing feels like it's falling, or trying to turn a latch and finding yourself spinning in the opposite direction. Things happen in slow motion. You can make a wrong move that sets in motion a huge calamity, and you realize it a moment too late to correct it, so you become an audience, watching yourself fail inexorably in slow motion. You don't hear astronauts complaining about it, but what you do see are people who come back lying about how great the experience was and then quietly leave the program."

NASA is still trying to develop better ways to prepare their hard hats. They use virtual reality to acquaint them with some of the sensations of spacewalking. I tried it out at the Johnson Space Center, donning helmet and gloves and then opening the simulated shuttle hatch to step out into space. Although it still seemed too much like a cartoon version of the real world to feel overpowering, it was dizzying at first. You view the scene through a helmet visor and when you lift your hands or reach you see gloved cyber hands making the same motions in the simulation. As you move along the outside maze of the station, the earth rolls lazily past below. I attempted climbing—or crawling—around the surface of the station by reaching out for one handhold after another, quickly got lost and managed to send myself drifting away from the station into the nether regions of cyberspace. The astronauts who train with the device float around the simula-

tion like industrious moths.

Closer to the real thing is the work done in the pool, where the wannabes are separated from those who will be selected for space walks. Working in this simulated environment is actually somewhat harder physically than working in space, and it takes ingenuity. Many of those eliminated in the pool fall victim to frustration.

"You have to be the kind of person who responds to a difficult small problem not with frustration but with delight," says McArthur. "It just defines a certain kind of personality, and the pool makes it clear pretty fast who qualifies and who doesn't."

True EVAers learn to love the pool. They spend 10 hours training for every one hour they will spend walking in space.

"Inside the space suit you feel a lot like the Michelin Man," says Cockrell. "They put weights on you underwater so you neither float nor descend, and you just run through every task you will have to do in space. And that's where they really evaluate you as a spacewalker."

"When you're upside down in the pool, the blood flows to your head, and then when you're upright, you have the weight of the suit hanging on your shoulders," says astronaut Michael Lopez-Alegria, who worked with Chiao to attach the Z-1 Truss. Lopez-Alegria had flown in space but had never done an EVA.

"Some of the tools we have for doing the work in space are very heavy here on earth, even in the pool," he says. "So in that sense it's not realistic training. When you've been in the pool for four or five hours, it can be exhausting. I've been working with a strength coach two hours a day, three times a week, but I think I need the workouts more for the training sessions in the pool than I will for working in space. I'm going to reserve judgment about whether all the gym work is necessary."

NASA has designed special tools for the construction work. All the bolts on the Space Station are the same, with seven-sixteenths of an inch heads that make it easier for a floating astronaut to grip with the Pistol Grip Tool, which resembles an overgrown cordless drill on steroids. The PGT's specialty is that it can count the number of turns needed to secure or loosen a bolt, which prevents overtightening and saves labor. The spacewalkers carried swiveling socket extensions for the PGT, a manual ratchet wrench capable of 100 foot-pounds of torque, other adjustable wrenches, a crowbar, vise grips, scissors and a dead-blow hammer with a pocket of shot in the head to absorb recoil. Because normal steel turns brittle in the -200°F to -250°F cold of space, the tools are all made of beryllium copper.

"You have to be pretty vigilant with



"You've made an alien life-form very happy."

the tools," says McArthur. "A lot of instinctive good habits you develop working on earth don't serve you well in space. For instance, you tend to focus your concentration on the work site. You use a tool and then you set it down next to you without taking your eyes from the work site. If you do that in space, when you reach back down for that tool, it's gone. It can easily drift away from you. So not only have you contributed to the problem of space debris, you might also have just lost a tool essential for finishing the job—and you can't run to the hardware store for a replacement. Some of the tools are on retractable tethers, so you have to learn tether discipline. When you are moving you are constantly attaching and releasing tethers. And the most important thing to tether is, of course, yourself."

So far, neither the Russian nor American space program has lost a spacewalker. In December 1977, cosmonaut Yuri Romanenko nearly became a permanent satellite when he lost his balance at the hatch of *Salyut 6* and floated helplessly off, flailing his arms in a futile effort to swim back. His tether was loose and trailing behind him, but fortunately his fellow cosmonaut was able to grab it and reel him back in. All it takes is for a bolt to break, or for a spacewalker to lose focus and make a series of bad moves. The Space Station will have a small rescue vehicle in that event, but the prospect of drifting away alone with enough oxygen in your suit to allow for extended contemplation of your fate is enough to haunt the dreams of astronauts and would-be spacewalkers everywhere. At least the view would be spectacular.

"You begin preparing for a space walk the night before," says Peter Wisoff, who did a space walk in 1993 that lasted nearly six hours, and who went out again to help attach the Z-1 Truss. "You get as far ahead as you can, getting your suit and tools ready. You wake up, grab some food quickly, put your electrodes on, strap on your diaper and then the liquid cooling undergarment, and then start to pull on the main suit. At this point it's like a circus on the flight deck with everyone floating around, helping you get ready. Once you have the lower portion of the suit on you go into the air lock, a small cylindrical closet, where a hatch closes behind you. You shimmy into the upper half of the suit. Then you wait for about an hour, breathing pure oxygen to get all of the nitrogen out of your blood. You go through suit checks and tether checks and then open the air lock. Then, when you step out, the first sensations are quite fun. You take a second to absorb the view. On my first space walk it was nighttime when I stepped out, and I could see lights from cities below. It's amazing how quickly your brain just decides one direction is up and the other is down, even though it makes ab-

solutely no difference. You start off by moving real slow. You don't weigh anything but you still have inertia, so you don't want to get moving too fast. When you go past the shuttle windows you see everybody watching you from inside. You hear the airflow in your helmet, fan noises blowing air into your suit, and you hear your own breathing. And the first thing you notice are the differences between space and being in the pool. Water has viscosity, so it tends to stabilize you. Space doesn't. In space you are always slowly drifting somewhere."

No matter how absorbing the work, "you never stop being amazed by where you are," says Wisoff. "On my space walk I remember looking out as we passed over the Western U.S. I could see all the way from southern California to Salt Lake City. I remember looking down and noting landmarks like the Amazon, Hawaii, the Galápagos Islands and Australia, and being affected by the historical impact. Looking down on the Strait of Gibraltar, where ancient ships took their first hesitant voyages out of the Mediterranean, and thinking, From up here, it's no bigger than my thumb."

Perhaps most important, when you're out there alone in the whirl of the universe, walking the really high steel, you are conducting a command performance. Not since the earliest days of the space program has the success and failure of an entire mission rested so squarely on one or two people—or three in the case of Akers, Thuot and Hieb and the Intelsat rescue. The EVAers are an elite within the elite, a special corps, and when the moment arrives, it's like the fourth quarter of the Super Bowl or NBA championships, bottom of the ninth in the World Series. It's money time. Your fellow crew members will have their noses to the shuttle windows, knowing your performance on the space walk will likely define the success or failure of their mission. Back on the ground maybe the rest of the world doesn't care that much anymore, but the whole hierarchy of NASA will be glued to their giant TV screens, the folks who selected you for this mission, who trained you for it and who will be making selections in the future.

"You do feel pressure while you're out there," says Bill McArthur. "You feel like the whole world is watching you. You know that everybody at mission control is watching you. When an EVA starts, just about everything else stops and focuses on you. For those hours when you're out there the mission is on your shoulders, and you don't want to mess up. Your peers, colleagues and fellow professionals are all watching you. You are under a microscope. The pressure is to be professional."

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LARGER PENIS (continued from page 109)

The first time you pump, your penis will look like a big sausage—and be as functional as one.

head and the other around the leg just above the knee. The user adjusts the tension by moving his leg.

MILKING

This isn't masturbation but an intense nonerotic exercise. The basic technique practiced by the ancients, pro baseball players and two-year-old boys is to gently pull on the head of the penis several times a day. Once that's mastered, the milker begins a more rigorous routine. He positions himself by making an A-OK sign with the thumb and forefinger around the base of his semierrection and stroking rapid-fire to the head. The movement is continued with or without lubrication, using alternate hands. A regimen might include 200 to 300 milkings

a day at medium strength for the first week, 300 to 500 milkings at medium-full strength for the second week and 500 or more strong milkings thereafter.

Following each session, which should leave the milker sore but not in pain, the milker should slap the penis 25 to 50 times to aid circulation, suggests Hubbard. Cup a hand over the testicles to protect them from low blows.

PUMPS

An airtight plastic cylinder is placed over the penis and a manual or electric pump draws blood into the penis. Pump workouts last 30 to 60 minutes several times a week. "The first time you pump you'll be in awe of the mass of sausage hanging between your legs," Hubbard

reports. "Gradually, you'll realize your penis has become about as functional as a sausage; instead of a stream of urine, you can produce only an aerosol spray. You may notice you can't get a firm erection; you may develop red spots on your head from burst capillaries or painful lymph blisters. And the next morning you'll be disappointed to find that all the gains have disappeared."

There are dozens of online hucksters who sell instructions for programs that combine stretching, weights and pumps. The Chartham method, for example, involves exercises such as holding your penis under warm water, pinching the surface area of the scrotum and repeatedly grasping the base of the penis until it swells.

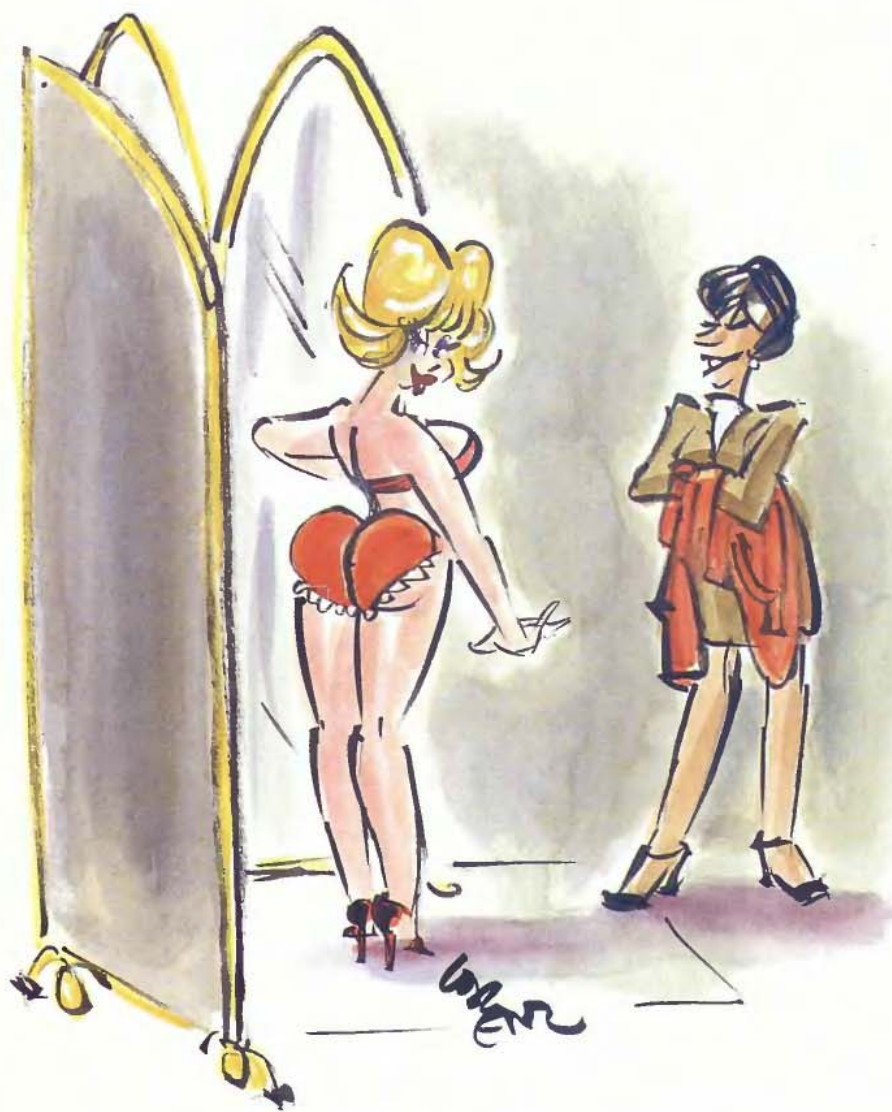
HYPNOSIS

A \$295 enlargement program developed by MindQuest Hypnotherapy "encourages the hypothalamus to release neurotransmitters to stimulate the pituitary, which in turn releases the hormones needed for penis enlargement." Each day for 12 weeks, the student listens to a 20-minute tape of a woman who offers reassuring words about the size of his cock—a service once offered only by prostitutes. MindQuest also offers "all-natural breast enlargement." It's the same price, but per pair.

In his book *Penis Size and Enlargement*, Gary Griffin recalls visiting a hypnotherapist who "invited us to mentally enter a department store, walk to the counter and flip through the catalog. It was a cock compendium. We were instructed to find the penis that most appealed to us. Then he regressed us to the point of conception. With mental scissors, we snipped out our current penis genes and replaced them with our catalog strand. We visualized our fetus developing a prominent penis. As we entered the world, we watched the doctor and nurses comment on the unusually large penis. We were to picture ourselves at the age of 18 with our catalog cocks hanging halfway down our legs." To help with visualization, the therapist advised Griffin to take a nude snapshot of himself and paste an image of his ideal penis over his own.

PILLS

A variety of mail-order firms sell supplements they claim will boost size. "We discovered the formula while researching herbal treatments for angina in West Africa," an "ethnobotany" researcher claims at one online site. "The medicine man told us, 'It sends the blood where the blood must go.'" The site attempts to close the sale with a touch of reverse psychology: "Sadly, the penis enlargement field has attracted some questionable people selling highly questionable products." A supply of this entry into that nonexclusive club sells for \$230.



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SURGERY: LENGTH

The typical penis-enlargement surgery costs \$4000 to \$7000. The surgeon makes an incision in the abdomen above where the penis attaches to the body. Once inside, he snips a crucial ligament that supports erections. The "inner penis" is then tugged away from the bone. Once the wound heals (no sex or masturbation for a month), the penis hangs lower, like the floppy ear of a sad dog. The appearance of added length—an inch at best—is more apparent when the patient is soft. Because its suspensory ligament has been cut, the erect penis no longer stands at full salute.

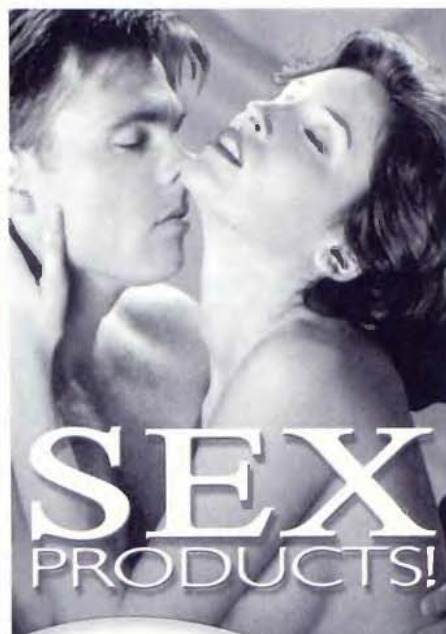
Penis-enlargement surgery is notoriously inconsistent. Many men see no gain in length, because scar tissue reunites the two halves of the sliced ligament. In some cases the penis becomes smaller. Surgeons battle receding dick by hanging weights on the patient or inserting blocking implants. Other risks include permanent numbness and impotence. One reconstructive surgeon says men who are unhappy with the results of the surgery expect him to work miracles with their newly grotesque organs. But, he says, "you can't go back."

SURGERY: GIRTH

Before his conviction for manslaughter in the bleeding death of a penis-enlargement patient, plastic surgeon Ricardo Samitier pioneered a method to increase width. The doctor would suction fat from the abdomen and shoot a few ounces into the cock with a long needle. Much of the fat was reabsorbed, so he repeated the treatment as necessary. Once it took, the fat tended to bunch together, leading to complications like "the hairy doughnut effect." Other surgeons carved slippery filelike strips of fat from the patient's butt or thigh and fed them into incisions made in the shaft. The latest technique makes use of purified cadaver dermis, and one innovator has suggested an envelope that would be inserted into the penis and filled with saline solution. A tube running through the scrotum would allow the owner to adjust his girth on a whim.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

If normal isn't enough, consider these nontoxic methods: (1) Many sex-toy shops sell extenders, which are rubber sleeves that fit over the end of the penis for added length. Some vibrate. (2) Trim your pubic hair. (3) Lose weight. As your gut recedes, you'll see more. (4) Measure from the bottom. When scientists measure erections, they place the ruler along the top. This isn't science, so place the ruler on the underside, against your balls. Presto—the extra inch you never thought you had.



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(continued from page 90)

"..."

"I mean, you know my real name."

"Is this a crank call?"

"No, please. Don't hang up. I'd really like to talk to you. I'm not ugly or anything, or weird. I'm 5'11" and I weigh 160 pounds in my stocking feet, as my father used to say, and I have dark blond hair—dishwater blond, I believe they call it. And I'm not saving newspaper articles about assassinations or collecting body parts, you know. None of that, and I don't keep files on famous people and I'm not a disgruntled postal worker or anything at all like that—"

"Whoa, honey, slow down."

"I'm 32 and married, though my wife and I are separated. We have two kids, a boy and a girl, 12 and nine—"

"Let me get a word in, baby. Don't you want me to talk? Is this your idea of conversation?"

"I'm sorry."

"Honey, I want to tell you what I'm *doing* right now while I think of you, and listen to your sexy sweet voice—"

"Right, but I wanted to talk a little first. Converse a little."

"Really."

"Yes. Do you . . . do you have any children?"

"I'm sorry, baby, I can't answer that. Ask me about what I'm *doing* right now."

"Well—first. I was only—I'm curious. I mean I wondered how this works."

"But I want to get it *on* with you, baby. Come on, don't make me wait. I'm touching something right now, thinking of you."

"Look, I really would like it if we just talk a little before we get intimate."

"Intimate. You're kidding, right?"

"Well, you know what I mean."

"..."

"I'm still paying for it, right?"

"Sure, that's right—it's your dime, baby."

"So, Marilyn—where did you go to school?"

"..."

"Hello?"

"You're kidding."

"Can you tell me where you went to school?"

"Um, around."

"More than one school? College?"

"..."

"Hello? Was it college?"

"John, I really can't get that personal."

"A second ago you were telling me about touching yourself. I just want to know if you went to college."

"OK, it's been nice talking to you, sexy—"

"Oh, don't hang up. Really. I'm paying for the call. I just asked if you went to college. I have to feel like I know you at least a little bit."

"Look, sweetie, this isn't a date or anything."

"But I'd like to feel that it's something close to it. Isn't this supposed to be about what I need, and am willing to pay for? What's the difference if it's all just talking, right? I mean, that's not too much to ask for a dollar a minute, is it?"

"It's 99 cents a minute."

"Well, but that's a dollar. That's something my wife and I used to fight about. She'd look at something in the store and see eight dollars and 99 cents and she'd think it was eight dollars. I had to remind her about it a lot. My wife and money, that was like a land war in Asia kind of thing."

"Excuse me?"

"We kept throwing more money at everything because we couldn't believe that what we'd already wasted was wasted. That had a lot to do with why we kept on going in Vietnam. We couldn't believe we'd wasted so much life. We couldn't let it mean nothing. You . . . you get the point of that?"

"You want to talk about fucking Vietnam? Are you a vet or something?"

"I'm too young to be a vet. I'm interested in history, that kind of thing. You like history, Marilyn?"

"Uh, no. I'm not into that."

"My wife is, big time. As in the history of men keeping women down. The whole oppressive history of women getting screwed by men kind of thing. That's my wife."

"Is that why you're separated?"

"We're separated because she decided I wasn't with the program anymore. Which was true, I guess. The program was basically about the improvement of John T. Bailey, E-S-Q. The perfection of that item, you might say, by a series of continual reminders of everything wrong with him."

"It's kind of pushy, isn't it, reminding somebody about his faults?"

"I wouldn't call it pushy, no. Not exactly. The fact was, there is what you might call a lot of area for improvement. But it used to irritate me, I'll admit that."

"And you want to talk about it?"

"Well, we could, I suppose."

"Like I said, it's your dime."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"How old are you?"

"Look, honey, what did you call us for? This is *phone sex*."

"But couldn't it be, like, *phone friendship* for a little while? Just a minute or two?"

"Man, I keep thinking this is some sort of prank or something."

"It's not. I promise you it's not. I'm not the type who plays pranks. I don't even think it's funny when other people do it."

"Well."

"I went to college. I went to West Texas State and majored in history. I didn't learn much. Don't get involved in a land war in Asia. Where did you go?"

"High school. I'm putting myself through college now, and I can talk you through a heavenly experience, too. I can make you *hot*, and bring you off like a rocket."

"Why are you going to college? I mean, what do you hope to get out of it?"

"An education."

"Is that just to get a better job, or pursue a career, or do you desire to be educated as in somebody who possesses a knowledge of the arts of civilization?"

"You talk funny, John."

"Are you in search of knowledge and cultivation of your spirit?"



"You neglected to fill in line six—the name and address of your richest relative."



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"All that."
"Really?"
"Sure, why not?"
"You want a piece of the American dream."
"OK."
"But what is the American dream, anyway? Going to art galleries, or owning a big car and having a house with a swimming pool kind of thing? I mean, I think the American dream is getting on television and being famous."
"Is that what you want, John?"
"No, I'm saying that's the American dream. I've got a little boy who wants to grow up to be famous. That's what he says he wants. He doesn't have the slightest idea how or why or what he'll end up doing, and none of that matters to him. He just wants to be famous. He wants everybody to know his name. That's his big dream. I think there are a lot of people out there like my son, only these are grown people."
"I don't want to be famous."
"Are you seeing anyone?"
"..."
"It's really just a harmless question, Marilyn."
"I'm with you now, honey."
"But are you seeing anyone?"
"How are you going to get anything out of it if I talk about who I'm seeing, John?"
"Well, are you?"
"OK, sure. Yes. I am."
"Does he know you do this?"
"Maybe. Look, I think we ought to get down to something soon, baby. I'm so *hot* for you."
"My wife didn't play around on me or anything, and I was faithful to her. You've probably figured out that I've never called one of these 900 lines before. I guess that's pretty evident. We had a good life, Kate and me. Her name is Kate. She likes sex, too. We both like it. I'm not one of those types who's never had any loving before, you know? But something got between us. A . . . a lethargy."
"Lethargy?"
"It means—"
"I know what it means, honey. Are you telling me you couldn't get it up?"
"Oh, hell no. No, we really didn't have any trouble that way. Not any. We excited each other. She's really very adventurous in bed. We were great that way. But she's a better person than I am, that's pretty clear. We lived a little selfishly, too. I think that's what did us in. But we had fun in bed."
"Tell me what she'd say to you, honey. I can make you feel her."
"No, that isn't it. I'm telling you this to get to know you. You know a little about me. My wife and I hit this . . . this lethargic place. I should say straight out that I tend to excess, I admit that. I have a habit of having a little too much to drink now and then, and I used to do some

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other kinds of substances. She did, too. We had a lot of easy money and we were a pair, let me tell you. She used to keep a big brick of cocaine in her dresser drawer."

"Yikes."

"It's true. But most of that is over, and we had mostly got past all that, and I thought we were doing fine—especially sexually, as I said. We were interested in each other for sex, you see, but there were these other areas—"

"What other area is there, when you get down to it, lover?"

"Well, just—you know—at the level of talk. I found that her voice irritated me."

"And what was her problem with you?"

"Oh, lots of things. Lots of things that it isn't anybody's business to know."

"..."

"I'm sorry, that didn't sound right. I don't mean anything by it."

"Man, this is your money."

"You ever find that somebody's *voice* gets on your nerves, Marilyn?"

"I guess."

"Does my voice irritate you?"

"No."

"You have to say that, though, right?"

"I don't *have* to say anything, lover."

"How old are you?"

"Oh, baby, I'm old enough. And young enough. How old are you?"

"I'm 32. I already said. So, now, what about you?"

"..."

"Hello? Tell me—come on, you can do that."

"We're not allowed to tell our ages, lover. I'm of age. I'm old enough for anything you want."

"I do like the sound of your voice. You have a very lovely voice."

"Oh, I haven't even *started*, honey. You don't seem to want to give me a chance."

"Yes, but isn't it a relief not to have to go through the spiel?"

"Excuse me?"

"The routine. All that moaning and groaning and sex-detail-talk kind of thing to get some poor lonely stranger off long distance. I'm in South Carolina, for instance. Where are you?"

"Close as your ear."

"But where—really?"

"Washington, DC."

"Are you in a room with other girls talking on phones? I'm picturing you sitting at one of those consoles with all the plugs and the lines, and earphones on, like an operator."

"No, honey—I'm home in bed. I really am. And I'm naked, and I've got my hand on my—"

"How many calls like this do you handle a day?"

"I've *never* handled a call like this. I mean I *am* new and maybe these people take calls like this every day, but it hasn't happened to me yet."

"I really don't want to cause you any discomfort."

"I'm *fine*. Are you all right?"

"Well, that's a question, there, Marilyn. That might take a little time to answer."

"Do you want me to listen, honey?"

"You said *these people* a second ago. So there are others there with you, taking the calls?"

"I meant the other girls who work for this service. Look, this is a *service*."

"I'm sorry. Really, I'm—uh, I'm curious. I wanted to talk. I mean I *do* want to get to the sex, too, you know, but I just—since it can't matter to you, really, and might even be a bit of a relief from the types you usually get, and you're still getting paid the going rate."

"..."

"Nobody has ever asked to talk to you... just as yourself first?"

"Nobody yet."

"I'm the first."

"What did you mean about the types I usually get?"

"Well, what type of person makes this kind of call?"

"Wouldn't *you* be in a better position to answer that, John?"

"I've never made this type of call before."

"Why do I get the feeling you make this kind of call every day?"

"No, really. This is a first for me."

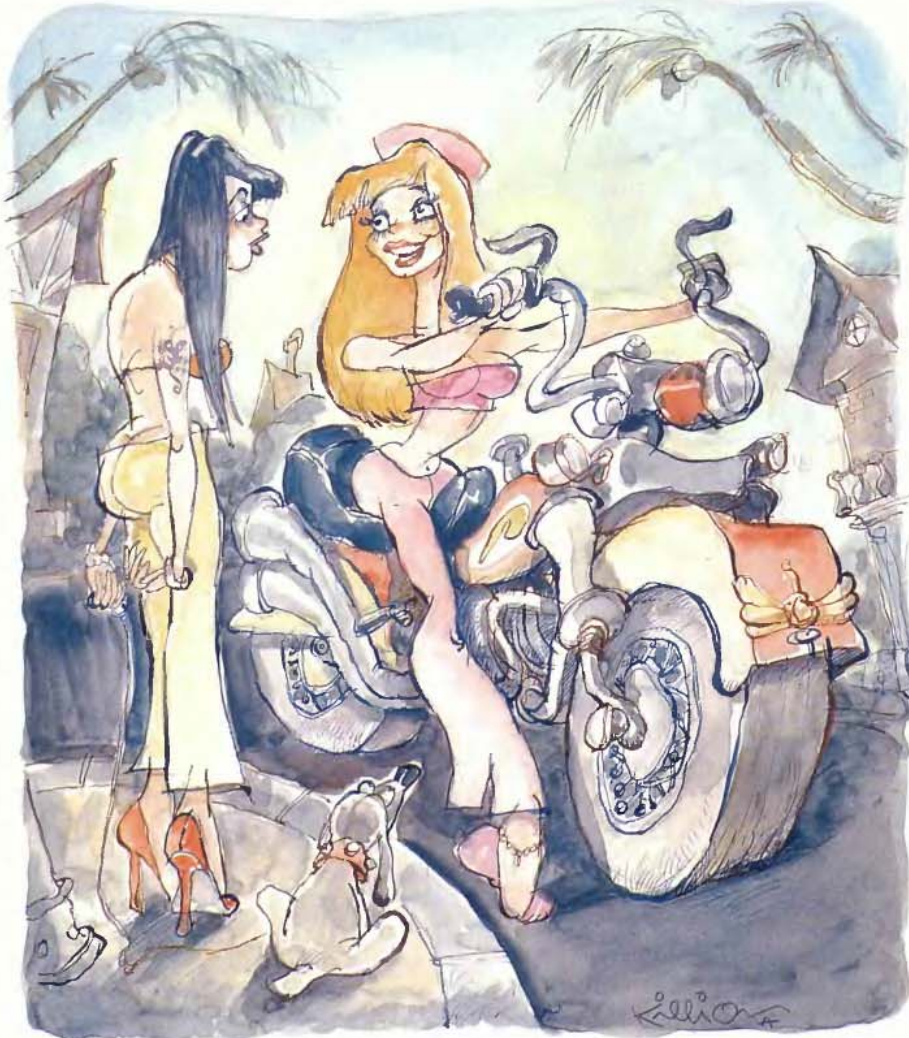
"Well, I'm not interested in being your friend or listening to your troubles, you know, John? Usually I do most of the talking on these calls. And I wouldn't want to listen to people tell me their troubles all day for any amount of money. That is not my idea of having a good time. That does not sound like a good time at all."

"I didn't mean to complain, actually. Just to be honest, so you could know a little about me and feel that it's all right to say a few small things about yourself and then we would know each other, and when we got down to the sex it would be so much more like the real thing."

"The real—what?"

"Don't be mad, Marilyn. Don't you get a lot of guys who are curious about it?"

"Not all that many, no. It's pretty



"Tony sees it as a classic, fine-tuned piece of machinery. I just see it as a real expensive vibrator."

straightforward, usually. Some heavy breathing and I say a few things and it's over."

"Do you get perverts?"

"..."

"I guess that wasn't a fair question."

"Look, are you one of those reporter types looking for a story?"

"No, I'm a separated father of two living alone in an apartment with most of the furniture gone and a lot of disarray I don't need. My wife and kids are hundreds of miles north, with the lion's share of the furniture, and last night I went out and got stinking and came back here and I've been lying here thinking about calling my sister, who is a perfect shit and a prig, and I decided instead to call you."

"To unload your troubles."

"No, and I'm sorry I said anything about it. If that bothers you I won't say another thing about it. I'm just trying to have a real conversation before we get going on things. I need that, or I can't get any pleasure out of it at all, and as we established at the beginning, I *am* paying for this."

"..."

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded there, Marilyn."

"Why is your sister such a prig, honey?"

"She's the type who says *I told you so*. Do you know the type?"

"I've known a few of those, yeah."

"Brothers or sisters?"

"Sure."

"You're being automatic now, I can hear it in your voice. You're not paying attention."

"Yeah."

"Yeah, you're not paying attention? Or yeah, you're being automatic?"

"Your voice is nice, baby, and I like the sound of it."

"You do?"

"Why don't you think about how it might be to cozy up together here. I'd love to see you."

"I murdered my grandmother and put her in the freezer this morning."

"Serves her right."

"What?"

"I said it serves her right."

"You *are* listening."

"Trying to."

"So what are you studying in college, Marilyn? What's your major?"

"Do you want to do this or not, honey?"

"I just want to know what your major is."

"I told you, we're not supposed to get that personal."

"You're so far away. How is telling me what you're majoring in personal?"

"You know what, man? This is weird. This is positively weird."

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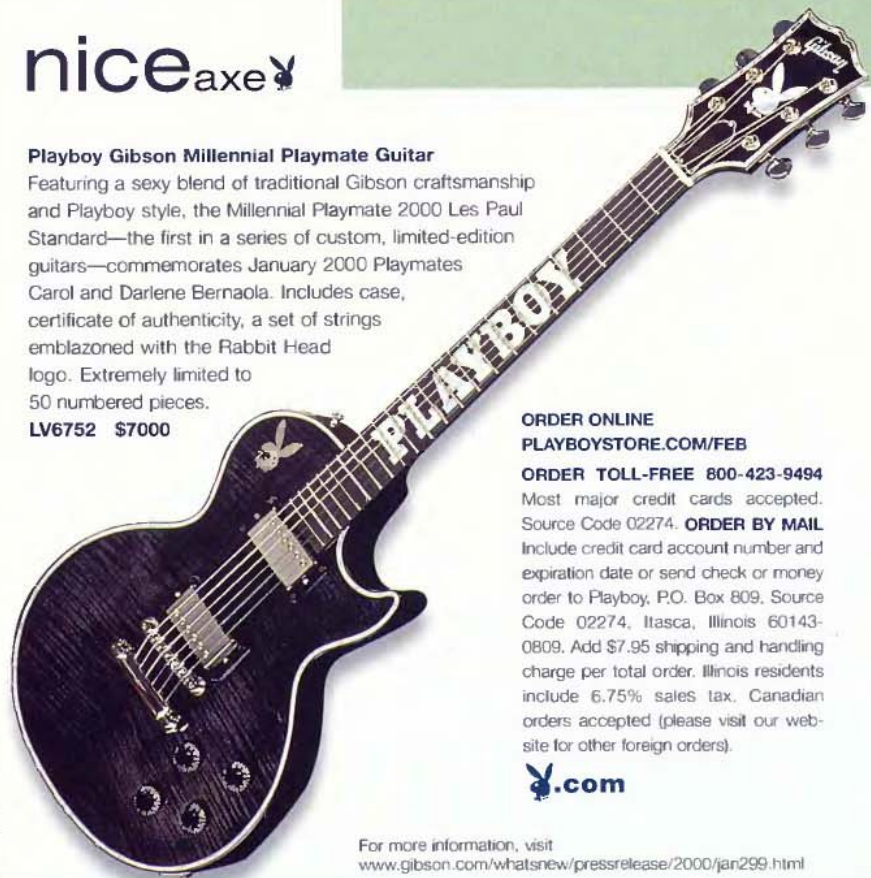
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with the conventions of *this*, which is so unconventional. Why not tell me something that's bothering you? I told you about my impending divorce and my toot, and my shit of a sister who won't take me in and whose husband threw me down the stairs last night so that I almost broke my neck and who *told me* for years that I was messing up in a big way, and when the mess finally caught up with me and I had to go see her, said *I told you so* all over again, just in case I'd missed it the first 277,000 times she'd said it."

"Did you say her husband threw you down stairs?"

"Harv's his name. A prince of a guy. A cupcake, old Harv."

"I'd stay away from Harv, lover."

"That's what my sister said. And after I went down the stairs, I got the message—I'm to stay away from old Harv. And you know what Harv does for a living? Harv's a veterinarian. He spends all day taking care of dogs and cats. Got a heart of gold, old Harv. Cries at sad movies kind of thing. A sweetheart. Kindness personified, that guy."

"Do you like *pussy* cats, lover?"

"They're fine if I don't have to live with one. Do you live with one?"

"I've got three of them."

"I'm allergic. I have allergies that bother me when I'm around them."

"I don't have any allergies."

"Well, now there—that wasn't too much trouble, was it? I know a little something about you now. You live with three cats and you don't have any allergies."

"Do you want me to start now, baby?"

"Not yet, not yet. Not like that. It's got to be natural, you know."

"Natural."

"I'm sober, too, Marilyn. Believe it or

not. This is a very sober phone call."

"Why don't you tell me what you're wearing?"

"Aren't I supposed to ask you that?"

"OK. Ask, lover. I think I already said I'm not wearing anything."

"Well, but I wanted to know one problem that you're having in your life—something we could commiserate about, maybe."

"You know what, John? I really don't have that many problems right now. I'm not desperate or unhappy or lonely, particularly. I'm going to school and this is a job. I usually do most of the talking, and I like to talk, so that's all right, too."

"But it's not real talk. It's the same things over and over."

"There's only a few things to say, right?"

"Doesn't that get old? That must get awful boring for you."

"But there's usually somebody soooo *interested* on the other end of the line. Do you ever tell a joke, John? Do you tell jokes?"

"I see your point."

"It's usually so easy. These guys who call are fast. You know what I'm saying? Most of them already have a start on it."

"But nobody's laughing."

"That isn't what the desired result is, though, right?"

"The whole thing sounds a little pathetic to me. Do they ever ask you to say you love them?"

"Sure, some do. Now and then one does. That's a pretty harmless thing to ask."

"And you don't mind doing that?"

"I'm talking on a telephone, lover."

"Any of them ever scare you?"

"It's usually pretty friendly, and, like I say, I do most of the talking. There's one

guy who calls to say what he'd like to do to me—an obscene phone caller. Before we were around he probably upset a lot of nice little housewives."

"What do you see in the future for yourself? You think you'll ever be a nice little housewife, as you put it?"

"Are you writing a book?"

"I wondered if you plan on getting married someday, that's all."

"Sure, why not? And what's wrong with using the word housewife?"

"I think you ought to ask my wife that one. Oh boy, do I. I would love to see what she'd say to that one, I really would."

"She's not a housewifey type?"

"Let's say she is not a housewifey type, yes. Let us just say that. Let us use that as the starting point of any conversations that arise about my, um, er, um, wife. She is not a housewifey type lady."

"OK."

"So you plan on being a housewifey type someday?"

"Why not? Sure."

"Kids?"

"I hope so—someday."

"I've got two kids. I don't get to see them very often these days. What's your major?"

"I haven't decided."

"Do you like a drink now and then?"

"Sure."

"I'm bothering you, right? Don't deny it, because I can hear it in your voice."

"Is my voice starting to irritate you?"

"You know what irritated Kate about me?"

"*Your* voice?"

"Now *you're* making fun. You've got me on the speakerphone, right?"

"I don't have a speakerphone, John. What irritated Kate about you?"

"Well, she called it the convoluted nature of my mind. My . . . my thoughts. She said I twisted things around in my head until they started to hurt me and then I'd blame her for it. She said I was the most morbid, convoluted son of a bitch she ever saw, and she wasn't even yelling when she said it. Do I seem convoluted to you?"

"I wouldn't say that, lover."

"I like it better when you say my name."

"OK—John."

"Are you younger than 32?"

"Yes."

"And Marilyn is your real name?"

"Well, actually—"

"Please tell me what your real name is, Marilyn. Your first name. I told you mine."

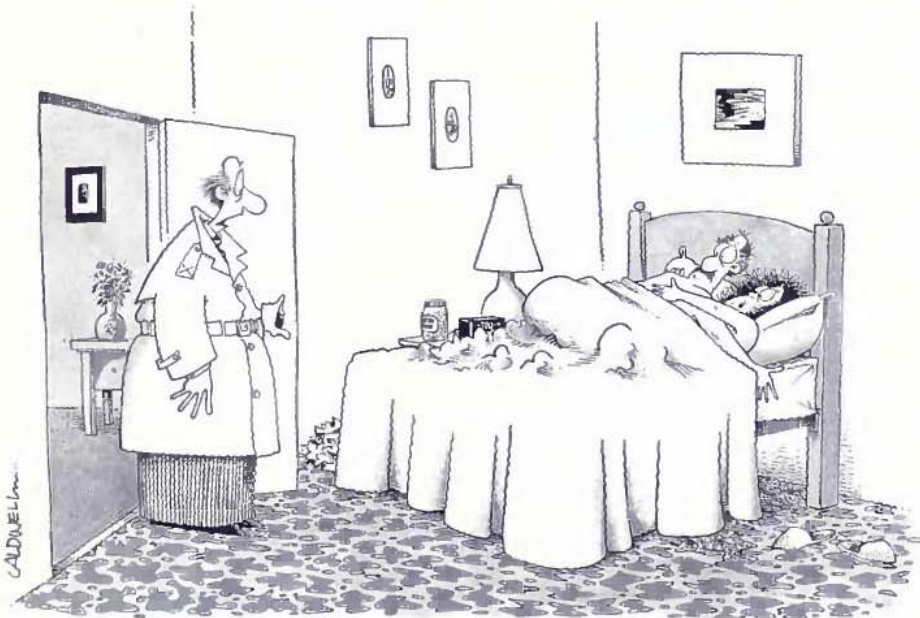
"How do I know you told me your real name?"

"It's on my credit card."

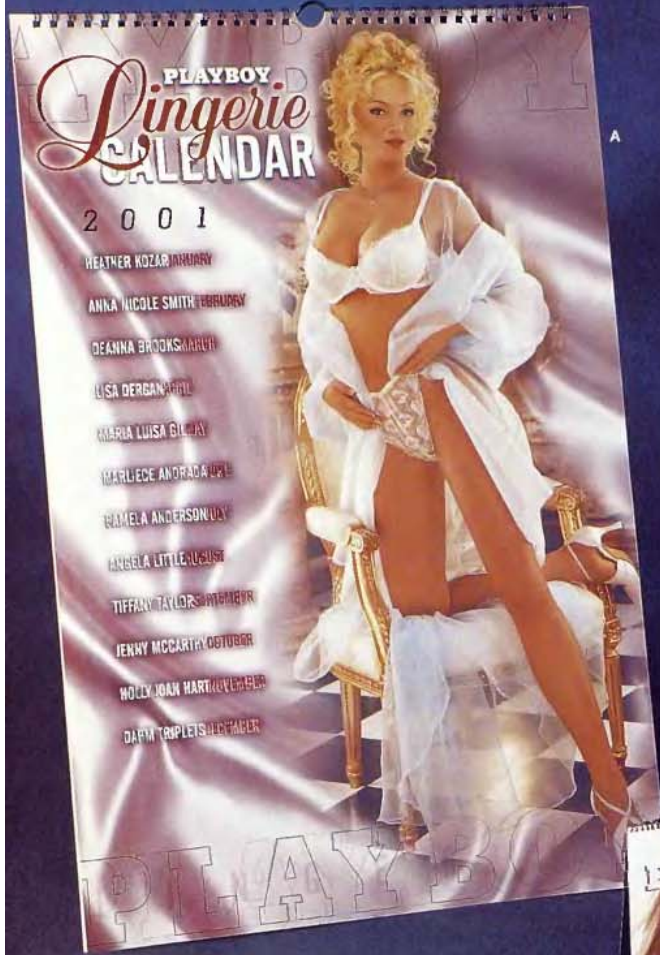
"Honey, they just punch the name through and open the line for me."

"Well, John is my real name. Now please tell me yours."

"..."



"Oh my God! My wife, my best friend, my Viagra!"



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"What harm can it do?"
 "It's Sharon."
 "Hi, Sharon."
 "Hi."
 "Do you like sports, Sharon?"
 "I play tennis."
 "I've never played tennis, but I'm a swimmer."
 "I swim, too."
 "Did you compete?"
 "I was second team in high school."
 "I won a few medals in college, Sharon."
 "No kidding."
 "I started out pretty fast. That's where I met Kate. We dated for almost five years."

"Couldn't make up your minds?"
 "Well, we lived together."
 "Oh."
 "You know what happened to me the other day, Sharon? I was in New York, chasing my wife and the kids—did I tell you she took them and ran off? I chased them all the way up to Boston and then came back. She's got all the help and the ammunition. The law on her side, and lawyers, and I'm a convoluted son of a bitch. And my own sister thinks I'm a wash, to use her ridiculous term. Anyway, the other day I was on this street corner in New York, down near the Village, and these two prostitutes were there waiting for the light to change. And I stood next to them, waiting. There wasn't much traffic to speak of. But they stood there. I wanted to say to them—I wanted to ask them why they chose to obey *that* particular law, you know? Why they were in compliance with the traffic law there and not in compliance with the several other laws they were breaking. Does this make sense to you? I mean, I got arrested for beating down a door and it was like I was a criminal or something—or dangerous. Kate took out this peace bond on me, and it's like I'm on parole."

"You think too much."
 "That's what Kate used to say, too."
 "Well, maybe you should listen to her."
 "I did. I did a lot—all the time. But then there was the fact that her voice started getting on my nerves. My convoluted mind started getting on hers."

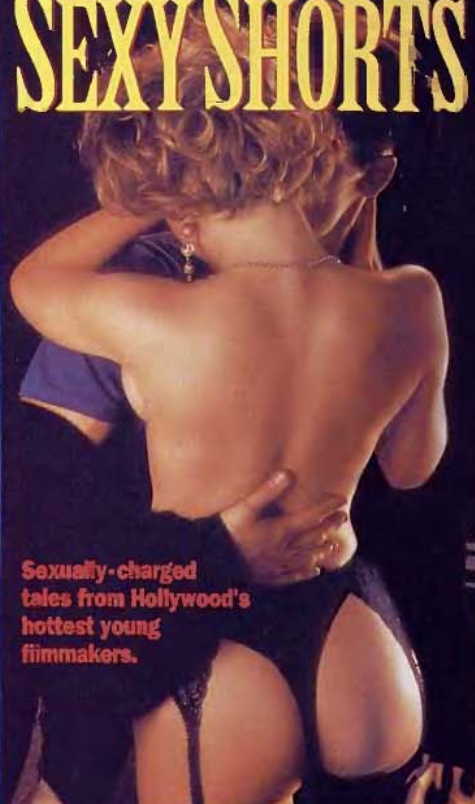
"I don't know what to tell you, lover."
 "Did you ever have a relationship fall apart?"

"..."
 "Maybe not a marriage."
 "Actually, John, I've been in and out of relationships. I just haven't found the right one. I think the one I have now might be the right one, only—"

"Only what?"
 "Nothing."
 "No, you were going to tell me something. That was sweet—come on, Sharon."

"Well, he never actually says the words, you know—that . . . that he loves me. I don't believe I'm telling you this."

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"And it's important to you that he say it."

"OK—yeah. Right. It is. Wouldn't you wonder about it if you were seeing someone and you said *I love you* to her all the time and she never said it back?"

"I love you, Sharon."

"..."

"Like that?"

"Well, it would be him saying it. He's very nice and I like being with him. But sometimes he . . . he seems to be avoiding it as a subject."

"I love you, Sharon."

"..."

"I love you. I really do—I feel the warmest sense of affection toward you now. Right now it's the truest thing in my whole mistake of a life."

"OK."

"No, I mean it."

"I said *OK*, lover. I don't think you should keep going on about it."

"That's what Kate used to say."

"..."

"Is he good to you?"

"As a matter of fact, he is. In every other way he is."

"Did you ever have a boyfriend who knocked you around?"

"No, and I wouldn't, either."

"Kate's father was like that. A military guy—with a mean streak. He was always coming up with things to be critical about. Kate grew up with him yelling at her and hitting her. Did you ever have anything like that, growing up?"

"No, thank God."

"Well, it does something to a person. Kate is just as likely to react violently to something. I've never laid a hand on her, of course. I kicked a door in to see my children. Just to lay eyes on them one time, you know. But when she gets mad she tends to think of finding ways to cause you physical pain. She'll hit you or throw something. It's scary as hell sometimes. She's always been the strong one, and she knows it. Not physically, of course. But inside—the one with the iron. The one with the highly developed *critical sense*. And I do love her, you know. It's not like you can turn that kind of thing on and off like a faucet."

"Different people can do different things, lover."

"Yeah, sure—do you come from good parents?"

"Uh-huh."

"I don't mean it as anything but curiosity about someone I'm very fond of, Sharon."

"Oh, and I'm growing fond of you, too, baby. Oooh, I'd like to have you touch me—"

"Not yet, wait. Just a little more general talk. I really feel something for you now."

"Me, too. I'm getting all *hot*—"

"Are your parents still living?"

"..."

"Come on, just a little more."

"OK. My parents are still living."

"You get along with them?"

"I never saw much of my father growing up. He and my mother got a divorce when I was small—I was only about five. My mother is fine. She lives in perfect blindness in Chicago."

"By that do you mean she doesn't know what you're doing to put yourself through school?"

"Among other things."

"Such as?"

"She's a devout Catholic. I'm not."

"Were you ever?"

"When I was young, I guess, sure."

"Divorce is hard on a child. I'm worried about my own children. What they think of their father chasing after them like that, banging down doors. They've got to know that means I feel my love for them passionately."

"I guess."

"I'll tell you, Sharon—I'm about at the end of myself. I mean I've reached down and reached up and called up all the reserves and there's nothing left. My family's gone. I think she's got my own children afraid of me. Imagine that."

"You just have to be patient and stick it out, John."

"Well, that's a bromide, Sharon. It's not worthy of you."

"..."

"Hello?"

"I haven't hung up. *Yet*."

"Yeah, well anyway, I guess that I've proved to myself that I'm not totally off the deep end—I can have a normal conversation."

"..."

"Somewhat normal."

"What's funny, lover?"

"Funny?"

"You laughed just then, didn't you?"

"I love you, Sharon. Does it make you feel good to hear it?"

"Not really, no. It has to be *him* saying it."

"Can't you use your imagination a little?"

"You're the one who's supposed to be doing that."

"What's to imagine? You'll provide the material, right?"

"OK, if you say so."

"I'm sorry, don't be upset with me, Sharon. I'm harmless, really. And I do feel this tremendous affection for you."

"Why don't you say that to Kate?"

"..."

"Hello?"

"That was kind of you to think of that, Sharon, really."

"Thanks."

"I really do feel this huge affection for you now. It's strange."

"Well, I like you, too."

"You know what, Sharon? I wish I could see you. In fact, I'd like to have you sitting on my lap naked."

"Oh, well—"

"I would. I'd like to nibble the lobes of

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your ears and get into a bathtub with you and wash you all over. I'd like to put my tongue in your—"

"OK, wait—hold it. Hold on, John. This is where you want to start in on the sex?"

"Why can't you just let it happen naturally?"

"You're kidding me, right?"

"I'm serious as hell, Sharon."

"Look, you know what? I don't feel right about this now. And if you *are* a reporter, report that one. I don't like you saying that stuff to me now."

"But—hell, Sharon, what do I really know about you? I don't know you *that* well. Come on. I just asked a few general questions. It was just conversation."

"Well, it's got me spooked, and I'd just as soon leave it there."

"OK, then let's go on talking about my miserable personal life a while, until you feel like going ahead. You start when you're ready. Talking the line—when it seems right for you."

"I started a *couple* of times, John—and you stopped me."

"The next time, I promise I won't stop you."

"But—see, I don't think it's going to

seem right for me. I mean, I don't feel it now, and I wouldn't be very convincing. I'm not feeling all that good, to tell you the truth. I think I feel a migraine coming on."

"Let me get this straight—you have a *headache*?"

"I don't have a headache. Migraines don't always have to be headaches. I get them like light shows in my eyes and the only thing for it is to lie down until the light show stops. But that isn't the point, really. The point is, I don't feel right about this now."

"You actually require yourself to feel something on these calls?"

"You know what I mean, lover."

"What are you, an actress?"

"OK. Sure."

"You're an actress."

"That's what I said, yes."

"..."

"Hello?"

"I love you, Sharon."

"No, I can't. Sorry. Call the number back—you'll get somebody else."

"But I want *you*."

"Well, you can't have me, OK? I'm not available."

"..."

"I mean, it's just too weird."

"So what you're telling me now is that you've more or less decided not to do your job. Is that right? Do you believe it's right just like that to decide you're not gonna do your job?"

"I'm not really interested in worrying about what's *right*, now, John."

"But we did have an agreement."

"Hey, thanks for calling."

"Please don't hang up, Sharon. That's no way to end this."

"I really have to go now."

"OK, you do the talking, how about that? I won't say anything. Just do the spiel."

"I can't now. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"Please?"

"I've been thinking about you all night and I'm here on my warm silk-sheeted bed and lying back in the pretty red light and thinking about you and wishing you were here with me right now kissing me where I like it, John, and—"

"Can't you put a little feeling into it?"

"This is the shit, John. This is what you get for the money."

"It's not very convincing. It's not as good as you sounded before."

"It's the best I can do right now under the circumstances."

"Damn."

"Do you want me to go on?"

"I don't think it would do any good."

"..."

"So what do we do now, Sharon?"

"You should have let me stay Marilyn. I'm better as Marilyn."

"OK, Marilyn. I love you, Marilyn. If I call the number again and I ask for Marilyn, will they put me through to you?"

"They might."

"It's a strange world, Marilyn."

"Only if you let yourself think about it too much. To me, it makes a perfect kind of sense. Now, I really do have to go."

"Hey."

"Yeah?"

"You were sweet, Marilyn."

"You, too."

"I know it wasn't as good for you as it was for me."

"You take care of yourself, John. And try to be happy."

"Thanks, kid. That's excellent advice. I know this isn't an advice line, but thanks anyway. It's kind of you to offer it."


"Bye, John."

"Now *there's* the note you want—that's sexy as hell the way you said that. If you could manage that tone the next time I call, it would be perfect. Do you think you could manage that tone the next time I call if I ask for Marilyn and they put me through to you?"

"..."

"Hello?"





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Joseph Abboud, 800-999-0060, extension 4220. Shirt by *Van Heusen*, 800-388-9122. Tie by *Geoffrey Beene*, 800-388-8516. Coat by *Calvin Klein*, 800-294-7978. Gloves by *Emporio Armani*, 877-736-7674. Shoes by *Johnston and Murphy*, 800-424-2854. Page 88: Shirt by *Geoffrey Beene*, 800-388-8516. Tie and pants by *Ron Chereskin*, 212-575-5900. Jacket by *John Varvatos*, www.johnvarvatos.com. Page 89: Turtleneck sweater by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, www.wilke-rodrieguez.com. Pants by *Prada*, 212-664-0010. V-neck sweater by *TSE*, 800-522-2276. Gloves by *Emporio Armani*, 877-736-7674. Coat by *Burberry*, 212-935-1033.

TIPS AND MICROCHIPS

Pages 118-119: Cell phones: By *Ericsson*, 800-374-2776. Page 136: By *Motorola*, 800-548-9954. Personal digital assistant and phone module by *Handspring*, 888-565-9393. Personal digital assistant by *Palm*, 800-881-7256. Handheld PC by *Hewlett Packard*, 800-552-8500. Watches by *Casio*, 800-962-2746. Bikini by *Guess*, 800-766-8466. Earrings from *Jennifer Kaufman*, 310-854-1058. Her shoes by *Jimmy Choo*, 310-860-9045. Sunglasses from *Cynthia Benjamin*, 323-954-0336. Swimwear: By *Diesel*, www.diesel.com. By *Sauvage California* from *Everything But Water*, 310-289-1550.

ON THE SCENE

Page 167: "The Candy Man Can": Candy: From *Candy Flowers*, 888-476-6467. From *Hearts and Flowers*, 516-931-2155. From *Vosges Haut-Chocolat*, 888-301-9866. From *Donnelly Chocolates*, 888-685-1871.

WIRED

Page 31: "Move Over, MP3": Digital audio formats: From *VQF*, vqf.com. From *Advanced Audio Coding*, aacaudio.com. From *Microsoft*, windowsmedia.com. Walkman by *Toshiba Electronics*, 800-631-3811. "Game of the Month": Software by *Rockstar Games*, from *Take-Two Interactive*, 410-933-9191. Instant camera by *Olympus America*, 888-553-4448. Instant film by *Polaroid*, 800-343-5000.

MANTRACK

Page 37: "Best Seats in the House": Recliner by *Leather Center*, 800-695-0073, extension 2282. Page 38: "Wok Like a Man": Chinese cookbook from *Clarkson Potter* at bookstores. "Guys Are Talking About": *Vespa* by *Piaggio*, piaggiousa.com. Tennis racquet by *Head/Penn Racquet Sports*, 602-269-1492 or www.head.com. Wine imported by *Schieffelin and Somerset*, 212-251-8337, or at liquor stores.

TOP OF THE LOT

Page 84: Turtleneck by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Sweater by *Helmut Lang*, helmutlang.com. Jackets by *Samsonite*, 212-888-7442. Pants by *Levi's*, 800-USA-LEVI. Gloves by *Emporio Armani*, 877-736-7674. Page 85: Turtleneck by *Cynthia Rowley*, www.cynthiarowley.com. Pants by *Ron Chereskin*, 212-575-5900. Boots by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Peacoat by *Perry Ellis*, www.perryellis.com. Shirt by *Jason Bunin*, 212-594-3795. Pants by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Shoes by *Johnston and Murphy*, 800-424-2854. Leather coat by *Emporio Armani*, 877-736-7674. Scarf by *Sulka*, 212-980-5226. Shirt and tie by *Prada*, 212-664-0010. Suit by *Bill Blass*, 212-221-6660.

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single life

(continued from page 35)

down to my underwear. We had been that way for a while, too. I kept wondering why this guy wasn't just getting on with it. But he started to run little circles with his fingers on my bra, pinching my nipples lightly through the fabric. It was making me crazy. Then he moved slowly down to my panties, where he prodded my opening and rubbed my clit for an incredibly long time. He never once reached behind the cloth or even moved it an inch. But after what seemed like an hour of this, I was totally dripping—and so were my panties."

Susie, 35: "There was this one guy who had complete control over his penis. He used it like it was his index finger. I'm lying there, and he lowers himself over me, and while he holds my arms down over my head with his hands, his cock is stroking the inside of my thighs, my clit and then my vagina with this amazing dexterity and speed. Then he turns me over and starts to trace my perineum and my asshole with this precision instrument between his legs—still no hands—slowly and with exactly the right amount of pressure. I really thought I was going to lose sphincter control and have an orgasm at the same time, it felt so good."

DO IT WITH MUSIC

Tania, 31: "I've never been one for music to get me in the mood, but for some reason the sound of John Lee Hooker or Bonnie Raitt—one of those really husky blues-singer voices—puts me right over the top."

VOLUNTEER

Blair, 22: "This guy put his mouth right up to my ear and whispered with urgency, 'I've got to know what you taste like right now.' How was I going to turn that down?"

FOLLOW HER LEAD

Lupe, 24: "I'd been trying for a few weeks to fuck this girl, and somehow, because her roommates were home or whatever, I just couldn't close the deal. We found ourselves in the kitchen at a party one night, and I was standing behind her, kissing her neck, licking her ears, when my hand started up her skirt, tickling the backs of her thighs. I nudged her into the corner and lifted up her skirt. When I reached around to stroke her pussy, I found that she didn't have any panties on. To my complete amazement, she bent over, unzipped my jeans and took me right there, from behind, in my friend's kitchen."

TRUST IN SERENDIPITY

Tom, 25: "On my third or fourth date with my girlfriend, she was lying on top (concluded on page 165)

PLAYMATE NEWS



BOOK 'EM

The Betsey Johnson fashion show wasn't the only high-profile event that lured Playmates to the Big Apple. Fashion Week also included a book signing at our New York office.

Elan Carter,
Karin Taylor,



Top left and above: Elan, Karin and Nicole. Left: Vanessa and Jodi Ann bookend Suzanne.

Nicole Lenz, Vanessa Gleason, Suzanne Stokes, Jodi Ann Paterson and several other Centerfolds were on hand to pose for photos and autograph copies of *Inside the Playboy Mansion* for U.S. Tobacco sweepstakes winners. Afterward, the ladies headed upstairs and joined Playboy staffers and A-listers at the infamous Playboy Lounge for a party.

VEGGING OUT

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the mastermind behind the provocative "I'd Rather Be Naked Than Wear Fur" ads, has done it once again. The group's latest head-turning campaign, the PETA Not Dog event, featured Playmate vegetarians Julie McCullough and Kari Kennell (at left), wearing nothing but



Salad days.

lettuce leaves and urging people on Capitol Hill to "Go Veg!" Not surprisingly, the event received mass media coverage. Jay Leno even made a crack about Bill Clinton's having had "just a salad" for lunch that day.

CROCODILE ELKE

"It was a great feeling to be in such a huge movie, to be a star for a week," says Elke Jeinsen, who has a bit part in the movie *Crocodile Dundee in L.A.* "I play a wannabe who shows up at a party with all these high-class people. I see Mick Dundee [Paul Hogan] and make my way through the crowd to get my picture taken with him. As soon as the photographer leaves, I lose interest in Mick. I leave him standing there alone." Elke worked



for three days on the film and got to hang out with Hogan a bit off-screen. "He's quiet and very nice," she says. "I was lucky to get my picture with him. He doesn't like to pose for pho-

Elke and co-star Paul Hogan.

45 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

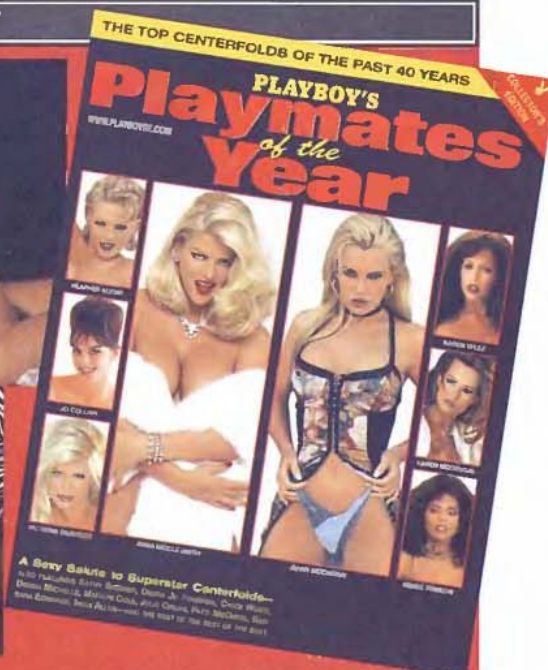
Miss February 1956 studied ballet and modeled before being discovered by Tom Kelley of Marilyn Monroe calendar fame. From then on, Marguerite Empey was photographed by every great lensman in the business, including Peter Gowland. "Marguerite was phenomenal," Gowland remembers. "The amazing thing is that she was very short. She had a wonderful face and this dramatic way of expressing herself so that when she'd point her foot down she would be eight feet tall." Later, Marguerite appeared in Gay Talese's book *Thy Neighbor's Wife*.



Marguerite Empey.

tos or sign autographs." You may soon see Elke in an Internet series called *Galaxy Vixens*. "We are really hot girls in silver boots and silver catsuits," Elke says. "Meow!"

BEST OF THE BEST



Creating Playboy's *Playmates of the Year* was simple: We chase our favorite shots of the past 40 years and called it a day. Who made the cut? For starters (clockwise from top left) June Cachran, Marilyn Lange and Sharan Clark. Look for it on newsstands now.

My Favorite Playmate By Kathy Griffin



Jenny McCarthy is my favorite Centerfold, hands down. She's so funny and delightful and sweet and nice and hilarious and goofy and silly and great.



Jenny will soon be seen in three movies: *Arnie*, *Thank Heaven* and *The Perfect You*.

GET A LOAD OF LISA

Talk about being in the right place at the right time. While vacationing recently in the Caribbean, Lisa Marie Scott was asked to participate in a music video for Kenny Chesney's hit song *I Lost It*. She said yes, and the result can now be seen on several music video shows. When she's not attracting strangers on the beach and mugging for country music stars, Lisa is pursuing a law degree.



ICONS OF WOMANHOOD

A Patsy Cline concert poster. Oprah Winfrey on the cover of *Ebony*. Diana Ross' *Greatest Hits*. A photograph of Mae West. A print of Madonna. The original Playboy Bunny costume. It was all about icons at the gala opening of America's first Women's Museum in Dallas. The event attracted more than 2000 people, including powerful women Miss Janu-



Echo goes gogo over the Bunny costume.

PLAYMATE NEWS

ary 1993 Echo Johnson (pictured) and singer Patti LaBelle.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- February 3: Miss April 1996 Gillian Bonner
- February 7: Miss May 1979 Michele Drake
- February 11: Miss October 1988 Shannon Long
- February 18: Miss July 1995 Heidi Mark
- February 24: Miss February 1969 Lorrie Menconi

DOUBLE YOUR FUN

More than a year into the century, we caught up with Millennium Playmates Darlene and Carol Bernaola.

Q: Darlene, there has been tons of press about you and Mets catcher Mike Piazza. Is that something you're willing to talk about?

A: Sure. We have a nice relationship. We've been dating for a couple of months. I watch a lot of baseball.

Q: Do you like baseball?

A: [Laughs] I do now.

Q: Are most people able to tell you and Carol apart?

A: No. They're like,



Bernaola bobs.

"Are you the single one or the married one?"

Q: What's next for you?

A: My primary goal is to finish my book. It's about miracles and how God exists. People think that I have it easy, but at one point I was in a wheelchair. I almost died. I lost my fiancé the day before our wedding. You need to treat people well because you never know if that's the last time that you'll see them.

Q: Carol, do you still live in Miami?

A: No, I moved to New York to focus on my acting.

Q: What's the strangest thing about being famous?

A: People watch me eat. What is so interesting about my eating? They think you're going to be glamorous all the time. It's hard to live up to that.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

You can check out the trailer for Corinna Harney's movie *The Road Home* at affinity films.com. She co-wrote the script, a coming-of-age love story. . . . The X-Treme Team (below) kicked butt at a recent sand volleyball event. . . .



Lillian Müller is the spokeswoman for Ultra Passion, an herbal product that claims to



X-Treme volleyball chicks.

increase sexual satisfaction. . . .

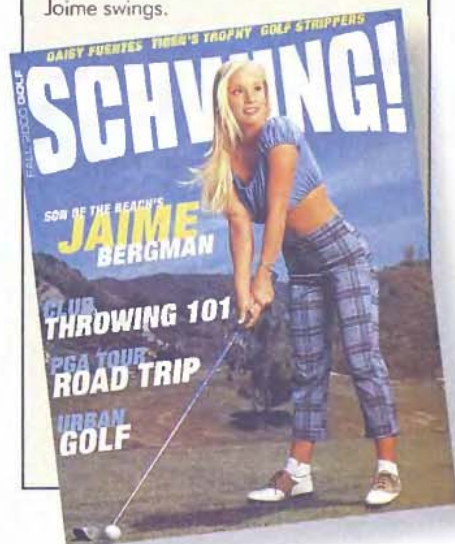
Julia Schultz (below) signed autographs at the Comic-Con International in San Diego. . . .

Summer Altice, who had plenty to say on *Politically Incorrect* and Howard Stern's radio show, has landed a part in the independent film *Learning to Surf*. . . . Look for Jodi Ann Paterson in *Dude, Where's My Car?*, starring Ashton Kutcher of *That Seventies Show*. . . . Jaime Bergman took a break from *Son of the Beach* to pose for the cover of *Schwung!* You can say that again.



Julio does Comic-Con.

Joime swings.



single life

(continued from page 162)

of me and her skirt had drifted up on to her hips. We were both topless, but I wasn't sure what to do. So I took her hips in my hands and just started dry-humping her. We were going pretty fast and furious, and I lost track of what was going on. All of a sudden we both realized that somehow I had slipped out of my boxers and gotten inside her. But by that point it was too late and we ended up finishing it."

DO IT GLOTTALLY

Deanna, 30: "Any guy who can give me good head through my panties, especially if I can feel his tongue inside of me sheathed in a little silk, has earned the right to take them off."

RUN INTERFERENCE

John, 28: "I always keep her occupied with something else. One hand will be on her breast, massaging her nipple, or on the back of her neck, scratching lightly, while my other hand sort of sneaks up on her panties. She's so consumed by what's going on up top that she almost doesn't realize that she's totally naked—or at least doesn't mind."

WEAR A SMILE, MINUS THE WINK

Whitney, 20: "I guess it sounds trite, but so many guys use the silliest, corniest, wink-wink lines to get me to take my panties off. One of my favorites is 'Aren't those a little too confining?' Or, 'Are you sure those are entirely necessary?' Or, once, 'Is your pubic hair the same color as the hair on your head?' I'm happiest, and most happy to comply, when a guy says, sweetly, 'Can I take those off for you?'"

DO IT SLOWLY

Dara, 34: "There was this one guy who started to slide my panties off really slowly. He'd slide them down so the elastic straps were around the tops of my thighs, exposing my pubic hair, then he'd pull them up an inch or two and slide his finger into the little space between the cloth and my pussy. Next, he'd pull my underwear down to midthigh, spread my legs a little, stroke my clitoris lightly, then pull them all the way back up, and lick me through the fabric. He would keep doing this accordion thing with my underwear, around my knees and then around my legs, and it made my pussy like a geyser. There was something about the expectation as well as the feeling of my legs being bound just a little that was unbelievable."

TORTURE HER

Mark, 30: "What's incredible about that moment is delaying what's inevitable as long as possible. When we first started dating, my girlfriend and I were making out on the couch. I could feel

that little moistness in her panties, so I started to pull down on them. She pushed my hand away and I tried with the other hand, but she wouldn't let me do it. So I picked her up, sat her down on a dining chair and tied her hands behind the back of the chair with a necktie. I think she was a little unsure but intrigued. Then, without touching her at all with my hands, I got down between her legs and started licking her inch by inch from her feet all the way up, each leg, behind her knees, nibbling on the little fleshy parts of her inner thighs, until my tongue was a millimeter away from her panties. Then I stood up and poured a Chivas and had a cigarette. By that point I could see the wetness of her pussy through the fabric, so I rolled an ice cube around in my mouth, and sucked a nipple. She couldn't take it anymore so she untied herself and flung her panties across the room."

Regina, 24: "I'd been flirting on and off with the guy I shared an office with—we were both dating other people. One summer afternoon I changed out of my suit into a little tank dress—in our office. I told him not to look, but I knew he was peeking anyway, and of course I wanted that. I started to put lotion on my legs. He asked me if he could help. So I walked over to his desk, handed him the bottle and he started caressing the lotion into my calves, then my thighs, and pretty soon his hand was brushing against my panties. We both knew we shouldn't, but after about 10 minutes of this I demanded that he take me on his desk."

PORTUGUESE IS THE LOVING TONGUE

Damian, 26: "I was in the back of a car while traveling in Rio and had this

profoundly sexy blonde next to me. She had somehow wiggled out of her bandeau top and I managed to get her little python-skin skirt scrunched up around her waist. She had these take-me panties on—they were totally see-through and she was completely shaved. Wow. So I pulled out my best Portuguese and told her how badly I needed to fuck her. She was shocked by my fluency, and it wasn't long before her G-string was wrapped around my wrist."

LET HER DO IT

Jack, 29: "This cute blonde would flirt with me like crazy after my band's gigs at the bar we played. She'd say the dirtiest things to me like, 'Let's go down to the men's bathroom and I'll rub the neck of your bass against my pussy while I suck your cock.' Meanwhile, her hands were all over my crotch. But we wouldn't be alone for more than five seconds in a cab before she'd slide over to her side and tighten up like we'd never met. So after about three or four nights of this I just started ignoring her teasing. Then one night she came up to me and said, 'I'm going to the ladies' room and then I'm going home.' Good for you, I thought. She came upstairs, shoved something into my pocket and walked out. I felt around in my pants and found her panties. I ran outside and she was waiting in a taxi with the door open."

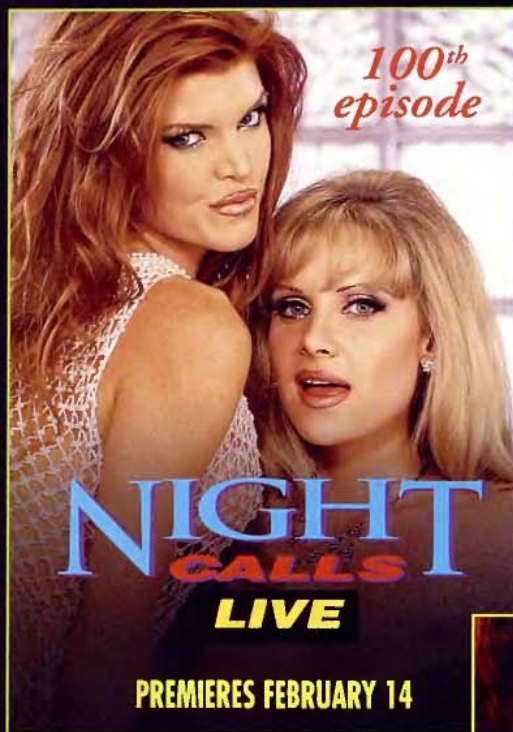
PULL

Regina, 24: "There's nothing like being in tight quarters—like a car—and being all tangled up and feeling a guy grab and pull, and then just being free."



"Don't encourage him. He never guesses right anyway."

ORIGINAL SERIES



100th episode

NIGHT CALLS LIVE

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 14

PLAYMATE HOSTS

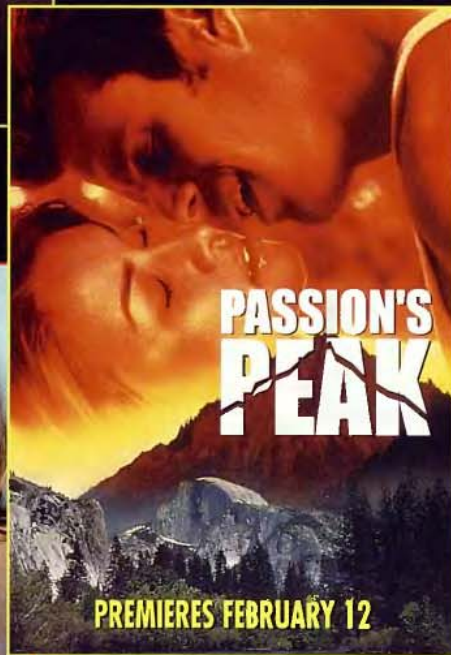


Irina Voronina
Miss January



Lauren Michelle Hill
Miss February

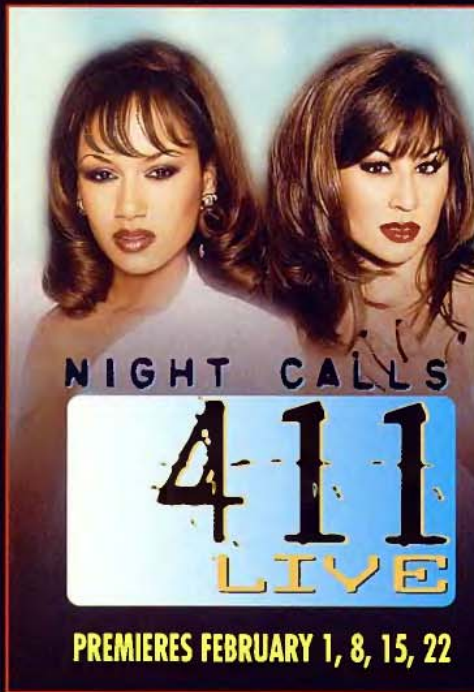
ORIGINAL MOVIE



PASSION'S PEAK

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 12

ORIGINAL SERIES



NIGHT CALLS

411 LIVE

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 1, 8, 15, 22

ORIGINAL SERIES



PREMIERES FEBRUARY 4



ESSENTIALLY JULI: FAR OUT!
PREMIERES FEBRUARY 18

more than you ever imagined...

JANUARY 2001 PREMIERES

BEST OF NIGHT CALLS: NASTY BUT NOT NICE

Let late night divas Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath get into the hot talk and cool down of phone chat. January 3, 5, 7, 21, 30; February 1, 4, 22, 25.

BEST OF SEXCETERA

Real life reporters make the most of their erotic sleuthing and fearless probing. January 2, 4, 14, 21, 23, 27, 31.

NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: MIXING IT UP

See what goes on in the private bedrooms across America and redefine your description of extreme and exotic. January 20, 21, 29, 31; February 9, 17, 21, 28.

NIGHT CALLS 411 LIVE

Digitally wired and wildly receptive, late night talkers take you to the edge of eroticism. Flower and Crystal move to Thursday. January 4, 11, 18, 25.

SINFUL OBSESSION

A happily married woman risks it all when she pursues a sexual fantasy to become a high-class call girl. January 23, 29; February 8.

FEBRUARY 2001 PREMIERES

BEING WITH JULI ASHTON

Juli Ashton's lust-filled life becomes a turned-on photographer's main focus. February 10, 16.

ESSENTIALLY JULI: FAR OUT!

She's on top of her game in every way, so why wait? Get close to Juli today. February 18, 20, 22, 24, 28.

NIGHT CALLS LIVE: 100th EPISODE

It's a late night party with the ladies who make everything work 100 times better! February 14, 16, 19, 21.

NIGHT CALLS 411 LIVE

Get a date with Crystal and Flower, the darling divas of late-night phone dare. February 1, 8, 15, 22.

SEXCETERA

World-renowned reporters travel to the ends of the earth to bring us stories that shock with erotic tension. February 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 18, 21.

All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.



PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

playboytv.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, DISH Network, EXPRESSVU or STAR CHDICE dealer.

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erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE CANDY MAN CAN

Not long ago, we spent the day at Chicago's All Candy Expo and returned with a bag full of guy-type confections, including chocolate cigars and chocolate pizza. Talk about a candy-ass assignment. But the item that both caught our eye and snagged our sweet tooth was the edible picture that Hearts and Flowers Candy created. Its frame was made of chocolate and

JAMES IMBROGNO



Above: A rose by any other name couldn't taste as sweet as these from Candy Flowers. They're coated in Belgian chocolate and have a hazelnut praline filling (\$35 a dozen). Right: This 14" chocolate pizza from Hearts and Flowers is definitely worth the wait (\$42). Next to it is a Chinese takeout box containing half a dozen Vosges Haut-Chocolat truffles flavored with rare spices and flowers (\$12).

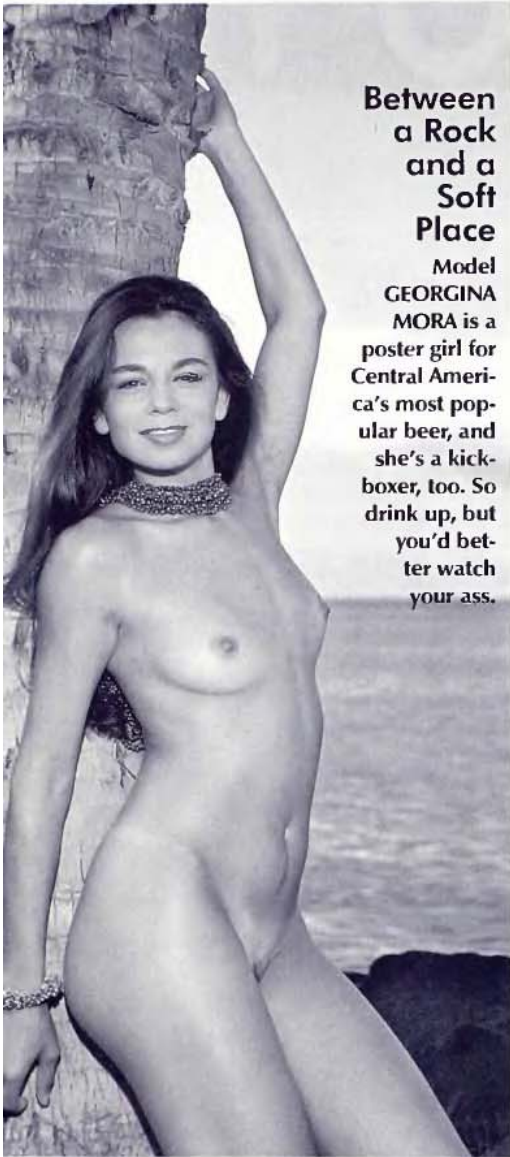


the image itself (which was printed on chocolate) was created from FDA-approved food colors. We asked Hearts and Flowers to do one of June 2000 Playmate Shannon Stewart, and here is the result (below). Hearts and Flowers does individual orders in sizes ranging from 2"x2" to 14"x20". They also have dozens of ready-to-eat images. Present your picture with the chocolate roses, chocolate champagne bottle or chocolate truffles in a Chinese takeout box (also shown here), and Valentine's Day may turn into Valentine's night. —DAVID STEVENS



Top: Donnelly Chocolates won the award for finest handmade chocolates at the 1998 Eurochocolate Festival. We understand why after taking a bite of its dark chocolate bubbly bottle filled with chocolates and truffles (\$45). Next to it is an assortment of Donnelly chocolate bars in such exotic flavors as five-spice and ginger (six bars for \$23). Above: A custom chocolate photo (\$40 for a framed 6"x8") and a box of 24 chocolate cigars (\$60), both from Hearts and Flowers.

Grapevine



Between a Rock and a Soft Place

Model **GEORGINA MORA** is a poster girl for Central America's most popular beer, and she's a kick-boxer, too. So drink up, but you'd better watch your ass.

© STEVE TORRES

Grabbing the Prize

MEGAN MULLALLY and **SEAN HAYES** make *Will and Grace*, which is why they won Emmys. He's in the *Buzz Lightyear* video and she's in *Speaking of Sex*.



© 2000 IMG PICTURES/USA



© ALEC MICHAEL GLEBE/PHOTOS INC.

Fred Kisses Wes' Grits

No limp bizkits here as **FRED DURST** and **WES BORLAND** celebrate winning an MTV Video Music Award. With *Chocolate Starfish* out and the *Anger Management* tour over, there's a temporary biz fizz.

Reese's Pieces

Brazilian model **LUCIANA REESE** is giving the Hawaiian sand a workout, appearing on both *Pacific Blue* and *Baywatch*. Now we know the meaning of sun kissed.



© JAMES KAPPA/PHOTOS

Gotcha Uncovered Fore and Aft

Sure, you saw these two beauties at the Emmys, but you didn't see HALLE BERRY's breasts or GEENA DAVIS' behind. That's a job for *Grapevine*. Geena has her own TV show and *Stuart Little 2* coming up, and Halle is starring with John Travolta and Hugh Jackman in *Swordfish*. Women of achievement revealed.

© GILBERT LOYERES/GETTY PHOTO



© CHRIS A. SOTER

On the Rocks

ANTOINETTE ABBOTT won the Hot Body Beverly Hills Naked Cheerleaders contest, and, if that weren't enough, she has appeared on *The Man Show* and in *PLAYBOY* videos. We'll definitely cheer for that.

© JAMES WINGFIELD/J&J LTD



Potpourri



VALENTINE RED HOTS

Need help persuading your sweetheart to slip into something more comfortable this Valentine's Day? Try a Paint the Town Red bucket. Inside an innocuous paint can is the same red nightie our model wears here, a jar of Nutella hazelnut spread that doubles as body paint, a paintbrush and a roller, two red candles with holders and a 200 ml bottle of Red Hot Sex liqueur. You see where this is headed. The price is \$79. Call Bright Ideas, Unlimited at 888-588-4332.

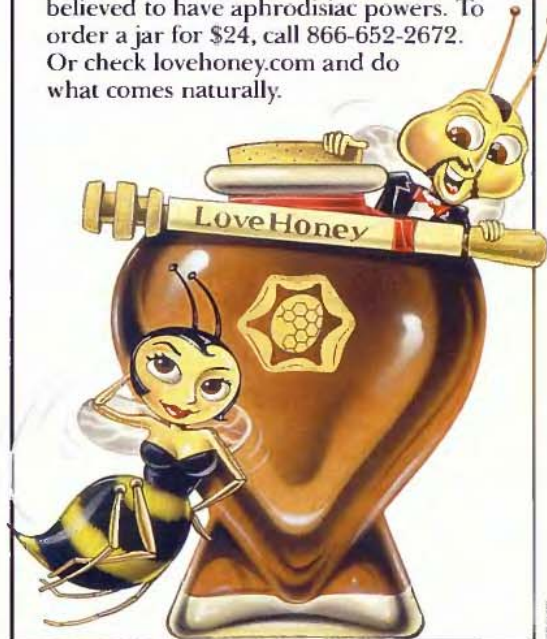


ANOTHER REASON TO LOVE THE BRITISH

It's winter now, but just around the corner is roadster weather. The latest convertibles from Detroit, Germany and Japan are reliable and fast, but there's something about a classic English sports car—with its raspy exhaust and unforgiving ride—that turns an ordinary motorist into Mr. Toad. If you don't believe us, order a year's subscription to *British Car*, a bimonthly magazine from California, and see if you don't find yourself dreaming of the day you can drive a Jaguar XK120 or a Morgan Plus 4 down a winding road. The price is \$22.95, sent to P.O. Box 170 1683, Los Altos, California 94023, or order by calling 800-520-8292.

GIVE YOURSELF A BUZZ

Health-conscious folks know that honey contains vitamins, minerals and amino acids. Now LoveHoney offers a reason for the rest of us to buy the sticky stuff. Creator Kate Perotti sprinkles her product with cinnamon, clove, ginseng, nutmeg, vanilla and cocoa bean, ingredients believed to have aphrodisiac powers. To order a jar for \$24, call 866-652-2672. Or check lovehoney.com and do what comes naturally.



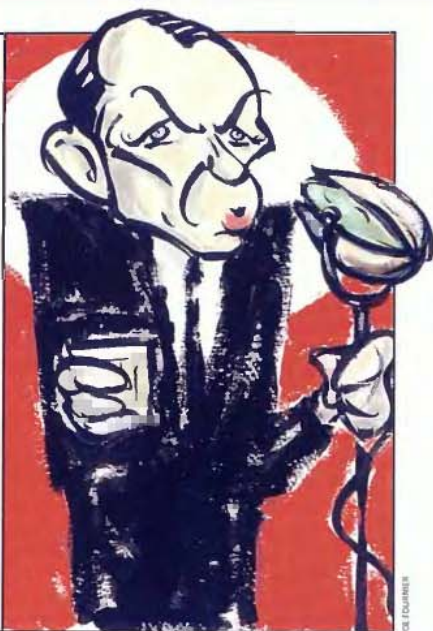
RISKY BUSINESS

Celebrity caricaturist Robert Risko got his big break in 1978 when Andy Warhol gave him an assignment for *Interview* magazine. Since then, Risko's images have been seen everywhere, from video-box covers to movie posters. His best renderings of newsmakers from the past 20 years are collected in Monacelli Press' *The Risko Book*, an oversize \$29.95 softcover. Check bookstores.



HOLLYWOOD WENT NUTS

Frank Sinatra loved Ross Nut Co.'s Fancy Colossal Pistachios so much he'd send his private plane to pick up a monthly supply. Clark Gable was a fan, as were William Holden and Jack Benny. The company, which dates back to 1952, seems at one time to have supplied half of Hollywood with its perfect pistachios. To go nuts yourself, call 800-941-0440 and order from two pounds of pistachios (\$16) to a jumbo tin (\$66). Other nuts and a variety of candies are also available. Check www.rossnut.com.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Jesse Alexander loved to shoot in black and white, and *Driven: The Racing Photography of Jesse Alexander 1954-1962* is a collection of his best work (above: the Grand Prix of Monaco, 1962). Stirling Moss' introduction toasts the sport as well as Alexander. The price: \$35, from Chronicle Books, at 800-722-6657.

NICE HEELS

Prolific pin-up artist Jennifer Janesko, whose work has appeared in *PLAYBOY* numerous times, has been back at the drawing board creating sexy new images for her merchandise line. Pictured at right is a 24"x34" poster that originally sold for \$650 as a limited-edition print. Now you can buy it for \$42 unsigned or \$57 signed. Janesko also has a 2001 calendar for sale. Order a catalog from Janesko Fine Art, P.O. Box 12843, Kansas City, Kansas 66112, go to janesko.com or call 877-332-8989.



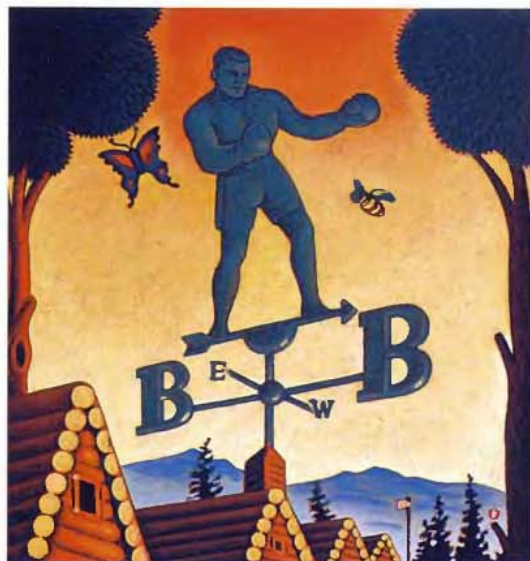
LOVE POTION

Kamasutra, a German liqueur line created from ginseng root, is now in liquor stores. Its funky label, depicting a Hindu couple about to get it on, is reason enough to add it to your bar. Mix Kamasutra Exotic with orange juice, Coke or champagne, or serve it on the rocks. Kamasutra Coconut tastes best in black coffee or blended with chocolate liqueur. Price: about \$22 each, in 750 ml bottles. Check ahardyusa.com for more information.



ALI SLEPT HERE

In the Seventies, karate master George Dillman trained with Muhammad Ali at his Deer Lake, Pennsylvania camp on Sculpshill Mountain. When the property came up for sale several years ago, Dillman bought it, refurbished the cabins and opened the Butterfly and Bee Bed and Breakfast. Elvis, Sammy Davis Jr. and Howard Cosell visited Ali there, and the place is packed with memorabilia. A cabin is \$75 a night double occupancy (two-night minimum), including breakfast. To book a stay call 570-366-6365 or go to dillman.com.



Next Month



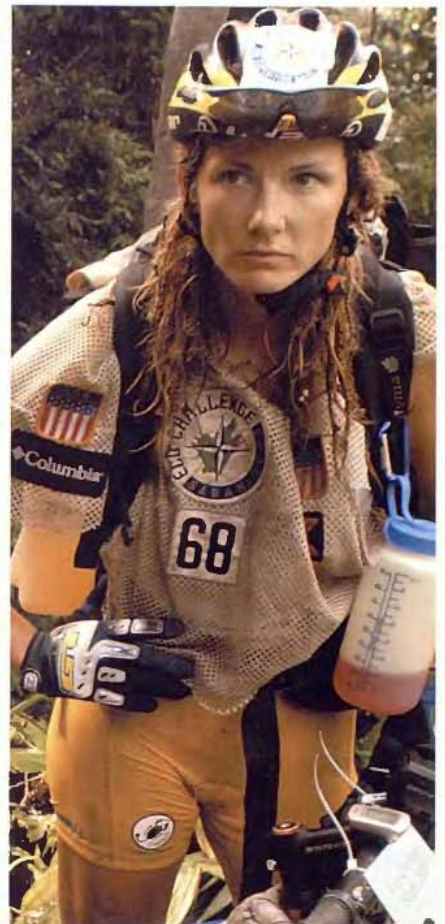
KYLIE BAX



DREAM ON



FASHION ROAD TRIP



X-TREME PLAYMATES

KYLIE BAX—THE ACTRESS AND *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* SUPERMODEL PEELS OFF HER SWIMSUIT. DO WE CARE ABOUT OUR READERS OR WHAT?

ONE CORNER OF HELL—TEXAS PRISONS ARE A WORLD APART—FULL OF CORRUPTION AND VIOLENCE. AN INSIDE REPORT FROM A MAN WHO'S WITNESSED 17 YEARS OF RIOTS AND MURDER

DREAM ON—IN AN EFFORT TO FULFILL HER HUSBAND'S FANTASIES, **AMANDA GREEN** ENROLLS IN A DREAM-MANIPULATION COURSE. HE'S GOT HER COUNTING ORGASMS, SHE'S THINKING SHEEP

EXTREMELY NUDE—PLAYBOY'S SUPERPLAYMATES **DANELLE FOLTA**, **KALIN OLSON** AND **JENNIFER LAVOIE** SURVIVED THE DAUNTING ECO-CHALLENGE IN BORNEO. TO CELEBRATE, THEY STRIPPED OFF THEIR GEAR AND POSED FOR A ROCK-HARD PICTORIAL

RIDLEY SCOTT—THE DIRECTOR OF *ALIEN*, *BLADE RUNNER* AND *GLADIATOR* TACKLES HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL. A BITING PROFILE BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

BOBBY KNIGHT—WAIT UNTIL YOU READ THIS LIVELY—VERY LIVELY—CHAT WITH THE FORMER INDIANA UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL COACH ABOUT ZERO TOLERANCE, PLAYERS VERSUS ATHLETES, DESPISING THE PRESS, GAMBLING AND DRINKING ON CAMPUS. WILL HE COACH AGAIN? AN EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

TRACI LORDS—THE NOTORIOUS ADULT-FILM STAR WHO'S KNOCKING ON HOLLYWOOD'S DOOR GOES DEEP ON BEING A TEENAGE PORN VETERAN, NOT THINKING SHE WOULD LIVE PAST 21, GIRL-GIRL SEX VERSUS GIRL-GUY SEX AND HOW TO GIVE A BLOW JOB WITHOUT MESSING UP YOUR LIPSTICK. 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

SPARRING PARTNER—RITA HAS A GOLDEN COMPLEXION, SCULPTED LIPS AND A MEAN LEFT HOOK. LOUIS, HER BOXING BUDDY, HAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF ACTION IN MIND. FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

THE BUZZ ON SEX MANUALS—PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT, BUT SOME PEOPLE PREFER TO READ ABOUT BECOMING A BETTER LOVER. WE RATE AMAZON.COM'S TOP 10

WATCH THIS—SEVEN SLICK TICKERS THAT DOUBLE AS CELL PHONES, HEART MONITORS AND DIGITAL CAMERAS. TELLING TIME WAS NEVER SO COOL

STYLIN' AMERICA—WE DISCOVERED A SLEW OF YOUNG AMERICAN DESIGNERS IN PALM SPRINGS. GET PRIMED FOR THE RETURN OF MOD. FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

PLUS: SPRINGTIME CENTERFOLD **MIRIAM GONZALEZ**, PLAYMATE **JENNIFER ROVERO'S** BEDROOM SECRETS, CAR GADGETS YOU SHOULDN'T DRIVE WITHOUT, TOUGH NEW URBAN BICYCLES, A *SURVIVOR* WISH LIST TO MAKE RICHARD HATCH DROOL AND THE PERFECT CURE FOR A DRY SPELL—THE ABC'S OF **LAUNCHPAD SEX**