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KNIGHT**

INTERVIEW

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HAVE IT  
(US TOO)**

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PLAY**

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GOLF**

**RIDLEY SCOTT  
BITES OFF  
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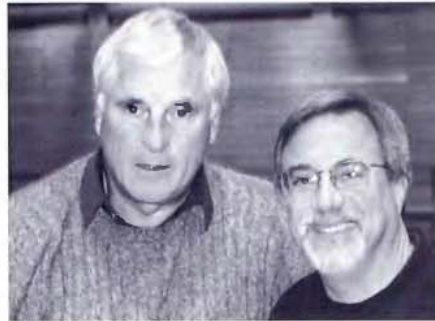
# Playbill

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED a surge protector to make it through this issue. The theme is power—its use and abuse—and every page courses with energy. To begin, we have a *Playboy Interview* with former Indiana University basketball coach **Bob Knight** by **Lawrence Grobel**. It is truly explosive. "First, a cop pulled us over," says Grobel of a car ride with Knight. "Then I asked a question and Knight went crazy. Yet, by the end of our conversations, I felt sympathetic toward him." Grobel isn't blowing smoke—read the Q. and A. and you'll experience a wide range of emotions. Director **Ridley Scott** exercises a more benign but no less effective brand of manpower. His total control over the process of filmmaking has resulted in such visual masterpieces as *Alien*, *Blade Runner* and *Gladiator*. In *The Talented Mr. Ridley* he tells **Michael Fleming** that actors on his sets should be less concerned with their own work and more with the performance of the person whose job counts most: the director. Take that, Sigourney! En garde, Harrison! His next willing victim? Anthony Hopkins, the full-of-fava-beans star of *Hannibal*, the long-awaited sequel to *The Silence of the Lambs*.

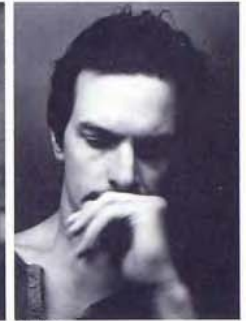
Texans like to get tough on crime. "Lock 'em up and throw away the key" sounds great—until you get to the exit strategy. During the next 10 years, an estimated 300,000 prisoners will be released from Texas prisons, which, thanks to decades of mismanagement, are violent and racist beyond belief. This month we publish *Hardcore Hate* by **John Doe**, an anonymous prisoner in the Texas penal system. Doe is a racist and a criminal. He is anything but objective. Yet the truth of what he has to say is indisputable. The artwork is by **Phil Hale**.

Control yourself. Supermodel **Kylie Bax**, our cover girl, likes leather accessories so much she asked to include them in a shoot by photographer **Marco Glaviano**. We said "Sure"—in a voice about five octaves higher than normal. All this after the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model had already won us over by telling Howard Stern she was an all-access woman. Speaking of backstage passes, when **Amanda Green** was asked for one by her husband, she told him, "In your dreams." It was an exchange that led to Green's next assignment for us. In *Dream On*, she explores the parturient field of lucid dreaming. With headgear in place and book in hand, Green tried to control her nocturnal remissions. You can't imagine the rest. **Pat Andrea** supplied the illustration. When bad girls go good: **Traci Lords** is a fox special, now appearing on the Sci-Fi Channel's *First Wave*. In a probing *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane**, Lords talks about three-day sex sessions with her ex and proposes a new age limit for sex on camera. Oh yeah: She loves sweat. To find out what Playmate **Jennifer Rovero** loves, turn to her steamy *Centerfolds on Sex* confessions, as told to **Brenda Venus**. More flesh for fantasy: *Sparring Partner* by **Lucius Shepard** (a man who knows a right hook from a wrong one) is a story about a sexy female boxer. The painting is by **LeRoy Neiman**.

In the summer, the whole country gets to go Californian. Our fashion feature, *Stylin' America*, was produced by Contributing Editor **Joe Dolce** and our new Contributing Editor for Fashion, **Joseph De Acetis**. Bike riding is another California ritual, except most bikes today should be called concrete canyon bikes. They're designed to hit potholes and come up rolling. **Vernon Felton** rates the best machines in *Street Fighters*. Then our Modern Living Editor **David Stevens** puts a call out to the wackos on *Survivor*. *Hey, Richard!* tells you how to live in the bush in style, complete with condiments for rat-on-a-stick dinners. Our last desert island wish? **Miriam Gonzalez**, Playmate of the Month. That is, Miriam and some sunscreen.



KNIGHT AND GROBEL



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CRANE



SHEPARD



NEIMAN



GREEN



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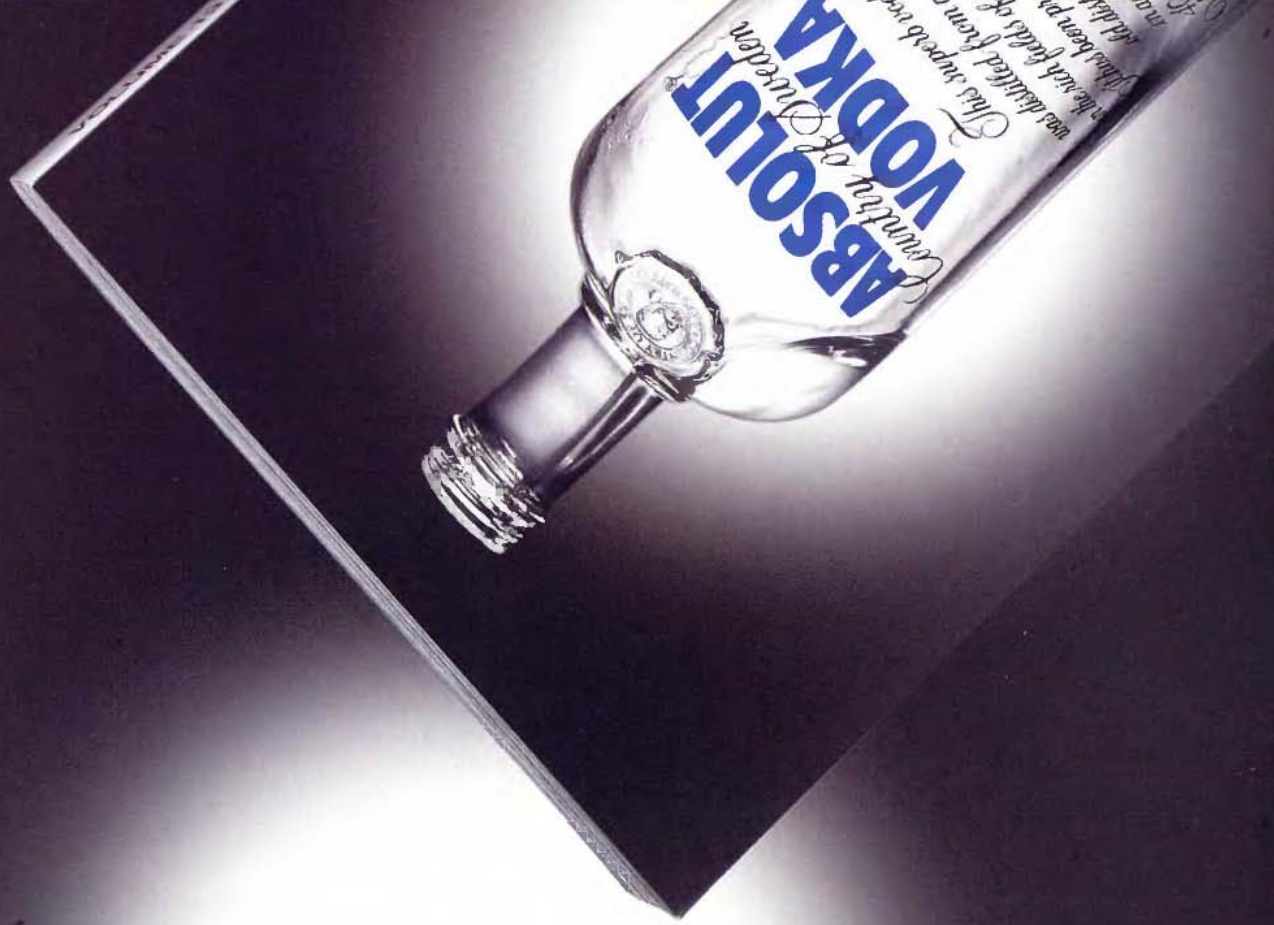
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# PLAYBOY

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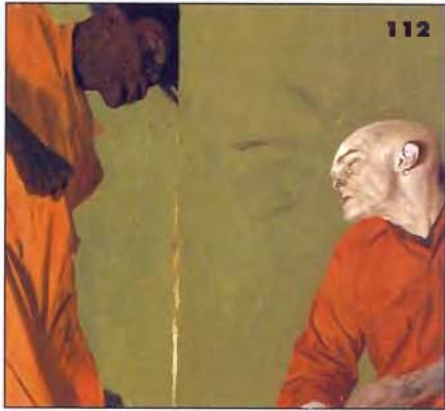
## cover story

**NEW ZEALAND ZEAL:** Supermodel Kylie Bax moves and shakes—and shakes up the runways. Hollywood, naturally, has taken notice. Kylie's personal life sizzles: "I like having sex marathons." Photographer Marco Glaviano captures a hint of all this on our cover. Our Rabbit has taken a shine to Kylie's outfit.



# PLAYBOY

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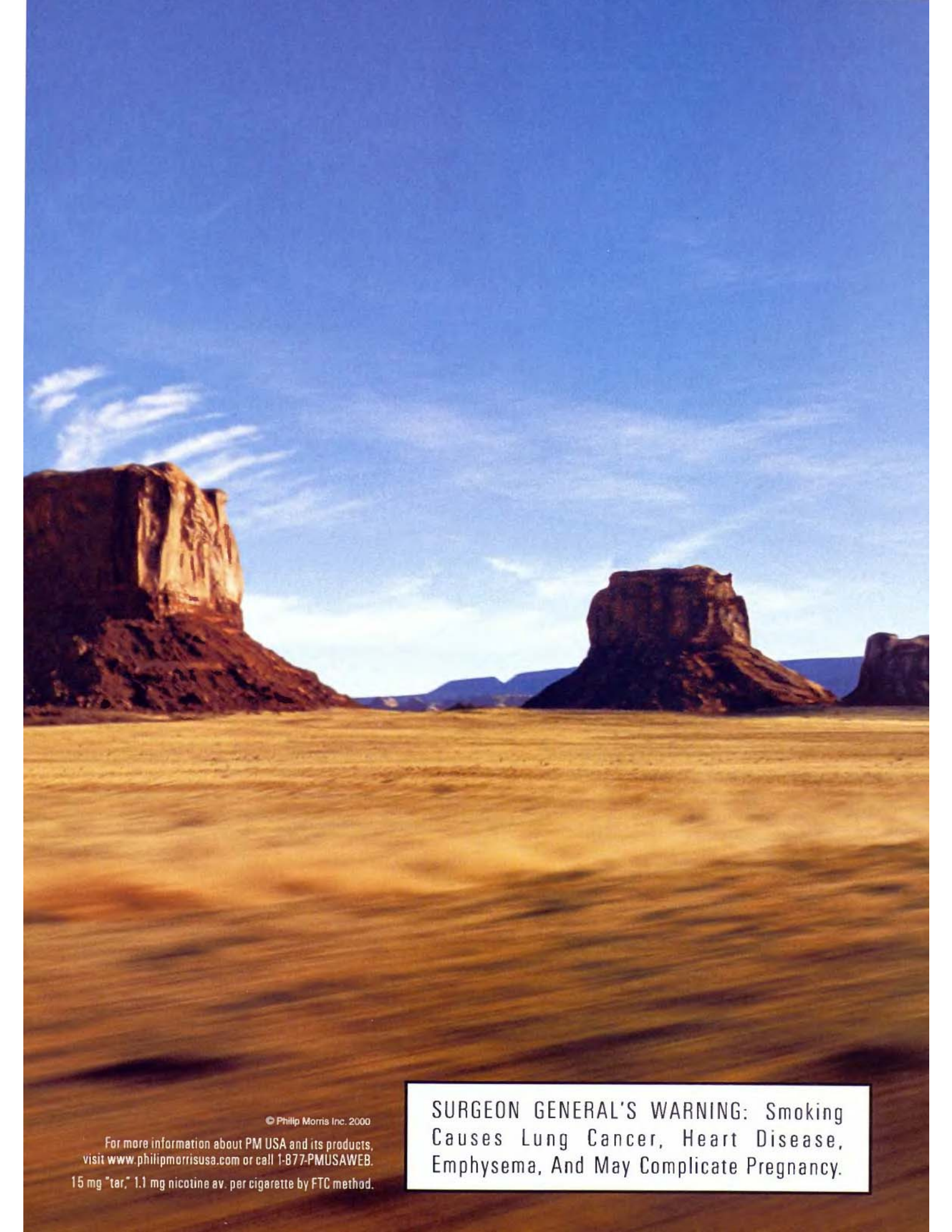
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# WET PAINT PRE-PARTY!



Less is more, especially when it comes to Halloween costumes. Artist Tyson Fountaine and his crew spent hours decorating nude Playmates with paint. As you can see, the results are eye-popping. (1) Jami Ferrell gets her boobs done. (2) Vanessa Gleason and the Dahms want lacquered lingerie. (3) A leopard hits the spot for Kerissa Fare. (4) Deanna Brooks as Mystique from *X-Men*. (5) The artist hard at work. (6) The Dahm triplets get a prepaint once-over. (7) Making a masterpiece out of Lauren Hays. (8) Laura Lasher as Cleopatra. (9) Kim Price is on fire. (10) Victoria Fuller gives good Rabbit Head. (11) Kim Price, Shawnie, Antoinette Abbott and Laura Lasher in completed costumes. (12) Jennifer Rovero and Vanessa Gleason. (13) Laura Lasher loves the attention. (14) Jessica Lee turns over a new leaf.



# MONSTER BASH!



When Hef hosts his famous Halloween party at the Mansion, everyone comes to trick-or-treat. The frightfest features a haunted house, elaborate decorations and scores of costumed Centerfolds and celebrities. It's a scream. (1) Tiffany, Tina, Hef and Buffy in Halloween heaven. (2) The spooky butler cops a feel. (3) Gene Simmons, Tony Curtis and Playmate Shannon Tweed looking cool. (4) The Dahm triplets dig their airbrushed costumes. (5) Dennis Quaid charms the ladies. (6) The haunted house provides Halloween terror. (7) Ian Ziering poses with painted pretties. (8) Hef with Alana Hamilton and ex-husband George Hamilton. (9) Who are those masked men? (10) Backstreet Boys Kevin Richardson and Howie Dorough—who is dressed up to look like bandmate A.J. McLean—with Kev's wife, Kristin. (11) Painted Playmates Kerissa Fare, Vanessa Gleason, Jennifer Rovero and Kalin Olson get funky. (12) Tobey Maguire plays doctor with PLAYBOY cover girl Bijou Phillips. (13) Pamela Anderson and Marcus Schenkenberg are connected at the hip.





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# MONSTER BASH!

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(1) Brande Roderick with Amy Harmer and *Baywatch Hawaii* co-star Stacy Kama-no. (2) The charming Elizabeth Hurley. (3) Cereal killer John Harrison with Denise Richards, Jessica Capshaw and Denise's sister Michelle. (4) A ghoul tries to scare the pants off the girls. (5) Hef and his party posse tear up the floor. (6) Gotta love that dirty dancing. (7) Darva Conger and boyfriend Dennis Klifman. (8) Billy Campbell and pal get into the Halloween spirit. (9) Jessica Paisley and Mandy Bentley. (10) Neil Patrick Harris looking truly freaky. (11) David Spade is always a crack-up. (12) Crispin Glover blesses a blonde bombshell. (13) *ER*'s Eric Palladino and Erica Putts groove. (14) LeAnn Rimes and boyfriend Andrew Keegan. (15) *Mummy's* the word for this tigress. (16) Playmates Jaime Bergman, Layla Roberts and Carrie Stevens.





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# Dear Playboy



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## WINTER BECOMES ELECTRA

Was I dreaming or did Christmas arrive early this year? I'm a huge Carmen Electra fan and was absolutely thrilled to see her on the cover and in an incredible holiday pictorial (*Electra*, December). After a rough day at work, it was rewarding to sit down to a glass of brandy, a cigar and this sweet nutcracker. But I want to know: What's with those lucky penguins?

Keefe Royal  
Atlanta, Georgia

I love the ornament on the December cover: Carmen Electra makes a perfect Christmas present whether you've been naughty or nice.

Jon Calbetor  
South Bend, Indiana



Electric Electra.

## ANGEL BABE

I've been reading *PLAYBOY* for a couple of years, after getting my husband a subscription for Christmas. The interview has become my favorite part of the magazine. Even if I don't know anything about the subject, I get a real sense of the person. I especially enjoyed learning more about Drew Barrymore (*Playboy Interview*, December). She's an incredible woman, wise beyond her years. I admire the way she has handled her troubled life and learned to take the positive from her experiences and move forward.

Jamie Harman  
Charleston, West Virginia

I recall when Drew Barrymore first became known—her mother's husband, John Barrymore Jr., disavowed paternity. Yet after Drew became a star, John stopped saying he wasn't her father.

Angela Parise  
Yeadon, Pennsylvania

The most beautiful woman in your December issue is undoubtedly Drew Barrymore. I knew she was something special over 20 years ago, and I was certainly right. I wish her a long and happy life. She's earned it.

Robert Borden  
Jemez Springs, New Mexico

I would have preferred another nude layout of Drew instead of an interview in which she rehashes stories about her troubled childhood, her weird relationship with her estranged parents and how much she loves MTV crackpot Tom Green.

Tony Banks  
Spokane, Missouri

## WHAT A WOMAN

I bumped into an old friend I hadn't seen in years, and in no time we began comparing our current girlfriends. The contest looked like it was going to end in a tie until I played my ace. My girlfriend

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had recently given me a subscription to **PLAYBOY**. Game over. My girlfriend rules!  
Jeremy-John Dunton  
Toronto, Ontario

#### LIVING SINGLE

Jane Ransom's article "Women Who Never Say No—They're Everywhere" (*The Single Life*, December) is fascinating.



Sippin' syrup.

However, in this age of political correctness, wouldn't it be suicide to approach a woman you have the hots for and casually say, "You know, ever since we met, I've wanted to go down on you"? Has Ransom ever heard of sexual harassment? It's been the downfall of many good men with good intentions.

Tim Catlin  
Atlanta, Georgia

*Good intentions have to be guided by good instincts. We whisper only in those ears we have good reason to believe will be receptive.*

#### GOODBYE, BUBBA

Jamie Malanowski took the former administration bait, hook, line and sinker (*Slick Willy: A Fond Farewell*, December). Exhibiting the same ignorance of the political process that the majority of the lemmings who make up the electorate possess, Malanowski incorrectly states, "When he balks, they shut the government in a huff," referring to the Republican-controlled Congress. That's a load of revisionist garbage. If demagogues thrive on people's ignorance, then President Bill Clinton has been rewarded in spades.

Gregory Burcher  
Aurora, Colorado

If this letter is published, I know it will be long after we find out who the next president is. But no matter who it is, we're going to miss Bill Clinton. Remember when Pogo said, "We have met

the enemy, and he is us"? For people my age, Clinton is everything good and bad about us.

Ellen Jackson  
Miami, Florida

#### MY FAVORITE MARTIN

How could you forget to include the hilariously funny Steve Martin on your list of feature films by *Saturday Night Live* alumni (*Video*, December)?

Lloyd and Susan Leibee  
Joplin, Missouri

*Martin did memorable wild and crazy bits on SNL, but he was never a cast member, so he can't be an alumnus. He is the show's most frequent guest host.*

#### DRINK, DRANK, DRUNK

In December's "Drink of the Month" (*Playboy After Hours*) you recommend syrup, a drink made with cough syrup. The active ingredient in cough syrup is dextromethorphan. In quantities as small as 100 mg, DMX can have effects ranging from a mild mood lift to body and mind dissociation and a complete dreamlike state for several hours. A DMX trip has been described as a combination of being stoned, tripping and being drunk all at the same time. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, but it could be frightening or dangerous for someone not expecting it. It was very irresponsible of you.

Michael Kelly  
Athens, Georgia

*While we don't advocate every behavior we report on, we don't take any of them lightly. The effect you describe is precisely what is celebrated in Three 6 Mafia's video about the drink. A colleague of ours sampled the beverage on a Saturday night and said he'd had a perfectly fine time, though he was unable to offer details. Curiously, he still can't find his keys.*

#### LA BELLE MICHELLE

Where does a man of stature—I'm 6'5"—find a beautiful tall woman? I'm so tired of trying to dance with women who don't even come up to my shoulder. You can imagine how overwhelmed I am by Cara Michelle's (*Cara Mia*, December) beauty and height (she's 6'2").

James Hurler  
Valley Cottage, New York

Cara Michelle is one hell of a knockout. The photos of Miss December are a throwback to the voluptuous Playmates of the Seventies. Looking at this pictorial made me feel like a kid again. Thanks, **PLAYBOY**.

Robert Laurich  
Waukesha, Wisconsin

#### A TRIP TO THE MANSION

I'm a **PLAYBOY** fan who enjoys all the star-studded pictures of the Mansion. On a recent trip to California, I was surprised to find out how close it is to Sunset Boulevard, so I drove up to see it. I saw the gate, a statue and a maintenance man hosing off the drive. It struck me that all the average joes who support **PLAYBOY** never see the inside of the Mansion or enjoy one of its legendary parties. How about a contest in the magazine to let a group of winners meet Mr. Hefner and mingle with a few Playmates and celebs in the Grotto?

Chris Hirt  
Fremont, Ohio

I watched the Limp Bizkit special at the Playboy Mansion on MTV and noticed a lot of famous people and Playmates partying the night away. I have traveled the world, always with a copy of **PLAYBOY** at my side, defending this great country's freedom. So I wonder, how does a first-class petty officer in the Navy go about getting invited to one of your galas?

James Lerlo  
U.S. Navy

*How's this for a plan? You arrange for Hef to skipper one of your aircraft carriers for a day, and we'll do everything in our power to get you invited to one of his Mansion parties.*



Cara Michelle.

#### ASK HEF

What was the brand name of Hef's legendary pipe? In the book *Inside the Playboy Mansion*, the same brand of pipe is noticeable in several photos, but I couldn't discern a brand name or distinguishing quality from the shots. I've always been curious, and I'll bet many readers are as well.

Tony Moran  
Chicago, Illinois

*Hef's pipe was custom made by Dunhill from the bowl of one model and the stem of another. Dunhill put the logo on as a salute to our Rabbit in Chief.*



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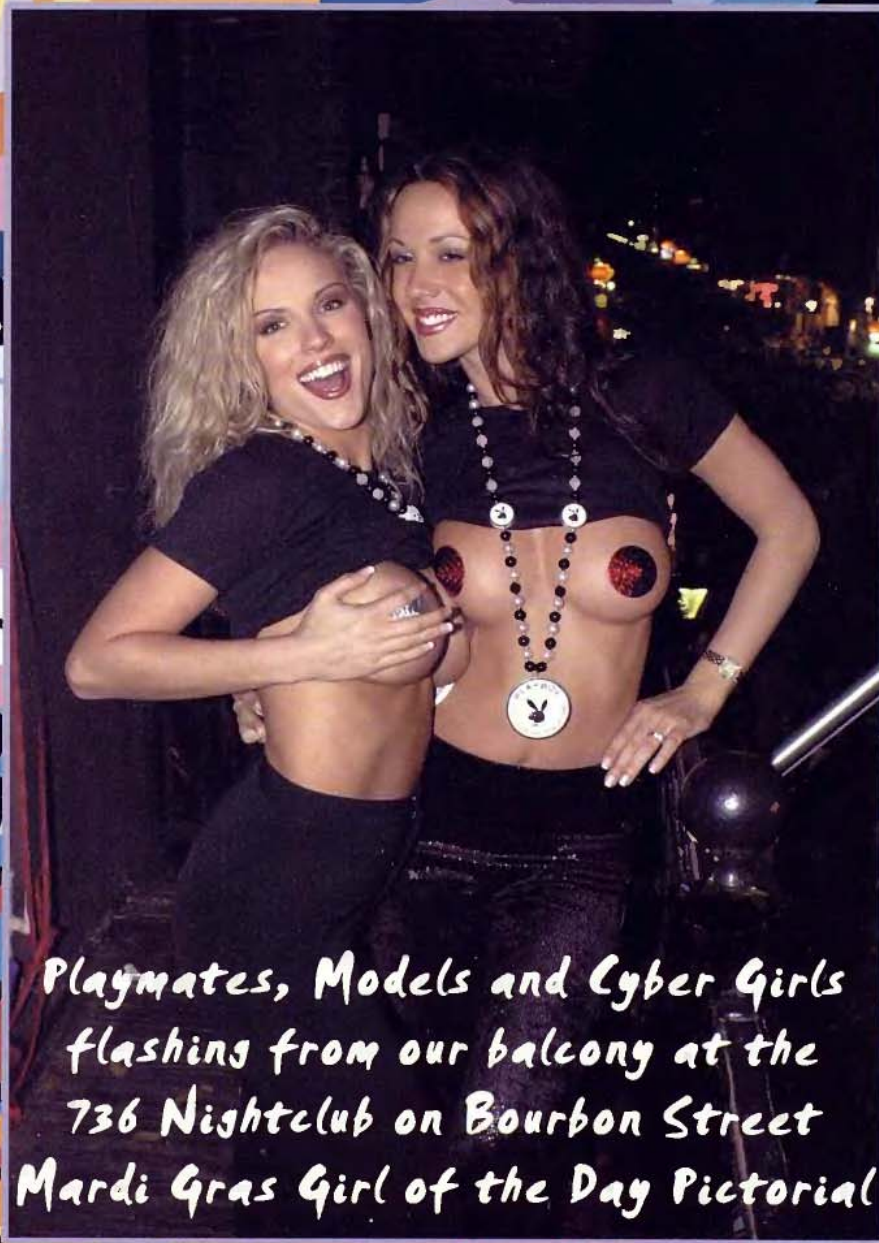
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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

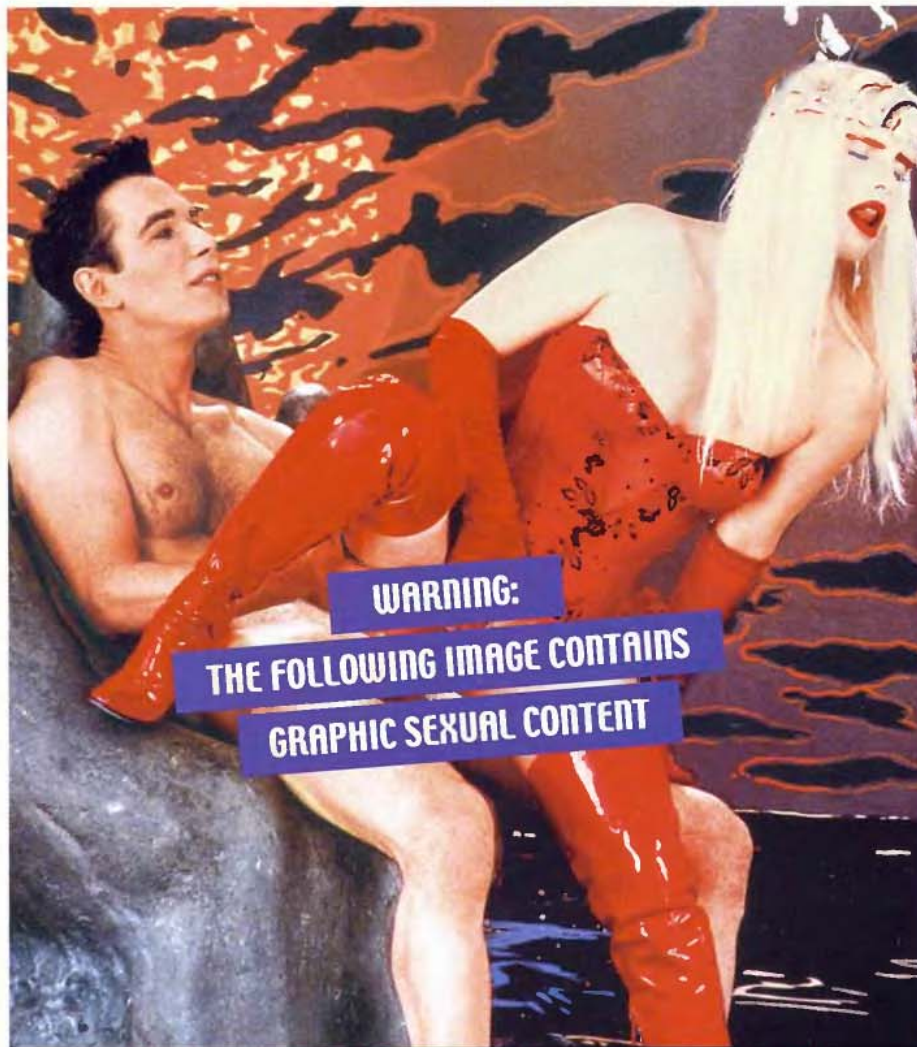
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

### THE LATEST BUZZ

A newspaper item about an old gag line had us wondering about the facts behind the well-worn joke linking garage door openers and remote-control vibrators. We put a call in to Good Vibrations, a popular sex-toy store in San Francisco. Here's what we learned. A remote-control vibrator has a range of approximately 75 feet. A remote that activates one Butterfly Tingle will activate all Butterfly Tinglers within range—though the staff at the store hasn't heard of anyone who's taken a remote out in

### DISH OF THE MONTH

Baleen, the restaurant in the Grove Isle Club and Resort on an island in Miami's Biscayne Bay, serves excellent food. Chef Robbin Haas pays particular attention to local seafood—spiny lobsters, snappers and cobia—and his lobster martini caught our eye. Below, Haas presents a white wine-poached lobster over warm black-truffle mashed potatoes, finished with a drizzle of lobster oil vinaigrette. And unlike with other martinis, one of these beauties is plenty.



**WARNING:**  
THE FOLLOWING IMAGE CONTAINS  
GRAPHIC SEXUAL CONTENT

### COMING ONCE, COMING TWICE, SOLD!

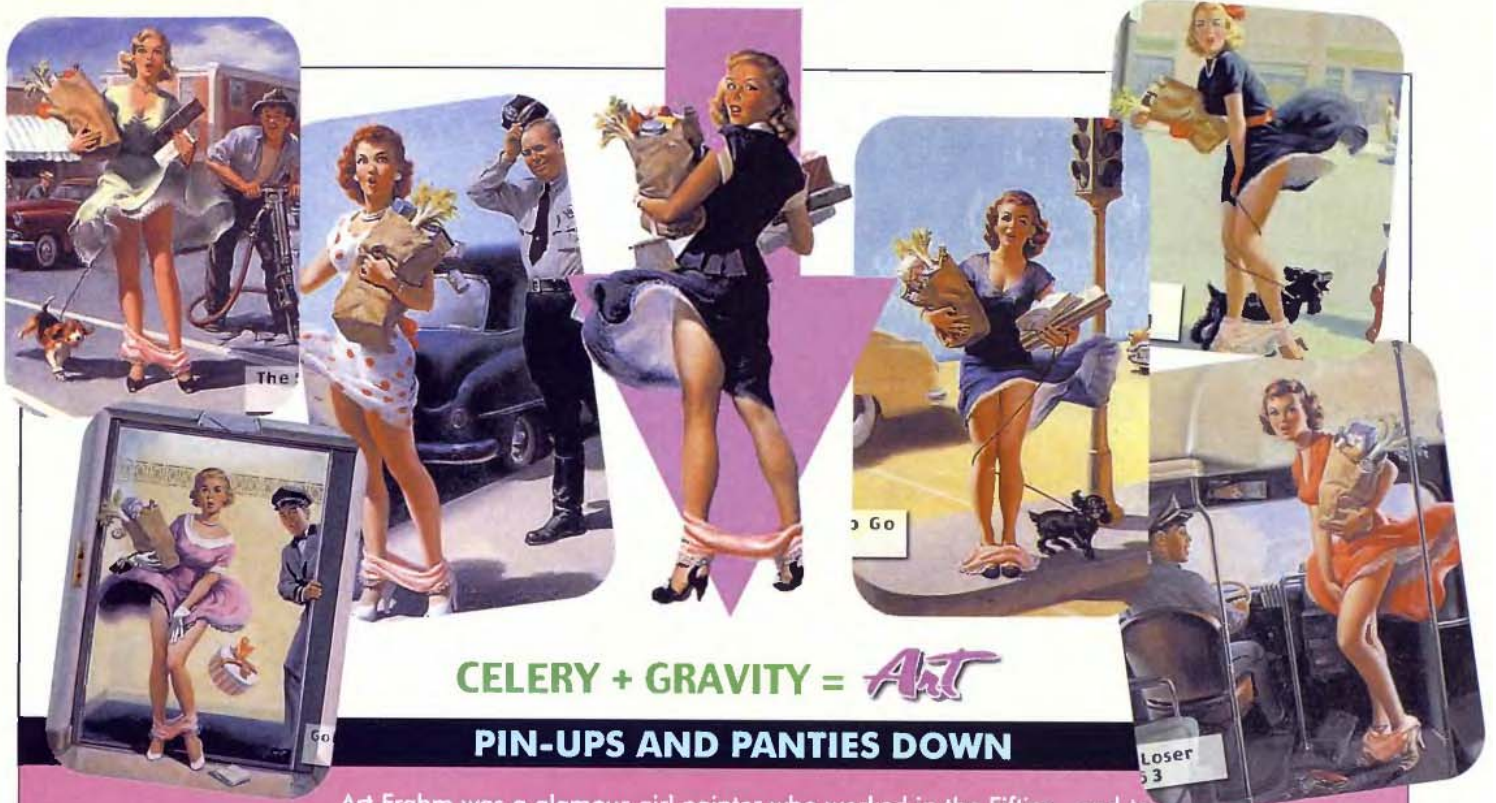
Last November, Christie's auction house held a sale of contemporary work. Amid the Schnabels, Clementes, Princes and Harings was this offering of Jeff Koons' painting *Red Butt*. It depicts the artist in a frisky anal embrace with his now ex-wife, Italian porn star Ciccolina. Christie's was prompted to flap the photograph of the painting in its catalog with a warning about its graphic sexual content. It's not something we would want hanging above the mantel at our house, but someone took a shine to it. It sold for \$369,000.

public and powered up to see if anyone jumps. They actually tried a few different garage door openers in the showroom, but nothing came to life. Of course, things may get awkward if one were to mistake the garage remote for the vibrator remote, but big deal. Either way, something will open.

### THE TIP SHEET

*Pickup line of the month:* "Do you mind if I buy you a drink so I can start looking better?"

*Cialis:* Next-generation erectile dysfunction drug being tested by Pfizer competitor Lilly shows promise for use



CELERY + GRAVITY = *Art*

**PIN-UPS AND PANTIES DOWN**

Art Frahm was a glamour-girl painter who worked in the Fifties—and to think that up until now you were unfamiliar with him. Thankfully, there is a website ([lileks.com/institute/frahm](http://lileks.com/institute/frahm)) that seeks to discern the subtleties underscoring his work. First, there are the panties. In each instance, they seem to have fluttered down to the young woman's ankles in defiance of everything we know about elastic and the shape of hips. So many incidences of underwear failure, the site asserts, are unprecedented. Another disturbing bit of iconography in nearly all of Frahm's tableaux is the presence of celery in his groceries. Just what does this mean?

by women, too. Works like a diamond.

**Xenotransplantation:** The medical use of animal organs in people may be a wave of the future: a lion's heart, a pig's stomach, a horse's . . . you get the idea.

**From the department of pumping irony:** For about \$100, [12000papers.com](http://12000papers.com) will sell you a term paper on ethics.

**CROUCHING TIGER, ACHING DRAGON**

Taiwanese practitioners of *qi gong* use it to draw strength from the earth through breathing and exercise. It's typically used in martial arts and to improve longevity. *Qi gong* aside, it's hard to see how longevity wouldn't be improved by pulling a 10-ton bus with your *paar dang*, as these men are doing here.



**Silicone valley:** Artificially enhanced cleavage, from our favorite British humor magazine, *Viz*. Then there's their term for an uncoiffed vagina: ripped sofa.

**Coo:** Army jargon for its touchy-feely "consideration of others" program.

**Who's Who in Hell:** A compendium of freethinkers throughout history by Warren Allen Smith.

**The National Hummer Club:** No, not the women's organization you've been waiting all your life for, but an association of owners of Humvees.

**Making clay ashtrays:** Euphemism for taking a dump, with descriptive add-ons: "Too much time in the kiln" and "The beet glaze shocked the hell out of me."

**Beethoven the Beast:** A ranking of foolish college programs included this gem of a description from Bowdoin College's course guide. It's for a women's studies class that asks, "Is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony a marvel of abstract architecture culminating in a gender-free paean to human solidarity or does it model the process of rape?"

**HIGH-SPEED NET CONNECTIONS**

The rich aren't like you or me, and neither are their love lives. Responding to a well-publicized dating crisis (there are 70 single men for every 30 available women in Silicon Valley), Kelleher and Associates matches rich Californians who have marriage and mansions on their

minds. Others, like multimillionaire and Kelleher client Dennis Hamm, have less noble intentions. "I'm just looking for a girl who doesn't make me look at other girls," Hamm said. Between running three businesses, meeting with patent lawyers to discuss his inventions, surfing, flying his private jet (he sent us pictures) and raising two children from a previous marriage, he says he just doesn't have the time to go to bars.

(No bars?) With 3000 to 4000 lonely-heart clients, including a former senator, producers, directors and supermodels (everyone's afraid to ask

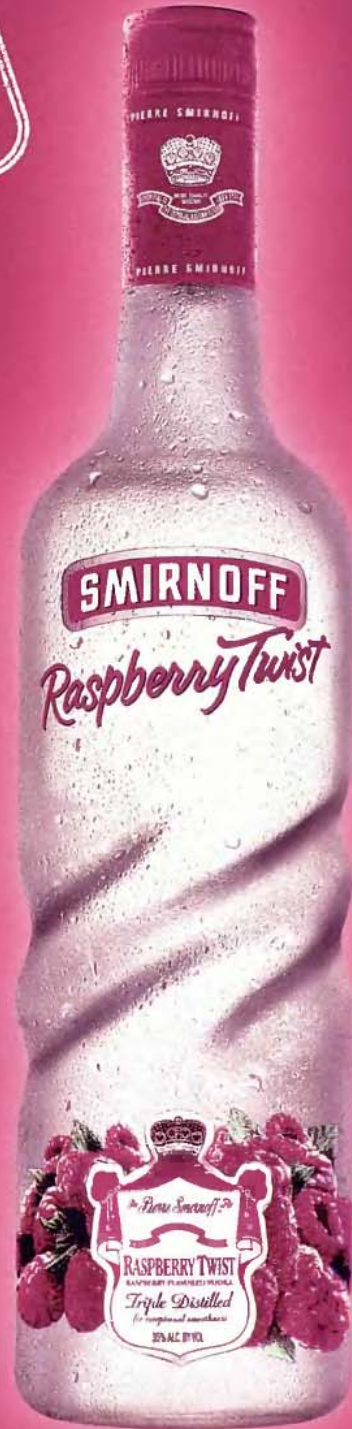


"No one hates me more than I do."  
—Garry Shandling

the prettiest girls out), Kelleher doesn't accept a fee from just anyone. First a rep meets Richie Rich for dinner, interviews him, interrogates his friends, visits his workplace and sniffs his Armani to make sure he doesn't smoke. More than a third of all applicants fail to qualify for the right to pay Kelleher \$3500 to \$8500 for their services. The rest are set up on about 12 matches per year, or until they



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meet a girl with whom they can share caviar and Cristal for eternity. After each date, both parties fill out a form rating their suitor. If the information isn't too hurtful, Kelleher will tell the client where he is striking out. Surprisingly, female millionaires list familiar complaints: Millionaire men are often rude to waiters, talk only about themselves—or, worse, their exes—and avoid making eye contact.

### THE TAO OF POO

When Oscar Wilde was asked to comment on the music of the bagpipe, he replied, in effect, at least it doesn't smell. We could have reproduced some of the gorgeous and exquisite photographs from the book *Cacas: The Encyclopedia of Poo* by Oliviero Toscani (Evergreen), but then we would not have been able to exercise our considerable descriptive talents. This book, as you can imagine, is a celebration of poop—in all its glorious diversity. Here we see examples from antelope (dense, compact, sculptural), giraffe (cellular, uniform, herbaceous), rhinoceros (massive, dry and hard-packed, straw-flecked) and dromedary (almost perfectly spherical, smooth, curiously moist). Interspersed among the photos are short but informative items about excreta. Nota bene: The book jacket is made of heavy stock and forms sharp corners when crumpled.

### MONKEY BUSINESS

An affair a day keeps the doctor away. If we're anything like primates, the more sex partners we have the more immune we become to illness as a species. Accord-



### VOYEUR BUSTED

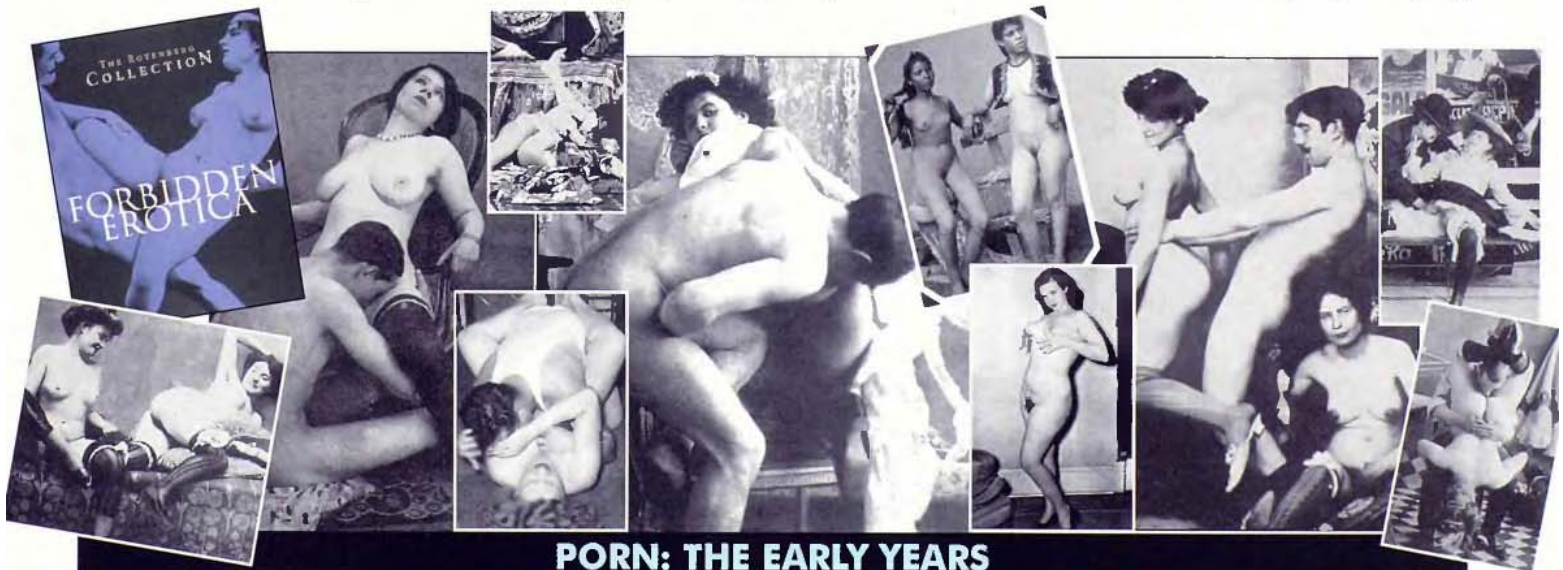
The Voyeur Bus is a rolling carnival filled with strippers on a mission to visit every state. As part of their mock crusade in support of the First Amendment and free expression, the girls would flash titty at passersby and direct attention to the bus' website. Until, that is, the bus arrived in New York City. Police impounded the Voyeur Bus and arrested everyone onboard. The website, which had featured enjoyable and innocent pictures of the girls going about their business, ran news updates on the bus' plight. And the goofy First Amendment stunt became a crusade for the desperate owners—more to their own surprise, it seemed, than anyone else's.

ing to University of Virginia researcher Charles Nunn, who studied 20 years' worth of data on 41 primate groups, the most promiscuous species have high white cell counts and tremendous resistance to infection. "The most sexually active," says Nunn, "may have evolved

elevated immune systems as a defense mechanism against disease."

### O WHAT A TANGLED WEB

The Internet Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers, a commission created to develop new Internet



### PORN: THE EARLY YEARS

Mark Rotenberg started collecting erotic images 20 years ago when he was going through a Dumpster in Brooklyn Heights and discovered a cache of hard-core photographs dating as far back as the 1870s. From such a fecund start his collection grew over the years and now has found its proper setting in a coffee-table book. Despite the change in venue the pictures still have the power to excite. *Forbidden Erotica: The Rotenberg Collection* (Taschen) is a chronological anthology of photographic sex from the late 19th to the mid 20th century. Some of it is odd. Some of it is hilarious. Because making porn back then was more difficult from both a societal and technological point of view, the images and the people seem much more authentic than anything we see today.

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# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"Information is now a place. It is a place where we must ensure American security as surely as sea, air and space."—

LIEUTENANT GENERAL MICHAEL HAYDEN

### DUSTBUSTER

Number of pounds of dirt that are necessary to turn an NFL stadium into a track for Supercross motorcycle racing: 1.5 million.

### DIVERSITY TRAINING

Number of species that are at risk of extinction, according to the World Conservation Union's 2000 Red List: 11,046.

### HOOP SCHEMES

In a survey of 640 college football and basketball officials (conducted prior to March Madness last year), percentage of refs who said they gambled since becoming an official: 84. Percentage who gambled on sports: 40. Percentage who bet on an NCAA basketball tournament: 22. Percentage who had ever used a bookie: 2. Number who said an awareness of the point spread affected how they called a game: 2.

### CHEAP UPGRADES

Cost of plastic Wal-Mart chairs installed in billion-dollar B2 stealth bombers to allow pilots naps during long-duration missions: \$8.88.

### GOING ONLY ONCE

Amount paid at Christie's auction house in London for three condoms from the 18th century: \$1500.

### BOOTY CALL

Value of gold and silver coins and jewelry recovered from a newly discovered section of the galleon *Nuestra Senora de Atocha*, which sank in 1622: \$500,000. Estimates of the total haul



### FACT OF THE MONTH

With 5.6 million copies sold, Bob Marley's *Legend*, a compilation originally released in 1984, was the best-selling back-catalog title of the Nineties.

by the salvage company, Treasure Salvors, over the past 15 years: \$200 million to \$500 million.

### THAT SHIT IS FUCKED UP

According to a group of senators in a letter to the FCC, percent increase in sexual content on TV over past 10 years: 300. Percent increase in vulgar language over same period: 500.

### FICKLE HEARTS

In a new University of Illinois study, percentage of male heart-bypass patients who had cholesterol levels considered high: 14.

Percentage who had cholesterol levels below 200: 50.

### STEAMY READ

Of all popular fiction sold, percentage that falls in the romance category: 38. Number of romance titles released in 1999: 2218.

### GUNS END, ROSES

Percentage of record drop in crime between 1998 and 1999: 10.

### THE OPPOSITE OF SEX

In a study of women who have cybersex, percent who said chat rooms were their favorite means: 50. Percent who preferred picture sites: 23.

### TEA BAGGING

Amount paid for Margaret Thatcher's Ferragamo leather handbag at a charity auction: \$150,000. Original price paid by Thatcher: \$450.

### JOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

Estimated cost of the granite mausoleum constructed by Ruth's Chris Steakhouse founder Ruth Fertel in Louisiana's Metairie Cemetery: \$500,000. The estimated cost of the mausoleum being constructed by Popeye's Fried Chicken founder Al Copeland: \$600,000.

suffixes to relieve such overloaded endings as com, net and edu, has authorized seven new address domains: biz, info, name, pro, aero, museum and coop. Despite the enormous popularity of sex sites, Ican rejected proposals for both sex and xxx. Sex site operators have at least one stealthy option, which is to register their site in England and play with obvious prefixes to the tag uk.

### THE RHYME IS OUT OF JOINT

"To be or not to be" always sounded like something you might utter after a hit of primo weed. Now there's a theory that Shakespeare may have been stoned when he wrote it. South African paleontologist Frances Thackeray presented a paper to his country's Shakespearean Society declaring that an analysis of the Bard's sonnets reveals a "potential link between Shakespeare and hallucinogenic stimuli." Thackeray hopes to have some of Will's alleged clay pipes tested for psychoactive residue by local police labs. If they come up positive, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will make a lot more sense.

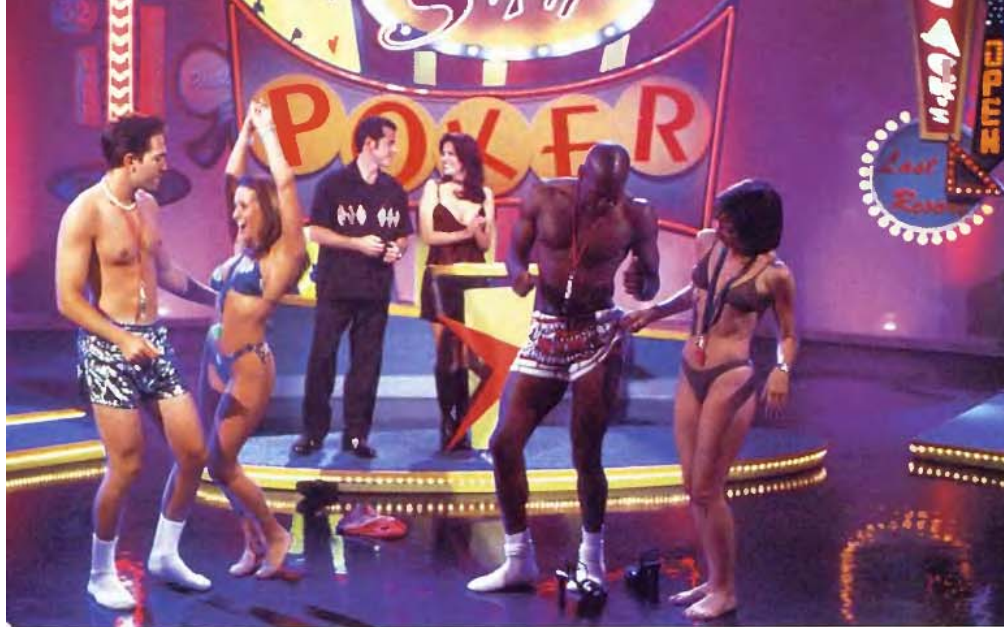


### WHATS NU?

There's not a lot to say about Fred Aufray, except that he's a fashion photographer who decided to focus his whisper-soft technique on ordinary French women—married, single, pregnant—and encouraged his subjects to strike their own poses. The result is *Nu (Ipso Facto)*, and it's charming.

### LOVE LINES

We're not presumptuous enough to assume that a man can talk a woman into bed, but we've always thought a few words of flattery may warm her to the idea. Now we can back up our claims with a survey conducted at Columbia College in South Carolina. Of the college



## TWO PANTY ANTE

You would think that the subject of USA Network's *Strip Poker* would be reason enough to watch it. And you would be right—there's plenty of bouncing and rump-shaking. When the contestants—two girls and two guys—miss questions, they take off clothing. It's the sheer idiocy, however, that will make you a repeat viewer. It's impossible to find people this good-looking who also know, say, the primary flavor of duck à l'orange—incorrectly described as "cajun" in one episode. Even the occasional rocket scientist has to get down to her string bikini for the finale. But not, alas, co-host Jennifer Cole.

women who were polled, one third said that doubts about their physical attractiveness make them more reluctant to engage in sexual intimacy and less disposed to enjoy it. The lesson? Simply telling her that she looks terrific may be your most effective, and honorable, aphrodisiac.

## HEAVEN SCENT

Shiseido is marketing a new perfume under the name Zen, presumably for the woman who wants to instill in her man the desire to become as one. If this spiritual scent sells well, we expect to see such denominational fragrances as

Judaism ("He'll feel guilty he ever even thought about another woman"), Catholicism ("He'll actually believe you're a virgin") and



**"I find books boring. I don't read to my daughter Brooklyn at bedtime. I use flash cards and it suits my attention span better as well."**  
—Posh Spice

Mormonism ("When you want to be his favorite wife").

## ROUGH RHYMER

We'd give our left rib for Eve. The first lady of hip-hop's Ruff Ryders crew sold 2 million copies of her debut album. Her follow-up, *Scorpion* (Interscope), helps us rumble and roll through the rest of winter. So when we got the chance, we had to ask what it would be like to hang out with her. "I'm always in heels," says the 22-year-old rapper, confidently. "I like to be sexy. I like to look good." Dr. Dre signed the Philly native when she was 19. Shortly afterward she grabbed the attention (not surprisingly) of DMX and other New York producers. "When I audi-

tioned for Ruff Ryders, I had to match my skills against two of their guys." She appeared on their multiplatinum *Ryde or Die* compilations. At this point, Eve can have her pick of rough riders. "I need a tight body, period. I guess the stomach would be my favorite part—a washboard

stomach." Here's some important information: To set the mood for Eve, put on music that gets her hot. "Either really good old R&B like Marvin Gaye or the Isley Brothers, or maybe some reggae." Then it's up to you. Our advice: Keep your feet in the stirrups.

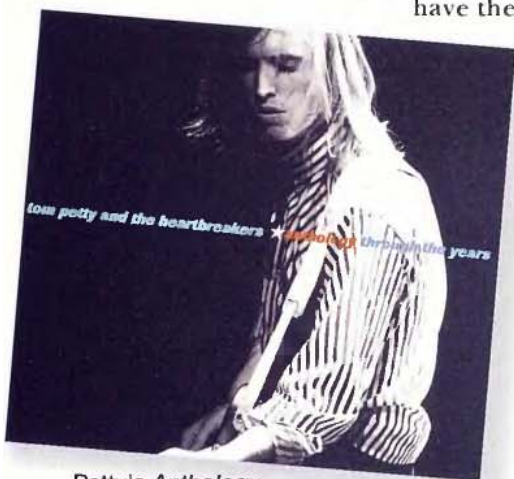
## BABE OF THE MONTH

**Amy Smart** is no dummy. The 25-year-old Valley girl, best known for her role as James Van Der Beek's football-weary girlfriend in *Varsity Blues*, spent two years strutting the catwalks of Milan and New York before retiring from modeling—in theory. Her first acting job, for MTV's *Rock the Vote*, required her to play a coked-up model. That exposure got her roles in such films as *Starship Troopers* and *How to Make the Cruellest Month* before she hit it big with *Varsity Blues*. Since then, Smart has shined in *Outside Providence*, as the sinfully irresistible coed in *Road Trip*, and in TV roles on *Felicity* and *The Seven-ies*. When not playing the girl next door, Smart works for the Santa Monica-based *Heal the Bay*. Having spent 10 years studying ballet, she dreams of cutting the rug in a future movie. Until then, you can spot Smart in the road movie *Interstate 60* and in this summer's *Rat Race*, a loose remake of *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*.



TOM PETTY is rock's renaissance man. He's not the best singer, writer or musician, but he's good enough at all three to be the most satisfying mainstream rocker of our time. Petty put out a hits CD that was skimpy and a boxed set that was a bit too much. But Petty's latest collection, the two-disc *Anthology: Through the Years* (MCA), gets it just right. The Seventies' *American Girl* and the Nineties' *Waiting for Tonight* are equally fine songs that could have come from the same album. That's consistency. —VIC GARBARINI

Artistic evolution is not one of hip-hop's strengths. A fantastic first release by an MC means it's likely that subsequent CDs will have the



Petty's *Anthology*.

same tone. Gangstas, dance-track specialists or underground legends, most rap personas don't change radically over a career—which makes the evolution of Outkast so extraordinary. Andre 3000 and Big Boi have evolved over four CDs from Southern playas to psychedelic visionaries with one foot in space and the other in the projects. Backed by the atmospheric production of the Organized Noize posse, Outkast has created progressive hip-hop records while maintaining a ghetto aesthetic. Testifying to this growth is their fourth release, *Stankonia* (Arista). The frenetic *B.O.B.* brings the pumping Miami bass sound to the masses. *Humble Mumble* (with Erykah Badu on backup vocals) is politically charged, with hooks that you'll remember. *Miss Jackson*, a Prince-influenced track, extends an apology to the mother of an ex. Even when the lyrics are typical, the vocals and production have punch. *Stankonia* is one of the year's best from a duo that keeps getting better. —NELSON GEORGE

Marilyn Manson has always been compelling theater. On *Holy Wood (In the Shad-*

*ow of the Valley of Death)* (Interscope), he has actually made decent rock and roll. As the foremost reanimator of the Alice Cooper archetype, Manson hasn't come up with anything better than Cooper's five best songs. But by the standards of today's metal, Manson has decent riffs, ear-catching production and interesting arrangements. Not a breakthrough, but it doesn't suck.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Most new dance records are abstract unless you listen with your body in a public space big enough to hold the bass line. That's why *In the Mode* (Island), the latest from drum-and-bass maestro Roni Size and his group Reprazent, is a find. Size's 1997 *New Forms* was like a modern Booker T. & the MG's album. Here, to borrow his metaphor, he puts flesh on the *New Forms* skeleton. Five tracks starring Reprazent rapper Dynamite also feature appearances by Method Man and the Roots' human beat-box Rahzel. Unfolding seamlessly from hard rap, diva lament and weirdo instrumental, it's the kind of rap-dance fusion many try for but few achieve. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Neil Young's *Road Rock Volume 1* (Reprise) is classic rock in all its misery and glory. Taken from his mid-2000 tour, these eight songs include just one that is previously unreleased (*Fool for Your Love*), as well as a definitive leftover and one curio, a duet with opening act Chrissie Hynde on *All Along the Watchtower*. For the most part, it's Young doing what he does, not so much reworking as replaying a standard repertoire. The result is never less than competent, including another rendition of *Cowgirl in the Sand*. If that were all, it would be forgettable. But then there's the version of *Tonight's the Night*, Young's drug-abuse epic from the mid-Seventies. Fingering an old wound, he brings new life to a song about death. There's nothing mystifying about his recollections now: "He used to sleep until the afternoon/If you never heard him sing, well, I guess you won't too soon." When Young is told again that his roadie has overdosed, the news feels fresh, and so does the music. I don't know if one great

track is reason enough to release an album, let alone buy it, but there's always Napster. —DAVE MARSH

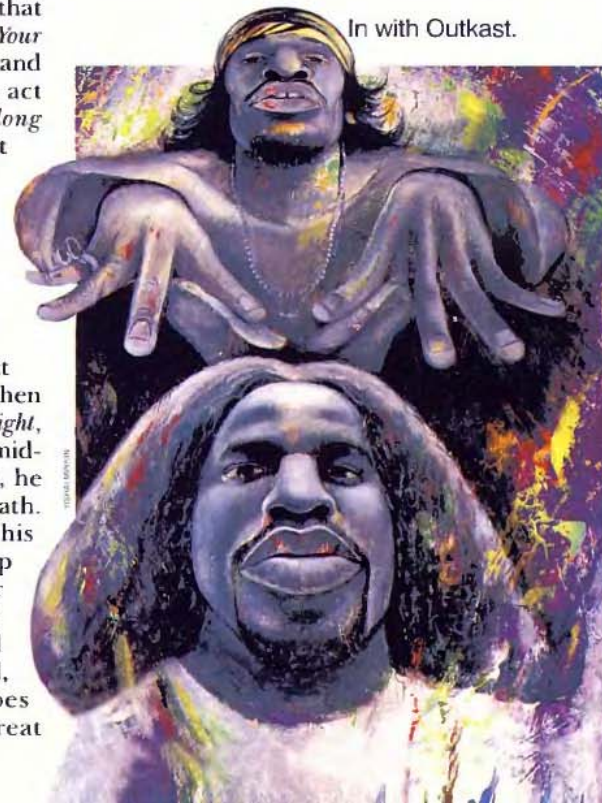
Fans of science fiction will be thrilled with *Brain in a Box: The Science Fiction Collection* (Rhino), a five-CD-plus-book collection of great television and movie themes, novelty and pop hits, and obscure but transcendent weirdness. If you're used to hearing the themes on your TV speakers, hearing them loud on a good stereo is a spine-chilling experience. No rock collection is complete without *The Martian*

—C.V.

*Hop* by the Ran-Dells.

Pearl Jam delighted its fans by promising to release some live material from its recent European tour. But both fans and reviewers were surprised when the band released 25 double CDs, one from each European show, with the date and city stamped on each. I asked Pearl Jam guitarist Mike McCready which shows he recommends. "Don't try and listen to all of them," laughed McCready, "or you'll wind up hating us! The Paris and London shows were good, and I loved the Italian shows, especially Verona, where the audience's energy really pushed us. But the second night in Poland was

In with Outkast.



Outkast has one foot in space and the other in the projects.



**REELING AND ROCKING:** Bret Michaels will appear on Showtime's *Chris Isaak* show this spring. . . . Jennifer Lopez is talking to director Michael Apter about starring in *Enough*, about a battered wife. First look for her in *The Wedding Planner*. . . . A documentary about INXS is in the works. Columbia TriStar has optioned more than 50 hours of unseen videos shot by the band. They will be actively involved in all aspects of the project. . . . Mick Jagger has a role in *The Man From Elysian Fields*, starring Julianna Margulies and Andy Garcia. Mick plays the proprietor of a male escort service. No typecasting there. . . . Busta Rhymes has gone from *The Grinch* to a Sean Connery movie. Look for him next in *Loyalty*, which he produced.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Guru will be a featured voice in several radio spots for Martell cognac. He'll rap over beats in the ads. . . . Julio Iglesias was named the highest-paid entertainer in Europe, with his career earnings estimated at \$480 million. . . . The Black Crowes worked with producer Don Was on a new album in an old Yiddish theater on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Expect a spring release. . . .



In Chelyabinsk in the Ural Mountains, we can now meet for a vodka on John Lennon Street. . . . Dudley Moore, who is ill with a rare Parkinson's-like disease, has a CD out, *Live From an Aircraft Hangar*, the proceeds of which will aid in the search for a cure. . . . Wanna be a music insider? Check out velvetrope.com, a website that dishes the dirt. . . . The Stax Museum of American Soul Music in Memphis is moving along with its design and is still searching for appropriate memorabilia. If you visit soulsvilleusa.com, you'll find out what they're looking for and when they plan to break ground. . . . Elvis Costello is trying his hand at TV by writing songs for a WB show in development about models turned musicians. He may even make an appearance. . . . Chili Peppers guitarist John Frusciante's solo album will be released any day. The subject? The five years he lost to drugs. . . . In all, there will be 26 animated webisodes of *The Slim Shady Show* at slimshadyworld.com. . . . A new studio album from the Go-Gos will arrive in stores this spring. . . . In the mood for *Besame Mucho*? Writer Vincent Bugliosi's passion was instrumental in the release of *Greatest Latin Love Songs of the Century*. . . . Jeff Lynne has resurrected the ELO name for a new CD, though Richard Tandy is the only ELO member on it. Guest appearances by George Harrison and Ringo Starr ought to make up for any disappointment. Lynne plans to tour as well. . . . Now that David Foster's WB series *Popstars* has debuted, look for an album. . . . Aretha will record with Warryn Campbell, who has produced work by the likes of Usher, Sisqó and Brandy. . . . Michael Jackson has recorded more than 30 songs for a new album but is still looking for that breakout hit. . . . Loverly Music has a new double CD featuring such offbeat Memphis bands as *New Car Smell* and the *Jimsons*. Call or fax 901-854-2698 for a copy. . . . The Getty Center concert "1000 Years of Popular Music" began with a piece dating from 1240 and ended with Richard Thompson playing Britney Spears' *Oops! I Did It Again*. In between there was Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan, Fats Waller and the Beatles. Yikes!

—BARBARA NELLIS



the best. The crowd was amazing. So we made up the set list on the spot and something magical happened." McCready got it right. *Katowice #16 6 00*, as it's called, is Pearl Jam at its peak. "We're going to get all the pretty ones out of the way; we have plenty of time to be angry later," says vocalist Eddie Vedder during the opening set. The band's melodic and muscular sides blend beautifully, and the three-hour show builds like a gentle but immensely powerful wave. —V.G.

Three current compilations make something of the rap-rock fusion that Limp Bizkit takes to the bank. If Fred Durst imitations are your idea of progressive vocalizing, skip Priority's ill-conceived and poorly executed *Rebirth of the Loud*. Instead, try Republic's *Take a Bite Outta Rhyme*, where white bands cover black rap classics (including the Dynamite Hack wimpification of N.W.A.'s *Boyz-N-the-Hood*). But my preference is for *Loud Rocks* (Loud), on which rappers rhyme over guitar beats that combine a grandeur and an ugliness all their own. —R.C.

Manson is unholy.



The dulcimer, a metal-stringed wooden box that's played with hammers, produces a glorious sound that soothes the soul unlike any other instrument. On *The Wind That Shakes the Barley* (Rounder), a reissued folk classic from 1977, John McCutcheon hammers away to marvelous effect on 13 songs, most of them converted fiddle reels. Better after a hard day at work than a double martini. —C.Y.

Poet and jazz maniac John Sinclair continues his series of live recordings with *Steady Rollin' Man* (triPup), featuring tributes to Monk and Coltrane as well as a gut-twisting account of Robert Johnson's murder, abetted by the Boston Blues Scholars. The band, led by guitarist Ted Drozdowski, plays it spacey. (P.O. Box 531, East Boston, MA 02128; 617-568-9789; guitartemple.com.)—D.M.

No matter how many times you listen, there's always something amazing to discover in Charlie Parker's music. *The Complete Savoy and Dial Studio Recordings* (Atlantic) represent only four years in Bird's career, but these eight discs prove once again that Parker was a flat-out genius. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Marilyn Manson</b> <i>Holy Wood</i>	4	6	7	8	7
<b>Oulkašt</b> <i>Stankonia</i>	9	6	9	9	8
<b>Tom Petty</b> <i>Anthology</i>	6	9	9	8	9
<b>Roni Size</b> <i>In the Mode</i>	9	6	8	6	7
<b>Neil Young</b> <i>Road Rock Volume I</i>	8	6	7	7	8

## WIRELESS WISH LISTS

Even the most systematic shopaholics can't always recall where they saw that perfect item—or even what it was. To help them keep track of the products added to mental wish lists, new portable scanners record and store bar codes found on the item's packaging, in print advertisements and on TV commercials.



The Qoder—a key chain-size scanner developed by a Fort Lauderdale company, Qode—can scan and save up to 100 bar codes on products. When attached to a PC by means of a docking station, it uploads codes and provides product reviews and prices from 225,000 manufacturers and retailers. The Qoder sells for \$40 but is guaranteed to find you \$80 in savings within the first 30 days. Frugal

shoppers should keep Gamut Interactive's scanner handy when watching TV. The calculator-size Gamut can capture signals embedded in commercials as well as scan codes in print advertisements and on products. The unit's removable card can then be taken to retailers and swiped to redeem discounts from Kraft, Miller, General Mills and others. The service is \$15 every three months or \$50 a year.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

## CELL PHONE CINEMA

Receiving e-mail on your cell phone was exciting for a while, but soon we'll be watching movies. Nokia and Sprint and AT&T are a few of the telecommunications giants getting in on the business of providing high-speed Internet access over wireless networks, a concept called wireless broadband. For computer users, wireless broadband delivers speeds that are about 50 times faster (on average) than a 56kbps dial-up connection—and without the need for the wiring of a cable modem or DSL. For cell phone junkies, it means enjoying far more interesting things than stock quotes, such as downloading and listening to music or watching a short movie clip. Sprint is among the first companies to begin testing its home service, which it calls Broadband Direct. The system works on a simple line-of-sight basis between digital transceivers (similar in size to a DirecTV satellite dish) installed on rooftops and radio transmission towers. Because subscribers can live up to 35 miles from the system's network towers, services such as Broadband Direct are ideal for subur-

## GAME OF THE MONTH

*Conker's Bad Fur Day* began as a kids' game, but it doesn't resemble one now. Rumor has it that some raunchy programmers started playing in public with poor Conker the squirrel during a way-too-long postponement period. The process transformed cuddly Conker into a vicious drunk who swears like a sailor, carries firearms and has a nasty habit of pissing in public. Recently released for Nintendo 64, *Bad Fur Day* follows the inebriated animal through several adventures (including parodies of *Saving Private Ryan* and *Indiana Jones*). Along the way Conker is equipped with numerous weapons (like a frying pan) for pounding on evil teddy bears and other villains. But the real challenge is keeping him from becoming too hungover and vomiting. Bring on plenty of Alka-Seltzer.

—JOEL ENOS



banites and rural surfers who have so far been deprived of high-speed connections.

—BETH TOMKIW

## WILD THINGS

Getting your hands on a PlayStation 2 was the hard part. Now get a grip with some of the latest peripherals. Below, left to right: With the Madcatz remote control you can watch DVDs on your PS2 without using the bulky (and wired) game controller (\$20). The turbo button on Nyka's Viper 2 will compensate for slow trigger fingers. It also features three styles of control: digital, analog and dual analog steering (\$25). Keep Interact's Shadowblade Arcade Stick on your side for playing fighting games. The joystick is equipped with eight programmable buttons—perfect for creating shortcuts to your deadly kung fu punches (\$60). The Freedom

Shock 2 controller by Pelican Accessories is wireless so players can roam up to 30 feet away from the TV (\$50). Clamp Saitek's RX400 Racing Wheel to your coffee table and cruise through PS2 racing games. Includes gas and brake pedals (about \$40).

—MARC SALTZMAN

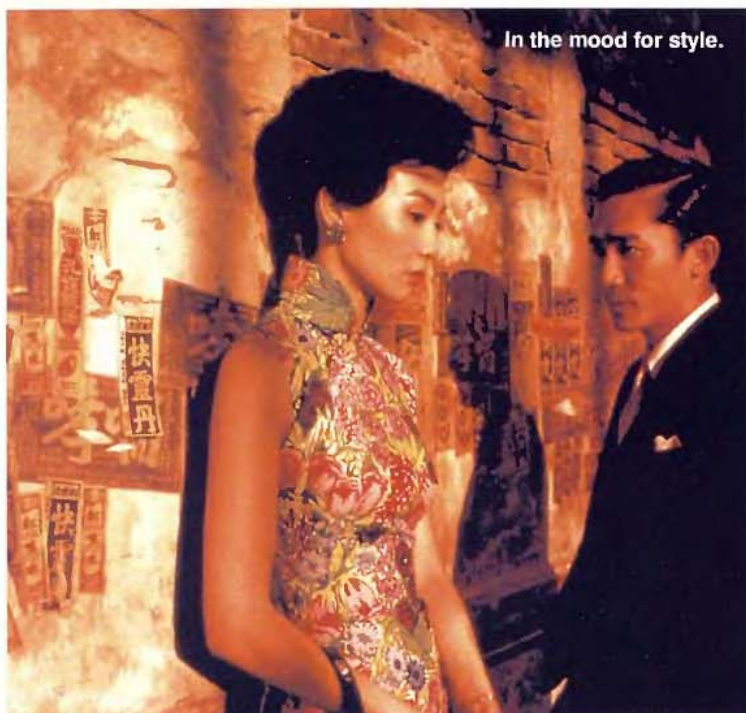


By LEONARD MALTIN

CHEERS TO Ed Harris. Not only has this gifted actor turned in an Oscar-worthy performance in *Pollock* (Sony Pictures Classics), but he has also distinguished himself as a skilled and sensitive director with this maiden effort. Goodness knows, he might have chosen a less ambitious project than a biography of the tormented artist Jackson Pollock. It is a period piece (set in and around New York in the Forties and Fifties) that convincingly depicts a tortured soul. Marcia Gay Harden is sensational as the assertive woman (herself a painter) who comes into Pollock's life and becomes his wife and protector. Truth is always in the details, and that's where this movie stands out. Whether it's in charting the stormy relationship of two creative spirits, delineating a difficult relationship between Pollock and his mother, or capturing the moment when an artist finds his inspiration and puts paint to canvas, *Pollock* gets it right. What's more, Harris appears to create Pollock paintings right before our eyes—no cutaways of an artist behind a canvas where you can't see what his hand is doing. *Pollock* is a rich

and emotional film that should not be missed. **★★★★½**

I must confess that I have never fallen under the spell of highly praised



filmmaker Wong Kar-Wai, whose earlier works include *Happy Together* and *Fallen Angels*. I thought the curse was lifted as I started watching his latest, *In the Mood for Love* (USA Films), a simple story that's told with great style. However, in time,

the material itself—a study of repressed emotions in the socially rigid atmosphere of Hong Kong in the early Sixties—wore me down. One couldn't ask for a more charismatic leading lady than Maggie Cheung, who looks magnificent in the Asian couture of the period (the high-collared dresses are one symbol of constraint). But her ever-so-tentative flirtation with next-door neighbor Tony Leung is so drawn out and frustrating that I simply lost interest. Kar-Wai cleverly puts his camera outside windows and around corners, which gives the film an arresting and original point of view. I wish his script were as good. **★★**

Artist Julian Schnabel, who made his directing debut with *Basquiat*, now turns his attention to an artist of a different sort, the acclaimed but long-suppressed Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas. In *Before Night Falls* (Fine Line), macho Spanish actor

Javier Bardem gives a moving performance as the young Arenas, born of poverty, and abandoned by his father, who first recognizes his own poetic leanings and then comes to terms with his homosexuality. When Castro takes over

There is something inexplicably compelling about pictures of Hollywood stars; photographers over the years, from Edward Steichen to Yousef Karsh to Annie Leibovitz, have benefited from having famous faces

## IMAGES FROZEN IN TIME

look into their lenses.

A number of recent movie-related photography books offer something more than mere portrait galleries, however. *Hollywood Candid* by Murray Garrett (Harry N. Abrams) presents offbeat pictures of the stars at work and play. Some of the images are interesting for the moments captured: Natalie Wood showing gleeful surprise at her 21st birthday party, Marlon Brando allowing a cat to cuddle on his shoulder. Others are fun just for the people who are in them: Harpo Marx, Hedda Hopper and Dan-

ny Kaye clowning at a benefit, Loretta Young on a prehistoric car phone.

Marilyn Monroe, inevitably, graces the cover of Garrett's book. Another volume, *The Misfits: Story of a Shoot* (Phaidon), has 200 photos taken during the filming of that legendary movie, which was the swan song for both Monroe and Clark Gable. The Magnum photo agency was given complete access to the location shoot, and such photographers as Inge Morath, Eve Arnold and Henri Cartier-Bresson took fascinating, candid photos of director John Huston, writer Arthur Miller and the stars.

*Hitchcock at Work* is much more than a photo collection. Bill Krohn's text delves into the working methodology of cinema's ultimate auteur, and the handsome volume (also published by Phaidon) is crammed with rare and compelling photos of the master at work.

John Swope's *Camera Over Hollywood* (Distributed Art Publishers) is another breed altogether. These striking photos were taken from 1936 to 1938, during the photographer's first stay in Los Angeles (he later married actress Dorothy McGuire). It illustrates not only the glamour but the often seedy reality of Hollywood at that time, making it more a sociological study than a nostalgia trip. Some of the images—of chorus girls relaxing between shots, extras lining up outside a casting office—are haunting.

Finally, the remnants of a bygone era are documented in Michael Putnam's *Silent Screens: The Decline and Transformation of the American Movie Theater* (Johns Hopkins). These poignant and often distressing pictures of boarded-up neighborhood bijous speak volumes about main-street moviegoing in decades past, as opposed to the multiplex experience of today. —L.M.

the island nation, Arenas discovers that he's a two-time loser and is persecuted from that day forward for his writings and his sexual choices. The film spans four decades, in nonlinear fashion, and paints a rich picture of Cuban life, its gay community and its intellectual cliques. Along the way there are arresting—if somewhat off-kilter—cameo appearances by Sean Penn and Johnny Depp. It ends with Arenas' dismal last days in Manhattan, which may be an accurate depiction but certainly isn't a satisfying finale. Still, *Before Night Falls* succeeds as an eye-opening look at a foreign culture and one man's attempts to live life on his own terms. **★★½**

Sean Penn isn't interested in an easy route to making movies; the handful of films he has directed—*Indian Runner*, *The Crossing Guard* and now *The Pledge* (Warner Bros.)—are a somber lot, char-

acterized by strong performances in difficult, often downbeat stories. *The Pledge* is his best to date, a potent adaptation of the novel by Friedrich Dürrenmatt about a police detective who, on the eve of his retirement, gets involved in the case of a seven-year-old girl's murder. The need to solve the case haunts him from that day forward, even as he goes through the motions of starting a new life away from police work. Jack Nicholson understands every aspect of this character, from his grim determination to his fundamental decency, and infuses every move and every gesture with truth. A top-notch supporting ensemble includes Robin Wright Penn, Aaron Eckhart, Sam Shepard, Helen Mirren, Vanessa Redgrave and Tom Noonan. *The Pledge* is for moviegoers who don't like their stories predigested, their emotions prodded and cajoled; it's a challenging adult movie with a great star at its center. **★★★**

## SCENE STEALER



**MARLEY SHELTON. HER FIRST MOVIE SHOWCASE:** Playing Tricia Nixon (with Anthony Hopkins) in Oliver Stone's *Nixon*. **HER BREAKTHROUGH PART:** The girlfriend in black-and-white *Pleasantville*. **THE BEST PART OF APPEARING ON SHOWS LIKE HERCULES:** At that stage in my life, I was going to UCLA, and TV acting was like another college course. It's a great way to build your résumé and get a sample platter of different directors and different ways people work. It's like a crash course in acting. **WHAT'S NEXT?** In *Sugar and Spice* I play a pregnant cheerleader. Jimmy Marsden is the quarterback, and I convince my cheerleading squad, led by Mena Suvari and Rachel Blanchard, to help me rob a bank. **HER INSPIRATIONS:** Bette Davis, Gena Rowlands and Catherine Deneuve. These three women just do it for me because they all have this blend of femininity and strength. Their souls bleed on celluloid, and that's what gets me in a performance. **WHY SHE LOVES GOING TO THE MOVIES:** When I'm hit with the truth of an emotional moment, I feel like I'm in church. It's a religious experience for me, it's that powerful. I find it transcendent and liberating to be human and to be able to make a mark like that. —L.M.

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by Leonard Maltin

**Before Night Falls** (See review) Filmmaker and artist Julian Schnabel paints a vivid portrait of gay Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas. **★★½**

**Cast Away** (Listed only) Tom Hanks is superb as a man put to the ultimate test on a desert island. First-rate moviemaking all the way. **★★★★**

**The Claim** (Listed only) Thomas Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge* is reset in wintry California during the gold rush, but the setting isn't the only thing that's cold about the film. **★★½**

**Finding Forrester** (Listed only) Sean Connery is fun to watch in a tailor-made role as a reclusive novelist who takes on an unlikely protégé. The story is a bit too pat, but Connery and newcomer Rob Brown make it worth seeing. **★★★**

**The Gift** (Listed only) Cate Blanchett plays a woman blessed (or cursed) with psychic powers and second sight in this ripe Southern gothic melodrama directed by Sam Raimi and written by Billy Bob Thornton and Tom Epperson. **★★½**

**In the Mood for Love** (See review) Maggie Cheung and Tony Leung have feelings for each other, but the social restrictions of Sixties Hong Kong keep them from expressing themselves as they might like. These hang-ups also hamper this film. **★★**

**O Brother, Where Art Thou?** (11/00) George Clooney heads the cast of this thoroughly engaging (and offbeat) musical variation on Homer's *Odyssey*, set in Mississippi in the Thirties. **★★★★**

**The Pledge** (See review) Jack Nicholson is rock-solid, as always, in this elliptical but dramatically satisfying film about a retiring cop who pledges to find a little girl's killer. **★★★**

**Pollock** (See review) Ed Harris makes a dazzling directing debut, also taking the central role of artist Jackson Pollock. Marcia Gay Harden is equally good as his wife and protector. **★★★½**

**Thirteen Days** (Listed only) JFK and RFK are brought back to life in this gripping historical drama about the Cuban missile crisis. Only JFK's advisor, Kenny (played by Kevin Costner), seems too good to be true. **★★★**

**Traffic** (Listed only) Steven Soderbergh directed (and shot) this compelling mosaic of stories about people's involvement with drugs—as users, dealers, cops, politicians—in both the U.S. and Mexico. Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones head an impressive cast. **★★★**

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



THE BOMBAY SAPHIRE MARTINI. AS REVEALED BY DAN DAILEY, ARTIST.

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

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WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT. WATCH ALL THE ACTION EACH WEEK.



SATURDAYS AT 8PM EST



SUNDAYS AT 4PM EST



SUNDAYS AT 7PM EST



In keeping with the otherworldly, thrill-filled universes he created in *The Evil Dead II*, *Darkman*, *The Quick and the Dead* and last year's *The Gift*, filmmaker **Sam Raimi** takes his films with a dash of the fantastical. "George Pal's *Time Machine* was one of the movies that got me interested in making movies. It was really great," remembers Raimi. "I love Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*—his vision of the future was breathtaking, and the story was melodramatic and powerful. He had some unbelievably sexy images of that female robot, Maria." —LAURENCE LERMAN

EAT IT UP

We can't wait to sink our teeth into Ridley Scott's *Hannibal*—and its surreally anthropophagous final scene. But until then, here's what's eating at us:

**Ravenous** (1999): Cunning Robert Carlyle chews more than the scenery as a Scotsman in 1847 who feeds on hapless pioneers. An overlooked gem with an interesting fact: Director Antonia Bird is a vegetarian.

**Eating Raoul** (1982): Leggy Mary Woronov lures lovers to her apartment, where her portly husband, Paul Bartel, filets them into something best served with a nice chianti.

**The Necro Files** (1998): Let's see if we have this straight: A flying fetus tries to stop a rapist zombie cannibal on a rampage in Seattle? Only a cultist could stomach this low-budget romp.

**Motel Hell** (1980): Demented motel proprietor Farmer Vincent (Rory Calhoun) grinds up his guests, adds spices and stuffs them into sausage casings for sale to customers. Maybe it's time to ask Jimmy Dean where he got his recipe.

**Welcome to Arrow Beach** (1974): Respected actor Laurence Harvey (*The Manchurian Candidate*) directed this, his last film, about a Korean War veteran who consumes passersby at his beach house.

**Delicatessen** (1991): World War III has

devastated the planet, but a butcher has a mysteriously endless supply of succulent post-holocaust steaks and bologna in this dark, stylized and overlooked classic. And it's a comedy!

**The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover** (1989): Director Peter Greenaway's masterpiece—with color-coded sets, symbolic dialogue and lusty Helen Mirren getting it on in the bathroom—sets up hateful thug Michael Gambon to be a feast for the eyes. And the taste buds.

**Parents** (1989): It's the Fifties. It's suburbia. It's all so very *Pleasantville*. Preternaturally happy dad Randy Quaid and perky mom Mary Beth Hurt keep feeding suspicious 10-year-old son Bryan Madorsky "leftovers," but they never say leftover from what.

**The Tale of Sweeney Todd** (1998): Not the musical but the source story about barber Ben Kingsley, who donates the bodies of his victims to butcher Joanna Lumley, who turns them into her famous meat pies. Can you say *Soylent Green*?

**Cannibal! The Musical** (1996): Before *South Park*, Trey Parker directed this Cartman-like take on the ill-fated Alferd Packer expedition, including Broadway-style song-and-dance interludes amid the carnage. Mmm, good. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Oliver Stone has been an especially eager promoter of DVDs, and so his *Collection* (Warner Home Video, available in both six- and ten-movie versions, \$120 and \$200, respectively) is a welcome ad-

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

As curiosities go, *Candy* takes the cake. Terry Southern's 1968 satire, new on DVD (Anchor Bay), is based on Voltaire's *Candide* and features Richard Burton as McPhisto, Marlon Brando as Grindl, James Coburn and John Huston as horny doctors, Walter Matthau as a nutty military pilot, Ringo Starr, and Charles Aznavour as a hunchback who likes to rub against cops—and they all have sex with the yummy Candy (former Miss Teen Sweden Ewa Aulin). Reportedly, some drugs were ingested in the making. Those crazy Sixties. —BUZZ MCCLAIN



dition to the video library. Most of his releases afford Stone's commentaries, extra footage and outtakes. But the choice for fans here will likely be the six-flick package that includes *Any Given Sunday* (1999), *Born on the Fourth of July* (1989), *JFK* (1991), *Natural Born Killers* (1994), *Wall Street* (1987) and *The Doors* (1991). It is—from rock and roll, war and politics to football, greed and antisocial psychosis—what one would expect to study in Oliver Stone's American History 101.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
SEVENTIES	<b>Almost Famous</b> (teen writer hits the road with Seventies arena rockers; director Cameron Crowe basks in hippiedom's twilight), <b>Steal This Movie</b> (Vincent D'Onofrio, as Abbie Hoffman, drives Nixon nuts and runs; good when not forced).
COMEDY	<b>Nurse Betty</b> (ditz-cum-stalkee Renée Zellweger thinks her hunky soap hero's for real; dark, twisty laughs), <b>Dr. T. &amp; the Women</b> (he's gynecologist Richard Gere, and they're wacky; director Robert Altman's wry toast to the perils of affluence).
FEEL-GOOD	<b>Remember the Titans</b> (Denzel Washington and Will Patton integrate a high school football team and conquer; not subtle), <b>Girlfight</b> (city chick Michelle Rodriguez seeks peace in the sweet science; festival fave kicks gender-cliché ass).
SPIKE LEE	<b>Bamboozled</b> (Harvard-bred TV exec Damon Wayans scores with a minstrel show; Lee's satire aims wide, hits a few), <b>The Original Kings of Comedy</b> (Lee's concert film—featuring comics Steve Harvey and D.L. Hughley—rarely misses).
SLEEPER	<b>Crime and Punishment in Suburbia</b> (cheerleader has her evil dad whacked; set up like <i>American Beauty</i> , but with more spit than polish), <b>Bait</b> (feds spring and bug burglar Jamie Foxx to trap a thief; predictable, yes, but surprisingly fun).



By MARK FRAUENFELDER

## HARRY POTTER AND THE SITE OF DEEP DISCOUNTS

My wife is hooked on Harry Potter. Halfway through the second book, she told me she was planning to buy the third and fourth right away. "Can't you wait for the paperbacks?" I said, pecking at the price tags on the two she owned. "Only if they come out by the time I finish this one," she said. Time to move quickly. I went to [Half.com](#), a site that lets people sell their used books, videos and games. Plenty of people were selling the Harry Potter books. The lowest asking price was around \$12 each. I also had a promotional code for [Half.com](#) that I found at [Amazing-Bargains.com](#), which knocked \$5 off the



total cost. (You should always check [Amazing-Bargains.com](#) before you shop.) The books arrived a few days later, well packaged and in good condition. Now I'm bugging my wife to hurry up and read them so I can resell them at [Half.com](#).

## HOW HOT ARE YOU?

Am I Hot or Not? ([amihotornot.com](#)) is a virtual beauty contest that anyone can enter, letting visitors to the site be the judges. People from all over the world upload photographs of themselves to the site to find out how sexy they look to other people. You can vote on the photographs by clicking on one of the buttons numbered from 1 to 10. After you cast your vote, you'll see that person's average score. Then, a new picture pops up and you vote again. It's addictive. I voted on one photo after another for 20 minutes and stopped only to answer the phone. If you're brave, you can post your picture on the site.

## CELL PHONE GADGETS AND TOILET SEATS RIGHT HERE

I've been thinking about the radiation that gets beamed into my brain when I hold my cell phone to my ear. I checked [Cnet.com](#)'s Cell Phone Radiation page, which says that my Ericsson T28 is tied on their list as the highest-radiation cell phone in the United States. (To see how your phone measures up, go to [Cnet.com](#), click on Wireless and then click on Radi-

ation Levels.) That did it. Nobody knows yet whether cell phones cause damage, but I decided to play it safe and get a hands-free adapter. The going rate is about \$40, but I discovered a company called [Daydeal.com](#) that sells adapters for \$19 (including free shipping). What an oddball site. Most of its limited inventory consists of mobile phone accessories and illustrated toilet seats. (The seat with the Asian-style picture of a crane on it is especially nice.) A couple of days later, I was wearing my adapter when I walked into a gas station rest room. When I leaned over, the adapter fell out of my ear and plopped into the toilet bowl. I gingerly pulled it out by the cord and dropped it into the overflowing trashcan. Then I noticed that the toilet didn't have a seat. How did [Daydeal](#) know about the connection between cellular phone adapters and toilet seats? It's a strange world.



## BIO-ODOMETER

The SportBrain is a little plastic egg that costs \$99 and clips on to your belt. I've been wearing it for a couple of weeks. At the end of each day, I stick it in its cradle (which is attached to my phone line), and the information is modemed

to [SportBrain.com](#). I can find out how fast I walked or ran that day, how far I went and how many steps I took. I can make custom graphs to gauge my progress against other

SportBrain users in my age group, and find out how many calories I burned. Thank God I have to get up every once in a while to eat or use the bathroom; otherwise the graph would be a flat line—I'm practically SportBrain-dead.

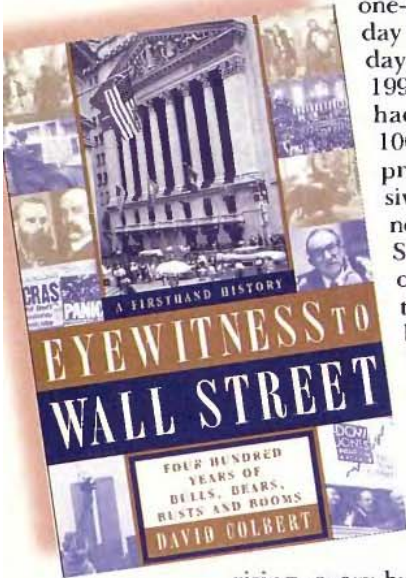
## QUICK HITS

[Google.com](#) is the web's best search engine, but not the only one. Sometimes, you need several. [Qbsearch.com](#) lets you search through many at once. Order chocolate-dipped strawberries from [berries.com](#). They'll arrive by FedEx in an ice-packed container. Get the latest Palm software, hardware, accessories, news and information at [palmgear.com](#). Save your web passwords at [catavault.com](#). Rent all the DVDs you want for a flat monthly fee: [netflix.com](#).



THE BULLS AND THE BEARS

Money talks. That's the lesson of David Colbert's *Eyewitness to Wall Street* (Broadway Books), a brisk oral history of American finance taken from diaries, private letters, memoirs and reportage. The book chronicles busts (from the 11 percent



one-day drop of 1929's Black Tuesday to the 23 percent Black Monday skid of 1987) and booms (in 1999, more than 60 mutual funds had return rates that exceeded 100 percent). Colbert forges a few provocative themes—the explosive impact of information technology and the proclivity of Wall Street pros to panic. Many of the older anecdotes resonate with the recent Internet stock bubble. In 1901, investor Bernard Baruch reflected on that year's panic: "As with most financial panics, the stage had been set in advance by extravagant hopes and talk of a New Era. Bellboys, waiters, barbers—everyone had a tip to pass on. Since the market was

rising, every bullish tip came true and every tipster seemed a prophet." Colbert quotes a trader about the future: "For anyone to think that, five years from now, any of us will be doing business the way we do today would be dangerously naive." When it comes to Wall Street, it's naive to forget the lessons of the past.

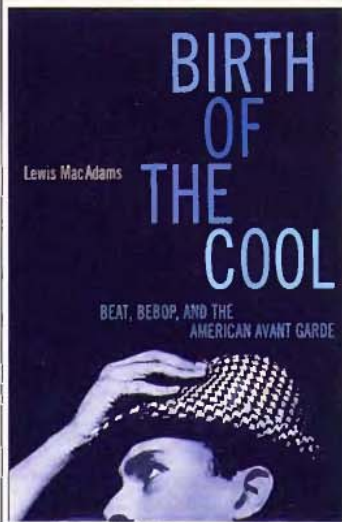
—JOHN D. THOMAS

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

In an age when cool has become another global marketing strategy, it's hard to understand the shock that writer Ron Sukenick felt in 1950 when he first saw a woman in blue jeans. Cool grew out of a peculiarly American reaction to racism, Cold War paranoia and suburban conformity. To be cool was to oppose square society in a deceptively nanchant manner. Books on Kerouac and the Beat Generation are as camman today as white T-shirts, but few of them break

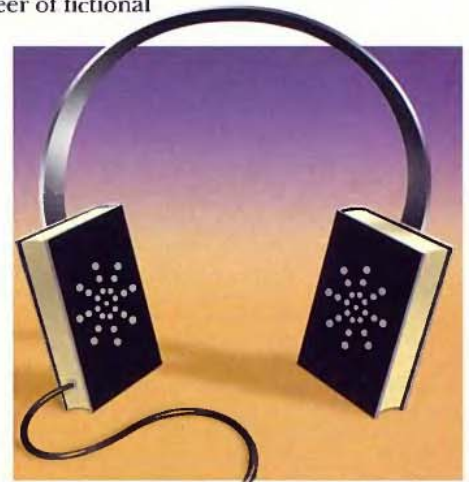
new ground or offer new insights. In *Birth of the Cool: Beat, Bebop and the American Avant-Garde* (Free Press), Lewis MacAdams looks at Charlie Parker, Jackson Pollock, William Burroughs and John Cage in the context of their epoch. There's plenty of new infarmation here and some great, unfamiliar photos. MacAdams shows why cool was the only appropriate response to Senator Joseph McCarthy and the H-bomb.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



LISTEN UP

Gunfire and laughter are the big noises coming from audio books this month. On the edgier front, *Gangster* (BDD Audio) by Lorenzo Carcaterra (author of the best-seller *Sleepers*) captures a century of New York crime family life while following the upwardly mobile career of fictional



ABBI SENNETT

mobster Angelo Vestieri. Joe Mantegna (one of Hollywood's favorite wiseguys) gives voice to Vestieri. Ross Macdonald's brilliant detective novel *The Zebra-Striped Hearse* (Audio Editions) is treated to a riveting unabridged performance by Harris Yulin, as Los Angeles private eye Lew Archer, and a cast that includes Edward Asner and Harry Shearer. In *The Hearing* (Brilliance Audio), John Lescroart's legal eagle Dismas Hardy defends a homeless addict accused of murdering a San Francisco homicide cop's daughter; David Lawrence delivers the courtroom commentary. John Dunning's Forties thriller *Two O'Clock, Eastern Wartime* (Simon and Schuster Audio), read by Boyd Gaines, combines the author's mystery-writing skills with his fondness for old-time radio. A cheerier mood prevails as George Carlin narrates a new batch of oddball observations and curmudgeonly comedy from his book *Napalm and Silly Putty* (HighBridge Audio). And Calvin Trillin takes us on witty pilgrimages to find the world's best dining as he samples his own appetizing collection of essays on eating well, *The Tummy Trilogy* (HighBridge).

—DICK LOCHTE



**UNDER THE Klieg Lights**  
The wretchedly dull Eisenhower Fifties had plenty popping on the big screen. Nobody smoked a cigarette like James Dean. Nobody stood on a subway grate like Marilyn Monroe. *Film Posters of the Fifties* (Overlook), by Tony Nourmand and Graham Marsh, documents when movies were epic and stars were fabulous.

—ALISON LUNDGREN

SPECIAL F/X:

How did Charlton Heston manage to part the Red Sea in *The Ten Commandments*? How did Keanu Reeves dodge bullets in slow motion in *The Matrix*? These secrets are revealed in Richard Rickitt's *Special Effects: The History and Technique* (Billboard), loaded with step-by-step explanations, rare production photos, original illustrations and interviews with masters of the craft. No tease or tricks here—this book delivers.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

HOWEVER YOU analyzed Election 2000, the gender gap at the ballot box last November was bigger than ever. Fifty-four percent of women voted for Al Gore (compared with 42 percent of men), and 53 percent of men voted for George W. Bush (compared with 43 percent of women). Clearly, Mars and Venus inhabit differing political orbits, and numerous public relations consultants will continue to make a lot of money advising various political parties on how to exploit that gap to their advantage.

I have good news and bad news for my fellow American males. The good news is that we are alive and well and living in a society that provides such basic necessities of life as lap dancing and phone sex. The bad news is that we are now a political minority, so when it comes to having our needs addressed in a presidential campaign, we are often treated cavalierly by the candidates, who are, as always, focused on wooing the majority. I'm a member of a minority? you might ask. But I've been told by feminists that I have all the power and money and jobs and influence and advantages simply because I am a man. Feminists are always presenting women as the downtrodden minority. What's going on here?

Consider this, Mr. Incredulous: Men today represent 48 percent of the voting population, while women constitute 52 percent of eligible voters. So no wonder our basic issues are ignored. No sane politician wants to alienate the majority of his or her audience.

As the greatest *Men* columnist of all time wrote exactly 12 years ago this month ("Don't Play It Again, Sam," *PLAYBOY*, March 1989): "What a miserable record! Who among presidential candidates of the past two decades has spoken boldly about men's rights? Who has even used that phrase? Who has represented us on the presidential stump in areas of divorce, child custody, draft registration, false accusations of rape, unemployment, male longevity and health, discrimination against men in the workplace and the culture?" (Ironically, the answer is the same now as it was then: No one in the major parties has uttered the words "men's rights." But "women's rights"? A phrase as common as water and air.)

Like it or not, my friend, we have problems that are unique to our sex, but we have been mostly silent about them, while women have done a better job of organizing and speaking for themselves. As I wrote at a time that seems centuries ago ("Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do," *PLAYBOY*, December 1978): "Women are asking, debating, communicating,



## THE MALE MINORITY

searching for their right and proper role in this society. Why aren't men doing the same thing? Men must begin making a case for themselves."

Making a case for ourselves? It is past time for us to bring our contentions into the public arena. Some men are beginning to be heard (witness the powerful books by Warren Farrell and the good works of many fathers' rights and men's health groups), so let's hope the years ahead will be a time when the male minority speaks to the issues that have been ignored—speaks directly, wisely, fairly and with good humor. (I hereby mandate that it is the obligation of the male minority to do things better than the ball-busting feminists did. If the men's rights movement is turned into a women-haters movement, we will have lost everything of value and our culture will suffer for it.)

Let's hope the men and women who shape thought in this country—reporters, newscasters, politicians, editors, community leaders, actors, religious leaders, book publishers, dot-com directors, teachers, athletes and all others of influence and example—will take a walk on the male side, at least once in a while, and try to see life from a regular guy's point of view. Wouldn't that be revolutionary? And let's insist that future presidential candidates, male or female, Republican or Democrat or any other affiliation, do the same. It isn't easy for men to think in this manner, but the time has come.

In review, here are a few questions from a male perspective that deserve a full airing in the campaign of 2004 (feel free to add any others that are of in-

terest to you, too):

*Male health:* This one is number one in the lexicon of gender politics: Why do men die six years younger than women, on average? Why do so few men live long enough to collect their full portion of Social Security? Why are the mortality rates for men between the ages of 15 and 44 more than twice as high as women's? Why do men—especially teenage males—commit suicide at a much higher rate than women? Why do people continue to hold fund-raisers and marathons and seminars for victims of breast cancer exclusively, when prostate cancer kills an equivalent number of people (and remains underfunded by comparison)? What has been the impact on male health (psychological and physical) of the harsher aspects of the feminist movement of the past several decades? Why does the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services have an Office on Women's Health but no Office on Men's Health? And, finally, how can guys be motivated to take care of themselves without the experts smothering them with excessive and possessive concern or turning this health issue into an exaggerated pity party? (Until and unless we learn how to do that, nothing is going to change.)

*Divorce and child custody:* It gives me no great joy to report that my 1978 article on divorce (quoted above) is as relevant today as it was then. Not much has changed for fathers and their children in divorce actions. Why is it that some 85 to 90 percent of contested child custody awards still go to mothers? Why have many of the family courts in America become Kafkaesque institutions, unburdened by significant public accountability and anti-father in the extreme, able to jail, fine and banish men from their families without just cause? What will become of the American family if fathers continue to be seen as flawed and expendable creatures, irrelevant to their children's development if they have strayed in their marriage or lost their job?

*False accusations of sexual harassment, date rape and physical abuse:* Will this difficult debate ever move away from the "if you question any woman's charges against any man, you must be a person who approves of violence against women" conundrum? Are we ever going to acknowledge that women can be as abusive of their partners and their children as men can? Will this culture's view of masculinity become more humane and less judgmental, or will men continue to be seen as basically stupid, aggressive and evil?

Over to you, America.





**BUTTONED UP BY DAY.**



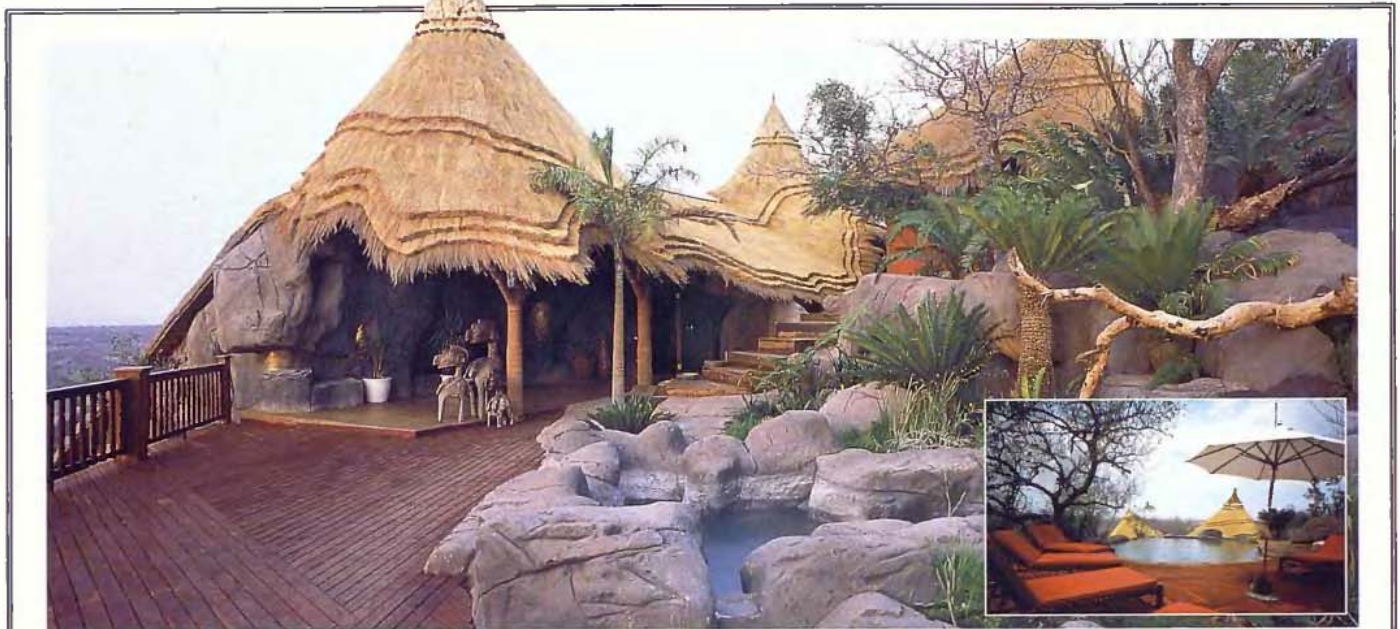
**BACARDI BY NIGHT.**

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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## Luxury in the Wild

South Africa has many luxurious safari lodges, but the ones on a Richard Branson's private reserve, Ulusaba, are in a world of their own. The suites at Safari Lodge, situated on a riverbank, are linked by swing bridges, so guests walk above elephants and other game. At hillside Rack Lodge (pictured above), the view is everything: You watch animals from the bar, the spa, the pool or your rock-walled room. Nightly rates range from \$720 to \$1600 for double occupancy (Rock Lodge commands the higher price), and your per diem includes two game drives, all meals and drinks and a walking safari. Pictured at left is the opulent dining room at Rack Lodge—a setting that's truly fit for a tribal chieftain. Plan to spend at least two nights at either place.

## HOW TO GET A CORK OUT OF A BOTTLE

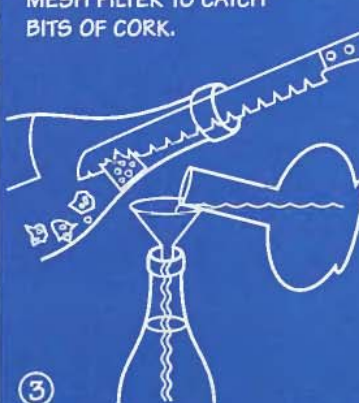
1

YOU'RE DECANTING AN OLD BOTTLE OF WINE. THE CORK BREAKS AND FALLS INTO THE BOTTLE. FINISH DECANTING THE WINE, USING A FINE MESH FILTER TO CATCH BITS OF CORK.



2

INSERT A THIN-BLADED, SERRATED KNIFE INTO THE BOTTLE NECK. SECURE CORK AGAINST INTERIOR BOTTLE NECK. CUT THE CORK INTO AS MANY PIECES AS NECESSARY TO FLOW OUT OF THE BOTTLE.



3

RINSE BOTTLE. POUR DECANTED WINE BACK IN.

## Take It Slow

The crock-pot, that ceramic gizmo from the Seventies, is back as a time-saver. In today's world, who wouldn't want to come home to salmon pie with creamy dill sauce (below), Basque chicken or lumberjack ribs? Easy-to-follow recipes for these and other prepare-it-the-night-before fare, from appetizers to desserts, are in *America's Best Slow Cooker Recipes*, by Donna-Marie Pye (Firefly). There are even instructions for hot buttered rum—in case you're expecting a slew of cold and thirsty guests. If your mom is coming over, we suggest you go for the meatloaf.



# MANTRACK



## No Coupe for Chickens

With 12 cylinders under the hood and a unique suspension system that helps eliminate body roll in cornering, accelerating and braking, it's no wonder our car blipped on police radar. We were driving

the new Mercedes-Benz CL600 coupe (top) in the annual Forza Mille V-12 rally, an event limited to 12-cylinder cars. The CL600 is a screamer, and its sister rocket ship, the S600 sedan, is no snail. Next time we'll put our CL on cruise and activate its Distronic control (illustrated above), a radar sensor that slows the car when it comes upon another vehicle (a pictogram displays the proximity of the vehicle you're overtaking). By entering a clear left lane the M-B will assume the original set speed. Neat technology, and for \$117,200 for the CL600 and \$114,000 for the S600—it should be.

## Say Cheese

Nobody is turned on by a grungy grin, which is why BriteSmile tooth whitening spas are opening nationwide. During the procedure, which takes about an hour, a dentist paints your teeth with a bleaching gel, then exposes them to a gas plasma light while you snooze or watch TV. There's no pain and lots of gain. BriteSmile claims the average improvement is nine shades whiter. We checked out the Chicago spa on Walton Street, and the dazzling smile on the center's dentist, Monico Gopinath, sold us on the procedure. A treatment lasts up to two years and costs \$500.



## Night Moves: Nashville

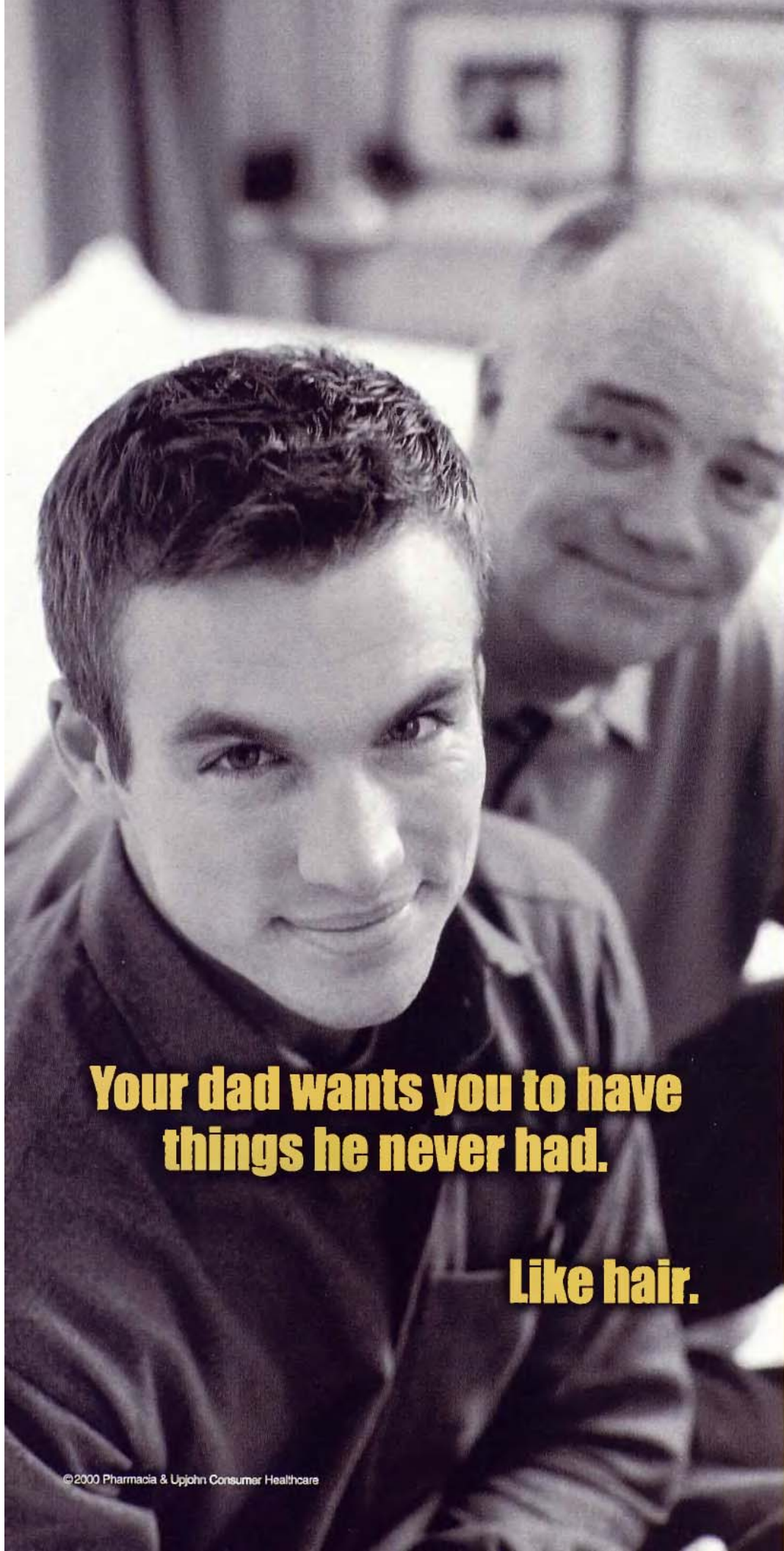
If you're willing to work a little to avoid the country kitsch of Music City USA, you'll find a surprisingly cosmopolitan mix of dining and entertainment spots. Start your evening with cocktails at the Bound'ry (911 20th Avenue South), a lively bar with an impressive selection of international beers. Then head for Zola's (3001 West End Avenue), where Chef Deb Paquette serves inventive Mediterranean dishes (try the Burgundy duck) in a romantic setting. Cafe Nonna (4427 Murphy Road), an Italian trattoria that barely seats 40, has rustic charm and a delicious tiramisu. Those looking to see and be seen should try the Troce (2000 Belcourt Avenue) for the dining-in-o-fishbowl atmosphere of its front room. The cuisine is nouveau American. After dinner, order a martini and a serious cigar at the Forties-style Havana Lodge (154 Second Avenue North), one of the few places on Second Avenue that doesn't crawl with tourists. (Havana's walk-in humidor alone is worth a look.) Some of the city's best live country, jazz and bluegrass can be heard at the Sutler (260B Franklin Road), where legends Emmylou Harris and Nancy Griffith have performed on the no-frills stage. If dance clubs are more your tune, head to the funky Connection (901 Cowan Street), a cavernous warehouse where more than a few "ladies" at the bar have five o'clock shadows. Then join the late-and-skinny crowd for a nightcap at sleek Sunset Grill (2001 Belcourt Avenue). Chances are, you'll overhear Music Row types discussing country's next big thing. All the places mentioned here are a short cab ride from one another.



## Guys Are Talking About ...

**Pilates.** Now you can practice this style of conditioning at home with the Pilates Performer (right), a portable exercise machine that can increase your strength and flexibility without turning you into Goldberg. Price: about \$365. • **Gourmet olive oil.** Some of the finest in the world comes from Turkey, and now virgin and extra virgin oils are being imported and sold through mail order from Olive Farm in Portland, Oregon. Prices range from \$9 to \$20, depending on the container and quality of oil. Green tea, honey and other Turkish products (sorry, candy fanciers—no Turkish delight) are available, too. • **Adult party games.** As an alternative to *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, try *You Don't Know Dick*, a game that tests adult knowledge in naughty categories such as "props to use while lovemaking." A cassette with the voice of Dick, your smarmy host, acts as the timer. There's also *Talk Dirty to Me*—players fill in the blanks of innocent stories with not-so-innocent words. Price: about \$17 each, from TDC games.





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and the interesting nose your dad  
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# The Playboy Advisor

**W**hat is the best way, once you've been pulled over, to get out of a traffic ticket?—P.L., Spokane, Washington

Let's start with the strategies that don't work. We asked Robert Snow, a police captain who has stopped thousands of motorists in and around Indianapolis, to run through his list: (1) Giving the officer a lame excuse you concocted in the 30 seconds it took him to reach your vehicle's door. "I've heard them all," Snow says. "The brakes failed, though they work now; you were racing home before your tire went flat; a foot spasm made you hit the gas; you were going too fast to stop. The problem with excuses is that they all fall apart with the slightest investigation." (2) Feigning bewilderment. "A stop sign? Where?" Any driver that inattentive or careless deserves a ticket. (3) Blustering about your connections. "Just wait until the mayor/chief/governor hears about this!" A driver with real clout would accept the ticket politely, then get it fixed. (4) Denying the charge, which implies that you consider the officer to be corrupt, blind or stupid. It may not always work, but the best strategy to avoid a ticket is to admit your error. "Only two drivers have ever done that to me," Snow says. "I was so flabbergasted, I sent them on their way."

**I**n November, the Advisor discussed whether it was cheating if a husband masturbated without his wife knowing about it. When I was younger and caught my husband masturbating, I was devastated. I had never refused him sex, and I could not understand why he would choose his hand, unless he was fantasizing about another woman. I became jealous of this imagined rival. A few years later we divorced. Now I realize how stupid I was. Several years ago, I shocked my partner when I asked him to masturbate for me. I observed many of the subtle things he does to bring himself to orgasm, and I mimicked these techniques while performing oral sex. He even took my hand and taught me what felt best to him. Then he asked me to masturbate for him. We have since incorporated masturbation into our love-making. It is no longer a solo activity practiced behind closed doors.—S.B., Chattanooga, Tennessee

Masturbation can be a great teacher, but don't be so sure your partner doesn't still touch himself in private. You say you never refused sex with your husband, but what you mean is that you never refused him when he asked. He didn't always feel like asking; sometimes it was easier to stroke himself and get on with his day. Many women do the same thing—they don't want sex but simply a moment of pleasure, and they didn't want to ask for anyone's permission. Would you



be disappointed if you caught your partner beating off? Or would you offer to lend a hand, no questions asked? You never know—he may have been fantasizing that you'd catch him.

**T**he letter that discussed guys who masturbate while in relationships prompted me to write. My girlfriend found one of my adult videos in the VCR (just as Chris Rock said she would), and she hit the ceiling. I begged to be forgiven. Since then, we've split over a different issue, so the truth can be told: A man can bang a given woman just so many times before it becomes a bore. The precise number of times depends on several factors, including her attractiveness, the degree of variation in the sex and the guy's age and sex drive. (As I've gotten older, fewer women appeal to me sexually, and I grow tired of those sooner.) Whatever the reason, eventually it happens: You'd rather masturbate to a photo of a 23-year-old with perfect breasts than have sex with your 50-year-old wife after she's had your kids. Unfair as hell, but true.—P.M., Oakland, California

Yeah, but what's the wife thinking? Most aging moms would love to spend their sexual energy on a 20-year-old. So why doesn't every married slug leave his or her spouse at the first sign of wrinkles? Your equation is flawed. We've never been naively romantic about relationships—they're hard work—but you overlooked love, or even affection. For most older-and-wiser guys, that plays a huge role in who they choose to "bang." The sight of a 23-year-old babe still turns them on, but they have enough invested in their significant other that it works better as fantasy.

Having sex with a stranger every week or month or year comes with its own sort of boredom.

**I**d like to buy my girlfriend the world's warmest thermal underwear. Can you help?—C.L., Waltham, Massachusetts

Are you nuts? One of the first rules of surviving cold weather is to keep the womenfolk slightly chilled. Give her a thin wrap, tell her it's Gore-Tex and heat her up yourself. For that you'll need body heat to spare, which is why it's wise to get the toaster-oven undies for yourself. You'll want to look for "expedition weight" thermals, which are designed for sitting around in the coldest temperatures (think ice fishing). Duofold, which has made thermal underwear for 100 years, has tested its expedition weight gear in weather as chilly as 50 degrees below. It's constructed of a hollow synthetic fiber wrapped over Lycra. The company's everyday thermals are made with cotton and merino wool.

**T**here is nothing better than my wife giving me a blow job. But when I climax, she acts like a deer caught in the headlights. This is a letdown for me because she's no longer involved in my pleasure. Is there a standard way to finish a blow job?—R.P., Chicago, Illinois

With a flourish. Your wife may be staring in awe at your cock as mother nature takes over, but it's more likely she's just at a loss. She needs gentle instruction. Many women don't realize that they can extend or enhance a man's pleasure by staying involved. Others don't have much intimate experience with a man's climax, especially if oral sex doesn't usually end in orgasm. If your wife is willing, come in her mouth so she can continue sucking you during climax (gingerly—your head will be sensitive). Explain that a man loves to finish this way because it allows him to relax: He doesn't have to choose the last possible moment before the eruption to evacuate the villagers. If your wife prefers to stroke you as you come, guide her through a few orgasms to show her what feels best. If she's smart, she'll look into your eyes and encourage you with some nasty talk. If she's a genius, she'll use her mouth and hands to get you hard again.

**I**n January, the Advisor stated that a threesome always involves a man and two women, and that a woman and two men is a gang bang. That's ridiculous. My husband and I have had threesomes with another man. Why is it that two women and a man gets the wholesome tag of "threesome," while a woman and two men deserve the crude "gang bang"? Your answer reeks of sexism.—M.Z., Cincinnati, Ohio

*We like your idea of wholesome. If anything, our answer reeks of heterosexism. When you and your husband arrange a threesome, do the men have sex with each other? Probably not. That makes it a gang bang—i.e., one person having sex with two or more partners simultaneously. Technically, a threesome could involve two men and a woman, three men or three women. We just don't fantasize about those scenarios—except for that last one, and it always ends up as a gang bang.*

**T**equila keeps getting more expensive, and I've decided to stock up. What's the best way to store the bottles?—K.O., Topeka, Kansas

*If you keep your tequila sealed and away from heat and light, it should last indefinitely. If the bottles have corks and you plan to store them for more than 10 years, keep them on their sides. Prices have soared because of shortages of blue agave plants, coupled with growing demand for 100 percent agave tequilas. The plant is in such demand that some distilleries have hired guards to patrol the fields; others can afford only enough agave to operate one week per month. The shortage has led to some desperate acts in the U.S., such as bartenders mixing margaritas with rum. Bob Emmons, author of *The Book of Tequila*, suggests you invest in a case of one of his favorites, *El Tesoro de Don Felipe*, and store it in your closet. The tequila sells for \$35 to \$45 a bottle (or \$100 to \$125 for its premium label, *Paradiso*) but hasn't jumped in price as much as some brands, because *Don Felipe* grows its own agave and always has produced limited quantities. Expect inflated prices for at least three years.*

**W**hen my girlfriend and I were together, she let me take nude snapshots of her, including a few where she's giving me head. Now that we're breaking up, she wants the prints and negatives. I don't want to be a bastard, but I also wouldn't mind having the photos for reference. At one point, I scanned a bunch into my computer and burned a CD. Does that count as something that I have to give her?—A.L., Huntsville, Alabama

*In other words, can you return the prints and negatives, but keep copies? Sure. The photos were taken during private moments in your ex-girlfriend's life, but those moments also happen to be part of your life. The courts call it joint custody. That said, only a real shit would share these images with anyone, for any reason, be it carelessness or revenge. One reader attempted to solve this problem by offering nude images of himself to his ex. She didn't consider it a fair trade.*

**I**'m 35 and my wife is 36. We've talked about having children but want to wait a few years to enjoy being together. My fear is that if we wait, I'll be in my 50s (about when I'm supposed to be enjoying the fruits of my labor), coming home to a teenager with blue hair and a bad at-

titude. We both like children, but they've always been someone else's. If we were in our 20s it would be different, but I've finally become financially independent and I would like to travel. My wife says she can go either way. What does the Advisor think?—P.C., San Antonio, Texas

*No one can tell you if you should have children. When you're ready, you'll know.*

**I**n October the Advisor explained that the average guy reports many more sex partners than the average woman, which wouldn't seem statistically possible. You said social scientists have found that men exaggerate their total number of lovers, while women underestimate. But what about other factors? Some women—namely, prostitutes—have sex with hundreds if not thousands of men. Would that explain some of the difference?—R.G., Raleigh, North Carolina

*Are you hoping for a recount? Researchers have estimated that about 65,000 Americans prostitute themselves full-time, and that each has an average of 694 clients per year. Added to existing data, these figures more or less eliminate the discrepancy. It's likely that exaggeration, underestimation and prostitution all play a role.*

**P**erhaps this is too offbeat for the Advisor, but a street preacher was going on the other day about how God destroyed Sodom because of sexual sin. I assume that's where we got the word sodomy, but were that many people having anal sex in biblical times? What exactly happened in Sodom? I'd rather ask you than him.—T.W., New York, New York

*Of course you would. We won't respond through a megaphone. The Sodomites were wicked, but they weren't necessarily sex crazed. Ezekiel described them as living with "thoughtless ease." God leveled the city only after two angels failed to find even 10 righteous citizens. Soon after the scouts arrived at Lot's house, a crowd of ruffians gathered outside, demanding to see the visitors so it could "know" them. That's where the story gets twisted. To distract the crowd, Lot offered his two virginal daughters to be gang-raped for its amusement. The thugs instead rushed the door, and an angry God destroyed the inhospitable city, along with Gomorrah. Scholars can't agree on exactly why. Your street preacher and other small minds blame "evils" such as homosexuality, which is how the word sodomy came to mean perverse sex. But that interpretation relies on the Hebrew verb for "to know," which appears 953 times in the Bible but only 10 times to refer to sex, and always straight sex (a different word signifies gay sex). Common sense dictates that the crowd wanted to mug the two tourists, not butt-fuck them. The story better demonstrates the low regard that society, including the deeply religious Lot, had for women.*

**I**'d like to attend the Olympics next year in Salt Lake City but understand you

had to request tickets by this past December. I figure the next best thing would be to ski there this year. Where are the events taking place?—P.T., Albany, New York

*The downhill events will be held at Snowbasin on a course designed by Swiss Olympic champ Bernard Russi. The giant slalom takes place at Park City, the alpine and freestyle events at Deer Valley, the biathlon and cross-country at Soldier Hollow and the ski jumping at Olympic Park, four miles north of Park City. Early birds have claimed about half of the 885,500 tickets designated for U.S. residents, but a few seats for top events were set aside for an online auction scheduled for the spring (visit [saltlake2002.com](http://saltlake2002.com) for details). The remaining tickets will be available in June. You also could inquire about a premium package (prices start at \$15,000) or, in the finest Olympic tradition, bribe your way in.*

**I** had an affair with a guy for two months, but my girlfriend told me afterward that I did some dumb things when going about it: (1) Since he's married (so am I), he didn't want anyone to see him sign into the motel. So he had me do it. (2) He paid for the room the first time, but thereafter let me do it. (3) He always said he had to hurry home because he felt guilty. He wouldn't even walk out of the room with me. I always checked out by myself. (4) We never went anywhere because he was afraid someone would see us. We would only meet every two weeks, even though we live near each other. (5) After I got home I would e-mail him sweet things but would not hear back from him for days. I know the problems are glaring. But can you tell me, from a man's perspective, what he was thinking?—K.C., Cleveland, Ohio

*You wanted romance, he wanted sex, and he got what he wanted. Plus, you picked up the tab. Throw in a massage and an order of wings and you're every man's fantasy. You might do better telling your husband what you want, and asking what he wants, and figuring out together how you can provide for each other, than looking for answers in a motel with a guy who treats you like a prostitute. FYI: He didn't feel guilty, and he had done it before.*

*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](mailto: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.*



**Y**ou probably caught the *60 Minutes* interview with the drug-fighting colonel and his drug-smuggling wife. The segment had all the emotional trappings of *Jerry Springer*, a made-for-TV movie or an episode of *Law and Order: Women who abuse drugs and the men who love them*.

Laurie Hiett had a long history of drug abuse. She had even done cocaine in front of her husband, a fact he did not report in 1998 when he was placed in charge of America's antidrug crusade in Colombia. At first, Laurie had asked her husband if she and their two children could remain in Texas, but a taste of the good life in Colombia swayed her. "I had cars, I had security, I was going to these beautiful parties, beautiful places for dinner. I was like a queen," she said.

On a whim, she asked her Bogotá chauffeur (his salary paid by U.S. taxpayers) to get her some cocaine. He returned with a kilo brick. Hiett realized she could not snort the whole kilo, so she decided to share her stash with friends in New York. In 1999 she used a U.S. Embassy pouch to ship 15 pounds—\$700,000 worth—of coke and heroin to contacts in New York. She then made several trips to New York to retrieve her share of the profits, approximately \$25,000.

She gave the cash to her husband. Both the colonel and his wife maintain she never told him how she got the money, and apparently he never pressed the issue. He used it to pay bills. In June 1999 Army investigators told the colonel his wife was suspected of smuggling drugs. Hiett did not reveal his wife's sudden influx of cash. Instead, he bought money orders and paid off more bills. The evidence simply disappeared—sent to a dentist and five credit card companies, among others.

After her arrest, Laurie Hiett confessed. In January 2000 a federal judge in Brooklyn sentenced her to five years in prison.

At first, the Army handled the colonel with kid gloves. News stories reported that the Army Criminal Investigation Division in Panama had cleared him, saying he had "no prior knowledge" of his wife's crimes. The Army transferred Hiett to another

## SNOWJOB

a drug warrior

lines his pockets



if he were caught with five grams of crack in his pocket.

Colonel Hiett also fared well. Compare his sentence with any of the cases mentioned in "Who Goes Free?" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 2000). Colonel Hiett said, "The only thing I did, that I did consciously, was to try to protect my wife after the fact." Actually, what Hiett did meets the definition of structuring, a subclass of money laundering. By breaking \$25,000 into small amounts, he avoided triggering a Currency Transaction Report (mandatory for transactions of \$10,000 or more).

Eric Sterling, president of the Criminal Justice Policy Foundation, noted the injustice of the situation: "If Colonel Hiett had been Mr. Hiett, he would have been charged with conspiracy to traffic in more than a kilogram of heroin, with a mandatory minimum sentence of 10 years. He would possibly face life without parole. He would have been charged with possession of a firearm [his Army-issued weapons] in the furtherance of drug trafficking, with a mandatory five-year consecutive sentence. If his weapon were an assault weapon or an automatic weapon, he would face a mandatory 10 years—or up to 30 years—on top of the drug sentence. Mr. Hiett would have been charged with money laundering, facing up to 20 years. Mr. Hiett would, at a minimum, have been charged with aiding and abetting his wife's money laundering, facing 20 years."

Most drug warriors pretended either that the Hiett case had never happened—or that it mattered little. When drug czar Barry McCaffrey appeared on a radio talk show, a listener asked about the Hiett case. "How about starting with your own people instead of decimating a country?" he asked. McCaffrey replied: "They're not my people. These are Americans and, you know, we've got a woman chronically addicted to cocaine, the wife of the military group commander down there. What a tragedy. But this is going on all over the country. There are 3.6 million chronic cocaine addicts in America and every one of them produces that kind of criminality and tragedy."

But when any of those 3.6 million is caught, they don't get coddled.

er post. The official response seemed to indicate he would be allowed to retire with his \$50,000-a-year pension.

Federal prosecutors were slightly less benevolent. Eventually, Colonel Hiett agreed to admit to failing to report a felony. The prosecutors asked for probation, but in April 2000 a federal judge sentenced Hiett to five months in prison, to be followed by five months of home detention. The Army fired him, effectively revoking his pension.

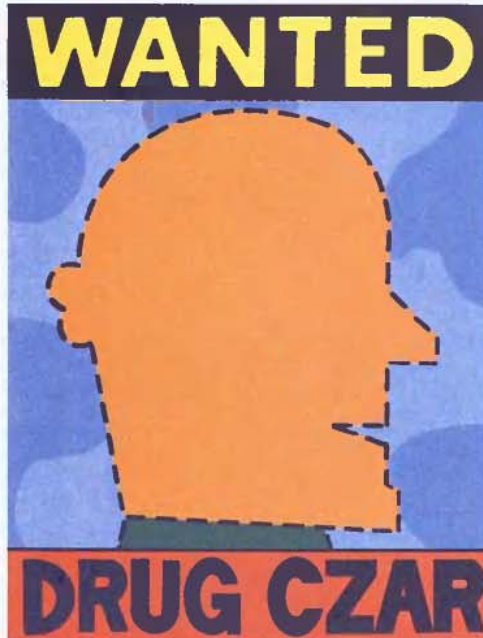
Most reporters presented the story as a romantic tragedy, but a few Americans saw a different picture. The Hiets had been judged by a different standard. Both had received far more lenient treatment for their crimes than other Americans could hope to receive. Laurie Hiett, who had shipped 15 pounds of heroin and cocaine into the U.S. and reveled in the profits, received the same sentence a small-time dealer would get

**By JAMES BOVARD**

**F**orget the privilege of stocking the Supreme Court. One of the new president's most important duties is choosing the head of the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy. Presidents have filled the position with former governors, big-city police chiefs and gung ho ex-military. What traits are needed for success? George W. Bush may have replaced Barry McCaffrey, the most recent czar, by the time you read this. But based on the men who have filled the post in the past, here are a few qualifications that seem important for the job.

- A good drug czar must have the skill of a carnival hustler to divert attention from obvious failures. Ethan Nadelmann, executive director of the Lindesmith Center-Drug Policy Foundation, notes: "Most drug warriors don't try too hard to define success or failure in the drug war. Better to keep one's options open. If drug seizures are up, pile 'em up and call a press conference. If drug production in Bolivia or Peru is down, declare victory (and forget that production is soaring in Colombia). If drug arrests are up, that must be good—after all, the law is the law. If they're down, that must be good, too. Maybe fewer people are using drugs, or maybe not." A good drug czar knows how to exploit America's short attention span.

By way of example, last year Barry McCaffrey proclaimed, "For those who say this is a war, we are winning." He boasted that youth drug use had dropped 13 percent from the previous year, that cocaine use was down and that teenagers in increasing numbers disparage marijuana. As the Drug Policy Foundation pointed out, those figures ignored an interim rise: "Youth drug use dropped last year, but it is at roughly the same level as in 1996, when McCaffrey became the nation's drug control director." A seasoned czar knows that it's always best to look on the bright side, whatever the numbers. Last year, the czar's propaganda wing, the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, boasted that its regular survey of high school students found marijuana use had fallen—although the margin was only one percent, less than the survey's 1.5 percent margin of error. Use has fallen more significantly since 1997, but only while the popularity of ecstasy and inhalants has skyrocketed. Overall, teen drug use in the past year



here's what it takes

By JAMES BOVARD

remained stable—not much of a "success" unless you spin the numbers.

- The drug czar must be able to define his terms. This ability allows him to bray about achieving a drug-free society (except for Ritalin, Prozac, Valium and a few thousand other government-approved mood enhancers) within five years, or 10 years, or however long the most recent focus groups indicate people will accept.

- A drug czar must be able to spend money with a clear conscience or no conscience at all. Consider this choice: To reduce cocaine consumption by one percent, the government could spend \$34 million on drug treatment programs or \$783 million on eradicating the drug at its source. But a Cobra gunship makes for a better photo op than a heroin addict getting help does. It isn't necessary to justify the expense of interdiction with old arguments about supply and demand. After 20 years of all-out war, drugs today are cheaper than they were in 1981. Coke now sells for \$45 a gram. High school students say it is easier to buy marijuana than beer. One is prohibited, the other is legal but regulated.

- The drug czar must have remarkable focus, keeping his eye on an unattainable prize, while passing over negative data. He must be able to ignore the reports of innocent people killed in

drug raids. And he must be able to turn a statistic into propaganda. Drug deaths have doubled since 1979, to almost 16,000 a year. But that proves that drugs are dangerous, not that prohibition has been a failure. (Drugs are purer and more unpredictable than ever.) As for people who got HIV because the government outlawed needle-exchange programs, hey, they chose to use dirty needles.

- A drug czar should be a skilled dialectician. He must prove, within a five-second television soundbite, that anyone who criticizes the drug war wouldn't mind seeing all 12-year-olds become heroin addicts.

- A drug czar must be able to silence and demonize critics. An estimated 77 million Americans have tried drugs. The drug war costs taxpayers about \$40 billion annually for prisons and jails. It has led to the incarceration of almost 500,000 citizens on nonviolent drug charges. Many of those convicted of felonies lose forever their right to vote. A good drug czar will simply ignore those who do vote, as in state referenda legalizing medical marijuana, labeling them dupes of outside agitators.

- The drug czar must be a great communicator, or at least know how to delegate that authority. The drug czar must see that his truth triumphs—with the help of a billion-dollar budget to bankroll hysterical ads and bribe television producers to covertly include government-approved antidrug messages in their programs.

- The drug czar must be a credible authority figure capable of appealing to those citizens who believe their government is always right. He must be able to preach that law and order are the most important things in the country—regardless of how unjust the law or oppressive the order. Any applicant for the job must be thoroughly vetted to see if they are fatally tainted by even trace elements of intellectual scruples or compassion. Medical marijuana is against the law; let the sick suffer.

Ideally, the next drug czar will not be a former police officer, military commander or politician, but a public health expert. That's the call being made by a coalition that includes the American Public Health Association, Common Sense for Drug Policy, the National Black Police Association—and the United Methodist Church, of which President Bush is a member.

# TRADING CARDS OF THE CZARS



## William Bennett

Qualification: Former secretary of education  
 Reign of terror: March 1989 to November 1990  
 Drug-control budget: \$6.6 billion to \$9.8 billion

Number of people arrested for drug offenses: 2,451,200  
 Number of people in federal and state prisons for drug offenses (in 1990): 179,070  
 Increase or decrease in drug use: Decrease  
 Drug he hated most: Crack  
 Innovation: Boot camp for nonviolent drug offenders

Quote: When asked on a talk show about heading drug dealers, Bennett replied, "Morally, I don't have a problem with that."

Biggest lie: "Overall it has been a good year for the American people. This is clearly not mission impossible. This job is doable."



## Robert Martinez

Qualification: Former Republican governor of Florida  
 Reign of terror: March 1991 to May 1993  
 Drug-control budget: \$11 billion to \$12.2 billion

Number of people arrested for drug offenses: 2,639,550  
 Number of people in federal and state prisons for drug offenses (in 1992): 215,179  
 Increase or decrease in drug use: Decrease  
 Drug he hated most: Cocaine

Innovation: Drug testing in workplaces

Quote: "If I've got to bark, I'm going to bark loud. If I've got to bite, I'll do that, too. And if I've got to stroke, I'll stroke."

Biggest lie: Claimed cocaine use decreased during his reign, yet he used statistics from 1986-1991. In truth, during the first three months of 1992, cocaine-related visits to emergency rooms hit a record high.



## Lee Brown

Qualification: Former police chief of Houston and New York  
 Reign of terror: June 1993 to December 1995  
 Drug-control budget: \$12.2 billion to \$13.3 billion

Number of people arrested for drug offenses: 3,390,650  
 Number of people in federal and state prisons for drug offenses (in 1995): 276,937  
 Increase or decrease in drug use: Increase  
 Drug he hated most: Heroin

Innovation: Drug testing of teen athletes  
 Quote: "Legalizing these drugs would invite to the table of self-destruction the millions of young people who are currently drug free. It would undercut their parents' authority and remove the disincentive of arrest, trial and incarceration."

Biggest lie: "I am not given to overly dramatic rhetoric."



## Barry McCaffrey

Qualification: Retired U.S. Army general  
 Reign of terror: February 1996 to January 2001  
 Drug-control budget: \$13.5 billion to \$19.2 billion

Number of people arrested for drug offenses (through 1999): 6,181,000  
 Number of people in federal and state prisons for drug offenses (in 1998): 299,811  
 Increase or decrease in drug use: Increase  
 Drug he hated most: Marijuana

Innovation: Planting antidrug plots in comic books and television shows

Quote: "There is not a shred of scientific evidence that shows that smoked marijuana is useful or needed. This is not science. This is not medicine. This is a cruel hoax."

Biggest lie: "Drugs aren't dangerous because they are illegal; they are illegal because they are dangerous."

# HANG 10



## what commandments would you post in schools?

**F**irst it was school prayer. Now the religious right wants to post the 10 Commandments in classrooms. While this would seem to violate the First Amendment, which prohibits the government from endorsing a particular religion, supporters of the move say the 10 Commandments are a historical document, along the lines of the Magna Carta. Besides, students need codes of conduct. OK. With that in mind, we asked some of our favorite people what they would hang on school walls.

### Scott Adams

- (1) Stop looking at your teacher's ass.
- (2) Remember that 95 percent of the people in the world have the wrong religion.
- (3) Aren't you glad you aren't one of those idiots?
- (4) In retrospect, I shouldn't have made your arms long enough to reach your genitals.
- (5) I just noticed that you all look like ants from here.
- (6) What's that behind your ear? Look, it's a quarter!
- (7) If I'm going to be watching you all the time, you'd better start doing something interesting. Don't make me flood.
- (8) No more Viagra jokes about my omnipotence, and I mean it.
- (9) Next millennium I might put the dingo dogs in charge just to see what happens.
- (10) Look out—your pencil is the devil! (Just kidding.)

*Adams is the creator of the comic strip Dilbert.*

### Susie Bright

Signs belong in traffic, not in schools. Classroom walls should be a gallery for students' creativity, teachers' lesson plans and, I hope, a window or two. This year, I pulled my fifth grader out of school in part because of a beef I had with her teacher about signs. We are now happily home-schooling with-

out printed directions on the walls.

At her old school, my kid's instructor, Mr. Brown, asked each of his students to create a poster that read BE NICE. Even for fifth graders, that kind of reprimand is banal and patronizing. After a few minutes of drawing, several students who used more than one color to shade their polite signage were disciplined for taking too long. I don't think that was very nice.

Do our kids need more we-told-you-so disciplinary reminders, or soundbites of religious and political propaganda? I would rather teach my kids to read everything from the Old Testament to the Bill of Rights and then discuss it all night long. Still, if I could replace official signs with original and provocative messages, I would be willing to run a small, temporary and insightful installation:

- (1) Bow your heads and observe a moment of profound daydreaming.
- (2) Read banned books.
- (3) Defy stereotypes.
- (4) Assume everyone is sexual.
- (5) Develop a healthy cynicism for standardized tests.
- (6) Take care of your beautiful body.
- (7) Remember: Drug wars are bad.
- (8) Appreciate the simplest gesture.
- (9) Love all creation.
- (10) Avoid the cafeteria.

*Bright is the author of Full Exposure: Opening Up to Sex and Creativity.*

### Alan Dershowitz

- (1) Never claim God supports your team or is on your side of an issue.
- (2) Don't hang out only with kids who are members of your religion or race.
- (3) Don't denounce as antireligious those who differ with you about the role of religion in public life.
- (4) Don't accept something as true just because "the Bible says so."
- (5) Honor and respect the diversity of the nation, remembering that many Americans came here to escape the tyranny of enforced religious uniformi-

ty and, more recently, enforced anti-religious uniformity.

(6) Do good because it's right and refrain from doing bad because it's wrong—not because of any promise of heaven or threat of hell.

(7) Do not accuse those who reject formal religion of being immoral. Some of our nation's greatest leaders did not practice or accept religion.

(8) Do not equate morality and religion. Although some great moral teachers were religious, some great sinners also acted in the name of religion.

(9) Be a skeptic about everything—God, science, your teachers, your parents, yourself.

(10) Remember that every belief is a minority belief somewhere, and act as if your belief were the least popular.

*Dershowitz is a professor at Harvard Law School.*

### Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider

(1) Thou shalt not chase boys. That includes calling, e-mailing and asking them out. Boys must chase you.

(2) Thou shalt not look up a boy's class schedule and then follow him around school, hoping he will notice you. He either notices you or he doesn't.

(3) Thou shalt not hang out by his locker or lunch table, chatting and flirting. He must ask you out on dates (yes, by Wednesday for Saturday).

(4) Thou shalt not write his term paper or do his math homework, hoping these favors will help him fall in love with you. They won't!

(5) Thou shalt not sleep with him until you are going steady.

(6) Thou shalt use condoms when having sex whether he likes it or not.

(7) Thou shalt not smoke, drink or take drugs to be cool or because he does those things. That's not the way to get him anyway.

(8) Thou shalt concentrate on studying, not getting your Mrs. degree.

(9) Thou shalt not gain 50 pounds and take up grunge, but eat right, exercise



we asked nine big thinkers for their alternatives

and always look clean and pretty.

(10) Thou shalt not make excuses for why the boy you like is not asking you out—term paper, finals, shy, etc. Thou shalt get honest with thyself.

*Fein and Schneider are the authors of The Rules: Time-Tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right.*

**P.J. O'Rourke**

I have no particular objection to the 10 Commandments, but judging by what I hear about public education in America, what really needs posting on the school wall is a crib sheet. It should be a very simple crib sheet:

2 + 2 = 4

I am

You are

He, she, it is

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTU  
VWXYZ

*O'Rourke is foreign affairs desk chief at Rolling Stone.*

**Not Hentoff**

I would post the Bill of Rights. The vast majority of people, including teachers, have no idea what they are.

*Hentoff is a columnist for The Village Voice and an authority on the First Amendment.*

**John Rush**

Most of the 10 Commandments (a word which implies that some authoritarian brute is dictating orders) are useless restrictions that hinder human progress. The first four deal strictly with man's subservience thousands of years ago to a mythical tribal deity. Together they could be replaced with "Get along with others as best you can."

The implication of rule five is that kids should honor even those parents who abuse, neglect or molest them. There is no reverse requirement that parents should take care of their offspring. I'd toss this one for "Respect those who have earned it; learn from those with knowledge and experience,

and share valid information."

The last half of the thou-shalt-nots make me wonder how Christians dare call anyone else negative. Number six is hypocritical given the context—Joshua and David were among the most brutal killers in the Bible, yet they're considered heroes. "Live and let live" would be a better statement here. Number seven prohibits adultery, but what's wrong with adultery if a married person is not sexually gratified? Some cultures have no concept of adultery, because they have no concept of marriage, which has its roots in religion. So let's discard this one, too, and substitute "Love and let love."

Nobody likes to have their possessions stolen, but I can't see punishing a starving vagrant for taking an apple. Still, theft violates the rights of ownership and privacy. Change number eight to "Respect the property of others."

Number nine can be shortened to "Thou shalt not lie." Banning lies means we'd have to live without literature and most forms of entertainment. Preachers also are professional liars, so we'd better not spend too much time here. Make this one "Allow free speech."

If you covet something your neighbor has, what's wrong with making him an offer? The more disturbing aspect of number 10 is that it places a man's wife in the category of slave. Better here to say "Deal fairly with others."

Finally, I would add "Enjoy your life, since it's the only one you have."

*Rush is the author of Real Atheists Don't Attend Church.*

**William F. Buckley Jr.**

Why *not* the 10 Commandments? The argument that their appearance would undermine the separation of church and state really shouldn't be made, because curious youth would think the teacher who made it was crazy, and to foster that impression undermines the constitutional presumptions of the classroom.

What are *other* reasons for omitting the commandments from our schools? The most persuasive is that only the commandment enjoining that we keep holy the Sabbath will instantly engage the student as furnishing corollary evidence of the dogmatic truths of the Decalogue. Sunday is the Sabbath and *schools are closed on Sunday!* A five-year-old can stare at the coincidence and, who knows, perhaps wonder whether there are other correlations to be drawn from the commandments.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is pretty safe: They do that on pain of immediate punishment if delinquent. It's a good idea, the kid will reason, not to kill the teacher, though she certainly deserves CRUEL DEATH! after holding him past school hours on Friday.

What about the casting of false idols? No problem: I don't know how to cast a true idol, so I'm not going to be casting any false ones. I'm not supposed to covet my neighbor's wife? I didn't even know my neighbor had a wife; he has only Julie and she's in the second grade, so I couldn't possibly covet her and wouldn't want to anyway. And I wouldn't steal, even if God told me I could. Though that doesn't include candies, but I won't ask Miss Grady about when I took Jimmy's candies—she might not understand. *Grown-ups don't understand.* And they don't eat candies much. Moses, maybe he did, when he was a kid. That was before the flood. Taking God's name in vain?—that's no fucking good. I'd never do that. So it's OK by me and Susan—I already asked her—to put up the 10 Commandments. They won't get in the way.

*Buckley is editor-at-large for the National Review.*

*What rules would you post? Send them to the Playboy Forum, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago IL 60611, fax 312-951-2939, or e-mail forum@playboy.com.*

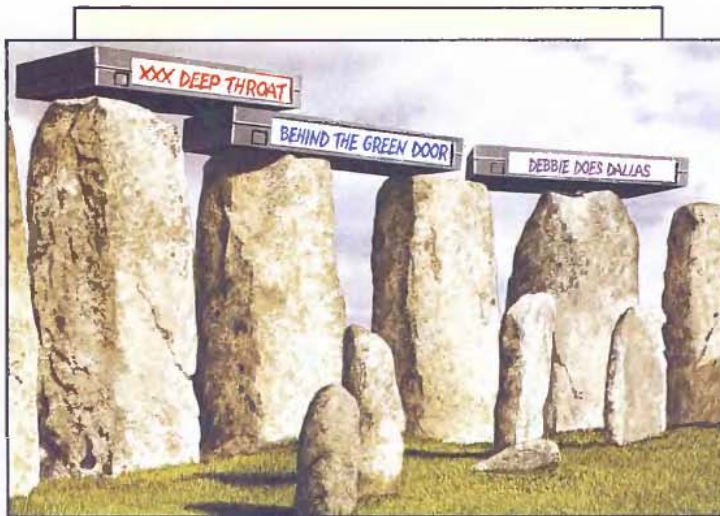
## MANDATORY MINIMUMS

"Who Goes Free?" by Chip Rowe (*The Playboy Forum*, December) describes several lucky drug offenders who got the nod from President Clinton and were granted clemency. We applaud the use of presidential power to correct egregious sentences, but the clemencies do not address the real problem. The mandatory sentencing laws passed by Congress and most state legislatures during the past two decades continue to send thousands of low-level drug offenders to prison each year. Many of them receive sentences of 10 years or more and are not eligible for parole. Considered solely from an economic standpoint, it is a colossal waste of taxes to incarcerate these non-violent people for decades. We spend \$25,000 per person annually to keep marijuana growers in prison, and that does not include construction costs for the prisons we must build to accommodate all those arrested.

From a criminal-justice perspective, the mandatory sentencing laws prohibit judges from judging. They cannot send a defendant to treatment instead of prison. They cannot put him on house arrest with an ankle bracelet even though that would allow him to work and provide for his family. Prison is the only option when the crime carries a mandatory sentence. This one-size-fits-all sentencing makes a mockery of one of the basic tenets of the American justice system—that the punishment should fit the crime.

Julie Stewart  
Families Against Mandatory  
Minimums  
Washington, D.C.

At the end of 1999 the number of people in state and federal prisons for drug offenses topped the total number of people in prison 20 years ago. As your article shows, many of those who received the longest sentences had the least involvement in the crimes. The sad truth is that many people are in



FOR THE RECORD

## PAGAN PORN

"Pornography leads to idolatry. It provides the symbols, the rituals, the stimulus and the creed for worshipping the human body and its sexual impulses rather than the eternal Spirit, Jehovah God."

—From *Biblical Reasons to Fight Pornography*, an article in *Light and Life*, the magazine of the Free Methodist Church

prison as a result of addiction or for playing a minor role in a lover's criminal enterprise. Prisons should be for those who pose a threat to society. Far too many prisoners of the drug war pose a threat to no one but themselves.

Jenni Gainsborough  
The Sentencing Project  
Washington, D.C.

I was among the women granted freedom by President Clinton this past year. The president doesn't deserve all the blame for the many injustices that have not been corrected. U.S. Pardon Attorney Roger Adams, more than anyone, decides who goes free. He selects the cases that will be considered. In almost every instance, the prosecutor who originally handled the case must agree to the release. To me, this is a conflict of interest, as is the fact that the Pardon Office lies within the Department of Justice.

My appeal for clemency began in May 1999. I petitioned the Pardon Office with 16 letters of support from

senators, lawyers and judges. The only objection to my release came from the U.S. Attorney's Office. Prosecutor Charlie Strauss recently was quoted as saying that he never would have prosecuted me if I had cooperated. In other words, the government is sending people to prison not as punishment for crimes, but for refusing to become informants. What most citizens don't understand about drug cases is that "cooperation" doesn't mean simply admitting to wrongdoing;

rather, it means aiding government agents by setting up drug buys, taping exchanges and leading them to assets that can be seized. Refusing to engage in whatever the government requests is considered a breach of the plea agreement.

It took the involvement of two U.S. senators and *60 Minutes* to bring my case to the attention of the president's staff, which phoned the Pardon Office to find out why it hadn't heard about my situation.

Now that I'm free, I would like to add another worthy prisoner to the list of those who deserve clemency. Lau Ching Chin, who is serving a 17-year sentence, is among the many women I left behind who had cases more egregious than my own. She was a supervisor in a sewing factory in New York who unwittingly spoke with an undercover officer on the phone (they never discussed drugs) and relayed to her boyfriend that this stranger wanted to meet him in Chicago. The government held her liable for the entire amount of heroin supplied to her boyfriend. Case law holds that if a person furthers a conspiracy, even unwittingly, he or she is accountable for all acts of the conspiracy. As I learned the hard way, ignorance is not considered an excuse.

Amy (Pofahl) Ralston  
Charleston, Arizona

*This past December 22, in a holiday gesture, President Clinton commuted the sentence of Dorothy Gaines of Mobile, Alabama, whose case was described in "Who Goes Free?" She had served five years of her*



**R E S P O N S E**

nearly 20 year sentence. Clinton also commuted the sentence of Kemba Smith, a first-time offender who had been sentenced to 24 years and six months for her role as a minor participant in a drug ring operated by her abusive boyfriend. Clinton also granted pardons to 59 people convicted of crimes that ranged from drug dealing to tax evasion to bribery. They included a few cronies, such as former U.S. Representative Dan Rostenkowski, who pleaded guilty in 1996 to mail fraud.

**INTERNET SEX STINGS**

At Wired Kids, we see firsthand how the Internet can harm children. Unlike the men described in Pat Jordan's report ("Candy," *The Playboy Forum*, December), many online predators pretend to be teens. A victim who agrees to meet this new "friend" never suspects it will be an adult. As your article indicates, many judges refuse to sentence these predators to serious jail time. Perhaps this is because child molesters are supposed to wear dark raincoats and have scruffy beards. Instead, they too often are educated, well-spoken men with families of their own.

Parry Aftab  
Wired Kids  
New York, New York

**CLOTHING ART**

It's not indecent to have a naked statue of Poseidon in a public park. What is indecent is for a Christian group to clothe it ("Built Like a God," *Forum Newsfront*, December). One of the staples of religious art is nudes—there are even nudes of the Virgin Mary. Would that Christian group have painted clothing on her?

Andrew Coutermarsh  
Plymouth, New Hampshire

**MORE ON LOAN SHARKS**

Last year I wrote an article for *The Playboy Forum* ("Loan Sharks," March 2000) explaining how a Republican-sponsored amendment to the 1998 Higher Education Act would deny federal financial aid to any student who had been convicted of possessing or selling any amount of illegal drugs. Critics argued that the law would unfairly target minorities and the poor, since anyone who could afford college tuition (or a decent defense lawyer) could get around it. The new law has gone into effect and is operating exactly as intended: Last Fall the Depart-

ment of Education reported that almost 7000 students who admitted on financial aid forms that they had been convicted of drug charges were denied some or all financial aid.

At the same time, more than 790,000 applicants refused to answer the question. The government allowed them to receive aid this year, but will require applicants to answer the question next year. Those who lie about past drug convictions will face prison time and/or a \$10,000 fine.

When told that "only" 7000 students had been denied aid, Representative Mark Souder (R-Ind.), who wrote the legislation, said he was surprised the number was that low.

Joshua Green  
Washington, D.C.

**CENSORING SPICE**

As you already know, Adelphia cable, the largest cable operator in Los Angeles, has dropped pay-per-view adult programming from its schedule because the company's owner says it doesn't represent his "family values." What about other families? I'm a 26-year-old mother, and my husband and I don't watch adult programming. But it bothers me when any company that has a monopoly on services decides what people can see in their homes.

Adelphia has 5.6 million subscribers. People who want sexual programming must now get satellite, even though many apartment and condo buildings include the cable payment in the rent.

Diana Miller  
San Jacinto, California

**BIDDING WARS**

EBay has recently begun segregating adult material auctioned on its site into a category (for mature audiences) that is not displayed during general searches. Like most attempts to define pornography, eBay's guidelines are a mish-mash of nonsense and doubletalk. For example, PLAYBOYS published after 1979 must be listed in the mature section. PLAYBOYS published before 1979, however, are considered collectibles.

Lee Robinson  
Provincetown, Massachusetts

*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.**

Each year, 183,000 women in the U.S. learn they have breast cancer. Until now, there have been few guides to help men deal with the trauma of the diagnosis in their families. For that reason, the Playboy Foundation helped fund *Partners in Hope: Men Supporting Women With Breast Cancer*, a video available for \$25 from Bosom Buddies, 40 East Schiller Street, Chicago, IL 60610 (877-245-1300). The video discusses the importance of communication, as well as the challenges that cancer presents for a couple's sex life, such as how chemo or radiation therapy can make a woman too sensitive to be touched, or the effect that surgery can have on body image and self-esteem.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## WITCH-HUNT

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—After teenager Brandi Blackbear checked out a book from her school's library that contained information about the Wicca religion, fellow



students teased her about being a witch. Administrators apparently took the gossip seriously. When a ceramics teacher had to be rushed to the hospital (seemingly for appendicitis), an assistant principal reportedly accused Blackbear of casting a hex on him. The school suspended her for 15 days, and her astonished parents sued. "I can't believe that in the year 2000 I'm in court to defend my daughter against charges of witchcraft," her father said.

## HORMONE THERAPY

PHILADELPHIA—Jim Walsh thought his son Eddie, who is battling cancer, needed something to cheer him up during a hospital stay. The 15-year-old asked for Hooters girls. "Even though he has leukemia, his hormones are still running like crazy," said his father, who arranged for three busty Hooters employees to shower attention on Eddie for 90 minutes. "Most times we're just looked at as waitresses in tight uniforms," said one of the women. "But changing someone's life with a smile and a few kind words is just awesome."

## DRUG LAW UPDATE

The presidential mess overshadowed the results of more than 200 state ballot mea-

asures. California approved a proposition that requires judges to send nonviolent offenders convicted solely of possessing drugs for personal use to treatment rather than to prison. Colorado and Nevada approved medical marijuana, bringing the total of compassionate states to nine (Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Maine, Oregon and Washington are the others, plus the District of Columbia). Oregon approved a measure that forbids authorities from seizing property under forfeiture laws until after a person has been convicted. It also gives forfeiture proceeds to treatment programs rather than to the police. A similar measure passed in Utah sends proceeds to schools. Meanwhile, Massachusetts rejected a measure that would have sent most nonviolent drug offenders—and forfeiture loot—to treatment centers.

## OTHER VOTES

Colorado and Oregon both passed measures to require background checks at gun shows. Colorado also turned away a proposed 24-hour waiting period for abortions, while Oregon rejected a Student Protection Act that would have banned public schools from "encouraging, promoting or sanctioning" homosexuality. In New Jersey a measure passed allowing authorities to post online the whereabouts of released sex offenders. And Alabama rescinded its 99-year-old law against interracial marriage.

## BORDER LIMITS

OTTAWA, CANADA—The Supreme Court voted 6-3 to uphold the right of Canada Customs to impound books, videos and magazines its inspectors consider obscene (see "Blue Borders," *The Playboy Forum*, June 2000). However, the court ruled that the agency must either prove within 30 days that a seized product violates the standard or allow it in. Previously, the importer had to prove the material wasn't obscene. The court also warned the agency that if it takes publishers to court and loses, it will be required to pay "generous" legal fees to defendants. Little Sister's Book and Art Emporium, a gay and lesbian bookstore in Vancouver, had sued to stop Customs from seizing inventory imported from the U.S. The court determined that Little Sister's had suffered "overzealous censorship" that was "oppressive and dismissive." Three justices argued that cus-

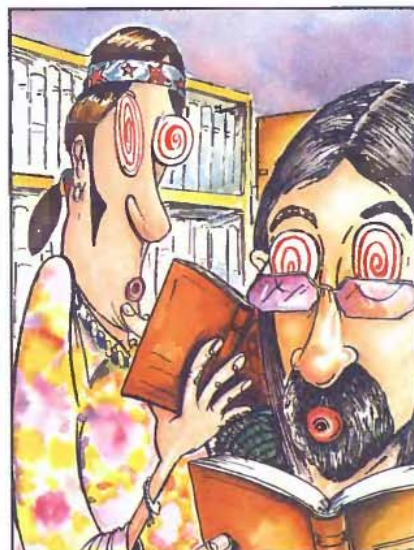
toms should be stripped entirely of its powers to seize material. The agency shrugged off the decision. "It's business as usual for us," a spokesman said.

## FELON CONTROL

TACOMA, WASHINGTON—A jury awarded \$22.4 million to the family of a woman killed when a felon driving a stolen SUV ran a red light and struck her car. At the time, Valdez Stewart was on supervised release following convictions for possession of stolen property and domestic abuse. The family claimed that the corrections department should have kept a tighter rein on Stewart, who had skipped counseling sessions and reported to his supervisor only sporadically. A prison official argued that the verdict went too far. "It is not reasonable to conclude that the state should be liable for traffic accidents just because offenders are involved," he said.

## READING TEST

DENVER—A local judge ruled that police can seize a customer invoice from a bookstore as part of a drug investigation. Officers had raided a methamphetamine lab and seized two books on how to manufacture the drug. They also found an empty shipping envelope from the Tattered Cov-



er with an invoice number but no name. Police argue that store records will pinpoint who operated the lab. The store's owner appealed the court's decision, saying that it endangers the free speech and the privacy rights of her customers.

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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# BOBBY KNIGHT

*a candid conversation with college basketball's raging genius about the joys of coaching, losing his temper, getting fired and why the media suck—including us*

On September 10, 2000 an estimated 4000 students at Indiana University gathered outside president Myles Brand's home to protest the firing of the only Indiana basketball coach they had known in their lifetimes. Bob Knight was not just a coach, he was a symbol of the university and the state. When it came to coach Knight, these students were insanelly proud and loyal.

During his six years coaching at West Point and the following 29 years at Indiana, Knight's teams won 763 games and lost 290, putting him just 116 games behind North Carolina's Dean Smith for most games. His teams appeared in 24 NCAA tournaments, made the Final Four five times and won three championships—in 1976, 1981 and 1987. His 1976 team was the last college team to go undefeated. In the 1984 Olympics, Knight coached the U.S. basketball team to a gold medal. He was named coach of the year four times and was voted into the National Basketball Hall of Fame in 1991.

But on that day in September, after years of controversy, Bob Knight's job as coach was terminated. The sportswriters whom Knight had antagonized over the years had a field day reporting his demise. The incidents that had made Knight such a media attraction were recounted, chapter and verse, from the incident in 1979 when he allegedly assault-

ed a policeman in Puerto Rico during the Pan American games and was arrested and convicted in absentia to the final straw when he overreacted to a freshman's greeting of "Hey, Knight, what's up?" by grabbing and reprimanding the student for not addressing him with proper respect. In between, the Knight highlight reel of controversial incidents would include: firing a starter's pistol at a reporter in 1980, shoving a belligerent fan into a garbage can in 1981, tossing a chair across the court during a game with Purdue in 1985, pulling his team off the floor during the second half of a game against the Soviet National Team in 1987, kicking at his son Patrick during a game in 1993, head-butting a player on the bench in 1994, grabbing player Neil Reed by the throat during a practice in 1997 and allegedly attacking his assistant Ron Felling for criticizing the program in 1999. He's been accused of intimidation and verbal abuse, and some of his motivational tactics—such as putting a tampon in a player's locker or holding up soiled toilet paper during a halftime to indicate what he thought of his team's effort—have come into question.

The beginning of the end came last spring when a three-year-old videotape surfaced, showing Knight with his hands around Neil Reed's throat. The university's administra-

tion and board of trustees insisted that Knight agree to a "zero tolerance" policy—if he did anything that could be deemed irresponsible or demeaning to the university or its basketball team, he would be fired. It was only a matter of time, most observers predicted, before Knight's temper would get the best of him and force the university's hand. How odd, then, for his end to come from his response to a student's greeting.

When it happened, posters of the freshman, Kent Harvey, were printed with the words WANTED: DEAD under his picture. Knight spoke at a rally to calm the crowd's anger and to ask them to say a prayer for him. A lawsuit against the school was filed by some of Knight's supporters who claimed his firing violated the state's open meeting law. Soon after, the presidents of the other Big Ten universities backed Brand's decision in an ad in the Chicago Tribune.

One of Knight's critics, former NBA star Bill Walton, wrote in *Time* that Knight "psychologically terrorizes his players," and compared him with Walton's UCLA coach John Wooden, who "fostered hope," while "Knight represents the death of hope, the stifling control freak." Wooden, in his recent book of reflections, wrote: "There are coaches who have won championships with a dictator approach, among them Vince Lombardi and



"In my dealings with the press, I was like the guy who goes into the cathouse and the madam looks at him and says, 'Who are you going to satisfy with that?' And he looks back at her and says, 'Me.'"



"The first time I coached we said the Lord's Prayer. Our trainer put his arm around me and said, 'For whatever it's worth, I just don't think you and praying mix.' And we never said another pregame prayer."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JONATHAN DANIEL

"I disagree with the theory that a kid has to go to college. If college is a stepping-stone toward lifelong security, but a kid can sign a multimillion-dollar contract when he's 18, why does he need to go to college?"

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Bobby Knight."

But Knight is as revered as he is vilified. Former Indiana star and now Ohio State coach Steve Alford has called Knight a genius. Indiana Pacers coach Isiah Thomas has expressed love for his former coach and has said he is interested in having Knight work with the Pacers. The Detroit Pistons' Grant Hill has said, "People think of coach Knight as some crazy wild man. But I've learned in my short career in basketball that every coach is a crazy and wild man. Especially the great ones." Soon after he was let go, Knight went to see a St. Louis Cardinals game and Mark McGwire gave him a bear hug and asked how he was doing. Former presidents Gerald Ford and George Bush wrote him letters of support. University of Akron basketball coach Dan Hipsher has welcomed his input at practices. General Norman Schwarzkopf and the king of Spain have gone hunting with him. Dick Enberg wanted him as a color commentator during the NCAA tournament on CBS. And one New York publisher has advanced him \$1.25 million for his memoirs.

If it weren't for his occasionally uncontrollable temper, Knight would qualify as one of the most admired coaches in the history of college sports. More than three quarters of his players have graduated. Thirteen have been all-Americans and 14 have been first-round NBA draft selections. He's come to the aid of injured athletes, helped numerous former players find jobs and was one of the first to support young hemophiliac Ryan White in his battle with AIDS. He has raised millions of dollars for the university library and for cancer research, has helped fund two professorial chairs and offered the women's basketball team \$10,000 out of his own pocket for electronic equipment (an offer the athletic director turned down).

To find out how this legendary coach has handled recent events, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel to Bloomington, Indiana for PLAYBOY's second interview with Knight (the first appeared in the August 1984 issue). Grobel reports:

"Knight wasn't home when I arrived at his house in Ellettsville. His wife, Karen, excused whatever mess there was, explaining that they were in the process of selling the house and moving to Phoenix for the winter. When Knight returned from five hours of grouse hunting, he sat down in front of his big-screen TV to watch the Northwestern-Michigan football game. With under two minutes to go, a Northwestern player alone in the end zone dropped an easy pass. 'Jesus Christ! That kid's got to live with that forever,' Knight exclaimed. 'God, I hate that. That's just terrible. Oh, the poor kid. The kid forever will have dropped the pass that would have beaten Michigan. Oh my. My oh my oh my. God, what a shame.' I asked whether Knight would have bawled the kid out or consoled him, had he been the coach. 'That's not when you get on the kid's ass,' Knight answered. 'You get on his ass because he missed a block, not if he misses the play, if he drops the ball or misses a free throw.

That's when you put your arm around the kid. That's the only thing to do.'

"The next day I accompanied Knight to Akron where his son was working a basketball practice. It was a long six-hour ride from Bloomington and an opportunity to spend a lot of time with the coach. It also meant I would be in close proximity to his legendary temper. Little did I know that I was in for the ride of my life."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's get the form of address out of the way up front: Would you prefer we call you Coach or Mister, Bob or Bobby?

**KNIGHT:** I thought a great title for my book would be: *They Call Me a Lot of Things*. From the time I started teaching, when I was 21, I've always signed my name Bob Knight. My college coach called me Bobby, still does. But I have never introduced myself to anybody in my adult life in any way other than, "I'm Bob Knight."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's begin with the media, which have always been a problem for you. Do journalists include their personal beliefs and attitudes in the articles they write?

**KNIGHT:** Yes. I also believe that when something negative comes out about you in the media, that's only one person's opinion. These guys sometimes believe they've been ordained from on high to give the general opinion of the populace, and that just isn't the case.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you're in the public eye, isn't that the bargain with the devil you must deal with?

**KNIGHT:** Why should it be? Why should people be unfair? I have as many good friends in the media as anybody in sports has. It's just that I probably have a hell of a lot more enemies than anybody else. The thing that bothers me the most about the media is simple accuracy. There are as many guys in coaching who do a lousy job as there are in the media. Those are two professions that are a lot alike. There aren't a hell of a lot of really good coaches or writers.

**PLAYBOY:** You may not like the media, but don't you still have to talk to them, to at least try to get your side out?

**KNIGHT:** Al McGuire talked to me I don't know how many times about dealing with the press: "You've got to be a con man." I tried that for a day or so, but it never really worked for me. My wife, Karen, is right about this. In my dealings with the press, I was like the guy who goes into the cathouse and the madam gets him prepared and looks at him and says, "Who are you going to satisfy with that?" And he looks back at her and says, "Me." That's kind of my sense of humor at times. I'd probably be better off without trying to satisfy me, with my sense of humor. There are things that I have said that are funny to me, but they weren't to somebody in the press. So that hasn't worked to my benefit.



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**PLAYBOY:** In the *Sporting News*, Mike DeCourcy wrote: "No one has done more to demean the art of sportswriting than Knight. He may take a perverse pride in having so greatly offended so many journalists."

**KNIGHT:** I'm not sure sportswriting is an art. But that's fairly accurate. It doesn't say I'm a bad person, or that I'm a bully. You can't imagine the number of people in professional sports who have come up to me and said, "God, you treat those assholes like I'd like to treat them." And my question is, "Then why don't you?"

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't they?

**KNIGHT:** They're afraid.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference between today's sportswriters and those of the past?

**KNIGHT:** Writing was far more of an art in the sports world than it is now. Today you have a lot of sportswriters who don't like sports or the people in sports. I can look at a room full of sportswriters and wonder if any of them can explain to me how to attack a one-three-one trap. Or what to do with the ball against a three-two matchup zone. I'm sure there was far more written about Clemens throwing the bat than there was about his masterful performance.

**PLAYBOY:** Should Roger Clemens have been fined \$50,000 for throwing that bat near Mike Piazza in the World Series?

**KNIGHT:** Absolutely not. The situation between Clemens and Piazza was about as out of proportion as anything could be. I admire Clemens for how tough and competitive and team-oriented he is. There isn't anything more a pitcher can do to fire himself up than breaking the other guy's bat, particularly when it's a really good hitter like Piazza. When that bat broke, I bet Clemens was at the zenith, at the apex of positive emotion. Clemens just sawed off the bat in Piazza's hands. Obviously, they don't like each other to begin with, so that adds to it. I don't think Clemens' vision would have been any wider than the brim of his hat. Clemens picked up the bat and threw it, thinking, Goddamn, is that great! Had no idea Piazza was running down the baseline. I thought it was ridiculous. But Piazza is far more attuned with the press than Clemens is. So that enters into the equation.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a lesson to be learned, to make nice with the press?

**KNIGHT:** That's not what I'm talking about.

**PLAYBOY:** Look at your career. You've had 10 or 12 incidents over a period of 29 years, yet it's those incidents that are always mentioned in stories about you.

**KNIGHT:** I'll buy that. How many times, without ever knowing me, have you seen that chair thrown? My contention is, if I throw the chair and it hits somebody and hurts somebody, that's a real issue. That chair was scooted across the floor. That's no different from a guy throwing a coat,

kicking a water bucket, slamming a clipboard down.

**PLAYBOY:** But you've got to admit that the chair-throwing had a dramatic effect. It lasted longer on videotape than someone kicking a bucket. For the visuals alone, why are you surprised they keep showing it?

**KNIGHT:** I don't have any problem with it being shown once, but for 15 years? I was standing in the wings to be introduced on Letterman's show. Here I am, a coach who's had three teams that have won national championships, a team that's won the Olympic gold medal, another that's won the Pan Am gold medal, and as I'm being introduced, on the monitor is a replay of me throwing the chair across the floor. I almost turned around and walked out. Of all the things that could be put up there relative to an introduction of me, this seems to be about as cheap a piece of shit as somebody could do.

**PLAYBOY:** How hard is it to lose?

**KNIGHT:** It's not at all difficult to lose a game. If you're sloppy in preparation, if you don't pay attention to detail, if execution is not what it should be, you're going to get beat. Winning is a difficult proposition. Who among us does everything consistently well? I made up a definition of discipline when I was at West Point: doing what has to be done, doing it as well as you can do it, doing it when it has to be done, doing it that way all the time. Four things. It's not a whip and a chair, it's those four ingredients that make a disciplined person.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you relate to Phil Jackson's remark that losing made him feel humiliated and worthless, as if he didn't exist?

**KNIGHT:** That's stretching it for me. Losing has always made me feel that there was something more I could have done. What else was there that could have happened? Why did we make these mistakes? What the hell was so-and-so thinking about? What didn't I do in preparation? Losing is a defeat. There's a difference between thinking you've been defeated and thinking you've lost.

**PLAYBOY:** How deeply does defeat affect you?

**KNIGHT:** Losing has always been far more difficult to deal with than the enjoyment you get out of winning. Winning is really important—winning fairly, squarely within the rules, but winning. Winning is a by-product of doing things right. Too many people get caught up in the euphoria of winning, rather than just accepting it as what the hell you're supposed to do. On the other hand, losing is not what you're supposed to do. The disappointment, the frustration, the agony of losing is infinitely greater than whatever comes with winning.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of high school players who skip college and go straight to the NBA?

**KNIGHT:** I disagree with the theory that a

kid has to go to college. If college is a stepping-stone toward lifelong security, but a kid can sign a multimillion-dollar contract when he's 18, why does he need to go to college?

**PLAYBOY:** Would you agree with Isiah Thomas, who said, "When you go to college, you're not a student-athlete but an athlete-student. Your main purpose is to be not an Einstein but a ballplayer, to generate some money, to put people in the stands"?

**KNIGHT:** If he said it. In many cases the kid is an athlete-student, but that depends on the emphasis coaches place on the two. We have shown more than anybody in the country that a kid can play and graduate and the team can win. If it can be done here it can be done anywhere.

**PLAYBOY:** But how do you change the emphasis and make academics the higher priority among Division I schools?

**KNIGHT:** If you want to really promote academics at this level, what you do is tie scholarships to graduation. If a kid doesn't graduate in five years, the team loses that scholarship for two years, or whatever. That's how you make academics really important. But nobody wants to do that because of the tremendously low graduation rates around the country in both football and basketball. There are highly ranked basketball teams that graduate less than 25 percent of the players who enter.

**PLAYBOY:** And your record?

**KNIGHT:** We graduated over 78 percent of the freshmen who entered in basketball. Indiana overall graduated 68 percent of its freshman class. So when this president, Myles Brand, commented about my dismissal, saying we needed to get back to academics, I didn't know whether he was talking about lowering the standard of the basketball team to that of the university or bringing the standard of the university up to that of the basketball team.

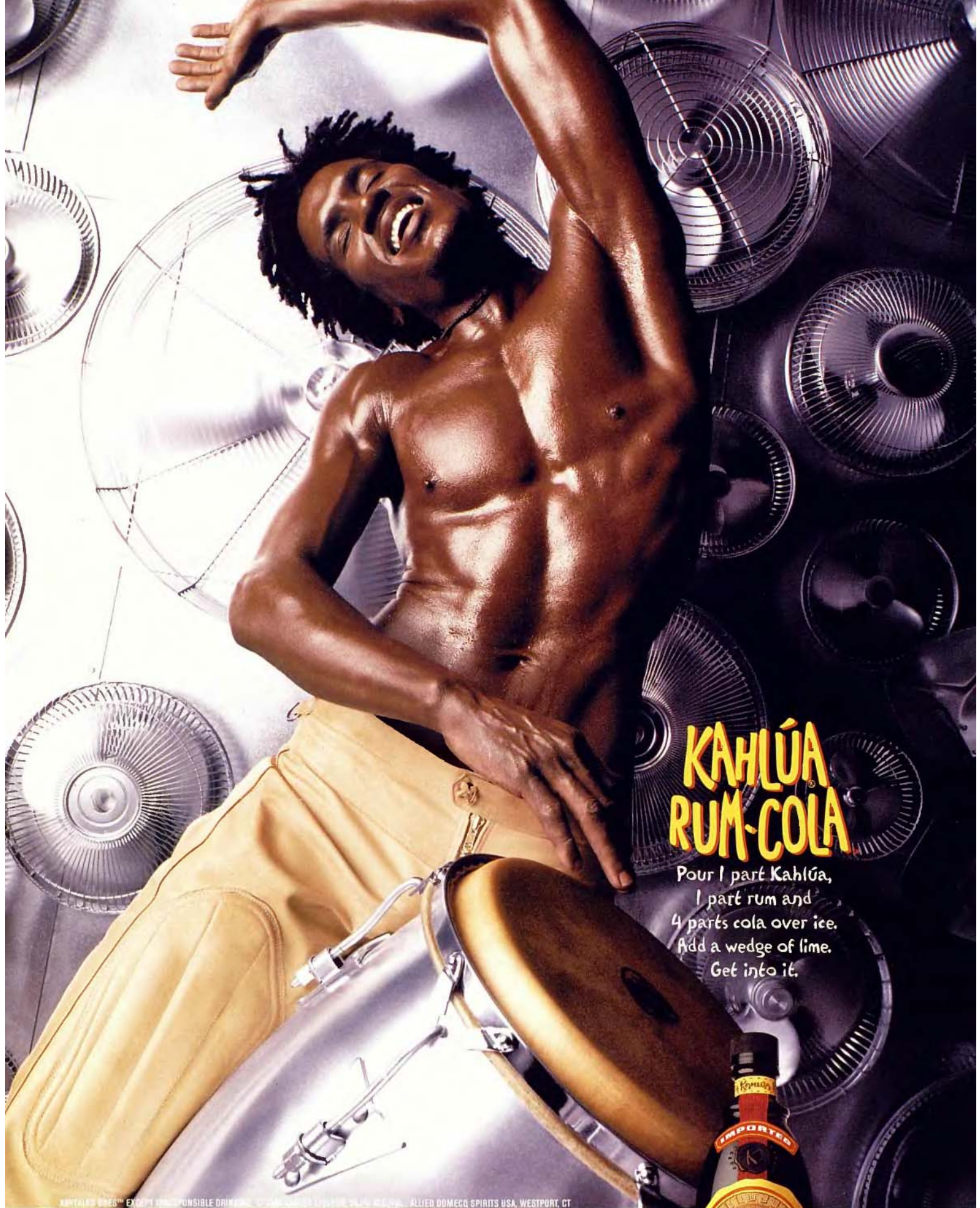
**PLAYBOY:** How did you become so much bigger than life? You've rarely had a player who's drawn more attention than you have. When other teams played you, they wanted to beat Knight more than Indiana. What is it about you?

**KNIGHT:** I don't know. I'm not those people. This may be an answer to that: One of the strengths I have had is a lot of the negative press I've received. It has established some kind of an aura about me that sets me apart. I've never tried to please everybody.

**PLAYBOY:** You certainly didn't please the current Indiana administration. Do you think you've been treated unfairly by the university?

**KNIGHT:** The administration and the trustees have been deceitful right from the beginning. Their approach has been one of enormous duplicity. They've been dishonest in their presentation of things and reasons. They put a spin on





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everything they can in an attempt to explain why I've been dismissed as the basketball coach. The people who have made these decisions are the most dishonest people I've ever dealt with. And yet, I'm not sure I blame them as much as I blame myself for not having followed my feelings and certainly my wife's feelings, which would have been to leave five years ago. The key positions at the university changed six years ago. Back then there were people in those spots who I got along with extremely well; they never had a problem with me that wasn't quickly or readily solved. I just didn't fit in with the new people, with their approach to things, their self-interest, their agendas. I have yet to see anything they've done that's been of any benefit whatsoever to either the faculty or the students.

**PLAYBOY:** Has what happened to you soured what you accomplished at Indiana in 29 years? Do you feel bitter?

**KNIGHT:** I try not to because of all the good people who were involved and all the great kids I've had a chance to coach and the great opportunities that were afforded me personally. Yet it's hard not to feel that way. As an example, on the Neil Reed question: Two trustees became investigators, and they spoke to me for an hour and 40 minutes. One of them mentioned seven times the pressure he was under. I said, "What the hell pressure are you under? This isn't your job, you don't get paid to be a trustee. Why don't you coach basketball for a year and see what pressure's like?" The other guy never took a note on anything I said. When those two left my office, my wife, who had sat in, said, "They may be the two most disgusting people I've ever had to sit through."

**PLAYBOY:** The tape showing you with your hands on Reed's neck didn't surface for three years. When it was shown, did you feel trapped or vindicated?

**KNIGHT:** When this practice tape was shown, everything this kid said was refuted. One trustee from here apparently made the comment: "Now that we've seen it and all that bullshit has been dispelled, let's go on to something that's important." When it went one day beyond looking at that practice tape—that's when I should have quit, had I been true to myself. I should have said: "This is enough of your chickenshit garbage. This thing was discussed and looked at three years ago. If you people want to reopen it, do it with another coach. This is enough of you people positioning for the press. I don't need this bullshit. Goodbye." That is what I will regret more than anything else in my life.

**PLAYBOY:** Looking ahead for a moment, what happened to the talk of your working for Isaiah Thomas and the Indiana Pacers?

**KNIGHT:** He said I could do anything I wanted to do with the Pacers, from help-

ing occasionally to being with them full-time. I said "Anything I can do to help you, I'll do. All you got to do is tell me. You want me to come to practice, I'll come to practice. You want me to scout a team, I will. You want me to scout your own team—tell me what you want me to do specifically and I'll be glad to do it. I just don't want to make a commitment to doing anything on a continual part-time or full-time basis at this point."

**PLAYBOY:** Thomas has said about playing for you: "There were times when if I'd had a gun, I think I would have shot him. And other times I wanted to tell him I loved him."

**KNIGHT:** Did you ever feel like shooting one of your kids, literally? So why is that a big deal? Isaiah Thomas, with tears in his eyes, once said, "Coach, don't you ever change."

**PLAYBOY:** It's been written that the most stormy relationship you had with a player was with Isaiah. Is that true?

**KNIGHT:** I don't think so. Isaiah in the final analysis was extremely successful as a player for us. We've had other players who weren't successful and left.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the players who left is Larry Bird. How long was he at Indiana?

**KNIGHT:** He was at Indiana for a month, but he never was here for a practice. He was awed by Indiana. Larry Bird is one of my great mistakes. When he came here, it was a major, major adjustment for a kid coming out of his background—a small town in southern Indiana, a real poor kid growing up, his father was an alcoholic, his mother was a cook at a mental institution. I was negligent in realizing what Bird needed at that time in his life. I let Larry Bird down when he was an incoming freshman.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he talk to you before he left?

**KNIGHT:** No, he just left. As I thought things over, I made a mistake in terms of who I had him room with. I had him room with a really sophisticated, articulate, well-dressed kid the same age, Jimmy Wisman, who went on to become vice president of a large advertising firm. Jimmy was everything Larry wasn't: He was really a nice-looking kid, the girls gravitated to him, he was really good with people, was an excellent student. Just in terms of roommates it was a bad match.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Bird's leaving the Pacers as a coach after three years?

**KNIGHT:** Larry Bird's decision to leave was better than my decision to stay here. His decision was a close adherence to his principles.

**PLAYBOY:** *The Columbia Journalism Review* wrote, "College athletics is a corrupt and corrupting enterprise." It points out how legendary college coaches wield enormous clout—often exercised to hold hostage university budgets, building

programs and academic enterprises. Do you take exception to that?

**KNIGHT:** I'm sure there are examples of what they're saying. The president before this one, when he left, stated publicly that we had raised over \$5 million for the library. Is that corrupt? Is that bad? We've been instrumental in establishing two professorial chairs and refurbishing the golf course. So athletics and people in them can be very valuable assets to a university.

**PLAYBOY:** What about academic dishonesty in college athletic departments, such as the former tutor for the University of Minnesota who wrote 400 papers for 20 basketball players between 1993 and 1998? That's not necessarily an exceptional case, is it?

**KNIGHT:** There is a lot of academic fraud in the eligibility process. One thing that has happened entirely too much is the athletic endorsement and expenditure on athletic tutoring. A school like this one has a tremendous budget for tutoring. I'm not of the opinion that it's not necessary, but what happens is that a kid becomes almost totally dependent on tutors. Now, there's a fine line between the tutor and the kid, particularly in work done outside the classroom, and that's where there are problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it true that tutors are often told by coaches to keep the athletes eligible in any way they can, which at times leads to cheating?

**KNIGHT:** How the hell would I know what other coaches do? You think coaches talk to each other about how they cheat?

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever have any drug-related problems with your players over the years?

**KNIGHT:** We had a marijuana problem in 1978—there were eight kids involved. I brought them in one at a time. I ended up keeping six of them because they were honest with me about what they were doing, and I dropped two because they weren't. There have been some pretty good people who have experimented with drugs, so that in itself is not a reason to discount someone.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of athletes who invoke God when they're interviewed after a sporting event?

**KNIGHT:** Let's let the Lord work on cancer, on providing homes for the homeless. The first time I ever coached at college, not knowing what the hell I was doing, we were playing at Princeton, and before I sent the team out we said the Lord's Prayer. Our trainer put his arm around my shoulders and said, "For whatever it's worth, I just don't think you and praying mix." And we never said another pregame prayer.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you at all religious?

**KNIGHT:** I believe strongly in God in my way. The greatest religious statement ever made was: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. If a person can follow that, what the hell

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difference does it make what religion he follows?

**PLAYBOY:** When was the last time you prayed?

**KNIGHT:** You don't need to know that, nor does anybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a friend of former president George Bush. What do you think of his son?

**KNIGHT:** I really like Bush. He's a good guy—he's friendly, down-to-earth, interesting. He cares, and he cares enough to make damn sure he's got good people around him. That's what being a president is all about.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you ever consider running for political office?

**KNIGHT:** No. You have to commit yourself to too many obligations.

*[He interrupts our talk to take a call from former Dayton coach Don Donoher, now a scout for the Cleveland Cavaliers. They are planning to drive to the University of Akron the next day, where their sons are assistant basketball coaches. "We'll meet you at the Bob Evans off 75," Knight says. "There's a really interesting guy here with me who's going to come. He wants to know how I feel about God, marijuana, Gore and Bush. This has been like an investigation being conducted by the CIA to see whether or not I'm capable of running the Buenos Aires branch of covert operations. This is a question-and-answer session the likes of which Rockefeller did not put his potential son-in-law through." We break for dinner. The next morning Knight picks me up and we drive to Akron.]*

**PLAYBOY:** We'll drop the politics and move on to what's happened to you.

**KNIGHT:** In a way, this whole thing that's transpired amuses me, because there's so much bullshit and so much deceit involved. All these people had to do was come to me and say, "You don't fit in with what we want our basketball coach to be. You're no longer what we think is needed here." All I'd have said is, "That's fine. Let's settle up."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a difficult person to deal with because, perhaps, they're afraid of you?

**KNIGHT:** That's their problem, not mine. Why should anybody be afraid to deal with me? I've been at two different institutions, and neither one has had a problem in academics or recruiting violations while I've been there. So what's to fear?

**PLAYBOY:** *The Columbia Journalism Review* wrote: "Bobby Knight is perhaps the most powerful public figure in Indiana and very few people, from the governor on down, are willing to cross him."

**KNIGHT:** Something like that boggles my mind. How do they determine that? I have never once entered into a political decision. That's asinine. Rarely have I publicly gone after somebody.

**PLAYBOY:** Because few have crossed you.

**KNIGHT:** Oh, bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you relate to this from Mike Ditka: "Sometimes our mouths and reactions operate before our brains get

synchronized, and that happens to me a lot”?

**KNIGHT:** Everybody has said something they'd like to recant. Given time to think, by tomorrow maybe I would change what I'd said. But some people who I know are absolute scumbags in their personal lives have written things that judge me. That's why you really have no chance with the press.

**PLAYBOY:** Knowing that, why take it on? Isn't that tilting at windmills in a way?

**KNIGHT:** Probably. I really tried in this thing with the university to be something I wasn't back in the spring.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that when you were saying you welcomed a zero-tolerance policy?

**KNIGHT:** I never, ever, said I welcomed zero tolerance, because it was never explained to me. I simply said that guidelines can be of benefit, period. The whole idea of using things that had happened up to 25 years ago, and using them inaccurately, eventually really pissed me off. Pissed me off more at myself than at anybody else for having accepted it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you getting any advice at the time? Were you talking to your lawyer?

**KNIGHT:** I talked to some people. And almost without exception they told me to leave.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were not listening to the advice?

**KNIGHT:** What I did in this situation was think about the wrong things.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you thinking about?

**KNIGHT:** How this has been a very comfortable place for me to live. When I quit coaching, I envisioned being able to stay around the university, to help in any way they asked, to raise money—there's nobody who could raise more money for this university than I could—without ever interfering with anybody who replaced me as a coach. It was a very comfortable life in an area that I liked, around people I liked. So, OK, they tell me, here's what you have to do. And I could do any of those things. I could change in press conferences. What I intended to do was not even have press conferences. I was going to have a postgame radio show where I'd answer questions from two people who knew about the game. But what

was zero tolerance? Does that mean one technical foul and we fire you? Or you go speak somewhere and somebody doesn't like your answer and they complain about it, and we fire you? There were never any outlines placed on this phrase. I asked two different vice presidents to define zero tolerance and they couldn't do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would you agree to something you couldn't get defined?

**KNIGHT:** I'm just telling you why I fucking agreed to it! Because of my lifestyle and how much I liked it here. So, I say to myself, if I have to do this to stay here, and I have to agree to this, now's the time for me to just simply say OK, I'll do it. And that was wrong. That was a mis-

have accepted that answer from any of your players?

**KNIGHT:** That wouldn't have come up with players, because I would have explained things a lot better. You writers expect things out of the people you're writing about that you yourself never think about.

**PLAYBOY:** Indiana president Myles Brand said there were many instances in which you had been defiant and hostile. Did he point these out to you in private?

**KNIGHT:** Never! That's bullshit. Another thing Brand said was that I didn't follow the chain of command. Twenty years ago my contract was written so that I had final approval over everything to do with men's basketball at Indiana University.

Now, you tell me, where's my chain of command? There is none. I don't have to ask anybody there for a single thing. And I put that in there because I was the only guy who really knew how to run basketball at Indiana, and I didn't want any interference with the scheduling, the recruiting, anything. I've had five athletic directors since I've been here and this guy [Clarence Doninger] is the only one I didn't get along with, because he's the most incompetent and the least trustworthy person I've ever met in athletics. The guy's a little man, a very small person in all respects other than size.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your problem with him always about basketball matters?

**KNIGHT:** No, it was never about anything. But it didn't make

any difference, because he had no say in what we did anyhow, which he resented from the beginning. But the guy had never been in athletics—he's a lawyer, didn't know the first thing about how people in athletics think.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever physically threaten Doninger?

**KNIGHT:** No. What would I physically threaten the guy for?

**PLAYBOY:** It was reported that you did after a game on February 19, 2000.

**KNIGHT:** Now you get into this bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** We don't know anything more than what was reported.

**KNIGHT:** Then let me tell you exactly what happened. This goes to show how untrustworthy the guy is. The biggest



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**PLAYBOY:** But why didn't you ask for zero tolerance to be explained?

**KNIGHT:** I don't know. Do you do everything that's brilliant? Sometimes you don't cover everything. But I certainly tried to find out right away.

**PLAYBOY:** The definition of zero tolerance as printed was: "Any verified, inappropriate physical contact with players, members of the university community or others in connection with the coach's employment at IU will be the cause for immediate termination."

**KNIGHT:** What is "verified"? Explain the word inappropriate to me.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you never understood what zero tolerance meant. Would you

game of the year for us last season was playing Ohio State here. I thought if we could beat them and Michigan State we could win the Big Ten championship. We get in the Ohio State game and we have it won, but we lose it in the end. I walk through the hallway and here's the athletic director, after we've gotten our asses beat, and I haven't seen him once all year. He looks at me and says, "Boy, that was a tough game." And I said, "How the hell would you know?" And I just kept on going. Then I came back and said, "I don't even understand what you're doing here." He said, "I have a right to be here." I said, "I don't care what your rights are. Nobody wants you here, nobody gives a damn about you being here under these circumstances." I didn't raise my voice, there was no threatening gesture. The next two days, at three different meetings, this athletic director told people that he knew if someone hadn't interfered with me, I would have punched him. That's what I was dealing with.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wish you had it in you to be able to ignore the kind of stuff that really bothers you?

**KNIGHT:** You can't imagine how much I ignore. I go to a game and people are all over my ass, and I never say anything. I just walk on and off the floor.

**PLAYBOY:** Kent Harvey, the freshman who called you by your last name and was the catalyst for your being fired, was burned in effigy outside Brand's home, and fliers of him were printed with the words WANTED: DEAD. How concerned were you for him?

**KNIGHT:** When I addressed the fans the last time I talked to them, I told them to leave the kid alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Harvey and his two brothers withdrew from the university and left the state. What do you think of that?

**KNIGHT:** I have not followed what direction their lives have taken.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel for the kid?

**KNIGHT:** Not in the slightest.

**PLAYBOY:** Was he wrong in saying anything about you?

**KNIGHT:** The kid's stepfather used me. He talked about how I said "fuck this" and "fuck that" and "goddamn this" and "goddamn that." The total content of what I said was this, verbatim: "Son, I don't call people by their last names. My name to you is Coach or Mr. Knight, and you should remember that when you're dealing with elders." And I walked away. Would it piss you off?

**PLAYBOY:** What?

**KNIGHT:** Would what was said by the stepfather piss you off?

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't the stepfather also say he didn't think you should be fired over this incident?

**KNIGHT:** [Bangs the center of the steering wheel with his fist] Jesus Christ! This is bullshit! I'm not here for a fucking *inquisition!* And if that's what this is, then get

the fuck out and hitchhike back home! The fucking stepfather was a fucking goddamn fucking asshole from the word goddamn go! He fucking lied and he lied and he lied! *Jesus Christ!* I mean, this is my fucking life we're talking about! My fucking heart was ripped out by this goddamn bullshit!

**PLAYBOY:** OK—

**KNIGHT:** OK *my ass!* It isn't fucking OK! Goddamn it, I don't need this shit with PLAYBOY or anybody else! I'll drop you off in fucking Dayton and you can get home.

**PLAYBOY:** Please, Coach—

**KNIGHT:** This is fucking bullshit! I don't want to hear another fucking word.

[For two minutes, we drive in silence. *Knight continues to stew.*]

**KNIGHT:** You haven't brought up one fucking positive thing I've said or done since we've been talking. I'm tired of it. We'll get to Dayton, you get this car and drive back to Bloomington.

**PLAYBOY:** Coach—

**KNIGHT:** No ifs, ands or buts about it!

**PLAYBOY:** One of the problems you've had to deal with is that the press has not been nice to you, or they only report certain things. There are issues that will remain in the press for the rest of your life if you don't take the opportunity to give your side.

**KNIGHT:** That's not true. [Calming down] I was in Puerto Rico in 1979—that's 21 years ago—and to this day I have still not punched a Puerto Rican policeman or called the Brazilian women's teams "niggers" and "whores." Seated 40 feet away from me were 12 players representing the U.S. in the Pan American games. Eight of them were black and three played for me. Now, how logical would it be for "America's greatest racist" to make that comment under those circumstances? So it isn't going to change. I have been burned too many times trying to deal with somebody who I think is going to deal with things honestly. This guy you're talking about [Harvey's stepfather] asked me five different times through letters to allow him to write a book on me. I turned him down every single time. So then he became a guy on a radio talk show and never did a day go by when he didn't rip my ass about something. I think it was the kid's father, not his stepfather, who was very apologetic about what happened. The stepfather just tried to crucify me by making up one thing after another. So you asked me if I feel sorry about these kids? Hell no, I don't feel sorry for them, because their own stepfather did what was done to them. There was another coach standing about 10 feet away when this incident happened, and a player 15 feet away sitting in a car with the window down who heard the whole thing. They corroborated what I said happened. And the kid himself and his brothers eventually had to recant what they had said.

You don't understand how sick and tired you get of this bullshit.

**PLAYBOY:** We're trying.

**KNIGHT:** You do the things you know are the right things to do to enable your school to have a really good basketball program. You don't succumb to any of the temptations of recruiting violations or academic fraud or anything like that, and I'm not sure what else can be asked of a guy. The petty bullshit that went on here, the guys I felt were friends that weren't, this president's idiotic accusations . . . another one was: Knight demeaned and insulted our alumni by not speaking at luncheons in Chicago and Indianapolis. Well, my contract called for me to make four appearances a year on behalf of the university. Over 20 years I probably averaged never less than 20 appearances per year. So this year, with the set of circumstances I was confronted with, my attorney said to me, "You just can't expose yourself to this stuff." So I spoke at six things. Now, Brand uses this as a reason why I'm being fired. How would you feel about that one? Another thing he referred to was all the public remarks that I had made criticizing the administration and the board of trustees. There isn't a day that goes by that some professor doesn't write a note in the paper about how inept this board of trustees and administration are. Are they going to fire all those professors? Am I denied freedom of speech?

**PLAYBOY:** Michigan State coach Tom Izzo said he smelled a rat in what happened to you. Former coach Pete Newell said he smelled a setup, a trap. How do you feel?

**KNIGHT:** The setup was such that I was put into an impossible situation. Anybody with any intelligence knows that zero tolerance is a prelude to failure. Nobody can operate on zero anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Has Brand and his administration hurt the university?

**KNIGHT:** That would have to be determined by somebody else. In my own case, I had a plan where I was going to leave \$5 million from stuff that I would eventually do—write a book, television stuff, whatever—money that I don't need, for the athletic department. And a million of it would go to the football team as long as the coach remained. There's no way I would do that today. I spoke a while ago in southern Indiana and raised \$60,000 for cancer research. That would have gone to the university. I told them I didn't want it to.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you think things will change at Indiana basketball games?

**KNIGHT:** We had the best fans in the world here and that will change, because they'll be allowed to yell and holler and scream and do whatever the hell they want to do with things now. I would never allow that, but that'll happen quickly now. "Bullshit bullshit" chants—I never let that happen here.

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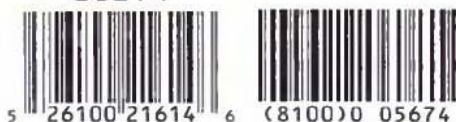


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**PLAYBOY:** How much mail did you receive after you were fired?

**KNIGHT:** See that truck in front of us? That probably carried it. I've tried to read and answer everything that's been worthwhile. And I don't think there's been a negative thing sent.

**PLAYBOY:** Did three ex-presidents send you letters of encouragement after your firing?

**KNIGHT:** I heard from two. But that's nobody's business. I've heard from owners or coaches from 14 NFL franchises. I got a really nice letter from the governor of Wisconsin, telling me how much he appreciated what I had contributed to the Big Ten over the years. I never once heard from Indiana's governor. [*When we arrive in Dayton, Don Donoher is waiting. Knight asks me to jump into the backseat. Donoher tells Knight he'll drive. Knight apologizes for being late, having missed a turn on the highway because "he got me so pissed off about an hour ago with these fucking questions that I was yelling and screaming at him and missed the fucking turnoff."*]

**DONOHER:** You just missed the turnoff and you're blaming Larry.

**KNIGHT:** I was goddamn up near Middletown before I realized we passed 70. I was so pissed off. It took me goddamn near the Ohio line before I started answering his fucking questions again.

**DONOHER:** What are you two collaborating on?

**KNIGHT:** I'm not really sure. There is a question remaining whether he will live long enough for this article to see the fucking light of day. You know that movie *A Bridge Too Far*? That's what happened with Larry this morning, but it was *A Question Too Far*. I think to a small degree I may have overreacted. [*After the two coaches talk sports, legal matters and bakeries for a while, the interview continues.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Did you once lose a putter up a tree while golfing?

**KNIGHT:** I one time threw a Ping putter into a tree and I came out the next day to look for it. It was a huge tree, and I climbed it and sat there while about five groups went through underneath me, and I never did find the goddamn putter. It was interesting trying to keep anyone from seeing me up in that tree.

**PLAYBOY:** How good a golfer are you?

**KNIGHT:** The last two times I played golf I bogied the last two holes to shoot 80. The six times before that I shot 76 four times, 77 once and 82. But what keeps me from being good is I'm not very flexible. I play a screwy game. I have an 11 and a nine wood because I don't hit irons well.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Tiger Woods on his way to becoming the world's greatest athlete?

**KNIGHT:** No, I don't think you can equate golf with athletics. An athlete can play anything, that's the difference. There have been some really good golfers, like Ben Hogan, who couldn't play anything else. Sam Snead was a good athlete.

But Hogan, Byron Nelson—these guys weren't athletes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider golf a sport?

**KNIGHT:** Yeah. You need athletic ability, hand-eye coordination, flexibility—there's never been a good golfer who didn't have good flexibility. J.C. Snead may be the best athlete playing golf—he played baseball good enough to sign a pro contract; he was a good basketball player. Jack Nicklaus was a good high school basketball player and a catcher in baseball. Until Woods has been able to play for 20 years at the level he plays at now, Nicklaus will always be the best player, because he played well longer than anybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't someone who plays a sport an athlete?

**KNIGHT:** You think a boxer is an athlete? What else can a boxer do but box? Sports are very individual in many cases, but a great athlete can play anything. You take a really good home run hitter—I'm not sure about McGwire, because I think he's a pretty good athlete—but really, what the hell else could Babe Ruth have played? He wasn't going to play football or basketball. He was just a baseball player.

**PLAYBOY:** You have a high standard for the word athlete.

**KNIGHT:** I have a very high standard. Because that's not the same thing as a player. A great player in any given sport might not necessarily be a great athlete.

**PLAYBOY:** How did ESPN change the nature of college sports?

**KNIGHT:** Television has had far too much control. That's also a result of colleges' search for the dollar. So now time-outs are two minutes, to get in as much commercial time as possible. That means more dollars. There aren't as many really good, smart basketball players today as there once were. And yet, overall, the quality of the player is much better. If you watch an ESPN show like *SportsCenter*, let's say there are 12 things showing. What will 10 of them be? Dunks. ESPN never shows a back cut and a bounce pass that leads to a layup—that's way too generic, but that's the guts of the game. They don't show a guy drawing a charge. They show a dunk. So kids have a much different idea of what the game is all about today than they had when I played. When I played, there was a much better understanding of how to play.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think players today play better or are at a different level from players in the past?

**KNIGHT:** There isn't anybody playing basketball today that's any better than Jerry West or Oscar Robertson or Willis Reed or Havlicek or Bill Russell. Chamberlain. In golf nobody's playing any better than Nicklaus or Snead or Hogan or Nelson. But what's happened is, as we become more and more sports oriented as a country, there are more teams and more good players. But the great players now

aren't any better than those of the past.

**PLAYBOY:** Who's the best basketball player of them all?

**KNIGHT:** Russell was the most valuable player ever. They won 11 championships in 13 years. Jordan is the best player, but Russell was the most valuable. And I really admired and liked Chamberlain. He was a dignified and gracious man. He gave and accomplished so much, and yet more was always expected from him. His records are phenomenal. I was a great admirer of Jerry West. Willis Reed—I started his basketball camp for him when I was a coach at Army.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Kareem?

**KNIGHT:** Jabbar was very good, but he wasn't Chamberlain or Russell.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think when Chamberlain revealed that he had slept with more than 20,000 women?

**KNIGHT:** Dick Schaap told me a story of how he was at a sports banquet in New York where he had taken a picture with Chamberlain and Roger Staubach. And Schaap said, "Roger, you know the three of us have had sex with 20,002 women." And Chamberlain said, "Dick, that book's two years old." That's one of the greatest lines I've ever heard.

**PLAYBOY:** How does a coach deal with someone like Shaquille O'Neal and his inability to sink free throws?

**KNIGHT:** Maybe he's a bad free throw shooter. There's no panacea for bad free throw shooting. Chamberlain may be the greatest athlete that ever lived, and he couldn't shoot free throws. Maybe O'Neal won't be able to shoot free throws, maybe there's a mental block there. It seems to me that Phil Jackson got O'Neal playing better and more consistently than anybody ever has, so whether or not he ever shoots free throws well is incidental to what Jackson has done in one year with him.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of a professional athlete like Allen Iverson releasing a hip-hop song with lines such as: "Man enough to pull a gun/Be man enough to squeeze it." And: "Come to me with faggot tendencies/You be sleeping where the maggots be."

**KNIGHT:** If I were the owner of that team, upon hearing that one time, the guy would be traded.

**PLAYBOY:** What things most upset you about a player?

**KNIGHT:** That he doesn't develop a work ethic. That he doesn't pay attention to what's happening, doesn't see the game as it's developing. The difference between a lot of mediocre players and a lot of good players is the ability to see the game. Everybody looks, but very few see. The kid who learns to see has an advantage over all the kids who don't see. And perhaps what upsets me the most is when a kid simply doesn't take advantage of the ability he has. In the end he

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# DREAM OM

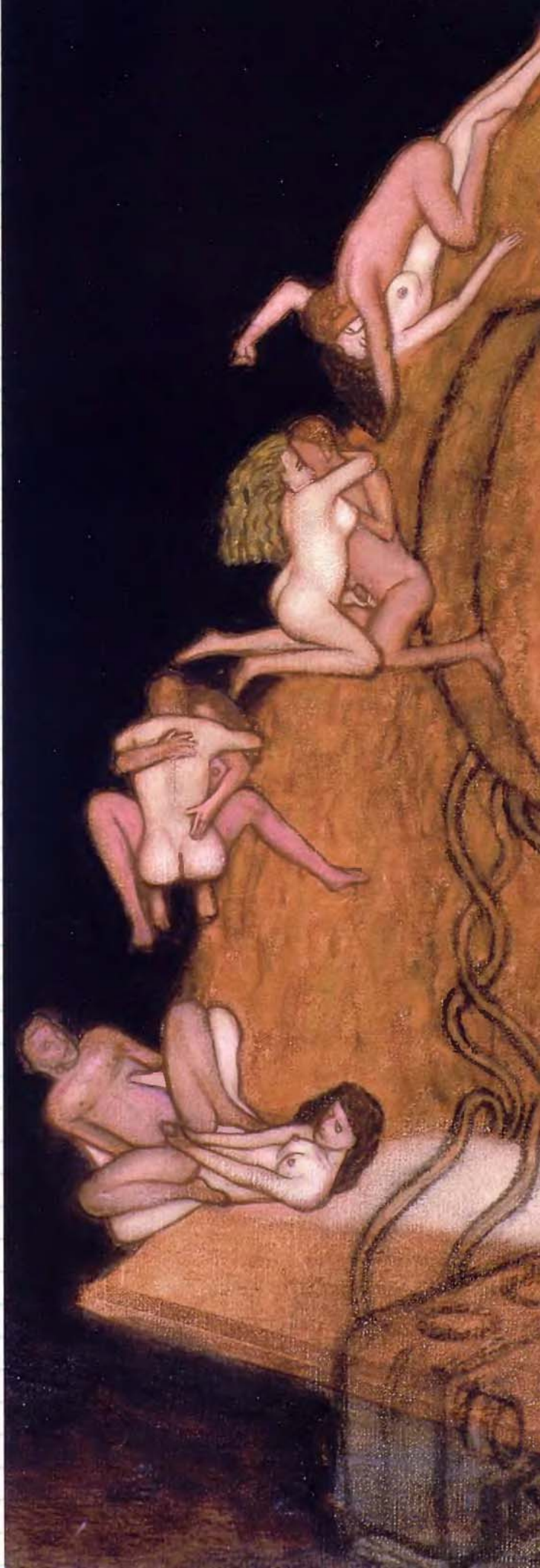
SMART RESEARCHERS CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAN YOUR DREAMS. ANYTHING GOES. THAT'S WHAT SLEEPING WITH SOMEONE IS REALLY ALL ABOUT

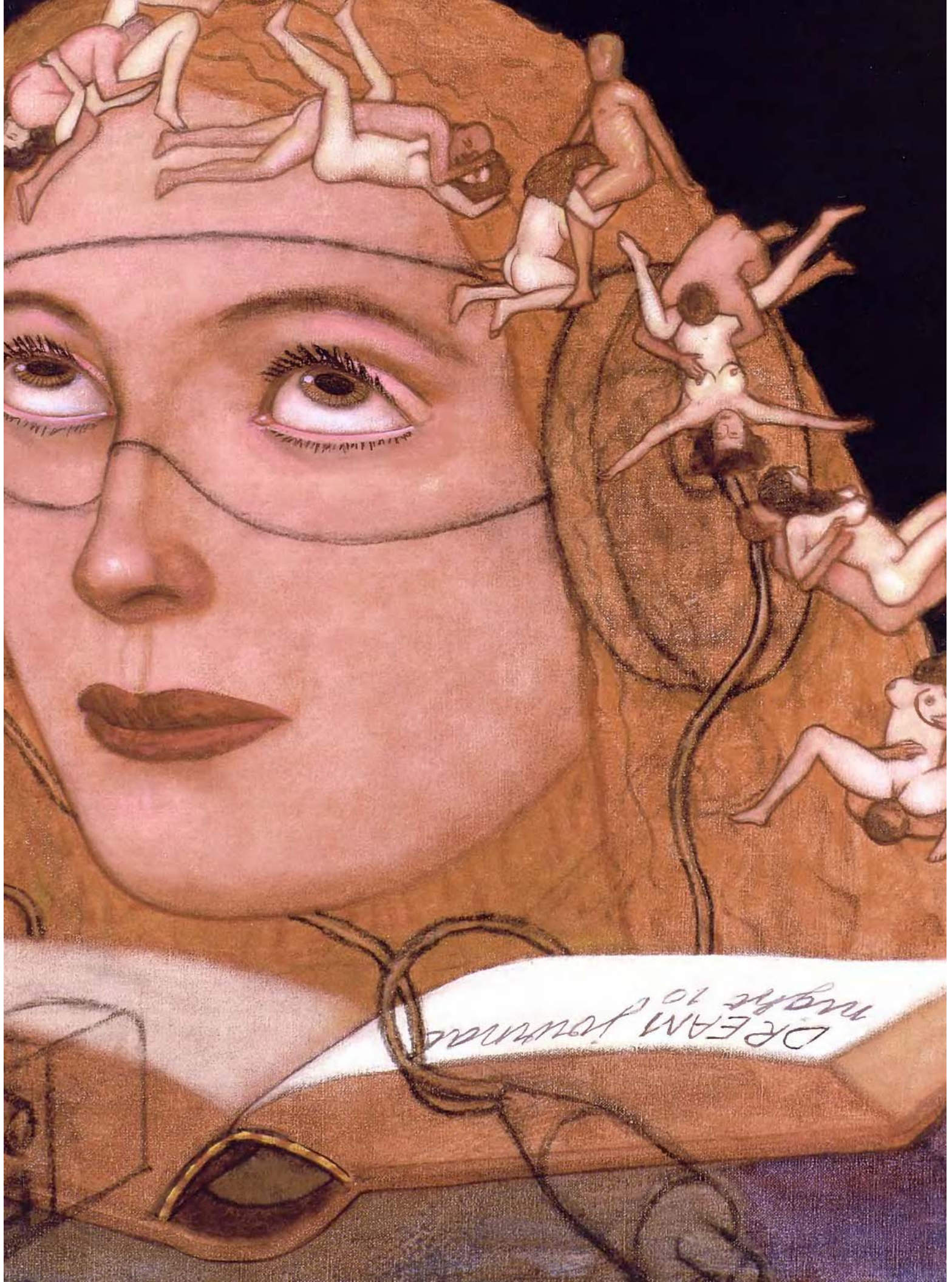
It started out innocently enough. My husband, J, and I were fooling around in bed, and things started to get hot and heavy. At the crucial moment, he tried flipping me over on my stomach, as if it were no big deal, just a normal part of the routine.

"In your dreams, buddy," I whispered. That tiny remark, casually tossed off as I clawed the sheets for dear life to protect my nether maidenhood and impede J from turning me over, launched us into an exploration of a world where reality and dreams blur—up to six times an hour if you've got the proper equipment.

The next day J came home with a sheaf of downloaded information about something called "lucid dreaming" and a catalog featuring equipment—goggles, beepers, recording devices—advertised to help precipitate lucid dreams, from a place called the Lucidity Institute. Loyal and true as they come, J would never stray. But, it seems, if I wasn't going to do what he wanted, he was going to dial up someone in his dreams who would.

Simply put, a lucid dream is one in which you're aware you're dreaming and are (you hope) able to shape the course and events of your dream. The Lucidity Institute, headed by





DREAM JOURNAL  
night 10

Dr. Stephen LaBerge and situated in Palo Alto, California, is dedicated to teaching others to dream lucidly and to proving and promoting the phenomenon's many benefits. The curve varies widely, but learning how to dream lucidly can take from a few months to a few years. Once mastered, the institute asserts, lucid dreaming may be able to aid in everything from overcoming nightmares to problem solving to healing the body of disease to transcending "this mortal coil," as Hamlet referred to our physical beings (not its waste products). Here are a couple of accounts from *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*, a book by Dr. LaBerge and Howard Rheingold.

"I realized I was dreaming. I raised my arms and began to rise. There are no words to describe the joy I felt. The euphoria lasted several days; the memory, forever."

"I am studying to become a professional musician (French horn). I focused on my desire to have a dream in which I was performing for a large audience by myself but was not nervous or suffering from any anxiety. On the third night of the experiment, I had a lucid dream in which I was performing a solo recital. When I woke up, I made a quick note of the dream and the piece I played. Two weeks later, I performed Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony with an orchestra. For the first time, nerves did not hamper my playing, and the performance went extremely well."

Lucid dreams also allow you to experience your fantasies. "You can kiss the person you love," the institute's literature sunnily exhorts. They had no idea of our dark intentions.

J and I decided to give this lucid dreaming thing a try, in the noble pursuit of engaging in lurid sex acts that we were unable (or unwilling) to perform in real life, and maybe also to dial ourselves up a couple of dream hotties. Maybe I could overcome my reluctance and distaste and learn to love J's peccadilloes by "rehearsing" them first in a dream. J was betting the farm on it.

Dreams don't come cheap. We considered several items in the Lucidity Institute catalog, all of which come with hefty price tags. At \$275, the NovaDreamer is a mask you don upon going to bed. According to the catalog, "it detects when you're in REM sleep, then gives you a cue (flashing lights or sounds) to remind you to recognize you're dreaming." An intractable insomniac, I had my worries about being able to fall asleep at all with one of those gizmos.

The DreamSpeaker is a tape recorder of sorts that hooks up to the NovaDreamer, slips under your pillow and is also triggered to play back by rapid eye

movement. Using the \$150 speaker, you record a personal message to yourself, to help steer your dreams. I imagined what J would program. It might begin, "A nude and distraught Cameron Diaz approaches you. . . ."

Apparently, something called reality testing is a must for those in pursuit of lucidity. In the catalog, a device called the Programmable Electronic State Tester is advertised with this teaser: "Do you ever have difficulty remembering to do reality tests several times a day?"

Lord, don't we all? The PEST, it turns out, is really just an alarm device "disguised as a beeper," which flashes, beeps, or vibrates at random intervals, to remind you to think about lucid dreaming. It has a built-in state tester—basically, a button that flashes or beeps when you press it. If you see it flash and beep, you're awake! If you don't, they say, "You're probably asleep." Or the batteries ran out. It also boasts "a variety of features to suit your individual need for nagging." Clearly, the frequency with which I call my mother shows my need to be through-the-roof. So, at only \$175, how could I not purchase the PEST? Included in the package is *A Course in Lucid Dreaming* (\$50), a step-by-step workbook with exercises to help you, employing a variety of techniques. We planned to follow it to the letter, or at least give it a cursory glance.

I called the Lucidity Institute and placed my \$600 order. The phone representative seemed shocked and grateful that someone was actually buying the stuff, and thanked me for "my contribution to the institute." I idly wondered what the money would be used for. If it could provide just one needy student with a NovaDreamer or a PEST, I'd be happy. Or maybe they'd use it to purchase curtains for the two-way mirror in the sleep lab, to give the place a more homey look. For once, I felt I was Part of the Solution. J and I eagerly waited for our dream booty to arrive in the mail.

In the meantime, I spoke with the highly respected sleep scientist, Dr. Mark Rosekind, president and chief scientist of Alertness Solutions, a scientific consulting firm. Dr. Rosekind said he respects LaBerge's breadth of knowledge on the science of sleep. Still, Rosekind noted, lucid dreaming is looked upon with a degree of skepticism by his fellow sleep scientists. "Its goal is valid enough—to access and utilize another piece of human potential, the two or so hours per night we usually spend dreaming. But the folks who believe in it are mostly doing the research on themselves. And though there are some phenomena there, their purported

beneficial effects are hard to gauge in any scientific manner." Fair enough.

#### THE DREAM GEAR ARRIVES

There they were, nestled in a plain brown box. The NovaDreamer, the DreamSpeaker, a plastic contraption that looks like a nurse's call button on a hospital bed, and a small black box with tiny knobs—the PEST. There were also a bunch of cables and a jack-like box. I stared at the gear dumbly, intimidated by the scientific appearance and the official-looking manuals that accompanied them. I'm a gal whose apartment is a collage of flashing lights from various appliances, each broadcasting a different hour. Rather than bother to learn how to program them, I prefer to simply adjust my schedule to the time displayed and proceed with my life accordingly. It's almost always 12:01 A.M. for me.

Then there was the textbook, *A Course in Lucid Dreaming*. I opened it and it looked like some kind of nightmarish ninth grade chem-lab course with quizzes at the end of each chapter. I shuddered and decided to focus on the less intimidating accompanying paperback, *Exploring the World of Dreaming*. It had a shiny cover with a cool picture of clouds, and it looked reassuringly anecdotal.

However, in the opening pages I was disquieted to read this finger-wagging note from the authors: "You are not likely to learn lucid dreaming by quickly skimming through this book." (How did they know?) They go on to lecture: "Anything worth learning requires effort. Motivation is essential; you have to really want to do it and make sufficient time to practice."

I flashed back to my childhood piano lessons. Sure, I wanted to be a concert pianist, but practicing cut into my after-school cartoon marathon. I had my priorities firmly in place—and today I have the pathetically labored chops to prove it. But this was different: the chance to tap my inner potential, make my husband happy and maybe get it on with a hunky movie star! No, damn it! This time I was going to apply myself. Titillated and brimming with resolve, I read on.

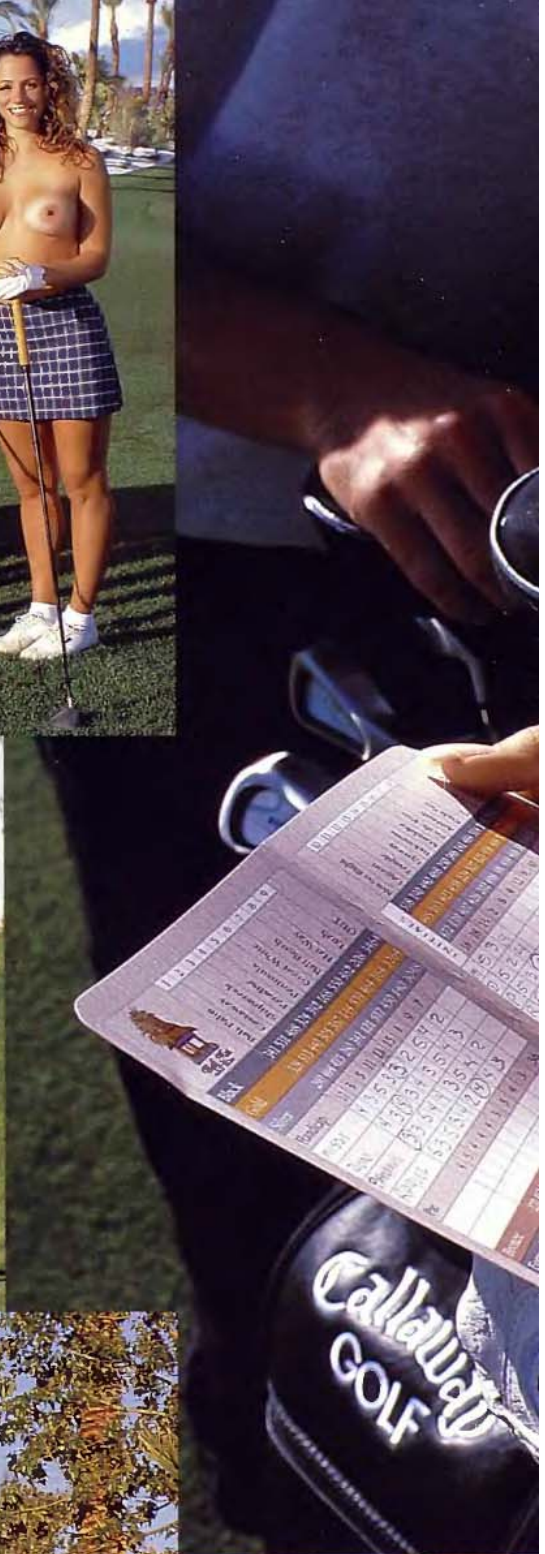
#### SOME COOL STUFF YOU MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT SLEEP AND DREAMS

Well, I didn't, anyway. Rosekind and the book by LaBerge and Rheingold filled me in on the basics, and both were excellent sources. Like, did you know our sleep is characterized by two types of cycles lasting about 90 minutes combined—REM (characterized by rapid eye movement) and non-REM? And that we dream primarily during

(continued on page 152)



*"My husband doesn't want to know."*





# TOPLESS GOLF

tee up with this team and the rest is a gimme

**G**olfer Gary Johnson was on the seventh fairway of his local course in Phoenix when something struck him. Not a golf ball, but an idea. "A crazy idea," he recalls now, a year later. Why not hire beautiful women to be your golfing buddies for a day? Better yet, why not hire topless beautiful women? A planner of corporate meetings by trade, Johnson realized the potential for good-looking, bare-chested golf partners went far beyond filling out a weekend foursome. Within a few months, he had launched a website ([toplessgolf.com](http://toplessgolf.com)) and assembled a small group of fetching females who were trained to hit the links as the All American Topless Golf Team. For a fee, they're available to swing into action and make your next golf outing a series of Kodak moments. As demand for their services grows, the squad has increased

Tee-off takes on a new meaning when you're playing with the All American Topless Golf Team. For a pair of lucky duffers (opposite), topless partners pose a substantial distraction. When the topless team keeps score (above), double bogeys are par for the course.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

to 23 members. Team members have clubs and will travel. But most of their work takes place around Phoenix, where certain courses give tacit consent to their unusual (lack of) dress. They all receive regular lessons from a PGA pro, which means they know a wood from a wedge, and can tell you the proper way to grip a club. They might even be good enough to kick your butt—and they're willing to bet their shirts on it. We arranged this outing at Las Vegas' Bali Hai Golf Club.



Different folks, different strokes—it all pales when the golfer wears no top. But, as the photos here show, the game remains the same, whether it's facing challenges posed by sand and water or making a decision on whether to pull the pin or leave it in. The bottom line (opposite, top): It's a long, pleasurable stroll with a chance to take in the scenery. And when golfers jump this high for joy (opposite, bottom), it can mean only one thing: a hole in seven!





PLAY 18 HOLES OF TOPLESS GOLF AT  
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# The SPARRING PARTNER

she had a quick right hand and great technique. her sparring partner fantasized about different techniques and a different way of sparring

## FICTION BY LUCIUS SHEPARD

**R**ita, she got herself some serious problems," Papa John Crines says to Louis, who's standing on his left, wearing pillowy sparring gloves and a protector strapped over a pair of sweatpants. They're watching a woman with honey-colored skin doing stretches in the ring. "This big Dutchman use to train her when she was kickboxin' been comin' round here houndin' her ass. Sayin' he gon' drag her off to Amsterdam. Scarin' the shit out of her. She gettin' her ol' bad habits back."

Tiny, wizened, black. Bald as a bean. Even with his wire-rimmed glasses and baggy jogging suit, Papa John looks like he should be hanging off a rearview mirror, somebody's voodoo souvenir of Haiti. His scalp smells of aftershave, and talcum powder cakes the creases of his neck. Every so often his mouth works and he spits the husk of a sunflower seed into a foam cup. On his right, a skinny guy in a powder-blue sports coat and a bad toupee glances up at the woman, who's begun to shadowbox, then returns his attention to a muscular blond kid gazing at a speed bag as if it's a fat red teardrop that has just materialized from midair.

"You can't call him his real name," the skinny guy says to Papa John.

"Kid looks like a goddamn beer-truck driver, for Christ's sake! You let him fight calling himself Bobby Brothers, people be laughing their ass off. He needs a name that sounds mean."

"I come up with somepin'. Don't worry." Papa John gives Louis a nudge. "See there! See how she draggin' that back foot. Every kickboxer I ever seen, drag they back foot. I had her stopped from doin' it till that Dutchman come around."

Louis studies the woman as she stalks her invisible opponent. She's too mechanical, and she carries her left extremely high, which makes him think she's overcompensating. She looks strong, though. Thick through the shoulders. Corded thighs and cut biceps. He tries to picture how her body would look without the black satin trunks and orange singlet and the molded plastic breastplate beneath it. He's not especially attracted to her, but he wonders what it would be like to fuck her. All that strength.

"How 'bout we call him Big?" the skinny guy says with an air of revelation. "Like in the movie."

"When you get in there," Papa John says to Louis, "keep circlin' left, way you done with Chavez. Sooner or later, she gon' unnerstan' she can't be draggin' that back foot if she gon' stick you with the jab."



PAINTING BY LEROY NEIMAN

SON

POUNID FOR POUNID

PREMIUM

WHITAKER

OSCAR DE LA HOYA

VS

JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ

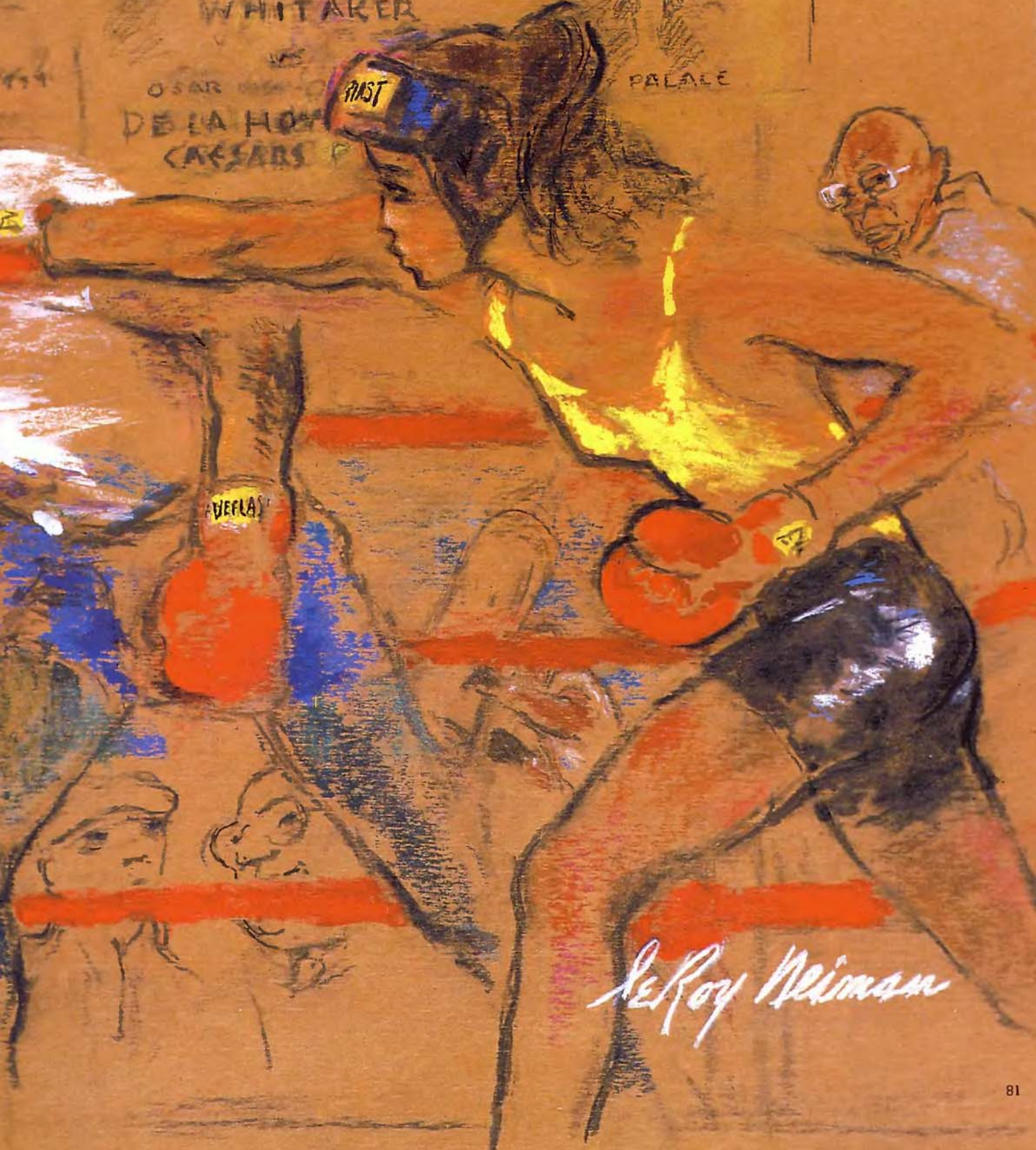
OSCAR  
DE LA HOYA  
CAESARS

FAST

PALACE

VEFLAY

LeRoy Neiman



"She's not going to stick me with shit," Louis says.

"Well, I don't know 'bout that." Papa John squints up at him. "Rita 'bout the best woman boxer they is."

"That's like what?" Louis says, annoyed. "The baddest poodle on the planet?"

"It's the future, right?" The skinny guy spreads his hands as if creating a screen on which to play his movie. "Everything's gone to shit. And the guy that rules, the evil dictator, they call him Big Brother. So"—he pauses for effect—"Bobby 'Big' Brothers!"

"Go on, get in there," Papa John tells

and throws a left hook to his ribs. He's been hit harder by men, but not a whole lot harder. From that point on he's focused, locked in on that impassive face framed by headgear with the satin word *EVERLAST* inscribed on the brow, her calm brown eyes nailing him, breath chuffing through the scarlet pad of the mouthpiece.

Two weeks of staring at that face and it comes to seem beautiful . . . magnificent. A broad nose and sculpted lips, the mixed genes of Holland and Malaysia, the face of an Asiatic idol fashioned of golden wood. There's beauty, too, in her strength. In the way she

learns to walk him down, the way she controls him on the ropes with her shoulders. During clinches, which he tries to prolong, the smell of some core sweetness, a scent that speaks of a frangible quality like the yield of a crushed weed, overpowers the odors of sweat and Vaseline. He likes her quick right hand, how she maneuvers him into the corners. She's better than he is, he realizes. Surprisingly, he likes that, too. But he's not clear on what he wants from her until he walks by accident—or maybe it's not by accident, maybe it's something he wouldn't have had the balls to do if he didn't disguise it from himself—into the women's locker room. She's standing beneath a dangling light unwrapping her hands, stripped to a pair of shorts, her breastplate and a padded bra lying on the bench beside her. She glances up, sees him gawking, meets his eyes for a two-count, then

goes back to her chore, not registering the slightest change in expression, not acknowledging his muted "Sorry."

Louis' motel lies a five-buck cab ride from the gym, in an inglorious neon-depleted section of Vegas where the air is full of blowing grit and seems blacker, hotter. The hookers prowling the parking lot look like hookers, not actresses, and a chubby middle-aged Mexican coke dealer mans the office. That night Louis switches off the AC and lies on the bed until his body beads with sweat and sees Rita again standing, intent on the bandages, a classic pose like that of a figure on an amphora. He recalls her combination of male power and female softness: chiseled muscles, sleek belly and tennis ball-size

tits tipped with cinnamon. He calculates the comparative weights of her silence and her two-second stare. He'd take her on a vacation to Miami, he thinks. They'd rent a speedboat, burn a white wake along in front of the big hotels. Dance in a garden restaurant to a Cuban band. Lie spent on a satin bed. And for weeks thereafter, as they go about the business of their joint career, trainer and fighter, Miami would give heat to the relationship.

He has no reason to think any of this is possible, but it seems now that when he saw her in the locker room, he heard a metallic *chink* inside his head like the shutting of a bolt, the meshing of desire and possibility. In all the fume and sputter of his disordered life, days weeks months wadded and pitched into corners like soiled rags, he's never heard that sound before, never felt such clarity. This is his chance to climb out of the crooked furrow he's been plowing through the world's dirt and find a place to stand.

Outside, a car horn hoots in short bursts, over and over, and Louis can hear the hookers laughing. He switches off the bedside lamp and lets the dark settle around him. Maybe not Miami, he thinks. Tahiti. He sees himself sprinting along a beach. Glowing green water, combers white as toothpaste. He's churning up the sand. Wearing a bathing suit and an expression of gleeful effort. He tries to bring Rita into frame, but fails. She, or whatever it is he's pursuing, won't be caught tonight. He turns toward the window, where a seam of red-orange glare between the drapes suggests that the hookers may be laughing in the face of a great burning.

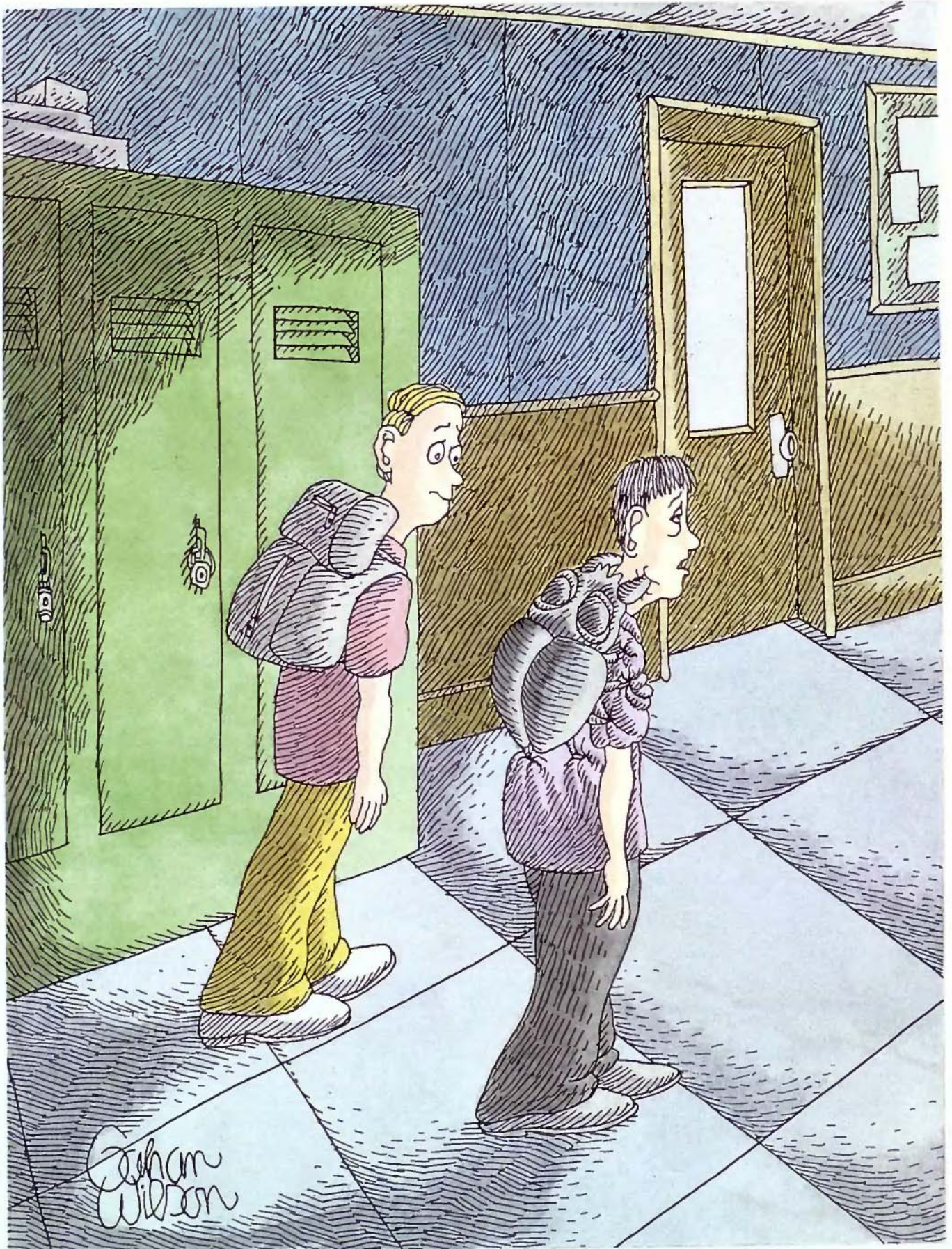
A couple of weeks before her fight Rita asks him out to dinner at one of the new casinos, a domed room with what appears to be a drug-addled Hollywood set designer's notion of Renaissance decor, dominated by a golden griffin 15 feet high with red wine spilling from its beak. Three-foot candles tower in tall wooden stands. Immense tapestries depicting hunting scenes hang from ceiling to floor, so bright and ineptly crafted, they have the decorative value of souvenir bath towels bearing crude images of Elvis. Rita's sleeveless white dress accentuates the dark honey of her skin—it's the first time he's seen her in anything other than gym clothes—and as she walks toward their table, the waiters and the other diners stare at her as they might at a movie star. Trotting at her heels, Louis feels like a mongrel plucked off the streets by a princess, but once they're seated she puts him at ease,

(continued on page 90)

**THEY CONTINUE THEIR  
VIOLENCE, BITING AND  
CLAWING, UNTIL THEIR  
FLESH IS SLICK WITH  
BLOOD, ENTWINING WITH  
SERPENT GRACE,  
ACHIEVING KNOTTED IN-  
TRICACIES WAY BEYOND  
ANYTHING IN HINDU SEX  
MANUALS . . .**

Louis. "Give her lotsa movement." He turns to the skinny guy. "What the fuck are you talkin' about?"

Louis dogs it with her a little, bouncing around the ring, flipping out a nothing jab, disrespecting her the way he would a gym rat. Not that he's such a world-beater. His record, 30-6, was compiled in towns like Yakima, Pocatello, Spokane, fighting old men with neurological deficits, farm kids who slump to the canvas when he taps them on the shoulder. But while he never had any power, he could always move, and he figures no woman is going to touch him up now. Then she takes a quick step to the right, cutting him off,



*"It's not a backpack."*

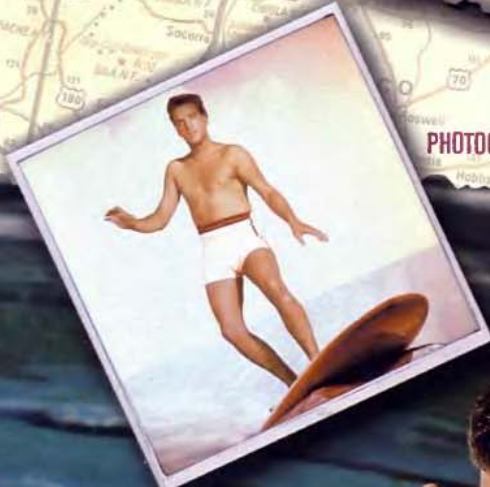
Europe has Milan. America has the movies. When it comes to casual, nobody loosens up better than we do. Look no further than the collections of our best designers. "We call our system nine easy pieces," says Patti Cohen of Donna Karan. "A guy should build his wardrobe around clothes he feels comfortable in." John Varvatos, who burst onto the scene a few seasons back, calls it "casual elegance."

Ron Chereskin agrees: "Relax, but don't get sloppy." Roll 'em!

## LIGHTS, CAMERA—HEY! WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE FINE-ASS CLOTHES?

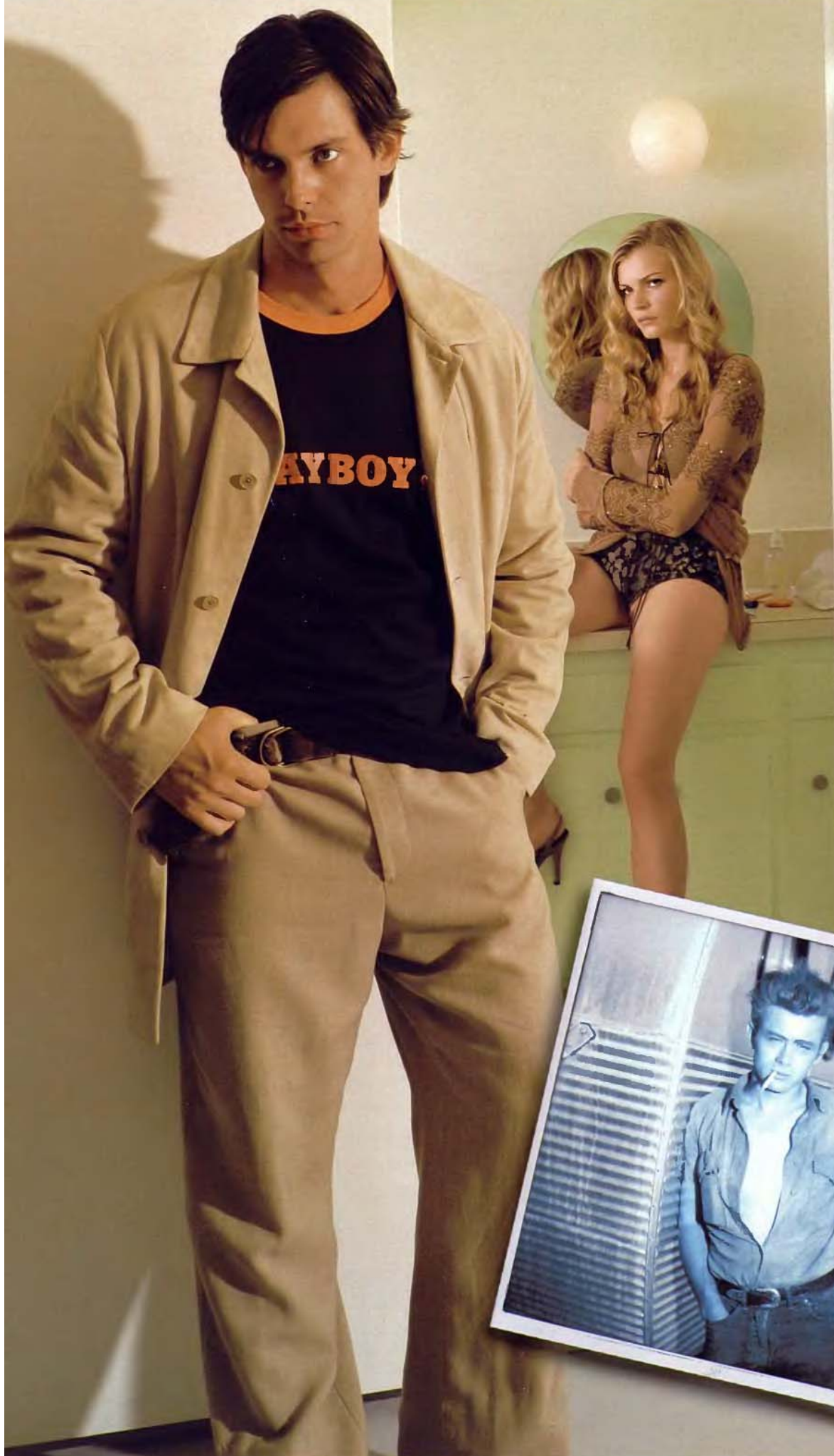
FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS  
PRODUCED BY JOE DOLCE

LEATHER ISN'T JUST FOR NIGHTTIME. HERE WE HAVE A LEATHER JACKET AND PANTS, AND A BRILLIANT SHIRT, ALL BY DKNY. "LEATHER IS COMFORTABLE, FLEXIBLE AND SENSUAL," SAYS DONNA KARAN'S PATTI COHEN. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT? THE SHADES ARE BY GUCCI.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN BRADING





MIXED WITH BLACK, ANY OF THESE PIECES—A NUBUCK JACKET, LINEN-AND-SILK PANTS, A HANDWOVEN BELT (ALL BY JOHN VARVATOS)—CAN WORK AFTER SUMMER. SHOPPING TIP FROM MR. VARVATOS: “LOOK FOR FINE SUEDES WITH VERY LITTLE HAIR ON THE SURFACE.”

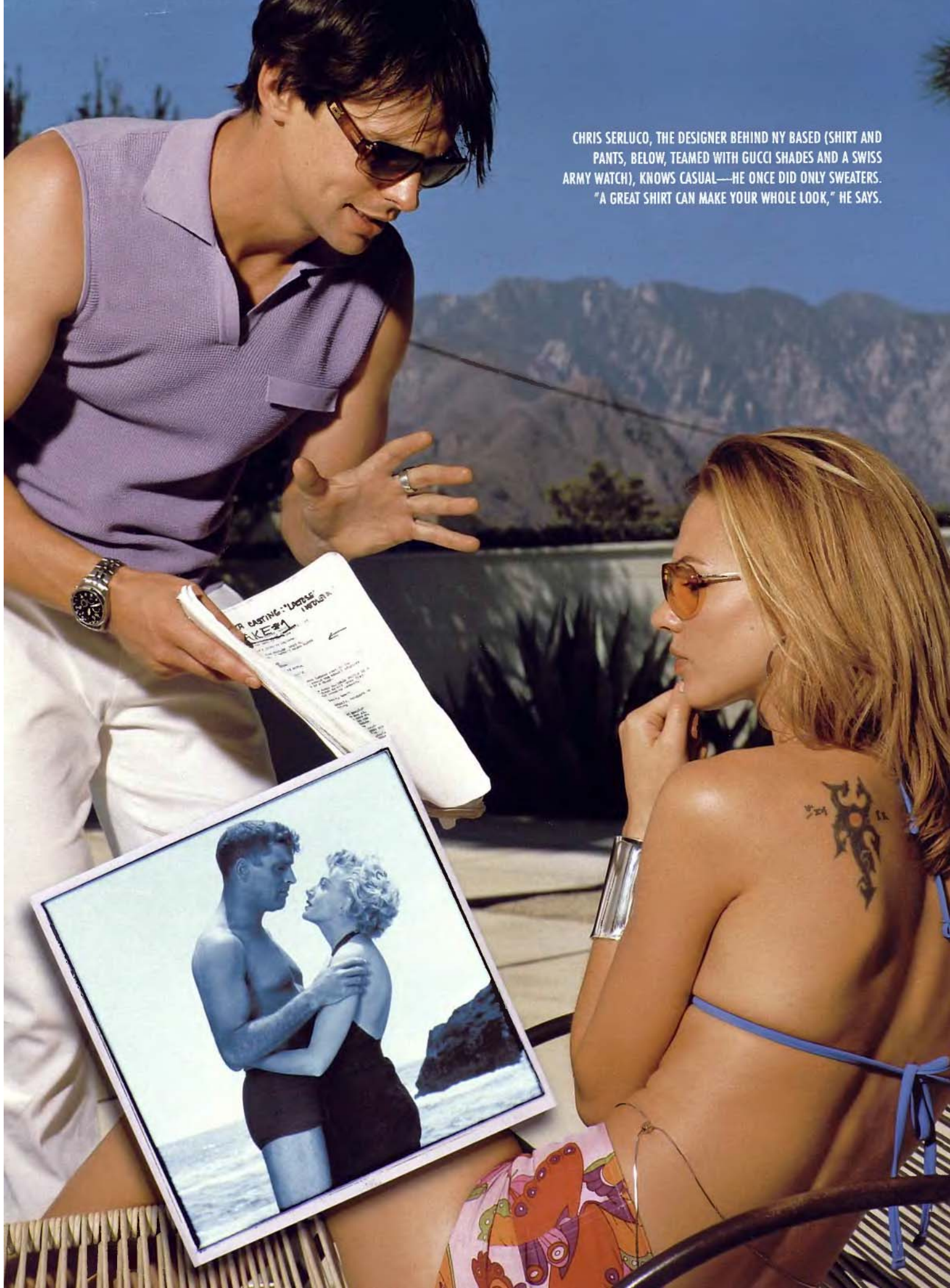




AT LEFT, PANTS AND SHIRT BY JASON BUNIN (SUNGLASSES BY GUCCI). "I LOVE GREEN," SAYS BUNIN. "JUST MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A TAN. COLOR IS IMPORTANT. WHEN A SHIRT FADES, IT BECOMES TOO CASUAL." RON CHERESKIN'S NEW SWIMSUIT (BELOW) BURSTS WITH COLOR. "TEN YEARS AGO, I WOULDN'T HAVE DESIGNED THIS. BUT TODAY, MEN AREN'T SHY ABOUT THEIR BODIES."



CHRIS SERLUCCO, THE DESIGNER BEHIND NY BASED (SHIRT AND PANTS, BELOW, TEAMED WITH GUCCI SHADES AND A SWISS ARMY WATCH), KNOWS CASUAL—HE ONCE DID ONLY SWEATERS. "A GREAT SHIRT CAN MAKE YOUR WHOLE LOOK," HE SAYS.



HOT PANTS! THANKFULLY, LEATHER BREATHES. THE SHIRT IS BY COSTUME NATIONAL. THE REST—HAND-LACED LEATHER HAT, BELT AND PANTS—COMES FROM BUFFALO CHIPS, THE LABEL OF RON TASSELY. "BUY THE PANTS TIGHT," HE SAYS. "LEATHER STRETCHES ONLY UNDER PRESSURE."



## SPARRING PARTNER

*(continued from page 82)*

gets him talking about himself. He tells her about growing up in Missoula, how his father, the mad professor, taught him at home until he started high school, gave him an education in the classics, lessons imprinted by lashes with a leather belt.

"Once I got out from under him," he says, "I did everything I could to piss him off. That's why I took up boxing." He chews a bite of salad. "Didn't work out so hot for either of us. He didn't get the Shakespeare-quoting aesthete he wanted. I ended up fighting prelims for shit money in Idaho."

"Aesthete?" She rests her elbows on the table, smiles. "At least you have a good vocabulary."

"Yeah, I forget to dumb it down around the gym, guys stare at me like I'm talking Swahili." He has a sip of wine. "Probably been better off doing what the old man had in mind."

"I don't know. You fought very well against Chavez."

"Chavez isn't what he used to be."

"Nevertheless, you fought well."

Louis sets down the wineglass, fitting it into the depressed circle in the tablecloth where it's been resting. "Know what I made for Chavez? Contract was for 25 grand. My manager walked me over to the casino and had me cash the check. He took the money, counted me out eight hundred-dollar bills. Said the rest went for expenses, money I owed him. He had his bodyguards along. I couldn't do fuck-all."

She lowers her gaze to the flowers at the center of the table, looking dismayed, and he wonders if in her eyes the portrait he's painted of himself is that of a loser. He has, he realizes, a bad habit of attempting to create false impressions by telling the truth, maybe because the truth doesn't seem quite real.

"It's for the best," he says, and taps his head as if knocking sense into it. "Finally sank in I needed to cut loose from the bastard."

Chatter from the adjoining tables fills in the crack in their conversation. Rita fiddles with an earring, a gold hoop that's half-hidden in sunstreaked brown curls. "I'm not sure how to say this," she tells him. "There's a tension between us. And it's . . . becoming a distraction."

Louis interprets "tension" to mean attraction; he's tempted to make her acknowledge this, but thinks better of it. He cuts a piece of steak, waits for her to go on.

"I have to focus on the fight now," she says. "I can't handle anything else."

"You're going to kick her ass," he

says. "If you can keep up with me, you'll track her down no sweat. But I hear what you're saying. I'll do whatever you want."

"I don't think there's anything you can do—unless you can put it from your mind."

"That 'tension' thing, you mean?"

The slightest of smiles. "Yes."

"Sure, I can do that. Papa John's been telling me to go after you more. Guess I should start trying to tear your head off."

He expects a real smile this time, but she only nods and says, "That's probably a good idea."

They talk about the cheesy decor, the upcoming Trinidad bout—Rita's on the undercard. Louis would like to extract her promise that after the fight they'll explore the nature of the tension between them, but he can't think how to do this except by asking outright.

Afterward in front of the casino, Louis is about to guide Rita into her van, a hand on her back, when somebody calls to her and she stiffens. A big man with a shaved head, wearing a black T-shirt and pale yellow slacks, comes striding toward them, pushing through a group of weary-looking Japanese tourists burdened with shopping bags and children. He stops 10 feet away, glances at Louis with contempt. His arms and chest are massive, hips narrow. His nose has been broken, scar tissue tightens the skin above his eyes, and his glistening scalp is also scarred. But his menacing aspect is modified by the roundness of his face and a delicate Cupid's bow mouth.

"You're violating the restraining order, Bas," Rita says. She's not flinching, but Louis hears a tremor in her voice.

The man nods at Louis. "Who's this?"

"If I have to bring the police in," she says, "you'll go to jail."

He spreads his hands to indicate indifference. "I'll be out in the morning." His accent is thick—Dutch, Louis supposes.

Louis eases forward. "Jail might be the safest place for you . . . Bas."

Bas looks genuinely amused. By way of response he leans to his left, lifts his right leg until it's sticking nearly straight up over his head, and performs a kick. Then he lowers the leg, shakes out the muscles in his shoulders and beckons to Louis.

"Cool," says Louis. "Can you bend over and stick your head up your ass? I'd really be impressed then."

A crowd is gathering under the long cement awning that overspreads the drive. The lights are bright as ring lights and the stream of neon-glazed cars flowing along the street creates a

braying music such as might signal the main event. Louis tries to steer Rita into the car, but she resists, and Bas shouts for him to let her go. Several security men are close by, but they're not ready to get involved.

Rita's facade is crumbling. She braces herself on the car door and shouts, "What do you want from me? You know I'm not going back!"

Bas pitches his voice low, his eyebrows lift into a V as if he's beaming a coercive thought. "I think we should talk."

Rita lets out a bitter laugh. "No thanks! The last talk was quite enough."

"Why do you have to be such a bitch!"

Louis can see that the security men are close to acting. He moves in front of Rita, ignores her attempt to restrain him and drops into his stance.

"Uh-oh!" Bas laughs. "Are you going to punch me in the leg?"

The security men begin to move in. Bas backs away, showing his hands, palms outward, and Louis relaxes. He again urges Rita into the car, and this time she complies.

Standing beyond a picket line of security men, towering over them, the Dutchman points at Louis. "See you later, little man!"

There's a moment back at the motel, they're sitting in her van, when Louis recognizes that she doesn't want to be alone, and it might be possible to maneuver her into his room, but he's afraid of presuming. He gets out, assures her that everything will be fine, she can call him if she wants, and watches her drive away. He takes off his jacket, walks over to the pool and sits in a lawn chair on the strip of plastic turf beside it. The motel sign reads *NO VACANCY*, and beneath it in the brightly lit office, dressed in an orange sports coat, the coke dealer is talking on his cell phone, pacing back and forth in front of the window with the regularity of a goldfish doing laps in an aquarium. One of the hookers standing in the driveway sidles toward Louis, but he shoos her off with a wave. Sweat trickles down his chest, his back. The glowing aquamarine reach of the pool slops with inch-high swells, a tiny underwater sun ripples beneath the diving board. It looks inviting, but then he spots a used condom floating on the surface.

He's not worried about Bas. Though Rita claims he's dangerous, Bas is the sort of problem that can become part of a solution. No, what's bothering Louis is Rita's dinner conversation. He wonders if her focus on the fight will neutralize whatever feelings she has for

*(continued on page 144)*



*"If you build it, they will come."*

the man behind *gladiator*,

*alien* and *blade runner* sinks

his teeth into hannibal lecter

# THE TALENTED

## MR. RIDLEY

FANS WHO salivated over a *Silence of the Lambs* sequel the way Hannibal Lecter did over a census taker's liver—served with fava beans and a nice chianti—lost their appetite when both Jodie Foster and director Jonathan Demme declined to return for a second course. That is until Ridley Scott, fresh from reviving the sword-and-sandal era with the Russell Crowe blockbuster *Gladiator*, joined Anthony Hopkins and stepped in to fill the void. The 63-year-old British-born director knows his way around villains, having birthed one far more ferocious in *Alien* than Lecter. One of the most imitated directors (especially by makers of music videos), Scott has provided striking visual feasts in films like *Alien*, *Blade Runner*, *Thelma and Louise* and *Black Rain*. Even his failures, from *Legend* to *G.I. Jane* to *White Squall*, offered intriguing worlds to look at.

Scott's decision to make *Hannibal* his first sequel—he had no role in the sequels to *Alien*—raises hopes that Lecter's inevitable encounter with FBI agent Clarice Starling (now played by Julianne Moore) has a chance to be memorable. But he will be the first to admit that the original is a tough act to follow.

PLAYBOY: Hannibal Lecter was such a bizarre, indelible villain. How do you keep him from becoming a parody?

SCOTT: That comes down to taste, and it's the job of the director to make judgments to prevent that. There's a lot to sustain him, since you only saw him standing in a cell last time. Now, Hannibal is out in the wide world, enjoying himself, leading a normal life. How would he live? Does he redo his original acts of violence? For what reason? Does he still like to eat flesh? What makes Hannibal tick? I don't think there's guilt or remorse in his makeup. I don't think there's any sense of morality—he's more dangerous because there is no guilt. Still, those who suffer at his hand deserve it. They may suffer a little more than they ought to, but they deserve it. He enjoys the retribution. He's a little tired and bored when he sends Clarice a note, to keep her chin up, after she's been scapegoated by the FBI and the press for essentially doing her job. That gets us started.

PLAYBOY: The original director, Jonathan Demme, dropped out, and

then you lost the original Clarice Starling when Jodie Foster bowed out. You looked at actresses from Angelina Jolie to Hilary Swank to Gillian Anderson. Why Julianne Moore?

SCOTT: Julianne is physically a good type for that character because she's a rather stern woman and so is Clarice. Apart from that, Julianne, in the past five or 10 years, has shown herself to be a chameleon in movies like *Magnolia* and *Boogie Nights*. A lot of actors try to be different, but essentially they are variations of the same character. She's capable of being entirely different.

PLAYBOY: So you made the movie without Foster and her \$15 million salary. Could *Hannibal* have survived if Hopkins had to be replaced?

SCOTT: Probably not, oddly enough, even though in the original he was on-screen for only 15 minutes. I think he and Clarice spent about 12 minutes together in that film. There were the scenes in the cell, then he's transferred and he escapes, and you don't see him again until the phone call.

PLAYBOY: You once said you shied away from making a sequel of your film *Alien* because you didn't want to cover old ground.

SCOTT: No, the truth is, I wasn't offered *Aliens* [the sequel]. I learned about it when they were making it.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding.

SCOTT: Yeah, that's what I said. *Alien* was just my second picture, and at the end of it, I had no sequel rights. I was disappointed. That film could easily have turned out as a bad B movie. What elevated it was me. So, yeah, I was pissed off. It was only resurrected because [*Aliens* director] Jim Cameron came in with a scenario.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of his movie?

SCOTT: It was different. Not frightening, but a good action film. It's difficult to follow frightening with frightening. The first sighting of that alien was pretty shocking, but once you got past that, it was just a beast. Even that wears out.

PLAYBOY: Ripley was originally written as a male character, then you cast Sigourney Weaver. Did you have any idea Ripley would evolve into the rare female action hero?

SCOTT: The idea was to have Dallas [Tom Skerritt] as the hero, with Ripley just (continued on page 122)

By Michael Fleming



**W**ITH ALL the publicity on mountain bikes, it's easy

to forget that the vast majority of bicycles sold today are designed for city riding. And while cutting between taxicabs doesn't quite offer the adrenaline rush of ripping down a mountainside, it can provide a jolt of excitement to even the most jaded urbanite. Lately, bike companies have caught on that commuters are forgoing the subway for city streets. There are now plenty of choices to get you from home to the office quickly, safely and in style. Here are some of the latest bikes and gear to hit the pavement.



# STREET FIGHTERS

get a pedal up on that mean city traffic

By VERNON FELTON





Left to right: Serious street bikes have to be strong enough to handle bone-rattling potholes and agile enough to dodge unforeseen car doors. To accomplish this, Cannondale combined road- and mountain-bike elements to create its Bad Boy Ultra (about \$1600), a 27-speed bike that looks like a cross between a stripped-down three-speed and a Harley motorcycle. It features the company's ultralight CAAD4 mountain-bike frame and HeadShok suspension fork paired with skinny road wheels, disc brakes and comfortable flat handlebars. Should you need an escape from the urban jungle, the Bad Boy Ultra can be transformed into a mountain bike—simply swap its narrow rims and tires for sturdier wheels and knobby treads. Schwinn's Heavy Duty (pictured above the Bad Boy) is designed to be one thing: durable. It's a throw-back-style bike without a featherweight aluminum frame, 27 speeds or trick suspension. Instead, you get a bulletproof steel frame, one solid gear and a coaster brake that could stop a Mock truck. The only luxury item on this stripped-down cruiser is the padded Sofa Saddle, to ensure you can still walk after a ride

on rough city streets. The Heavy Duty is available in yellow or black and costs \$300. Our third model, the Specialized P.3B Disc (\$1840), isn't the lightest or swiftest bike on the beat, but it's probably the toughest. Its burly frame and suspension fork (with adjustable rebound to absorb shock) make a light snock of potholes, while the quality hydraulic disc brakes will help protect you from unanticipated telephone poles, oblivious pedestrians and anything else that the mean streets throw your way.

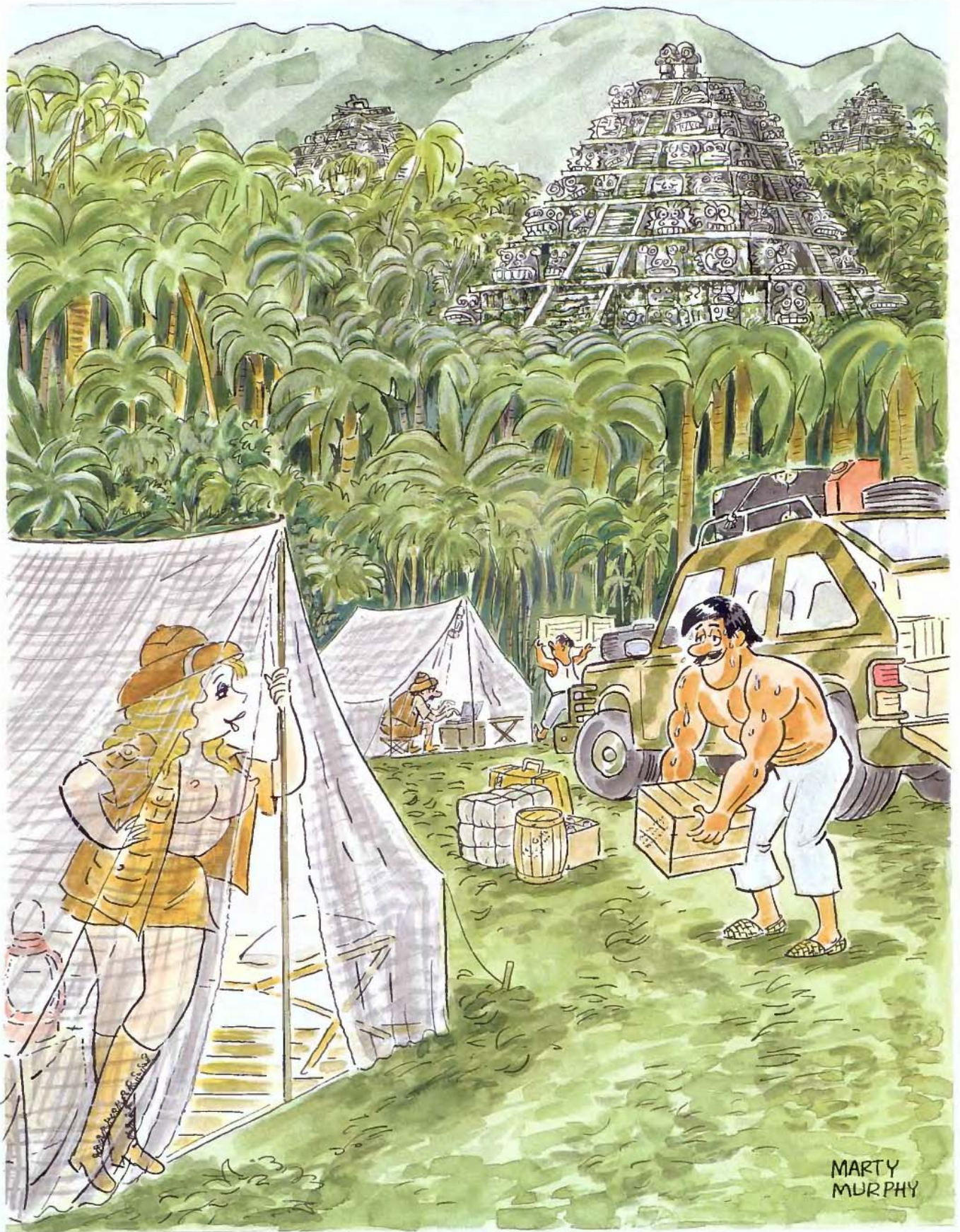




Above: Think of Kona's Jake the Snake as a Tour de France-style road bike with a lot more muscle. Designed for cyclo-cross (a form of off-road racing), the Snake is an all-purpose machine that's ideal for mild off-roading, commuting and anything that involves asphalt. It has a light but durable aluminum frame, sturdy wheels and strong cantilever brakes (\$900). Below, left to right: Keep envious people from stealing your bike with Kryptonite's Evolution 3000 (\$70). The double dead-bolt on the steel lock is protected by the company's PikSafe cylinder and includes a \$2500 antitheft guarantee. Cannondale's Aragos cycling shoes are compatible with the latest clipless pedals and feature a stiffer sole for more-efficient pedaling (\$100). Fortunately, today's helmets are much lighter, better ventilated and more stylish than previous incarnations. Bell's 10-ounce Farza-2 Pro features 14 cooling vents and a snap-in visor (\$40). Below it are products from Slime, a clotting

agent that instantly seals punctures of up to one-eighth inch in your tube. The preslimed tubes (\$6) should prevent flats, but keep an eight-ounce bottle of Slime (\$6.50) in your backpack just in case. If you get a flat you'll need a pump to get rolling again. The telescopic Zefal Switch pump (\$25) fits all types of tubes and weighs only 5.3 ounces. Timbuk2's Dee Dag messenger bag is large enough to carry your necessities and is made of water- and abrasion-resistant fabric. The company can custom-build your bag in four different sizes, 6840 fabric combinations and with special features such as a heavy-duty liner or a center divider (\$50 to \$150 depending on size and degree of customization). Kryptonite is so confident in the durability of its New York Noose (\$80) that it backs the lock with a \$3000 antitheft guarantee. The Noose's 27-inch chain is made of steel links and is secured with a disc lock. It can withstand five tons of pull force and 10 tons of cutting force.





*"Oh, Reynaldo . . . could I ask for your help again? Now I seem to have lost my moral compass. . . ."*

# MIRIAM ON GUE



miss march is racked up and ready to go

**I**F YOUR memory serves you well, you'll recognize Miriam Gonzalez. The 23-year-old Puerto Rican knockout lit up the Playmate 2000 search in our December 1999 issue and was one of the Latin ladies featured last July. "I was supposed to get married this month, but then I became a Playmate," says the all-natural beauty. "My fiancé, Mike, has a March birthday, so this is a nice treat for him." We'd like to thank the generous guy for sharing Miriam with us. "He decided to write a letter, sign my name and send my bikini pictures to PLAYBOY," she says. "It was really hard for me to show off my body. If Mike hadn't sent the pictures, this wouldn't have been possible."

Miriam was born in New York City and moved to Florida when she was 11, after her parents were divorced. "I guess you could say my dad is in his late 40s going on 22," she explains. "I really don't speak with him that much. But my mom is my number one supporter and best friend. After going through more things than I could ever handle, she said to me, 'Opportunity does not knock at your door. You have to get off your ass and knock at opportunity's door.'" Although she enjoyed cheerleading in high school, Miriam focused on theater, chorus and performing. "My favorite role was in a play called *Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?* I played this fat girl named Becky—kids made fun

Being a well-endowed student in high school didn't endear Miriam to a lot of the girls. "I preferred the company of guys because they understood me more," she says. "The girls were catty. Now things have changed—I have a lot of girlfriends and they're great!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN WAYDA



"Everyone says that I'm lucky to have big boobs, but it's really a curse," says Miriom. "I feel like a fashion victim—I can't wear anything backless or with spaghetti straps because I always wear a bra. I know guys can't understand this, but I've even thought about taking my breasts down a size or two. I can't imagine these getting any bigger when I have a child."













of her—who blossoms into a beautiful young woman. She learns that looks are unimportant and to concentrate on things like education and family. Becky kind of reminded me of me.”

When not doing theater work or studying communications at college, Miriam enjoys wave running and learning how to spice up new dishes. “My favorite thing to cook is Chinese,” she says. “I watch the chefs stir-fry when I eat out and I bought a couple of cookbooks, so I’m getting pretty good at it.” Miriam met her fiancé of five years at another eatery. “I was a hostess and he was a waiter at Red Lobster,” she says. “One morning we caught each other’s eyes. Mike asked me out seven or eight times before I said yes, because I had just gotten over a relationship and didn’t need any more heartache. He said, ‘How much can it hurt to go out with me one night? I promise we’ll have the best time.’ I said to myself, I can go out with this guy, and if he screws me over I can find out where he lives and kill him, or I can spend another night watching Disney movies with my mom. Needless to say, he eventually got a yes and we went out and had a great time. We clicked from day one.”

Now Miss March has rescheduled her wedding and is focusing on her future. “My direction is communications,” she says. “I want to learn how to deal with people and to speak better. I’m kind of shy and reserved—stick me in a room with someone and you won’t get much conversation out of me. It’s easier for me to perform for a crowd, which is why I majored in musical theater—lived and breathed it—during my first two years in college. What do I want to be when I grow up? I don’t really know. My mom says it doesn’t matter what you do in life as long as you just love what you do. Then the money will come. There are so many different things out there, I just don’t want to miss any opportunities.”

Miss March isn’t a pool shark, but she knows how to cue her ball. “I’m not very good anymore, but I used to be,” she says. “Everybody I’ve played with has been very competitive, and when I’m under pressure I want to win so badly. And I never wear my glasses when I’m playing, which makes it 10 times harder!”

SEE BEHIND-THE-SCENES VIDEO FROM MIRIAM’S PICTORIAL AT [PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT](http://PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT).



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Miriam Gonzalez

BUST: 34DDD WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 7-8-77 BIRTHPLACE: Queens, New York

AMBITIONS: To take advantage of all opportunities & never settle for less.

Stay humble, become successful & live happy w/my noodle.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, sensitivity, spontaneity, hard workers, cuddling, hopeless romantics, blue eyes 😊 & chick flicks.

TURNOFFS: Negativity, jealousy, complainers & people who are judgmental & insensitive. Most of all... people who stare!

IF I HAD MORE TIME I WOULD: Take up ballet. When I was a little girl, I used to dance around my room in a puffy long white dress, listening to classical music.

IF I COULD VISIT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, IT WOULD BE: Italy & Spain.

FAVORITE FOOD: Crab legs, pizza, tacos & popcorn.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: ① Never judge a book by its cover - you might like what you read inside. ② Never cry over spilled milk, but spill my beer & I'll slap you silly! 😜



9th grade  
"Cheesy"



Cheerleader in  
11th grade



Sexy Kitty! ↓



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Judi was puzzled that Jon was so nonchalant after he saw his girlfriend with another man. "You love her, saw her with another man and you didn't knock the guy down?"

"I'm waiting," Jon said.

"Waiting for what?" Judi asked.

"Waiting to catch her with a smaller guy."

**M**arketing reports say there's a new douche about to be introduced on the market. It's made of marijuana, Arrid antiperspirant and Kentucky Fried Chicken. It leaves you high, dry and finger-lickin' good.



**T**wo garment-center executives were having lunch when Goldstein said, "Last week was one of the worst weeks of my life. My wife and I went to Florida on vacation. It rained for seven days and seven nights, so my wife went out and spent thousands of dollars on my credit cards. I came back to New York and found that my rat brother-in-law accountant has been ripping me off for millions. And to top it all off, when I got to work on Monday morning, I found my son having sex on my desk with my best model!"

"My week was even worse," Birnbaum said. "I went to Florida on vacation with my wife and it rained for seven days and seven nights, so my wife went out and spent thousands of dollars on my credit cards. Then, when I got back to New York, I found that my rat cousin accountant has been ripping me off for millions. To top it all off, when I got to the office on Monday, I found my son having sex on my desk with my best model!"

"So how was your week worse than mine?" asked Goldstein.

"Well," replied Birnbaum, "I manufacture menswear."

**B**UMPER STICKER OF THE MONTH: Orgasm Donor.

**A**n attractive young woman and her middle-aged aunt arrived at the doctor's office. "We're here for an examination," the young woman said.

"All right," the doctor said, "go behind that curtain and take off your clothes."

"No, not me," the young woman said, "my aunt here."

"Oh, I see," said the doctor. "In that case, madam, stick out your tongue."

**E**leven people—10 men and one woman—clung to a rope hanging from a helicopter. They decided that one person had to let go because the rope was about to break under their weight and everyone would plunge to their death. No one could decide who should go, and they continued to dangle precariously. Finally, the woman gave a touching speech, saying she would give up her life to save the others because women are used to giving up things for their husbands and children.

Deeply moved, all the men started clapping.

**T**wo women were having a conversation during their lunch break. "So how's your sex life these days?" one asked.

"Oh, it's the usual Social Security kind," her friend replied.

"Social Security kind?"

"Yeah, you get a little each month, but it's not enough to live on."

**A** guy went to visit an old army buddy who had just married a voluptuous redhead he'd met in Las Vegas. When the guy arrived, he found a long line of men standing outside his buddy's house. To his astonishment, he discovered that the men were all waiting to have sex with his buddy's wife. Spotting his friend in the crowd, he grabbed him by the arm and exclaimed, "Why do you stand for this? Why don't you divorce the slut?"

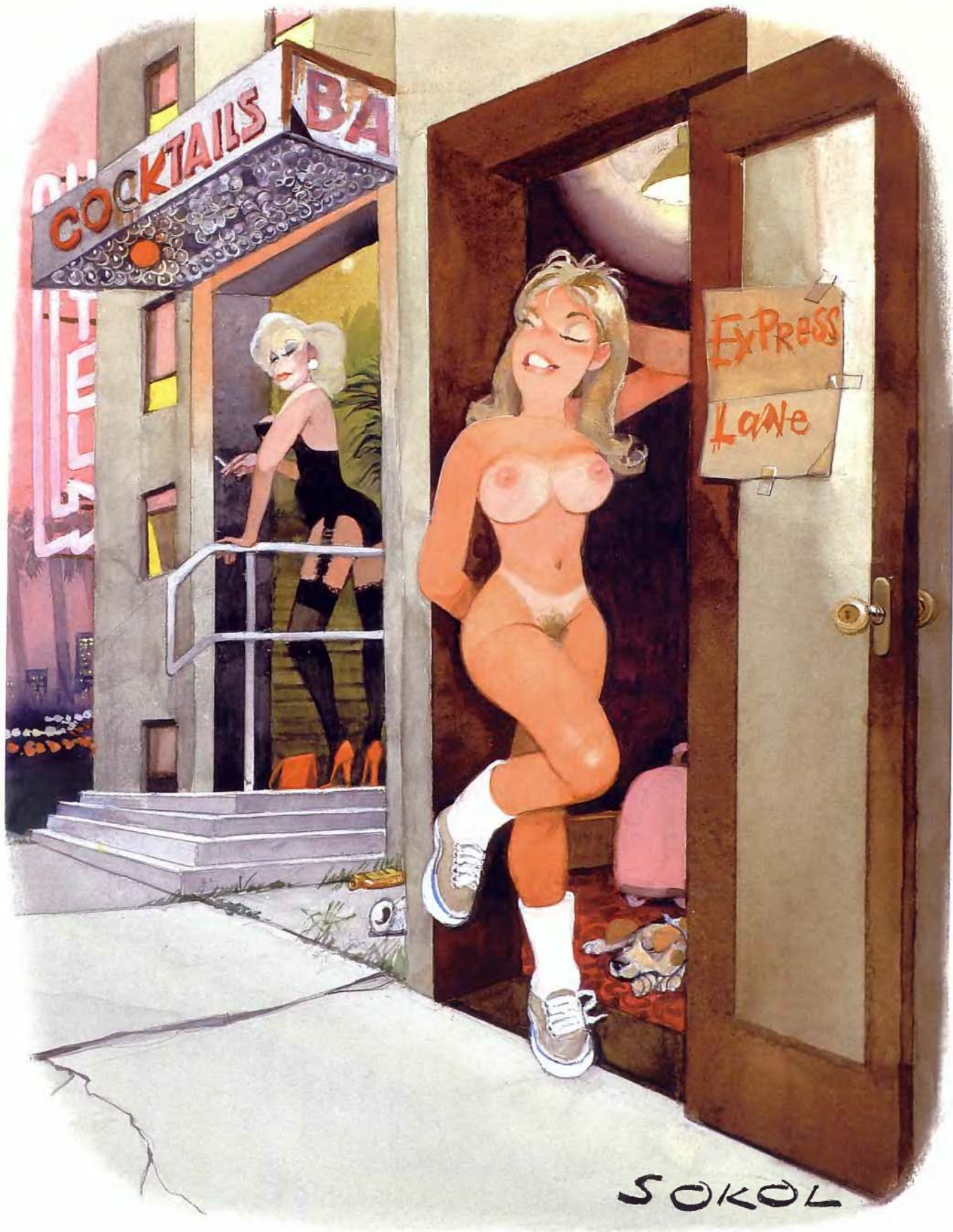
"Don't be ridiculous!" the buddy replied. "I don't want to stand at the end of the line."



**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: One Saturday afternoon a man was sitting in a lawn chair, drinking beer and watching his wife mow the lawn. A neighbor lady, outraged by his evident laziness, came across the lawn, wagging her finger at him. "You ought to be hung!" she said.

"I am," the fellow calmly replied. "That's why she's willing to cut the grass."

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](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



# HARDCORE

# HATE

article By John Doe

a major prison riot occurred in west Texas at the Texas Department of Criminal Justice's Smith Unit in April 2000. It was a race riot, started when a hispanic prisoner confronted a black inmate who was masturbating in front of a female corrections officer (it's a common practice called "killin' dat ho"). About 300 black and hispanic prisoners squared off, some battling with garden tools. It took 300 guards six hours to bring the conflagration under control. One inmate died from a pickax wound and 34 others were injured, including three guards.

This riot was unusual only because news of it broke into the national media. There are dozens of such riots every year in Texas but rarely do they make the news. There are also thousands of racial incidents and fights that threaten to escalate into riots.

The Texas prison system is a corrupt and dangerous place for guards and prisoners. With an inmate population 45 percent black, 29 percent white and 26 percent hispanic, the system becomes more extremist on the issue of race. Racial agitation, mindless aggression and confrontation are a way of life for prisoners. Most prisoners eventually get out and rejoin the public. They take their hatred to the streets, which turn into racial hunting and killing grounds for recidivist criminals.

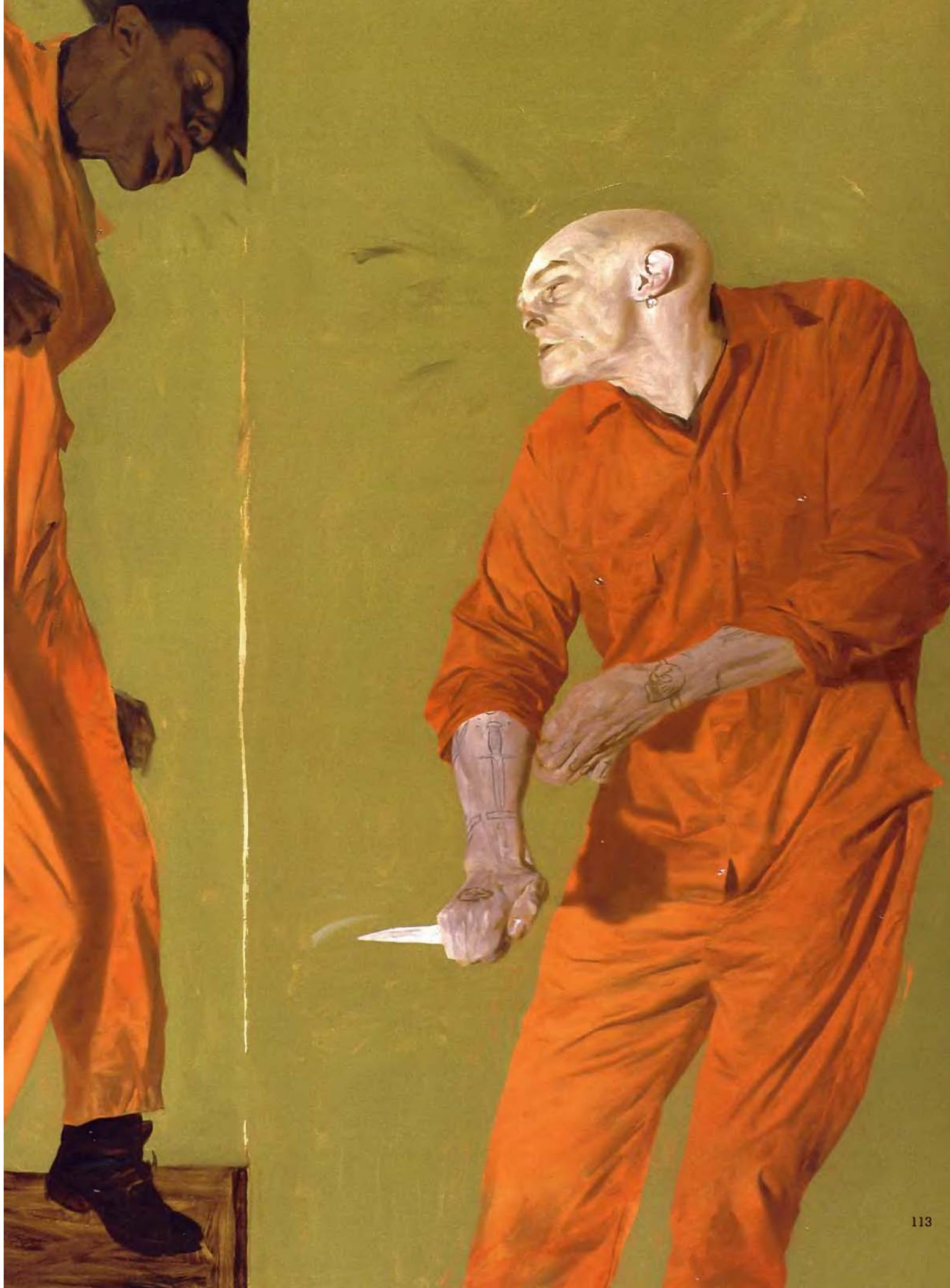
There are many factors involved in this mess. Principal among them is the war on drugs, a failed social policy that has filled Texas penitentiaries. Many petty criminals are hardened by their prison experiences and go on to commit more-serious crimes. This monstrous, growing threat to public safety and security was the greatest failing of George W. Bush's governorship, but no one seems willing to talk about it.

Call me John Doe. I'm white, for folks who keep score. I've done 17 years in the Texas prison system, and currently reside in a unit in

texas prisons turn  
violent criminals  
into violent racist  
criminals. then  
they release them

PAINTING BY PHIL HALE





east Texas. It's not far from where John King and Lawrence Brewer did time before they paroled out, met up with Shawn Berry, and killed James Byrd Jr. outside Jasper, Texas. I have friends and acquaintances who know King and Brewer, and I knew the victim. Byrd, too, was hardcore and convicted under the Texas equivalent of the "three strikes" law as a habitual criminal.

Byrd was beaten and then chained by the ankles to the back of a pickup. The pathologist testified that Byrd was dragged down a country road, sacrificing body parts in a hopeless effort to keep his head above the pavement. The asphalt acted as coarse sandpaper. His knees, buttocks and arms were ground down until his head hit the pavement. Suddenly his head and right arm caught in a culvert and were torn off. His torso was tossed outside a black cemetery. His head and what remained of him were left in a ditch.

We actually do make license plates in prison. Last year we filled an order for vanity plates for a guy who lives in Jasper. They read: DRAG EM. This occurred right before the Aryan Circle held a springtime barbecue in the town square during the murder trials. So much for the media-hyped racial healing in Jasper.

As for life in my unit, we've endured gang fights and race riots over the Byrd murder and its subsequent trials. These riots are never officially described as such by Texas prison spokesmen. For example, there was a race riot in March 1999 at the Allred prison in Iowa Park, Texas. Thirteen men were stabbed or otherwise required hospitalization. The press called it a riot, but state officials did not—not when Governor George W. Bush was planning his run for president.

We paid a lot of attention to the Byrd trials. The racial motivation for Byrd's slaying was not hard to prove against King. A Ku Klux Klan cigarette lighter with King's nickname was found on the road near Byrd's bloodstains. At one point prosecutors introduced as evidence the rusty, heavy-duty chain used to drag Byrd. Rust stains on the bed of the pickup were linked to the chain. Testimony indicated that King had long planned a "big event" to draw attention to the racial tension in Jasper so he could build a militant, pro-white group.

King is a member of the Confederate Knights of America, a North Carolina-based white supremacist group. His body is covered in tattoos of the Klan, Aryan Nations and CKA, including one of a Klansman Woody Woodpecker hanging a black man.

According to the families of King

and Brewer, the two did not have racist opinions before going to prison. How can it be that someone would sink from an attitude of racial indifference to one of unswerving racial hatred? The answer is complex, but I've had to sort it out, to keep my sanity and to keep me from hunting down and carving out my own pound of flesh.

King and Brewer were friends at the Beto I Unit in Tennessee Colony, Texas. We refer to Beto I as a gladiator farm—a place full of young inmates who square off daily. King and Brewer fought back-to-back in the dayroom against blacks who tried to "hog" them for their commissary purchases (each prisoner in close custody is allowed to spend up to \$60 per month). Sometimes they fought blacks for the privilege of watching TV in the dayroom, or for seats in the dayroom. Races and gangs reserve entire tables and benches, so one must fight to win a seat. If

a black gang leader once told me, "to us you're either a klansman or a punk." a punk is a man who has been forced into sex with other inmates.

someone refuses to fight, he is "beat down" anyway and his property is taken. If that man still refuses to fight, he is "turned out," and the rest of his days in prison are hell. In this regard things are the same since I came to prison in 1983. But in many other ways things have gotten worse.

It is in the Texas prisons that King and Brewer acquired their tattoos and affiliations with radical pro-white organizations. I say radical pro-white organizations, as opposed to "racist organizations," in order to distinguish them from pro-black and pro-Mexican prison organizations that could also be described as racist. These include hispanic groups such as Raza Unida, the Texas Syndicate, the Mexican Mafia, various Aztlan movement groups and Mexican street gangs and black outfits like the Five Percenters, the Mandingo Warriors, Black Muslims, Nation of Islam, Bloods, Crips and dozens of hometown gangs that also operate inside. White groups include the prison-derived gang Aryan Brotherhood of

Texas, as well as branches of groups that do not officially align with prison gangs. These include the Aryan Circle, the Knights Templar (prisoner Freemasons!), various skinhead units, the Klan and the Aryan Nations.

A black gang leader once told me in an unguarded moment of honesty, "To us you're either a Klansman or a punk." A punk is a man who has been turned out: forced into sex with other inmates. Race in Texas prisons is a fundamental fact of existence. There is no pride in one's heritage or race in prison that is not stated in the most extreme terms. If one is to be a "stand-up" white man, it must be on the basis of allegiance to race—not by one's magnanimity (which will get you hurt), not by appeasement (always taken as cowardice), not even by Jesus (unless, of course, your Jesus is white, or black or Mexican).

I am not a punk. I am a college graduate. In my other life, many of my friends were black—including my criminal defense attorney, who was a college buddy. Today, because of my prison experiences, I cannot stand being in the presence of black men. I can't even listen to my favorite Motown music anymore. The barbarous blacks in prison have ruined it for me, as have the black guards who compose half the staff and who flaunt the dominance of black culture and give favored treatment to their brothers. They have ruined my tolerance. They have ruined my once-open mind. I have physical, mental and spiritual scars from defending myself against them, though I'm lucky that I haven't been raped or otherwise lost my manhood.

Aside from the death penalty, one of the issues regarding crime during the presidential campaign involved then-Governor Bush's stance on the rehabilitation of prisoners. At one point, Al Gore's staff announced that Bush had cut back on Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous programs in Texas prisons. Bush's team responded by showing that funding had increased. The problem was that the funding had not translated to growth in operating programs. The actual number of AA/NA treatment programs at the various prisons had decreased. In any case, I can personally attest that even in these programs, race is a powerful factor.

A few years back, I lived in a special cell block that was heavy on discipline and long on 12-step programs. Unfortunately, it was also an Aryan Circle stronghold. The walls on the wing

(continued on page 140)

# X-TREME TEAM

three tough playmates brave the eco-challenge in borneo

By Owen West



**O**n the fifth sleepless night of the world's toughest expedition race, three Playmates and I crashed down the rapids of the Segama River in Borneo. As boulders surged up suddenly out of the black, we fought to control the sampan canoe. Disaster would be the one boulder we missed. So we tied up to an overhanging tree for a few hours' sleep, placing our life jackets under us for cushioning. The jungle was as black as a cave—the triple canopy sealed out the starlight, and without our headlamps we could not see our hands. And it was incredibly loud, with monkeys screeching, the river roaring, large animals crashing through the brush to the water for last call, and the occasional explosive grunt of a meal missed or seized. Crocodiles were attracted to the bumping sound our canoe made against the bank, so no one was sleeping heavily when the snake came for us. Kalin Olson was on hyperwatch, her headlamp gyrating like a berserk lighthouse, when she screamed—a seven-foot pit viper *(text continued on page 158)*

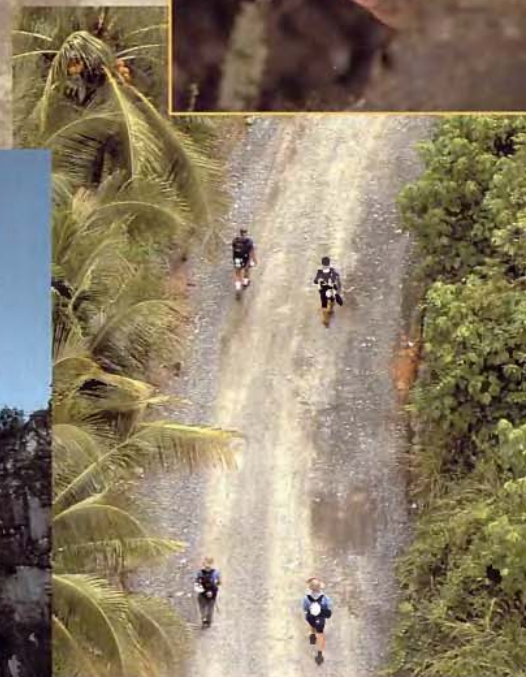
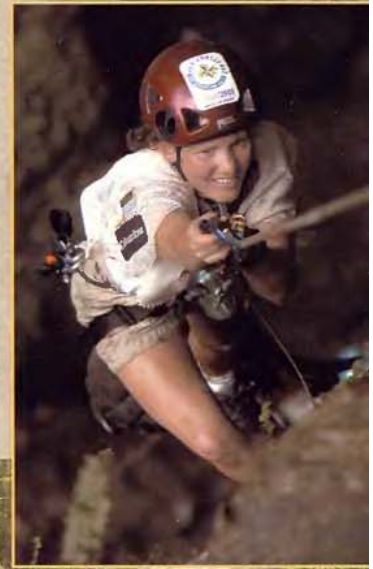
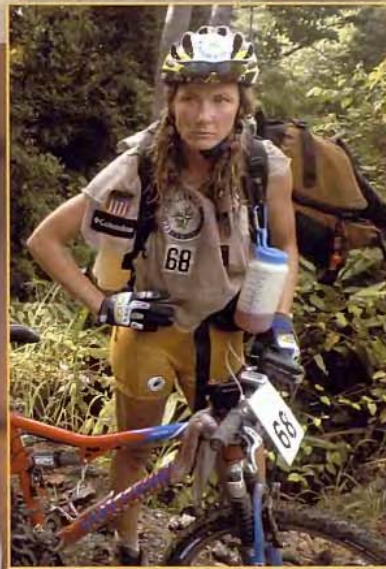


Team Playboy X-Treme (above) paddling on one of the two 100-kilometer open ocean legs. From left: Jennifer Lavoie, Kalin Olson, Danelle Folta and token male Owen West. Note the planks of wood and branches added to shore up the wind-damaged canoe. Left: One of many reptile-rich stream crossings. Right: Danelle and Jennifer in outfits that were favorites of competitors and leeches alike.



# WELCOME TO THE

DANELLE FOLTA



# JUNGLE, LADIES



KALIN OLSON

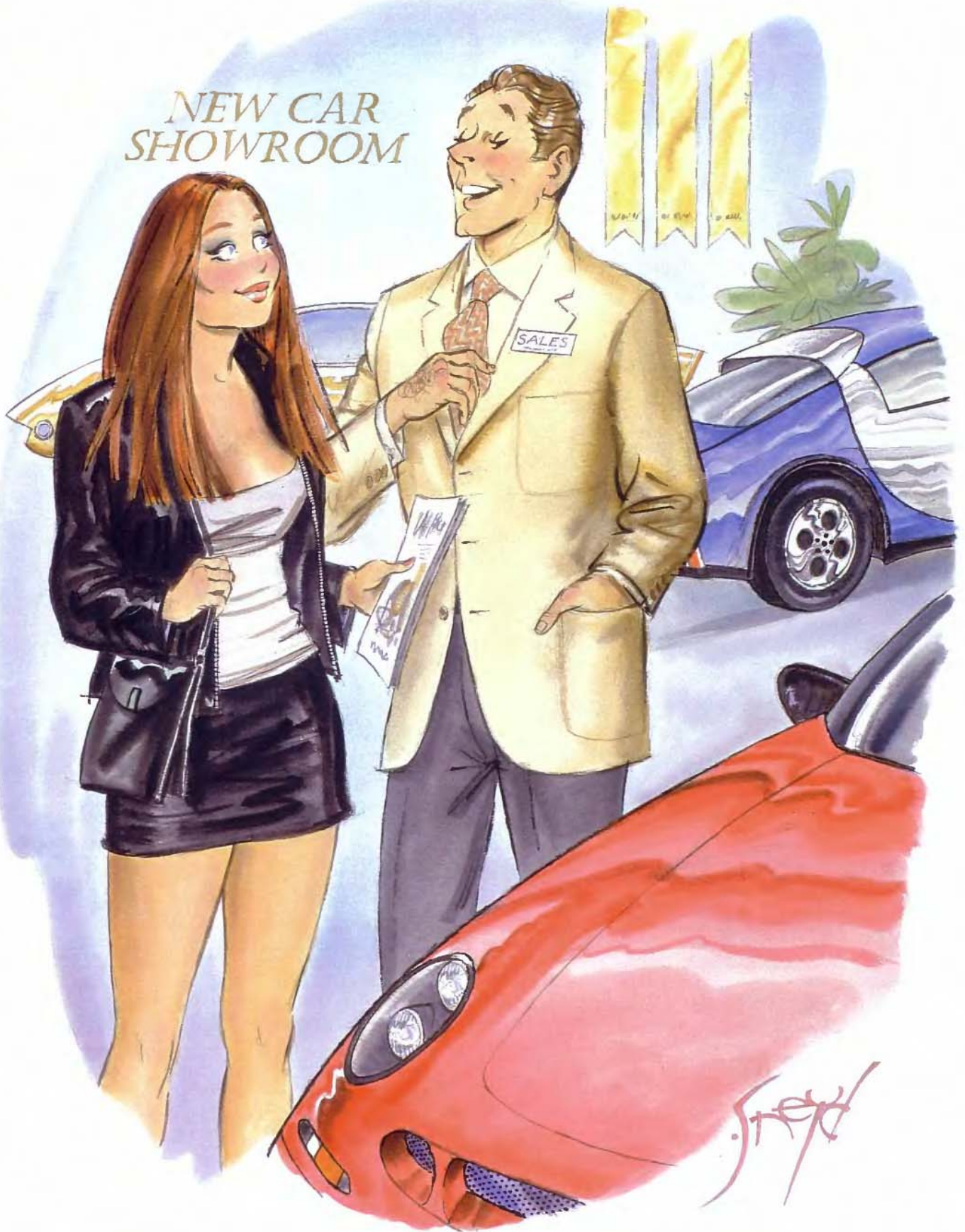
JENNIFER LAVOIE



Clockwise from far left: Danelle in her Stair Master attire, and during the torturous 100-kilometer mountain bike leg; Jennifer on the grueling ascent out of the guano-splattered bat cave; one of the many hiking legs; the yawning entrance to the bat cave; Jennifer spotting for boulders lurking below the muddy surface of the 116-kilometer white-water river paddle; Danelle takes a momentary rest on the Tyrolean bridge crossing, hundreds of feet above the jungle's canopy. Above: The two faces of Kalin and Jennifer—before and after their metamorphoses into wonder women.

GET WORKOUT TIPS FROM THE  
X-TREME TEAM AT [PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT](http://PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT).

# NEW CAR SHOWROOM



*“Fast, sporty, powerful, very responsive on curves—and talk about equipped!  
But you came here to buy a car. . . .”*



# Centerfolds On **SEX**

## **My first date (and what happened later), the joys of kissing and a sexual confession** **Jennifer Rovero**

It was with a guy named Sammy. I was in ninth grade and I had a big crush on him. He was the hottest surfer, so gorgeous. He lost my number a few times, but I still liked him. On my first date with Sammy, we didn't even kiss. We just hung out. A few days later he asked me for a ride home. We ended up going to his house and eating cereal. It turned out Sammy was the best kisser. That guy taught me a lot about sexuality. He was very sensual and a good lover. He loved having sex with me and I felt the same about him. We would skip school. His mom would be leaving and he'd be like, "Oh, I forgot my wallet." She went to work and we had sex all day long. We'd eat sandwiches and have more sex. He taught me so many things. He would never say, "Don't do this." He'd say, "This is the reason I would do—" I'd reason to myself, That sounds right. He would see to it that I would understand. We could have sex four or five times a day. He was always horny. And most of the time, I'd be like, "All right," and lie there. I'd be so annoyed, but I'd do it anyway, because we thought we were always going to be together. I was 15.

JENNIFER HAS EVEN MORE TO SAY ABOUT SEX AT [PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT](http://PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT).

On the importance of kissing: Kissing used to mean more to me than it does now. I think that's because I haven't been with a great kisser for a while. Kissing is so personal. My sexual secret: Men pretty much like any attention. When I sleep at night with a man, I like to hold his cock. I love to have my hand on it. I like to tickle him, too. It makes him feel relaxed and comfortable. After sex, it must feel amazing to be tickled lightly. I tickle him all around his private areas and between his thighs. I do it because it's what I would like. The favor has never really been returned, but who knows?

*Jennifer Rovero*

# HEY, RICHARD!

HUMOR BY  
DAVID STEVENS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
GEORGE GEORGION



here's what you and the other survivors  
should have taken to pulau tiga



Rudy, Susan, Colleen and  
Greg, what were you thinking?  
It was a jungle out there and all you  
took to the island were toothbrushes?  
What about rats and snakes and Richard  
going bare-assed?

Next time, pack right.

## BUGGED OUT

The Edge Co.'s  
Electro-Stun  
Bug Zapping  
Swatter kills  
crawlies on con-  
tact (\$17). It's  
also great for  
motivating  
slackers in  
the tribe.



## RODENTS GO BETTER WITH JERK

Add pizzazz to rat-on-a-stick with Mo-Hotta Mo-Betta's Cajun Injector filled with either Jamaican Jerk or Hot 'N Spicy Butter marinade (\$15) and watch hungry islanders ask for seconds.



## CAN'T BEAT 'EM? TRAP 'EM!

No more Mr. Nice Guy. "Mantrapping" (\$15), "The Most Dangerous Game: Advanced Mantrapping" (\$16) and "Ragnar's 10 Best Traps" (\$16) are must-reads. Toast your success with hooch from "The Good Booze Recipe and Cookbook" (\$12).





### DRINKING AND STINKING

The Exstream Personal Water Purification System kills most waterborne bacteria (\$39.95). Drink up! Next to it: a jar of 8- to 14-day Odor-Stop zinc oxide deodorant from Brigade Quartermasters (\$13).



### SOME LIKE IT HOT

HeaterMeals sure beat wolfing down live larvae. Add salt-water and in 15 minutes you have hot gravy, mashed potatoes and beef, or spaghetti with meatballs (about \$5 each).

### SOUNDS OF THE CITY

Homesick for urban noise? The Sharper Image's battery-powered CD-radio alarm clock digitally re-creates 20 environments, including sounds of the city, roadside rumble and a steam train (about \$190).



### JUNGLE WARFARE

Nobody will vote you off the island if you have a Russian Special Forces machete from Sovietski Collection (\$69). It also acts as a hammer, saw, pry, ruler and screwdriver, and matches, fish hooks and more are stored in the handle. Skinny-dippers, watch your ass. The Avenger blowgun kit comes with darts and quivers (\$20) and paint balls (100 for \$8), from Brigade Quartermasters. Also from Brigade is the Stalker Concealment suit (below and right), \$140. Wear it when you have to walk on hot coals.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154



### JUST ADD SUNLIGHT

Can't find the path to the privy? Solar Power Companion is all you need to fire up a small chain saw. It will also power a PC, so you can write your memoirs. From Solar Dynamics (\$1000).

## RIDLEY SCOTT

*(continued from page 92)*

one of two females onboard. Then we thought, Why not make the person who's least likely to survive be the survivor, and in the process of survival become a leader? Sigourney exudes authority. She's six feet tall, and with that slightly intimidating height comes a strong personality. She is also a very smart and good actress. Sigourney hadn't had a major role before, and the studio wanted someone better known. The problem was, the females I'd met didn't have the physicality. It was an act of faith.

PLAYBOY: *Alien* is considered one of the greatest science fiction films ever made. When you were filming, did you know you had something special?

SCOTT: Yeah. When you're making certain movies, you start to feel you've got a shot at a big one. Everything was falling into place. The sets were remarkable. The ensemble was great. We probably had the best beast since Nosferatu, and that's your driving force. What's your motivation? To keep away from this motherfucker who will rip your goddamn head off, who'll tear your heart out and eat it. Your motivation is to survive, in battlefield conditions, locked into a place you can't get out of.

PLAYBOY: You've done some visually distinctive things in movies like *Alien* and *Blade Runner*, even *Black Rain*. Those glowing, dark, rainy or sterile shots show up in music videos and tons of movies. When you see your influence borrowed like that, how do you feel?

SCOTT: I was irritated, to start with, and then amused. It started to sneak up on MTV, with the rock videos. Then MTV became the taste distributor to the kids of that generation, so that was good for me. It's funny, my movies were always beaten up by journalists, saying, "Why is it always raining? Why is it always dark?" And I'd say, "Because that's the way I want it. Because it's romantic." They would say, "It's romantic? It's miserable." But where I came from, the northeast of England, it's always raining. Suddenly, a new generation of kids saw this as a romantic view of a dark world.

PLAYBOY: You got Russell Crowe in *Gladiator* at a similar time you had Harrison Ford in *Blade Runner*. Compare the two.

SCOTT: They're very different, though they're both smart. They've thought about things a lot, worked things out, and they're very opinionated. Harrison probably thought he'd go back to being a carpenter, until he got *Star Wars*. I was casting *Blade Runner*, and I liked his laconic, cynical sense of hu-

mor in *Star Wars*. Then I heard he was doing *Indiana Jones* and I figured, Bingo, this is going to be big. Steven Spielberg, George Lucas. So I booked him. In fact, the first time I met him was in London, and I remember he turned up to dinner late, after 11. He was in this leather jacket, the khaki T-shirt, the hat and unshaven face and we had dinner and talked about the character. I remember thinking, I've had dinner with Indiana Jones. Russell takes no prisoners. You've got to be very forthright about what you say to him, and be sure that you can back it up. He likes to test you. Harrison, too. You've got to stand your ground with guys like that—they feel more secure than they would with someone who keeps changing positions.

PLAYBOY: Mel Gibson was your first choice for *Gladiator*. What happened?

SCOTT: I met with Mel, but we talked about knee problems. He's got meniscus problems and so do I, from too much tennis. He wound up giving me glucosamine, saying it would help the kneecaps. He was the natural choice, but, he said, "I'm getting a bit old for this, don't you think?" After that Russell Crowe was the only one in my mind. We knew the film would be expensive. Mel could carry that. But I have to hand it to DreamWorks. When I said we had to go with Russell, they said OK—hesitantly.

PLAYBOY: You told the press that Harrison Ford's character was a replicant in *Blade Runner* and even toyed with the idea of making a sequel. That film, initially looked upon as a failure, is now revered. Will you revisit that turf?

SCOTT: I've thought about it and thought about it. He went off with his quarry, knowing she'd die sooner or later. They disappeared into the wilderness, a dark and romantic ending. I don't know where you'd go with it. Do you pick it up 15 years later? In that case, he couldn't have been a Nexus 6, which had a four-year life span. He must have been one model up. You could always find a solution, but I found that, like *Alien*, the movie was complete in itself. A sequel would only wear out the concept.

PLAYBOY: *Blade Runner* didn't do well when it was first released. Were you surprised?

SCOTT: At the time I was severely disappointed, but I knew it was a great movie. Harrison never liked it, still doesn't acknowledge that he likes it. He didn't get it, that's fine. I knew it was way out there, definitely ahead of its time, and it was seriously misjudged.

PLAYBOY: After urging by the studio, you borrowed some exterior footage that Kubrick shot for *The Shining* to make a happy ending for *Blade Runner*,

with Harrison Ford and Sean Young heading off into the mountains, and you added Harrison doing a voice-over. You later dropped both in a director's cut done for video. Why did you put them in, knowing that they undermined your message?

SCOTT: I was just really British, just grateful to be there. Now I think back and think, Fuck them! I should have said, "No! No voice-over, no happy ending, because it's fucking ridiculous. If you've got mountains like that, why the fuck are you living in that dark, rainy city?" There's no logic to that ending. So I should have said, "There it is, I've done the best I can, I've blown my wad. It's as good as it gets, fuck you!" Of course, I didn't do that at all. I was a good lad, tried to help them as much as possible.

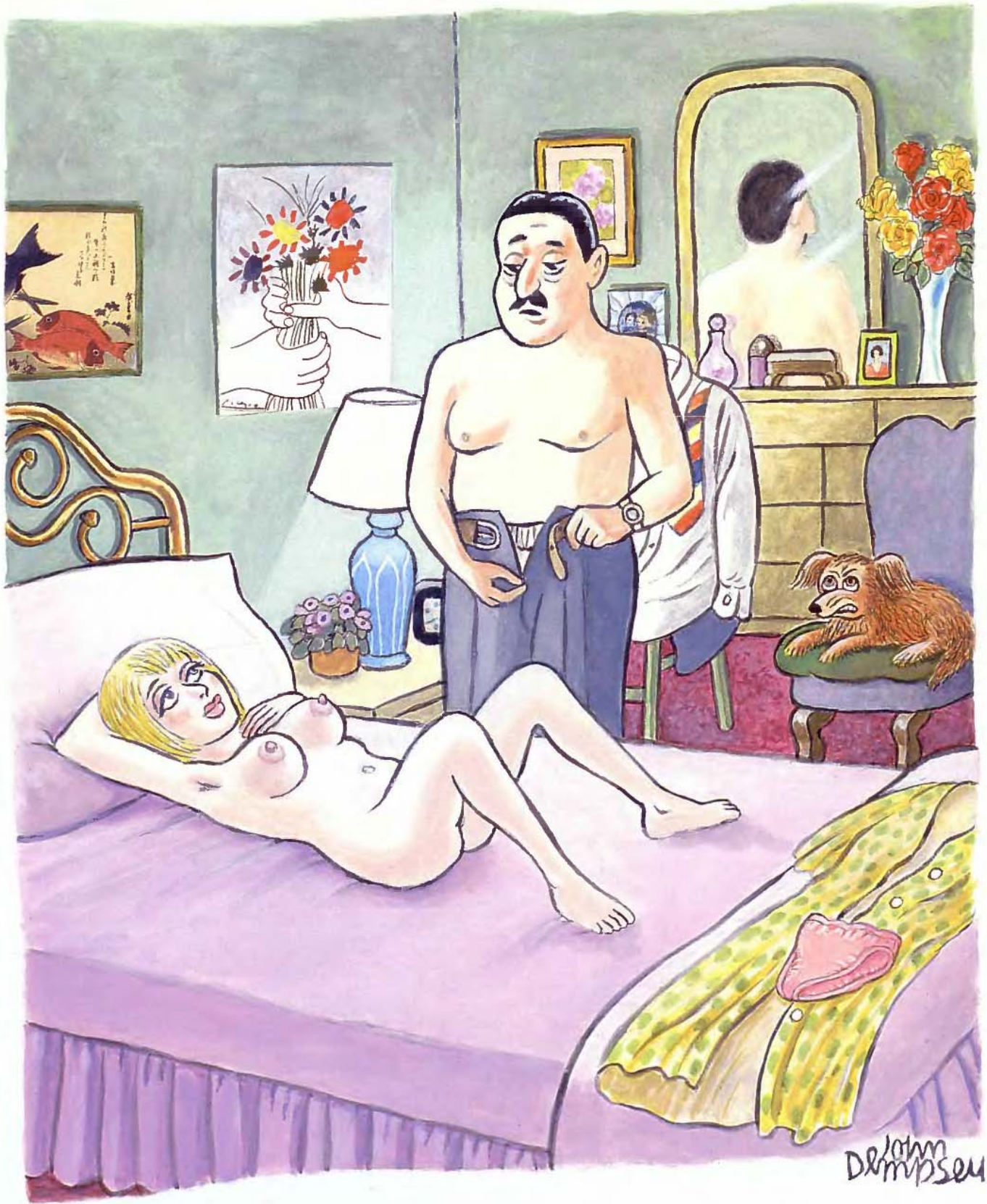
PLAYBOY: You had more clout when you did *Thelma and Louise*, which allowed you to have Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis drive off the cliff. Did you know that it would be such a hot-button film for feminists?

SCOTT: I was going to produce *Thelma* and find someone else to direct it. There were four directors, all of whom had problems with the women, and I said, "Well, you're meant to have problems with them." Then some said they had problems with the men and I said, "You're meant to, that's the whole fucking point of the story, you dope." Finally, Michelle Pfeiffer said to me, "Why don't you come to your senses and direct it yourself?" That stopped me in my tracks. I thought, Cheeky bitch. Then I thought, She's right. I had great fun doing it, and for the first time it wasn't only about good characters. It was actually about something—equality of women and their position in the world. I knew it would hit hot buttons with all kinds of people, and that's why I figured I had better make it amusing. I had one executive who said, "I don't get it—it's two bitches in a car." I said, "Well, you could look at it like that, but don't say it too loudly, because you might get hung from the next tree."

PLAYBOY: George Clooney, then an unknown, was shattered when you gave the role of the hustler to another unknown, Brad Pitt. Why did you pick Brad?

SCOTT: I saw magic. Brad was so definitively it. He talked right and looked right. The scenes were so nicely designed for him. He picks up Geena Davis, gets to take her to bed and then robs her. What a bastard. Then he has a payoff when he gets caught, and you have that great scene where Harvey Keitel tells him that these girls are wanted for murder, and he goes,

*(continued on page 165)*



*"You're sure he's not going to jump up and bite me on the ass again?"*



# Traci Lords

the resilient actress on past lives, the current state of the porn business and how to handle an alien

**A**ctress Traci Lords has enjoyed an eclectic career. The Ohio native has worked in many areas of the entertainment industry: sitcoms, miniseries, John Waters movies, big-budget films and now an action series. Lords, 32, is the heroine doing battle with aliens on the Sci-Fi Channel's *First Wave*. But things were not always this legitimate.

The former Nora Kuzma grew up in an unhappy family, living in West Virginia, the Midwest and, ultimately, southern California. At 14, looking to escape a dismal, fatherless home life, Lords accepted an opportunity to appear in an adult film. Taking the first name Traci from her best friend and Lords from the star of her favorite show, *Hawaii Five-O*, she quickly became a household name, appearing in more than 75 films until, when she was 18, her agent and two producers were indicted under child pornography laws for using a minor in their films. Video store shelves were cleared of Traci Lords products—except for those films made after her 18th birthday. Lords was losing her battle with a cocaine addiction. Still a teenager, she had hit rock bottom.

Lords tapped into her survival instincts and successfully dealt with her drug problem on her own. She studied acting at the famed Strasberg Institute. She was soon cast in her first feature film, a remake of Roger Corman's science fiction cult hit *Nol of This Earth*. Then a call from eccentric filmmaker John Waters changed Lords' life. She appeared opposite Johnny Depp in *Cry-Baby*. Roles followed in Waters' *Serial Mom* (starring Kathleen Turner), *Virtuosity* (with Denzel Washington) and *Blade* (opposite Wesley Snipes). Lords has guest-starred on *Nash Bridges*, *Tales From the Crypt* and *Married With Children*, had recurring roles on *Melrose Place* and *Roseanne* and starred for two seasons on *Profiler*. She has appeared in Stephen King's *The Tommyknockers* miniseries and *Intent to Kill*. Lords showed her versatility with her singing and songwriting debut, *Control*, a dance club hit that rose to number two on the *Billboard* charts.

Robert Crane caught up with Lords in

Los Angeles. He reports: "Traci could definitely kick ass on the *Survivor* island. She maintains a splendid sense of humor, a tempered perspective and a take-no-prisoners philosophy. She also has a great pair of legs. She was in the middle of a whirlwind tour. Lords was ready."

## 1

PLAYBOY: Who is easier to please in bed, a man or a woman?

LORDS: I would have to say men. I've been with women, and I'm much more comfortable with men. Women are lovely and they're lovely to kiss and I certainly have no problem with the female form, but you always want the pesky penis at the end, and plastic just doesn't do it. I'm completely comfortable with my sexuality and that I've been both places and explored, but that's something you do when you're 16. To do it now would be almost ridiculous. Not because I'm in any way, shape or form offended by women. I think they're great. I just know what I like, and it usually has a penis attached.

## 2

PLAYBOY: What always seems to work with a man?

LORDS: Every guy is different. It depends on how somebody makes you feel. I know what I don't do with someone I'm with, and that's to be fake. I hate the whole thing about women faking orgasms—women giving somebody credit for something he didn't do. It's really teaching him kind of poorly. 'Oh baby, baby, that feels so good' when it doesn't. Well, then, why are you there? Sex is a great thing. I love sex. It's really important and I don't like to waste my time with it. I choose men very carefully. I have to make sure they qualify. There's a test when you first meet them—see if they wear boxers or briefs, see if they like beer or wine. If I like someone, I'll watch him. His man-

nerisms, the way he walks, the way he holds himself. You can tell a lot about somebody by the way he moves. If somebody is overly into himself, physically, he's usually really lousy in bed, because he's worried about how he's going to look when he's moving a certain way. If somebody's not in his skin, if he doesn't own it, he's usually a lousy lover. There's that whole thing that women say, about a guy with big feet: Big feet, big shoes. I have to admit I tend to peer at feet, even though I don't believe that. I just can't help but go, Hmmm. And I love Gucci on men. Gucci shoes do it for me every time. Say, a size 14.

## 3

PLAYBOY: A person stays over for the first time. Why does he leave stuff or pick up stuff?

LORDS: Oh, it's total marking. If I'm with a guy and I spend the night with him and leave something, it means I want to see him again. If I make sure that everything, every strand of hair, is attached to me when I leave, chances are I crept out in the middle of the night very slowly, so as not to disturb him. I've never actually taken something from somebody's place. I think you can be arrested for that, can't you? I've taken T-shirts from boyfriends. It's just the smell thing. I love a good semi-crusty T-shirt, with a one-day slight stench to it—I love it, if I'm really into the guy. Oh, yeah. There's something so primal and sexy about sweat. I love sweat.

## 4

PLAYBOY: A guy is going out with Traci Lords for the first time. What could he possibly do to impress her?

LORDS: It's really simple. A gentleman impresses me. I like men who open doors. I like men who are on time. I like men who (continued on page 128)

# WATCH THIS!

CHECKING TIME HAS NEVER  
LOOKED SO SMART

The latest watches from Timex, Casio and others perform so many cool functions that you'll forget they tell time. Clockwise from near right: Samsung's Watch Phone (\$1200) is a 21st century version of Dick Tracy's famous two-way wrist radio, but it's a full-function cell phone. The lightweight model offers an hour and a half of talk time and utilities such as voice-activated dialing, a phone directory and vibration alert. Next to it is Swiss Army's Startech (\$250), a watch that calibrates altitude, barometric pressure and temperature. G-Shock's GT2000L-8V can store 30 names and telephone numbers, and its autosart function will help you locate them quickly (about \$100). Below the G-Shock is Casio's Wrist Camera, a combination digital camera and watch that snaps and stores up to 100 black-and-white images that can later be uploaded to your PC with the optional \$49.95 PC-link kit (about \$200). The Ironman Triathlon Digital Heart Rate Fitness System from Timex includes a chest strap that transmits your heart rate to the watch while you're running or working out. The system uses digital FM technology to provide a measurement within three beats per minute of EKG precision (\$140). Next to it is Breitling's Emergency, a watch only recently approved for sale by the FAA and FCC. Designed for use by pilots, the Emergency is equipped with a tiny transmitter that broadcasts on the international distress frequency in case of an aeronautical emergency (\$3500). Spaan's retro-style dot-matrix LCD UFO can display the time in 38 cities around the world as well as each country's calling code. The UFO also features a metraname/beats-per-minute function and can measure in SMPTE, a unit of time used for editing video set by the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers (\$190).





WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

# Traci Lords (continued from page 125)

10

*It's pretty cool to have an affair with your ex-husband. He knows which buttons to push.*

bring flowers. I like men who call the next day. I like men who are confident. I like no-nonsense men. I don't like prissy boys. I don't like people who are afraid to say what they think. I like straight shooters. That turns me on.

5

PLAYBOY: Who benefits from lowering their standards, men or women?

LORDS: I don't think anyone benefits from lowering their standards. I think it's the greatest lie you can tell yourself. It's always lurking there no matter how you try to disguise it, how you try to color it. You know what the deal is. So when you lower your standards and think, Well, he doesn't really turn me on in bed, but he's really nice—we all know that's crap. It's the lethal package that I'm interested in. I want the guy who is physically appealing—pleasing to me. He doesn't have to be a drop-dead-gorgeous babe but somebody who I think is sexy, smart, funny, who knows what he wants. I don't want some beautiful dummy and I don't want some ugly genius. I want an average Joe. Isn't that frightening? Do you know how few of those there are? And if you find any, will you send them to me?

6

PLAYBOY: You've worked hard to see that children don't have to go through what you went through. What are the hard truths and realizations you acquired as a child?

LORDS: Not having my dad around really formed my life. I felt like I looked for my father for a long, long time, which led to bad relationships. When I was in my 20s that's all I did. I was lucky that I met an amazing man and married him. That was wonderful, but after we split I went through every bad boy because it was safe and comfortable and reminded me of Daddy, and that was a nightmare.

7

PLAYBOY: How long were you married?

LORDS: I was married for six years. He's an amazing man—my oldest friend and my oldest lover. I'm going to see him tomorrow, actually. I might get laid, as a matter of fact. The last time I saw him was three years ago. I knocked on his door and he opened it and took one look at me and we ended up in bed for three days. I saw him three weeks

ago and it was the same thing. It was great. It's always great. He's the love of my life. I was just too young. We were so young and he's on one coast and I'm on the other. So we'll see. It's kind of funny to have an affair with your ex-husband every so often. It's pretty cool. He knows which buttons to push. It's like he has some sort of map of my body or something. He's the only guy I've ever met who actually screams louder than I do. I like that fearlessness in a man. God, what have I been doing? Why am I even fucking around like this? I have to go see him.

8

PLAYBOY: Do you think the adult film industry should be shut down or more strictly governed?

LORDS: I don't have a problem with pornography as long as it's consenting adults who are doing it for their pleasure. I have a real sore spot—no pun intended—about child pornography, because it's something I've had to deal with half my life and it's been very difficult for me. I don't think 18 is old enough. How come you can't buy a drink until you're 21? Because you're not mature enough to make that decision. But you can go out and have sex and have it recorded. That seems ridiculous to me. I don't think 18 is old enough to make a decision that's going to affect the rest of your life. I affected mine—changed my entire life. I was so young—14, 15, 16, 17. I did the best I could at the time. I thought that was cool then. I didn't really understand what it was going to mean later. I didn't think, What's going to happen when I'm 25? I thought, God, I'll never live to be 21. I was one of those kids.

9

PLAYBOY: What has changed the most about the porn industry since you left it?

LORDS: When I was in porn, it was still kind of underground. There were people who rented movies, but it was not like it is now. Porn is everywhere. The most conservative people I know like to watch movies. The Internet is a big factor, and there are women who really promote themselves as porn stars. That wasn't happening when I was around. I did what I did and hoped that nobody found out about it. Now people are like, "Yeah, I'm in a porno movie." It's pretty bizarre.

PLAYBOY: Should politicians be in the position to legislate moral issues?

LORDS: Well, they are in that position and they're not exactly the best role models. The bottom line is, there are good politicians and there are bad politicians. There's decadence and then there are people who are on the proper moral path—whatever that may be. I just don't believe it's cool to impose your views on other people and say, "No, you can't look at this, you can't do that," except with kids. It's not OK to exploit kids. They're our future. They should be protected, and more should be done to protect them. I mean that in every way—regarding safety and guns and violence and pornography. America is so obsessed with sex and with keeping it in the closet. I would much rather see people having sex than killing each other. You would think we would have learned that by now. I feel stupid even talking about it, it's so ridiculous.

11

PLAYBOY: We never ran into a 16-year-old like you. Were we in the wrong place at the wrong time?

LORDS: Well, that depends on how you look at it, doesn't it? I know people have the fantasy, the schoolgirl thing, the young innocent girl, the Britney Spears phenomenon. But come on, guys, it's not right. It really isn't. You shouldn't be screwing the babysitter. It's really not cool. And as far as I'm concerned, I don't know if you would have wanted to run into me at 16. I was a nightmare at 16. I was definitely a wild child and sometimes to be around me was fun because I was just so over-the-top and outrageous. You never knew what I was going to do. Other times I was just so wounded and angry and pissed at the world that I don't know how much fun I was. I think it was that combination of rage and teenage sexuality. If I'm going to hit my sexual peak now, I'm going to lock myself in a room somewhere. I'm scared. What would that mean? Can you imagine? Frightened, I'm frightened. No, no more.

12

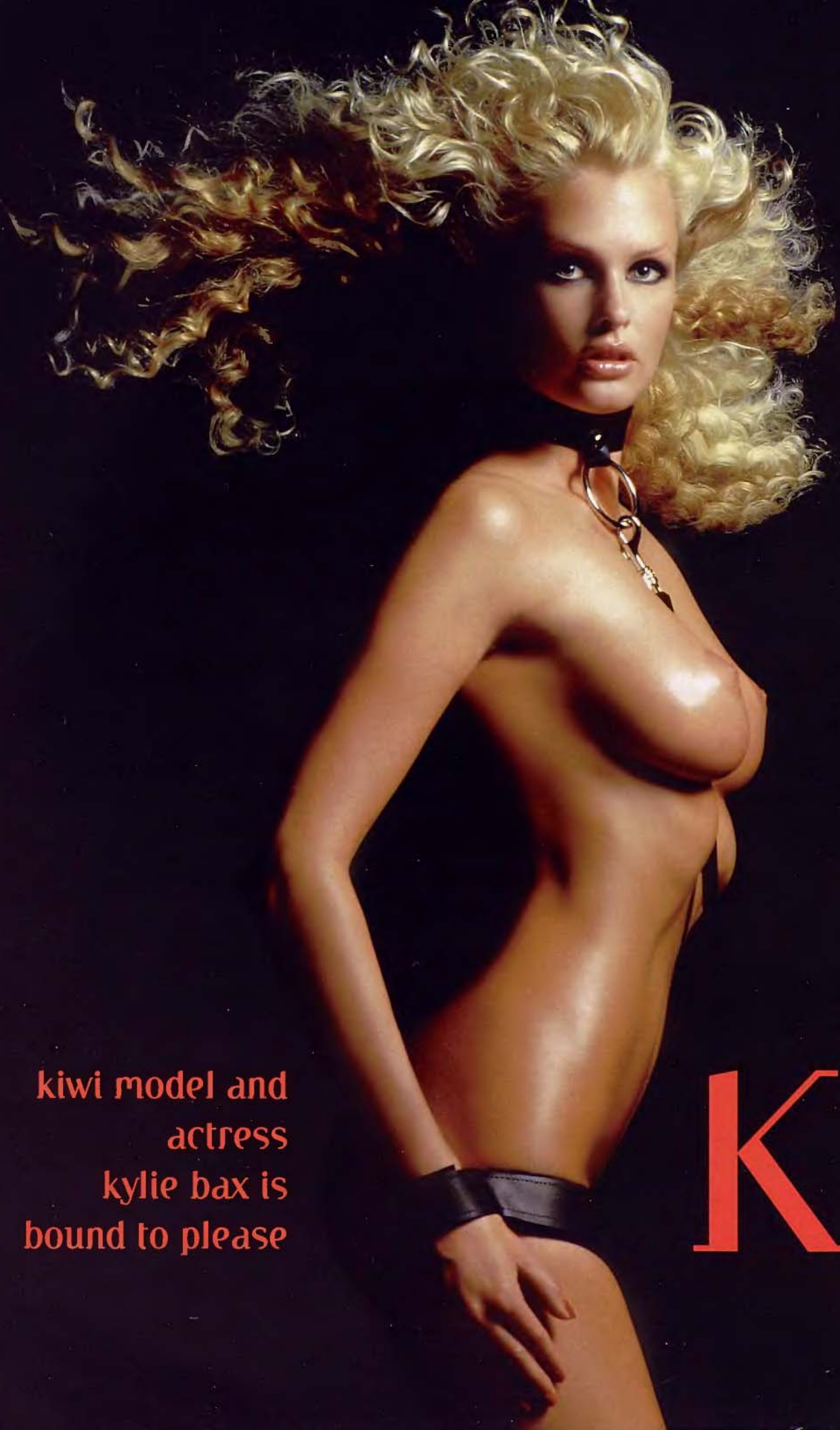
PLAYBOY: If a fan meets you on the street, should he keep his enthusiasm to a minimum?

LORDS: It used to really upset me when somebody would make a comment like, "Oh yeah, I've seen your early films," but now it completely depends on how it's done. If somebody's really vulgar  
*(concluded on page 169)*





*"Well, Robert—I think you'll slot very nicely into our little team.  
When can you start?"*



kiwi model and  
actress  
kylie bax is  
bound to please

KY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO

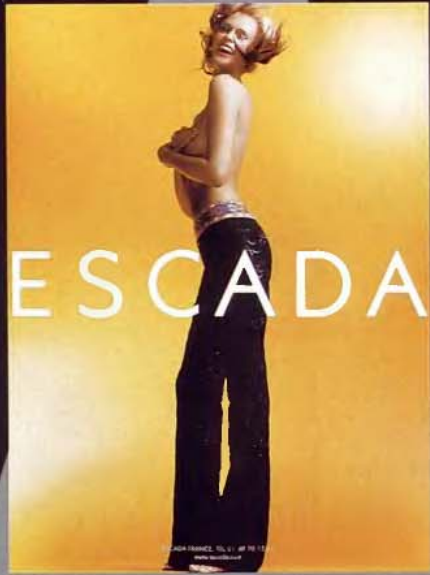


# KYLIE BAX

Supermodel Kylie Bax is heat in human form. She has set *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue afire. And her acting career is exploding—her latest film, *Get Over It*, is out now. Then there's her personal life: "If I have an addiction," she says, "it's sex. I like staying at home with my man in bed all weekend,



To Kylie's sexual appetite, life offers a sumptuous banquet. "I don't consider anything dirty. Sex is sex, after all. And let me tell you—I don't hold back." That was evident in the studio, too. "I really wanted to push the shoot. There were handcuffs, whips, leather pieces, chains, nipple rings. Those S&M things can make sex even more fun and more dramatic. But I would never say to a person straight off, 'Oh, I like this' or 'I like that'—because I like everything. I think the most exciting part of meeting a new person is letting him explore you."



having sex marathons." We can get behind that. Kylie grew up on a remote horse farm in New Zealand. "I lived in the middle of nowhere. My first neighbor was binoculars away. From the age of 13 to 17 I was at boarding school. It was really strict. There were no boys and no partying." After some minor modeling jobs in New Zealand, Kylie decided to bypass the middle ranks. "The main reason I wanted to move to New York is that I realized New York is where you are discovered. If I wasn't going to make it to the top, there wasn't any point in continuing." Thankfully, she made it to the top. But she didn't become a high-maintenance runway pixie. "I prefer to stay at home, lying in bed watching a movie. Watching basketball on TV. I also love surfing the Net. Surfing to Playboystore.com and finding fun things." And she's stayed true to her roots. "We're very old-fashioned in New Zealand. We learn that a man is a man and, though we're equal, you still cook for the guy and clean the house—and I still do that."








MAKEUP: KIRIAKI SAVRANI FOR FRAME, NYC  
HAIR: MAX PINNELL FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE, NYC  
STYLIST/PRODUCER: CAMILLA OLSSON







**Kylie**  
Bax is a walking fantasy. “I don’t like to keep sex to the bedroom. I think exploration of the house is good fun. And I like different scenarios—getting dressed up as a nurse or a maid, cooking dinner in the nude. I love to wear heels in bed and I love to wear fishnet stockings and garter belts and tiny negligees. I love to make my man feel like he’s the king of the earth and my world—and my bedroom.” Her advice to a new man: “I’d have to let him feel the product first. My breasts are the things that come first. I love my breasts being touched. I think he’d have to touch my breasts first—and then it’s up to him where he wants to take it. With me, it’s all up to the guy, wherever he wants to go.” Go south, young man.



# HARDCORE HATE

(continued from page 114)

were covered with AA and NA slogans and literature, making a strong initial impression on visitors. Special bulletin boards were erected in the large dayroom serving the cell block, where inmates posted articles and clippings of interest to them. Telltale bits often showed up on these bulletin boards, discussing, for example, how the deposed Zimbabwean leader Canaan Banana sodomized his servants and employees. White prisoners got a laugh while complaints were lodged against them by offended black prisoners.

The Aryan Circle's presence on the cell block was revealed when second-shift guards staged a surprise shake-down of the cell block on a Saturday night. On a dayroom table occupied that evening by several Aryan Circle members, a hit list was discovered. It contained the names of several guards—including the black supervisor of the second-shift guards. Many black guards are perceived as taking pride in their reputations, not merely among white gang members but all prisoners, for harassing and threatening whites. There is little doubt their names made the Aryan Circle hit list.

The entire prison was locked down for the remainder of the weekend and all visiting privileges were suspended. Visitors who had made reservations with the warden's office were not contacted, and arrived only to be turned away by prison officials. Throughout Saturday night an investigation was conducted, and many

prisoners from the substance abuse program and elsewhere were placed in temporary or permanent administrative segregation.

Blacks and Mexicans on the cell block had long complained about the situation to prison administrators, but their complaints were largely ignored because they were in such a minority. Few prisoners wanted to participate in the disciplined 12-step programs then associated with the cell block. Participation in those programs was mandatory for the now-disbanded wing. Obviously, Aryan Circle members made a concerted commitment for the opportunity to gain control of their own section of the prison.

Back in the general population, black gang members have caught on to the authorities' lip service to racial harmony and have used the system to their advantage. They write unsigned snitch notes to prison officials that name whites as gang members, almost all of whom are not. The prison members in question are strongly independent and thus have a quiet influence in the way seemingly minor things are run on the cell block, including which television programs are watched and how rude or boisterous inmates may treat others. These prisoners are getting locked up for no reason.

Administrators know about this manipulation, of course, but they cannot afford to ignore the claims because of the number of inmates who may riot or refuse to man the factories. The result is more racial agitation. Some whites escalate their response in prison. Others vow to get a little justice (as they put it) on the streets.

Statewide numbers reveal that more—and younger—minority offenders are being sentenced to long terms, often with no hope of parole. This is the new predator generation. Prison lends itself to the creation of predators among men who were perhaps petty thieves in their free-world incarnation. But the young men coming in now who were predators on the street quickly rise to the top of the ranks.

Though they use the term a lot, the new predators have no concept of respect, which used to be sacrosanct. The predators consider your very existence as disrespectful of them—unless you are a Klansman. They respect a racial man because they know where he stands and what to expect from him. All others are punks and hos and bitches to be turned out, fucked, robbed and pimped—another way to get a seat in the dayroom.

For the new predators, prison is a rite of passage, something to be proud of. In 1999 a quarter of all black Texan males over 18 were in jail or prison or on probation or parole. (For black men between the ages of 21 and 29, the figure is 29 percent.) It won't be long before prison culture is fully identifiable in African American culture—evidence of its existence is already plentiful. Rosa Parks' bus seat has been replaced by the bench in the prison dayroom as a symbol of black progress. Even prison guards fear the predators and let them get away with all sorts of rules violations: rape, protection rackets, sodomy, indecent exposure, public masturbation, stealing and general disturbances.

Is the issue of race in Texas different from that in Texas prisons? Not if the difficult circumstances of prison reveal a man for what he really is—and not if the management of the prisons reflects public opinion and policy. At the current rate of incarceration (49,000 prisoners in 1990, 146,000 in 1999) ideology on race as practiced in prison is destined to have an impact on the world at large. During the next 10 years, about 300,000 prisoners will be released onto the streets.

Criminal justice is a confused affair in Texas, a destructive situation with which few people are pleased. For example, most black people in Texas have traditionally and adamantly opposed the death penalty as racist. Like the execution of Gary Graham (a black man convicted of murder thanks mostly to the testimony of a single witness), high-profile death row cases have drawn the attention of anti-death-penalty organizations and Hollywood celebrities. It is safe to say that this won't happen with John King. He's not going to be the subject of a neo-Eastwood movie about a

I'LL NEED ANOTHER FORM OF I.D.  
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death row mistake.

Despite the national outcry over executions, most Texans endorse a tough stance on criminals—and have for decades. Treatment of convicts was so abusive in the past that the Texas Department of Criminal Justice lost control of the system to the feds in a Seventies class action suit called *Ruiz vs. Estelle*, commonly referred to as *Ruiz*. One of the issues litigated was prison overcrowding. (At one point, there was only one doctor assigned to the whole system. Prisoners even operated on one another.) The state could not defy the population limits mandated by the court. Slow to build new facilities, administrators looked to ease parole requirements. The Texas legislature passed a new law to be exercised at times of overcrowding called the Prison Management Act, allowing prisoners—many of them violent offenders—to receive a mandatory discharge after earning credit awards for good behavior. This new law meant that parole was no longer discretionary for prisoners whose good time credits earned plus time actually served equaled 100 percent of their original sentences.

Another response to the population pressures on the Texas system resulted in the current politicized science of plea bargaining. By avoiding trial and the law and the Constitution and all that extraneous stuff, a criminal can simply “go along to get along” with prosecutors, judges and prison officials working in concert. He can simply plead guilty and receive a relative slap on the wrist.

Non-plea-bargaining criminal defendants who use up the resources of the system and actually go to trial are penalized for doing so. If found guilty they receive sentences that are typically many times worse than what the plea bargainer is awarded. Moreover, most plea bargainers are guilty of multiple charges and counts of crimes, while defendants using the trial system typically have just one or two charges. The plea bargainers are usually career criminals who have simply been caught doing their multiple crimes; as they often brag to their cellmates, they are usually guilty of several other offenses for which they have not been convicted.

The plea bargaining and parole consideration mechanisms combined to create a revolving door in the TDCJ for career criminals. By the mid-Eighties, criminologists said fear of prison had lost its effect as a deterrent. The system still views criminals as offenders and clients, many of whom are fully expected to remain a part of the system for the rest of their lives. Trial and prison officials know that most of these criminals are recidivists. They are violent and they are stupid. A significant percentage of them have IQs less than 85. Since there is no other official remedy to their plight, they are loyal clients. These active

recidivists are routed in and out of prisons, which is much like putting them on a bus on the road for a while (something Texas prisons actually have done in order to alleviate space problems during the federal court litigation). In effect, trial and prison officials have used the free world as an off-the-count prison for recidivists, the worst and most dangerous criminals of all.

As crime in the streets escalated nationwide in the Eighties, money became available for new facilities. State taxpayers recognized that the ignoring of overcrowded prisons comes with a price. Federal funds for fighting the drug war came pouring in—but they came with harsher sentences and higher rates of incarceration. The new prisons would be filled to capacity, conditions inside were more violent than ever and crime remained a problem. Still, there was money to be made.

Criminal justice in Texas has always suffered from an incestuous relationship with politics and politicians. There is no effective separation of the three branches of government in Texas—state and federal constitutional guarantees for a republican form of government notwithstanding. The Texas legislature is made up mostly of lawyers, and their brethren judges in Texas are likewise elected to office (except when unexpected vacancies are filled by the governor’s personal appointees). In this way the executive, judicial and legislative branches tend to blend together, at least when it comes to administering the TDCJ. There are presently more than 100 state prison facilities holding some 146,000 prisoners in Texas, making it one of the world’s largest penal systems. It has a budget in the billions, and some of the prison payrolls number in the millions. It is a kingdom for power- and money-hungry politicians, law enforcement officers and prison officials.

Even while under the supervision of federal courts for more than a generation, the TDCJ system is used as a political tool for bolstering politicians’ careers and as a lucrative stopover for political friends, boosters and appointees. Former prison executive director James “Andy” Collins resigned under pressure on Dec. 31, 1995. He immediately took a \$1000-a-day consulting job with VitaPro, a Canadian firm that had a contract to provide meat substitutes for prisoners. Collins, who was indicted in federal court, also used lax state law to negotiate no-bid contracts with preferred vendors for security fences. The corruption has gone on throughout the decades: sweetheart prison construction deals, use of prison dairy farms for personal profit, writing off “stolen” trucks, tractors, bulldozers, parts, construction and medical equipment—even pork and sides of beef by the truckload.

Prisoners thrown into the TDCJ sys-

tem are pawns in a sprawling empire. In no way does this fact justify or rationalize the crimes of the prisoners. Punishment is due. However, the system breeds cynicism and rebellion among some prisoners and their families.

Take its approach toward the education of prisoners. Windham School District operates schools only inside the prisons. In the Nineties, State Comptroller John Sharp audited the Texas prison system. He questioned the efficacy of the Windham School District. Prison officials reportedly broke into Sharp’s office and went through his trash in an effort to find out what he knew and to try to maintain damage control. The biggest joke is that most of the grown men in these Romper Room classes never complete a high school education nor are in a position to pass the general equivalency degree test, even after years spent in the program.

State and federal funds for school and other so-called rehabilitative programs continue to roll in. Texas prisons enforce attendance once a prisoner is enrolled, in order to meet the statutory requirements. That keeps the money coming in. Many prisons have ignored security threats (in order to avoid total lockdown) so they can meet the minimum requirements of prisoner attendance for winning state and federal funds.



The problems caused by administrative malfeasance, however, are nothing compared to the hatred generated by the official manipulation of the races.

By 1983 Texas prison officials had conceded several issues to the *Ruiz* prisoner plaintiffs. One of these issues was the use of prisoners as building tenders who turn keys, hold certain jobs and discipline inmates. BTs were nearly all white, and you can imagine how they handled their fellow white prisoners. Building tenders were often chosen not because they were model prisoners, but because they were violent and brutal. They held keys to open doors and were armed with baseball bats and knives. There were so many abuses in the building-tender system that the federal court made Texas do away with it. When the BTs disappeared, Texas did not hire enough prison guards to take their place. This proved disastrous because an earlier ruling from another federal class-action suit called *Lamar vs. Coffield* had forced Texas to desegregate its system. But while other states’ courts were upholding many aspects of racial separation as necessary to maintain safety and security in the prisons, Texas went far beyond federal court requirements and racially integrated all phases of prisoner life, housing and work.

Texas officials pitted the two courts against each other and blindly began to implement the consent decrees in these

two cases without concern for security. When the BTs disappeared and the orders came down to integrate cells, all hell broke loose. White prisoners, who had long been in the minority but had taken advantage of life under BTs, were thrown into cells with sworn enemies. With no guards around, ad hoc gangs arose to take advantage of weak or neutral prisoners. These gangs were usually based on race. Gang members protected one another from—and helped commit—unheard-of sexual violence. One man was so distraught from being repeatedly raped, he asked doctors if there was a way to sew his rectum closed. The widespread rape and gang activity continue to this day, with no sign of resolution. Most cell blocks and wings had no official (or unofficial) supervision, and a killing spree erupted in Texas prisons that lasted for two years.

At the end of each day we'd gather around the radio to listen to the body counts from various prisons. One magazine declared America's most dangerous prison to be the Coffield Unit in Tennessee Colony, where I once was assigned. *Newsweek* said the Eastham Unit in Lovelady was the most dangerous. Others included Darrington, Retrieve and Ramsey. Turning up each day to work, to shower, to mail call and to chow were mad adventures. Virtually every man had his own shank and was willing to use it. Courts were giving minimal sentences for killing other prisoners. Most cases did not go that far: an inmate might do some time in solitary, or if the attack was approved by officials, he got a job promotion.

Public pressure mounted for officials to do something about the violence they had hastened to create. They began hiring guards and prison counselors to oversee prison classification, but the ranks of counselors were reduced by the budget-conscious Governor Bush. During the first two years of desegregation following the *Lamar* court order, the new counselors interviewed inmates to discover racial biases and to record incidents of racially motivated violence. Based on that information, many prisoners involved in such incidents were deemed racially restricted in their housing assignments to prevent further violence and thus preserve the safety and security of the staff, prisoners and the institutions.

New staffing requirements mandated a ratio of one guard for every six prisoners. Texas has always had trouble maintaining this ratio. When the counselors were fired or moved to guard jobs, teletype orders (of which I saw a copy) came down from headquarters to Texas prisons commanding the destruction of all the early *Lamar* interviews and records.

Texas prison officials then began to reclassify all prisoners previously involved in racial violence. Most of the racial re-

strictions for same-race-only housing were removed. I know of prisoners who were told by administrators that if they wanted to keep their racially restricted status they would have to commit some act of racially motivated violence at least once every 90 days. The official presumption was that staffing was now adequate to deal with any violence.

Many of these reclassified prisoners attempted to contact their court-appointed lawyers, only to be told they had been removed from the case long ago. The prisoners filed motions charging that Texas prison officials were hell-bent on reinitiating racial violence in the prisons by forcing those with known bias histories into the same cells. After all, many men had built their lives around racial pride and racial prejudices as a matter of survival. They had joined racial cultures and marked their bodies with racial tattoos. They contacted like-minded groups and secured racial literature, and in the close confines of an integrated cell, these things can prove to be deadly liabilities. Still, the judge overseeing the case eventually issued an abrasive order in the mid-Nineties that declared he would not entertain in his court the motions of any known bigots.

Many of the prisoners who could not abide by the system and by the rulings of the federal judge who abandoned them have been administratively segregated. Special housing wings were created for the most dangerous men. But there are

only so many ad seg cells, leaving the most dangerous prisoners to flow in and out of ad seg and the prisons' general population. Ad seg has become a temporary, after-the-fact buffer to punish those who are violent.

The widespread racial antagonism that is the real cause of the violence is never addressed because it is fundamental to prison life and useful to manipulative officials. Racial integration in prison simply is not like racial integration in a public school classroom. In the aftermath of the Byrd murder, I read one commentator's opinion in which he expressed disappointment that ex-cons could come out of prison with unresolved racial problems "despite the racial integration of the prisons." Despite? How about because of racial integration? Prison life is about race.

And so it goes. In February 2000 National Public Radio reported that some prison guards have resorted to paying protection to prison gangs to avoid being harmed. The corruption has extended to the point where race, gangs and violence manipulate not just the prisoners in the Texas prison kingdom but the employees, too. This latest development occurs at a time when budgets and salaries have exploded during the past few years in an effort to quell the violence and increase security. Just the opposite has occurred. It is a powder keg.



*"Here's the problem, Doc. I just can't stand to do it doggy style."*

## SPARRING PARTNER

(continued from page 90)

him. It's conceivable that the tension she spoke of relates merely to his attraction to her, but he's pretty sure there's some mutual chemistry happening—they just need time to let it bubble up. He's not sure about much else. He's not sure, for instance, what she sees in him; when he takes a hard look at himself, he can't find much to offer a woman. Rita DeJong is out of his league—yet he thinks if he could subtly convey that he believes she might be too classy for him, this would work to his advantage. He senses an egalitarian soul.

Another thing he's not sure of is what he sees in her. He has only the vaguest notion of what she'll be like away from training. He knows he'll have to play her, but he's hoping the game transcends the play, that she represents something more than a world-class piece of tail and a last chance at the good life, that they can be happy or at least well matched, their goals compatible. He recalls her shouting at Bas, asking "What do you want?" That's easy. The Dutchman wants the same as he does. To travel down a mysterious path in the dark until you reach a perfumed arbor with a lamp hanging in the trees and a princess sitting beneath it. To always have that place, even when you stray, to know it's there waiting for your return. To go up into mountains with peaks raised like black Ms against a violet sky, so high you can piss down on the moon and leave a mark on its yellow face that never fades, and then to run wild in the cities below. To have Miamis and Tahitis and other

less illusory paradise moments. And finally to rest your head on the princess' lap and hunt forever along the pathways of her dream.

The prettiness of these thoughts leads him to remember his father and poetry lessons, and he tries to shut the process down. But the things he wants materialize before him. He knows them as completely as he knows the old twinge in his shoulder. Yet though he has faith that they are in some sense substantial, he doubts he'll be able to attain them. And though he's aware that moral concerns will have no effect on his actions—he'll do whatever it takes—the fact that he's afflicted, however mildly, by such concerns confuses him. He's not at all sure that what he wants is right.

Three days later Louis is toweeling off in the locker room, inspecting the new graffiti, when Papa John walks in and drops onto a bench. "Rita been tellin' me y'all run into the Dutchman the other night," he says, and heaves the sigh of a man sorely tried. "Muthafucka callin' her all the time, makin' her jumpy. I don't know if she gon' keep it together."

"She'll be all right." Louis pulls a T-shirt down over his head.

Papa John scowls. "Easy for you to say. You ain't got a million bucks ridin' on this fight and a crazy Dutchman on your ass."

"A million?"

"Jus' got off the phone with HBO. They wanna break women's boxing big, and they figger Rita's the one can do it. They're offerin' four fights for a million

dollars. They keepin' a date open for her two months from now. She the cofeature with Zab Judah."

Bobby Brothers and his sparring partner enter the room; they bang open locker doors at the end of the row, and Papa John snaps at them, saying, "Hold it down, goddamn it! We talkin' bidness here." Bobby's expression is so boyishly forlorn, it's as if someone has told him his puppy died.

"They could be somethin' for you with this HBO deal," Papa John says to Louis. "Judah's people lookin' for an opponent. Seein' you went the distance with Chavez, they wouldn't mind havin' they boy take a shot at you. Pays 35 grand. But it ain't gon' be no cakewalk like you had with Chavez. Zab gon' come after you hard."

Judah's the best fighter in the world at 140 pounds. Incredibly fast and powerful. Louis is being asked to take a beating, but the money's right.

"You want, I can he'p you train," Papa John says. "I 'preciate the work you done with Rita, so jus' gimme my expenses and we call it square."

From this, Louis suspects that Rita's had a hand in his good fortune. Papa John is as venal as they come; he'd never work for expenses unless under pressure to do so. But Louis can't decide if this speaks to Rita's intention to keep the two of them in the same place or if it's a bone she's throwing him, a kindness offered in lieu of a relationship.

"Where's the fight at?" he asks.

"Right here in Las Vague-ass." Papa John heaves creakily to his feet. "Sayin' you want it?"

"Yeah."

Papa John heads for the door. "I'll start 'em on the contract."

Louis drapes the wet towel over his head. He's been kissed off before, and wound up with a lot less than 35 grand, but even if that's what's happening—and he's not convinced it is—it's time to be a player.

"Hey, Louis?" Bobby Brothers, 240 pounds of sweet-souled idiot, peers down at him. "Whatcha think 'bout my sparring?"

What Louis thinks is that Bobby's too nice to be a boxer, he doesn't enjoy hurting people and he'd be better off pounding nails somewhere and going home at night to the wife and kids. However, all Louis says is, "Looking good, champ! But don't forget the left hook. That left hand's a ticket to the big time."

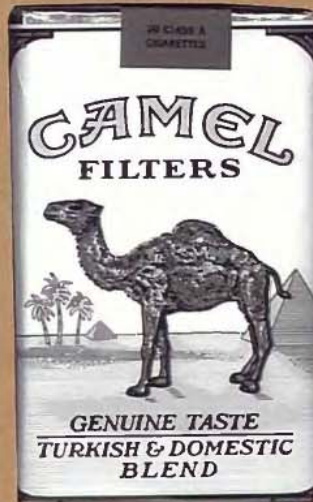
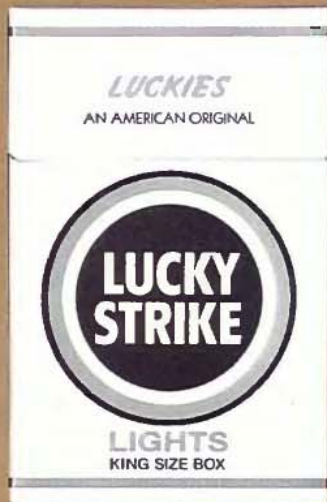
Spending the evening on the phone, Louis discovers that a Bas Lutens is registered at the MGM Grand and frequents a bar next to the sports book. He also learns the Dutchman has won a number of ultimate fighting tournaments in Asia and has a reputation for excessive brutality. It is something of a



"She's got it all: talent, brains, breasts."



# WANTED: SMOKERS

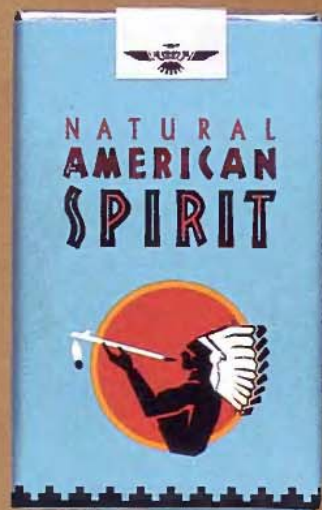


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surprise that anyone could be considered excessively brutal in a game whose sole proscriptioin is on the gouging of eyes.

The next afternoon he hikes over to the Grand. The streets are rippling with heat haze, crowded with cowboys, early gamblers hunting for a cheap breakfast, and family groups, mom pop kids all sporting the same dopey T-shirts. The buildings along the strip, so garishly splendid by night, appear drab and hastily constructed in the bright sun. Louis enters the casino through a giant gilded lion's mouth and hurries past a room filled with slots, resounding with electronic beeps and sirens and bells—it might be the inside of a huge pinball machine. He locates the bar, black Formica tables and leatherette chairs arranged on a raised dais along the wall, and sits sipping diet soda for the next hour, play-

ing eye games with the blonde waitress who gives him a view of her freckly pushed-up tits each time she brings a refill.

Around three, Bas emerges from the sports book and takes a nearby table. He orders a Seven and Seven and seems to be brooding. When he spots Louis standing beside him, he meets his eyes briefly, then goes back to staring at his drink. Very similar, Louis notes, to the way Rita reacted when he walked in on her.

"You got the wrong idea about me and Rita," Louis says. "I'm not involved with her, man. I'm her sparring partner is all. The other night we were just having dinner, talking about the fight."

Bas shifts his volleyball-shaped head to look at Louis. He purses his cherubic lips but says nothing.

Louis sits opposite him. "Reason I got in your face, you came on pretty strong.

I didn't know who the fuck you were. I felt I had to be, you know, protective."

For all his stolidity, Bas radiates a creepy vibe, and Louis braces his legs so he can push back quickly from the table.

"I don't want to get between you two. Fact is, I can help smooth things over."

Suspicion touches Bas' face. "Why would you do that?"

"Look, I don't care who she sleeps with, who loves who, none of that. OK? All I'm interested in is getting her ready for the fight. Way she is now, all worried about you and shit——"

"She has no reason to worry about me."

"Well, whatever, way she is now she's likely to lose. Fight doesn't go Rita's way, I'm gonna catch some of the blame and Papa John might drop me. My financial interests are on the line." Louis allows himself a pause. "Course, maybe I'm wasting my breath. Maybe you don't care she loses."

It appears that Bas is a structured thinker, puts every little piece together before he responds. "I want her to win," he says at length, with the air of a man who's reached a decision.

"Then you got to leave her alone. Just till the fight. Ten days. Meantime, I'll work on her. I'll get her to meet with you. I'll give you a call day after the fight, we'll set something up."

Bas mulls this over.

"She's not going anywhere, man. Couple days off, she's back to training. She's got another fight lined up in Vegas six weeks after this one."

"This is true?"

"Check it out, you don't believe me."

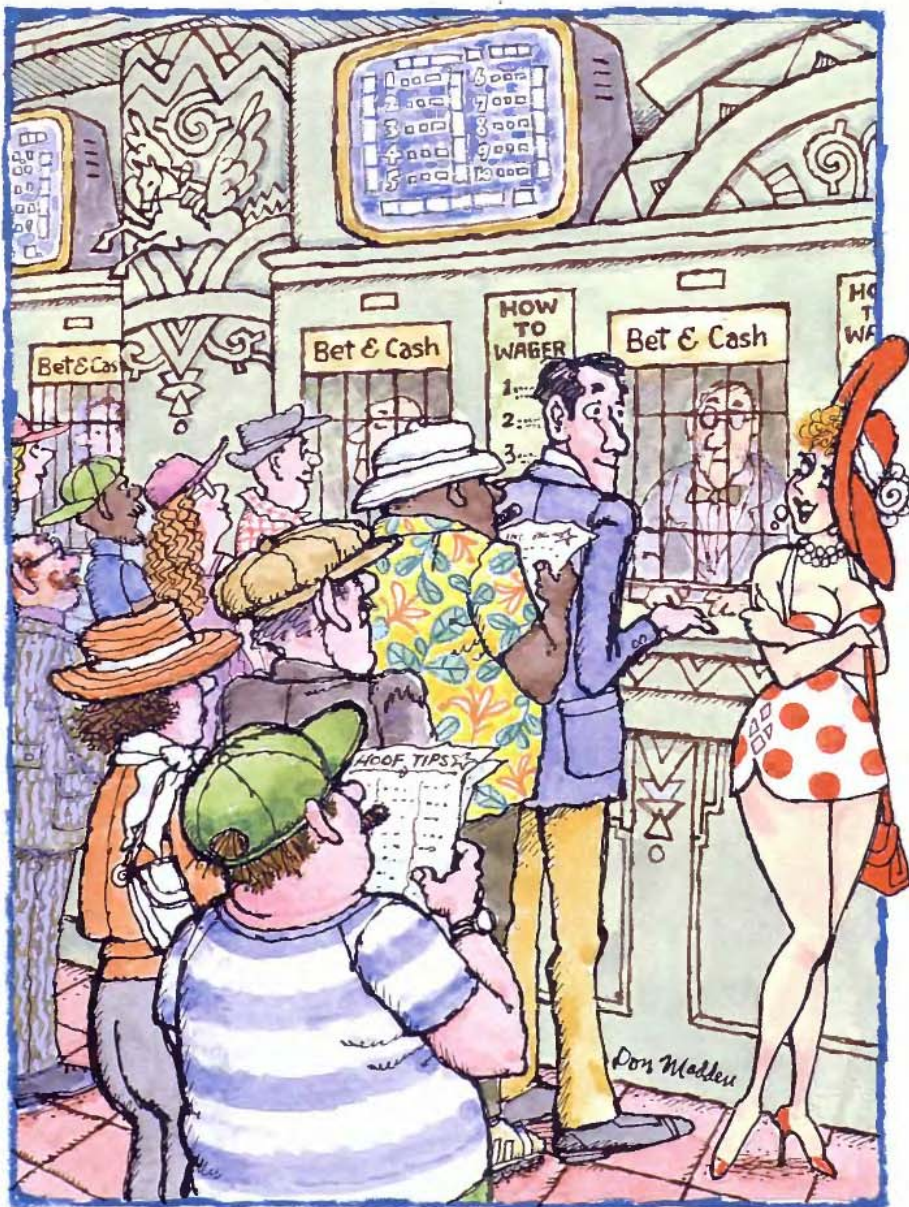
Another prolonged internal debate cinches Bas' face with strain. "All right. But I want you to tell her something."

There follows a lengthy list of blame-layings, remonstrances and promises, none of which Louis bothers to file away. He assures Bas that his message will be delivered.

The freckly waitress hovers, and feeling accomplished, satisfied with step one of his plan, Louis tells her, "Nothing for me, sweetheart, but bring my man here whatever he's having."

•

The last day of sparring, Louis gets careless, half his mind off in the future, and Rita catches him on the temple with a solid right. He's dizzy, so he wraps her up, locks his gloves under her arms. But she's not sparring anymore, she's fighting. She slams him into the turnbuckle, breaks free and hooks hard to his body. He slides along the ropes, dances out into the center of the ring as his head clears. She follows him, grim faced, winging shots, trying to knock him out, and it pisses him off, it purely pisses him off that she's so into her fucking woman-of-violence trip she's forgotten who he is. He begins to fight the way he fought



"Wouldn't you rather put your money on a sure thing?"

against Chavez, standing in front of her, moving his head, bending at the waist, slipping her heavy artillery and reaching out to touch her, not hard, just a tap on the forehead, the chin, showing her how open she is because he knows it'll infuriate her, provoke her into throwing harder and she'll leave herself even more open. But she takes a little off her punches, times him and lands a second strong right, and he can't help himself. He fires his own right, catching her on the cheek, driving her back a few steps, and now he's playing her game, trading with her toe-to-toe, getting rocked but refusing to give in. Somebody pulls him away, one of the other fighters, and Papa John pushes Rita against the ropes, and Louis thinks, Oh shit, I fucked up, he's going to drop me from the Judah fight, fire my ass. But Papa John's grinning, this is what he wanted to see from Rita, he knows she's ready, and Louis, his face numb from the punches, tastes blood in his mouth and wonders if he's blown it with her. He's certain he has, because though she offers a gruff apology, it's merely an accessory to a high-beam stare of heated animosity.

Even after a shower, he's so adrenalized he decides to walk back to the motel, but before long starts to feel the shots Rita landed on his ribs, and he ducks into a small casino off the Strip, finds a seat at the bar. He orders a draft, studies the reflection in the mirror, the red and gold stagecoach motif of the wallpaper, the flashing lights of the Keno game, the milling about of the low rollers: old blue-hairs packing briefcase-size purses stuffed with cartwheels and breath mints; a blissed-out college-age couple playing the slots, arms around each other, like how can they lose if they're in love; a bunch of sailors trailing behind a chesty waitress, like hyenas waiting for a wounded gazelle to drop—she's wobbly on her spike heels, flustered-looking, trying to ignore the shit they're giving her. In the mirror he sees a fit little man drinking his beer alone, his face beginning to show the years of accumulated damage. He's as futureless and forgettable as they are. It's not a new insight, but on this occasion it's accompanied by a feeling of terrible despair and he has to close his eyes against this hive of bad luck, these representatives of the incidental billions.

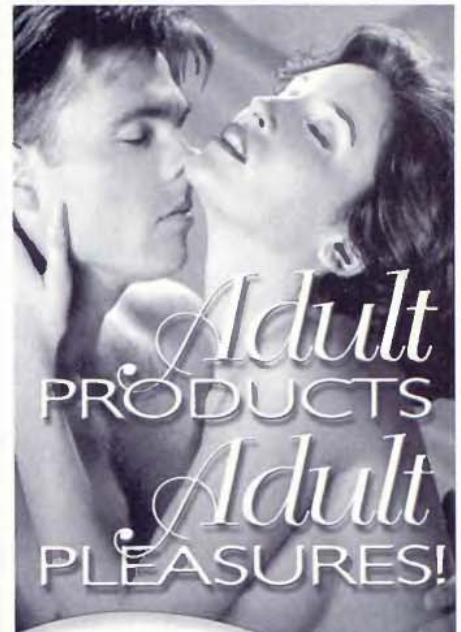
On reopening his eyes, it seems that the mirror behind the bar has been transformed into an enormous 3D screen on which he sees himself fucking Rita against a backdrop of clouds whose shifting surfaces look normal at first but gradually become figured with an infinity of faces like those eternal Wheel of Life friezes sculpted on the facades of East Indian temples—except these keep changing all the time. They're both

bloody and bruised, tearing at each other. Rita fishhooks his mouth with her fingers, he yanks her by the hair. No matter which position they assume, they continue their violence, biting and clawing, until their flesh is slick with blood and they begin to slither about one another, entwining with serpent grace, achieving knotted intricacies of involvement beyond anything in Hindu sex manuals, merging, mutating into a single monstrous creature that's ripping its own skin with its teeth, fucking itself, humping and squirming. The female half arches her spine and hisses. The male lifts his head as if to roar and exhales a reddish mist. And then, suddenly, they're still. Utterly inert. Floating in the silvered depths of the mirror like vast cosmic beings waiting for the next creational spasm to rip them apart so they'll have to fuck to the death again in order to restore a perfect unity, the universe expanding and contracting as they strive. Their doubled body pales, recedes into the clouds of nonbeing, the vision fades—and Louis is amazed to find himself sitting at the bar, not strapped to a gurney in the back of an ambulance.

He's experienced hallucinations before, on acid and ecstasy, but none so vivid, and he wonders if anybody noticed, if he was making noises or something. But no one is paying attention. It could have been a foretaste of punchdrunkenness—not that he really gives a shit. He prefers to take it as a sign. A premonition of their future. He feels better having decided this. It's just the sort of hippie crap his father would decry.

Rita's opponent, Judy Crouch, is a lanky brunette outfitted in a singlet and trunks emblazoned with the Union Jack. She's a mover with long arms and a decent jab, but Rita's learned her own lessons well. She cuts off the ring on Crouch and wears her out, dropping her for the count in the third with a right cross—left hook. Afterward she hunts Louis down, kisses his cheek, thanks him for his help. She's excited one moment, affectionate the next. It's as if their gym war never occurred. Louis is uncertain what this shift in mood portends. He tells himself not to push it, to see where things lead.

They're standing high up in the arena, gazing down on the hotly lit ring as Bobby Brothers climbs through the ropes. Bobby's wearing a porkpie hat and a tear-away black suit and white shirt. He goes lumbering around, getting the feel of the canvas, throwing jabs and hooks as the announcer introduces his opponent, a pudgy Latino heavy with the look of a designated victim. Then it's Bobby's turn. The announcer intones, "In the red corner, he hails from Pershing, Arizona, now fighting out of the Lucky Street Gym in Las Vegas,



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making his Las Vegas debut, weighing 244 pounds, with a record of 10 wins, no losses, all 10 wins coming by way of knockout . . . Bobby! The Blues! Brothers!" Bobby performs a clumsy version of the Twist, Papa John comes up behind him and rips off his costume, revealing his mesomorphic chest and arms, and the crowd roars in approval.

"Oh, God!" says Rita, and Louis says, "Papa John's got himself a new freak."

The bell sounds, Bobby misses with a jab, lands a glancing hook that sends his opponent cowering against the ropes.

"Would you like to go for a drive?" Rita puts a hand on Louis' arm. "We could stop at one of the places out on the desert."

He's so surprised, he almost fumbles the opportunity. "You mean now?" he says.

She drives flat-out through the blue darkness, past black puffs of sagebrush and barrel cactus, broken shapes of burned-out shacks and blown-down billboards, the windshield stars jolting up as she skips over a pothole. She's wearing white jeans and a white jacket, she glances sideways at Louis, grins and shouts something he can't hear what with the wind. She points up ahead. Green neon dice tumble across the silhouette of a low flat roof, rolling a natural seven. Louis nods, and she swerves into the parking lot, spraying gravel.

They pile out, hit the casino, mingle with the crowd of truck drivers, trailer park dwellers, two-star hookers, loners, lowlife aficionados and lizardlike old men—all the fringe people who haunt such places—and for the next three hours they gamble, losing a little but staying close to even, joking with the other players, getting high on the action, laughing and leaning into each other. Then Rita glances at her watch, looks apologetically at Louis and says, "I've got a breakfast meeting. We have to go." As they drive back toward the city, much slower than they came, not talking, Louis realizes that for those few hours he was exactly where he had wanted to be, thoughtless, beside her. Now it's over so abruptly he has to think again about the problem she poses. But at the motel she hops out of the van, comes around the front to stand with him, hesitates, then kisses him. It's a good, long kiss, a testing of the waters that turns into a complete immersion. He spreads his fingers to span her ass, grinds against her, getting hard against her thigh. The contact dredges up a quavery sound from her throat, and her mouth goes slack. She pulls back, her arms still around him, and gives a sigh that seems to convey both frustration and contentment.

"Call me tomorrow?" she says, and Louis, who's so rocked by the kiss that he can barely speak, says, "Yeah, uh-huh."

He stands in the parking lot after she's gone, wishing he hadn't started things with Bas, wishing he could have known in advance that Rita would come around. But he tells himself that Bas will have to be dealt with sooner or later—it might as well be now.

The manager of the motel is watching through his picture window; the plastic palm tree beside him—his little alien buddy—reaches to his shoulder. Stuffed into a yellow jumpsuit tonight, half a pound of gold chains, couple of rings on each hand. When he sees Louis walking toward him, he scoops a small paper bag from the top of the registration desk and puts it in his hip pocket. "What's up, my friend?" he says as Louis pushes through the glass door into the crisp coolness of the office. "You out late tonight. Don't you got to work tomorrow?" He adopts a boxer's stance, a fierce expression, throws a playful right hand and grins.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," Louis tells him.

"Sure, Sunday in Vegas, that's a big church day!" He laughs, comes out from back of the desk. He's got a watermelon-size belly, and the yellow jumpsuit makes him appear jolly. His black hair is oiled, he needs a shave and his plump face is almost completely unlined. "That woman you was jus' with, man. She that muscle bitch that fought on the pay-per-view tonight?"

"Muscle bitch?" Louis does not have to affect irritation.

"Don't get me wrong, man. She's a beautiful woman. *Concha pura!* But those arms"—he flexes his biceps—"they fuckin' scary." He drops into a rattan chair by the window, crosses his legs. "Yeah, I thought you was gonna get lucky, man."

Louis is having second thoughts about what he's about to do.

"Yeah, she all over your ass, man. You gonna be gettin' yourself some of that pretty soon."

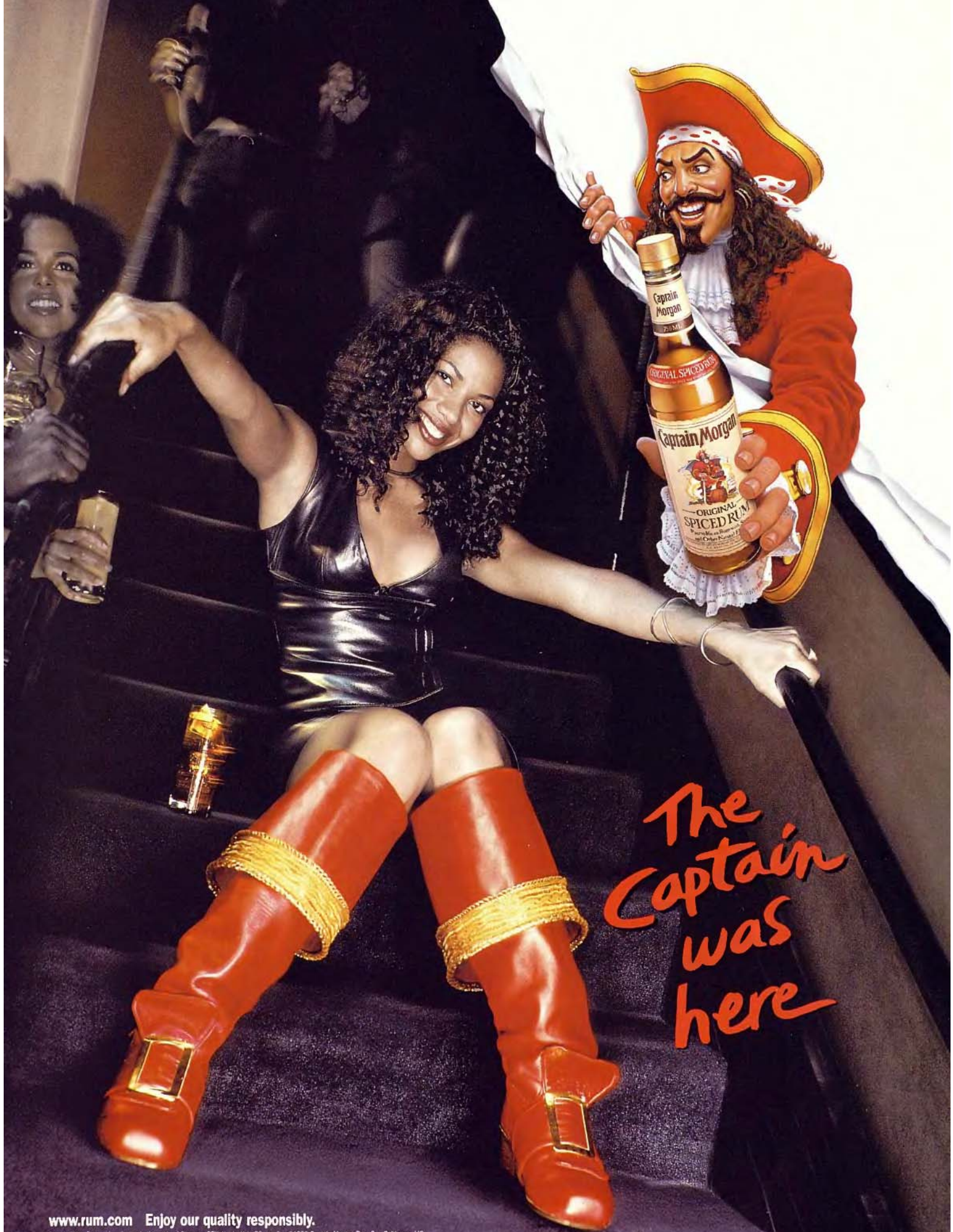
The manager shifts in his chair, plucks at a frond of the plastic palm, and after a few seconds of silence a bemused expression fits itself to his face and he relaxes. Stretches out his legs. Folds his hands on his gut. He seems to understand the situation.

"Don't be shy, man," he says. "There somethin' I can do for you?"

Louis calls Bas in the morning, arranges a meeting for eight that night at the gym, when no one else will be around. Then he takes the cocaine he bought from the manager, enough to warrant a Possession With Intent charge, and goes to the MGM Grand, where, after tense negotiation, a parking valet provides him with the keys to Mr. Lutens' rental car. While hiding the drug in the car, he tries to convince himself that a drug charge will be enough to ensure deportation, but he knows if he calls in anonymously, the Dutchman may walk.



"How about length? Regular or homeboy?"



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He figures an assault charge along with the coke will be a sure winner; he'll have to eat a few shots, but how bad can that be? No worse than getting his ass handed him by Zab Judah.

At 7:15 he walks the two blocks from the Strip to the gym, unlocks the door, leaves the entranceway dark but turns on a bank of lights above the ring. He clears away weight bars and dumbbells, anything that might be used as a weapon. Quarter to eight, everything's set. He sits down on the ring apron and waits. At five to eight Bobby Brothers strolls out of the locker room, dressed in shorts and a Phoenix Suns T-shirt. He spots Louis and grins. "Wow! I thought I was gonna hafta sleep here. I was takin' a shower. Papa John musta forgot and locked me in."

Alarmed, Louis jumps to his feet. "You better move it, Bobby. I'm ready to close."

"Lemme get my bag." Bobby heads for the locker room, then turns back. "See the fight last night?" He flourishes his left fist. "I didn't forget the hook . . . like you said."

"Great! C'mon, hurry it up. I gotta be somewhere."

But Bobby glances past Louis and says ruefully, "Sorry. We're closing up."

Bas is standing at the entrance to

the darkened corridor, wearing a blue blazer and white slacks, like a well-tailored WWF doll. He's brought a small bouquet. He frowns at Louis. "Where's Rita?"

Even if Louis wanted to back down, he knows Bas won't let him. Maybe having a witness will be helpful. "She couldn't make it," he tells Bas. "Truth is, she wasn't ever going to make it. I was just fucking with you."

Bas doesn't require his usual deep study to comprehend this. Furious, he hurls the bouquet at Louis. "Where is she?"

"You'll never know," says Louis.

"Piece of shit! I'll kill you!" Bas clenches his fists, his head tipped forward, the scar tissue on his scalp gleaming like patches of cellophane, and Louis, whose mouth is dry, heart rate skying, prepares to defend himself.

"Hey, guys!" says Bobby. "What's goin' on?"

Mocking the Dutchman's accent, Louis says, "I'll kill you." He's expecting Bas to rush him, but the big man glides forward, his hands in punching position. Fingers curled, though. Not fisted. The gracefulness of the movement intimidates Louis far more than Bas' size. He has time to think that eating a few shots is not wise, he should run like hell and hope attempted assault will do the trick, all that in the instant before Bobby steps

into the picture and launches an ever-so-slow, completely telegraphed right hand. Bas catches Bobby's wrist, twists the arm and drives the heel of his own right hand into Bobby's jaw below the ear. Bobby's head whiplashes, he drops facedown, and Bas spins, slams a kick into Louis' shoulder and sends him staggering.

Bas, Louis realizes, is way out of his league. But he goes after him anyway and receives a kick on the hip that nearly paralyzes his leg. He slips a punch, then takes a glancing shot over the left eye that stuns him. The Dutchman's too fast, too strong, and Louis breaks for the exit—he's almost to the door when Bas snags him by his shirt collar. He doesn't see the blows that strike him, he's turned the wrong way, and after they land he doesn't understand the damage they've done, nor does he have a clue how he winds up lying in the street. His right eye is blurry, and he can't see at all from his left. He wipes at it—blood comes away on his hand. When Bas looms before him, a dark blue distortion, Louis is so dazed he doesn't recognize the threat until a kick explodes into his rib cage. Next he knows, he's trying to crawl, toppling, scraping his cheek, doggedly scrambling up to hands and knees, concerned only with going forward. He hears shouts, then somebody grabs him under the arms and hauls him upright, and he takes a wild swing at the guy, who's apparently not Bas. A hot pain skewers his side, doubles him over. Holding his ribs, he stumbles toward what looks like a distant gateway of glittering gold that interrupts the dimly lit abstractions shifting around him.

He's so woozy and disconnected, he's lost track of what's happening, he just keeps moving toward it, buoyed by a simple faith that the light embodies resolution; yet as the choking asphalt heat intensifies, and the gasoline stink thickens, he has an urge to sit down and let whatever he's running from overtake him. Behind him a siren is switched on, then off—a squirt of electric noise that spurs him to go faster, jogging sideways to accommodate the pain in his ribs, and then he's out onto the Strip, hobbling toward a tall building, vast and bright, like a suburb of heaven with a conical green hill at its base. Brakes squeal, horns blare. He fetches up against a car that's stopped to avoid him. Leans on it, breathless, staring at the hood, at the neon signals reflected there. It seems almost possible to decode their message. His blood drips polka dots onto the polished enamel. Partly masked by reflection, a desiccated-looking woman with tanned, cracked skin and a mane of mauve hair, like a mummy in a wig, regards him with horror from behind the wheel. There's a rumbling, fire erupts



Lelievre

*"Well, it looks like those nasty bears have gone . . . but what's this? Why, it's a heater salesman, and he's brought some hot soup with him."*

from the green hill. Everyone cheers, and the cheering ignites a reflex—he lifts his arms, shakes his fists in victory. The effort drains him, and as he slumps down beside the bumper, he realizes that the cheering's not for him, but that he has, indeed, won something. He is absolutely clear on this. Something more significant than the winning of a fight. He's still trying to figure out what it is when the policemen arrive to peel him off the street.

Louis shares a hospital room with an old man whose bed is hidden behind a curtained screen; a pretty dark-haired nurse with a kittenish quality sits by his bed, emerging every so often to run some sort of errand. She smiles at Louis; once she helps to rearrange his pillows, enveloping him in a scent of flowery bathwater. He's feeling thickheaded and dysfunctional. He asks the nurse what's wrong with him and she has a look at his chart.

"Concussion, broken ribs. Contusions." She hangs the clipboard on the foot of his bed. "You're a mess, but you'll live. Your friend has it worse." She points to her neck. "Cervical damage. He's not paralyzed, but he's going to need a long rehab."

"You talking about Bobby Brothers? Big blond guy?"

"Yes . . . I think that's his name."

"Shit!" Louis turns his face to the wall. That's going to do it for Bobby. And they'll have to find another whipping boy for Judah. Which is fine. He's had enough of beatings.

"Can I do something for you?" The nurse rests a hand on his shoulder. He shakes his head no, and wishes he hadn't fucked up Bobby's life.

He expects Rita to visit, but the morning passes without a sign of her. He watches TV—the volume's so low, all he can do is watch—and he worries, but he's too medicated to concentrate, and his thoughts subside into dull unease. Finally, at noon, she enters the room and stops at a distance from his bed. It's obvious she's angry. The way she stands, arms folded, holding herself in. Her absence of expression. She looks terrific, though. Wearing her white jeans and a silky green top.

"We're going to take care of your hospital bills," she says flatly.

We, he says to himself. What the fuck is we?

He asks what's the matter, and she spits out a laugh. "Haven't you heard about Bobby?"

"I didn't know he was going to be at the gym," he says. "I was just trying to get rid of Bas for you."

"I didn't want you to get rid of him! I was handling it!" She paces toward the screen that hides the old man's bed, and Louis sees the nurse peering at them

through a gap in the curtain.

"You were trying to control me," Rita says. "I had enough of that shit with Bas." She softens a bit. "I know you meant well, but I can't have this sort of thing in my life." Her anger returns. "I don't want anyone near me who'd do what you did to Bas."

"What I did to *him*?"

She grips the railing of the bed. "He'd never do drugs. Never! He may be a bastard, but he doesn't deserve what he's going through now."

Though fragments of argument and explanation drift through Louis' mind, he realizes that any form of arguing would be futile.

"I have to go," she says, drawing back.

"Rita. . ." he says, but she holds out a hand like a traffic cop and says, "No!" She seems about to say something else, but repeats "No!" and walks briskly out into the corridor.

Louis can't get too depressed, thanks to the meds, and also because he's never been sure of anything with her, not even what he feels. He hopes the things he felt were elements in a game he was playing and not the more potent deceptions of the heart.

The pretty nurse steps from behind the curtain and asks if he's OK. With an air of uncertainty, she approaches and says, "I didn't mean to overhear you and your friend. But. . ." Her lips tighten, as with indignation. "I don't know how she could treat you like that. I. . ." She puts a hand to her mouth, shushing herself. "I'm sorry."

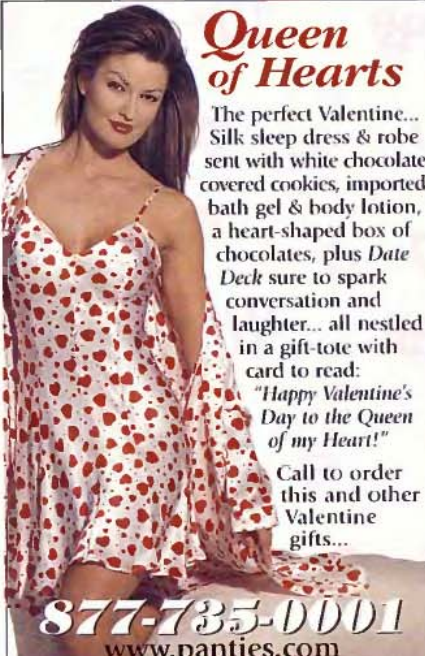
"It's all right," Louis says.

She glances at his bed table, pours his water glass full. "Do you want the TV louder?" She gestures at the curtain. "He's going to be sleeping for a while—you could have it a little louder."

"Sure. That'd be great."

She's tiny, and she has to stand on tiptoe, one foot coming off the floor, in order to reach the controls. An actor with the bland manliness of a shirt model is telling a willowy redhead he's sick of waiting for her to decide.

The nurse returns to her patient, but Louis catches her peeking at him now and again through the gap in the curtain. He pictures her reaching for the volume control, breasts straining the starched front of her uniform, skirt hiked up in back to reveal a neat thigh sheathed by an opaque stocking, in her demure sexuality like a good-hearted princess who might need to be saved. He wants to think that if it weren't for the meds, he would feel at that moment the conclusiveness that's yielded from a convergence of two perfect ideas, the clarity that comes when something pure offers itself so completely, so unexpectedly, it makes a bright sound in your head.



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*Flimsy paper gown slipping, her buttocks touching the cold metal gurney, electrodes up the wazoo.*

the REM part? We have several non-REM stages of sleep, during which everything in our body slows down and we physically restore ourselves. We also go through several REM cycles a night, which gain in length and intensity, the last usually occurring before we awake for the final time to begin the day.

"In fact," Rosekind suggested, "one of the best ways to ensure having a dream and remembering it is just to set your alarm clock a little earlier than usual." (Well, that advice was a day late and \$600 short.) During REM—"paradoxical sleep," as Rosekind terms it—our brains are as active as when we're awake, send-

ing messages to our muscles to actually do what we're dreaming. As a self-protective measure, to keep ourselves from thrashing about, our bodies temporarily become paralyzed.

Another really cool fact: Dreams occur in real time. Though they may feel faster, any chore or activity you do in a dream occurs in the same amount of time it takes when awake: from climbing stairs to dialing a phone number to . . . fucking. Wow. I was kind of hoping J's butt thing would be over lickety-split, so to speak.

LaBerge and Rheingold assert that "dreamed actions produce real effects

on the body." In their book, they talk about experiments LaBerge and his fellow researchers have conducted in their sleep lab, referring to themselves as "oneironauts"—a dashing term not included in the dictionaries I checked, which means, as far as I can ascertain, "dream explorers."

Of particular interest to me was a study they did in the early Eighties on lucid dream sex, to try to determine how sex experienced during a lucid dream "would be reflected in physiological responses." They chose a woman subject, because, as the book breezily asserts, "women report more orgasms in dreams than men do." We do? When? Was I there? They continue, "We recorded many aspects of her physiology that would normally be affected by sexual arousal, including respiration, heart rate, vaginal muscle tone and vaginal pulse amplitude."

By all that's holy, how? I shuddered at the thought of that poor woman, flimsy paper hospital gown slipping, her buttocks touching the cold metal gurney, electrodes up the wazoo, her fellow oneironauts steaming up the two-way mirror as they feverishly took notes and fantasized about taking her.

Besides having the daunting task of trying to sleep through that, she was also supposed to produce a lucid sexy dream and signal to the lab, via an agreed-upon eye signal, at the following moments: "when she realized that she was dreaming, when she began sexual activity and when she experienced orgasm."

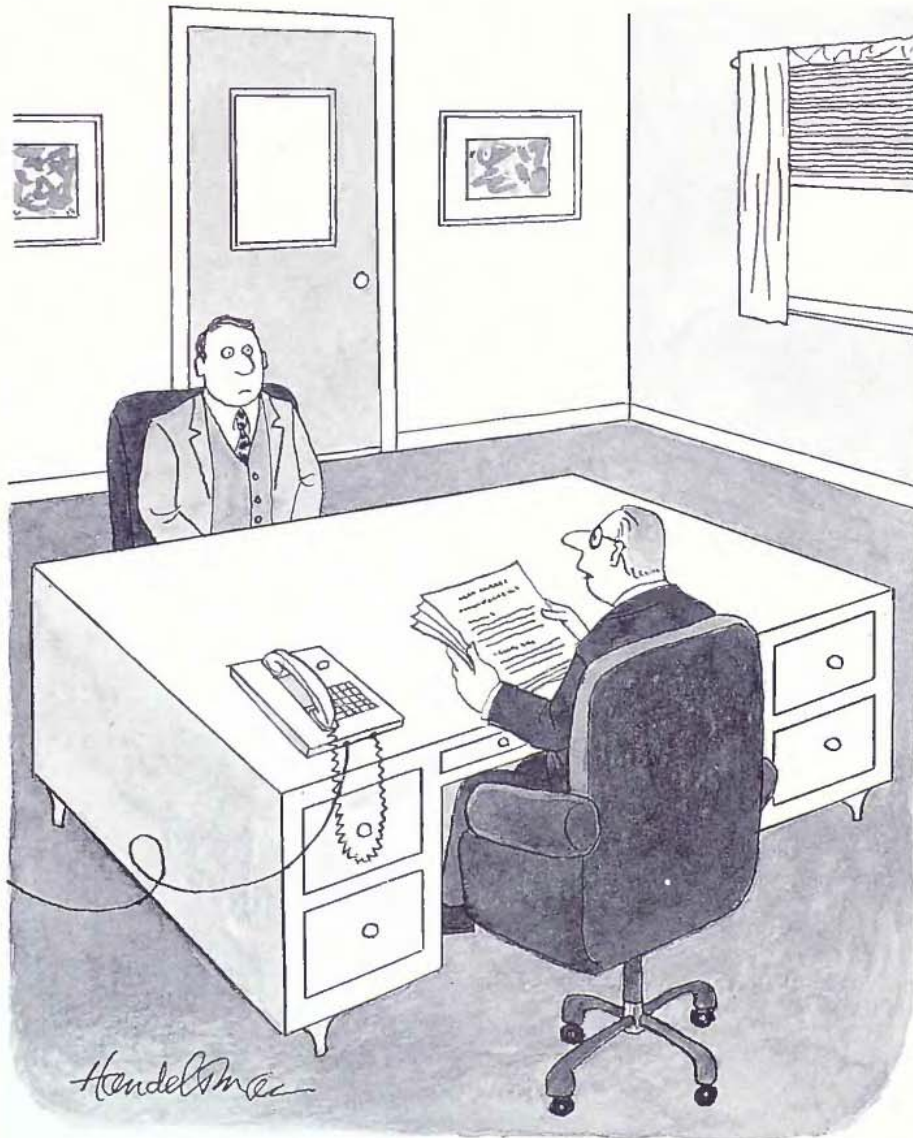
Incredibly, she performed all of the above feats, and the researchers found that almost everything increased during her dream "orgasm"—even her vaginal pulse amplitude. (What is that? An ability to pick up college radio stations in your twat?) But her heart rate remained the same. When they subsequently tested a couple of guys, their heart rates similarly remained unchanged. And no one ejaculated.

And the reason that most of us can't usually remember our dreams? Explains Rosekind: "When you go to sleep at night, the gate from short-term memory to long-term closes." Meaning, when you're awake, significant events, facts and numbers (like your zip code) that are in your short-term memory can get encoded and entered into your long-term memory. When you're asleep, they usually can't. Lucid dreaming, then, is also an attempt to get our dreams into our long-term memories.

It was time for me to try.

**KEEPING A DREAM JOURNAL**

The book insists, before you even attempt to have a lucid dream, that you be able to remember at least one dream a night, for 12 nights in a row. It instructs you to keep a special dream journal by your bed and to jot down your dream as



*Handelman*

*"I hope you're not too ethical. This company has always been on the cutting edge of unscrupulous business practices."*



soon as you awaken from it, no matter what time. The book also counsels you to search for your "dream signs," out-of-the-ordinary objects and occurrences in your dreams, and to circle them in your journal, in order to acquaint yourself with the characteristics of your dreams. Then you know what to look for, to know you're in a dream.

I usually remember my dreams about four times a month. J says he never does. Here, then, was our first challenge.

I spent the first night, just before bed, rereading these opening chapters and preparing myself mentally, as the book instructs, to remember my dreams. J disinterestedly asked, "So, what's it say?" I filled him in briefly. He grunted and went back to *Taxicab Confessions IV*. The brute, I thought. How could he? We were attempting to conduct a real scientific experiment here. We were oneiro-nautic pioneers preparing to traverse the dreamscape! I had my special dream notebook and a fountain pen, bought just for the purpose, at the ready by my bedside. J, I noticed with a competitive snort, just had a couple of pieces of scrap paper and an old Bic. Clearly, my dreams would be richer, and I'd be able to recall them in thrilling, vivid detail. I fell asleep to the strains of an inebriated couple straining to fuck each other in the backseat of a cab.

NIGHT ONE AND THE MORNING AFTER: AN ONEIRONAUT'S JOURNAL

At first when I awoke, I remembered nothing. But then, lying still as the book recommends, a detail from my dream state flashed in my mind. I grabbed my sacred journal and scrawled down my epiphany:

"I'm Bea Arthur's character in the TV show *The Golden Girls*. Rue McClanahan and I want to go out for a night on the town. Betty White wants to tag along. Rue and I roll our eyes at each other."

That's it. J, on the other hand, excitedly tapped me on the shoulder as I was eking out my pitiful, elusive details, to recount a long, involved dream he'd had, made up of several episodes, full of symbols, Oedipal conflicts, fantastic occurrences and dream signs. It even had sex in it. Granted, it was a guy exposing his dick, which J promptly bit off. Rather disturbing.

There was no hint of a steamy tête-à-crotch with Ms. Diaz. Still, he'd filled up both sides of his scrap paper. I was a dream failure. A dream moron. I had, it seems, no unconscious.

NIGHT TWO

"I'm in a shoe store in my old college town. J is waiting outside in the car. I can't find the shoes I want but feel compelled to buy something. While in line, I hastily grab a shoe box, open it and see a pair of brown leather sandals. Not what I was looking for, but they'll do. The ac-

tor Kevin Kline walks in. I say hello and inquire after his family. He tells me he's blown his knees running and is looking for alternative exercise. I excitedly tell him about the great pool in the campus' new sports center. He indulges me with an 'uh-huh,' but I can tell he's not interested."

Not exactly the stuff of Carlos Castaneda, but still I excitedly jotted it down and circled my dream signs. "Shoe store." "Strappy sandals." "Kevin Kline." "Sports center." "I feel I'm onto something here," I noted.

NIGHT THREE

Four A.M. I sat bolt upright from a dream and recorded this nugget: "J and I are with a bunch of people in an upstairs room of a country restaurant. We go downstairs to leave. I try to pass through another room to get to the exit, but there is a waitress asleep on a chair blocking my path. I notice with admiration her patent leather platform shoes as I struggle to move her and her chair out of the way. I mutter indignantly, 'They really shouldn't allow their waitresses to sleep in the middle of the room like this.'"

Again, I dutifully circled my dream signs. They mostly seem to involve designer footwear. I wondered: Does this make me a shallow person?

NIGHT FOUR

Ignoring the authors' 12-night dictum, I considered myself proficient in dream recall and decided to try for the big kahuna: an actual lucid dream. The book lists several exercises designed to help induce lucid dreams. The early hours of the morning are most conducive to quickly entering the REM state, so one exercise exhorts you to "make time" for your lucid dream by setting your alarm two hours earlier than normal. When it goes off, you're supposed to get up and go about "business as usual." (What the hell would that be at 5:30 A.M.?) After two hours, you're supposed to go back to sleep, after visualizing what you want to dream about.

I numbly arose the next morning with the alarm and J's scratching sounds as he penned his nightly opus and then sighed contentedly and went back to sleep. Show-off. I attempted business as usual in the bathroom, but my bowels were having none of it. In order to stay awake, I downed a couple of mugs of espresso and passed the time reading from my junk e-mail. At 7:30 A.M., exhausted, shaking and dizzy from the caffeine, I got back into bed, just as J was getting ready for work. Over the blare of Howard Stern on the radio, I silently repeated my lucid dream mantra: "I'm going to have a lucid dream where I get it up the ass from J." As instructed, I tried to visualize it occurring. I shuddered and fell back asleep whimpering softly, "I'm



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at Macy's. Earrings and bracelet by *Robert Lee Morris*, 800-829-8444. Belly chain by *Claudia Rapisarda*, 212-532-3520. Bikini top by *OMO Norma Kamali*, 800-8-KAMALI. Shorts by *Nanette Lepore*, 212-219-8265. Halter by *Alice Roi*, 212-398-5885. Bracelet and belly chain by *Claudia Rapisarda*, 212-532-3520.

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### HEY, RICHARD

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### WATCH THIS

Pages 126-127: Watches: By *Samsung*, 800-726-7864. By *Swiss Army*, 800-231-2907. By *Casio*, 800-962-2746. From *G-Shock*, 888-294-7462. By *Timex*, 800-367-8463. By *Breilting*, 800-785-8832. From *Spoon*, 800-722-4452.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 171: Steering wheel and license plate from *Beverly Hills Motoring*, 800-367-2462. Books: *Italian Sports Cars* from *MBI Publishing*, 800-826-6600. *The Speed Merchants and Going Fast* from *Robert Bentley*, 800-423-4595. Basket from *Peregrine Automotive*, peregrineauto.com. Tire gauge from *Measurement Specialties*, 800-236-6746. Radar detector by *Escort*, 800-433-3487. Sunglasses by *Serengeti*, 800-423-3537. Shoes by *Michael Toschi*, 877-686-7244. Gloves from *Griot's Garage*, 800-345-5789.

### MANTRACK

Pages 41-42: "Luxury in the Wild": *Ulusaba*, 800-225-4255. "Take It Slow": *America's Best Slow Cooker Recipes*, in bookstores. "Night Moves: Nashville": (All area codes 615) *Bound'ry*, 321-3043. *Zola*, 320-7778. *Cafe Nonna*, 463-0133. *Trace*, 385-2200. *Havana Lodge*, 313-7665. *Suller*, 297-9195. *Connection*, 742-1166. *Sunset Grill*, 386-3663. "Say Cheese": *BriteSmile*, 800-274-8376. "Guys Are Talking About": Exercise machine from *Stamina Products*, 800-375-7520. Olive oil from *Olive Farm*, 888-380-8018. Games by *TDC Games*, 800-292-7676.

### STYLIN' AMERICA

Pages 84-89: Men's: Jacket, pants and shirt by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Sunglasses by *Gucci*, at *Gucci boutiques*. Jacket, pants and belt by *John Varvatos*, www.johnvarvatos.com. Shirt and pants by *Jason Bunin*, 212-594-3795. Sunglasses by *Gucci*, at *Gucci boutiques*. Swimsuit by *Ron Chere-skin*, 212-575-5900. Shirt and pants by *NY Based*, at *Bloomingdale's*. Watch by *Swiss Army*, 888-658-0717. Shirt by *Costume National*, 212-431-1530. Hat, belt and pants by *Buffalo Chips*, 212-625-8400. Women's: Bikini by *Rebecca V.*, 714-490-1333. Sunglasses by *Bulgari*, 800-BULGARI. Cardigan by *Pamela Dennis*, at *Saks Fifth Avenue*. Hot pants by *Louis DiCarlo*, 212-563-6800. Shoes by *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. Bikini by *XOXO*, 714-490-4040. Earrings by *Claudia Rapisarda*, 212-532-3520. Shoes by *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. Bikini top by *OMO Norma Kamali*, 800-8-KAMALI. Skirt by *Maja*, maja.ny.com. Shoes by *Stuart Weitzman*, stuartweitzman.com. Sunglasses by *Polo Jeans*,

getting it up the butt . . . I'm getting it up the butt . . . up the butt."

I dreamed I was having a lucid dream. "I'm having a lucid dream," I exclaimed excitedly, just as they described in the book. J and my butt, however, were nowhere in sight. And I quickly convinced myself that I wasn't having a lucid dream at all but was really awake. Then I woke up.

### NIGHT FIVE

I turned to another exercise in the book, the "61-point relaxation." "Figure 2.1 illustrates 61 points on the body. To do this exercise, you need to memorize the sequence of those points. This is not difficult."

No, not difficult—impossible. Maybe *LaBerge* and his cohorts get off on memorizing a diagram of the human body that, for sheer complexity, resembles the inner workings of an iMac, but me, I've got better things to do. Like get some goddamn rest! I'm exhausted. I let the book slip from my fingers and sleep the sleep of angels with nary a dream in sight. Clearly, it is time to strap on the dream gear.

### DAY SIX: GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY INNER PEST

The Programmable Electronic State Tester is designed to go off at random intervals throughout the day, to remind you to do a reality check and ascertain whether or not you're dreaming. The logic behind the contraption is that if you train yourself to do so while awake, you'll do the same when asleep—that is, you'll look for, and be able to recognize, signs that you just may be dreaming. One of the most conclusive among the many signs, say the oneironauts, is having the numbers on a digital clock or words on a page radically change when you glance away and then glance back. Finding yourself flying around the Acropolis in your underwear with your dead aunt is another tip-off, say I. The instruction manual is full of playful bon mots ("The PEST is a member of Class Electronica, Order Processoria, Family Smaller-Than-a-Breadboxia"), probably to get your mind off the fact that you just plunked down 175 bucks for a plastic beeper designed to annoy the crap out of you.

I set the buttons to the highest level of perturbation, simultaneous beeping, buzzing and flashing, and clipped the PEST to the inside of my short shorts. It made my ass look huge. What price lucidity?

When the contraption first went off J, alarmed, shouted, "What the hell was that?" But henceforth, he brightened each "reality test" by performing a series of stunts commonly used to freak out fellow stoned teenage friends. Like, standing on a chair just behind an entryway so that I couldn't see him, then sticking his

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face and arms out, Superman-style, so that it looked like he was flying. When we went out in public, I changed the alarm to the more discreet vibration. Each time it went off I giggled and got a pleasant sensation. Hmm. Maybe I'd clipped the PEST to the wrong place.

That night I slept with the PEST under my pillow and did my mental lucid dream work. The PEST was supposed to buzz periodically and nudge me along to remember to become lucid in my dream, and explore uncharted sexual territory. Well, I did explore new terrain in my dream, but it wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

"As research for this article, I am compelled to have sex with an older friend of J's—old-enough-to-be-my-grandfather old. He is disquietingly limber, in fact does a full center split and is quite proud of himself as he executes several other deliberate tantric sex moves. 'Wait a minute!' I shout. 'I'm in the wrong article!' But his sensual technique is fatally flawed—his lingam is soft as a sponge, so that, though he moves like a swami, it's no salami. J is watching the whole thing from the sidelines. He is not upset. Why should he be? I'm the one who has to have near-sex with the Jewish Gandhi over here! Where the hell is Brad Pitt?"

No lucidity. No sex. I'm tired of fucking around here. In fact, I'm just plain tired.

#### NIGHT SEVEN: I BRING OUT THE BIG GUNS

The NovaDreamer slips over your face like a sleep mask, but there the similarity ends. It is designed to flash lights in your eyes and emit a series of beeps while you dream. The lights can become incorporated into your dream as, say, lights from a flashing fire engine, and you are supposed to train yourself to recognize them in their many guises. When you do, you will recognize that you are dreaming. Or something like that. The mechanism is triggered by rapid eye movement. The book reports that some who've used the mask found that the lights translated in their dreams as "the light of a thousand suns—a nuclear explosion." "This," they assure their readers, "is not bad." The hell it isn't! I set it to its lowest setting.

Then I whipped out the \$150 Dream-Speaker. (I found virtually the same contraption at Radio Shack for 10 bucks.) Suddenly embarrassed, I took it to the bathroom to record my "dream message." The 15-second limit curtailed my elaborate dream intentions, so I limited my recorded message to a whispered, "I'm getting it up the ass! And I'm dreaming! I'm getting it up the butt! And I'm dreaming!" The quality of the playback was reminiscent of Thomas Edison's first recorded sound, "Mary had a little lamb. . . ." I brought the DreamSpeaker back to bed and, using the cables provided, hooked that, as well

fill'em up 



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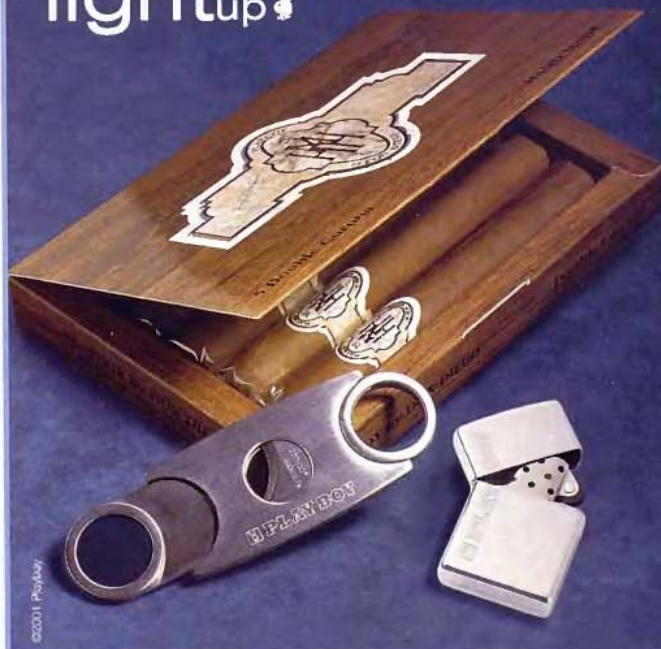
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as the PEST, to the NovaDreamer mask. They were now all supposedly set to go off when I was in REM sleep. But before I slept, I did another exercise in the book designed to induce my lucid dream. As instructed, I wrote down what I wanted to have happen in my dream, and even drew a picture [see Figure 1]. Then as I fell asleep I concentrated on my intentions: Remember to remember your dream, remember to remember you're dreaming, remember to remember your dream intentions, remember when you wake up to remember to . . . I forget. It's so damn complicated. Finally, I plugged in, strapped on and turned up the juice. "I am beeping, buzzing and flashing. I am my own little intensive care unit," I noted. Somehow I fell asleep and . . .

Flat line. No flashing lights. No lucid dream. No dream, period. On the other hand, I thought, maybe I had dreamed I had anal sex with J and my psyche just broke down, and this was some form of mercy amnesia. True, I awoke in the morning to find I had ripped the mask off my face sometime in the night.

#### NIGHT EIGHT: THE STRAIN IS BEGINNING TO SHOW

Well, it was bound to happen. Fueled by lack of time and results and overwhelming apathy, J has given up his involvement in the Lucidity Project and has placed the burden of fulfilling his fantasies squarely on my dream shoulders. I've become so preoccupied with trying to spice up my dreams, J and I no longer have a waking sex life, nor a dream one that I can recall. Besides, J can't get near me through all those wires. He is not amused. I, however, remain determined. Relaxed, pleasantly drowsy and, once again, loaded for bear with dream gear, I have changed my DreamSpeaker message to the more peppy and upbeat "I'm having anal sex with J. And I love it!" I cheer myself on with the affirmation "I shall fall asleep immediately and remember to be lucid. This stuff really works!" I kick up the SuperNovaDreamer a couple of notches to make sure I notice it this time, strap it on and blissfully prepare to sink into the arms of Morpheus.

I am interrupted by a series of glaring

white flashes, burning my eye sockets. I gamely try to remain drowsy through them—I stop counting the number of flashes at 10. I'm blinded. Then what sounds like a siren goes off, followed by a head-shaking vibration and more aggressive light-flashing. What the hell piece of equipment is making that car-alarm sound? J and I bolt upright in bed. I'm ripping gizmos off my eyes and trying to untangle myself from cables and wires. Finally, I find the button to shut the damn thing off. I fall back asleep amid a tangled nest of dream detritus.

I am jolted awake by J's cold feet. He's jammed against me, forcing me to the bed's edge. Why's he all the way over here when we have a king-size? I look over to see his five-year-old daughter sleeping sweetly, sprawled across half the bed. That explains it. I try to concentrate on my mantra and go back to sleep, but somehow, with her there, I can't drum up a passion for having anal sex with her daddy. It's just. So. Wrong. I give up and go to the living room, taking the PEST with me to continue my endeavors. I place it hopefully under the couch pillow and close my eyes. Seconds later, the PEST is buzzing and whining forlornly like a man who hasn't gotten laid in over a week. I reach under the pillow to turn it off, but it's gotten caught in the lining of the pillow. I hurl pillow and PEST against the wall. It lets out one more surprised and hostile screech and finally falls silent. Four short hours and one spy novel later, I am finally asleep and dreaming.

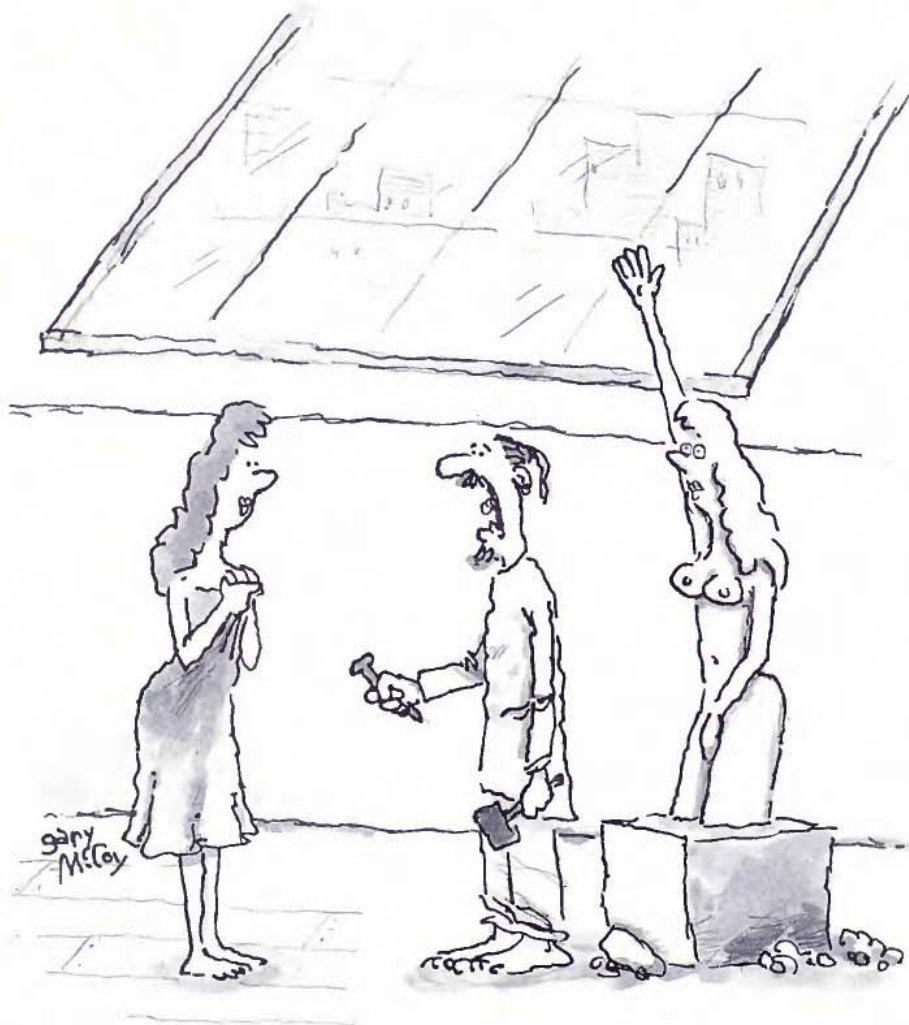
An old family friend is showing me his diseased penis. It is grotesquely engorged, swollen to resemble a five-pound water balloon. I am, unfortunately, not lucid and therefore not aware that this horrifying display is only a dream. How the hell does he fit that thing in his pants? I wonder.

#### NIGHT NINE: FLYING SOLO

I decided to try having a lucid dream sans equipment. Actually, J decided this for me, having banned all gear from the bedroom, and I am intensely grateful to him.

I recalled this cool exercise in the book that involves "spinning" in your dreams. Whenever you feel yourself about to wake up from a dream, LaBerge and Rheingold assert, spin around in your dream, and this will spin you back into your dream, or into another.

I tried it, and it worked! I was drowsy, just falling asleep, and those weird dream images started entering my head. You know, the way that they'll drop in on you when you're half-asleep, half-awake, and start infiltrating your rational, daytime consciousness? Well, I was aware of them, and I wanted them to continue and take me into a dream, so I "spun" in



*"You mean all the time you were posing for me you just had to go to the bathroom?"*

my mind, and—voilà!—there I was in a full-fledged dream!

#### NIGHT 10: FULL-FRONTAL LUCIDITY

I decided to be equipment-free and exercise-free, except for concentrating once more on my desire to have a lucid dream. Very soon, I was in a dream with a familiar scenario. In the dream, I'm onstage, wearing only a T-shirt that's a little too short to cover my unmentionables. I'm in front of a restless audience in my old high school auditorium; there are few well-wishers. The crowd is largely composed of taunting former classmates, teachers, boyfriends and bosses; all are just waiting for me to mess up. I'm in a Chekhov play, but I don't know which one and I can't remember my lines. My peers are playing their parts perfectly and hissing angry asides at me every time I miss a cue. To compensate, I start to improvise and overact terribly, screeching, "To Moscow! To Moscow!"

Every time I make a gesture, I inadvertently flash my pussy. Little kids are fainting in horror, my mother is tsk-tsking me and shaking her head in shame. J is up front and clapping, cheering me on, but it's no good. I haven't done this scene since high school. I try in vain to recall the

I LIMITED MY RECORDED
MESSAGE TO A WHISPERED,
"I'M GETTING IT UP THE ASS!
AND I'M DREAMING! I'M
GETTING IT UP THE BUTT!
AND I'M DREAMING!"

lines. I can see the text, but I can't make it out. Then, all of a sudden, it hits me! Words aren't usually blurry on the page! And what would I be doing back in my high school auditorium, wearing just a T-shirt? I must be dreaming!

I'm elated! I go backstage and put on a pair of sweatpants and feel much better. I then step forward into the spotlight and explain to the audience that I'm dreaming, which is why I can't remember the text, and that usually I'm very well prepared. They understand and beam back at me. Except for J. He rushes the stage and starts trying to pull my sweatpants down. I struggle against him.

"You are dreaming! You are dreaming! This is just a dream!" he shouts. J's shouting roused me from my dream, and I awoke to find him indeed trying to pull the sheets down from me and climb on my back, making a pathetic attempt to convince me I was dreaming by trying to impersonate the DreamSpeaker. "You are dream—"

"Quit it!" I interrupted. "I was in the middle of a lucid dream, goddamn it!"

Dreamwise, it seems, we had come full circle and ended up just where we began, dancing the same pas de derriere and no closer to achieving our goals.

But just as I was about to kneel him in the balls, I thought of his long-unsatisfied desires and recalled his patience over the past couple of weeks. What the hell, I thought. Everybody's gotta go

sometime. And I let my J have his way. Yeah, right.

#### LESSONS FROM AN AMATEUR ONEIRONAUT

All right, so I exaggerated some things here. I'm not sure I ever actually had a lucid dream. Maybe, as LaBerge and Rheingold warn, I was trying too hard. More likely, as they also warn, I wasn't trying hard enough. But in the world of dream exploration, are there really any winners or losers? Well, yes, actually.

Freud and Jung and their disciples might think so. They believed that dreams are reflections of internal dialogues, symbols and conflicts, and that if you manipulate your dreams, you're actually masking conflicts occurring in your subconscious, which may be harmful. The authors of *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming* address this directly, asserting that, far from masking conflicts, lucid dreams can help us not only address but overcome them. I kind of buy that. And, flagrant failure aside, I

found some stuff about this dream-studying to be cool. Let's face it, dreams are cool. Learning about and becoming more aware of them is cool. I found it valuable, learning to listen to and recognize my dreams. And that "spinning" back into a dream thing

really works. Try it!

LaBerge and others at the Lucidity Institute are not bogus. They're genuinely excited by what they are doing, and I'm reasonably sure, in more diligent hands, their exercises might even work. That equipment, however, is ludicrous.

My biggest gripe about the whole lucid dreaming thing? It takes too much goddamn time! They advocate "utilizing the REM time that otherwise just goes to waste to squeeze another two hours of productivity out of your day." I don't want to! It's chore enough being productive when I'm awake! Give me blessed slumber! Deep and unconscious! Knock me out! For lucidity's sake, can't a gal even fuck off in her sleep anymore?

One dividend from this misbegotten enterprise: I am now remembering at least one, sometimes two or three dreams every night! "Hip hip hooray," a dispirited J chants listlessly.

But, ever the cockeyed optimist, he's sure that, in time, I'll learn to overcome my priggish objections and yield up my ass to the powers that be, if only to make him happy. And I'm equally sure that, in time, J will learn to let go of his unnatural obsession to take me from fore and aft, and just relish the good love and emotional and spiritual riches we share.

Oh well, everybody has to have a dream.



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# X-TREME TEAM

(continued from page 115)

was skimming across the river toward the canoe in the rippling cone of her light. When it reached the gunwale it stopped, lifted its head out of the water and began wavering from side to side, trying to propel itself into the boat. All hell broke loose.

"Oh my God, it's a huge snake!" screamed Kalin, Miss August 1997. "Get a paddle and hit it!"

"Turn off your light!" screamed Jennifer Lavoie, Miss August 1993. "It's coming in!"

"Cut us free, Owen!" screamed Danelle Folta, Miss April 1995 and our team captain. "Now!"

"Aaahhh!" was this former Marine's contribution to the conversation.

After I cut, slashed and bit loose the tether, the dugout spun sideways into the next set of rapids waiting in ambush, smashing into a submerged log. The canoe slowly rode up over the log, tilting and slipping toward a capsize. We were without life jackets, on a black night in a black, fast-running river brimming with reptiles. I had the absurd thought: This could end badly. What am I doing in this crazy race again? And what the hell are three Playboy Playmates doing here?

Founded by *Survivor* producer Mark Burnett, the Eco-Challenge is a brutal competition that pushes racers to their emotional and physical limits—then shoves them past. Coed teams of four (I was the token male who reversed the usual gender breakdown) paddle, hike, rappel, kayak, climb, swim, raft, mountain-bike and run for 10 days toward a finish 500 kilometers away. There are no time-outs and the clock never stops; teams sleep only when their bodies refuse to go another step without rest. Racers navigate with maps, compasses, altimeters and their fading ability to make decisions and function as a team, becoming more disoriented with each sleepless night. After the first 24 hours of paddling or running, most carry a lingering nausea, much like after an all-

nigher of partying. And they will carry that retching feeling—along with their gear—for another nine days.

The Eco-Challenge annually attracts endurance athletes in pursuit of adventure racing's world championship. The 304 racers include some of the best-conditioned competitors. All expect to finish well, yet most fail to finish at all.

After the 1998 Eco-Challenge in Morocco, I vowed never to race again, a promise I had made at the finish lines of three other Ecos. But when my wife got the call inviting me to join three Playmates as the token male on Team Playboy X-Treme, her response was immediate. "He'll be there."

Danelle founded the team in 1998—a warren of athletic Playmates who competed in various sports around the nation, outclimbing and outrunning college kids on spring breaks, kicking corporate ass in volleyball and softball tournaments, placing well in three-hour versions of the Eco-Challenge. Everywhere she led her team, Danelle took another step toward her goal to shatter the notion that Playmates are too soft and coddled to compete at a high athletic level. In the Eco-Challenge, she had a chance at the ultimate test on the ultimate stage.

The over-under on Team Playboy X-Treme was established quickly in Borneo—three days, then one of the Playmates would come up with an injury or just quit.

So while mountain biking at three A.M. on a jungle road—with just four hours to go before we could get the "three days" monkey off our backs—I was not surprised when Danelle's bike shattered irreparably. The Eco-Challenge kicks you when you're down and watches how you react. Danelle pushed the bike—you must start and finish each Eco-Challenge leg with all your equipment—and began what was to be a Bataan death march instead of a bike leg, hiking the final 40 kilometers in 100-degree heat.

We left a trail slick with tears but, drifting dangerously close to heat exhaustion, reached the end of the bike leg in

29 hours. The fastest team had finished in ten. We had pushed our bike across and finished the leg as a team.

It marked the beginning of the nastiest leg of the race—a 60-kilometer jungle trek. The broken bike had prevented us from reaching the checkpoint in time to continue on for an official ranking (nearly half the teams faced this conundrum) so we had two choices—we could attempt the finish line unranked or we could quit.

Starting a leech-riddled jungle trek immediately after a hike that had extracted such a terrible toll was an abominable idea. I suspected that someone would yield, but I was proud of our effort. In three and a half days I had seen wondrous things. I had seen Jennifer—95 pounds of pure energy—hike up an impossibly steep atoll with a heavy pack, crying most of the time and putting me on mute but refusing to quit on a hump that would have dropped most soldiers. I had seen Kalin, perhaps the best natural athlete among us, paddle nonstop through the night in a race against the sun, even though she was badly dehydrated and the rest of us were forced to take rests. And I had seen the best kind of leadership in Danelle. Period. In a race that puts its premium on teamwork, the captain bears the relentless burden of decision making, balancing tough orders on food and load distribution with cheerleading and coddling.

"What's the verdict?" I asked when we dumped the cursed bike. "We driving on?"

"Hell, yes, we are," Danelle answered. "The official ranking doesn't matter. The finish line does."

The next morning, Playboy X-Treme lowered its collective head, strapped on its packs and plunged into the next discipline. The Borneo jungle is nature untamed, a clime filled with hungry critters and stinging plants. I was leading the file when I heard Kalin's otherworldly scream. She got a leech.

I could tell from its dark-brown racing stripes that it was a tiger leech, swollen and turgid with blood, attached firmly to



Kalin's calf. When we eventually routed him with Betadine, Jennifer began twisting and shouting herself, stripping off her gear and clothing, frantically swiping at her skin. Fire ants. The jungle was quite an experience—after a few hours we were plucking the hitchhikers from our broken bodies like veteran hosts, slipping down steep mud slides on our mashed feet in squalls so thick we had to tip our heads forward to breathe. But darker things lurked.

Four days and more than 150 miles of jungle white water and Pacific Ocean later, just a day and a half from the finish line, we collided head-on with the worst leg of the Eco-Challenge, a caving section that had bested some of the world's best racers. It was a train wreck. We entered the caves wearing medical masks and were immediately wading shin-high (for Jennifer it might have crested her knees) through bat guano that invaded all the cuts on our legs and bleeding feet. The smell was a thick crush of waste and rot that made us wince. The cave was boiling with bats that fluttered in the narrow cylinders of our headlamps.

After a grueling ascent out of the hole on 150-foot fixed ropes, the race turned cruel, as it is prone to do. Two more jungle summits, a 500-foot rappel and a steep foot march stood between us and our canoe, with another 50 kilometers of windy ocean paddling to go.

I knew we would taste the finish line when we were steps from the second summit. Jennifer had collapsed under the weight of her pack and she was bawling. What happened next did not surprise me. Danelle and Kalin offered to hump her pack, but this was taken as an affront. Jennifer's eyes were burning and her teeth were clenched when she brushed them off and growled, "Shut up and . . . stand . . . me . . . up!" The three of them leaned into the hill and pushed higher, setting a wicked pace, laughing at a joke. Nothing would stop them now.

I was struggling to catch my sine-curved teammates when I saw them pass one of the many tough-as-nails three-guys-and-a-girl teams ahead of whom we would eventually finish. In what was a microcosm of the entire race, my teammates—who had been staring into the abyss just minutes before—announced their arrival with friendly shouts.

"Hey there, guys!" shouted Kalin.

"Hi, guys! Lookin' good!" shouted Danelle.

"Woo, hoo! Almost to the top! Keep it up!" shouted Jennifer.

They moved ahead quickly and, approaching from behind, I heard one of the men say to his ailing buddy, "Come on, man. Suck it up! We just got passed by the Playboy Playmates, dude." Ah, but there's no shame in that, my friend—you have plenty of company.



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**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**

## BOBBY KNIGHT

*(continued from page 70)*

ends up cheating himself, but in the process he also cheats his teammates.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best advice you've ever received as a player?

**KNIGHT:** Having been told that any play in which you're involved may ultimately be a play that can be pointed to as having decided the game, so make sure that the level of your recognition and your intensity is as great as it can be as long as you're in the game. The players who can most closely develop that kind of approach are always the players who wind up being involved in a game that goes down to the wire.

*[We arrive in Akron and watch the team practice for two hours, then go out for dinner. At eight Donoher gets back behind the wheel of Knight's Lincoln, and Knight sits beside him with one tape recorder between them. I'm in the back with a second recorder.]*

**PLAYBOY:** We haven't asked you about your two passions other than coaching: hunting and fishing. What is it about hunting that attracts you?

**KNIGHT:** As you get older, if you're going to compete, you damn near have to play golf or tennis. But there's a competitiveness in hunting; the bird gets up, are you quick enough to get on it? Can you hit it? There's also stamina in hunting. Yesterday I walked in the woods for five

hours—up steep hills and down. I was hunting for grouse, didn't see any, didn't get a shot.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that considered a wasted day?

**KNIGHT:** No. Karen roots for the birds when she goes with me. Fishing I really like—you're more challenged with the fish than with the birds. But I don't care for deep-sea fishing, where the boat fishes. The bell rings and you just grab the rod and try to reel it in. That's not fishing, that's catching.

**PLAYBOY:** Steve Alford said he understood why people called you a genius—there was a method to your madness. Can coaches be geniuses?

**KNIGHT:** Basketball is not nuclear physics or cancer research. I don't know how applicable the word genius is. Obviously some coaches are a hell of a lot smarter than others. But let's take another word you just used: madness. What response does that elicit? That borders on some form of insanity. So how accurate is the term madness in that phrase? Rasputin was mad. What does that imply?

**PLAYBOY:** We'd like you to comment on some of the incidents that are usually described in articles about you. Given your earlier reaction to a question that disturbed you, would you be willing to answer these questions? We don't want you to get angry.

**KNIGHT:** That doesn't guarantee I won't.

But before you get into it, you're going to go over the same incidents that have been brought up in everything that's ever been written about me, and I'm tired of talking about them. With that, go ahead.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1980 you fired a blank shot from a starter's pistol at *Louisville Courier-Journal* reporter Russ Brown. You said you did it "to keep from going nuts."

**KNIGHT:** I fired a starter's pistol in a press room one time in what I thought was kind of a humorous situation. I don't recall ever saying that I did it to keep from going nuts.

**PLAYBOY:** But did you fire it at someone or just into the air?

**KNIGHT:** First of all, you don't aim a pistol that doesn't have a barrel, do you? This is simply a device that makes noise. It's a solid piece of metal.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1981, during the Final Four in Philadelphia, did you shove a fan into a garbage can?

**KNIGHT:** You know I have no interest in this whole line. Zero. Everything I have said relative to these things has been documented and redocumented and I'm not going through it all again. *[A heavy silence fills the car for a few minutes. Then Knight addresses the incident in his own way.]* Let me create a situation for you, and you tell me how you think most people would react, OK? A team is playing and prior to the game, fans obnoxiously berate the players on the other team. That day, the team that had been berated wins the game. That night, their coach is going to dinner and a fan, who is obviously under the influence, says, "Well, Coach, your team played well today." And the coach replies by saying, "Yeah, we just didn't roll over for your team, did we?" And the guy starts screaming at the top of his lungs that the coach is an asshole, in front of probably a hundred people in a crowded restaurant. How do you think the coach would react to that?

**PLAYBOY:** If the fan was inebriated, maybe the best thing would be to walk away.

**KNIGHT:** How do you avoid it when the guy's screaming at you in front of a hundred people? Do you think there are many competitive people who would avoid that?

**PLAYBOY:** It's obviously a difficult situation, but if you're a professional ballplayer or a coach, you really shouldn't get into tussles with fans. What do you think, Coach Donoher?

**DONOHER:** Unless you're confronted with it I don't know how you can answer it. I've never been confronted with anything like that. *[Long pause.]*

**PLAYBOY:** Let's change the subject to Bill Walton, who often bad-mouths you on camera or writes negatively about you. Why does Walton have it in for you?

**KNIGHT:** When some people bad-mouth



Matt Groening



you, it's really the best compliment you can get. When they agree with you, then you know you're wrong. Walton is a guy I would never want to think well of me, because then I would know I had something I should really be bothered about. Walton doesn't know me. He's never attended a practice or a clinic that I've given. Walton was one of the great players. As a person, he leaves a lot to be desired. A guy who refuses to try to represent his country in the Olympics is a guy I'd never have any respect for whatsoever.

**PLAYBOY:** If you get back into coaching, would you consider changing your coaching style?

**KNIGHT:** Most of what has been written about my coaching style has been written by people who have never been to a practice. Have you seen anything where players who have played for me through their eligibility have ever complained about my coaching style?

**PLAYBOY:** You have a style that you know works, yet there is a perception that indicates some changes might be in order.

**KNIGHT:** And who's responsible for the perception?

**PLAYBOY:** Partly the media. But they're obviously reporting things they've seen.

**KNIGHT:** What have they seen? Give me an example.

**PLAYBOY:** They've seen you get angry.

**KNIGHT:** Have they seen other coaches get angry?

**PLAYBOY:** Of course.

**KNIGHT:** Has that been given the same attention as my getting upset?

**PLAYBOY:** They're not necessarily providing footage of a chair being thrown across a gym floor.

**KNIGHT:** I saw Rick Majerus, who's a very good coach and friend, pick up an ice cooler in a game in Hawaii where we were playing them and throw it on the floor, with ice and water going everywhere. Did you ever see a picture of it on television? No, you didn't. I saw John Cheney, one of the great people I know in coaching, tell a guy he was going to kill him. Have you ever seen that on television, replayed and replayed?

**PLAYBOY:** So the question comes back: Why you?

**KNIGHT:** You know, forget this whole thing. Do whatever the fuck you want to do with this. I don't think you understand that I don't need to go through this kind of bullshit. [Throws the tape recorder into the backseat.] I'm not trying to defend myself. I don't give a fuck what you write. You come here and bring up all the bullshit that's happened to me over all these years, and why? This whole thing has been ridiculous. You think I've enjoyed this bullshit? Going through this crap? Like I'm on trial somewhere? Like I have to defend myself? [Slight pause] Give me your two tape recorders.

**PLAYBOY:** No, Coach, I'm not going to do that.

**KNIGHT:** Give me the tape recorders!

**PLAYBOY:** I can't.

**KNIGHT:** Stop the car, Don. [He turns around, his knees on the seat, his head now inches from mine, as he grabs my wrists, trying to get my bag with the tape recorders in it. "Pull over!" he orders Donoher, who keeps on driving. "I want him out of here. And I want those goddamn tapes!"

"You don't want to do this," I say.

"Calm down, Bob," Donoher says, still concentrating on the road. "Sit down."

We drive on in tense silence for a while. Then Donoher says, "We have a bad situation here. I don't think it's a good idea for the two of you to be in the car together when I leave. I can drive Larry back or I can drive Coach back and you can drive his car back."

When we arrive at Donoher's car we all get out. Donoher asks me what I want to do. I say I'll do whatever coach Knight wants me to do. I'm willing to get a taxi rather than force Donoher to drive the 200 miles back to Bloomington. But Knight grumbles, "Get in the car, I'll drive you." And Donoher says, "Stay in the back, don't sit in the front." I get back in the car and Knight gets behind the wheel and says a gruff goodbye to Donoher. As soon as Donoher leaves, Knight says, "I'll take you back, but I'll be goddamned if I'll be your chauffeur. Get in the front."

I leave my bag with the tape recorders in the back and get in the front seat. But before we



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start to drive I look at Knight and stick out my hand. "Shake my hand, Coach," I say, wanting to break the tension. He looks at me for a moment, then shakes my hand. For the next two hours, as we drive back to Bloomington, he pours out his heart.

"You don't understand," he says. "You can't understand. How would you like to have had your whole world taken from you for no good reason? Today was the first time in 38 years where I attended a practice without having a team. For 29 years I did things for Indiana, I raised \$5 million for the library, I established two professorial chairs, and when I left there was no thanks. Not a word. I'm selling my house, moving to Phoenix. I don't know if I'll ever get another coaching job. I never made more than \$230,000 at Indiana, and when they hire some new coach it will cost them between \$600,000 and a million." He begins laying out his woes. How someone at the Mexican restaurant where we had eaten the night before had goaded him and claimed he had abused him and took him to court, and it took nine days before the judge threw out the case. How the university lied and spun stories about him. He never threw a vase at the athletic director's secretary; she wasn't even in the room when that happened. And he didn't call her a fucking bitch, but he said he didn't like her acting like a bitch. And about Neil Reed: Did I know that Knight asked his players whether they wanted Reed on the team and they voted him off, eight to zero, with one abstention? And Reed went to another program and the coach there said he didn't belong? Did I know any of that? How come we never hear about these things, only about him?

"I don't think anyone you've ever interviewed has been more forthright or straightforward as I have with the questions you've asked," he says.

"That's why I didn't want to let you destroy the tapes," I say.

"You can put the machines back on. I won't do that."] "

**PLAYBOY:** Twenty-five years ago in *Newsweek* you said that most of your coaching is negative, that you concentrate on the ways you could lose. Has it always been like that for you?

**KNIGHT:** That's exactly right. To win you have to eliminate losing. You figure all the reasons why you can lose—sloppy ball handling, poor shot selection, no block out, no help on defense. Those things don't guarantee you're going to win, but they will all guarantee, if they're not handled properly, that you're going to lose.

I can remember my mom saying time and time and frigging time again, "Just remember, somebody has to lose." And my rejoinder has always been, "Why should it be me?" My dislike for losing was far more of a motivating factor than my wanting to win.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your parents.

**KNIGHT:** My dad was an incredibly disciplined person. From 1937 until he died in 1970, my dad owned just three cars. He never had a credit card, never paid

for anything over time. If he hadn't saved the money to buy something he just didn't buy it. He was a lifelong rail-roader, he never made more than \$8000 a year. Yet we never went hungry, we lived comfortably. My dad told me only two or three things: One was to never gamble. And I never have.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the other two?

**KNIGHT:** They're not any of your business.

**PLAYBOY:** Was he strict?

**KNIGHT:** Not really.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any heart-to-heart talks with him?

**KNIGHT:** We talked about the important things. I wouldn't say they were long conversations. He died at 72. He had a really tough time. He had contracted acute leukemia, which is basically a children's disease. They tried to convert it to chronic leukemia, and had they been successful it might have given him another eight or 10 years to live.

**PLAYBOY:** And your mom?

**KNIGHT:** She was a schoolteacher—second and third grade. Very smart. I had her as a second grade teacher. She was very strict. At my mom's funeral there were three ladies in their 80s that I had as teachers in the fourth and sixth grades. I told them, "Would anybody imagine today that I was absolutely scared to death of the three of you?"

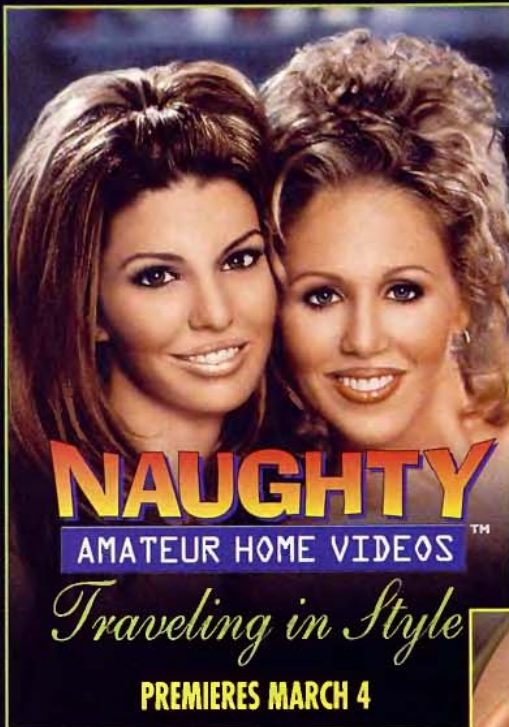
**PLAYBOY:** Your grandmother was an important person in your life, wasn't she?

**KNIGHT:** My grandmother lived with us until she passed away when I was 19. She always used the public library. I was one of the few boys who had a library card, which I had from the time I was old enough to read. My grandmother used to go into the country to buy vegetables or visit her sister in Pennsylvania or go to the movies, and I'd always go with her. In 1960, when she was 83, I came home from college and found her where she had passed away after going for a walk, sitting in the living room with her coat and hat on. My mom passed away 27 years later in the same room in a chair facing the one where my grandmother died. She was working a crossword puzzle when she passed away. She was almost the same age as my grandmother.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are your heroes?

**KNIGHT:** I have interesting heroes. Ted Williams, who helped thousands of people without anyone knowing what he had done. Harry Truman, who had the courage to drop the atomic bomb and live with the consequences. Probably the most devastating decision ever made in world history. Ulysses S. Grant. John Wood, my favorite military hero. He was commander general of the Fourth Armored Division that spearheaded Patton's march across France. A guy like George Steinbrenner, who does things with millions of dollars to help people. People who have been willing to take a chance and do things are heroes of mine.

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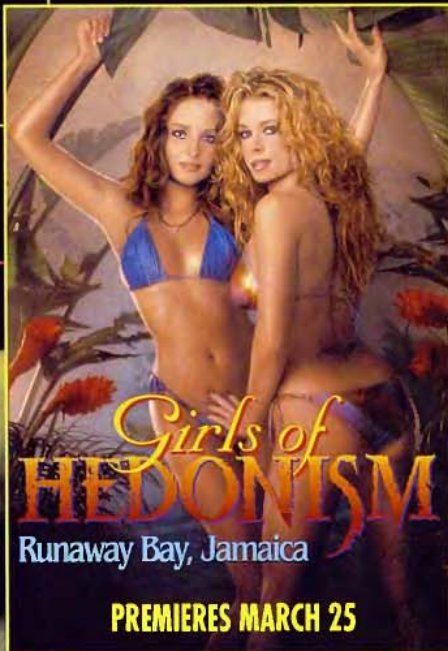


Lauren Michelle Hill  
Miss February



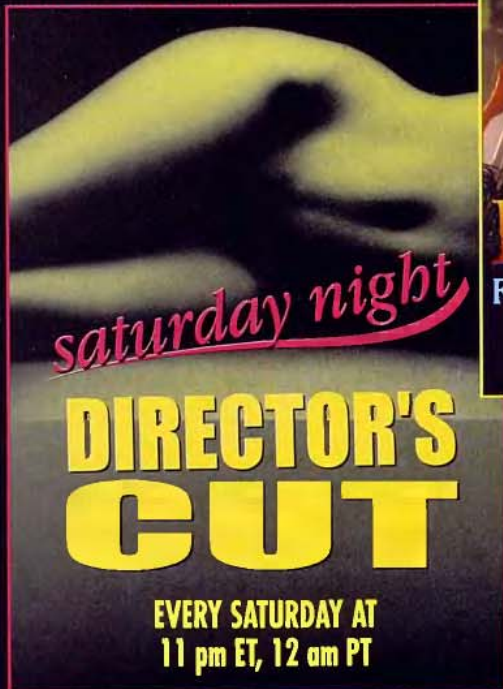
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# erotic entertainment at its best

**PLAYBOY:** It's past midnight, Coach, and it's been a long day. Let me throw some offbeat questions at you. If you could have witnessed any moment in history, what would you choose?  
**KNIGHT:** I would have really enjoyed seeing five loaves and seven fishes feed 5000 goddamn people.  
**PLAYBOY:** In what period of time would you have liked to live?  
**KNIGHT:** I would have enjoyed living in the West from 1875 until the 1890s, when your disagreements were settled by whoever had the fastest draw. And I would have worked awfully hard at it.  
**PLAYBOY:** If you could have been any person?  
**KNIGHT:** I'm satisfied with me.  
**PLAYBOY:** Fought in any war?  
**KNIGHT:** The American Revolution. It was a decided underdog taking on the world's most powerful country and winning on sheer determination.  
**PLAYBOY:** Composed any music?  
**KNIGHT:** *God Bless America.*  
**PLAYBOY:** If you were to be successful in another profession?  
**KNIGHT:** If I could have done any one thing other than coach, I would want to be in charge of America's antidrug program with the authority to handle it any way I'd want. I would send the military to take out any drug-producing plant wherever in the world it was.  
**PLAYBOY:** Most terrifying moment of

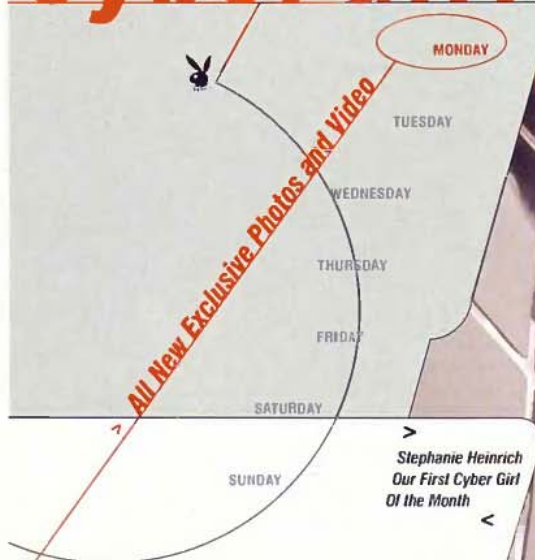
your life?  
**KNIGHT:** Two or three times when I've been very close to being involved in major automobile accidents, and in one case I could have been the cause of serious injury or death to others.  
**PLAYBOY:** What quotation would you like to have authored?  
**KNIGHT:** "Nuts." You know where that comes from? It's what Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe said when the Germans demanded that he surrender Bastogne. The 101st Airborne division was surrounded, and the Germans sent a demand for surrender and McAuliffe answered with one word. They told Patton what McAuliffe had said and Patton said they had to get going because a man that eloquent had to be saved.  
**PLAYBOY:** If you could change one thing about your childhood?  
**KNIGHT:** I would like to have had brothers and sisters.  
**PLAYBOY:** If you could ensure that your son shared one experience that you've had?  
**KNIGHT:** To have had parents that taught him as much as mine taught me.  
**PLAYBOY:** Live the life of any fictional character?  
**KNIGHT:** Robin Hood.  
**PLAYBOY:** Take revenge on any one person?  
**KNIGHT:** Right now it would be absolutely impossible for me to devote all the

ideas I have to just one person.  
**PLAYBOY:** If you could be forgiven for one thing?  
**KNIGHT:** For those times when my lack of patience or understanding unjustly hurt somebody.  
**PLAYBOY:** Choose how you'll die?  
**KNIGHT:** Really late in life.  
**PLAYBOY:** Be reincarnated as an animal?  
**KNIGHT:** A mountain lion.  
**PLAYBOY:** Return to one year in your life, knowing what you know now?  
**KNIGHT:** Five years ago. Had I done that, I'd have been coaching someplace else the last five years.  
**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Al McGuire's remark, that you remind him of Alexander the Great, "who conquered the world and then sat down and cried because there was nothing left to conquer"?  
**KNIGHT:** Basketball has always had a great fascination for me. I haven't yet conquered the game, so maybe that's what I'm trying to do.  
**PLAYBOY:** So retirement's out of the question. You really do want to coach again?  
**KNIGHT:** Yeah, I'd really like to coach again. I would like to wind up my coaching career working for people I really like and respect and who feel the same way about me. I want better final memories than I have right now.



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# RIDLEY SCOTT

(continued from page 122)

"Damn," like he admires them.

PLAYBOY: Some actors you've worked with have said biting things about you, Sigourney Weaver and Harrison Ford among them. Even Ian Holm said he waited two hours with minestrone soup in his mouth waiting for you. How do you respond?

SCOTT: The longer they work, the better their final result will be, because I'm doing it all for them. I used to explain that to them; I don't anymore. *Alien* was about as good as it gets, this side of 2001, in terms of how it looked. *Blade Runner*, too. Therefore, I would say what the actors forget is, it's not just about them, it's about me. When they say, "What about my performance?" I say, "What about my fucking performance?" My performance is everything you will see when those curtains go up. I'm responsible for the way it looks, the way it sounds, the way it is cast, what the locations look like, what the script's like, how the fucking shoes are tied and how your fucking hair's done. So back off and have the good grace to give me a little bit of space to coordinate these things at which I'm maybe one of the best. I say it's not just about you. Ultimately, it's about me.

PLAYBOY: You and your brother, Tony, have the best commercial records of any British directors. You started off gangbusters in the Eighties, then had disappointments in the Nineties, while your brother's had blockbusters like *Top Gun*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Crimson Tide*. Ever feel any sibling rivalry?

SCOTT: Never, never. Sibling rivalry occurs subliminally. I've got three kids now who are all directors; the eldest has done his first feature film, which is a good one. So the second one is ready to commit suicide, and the third is only 22, so she doesn't care—she's doing terrific commercials. Do I sense rivalry there? Absolutely. But with Tony and me—not at all. I'm six years older than he is. I persuaded him to become my partner in the commercials business, so that sooner or later we'd do films.

PLAYBOY: You were 39 before you made a movie, despite your success in commercials. Why did it take so long?

SCOTT: I couldn't get hired in those days. I couldn't get agents to even look at me in Hollywood, and I had reels that were absolutely great. My first agent was looking at my reel while he was on the telephone. I was outraged, nearly walked out, because, apart from anything else, I'd been in business 20 years, had a company with 100 people, and this fucker is on the telephone while my reel's going! I decided I wasn't going to win that way, so I paid to have screenplays written. That's how I made my first film, *The Duellists*.

PLAYBOY: You're 63 years old, and yet

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youth-obsessed Hollywood considers you a hip director. How do you pull that off?

SCOTT: I have always been mainstream. My brother is even more than I am, but you have to function with a split brain, be careful of certain mainstream aspects. *American Beauty* is not really a mainstream movie, but it defied gravity by being a really good piece of work. Did *Blade Runner* break into the mainstream? No, it was a fucking disaster.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite scene from a Ridley Scott movie?

SCOTT: Many flash through my mind. The one I'm thinking of now is Rutger Hauer, giving his speech at the end of *Blade Runner*, which he ended by saying, "Time to die." That was the last shot of *Blade Runner*, at 5:45 in the morning, with the actors ready to shoot me in the head. I think the scene of Joaquin Phoenix and Russell in *Gladiator*, right after the battle, looking at each other at the moment we know both must die, and then we pull off them, go through the gate. That was a really tricky shot that worked.

PLAYBOY: You're leaving out your most famous scene, the one where the alien burst through John Hurt's stomach. Is it true the actors in *Alien* didn't know

what was coming?

SCOTT: Yeah, I didn't show them what it looked like. That scene was more visceral and action charged, and it worked well. That was kind of unique. Once you've seen the beast, you've seen him. I wanted to get that fresh reaction from them, genuine surprise. What happens is the look of puzzlement, then the what-the-hell-is-that look, and then the acted horror of it. It was five cameras, one shot. John was lying there and even he didn't know what was going to happen, other than that something was going to come out of his chest, poor bugger. But he was there on his knees waiting, going ahhh, just when it popped out. And the others' reactions to it were priceless.

PLAYBOY: People forget you've shot memorable commercials, including the 1984 Apple ad shown during the Super Bowl, and a Chanel No. 5 ad that was heavy on subliminal phallic images. There's been a government backlash over sexy and violent images in commercials and in marketing movies. Are we pruders in the U.S., compared with Britain?

SCOTT: Sexuality in that Chanel No. 5 ad was effective because it was not specific. I don't think we are becoming pruders here. People tend to believe what they see on the screen, whether it's cine-

ma, TV or the Internet. I think there's a huge danger to that. All these concerns have merit, and what we do is entirely effective and persuasive. Inevitably, there are consequences. The celebration of violence does affect what we think.

PLAYBOY: Have you filmed commercials or features that have gone too far?

SCOTT: I hadn't really conceived of the actual weight and power of a film until we were previewing *Alien*. I watched the audience during the kitchen scene, how involved and horrified they became. I'll always remember watching the ending of the previews, the anticipation in their faces, from numb to dread. Then you'd see people thinking about leaving, because they didn't want to go through this experience. So you move from anticipation to terror, to shock, and then I saw anger. They were so upset at that moment that I thought they might leave the theater and have a drink. I can't think of too many other moments like that—the first time you hear Linda Blair's voice in *The Exorcist*. I should also mention M. Night Shyamalan's *The Sixth Sense*. He had me going right up until the end, and when it was revealed, I had that feeling where your skin crawls. I hadn't felt that in years.

It makes one turn back and realize the importance of story and character. That's the clay you have. The great scary movies have been *The Exorcist*, *The Omen* and *The Silence of the Lambs*, but the last was more fascinating than scary. *Alien* was really scary. Sure, there's *Scream* and films like that, but they're basically fun date movies with big bumps. But to have people involved, staring at the screen with real dread, rarely happens. I think we've become numb because of the overkill.

PLAYBOY: For someone who's patented a distinctive look in films that constantly gets ripped off, what do you think of current movies?

SCOTT: I think there have been a couple good ones made. *X-Men* was interesting, *The Matrix* was a nice mix of story and effects, and *Gattaca* was a really good movie. What's happened is CGI, the element that has allowed you to do anything in terms of special effects, has become the end in itself. So even though you can show things that are impossible, you don't believe them and they take the heat out of the drama. If I see an actor being blown through a tunnel, grabbing on to a train, it doesn't ring true to me. What's good about *Alien* is, you don't know where it is. Is it just around the corner? That's what's great about *Jaws*—you don't see it, and half the time it's what you don't see that makes it really scary. The best scene in *Jaws* is three guys talking at night, with a bottle of rum, Robert Shaw telling his old war story. And then the boat is nudged. That's a movie. It's all about stories.



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## EXTREME TV

"Never let them see you sweat" is not a motto of the Playboy X-Treme Team. Last fall when Danelle Folta, Kalin Olson and Jennifer Lavoie competed in the Eco-Challenge in Borneo, getting sweaty was the least of their concerns. Along the way, the



X-Treme Team (clockwise from top left): Kalin Olson, Nicole Wood, Deonna Brooks, Danelle Folta, Deborah Driggs, Ulriko Ericsson, Victorio Fuller, Jessico Lee, Jennifer Lavoie.

girls had to contend with snakes, leeches and a broken bicycle. Starting on April 1, you can catch the action on the USA Network, which will broadcast the Eco-Challenge for six nights. Says captain Danelle: "When my bike broke, none of us knew what to do. But we decided to push on." Despite all of the obstacles, the team found solace at times. "We had a tough night, canoeing through crocodile-infested water," Kalin says, "but then we watched the sun come up. To

## PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- March 2: Miss November 1994  
Donna Perry
- March 5: Miss July 1975  
Lynn Schiller
- March 13: Miss October 1984  
Debi Johnson
- March 14: Miss August 1965  
Lannie Balcom
- March 20: Miss April 1964  
Ashlyn Martin

be in that part of the world was unbelievable." Will they be back for next year's Eco-Challenge? "Hell, yeah," says Jennifer. To which Kalin adds, "We knew before we finished the last one that we were going to race again."

## KISS AND MAKEUP

When Nicole Wood isn't getting dirty with the X-Treme Team, she can be a bit of a girlie girl. It's this feminine side that has driven Miss April 1993 to design a makeup and skin care line called Unique Face Cosmetics, which was recently launched at the Egypt Nite Club in Philadelphia. Nicole (pictured at right, with an ad for Unique Face) was joined at the bash by her X-Treme Team sisters. But before you think she's all glam and no grit, before you think she's only skin-deep, keep in mind that all Nicole wants to talk about are forthcoming X-Treme Team competitions. "Most of my free time is spent training," she says. "During a session in



## 25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

We would like to thank the Pennington parents, who produced not one but two Playmates. First came our Miss May 1971, Janice Pennington. Next was her younger sister Ann, who worked on *The Price Is Right* and had a bit part in *Funny Lady* before her March 1976 pictorial. Not a shabby résumé for a girl who once declared, "I never wanted to work. I never had the drive or desire to do anything." Ann married singer-actor Shaun Cassidy in 1980 and has two kids. Here's to those Pennington genes.



Ann Pennington.

Puerto Rico, I fell off a rock and broke my finger. I'm proud to say I didn't even cry. We also had to do push-ups and flutter kicks in the ocean surf—I never knew sand could get into some of the places it did!"

## LOS ANGELES GLAMOURCON

Because so many Playmates live in Los Angeles, fans at the LA Glamourcon had a slew of sexy Centerfolds to meet. Among them: Miss July 2000 Nefeteri Shepherd (with her 2001 calendar), Miss October 2000 Nichole Van Croft (displaying her layout) and Miss July 1997 Daphnee Duplaix.



**My Favorite Playmate By Helen Gurley Brown**



I think they're all pretty nifty. After all, they are some of the most gorgeous women in the world. I'm afraid I don't know one from another, except for Shannon Tweed, with whom Hef used to be involved, and Marilyn Monroe. I can't remember liking one Playmate better than another. Their pictorials were all tastefully done.



**GLAMOUR GIRLS**

*Glamour Girls: Then and Now* may as well be called *All Playmates, All the Time*. Its current issue is a celebration of Centerfolds, including Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers, who's on the front cover, and Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccio, who's on the back. The publication also includes articles on Mamie Van Doren and Barbara Payton. Says Helena: "Playmates today are so glamorous. I would love to look like that. But I'm happy I was a Playmate and Bunny in the Sixties. The girls from the Sixties were different. We were small-town girls who were picked out of nowhere."



Cynthia (top) and Helena go glam.

**LISA'S GETAWAY**

Lisa Dergan is a phenomenal golfer, a gifted interior designer, a rising movie actor and now a TV host. Miss July 1998 has been booked as a co-host of *Getaway*, a weekly prime-time series on UPN. "I love hosting," Lisa says. "I had fun working for VH1 last year. I couldn't wait to host again." Lisa served as hostess at the Playboy Scramble, a golf tournament that was broadcast on Fox on Christmas Day. She also appears with Wayne Gretz-

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

ky in a Bud Light commercial. Does this mean that the adorable duffer is giving up her golf dreams and putting the fairway on hold? Not a chance. "I would love to throw it all away and become a pro golfer. It would be so cool if a model became a pro golfer. My goal is to qualify for the LPGA. My coach thinks it's possible if I stop working and focus on golf. That would be the perfect life for me."



Lisa Dergan.

**'NUFF SAID**

"It came from the TV show *Family Affair*. My mom was in labor while watching it, and she said her little girl was going to look just like Buffy. Now my family calls me Bubby and my friends call me Buggy."—Buffy Tyler, on her name.

"I'm not sure if I want to model and act anymore. Some of the people in this business are not very nice."—Stacy Fuson

"I had a couple of margaritas."—Brande Roderick, on how she relaxed during her test shoot.

"The pictures used to be called cheesecake. The less you took off, the more you left to the imagination.



Marianne Gravatte.

Playmates today are beautiful and educated, but they should remember that the pictures stay with you for a lifetime."—Gloria Walker, on being a Centerfold during the Fifties.

"My eldest came home one day and asked if I had posed for PLAYBOY. He'd heard it from one of his friends. Evidently his father had a collection of magazines and told the kids."—Marianne Gravatte, on how her kids discovered she is a Playmate.

"I walked into the LA office and told them I was bored. They said, 'Great. How about becoming a Playmate?'"—Cara Michelle

**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

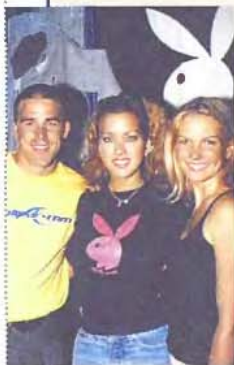
Julie McCullough and Ava Fabian (pictured) went to the Hollywood Star Cars exhibit to show off the sweet ride from *Black Scorpion*, a science fiction series on which they both appear. . . . Not that she needs the product, but Heather Kozar is modeling Wonder



Pants, a cousin of the Wonder Bra, in ads for XOXO clothing. . . . Julia Schultz will co-host *Who Wants to Date a Hooters Girl?* this fall. And, really, who doesn't?



The show, from the folks behind *Singled Out*, may also feature Jodi Ann Paterson and Elan Carter. . . . Did you happen to notice Karen McDougal in *Charlie's Angels?*



PLAYBOY meets *The Real World*.

She got to play one of Tim Curry's girlfriends. . . . Will the real Playmate please stand up? The NBC game show *To Tell the Truth* has featured mystery guests Barbara Moore, Danelle Folta and Brande Roderick. . . . Shannon Stewart (pictured) bumped into Jamie and Kelley from MTV's *Real World* New Orleans at a recent party. . . . Cara Wakelin shows up in ads for Sears and onmoney.com. . . . Rebekka Scott, Tylyn John, Carrie Yazel, Lorrie Menconi and Stacy Fuson cheered on players at a policemen-versus-firemen basketball game in Los Angeles. Proceeds went toward the prevention of child abuse. Cheers to that!

Playmates on fire.





*Patty Hearst and I never really spoke about anything serious. She never said porn. I never said robbery.*

about it, it depends on what mood I'm in. If I'm feeling sensitive it will be a different reaction every time, but basically I don't begrudge people whatever they say. If a guy has one of my old films and he has jerked off to it, I'm glad somebody got some pleasure. It's already done. I can't take it back. You can't save me from that part of my life. I sometimes find those films embarrassing, sometimes it pisses me off and sometimes it just makes me laugh and I go, "Yeah, well, I give good head." What am I going to say? That's probably the only thing porn taught me—how to give a blow job without messing up my lipstick. Which comes in handy from time to time.

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PLAYBOY: You worked with Patty Hearst. Ever discuss victimhood?

LORDS: No. Patty and I never really spoke about anything serious. She played my mom in *Cry-Baby*. I didn't know her very well and I didn't want to offend her or put her off. It was her first acting job, and I guess I was coming from a place of "I get sick of hearing it" so she was probably really sick of hearing it. I wasn't going to go there, and I didn't. We talked about baking and cakes and recipes, mother-daughter stuff. She never said porn, I never said robbery, it was beautiful. Mutual respect.

14

PLAYBOY: Anything you miss from your former life?

LORDS: No. I'll say that it was much easier when I was marching to the tune of, "Oh it doesn't matter what I'm doing, because I won't live to be 21." Having zero responsibility, being fearless, because I didn't care if I lived or died. That's sort of a tragic statement. If I miss anything, that's it. It's a lot harder being conscious. It's a lot harder being grown-up and thinking about what you're doing and how it will affect people around you. It's a lot harder giving a shit.

15

PLAYBOY: What's different about craft service on adult films and legit films?

LORDS: Craft service on adult films has condoms and douches, and craft service on regular films certainly doesn't. There are no lubricants involved. On *First Wave* we have the best. Everything from pizzas to grapes to coffee and a big basket of vitamins because we're all sick and malnourished, working too many hours. There's lots of aspirin and gum because

there's a lot of stinky breaths from working 16-hour days and drinking coffee. It's Vancouver, so there's mounds and mounds of sushi. Salmon, unbelievable. It beats porn craft service and vodka at six A.M.

16

PLAYBOY: What should you do if you're confronted by an alien?

LORDS: You should definitely haul ass. I don't think you should say anything. Not, "Hi, how are you? Nice to meet you." Just go. If you watch *First Wave* you'll notice that whenever there are aliens around nothing good comes of it. It's just bad, bad, bad.

17

PLAYBOY: So is the only good alien a dead alien?

LORDS: Yes. Absolutely. The aliens on our show are not like E.T. They are more like the ones Sigourney Weaver fought—the big, horrible ones. They do nasty things. Currently, I'm having something nasty done to me by one of them. They've done all kinds of things to me. They've strapped me to devices and changed my consciousness and tortured me. I've actually gone to hell and met Satan.

18

PLAYBOY: Are your aliens the gooey or the metallic type?

LORDS: They grow bodies that are called husks. The Gua are the aliens on our show, and they are always exquisitely beautiful because aliens are not stupid and they realize that in our society it's

beneficial to come into a beautiful husk. So our aliens are always stunning. They put their consciousness in these husks, and then when they die they basically disintegrate.

19

PLAYBOY: What kinds of movies make you squirm?

LORDS: Horror movies, Stephen King movies. I find the books more frightening than the films, because when you're reading, it's all up here [pointing to head]. I like sci-fi a lot. I think that's probably why I've done so much sci-fi in my career. I saw *The Cell* recently and thought some of the effects were really disturbing. *Silence of the Lambs*-type movies just freak me out.

20

PLAYBOY: Your soft side: Who gets to see it?

LORDS: I guess whoever's looking. I don't consider myself a terribly hard person. I have been, but I don't think that's where I'm at now. I feel like I'm pretty open, but I can be shut down really, really fast. If I feel like I'm in danger, I can be very firm, but I don't really hide behind that badass persona anymore. I did for a long time. Now I'm kind of like, "Hey, I'm human. I'm not getting laid, just like you." I wanted to be perfect for so long and I think I felt I had so much to prove: "Hi, I'm really smart." "Hi, I'm really talented." "Hi, I'm really a serious actress." I was so busy trying to prove to everybody that I was all of those things that one day I said, "Oh my God, I am these things. Why am I so insecure about it?" No one's arguing with the fact. It's me. It was my head trip the whole time. That was the biggest joke of all. I was the only one who didn't believe it. It's like, "Oh shit, you idiot."



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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

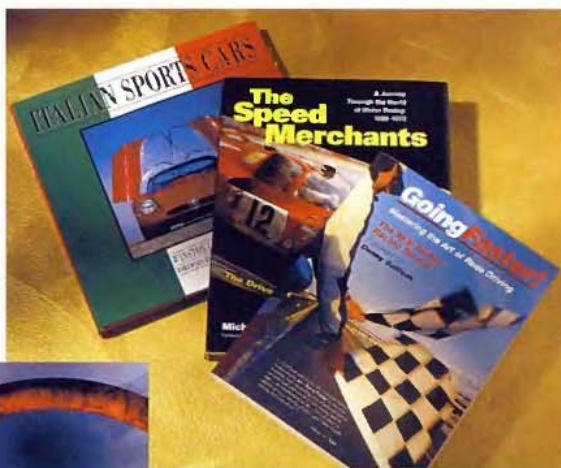
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### DRIVING AMBITION

One joy of owning a great car is in buying neat stuff to make driving more fun. Pull on a pair of skintight gloves that are copies of the leather ones that Grand Prix driver Jim Clark wore. Then get set to carve up the coast road between Carmel and San Francisco. Escort's Passport 8500 radar detector sniffs out Ka, K and X band signals early. It can also be programmed to keep up with Smokey as he gets smarter. Take the 8500 along when you're heading cross-country. Remember: Montana now has a speed limit. Michael Toschi driving shoes and Serengeti sunglasses make hours behind the wheel more comfortable, especially when the wheel itself is a burl-and-leather airbag model from Beverly Hills Motoring. And if your mode of travel is a vintage sports car, the wicker basket with leather straps pictured here adds a classic and practical touch. —DAVID STEVENS

Near right: Beverly Hills Motoring's leather-and-burl air bag steering wheel for various cars (\$1495).

JAMES IMBROGNO



Reads for the open road (far left to right): *Italian Sports Cars* by Winston Goodfellow celebrates the best from the Boot (\$40). Michael Keyser's *The Speed Merchants* spotlights racing history from 1969 to 1972 (\$70). *Going Faster!* by the Skip Barber Racing School demystifies the techniques of race driving (about \$30).



Left, clockwise from top: Accutire lithium tire pressure gauge by Measurement Specialties (about \$17). Passport 8500 radar detector by Escort (about \$300, including a SmartCord with a built-in alert lamp). Velocity titanium-frame glasses with lenses that darken when exposed to sunlight, by Serengeti Eyewear (\$175). Michael Toschi Italian-made leather driving shoes with inverted traction soles (\$345). Jim Clark leather driving gloves with snap closures, from Griot's Garage (\$80). Above: Wicker 26"x16"x12" basket with leather straps, from Peregrine Automotive (\$119); and British (shown) or German custom plates from Beverly Hills Motoring (\$45).



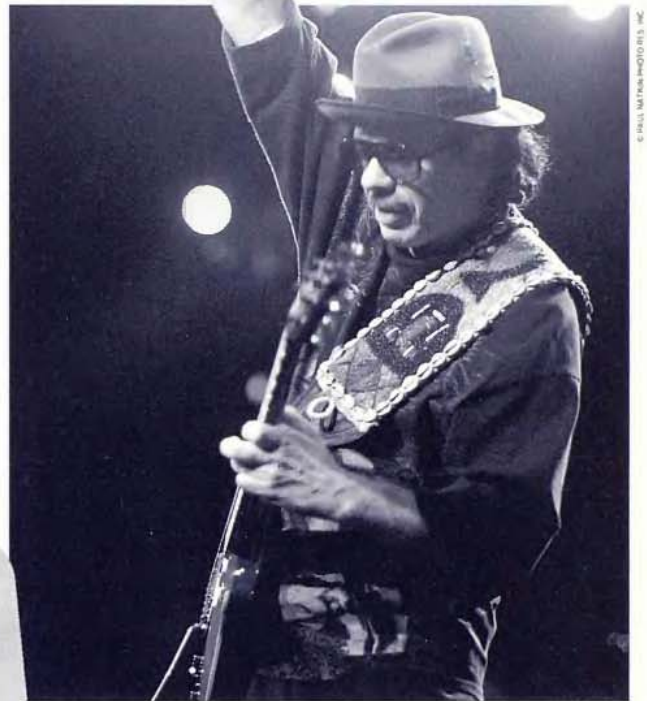
© STEVE FORNES

## Martha in Her Winter Whites

MARTHA DUFFY appears in the 2001 Hawaii Love Swimsuit Calendar and also makes a big splash on MTV's *Spring Break* at Lake Havasu.

## The Cat in the Hat

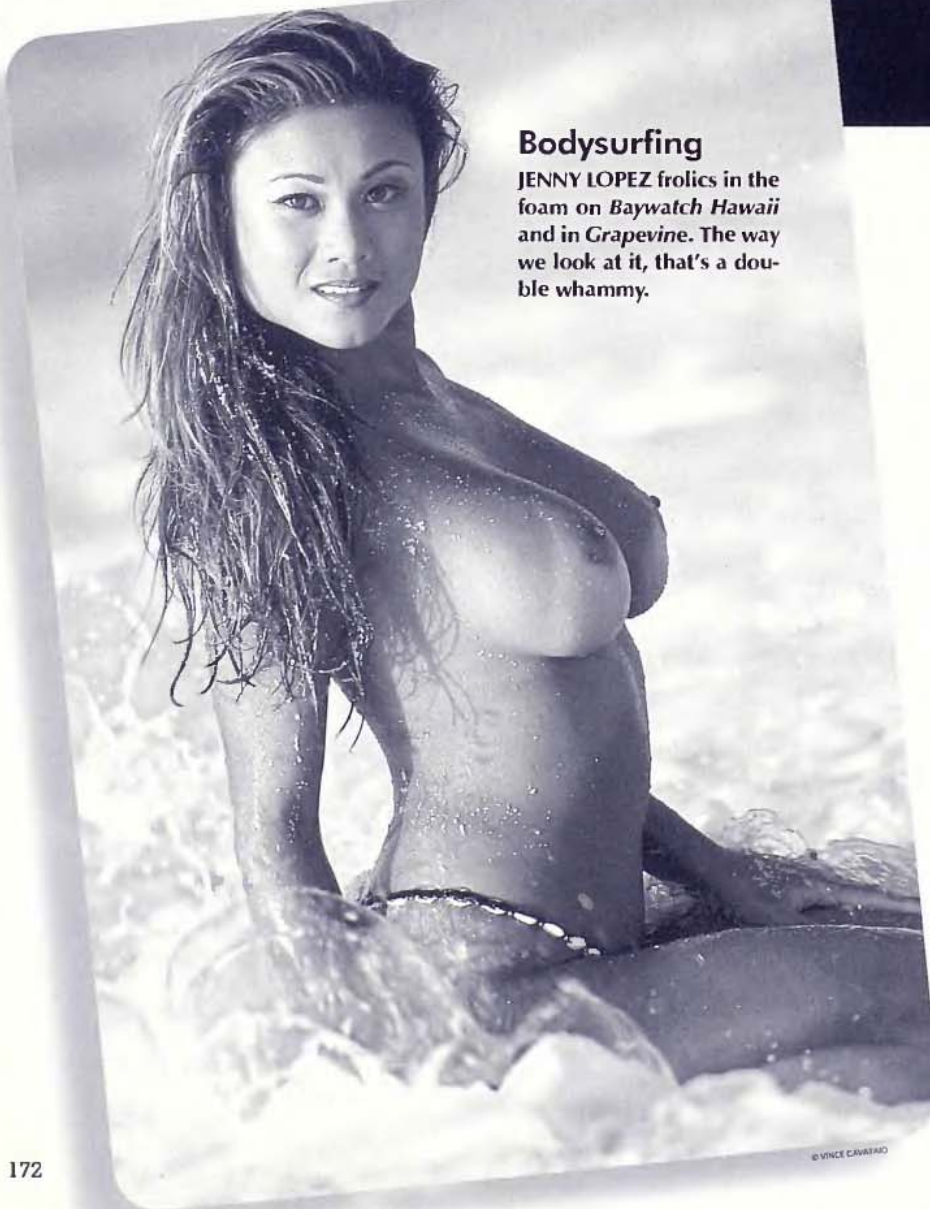
This cat has already led two cool lives. The most recent includes CD sales of more than 13 million, Grammys, awards from VH1 and *Billboard* and double the satisfaction. CARLOS SANTANA is the guy.



© SHILL MARRAS PHOTO/REX, INC.

## Bodysurfing

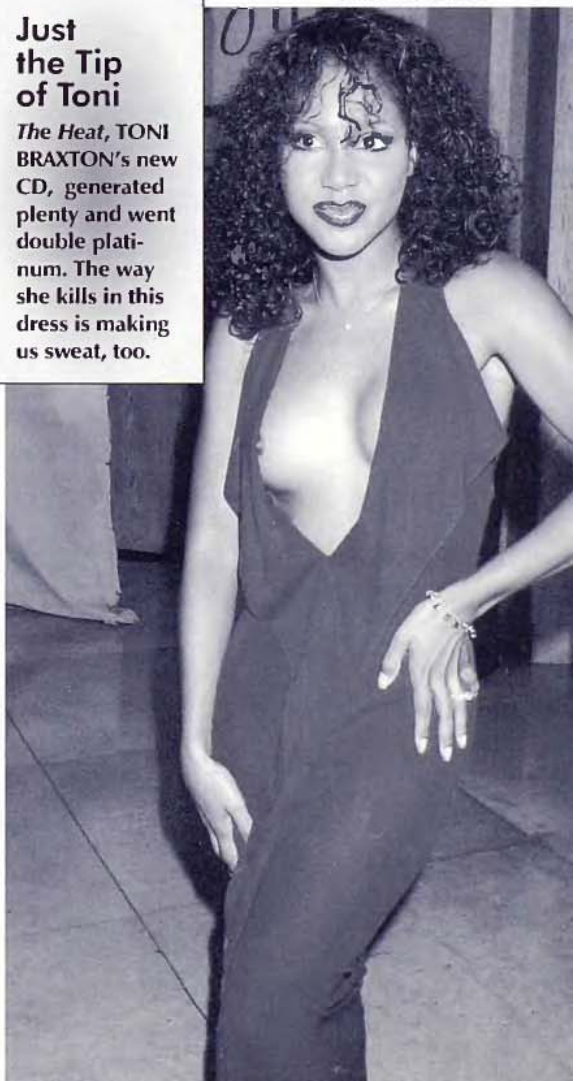
JENNY LOPEZ frolics in the foam on *Baywatch Hawaii* and in *Grapevine*. The way we look at it, that's a double whammy.



© VINCE CAVATIAO

## Just the Tip of Toni

*The Heat*, TONI BRAXTON's new CD, generated plenty and went double platinum. The way she kills in this dress is making us sweat, too.



© DREGGIE DI GUNÉ LONDON FEATURES

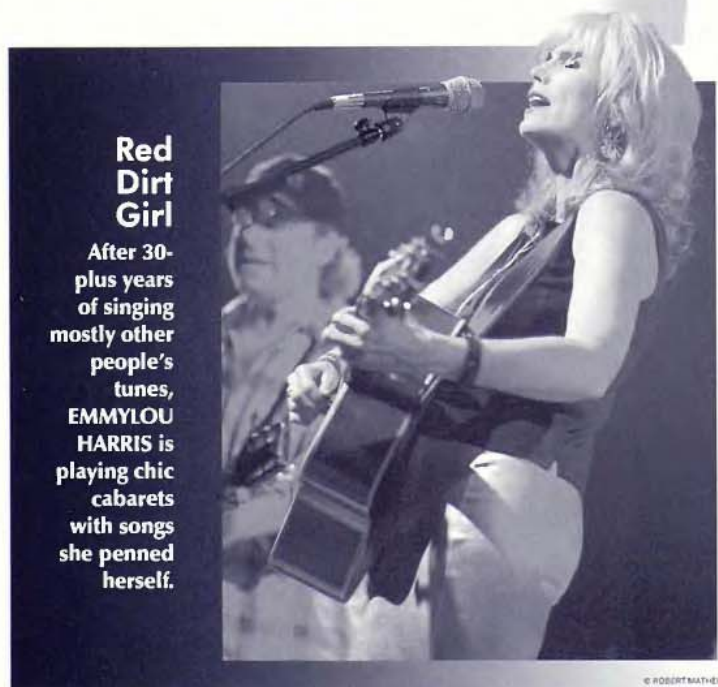


### More of Lisa

LISA EDELSTEIN scores as big in this dress as she did in the first season of *The West Wing*. Did you catch her last year with Ben Stiller and Edward Norton in *Keeping the Faith*?

### Love the Lid

BRANDY TEAGUE appeared in an Army recruiting commercial and in the movies *There's Something About Mary* and *Fair Game*. We'd say Brandy is definitely all that she can be.



### Red Dirt Girl

After 30-plus years of singing mostly other people's tunes, EMMYLOU HARRIS is playing chic cabarets with songs she penned herself.

© ALBERT FORRE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

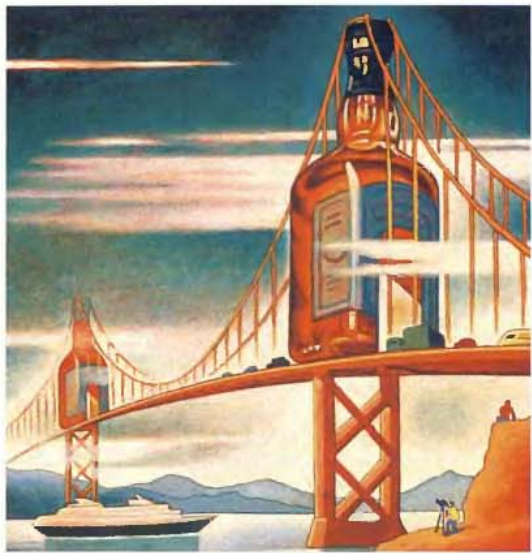
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# Potpourri

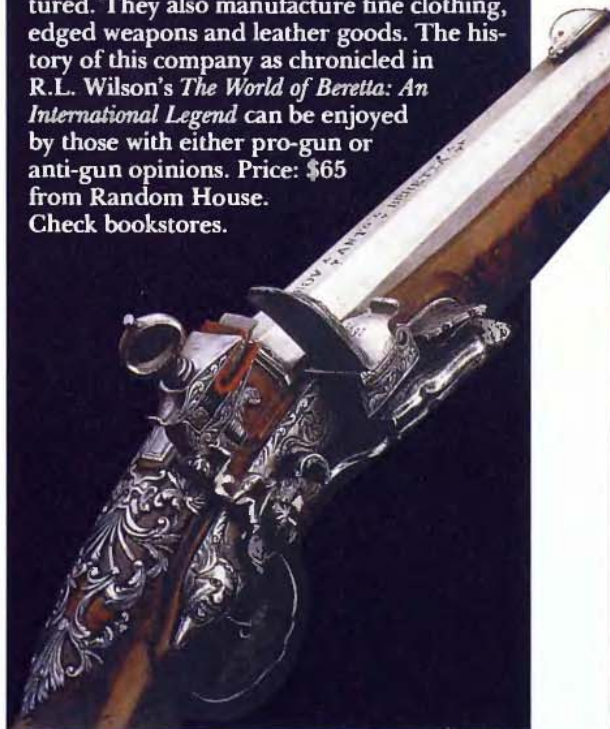
## WHISKEY BY THE BAY

Raise your glasses, whiskey lovers. San Francisco will be a little wetter on March 24, when the Whiskies of the World Expo 2001 convenes at the Hotel Nikko on Mason and O'Farrell. More than 300 spirits will be available for sampling, along with a buffet supper, whiskey seminars, a cooking demonstration and Celtic music. Tickets (which must be purchased in advance) are \$85 per person; call 888-748-2400 or visit [celticmalts.com](http://celticmalts.com) for more information.



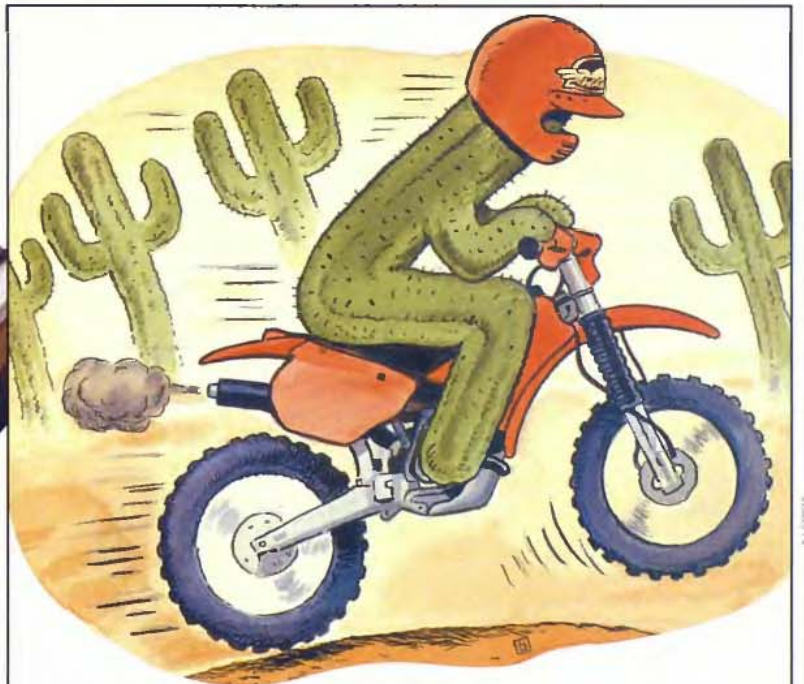
## THE ITALIAN CONNECTION

Gardone, Val Trompia is the home of Beretta, a family gunmaking firm that dates back 475 years. But Beretta's heritage extends far beyond modern firearms and ancient fowling pieces, such as the one pictured. They also manufacture fine clothing, edged weapons and leather goods. The history of this company as chronicled in R.L. Wilson's *The World of Beretta: An International Legend* can be enjoyed by those with either pro-gun or anti-gun opinions. Price: \$65 from Random House. Check bookstores.



## OK, EVERYBODY OUT OF THE TUB

We're not sure what Victor Tulipani was up to when he coined the phrase "hot tub lifeguard" while enjoying a serious soak late one night. But no matter. His line of tub-inspired duds includes the women's cropped T-shirt pictured here in white (\$9.95). A black version is \$11.95. There's also a men's tank top in white or black (\$9.95), a cap (\$9.95, also in white or black) and a unisex terrycloth serape in white in a one-size-fits-all cut (\$39.95). What does a hot tub lifeguard do? Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, of course, and safety in all deeds is a primary concern. Call 800-995-9144 to order products, or go to [hottublifeguard.com](http://hottublifeguard.com).

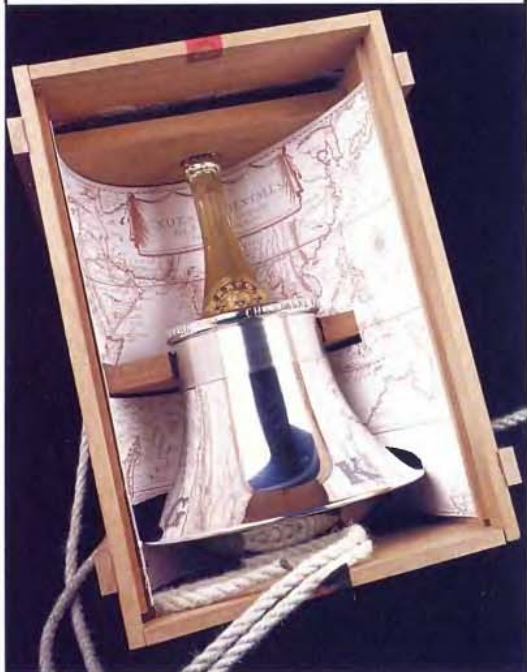


## BEAT THE BAJA

With the right equipment, Baja is a biker's paradise—both on and off the roads. To experience it the right way (i.e., not return home in a cast), check with the Chris Haines Motorcycle Adventure Co. in Trabuco Canyon, CA. It offers guided two-wheeled tours—and you don't have to travel with your bike. Haines provides Honda motorcycles, plus lodging, food, insurance, spares and even a chase truck, all for \$1800 per person (three nights). Call 949-640-0455 or check [motorcycleadventurecompany.com](http://motorcycleadventurecompany.com).

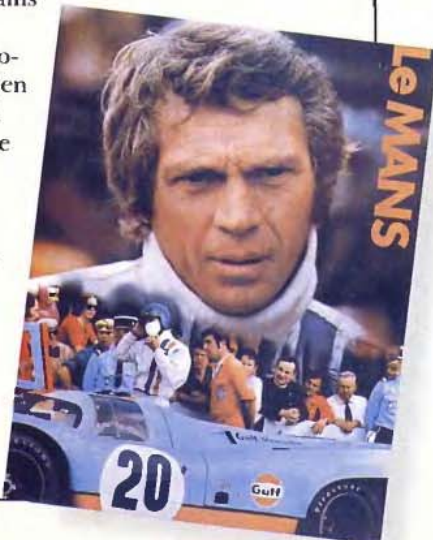
### KRUG GOES TO SEA

Krug Champagne has introduced Klipper Krug, a bottle of its Grande Cuvée in a pewter ice bucket with a rounded bottom (a design that's similar to the buckets used on sailing ships of yore). The four points of the compass are marked on the bucket with the letters K, R, U and G to help you navigate. The boxed set is available for \$650 from Morrell's in New York and [eluxury.com](http://eluxury.com).



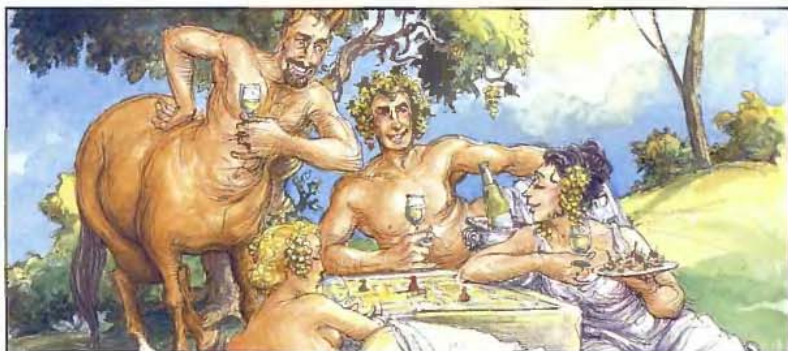
### MCQUEEN BE

The king of cool was at his icy best in *Le Mans*, the 1971 film based on the 24-hour race. Now a photo-filled hardcover, *A French Kiss With Death: Steve McQueen and the Making of Le Mans*, takes a look at "the man, the race, the cars, the movie." Authors Michael Keyser and Jonathan Williams cover Le Mans' history, McQueen (warts and all) and the movie-making process. Call Bentley Publishers at 800-423-4549 to order. Price: \$59.95.



### LICORICE SHTICK

Larry Ring's mail-order company, Licorice International, is the United Nations of candy. Licorice buttons from America, laces from Denmark, pastilles from Holland, mint-flavored bianconeri with a soft center (similar to a Chiclet) from Italy and pipes from Finland are listed in his latest catalog at gobble-them-up prices. Eight ounces of Dutch coins, for example, costs only \$5.75 (you can order a three-ounce sample for \$2.90). Ring also sells strawberry laces, raspberry rabbits, wild cherry scotties, red vines and other confectioneries that are chewy and cheap. To order a free catalog, call 800-LICORICE.



### LET THE WINE GAME BEGIN

If you're looking for one more excuse to drink fine vino, there's the White Wine Game, for two to six adults. Players choose, view, smell and taste a white wine and then earn points by moving around the game board and landing on spaces corresponding to the wine's characteristics. Food also plays a part in determining the winner. The price: \$49.95, from Parstone, Inc. Call 800-806-4593 or go to [whitewinegame.com](http://whitewinegame.com).

### GIVE YOURSELF THE WILLIES

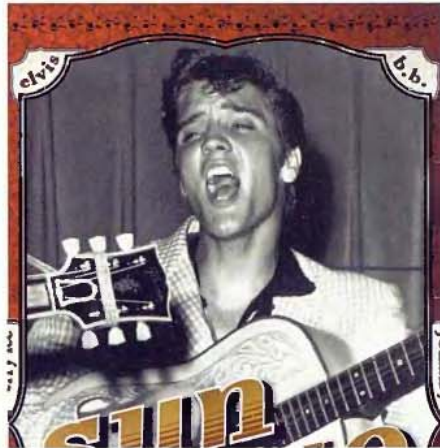
Connoisseurs of kinkiness will recognize the work of John Willie, who created the character Sweet Gwendoline. *The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline* was published in 1974, but Bélier Press, P.O. Box 1234, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113, has just released a revised edition that contains new Gwendoline episodes, plus other B&D drawings and stories by Willie. Price: \$55, postpaid. *Gwendoline* is harmless fun and games, and we like the *Diary of a French Maid* feature. A deluxe limited edition is available for \$160. Write Bélier for details or check [belierpress.com](http://belierpress.com) for additional Gwendoline images.



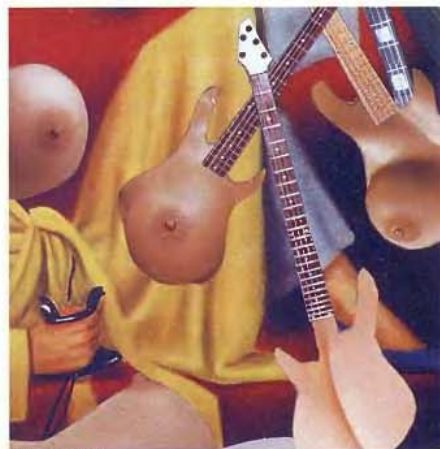
# Next Month: SEX AND MUSIC SPECIAL



HARD ROCK



SUN RISE



HEAVY METAL



SPRING BREAK

**GIRLS OF THE HARD ROCK CASINO**—THE PLACE TO GAMBLE IN VEGAS HAS WILD MUSIC, LOADS OF CELEBRITIES AND A SEXY STAFF THAT ISN'T AFRAID TO GET NAKED. SMART MONEY SAYS YOU'LL LOVE IT

**METALLICA**—THE ROCK BEHEMOTHS TALK ABOUT DRUGS, GROUPIES AND EARNING THE NICKNAME ALCOHOLICA. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **ROB TANNENBAUM**

**NAPSTER AT THE GATES**—THE POPULAR SYSTEM OF TRADING FILES ONLINE SENT THE MUSIC BIZ INTO HYSTERIC. FOUNDING DEVELOPER JORDAN RITTER, 22, TALKS ABOUT QUITTING SCHOOL, PULLING ALL-NIGHTERS AND HOW A BEDROOM EXPERIMENT TURNED INTO THE SUBJECT OF CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS. BY **TIM MOHR**

**SUN RISE**—SUN RECORDS, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROCK AND ROLL, GAVE US ELVIS, JERRY LEE LEWIS, CARL PERKINS, JOHNNY CASH, ROY ORBISON AND CHARLIE RICH. **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** PONDER'S SUN'S INFLUENCE ON RAP AND THE BERLIN WALL

**WYCLEF JEAN**—THE ONCE AND FUTURE FUGEE ON HOW TO TREAT STRIPPERS, PICKING UP SHARON STONE, WHAT HE LEARNED FROM LIBERACE AND HOW MADONNA RESCUED HIM FROM A BURGER KING RUT. A TRIPPY 200 BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

**MUSIC POLL RESULTS**—YOU VOTED, WE TALLIED. THIS YEAR'S WINNERS INCLUDE K.D. LANG, TIM MCGRAW, FAITH

HILL, BRITNEY, EMINEM, TITO PUENTE AND DESTINY'S CHILD. YOU'LL NEVER GUESS OUR NEW HALL OF FAMER

**MATT PINFIELD'S MUSIC BUZZ**—THE HOST OF *FARM-CLUB.COM* HAS A KNACK FOR PREDICTING THE FUTURE. WHAT'S IN HIS CD PLAYER? WHAT'S ON THE HORIZON? WHAT GREAT DISCS HAVE YOU MISSED?

**MY LIFE IN HEAVY METAL**—JOSEPHINE WAS SNOW WHITE REFIGURED, A VOLUPTUOUS BEAUTY WHO TOOK THE LEAD IN BED. CLAUDIA WAS ROUND, BOOKISH AND DRAB—BUT SHE KNEW HOW TO HEAD-BANG. FICTION BY **STEVE ALMOND**

**CENTERFOLDS ON SEX**—OK, ENOUGH MUSIC—LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX. **PETRA VERKAIK** ON LOSING HER VIRGINITY, LIVING OUT HER FAVORITE FANTASY AND HOW TO GIVE AN ORGASM EVERY TIME

**BISHOP JOHN SPONG**—THE EPISCOPAL LOOSE CANON ON GAYS IN THE PRIESTHOOD, ABORTIONS AMONG CATHOLICS, DODGING DEATH THREATS, LIVING IN SIN AND GETTING HIT OVER THE HEAD BY AN ELDERLY PARISHIONER. AN ENLIGHTENING PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

**PLUS:** SPRING BREAK GIRLS GONE WILD (AN ON-SCENE EXCLUSIVE), NAKED MOTORCYCLES, JAPANESE TRASH TV, BEING DIRECTOR **SPIKE JONZE**, WHAT TO WEAR WHEN THE SNOW MELTS, WHAT TO PACK FOR SPRING BREAK, AND PLAYMATE **KATIE LOHMANN**