

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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THE  
PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW  
METALLICA

GIRLS OF THE  
HARD ROCK  
CASINO

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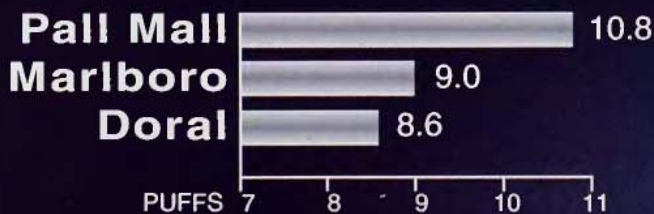
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# Playbill

HOLY SATAN! **Metallica** hasn't set off this many fireworks since James Hetfield was nearly burned to a crisp onstage. The biggest band in the world, Metallica did everything—toured with Guns n' Roses, made edgy albums with mass appeal, survived a founding member's death, sold 48 million records, shit-canned spandex and even cut their hair. Then they sued Napster, and their well-deserved reputation of fan-friendly accessibility took a big hit. This month's *Playboy Interview* by **Rob Tannenbaum**—the centerpiece of our best-ever music issue—is a head-banging read. It's also the last interview with this incarnation of Metallica. In January, bassist Jason Newsted quit. In the other ring of our rock-and-roll circus are the kids who captured the zeitgeist and taught the world about file swapping. Napster attracted 38 million users in its first 18 months. With *In the Eye of Napster's Storm*, Junior Editor **Timothy Mohr** takes us back to marathon code-writing sessions with Jordan Ritter—one of founder Shawn Fanning's two right-hand men—who confesses that he met Fanning when they were part of a secret hacker group.

Let's get this party started right—and where better than Sin City? One-armed bandits beware. *The Girls of the Hard Rock Casino*, a high-voltage pictorial by **Arny Freytag**, is the best reason to ante up a plane ticket to Vegas. This royal flash beats all hands. Our host of the festivities is **Matt Pinfield**, the unabashed music freak behind the TV and online band showcase *Farmclub.com*. In a special *Music Buzz* section, Pinfield boosts his favorite bands and discs. Don't like his picks? He says, "Fuck it, man—I'm having fun." You will too when you sound-scan our *Year in Music* package and *Music Poll* results. They were assembled by tireless staffers **Barbara Nellis** and **Helen Frangoulis**. The artwork is by **Charlie Powell** and **David Cowles**. One of the year's most intriguing albums came from the fecund mind of the once and future Fugee **Wyclef Jean**. He is rap's renaissance man—he could be covering *Delia's Gone* at a Johnny Cash tribute or raising money for his Haitian relief program. Read *20 Questions* by Senior Editor **Christopher Napolitano**. We're also laying out a groove in fiction. *My Life in Heavy Metal* by **Steve Almond** (also the title of Almond's forthcoming collection from Grove/Atlantic) is a sexy spin on a classic rock dilemma: A red-hot mama loves our hero, but not his taste in music. (Art by **Winston Smith**.) News of a new Sun Records tribute album has us thinking about roots. Think of *Sun Rise*, with an essay by **Jamie Malanowski** and quotes compiled by **Steve Pond**, as a history of the label that whelped rock and roll.

Bishop John Spong knows all about beginnings. An iconoclast who's willing to look for a new interpretation of the divinity of Jesus Christ, he's also the maverick in the Episcopalian church who ordained a gay man in 1989. As he says in *Bishop John Spong's Bully Pulpit* by **Warren Kalbacker**, "Religion and sex make a powerful story." So do motorcycles and sex: A new type of machine is combining the open frame of Harleys and the performance of Ninja bikes, and **Jim Petersen** is on it in *Naked Bikes*. But you can't wear your leathers in hot weather. **Joseph De Acetis**, our new Contributing Editor for Fashion, and **Joe Dolce** have put together a shopping list for you. *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* is tight with suits, sunglasses, shirts and sneaks to keep you feeling loose. That way you can vacation in style, and leave the stripping to the ladies in *Spring Break*. The pics were done by photo editor **Kevin Kuster**, **Ric Moore** and **David Rams**. Then there's **Katie Lohmann**, our Playmate of the Month (shot by **Stephen Wayda**). She's one of Hef's seven new girlfriends—as in 24-7. Here's to sharing.



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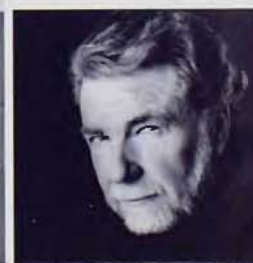
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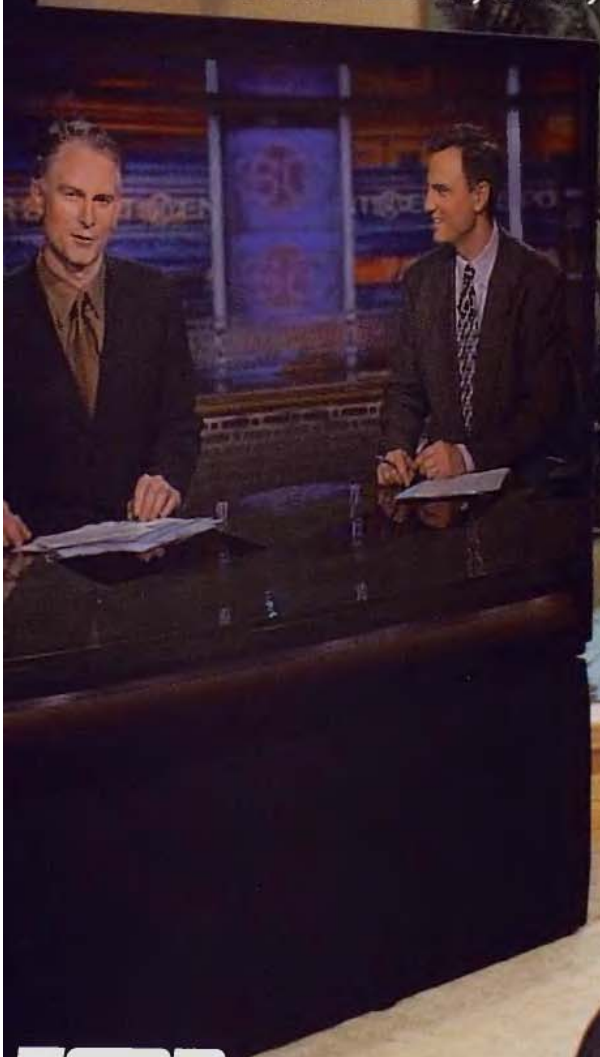
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# PLAYBOY

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## cover story

At the Hard Rock Cosino Los Vegas the slots are hot—and so are the girls. "It's wild here," says cocktail waitress Brandi Bagley. Brandi gives us an intimate tour inside—a show you won't see in Vegas. For our cover, Arny Freytag shot January 2001 Playmate Irina Voronina while our Rabbit played a rock anthem.



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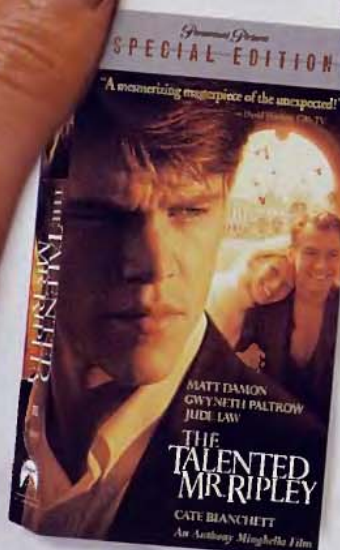
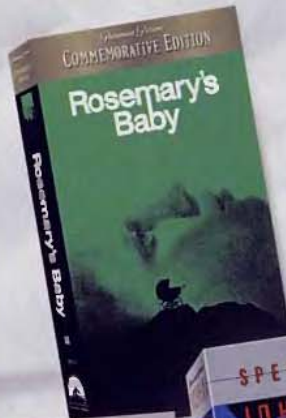
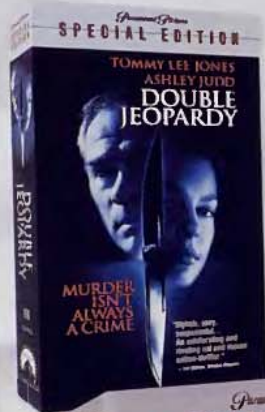
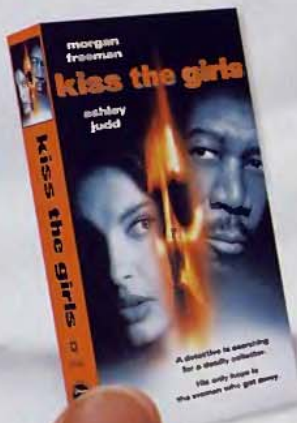
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HEF!

Hef celebrates his upcoming 75th birthday with six of his seven blonde girlfriends—Tina, Regina, Tiffany, Buffy, Cathi and Katie (only Stephanie was missing). And where did they celebrate? In his bedroom, of course.

## HE'S NOT KIDDING AROUND

Our music poll winner Kid Rock takes a swing at the Lost Canyons Golf Club as a celebrity guest at the Playboy Scramble Golf finals. The nationwide tournament concluded with a Mansion party.



## WHAT'S DOING AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION

Heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis (far left) joined Playmate Stacy Fuson, Hef and his guests on Movie Night at the Mansion. TV host Joy Behar donned a pair of silk pajamas for a tour of the Playboy Mansion and grounds with Playmate Ava Fabian and an interview with Hef for *The View*.



## STRIKING A VARGAS POSE

Playmate Carrie Stevens strikes an appropriate pin-up pose as Hef displays original Alberto Vargas art from the Playboy collection, which was auctioned off on Playboy.com.



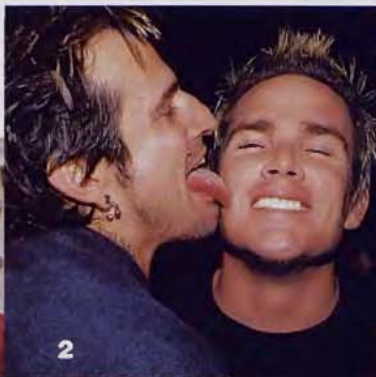
## OUT ON THE TOWN

Hef and gal pals (from left) Katie Lohmann, Regina Lauren, Tina Jordan, Miriam Gonzales and PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson with *That Seventies Show's* Ashton Kutcher at Las Palmas.

# ROCKIN' AT THE MANSION



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8

Madonna was right—music makes the people come together, especially when one of those people is named Hef and he throws the wildest parties in town. (1) Justin Mauriello from Zebrahead, who named his band's latest CD *Playmate of the Year* and got Jodi Ann Paterson to pose for the cover, can't believe he's standing next to the Man. (2) Hot licks: Tommy Lee and Mark McGrath. (3) Brian Setzer and his orchestra rock the Mansion. (4) The Bunnies meet the Backstreet Boys. (5) Doobie Brother Michael McDonald and actor Jeff Bridges jam during a taping of *Politically Incorrect* at PMW. (6) Drew Carey and Lance Bass of 'N Sync toss back a few. (7) The Righteous Brothers bring down the house. (8) Dalvin DeGrate performs at the Mansion's Maverick Records party. (9) Fred Durst, Courtney Love and Deborah Harry make an interesting trio. (10) Whitney Houston with Dalvin. (11) Billy Idol meets his idol. (12) Bill Maher, Bijou Phillips and Scott Weiland hang. (13) Red Hot Chili Pepper Anthony Kiedis with girlfriend Yohanna. (14) Duran Duran kicks back in the Game House. (15) Godsmack with Mr. Playboy and some goddesses.



10



11



12



13



14



15



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# Dear Playboy



680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611  
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

## NO MORE COLD WAR

January's Playmate, Irina Voronina, is truly a *Russian Delight*, and it's nice that she can model all over the world—especially for Arny Freytag's camera.

Tom Ross  
Washington, D.C.

The title *Russian Delight* is an understatement. Irina is pure delight, and, best of all, she's tattooless.

Dick Jones  
Edgewater, Florida

Thanks for extolling the virtues of Russian women. For so long we have wrongly assumed they have thick ankles and padded shoulders. Irina makes my case.

Jeff Gibson  
Denver, Colorado



Irina Voronina.

## AURAL PLEASURE

Your article in *After Hours* on women's response to low-frequency music ("Hertz So Good," January) explains a puzzling phenomenon I once observed. Many years ago, I had a girlfriend who repeatedly got off while making love to the opening passage of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the *2001: A Space Odyssey* theme. I always thought it was me, but now I know I can thank that prolonged organ low-pedal C note at 32.7 hertz—close enough to the 33 hertz reported as being most effective. Who says classical music is dead? My mother always told me that it would enrich my life, and she was certainly right.

William Wortman  
Cornelius, North Carolina

*We plan to compile a CD of examples of 33 hertz musical favorites. Of course, we're asking Barry White to provide the commentary.*

## MY KINGDOM FOR THE LADY ON THE HORSE

I'm in love with a naked woman on a horse. Many thanks for the picture of Gisele Bündchen in the *Walter Chin* photography book in your *After Hours* section ("Horsing Around," January). One look at her gorgeous, sleek and seductive body and I couldn't turn the page.

Justin Van Kleeck  
Blacksburg, Virginia

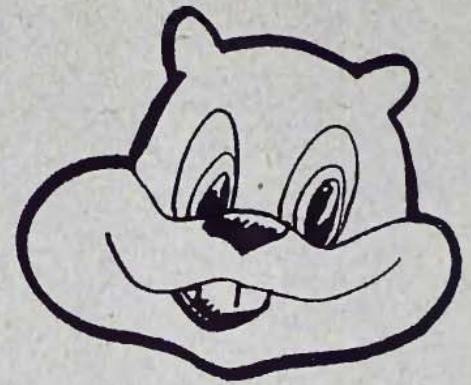
## SHE GOT GAME

The jury is in. Gabrielle Reece (January) is proof positive that the Amazons are not a myth and that their queen is very much alive and well.

Charles Simpson  
Simi Valley, California

Gabby can be described in one word: Wow! Her muscle tone, strength, perfect lines, intensity and beauty are beyond words. The pictorial is a work of photographic art.

Doug Morgan  
La Mesa, California



## Win a trip to the 2001 Playmate of the Year Awards at the Playboy Mansion—and Conker™ the Mansion with Nintendo®!

### Here's how to play:

Log on to [www.playboy.com/conker](http://www.playboy.com/conker) and join Conker (from *Conker's Bad Fur Day™*) at the Playboy Mansion gates as he tries to "Conker the Mansion" by sneaking into one of Hef's famous Mansion parties. His mission is to capture beautiful Playboy Playmates on film with his camera. But he has to act fast—these lovely ladies hate to be photographed without a contract—and Mansion Security is hot on his trail! For more Playmate photo opps, you'll need to enter the secret password: **naughty**. While there enter the sweepstakes to win the chance to mix and mingle with Playboy's real 2001 Playmate of the Year, simply submit an entry form on [www.playboy.com/conker](http://www.playboy.com/conker).

No purchase necessary. Complete and submit the entry form on [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com) or print full legal name, address, city, state, zip code, date of birth, daytime telephone number and email address (if available) on a plain 3" x 5" postcard and mail to: "Nintendo's Conker the Mansion PMOY Sweepstakes," c/o playboy.com, 730 Fifth Avenue, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10019. All email entries must be received by Friday, April 6, 2001 at 11:59 p.m. (NY time) and U.S. postal entries must be postmarked by April 6, 2001, but received not later than April 11, 2001 at 3:00 p.m. (NY time). Each entrant must be a resident of the United States and at least 21 years of age at time of entry. Visit [www.playboy.com/conker](http://www.playboy.com/conker) to see complete official rules. Void where prohibited.



[www.conker.com](http://www.conker.com)

PLAYBOY features some of the world's most beautiful women, but many pictorials are photographed with gaudy and incongruous props in bizarre settings. Why the harsh, dark-tinged background and cold landscapes in Phillip Dixon's shots of Gabrielle Reece? Shooting an odd photo of an attractive woman does not mean it's sexy. Sometimes, different is just weird, so stop goofing on the photography. Let's see Gabby lounging on a love seat.

Tom Nelson  
Diamond Bar, California

Gabrielle Reece stands simply as she is, with no material objects, no pretenses, no frills, embracing both nature and her womanhood—and I am in awe. Phillip Dixon has managed to capture the true essence of this gracious, athletic woman.

Joe DeGano  
Boise, Idaho

My hat is off to photographer Phillip Dixon. His exquisite pictures of Gabrielle reveal her confidence and strength of character—and she has the face and body of a goddess.

Brad Quinlan  
Cincinnati, Ohio



Governor Gary Johnson.

**UP IN SMOKE**

At a time when the vast majority of politicians are telling the public what it wants to hear in order to get elected, Gary Johnson (*Playboy Interview*, January) brings intelligence, honesty, reason and logic to many controversial issues. If more public servants were realistic about dealing with issues—drugs, guns and crime—instead of regurgitating dogma, we'd all be better off.

Brett Davis  
Steilacoom, Washington

Please forward to Johnson my invitation to run for office here in Florida when his term is up in New Mexico. I'll dimple a chad for him in 2004.

Caine Henry  
Orlando, Florida

I disagree with your statement that "people don't use guns to stop crime, they use them to hurt themselves or innocent people." More than 2.5 million honest Americans use guns every year to protect themselves and their families. Of those instances, about half a million are believed to represent a life-saving use of guns. A gun doesn't have to be fired to be used for protection; many times the sight of one will send a criminal fleeing. I am an honest citizen who asks that the facts not be skewed.

Mike Romo  
Tome, New Mexico

**IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER?**

I'm baffled as to why a Pulitzer Prize-winning author would try to canonize one of the smarmiest and most annoying people this side of Oprah Winfrey. David Halberstam's puerile profile (*In Praise of Regis Philbin*, January) is unworthy of PLAYBOY's pages.

Charles McCabe Jr.  
San Francisco, California

**CRUZ CONTROL**

Penelope Cruz (January) is really hot, which is why every interesting actor around wants to play opposite her. If only she'd take off her clothes. How about it, PLAYBOY?

James Austin  
New York, New York

**SWEET CORN**

I was thrilled to find Laura Corn's *Do-It-Yourself Sex Tricks* (January) in your magazine. She has been a guest on my morning radio show many times, and when she comes on, the phones light up like Christmas trees. Corn's books are perfect for couples who want to put a spark back into their relationship.

Mike Butts  
"In the Morning"  
Providence, Rhode Island

**MORE, MOORE, MORE**

I want to commend you on the new *Centerfolds on Sex* column that debuted in the December issue. Barbara Moore's talk in January about sex—penis size and oral sex—gave me a woodie.

Bryan Cross  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I've been a PLAYBOY reader for 19 years, and during that time there have been so many erotic features and pictorials that I've lost count. But I've never been as turned on as I was by your *Centerfolds on Sex*.

*terfolds on Sex*. Moore's confessions add another dimension that her December 1992 *Playmate* pictorial did not deliver.

Kevin Li  
Great Neck, New York

Brenda Venus' interview with Barbara Moore is delicious. It's a pleasure to read the words of the uninhibited. Was Venus channeling Henry Miller when she edited this?

Tom Mehren  
Seattle, Washington



Barbara Moore.

Funny you should mention that. Brenda Venus was a close friend of Henry Miller's. She learned a lot from the master.

One of PLAYBOY's best new features is *Centerfolds on Sex*. Reading about how Barbara Moore feels about oral sex was an incredible turn-on for me.

Michael Mays  
Fairfax, Virginia

Please let Barbara Moore know that she can measure my penis any time.

Ken Roberts  
Orlando, Florida

**MAN, OH MAN**

As a longtime subscriber and an out and proud gay guy, I'm probably one of the few men who truly read PLAYBOY for the articles. Over the years, I've gained great insight into the heterosexual male. For example, I learned from Asa Baber's *Men* column ("Boogers and Loogers," January) that while heterosexual men enjoy same-sex friendship, they don't benefit from one of its most important rewards—the chance to know each other in a personal way. I also learned from Toby Young's *Single Life* article (January) that the biggest rush a man gets from dating and bedding a gorgeous woman is impressing other men. I have come to the conclusion that straight and gay men are both queer.

Vens McCoy  
Falls Church, Virginia





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\*Financing offer is valid on motorcycles financed through Harley-Davidson Financial Services, Inc. (HDFS) and is subject to credit approval by HDFS. 6-month financing terms valid on new, previously untitled 2000 or earlier Buell V-Twin models. 3-month financing terms valid on new, previously untitled 2001 or earlier Blast models. Eligible motorcycles must be purchased between February 15, 2001 and April 15, 2001. The average purchase of \$10,599 with a down payment of \$1,059.90, 72 months repayment term, and a 13.75% Annual Percentage Rate (APR) will require monthly payments of \$195.28. The average purchase of \$4,395 with a down payment of \$439.50, 72 months repayment term, and a 13.75% APR will require monthly payments of \$80.97. APR may vary based on credit approval. In California, add \$100 to MSRP. Dealer participation may affect the terms of this offer. Other terms and limitations may apply. ©2001 Buell Distribution Corporation, a Harley-Davidson Company



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*Chairman  
Gert Boyle*

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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

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

### HOW TO GET SOME ON SPRING BREAK

**Find the beach:** Wherever you're headed, it should have at least one beach. Vegas with the guys sounds like fun, but the only women you'll see are the show-girls. Competitive college women will always flock to the beach to see who can wear the teeniest bikini.

**Bring a passport:** When picking your island, remember that if it's owned by a European country, it's more likely to have nude and topless beaches. And when faced with temptation, American girls are tempted.

**Rent a Jet Ski:** Be a gentleman and let her drive. Just take a seat and have her bounce over some waves. See what we mean?

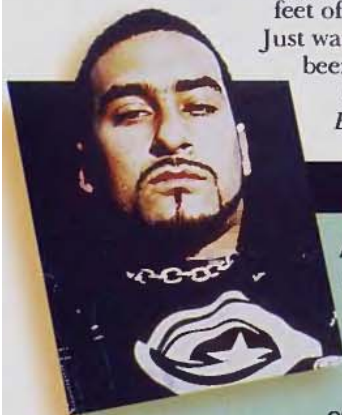
**Master the four-star fake:** Not staying at a top resort? Meet her on the grounds of one. She won't question why you don't take her upstairs (she has three roommates, too). She'll still be impressed. Outdoor sex is always sweeter in someone else's yard.

**Lie. Lie. And lie again:** We're not talking about pretending to be a quarterback—just the stuff about how you made a ton during the summer writing software. And don't be surprised if she unloads a few big ones on you, either.

**Find the foam:** With privacy in short supply, head for the foam party—a room full of barely clad coeds dancing in five feet of firemen's foam.

Just watch your head—beer suds and these suds don't mix.

**Bring some beads:**



### NUDES IN AN INSTANT

Some guys keep Polaroid pictures of their girlfriends, but they don't look anything like the photos in *Emerging Bodies: Nudes From the Polaroid Collections* (Edition Stemmler). The one above is from a triptych called *Women in White* by Hélène Guétary and was shot with a 20"x24" Polaroid Polacolor camera. We like the gauze, we like the girls, we like the immediacy of the image.

Make every destination like Mardi Gras. Suddenly those 10-cent necklaces are the most appealing prizes.

**Contests equal nudity equals sex:** Instead of the guy-oriented wet T-shirt and beer-bottle blow job contests, look for the bucking bronco. Watching couples com-

pete for the sexiest ride and routine gets everyone in the audience worked up.

### THE WURST OF TIMES

Performance artist Karen Finley—the first and so far only *Ms. Woman of the Year* to pose in *PLAYBOY*—has published

### FUNK PHENOMENON

Armond Van Helden is famous as a DJ able to work a club into a frenzy. His latest record, *Killing Puritans* (Armed), has a sinister edge. It's heavyweight house layered with samples from classic metal and old New Wave. Commanding up to \$25,000 a night, Van Helden cuts a swath through any club. "I'm most interested in a player crowd," he says. "You go in there and it's like a meat market. And you just pull. You leave with some new shit that night. You pull girls, take them back to your place, videotape them—do whatever you've got to do." For Van Helden, sex and music are related: "Music may require a little more thought. But in terms of primal energy, sex and music are the same." And when he gets a girl back to his place? "I like to play drum and bass. Something really hard, ballistic. You just go into a trance to it. I also like straight-up weird shit sometimes. Depends on the girl. If I have a girl over who's into R&B, I'll play drum and bass, because she doesn't know about it. But say I have a white girl over and she knows about house and drum and bass—then I'll play the cheesiest R&B she's ever heard. I like to play with them mentally, play against their taste. You don't want to give them what they're used to—give them something else."



## UNCHAINED MELODY

Butch makes pet food. There is nothing apparently sexy about that. But the makers of Butch recognize that they have to sell pet food to people—as dogs usually don't carry much cash. This anti-popean ad campaign ran on the back cover of PLAYBOY in Australia and elsewhere. Then it won a London International Advertising Award. But it also lays claim to an even greater honor: The campaign has been banned on Butch's home turf, New Zealand.

a new book. *A Different Kind of Intimacy* (Thunder's Mouth) opens with a description of one of her shows in Germany, in which she played Eva Braun to her partner's Hitler. "There's no way to put this delicately," she writes in the book's first sentence. "I turned around and Brian was lapping up my shit."

### A CLOSE SHAVE

The editor of the webzine Silicon Sality has launched a campaign reminis-

cent of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* to protest the narrow presidential victory of George W. Bush. Emily Hofstetter has started a "No More Bush" drive—which she means in the most intimate sense. Her sisterly slogan is, "We have the power, now get in the shower." Protesters demonstrate their allegiance to the cause by impeaching bush from their southern precinct. "I am prepared to stay completely shaved for four years," Hofstetter says. "You think Bush is the name of

our president? I say Bush is something I have between my legs—and I can get rid of it if I want to."

### FENDER BENDERS

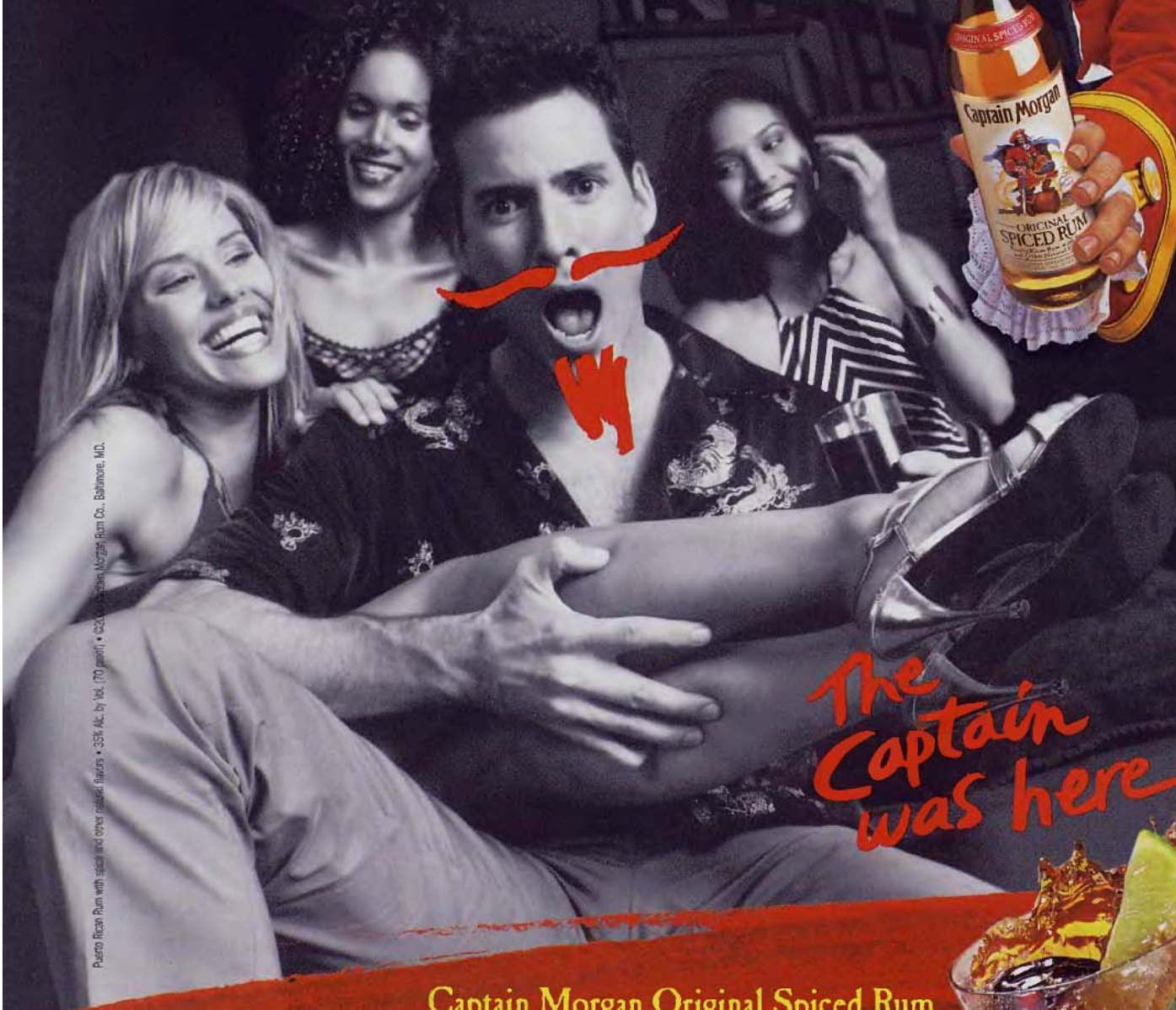
A list of new and improved effects pedals by Usenet user Scott Burright has been making the e-mail chain rounds, mostly among the large number of former professional guitarists who work for us. OK, everybody, on three. *Time distortion*: Makes guitar solos seem longer.

## PRIVATE PARTS OF MISS LONELYHEARTS

The Experts	Dr. Drew Pinsky & Adam Carolla	Dr. Laura Schlessinger	Paige Stein	Lynn Harris, a.k.a. Breakup Girl	Dan Savage
Credentials	Hosts of MTV's <i>Loveline</i> , authors of <i>The Dr. Drew and Adam Book</i> .	Radio host and author of several books.	Author of "The Nuisance Lady," a syndicated column, and the book <i>For God's Sake, Don't Watch Porn for Pointers</i> .	Writes regularly for Oxygen Network's <i>breakupgirl.com</i> (of course). Author of <i>He Loved Me, He Loves Me Not</i> .	Author of <i>Savage Love</i> , a syndicated column and book.
Think of ...	Slick but square advice for inquiring teenage minds, interspersed with urges to "go for it!"	A hectoring harpy of family values. Could easily be head of a crazy right-wing school board.	Dear Abby if she wore leather pants, lived in the East Village and had lots of sex.	An ex-girlfriend who started every sentence with, "It's like that episode where Cindy Brady..."	The unholy spawn of Al Franken, Xaviera Hollander and the Village People.
Your Private Parts Are Like ...	Female: a cat ("You can't just grab its head. You have to move in slowly."). Male: a black Labrador ("Roll it down on its belly. Shake it around a bit.").	Female: a flattened mitten ("It has internal volume only if something goes inside it"). Male: a navigation and balance tool ("Boys always hold on to it when they walk").	Male: a horse ("Someone who doesn't like horses couldn't possibly be a good horseback rider"). Female: a bowl of fruit (to an art student if you're a nude model).	Male: anything but a poorly handled weapon. "BG does not endorse this word choice," she replied to someone else's metaphor.	Female: "a canned ham dropped from the 23rd floor of the Empire State Building." Male: "a spazzed turtle."

—DANIEL RADOSH

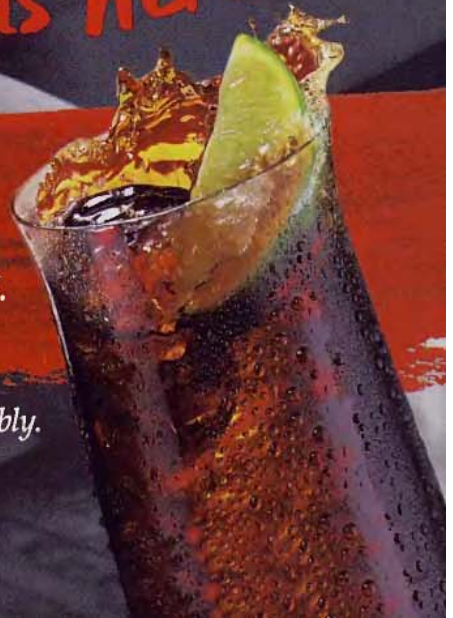
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tonight?*



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was here*

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## WAX SACKS

DJ bags are a cool replacement for that briefcase or bike messenger bag—even if you're old enough to remember when scratching records was considered a bad thing. Designed for hauling heavy vinyl to gigs at clubs, these bags are durable and typically feature a supersize padded shoulder strap to help



ease the load, even if it's just *The Wall Street Journal*. Or a month's worth of *Journals*. The bags, which cost around \$100, can hold 50 to 60 LPs. Models from Milkcrate Athletics and Gravis (both pictured above) have pouches for headphones, cell phones, pens, Palm Pilots and other necessities. Sling one over your shoulder and let people know you realize Moby isn't just a whale.

**Blame shifter:** Shifts the pitch of mistakes down an octave so the audience thinks it was the bass player. **Overjive:** Makes Hootie songs sound like Parliament. **Active pickups:** Amplifies signals sent to attractive audience members. **Fluffbox:** Filters out excessive musical substance. **Rehash:** Stores and plays back your favorite riffs constantly and forever. **Feedback eliminator:** Drowns out constructive criticism. **Depressor:** Changes any chord to E minor (invented by Neil Young). **TS-1 talent stretcher:** All the above effects in one convenient pedal pack.

### THE TIP SHEET

**Kings of Convenience:** Their debut CD, *Quiet is the New Loud* (Astralwerks), could be subtitled *Kings of Convenience Are the New Belle and Sebastian*.

**Seeds of hope:** According to *Forces of Habit: Drugs and the Making of the Modern*

*World* (Harvard) by David Courtright, Peace Corps volunteers in the Sixties spread more than goodwill. They introduced cannabis to Micronesia, Fiji, Samoa and other Pacific islands.

**Djnightsgameloft.com:** This online game allows players to try their hands—both of them—at the DJ game. Collect records, accumulate respect and try to jump from loft parties to club gigs.

**Pet Music:** A three-CD boxed set of songs and calming instrumentals designed to soothe man's best friend.

**Alan Truong:** Young designer whose light clothes for men are so hot, they're perfect for summer—casual and elegant.

**DWI Paradox:** To ensure that your guests don't drive off intoxicated, alcohol should not be served during the last two hours of a party. But when you take away the booze, everyone magically disappears after five minutes.

**Safe crackers:** Politically correct white Americans.

**Smints:** Next-generation breath mints pack a wallop. Either breath-mint technology is getting better, or the nation's breath is getting worse.

**Romo:** The sound of English band Ladytron, which looks back to Eighties' New Romantics and the synth pop of Gary Numan. Yes, it's fey.

**Post-Madonnaology:** A fully accredited class at the student-run adjunct of Oberlin College addresses the life and times

of Drew Barrymore. The final exam requires a skit derived from one of her movies.

**Nocebro:** The antonym of placebo—an illness caused by the sufferer's belief that a substance they've eaten or encountered has made him ill.

**Groupiecentral.com:** This is



"I'm not going to jail. I'd get beat up severely there. I'd be some big woman's bitch. She'd be like, 'Come here, small girl. Come here, Hollywood.'"  
—Shannen Doherty

the place to go if you want the dirt on your girlfriend's favorite boy bands. But first you have to blow the webmaster.

**Potato heads:** Junkies are stashing their drugs in hollowed-out potatoes, according to detectives in the Northeast. The spuds look innocent and can be thrown far in a pinch.

**Tyres and Motors:** A bizarre practice of naming children after auto parts has led Honduran authorities to refuse to register wacky names like Bujia (spark plug).

**Vivid's Instant Classics:** Our three favorite porn tapes of the past year—*Jekyll & Hyde*, *Façade* and *Artemesia*—all came from Vivid Video.

**Shop gifting:** The art, practiced by our girlfriends, of buying pret-a-porter items, wearing them (with the price tags

## ROCK CHIK RULES



Michelle "Rock Chik" Dupont is with the band and on the web. We asked her how she keeps superstars such as Dave Navarro, Korn's Jonathan Davis and Tom Morello (all pictured at left) happy. **In her purse:** A Frederick's of Hollywood black lace thong, gooey lip gloss, Altoids, three condoms

and a vibroting egg. **In her fridge:** botteries, cucumbers, Red Bull, chocolate sauce, whipped cream, pineapple juice, champagne, pudding. **In her freezer:** Big Stick pop-sicles, for practice.



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# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"If women can sleep their way to the top, how come they aren't there?"—ELLEN GOODMAN

### BITE THIS

Percentage of men who say that they would eat genetically manipulated food: 71. Percentage of women who would: 50.

### NOTORIOUS P.I.G.

According to Senator John McCain's list of top 10 pork projects, the amount of federal funding given to the University of Idaho to put its jazz collection on the Net: \$700,000. Amount given to the state of Alabama to recondition a statue of the Roman fire god Vulcan: \$1.5 million.

### HOUSEKEEPING

The annual cost of owning and maintaining a house in New Orleans: \$13,875. In New York City: \$31,877. In San Jose: \$63,828.

### CONTEMPORARY VALUES

Amount paid in a Yahoo auction for the Ryder truck used to carry disputed presidential ballots from West Palm Beach to Tallahassee: \$67,100. Amount paid by a New Yorker to appear as a shepherd in Radio City's Rockettes holiday show: \$2200.

### FLATULENCE

Since 1990, percentage change in greenhouse gas emissions by the United Kingdom: -8. By Germany: -16. By Russia: -35. By Japan: +10. By the U.S.: +11.

### FAMILY ROOM

According to *Washington Monthly*, percentage increase in the size of the average American home since 1970: 50. Percentage drop in size of average American family since then: 20.



### FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *Revolution*, legendary producer and ambient music man Brian Eno (U2, Bowie, Talking Heads) composed the audio opening that plays every time you boot up Windows 95.



### GOLD COAST

The estimated number of U.S. homes that sold for more than \$1 million in 1995: 2520. Estimated number in 2000: 15,595. Of those, the number sold in California: 10,915.

### EATING OUT

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

### DARK CONTINENT

The number of African nations where more than 15 percent of adults are infected with HIV: 8.

### SLOW JAM

During the past 15 years, percentage of increase in time Americans spend in traffic jams: 235.

### FAUX ME

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

### MANTLE PIECE

Price paid at auction by Billy Crystal for a baseball signed "Happy Hanukkah" by Mickey Mantle: \$3525. Winning bid for another one, signed "Merry Christmas": \$1386.

### VANITY PAIR

Percentage of women who would prefer to marry someone good-looking rather than wealthy: 34. Percentage of men who would: 55.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

concealed) and then returning them to the store for refunds.

*Von Dutch originals:* T-shirt logo based on the designs of the great hot rod pin-stripe artist.

## WHEN THE WEATHER'S HOT AND STICKY

They may not make hurricane advisories or humid heat wave predictions any more agreeable, but they have us paying attention to the weather report. We refer to two particularly watchable weather forecasters on south Florida TV stations: WTVJ's Lesley Milne, whose topless role in *Vampire at Midnight* caused sudden updrafts among many male viewers, and WFOR's Jennifer Santiago, who has graced *PLAYBOY*'s pages.

## BLOWHARDS

We have been fans of Randomhouse.com's Word of the Day since the estimable Jesse Sheidlower (author of *The F-Word*) was doing the column. So we were delighted to see the recent etymological dissection of the possible origins of the term blow job. The librarians say



## BUSH ADMINISTRATION

We thought it was getting hard to find a classic bush jacket until we noticed that our friends at U.S. Wings ([uswings.com](http://uswings.com)) now make authentic versions. Once a staple in the wardrobe of every self-respecting safarist—including the armchair variety—these jackets define stylish utility. As you can see, they go particularly well with a variety of animal prints.



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James Bond's gadget-laden Aston Martin DB5, known as "The Most Famous Auto in the World", first exploded onto the screen in 1964's *Goldfinger*, and also had a starring role in *Thunderball* and *Goldeneye*.

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## MATTRESS MUNCHING

In Miami, the hottest new restaurant theme is the dinner boudoir, wherein tables and chairs are replaced by large (eight square feet and up) adjacent platform beds. Because eating in bed is a furtive pleasure in both the childhood and the adult senses, the sheets-and-eats concept at B.E.D. has generated lengthy reservation waits. Then there are the desserts, with names like *Go Deep* and *Knees Are Knockin'*. Given the novelty of a roll in the hay that you actually butter, we expect the trend to spread. In fact, Hef's been invited to the opening party of a new B.E.D. in New York. Been there, eaten that.

that if you unlock the meaning of blow (an oddly popular word, considering that it's been misappropriated for both the act of fellatio and as a designation for cocaine), you've solved the riddle. The phrase dates from the Forties and entered the vernacular in the Sixties, but its genesis can be traced to the jazz age. Blow was first understood as the act of playing a horn. Seize on "working a tool with some skill," as Random House editors put it, and the sexual connotations are clear. There's a more compelling theory connected to prostitutes. The act of "blowing someone off" was used in 1939's *Prostitute and Criminal Argots*, much in the same way we use "getting someone off" today. Because prostitutes did this for a living, it wasn't long before job became linked with blow and slowly made its way back home and onto the list of household chores.

### BACKSTAGE ASSES

Backstage demands have always been part of rock-and-roll legend. Everyone has heard about Van Halen and the brown M&M's, Ozzy Osbourne and the dead



"The ability to make small children cry at the grocery store I like better than the fame."  
—Marilyn Manson

animals and Whitney Houston and the hundreds of packs of rolling papers (all right, we made that one up). Now folklore has turned into fact. Thesmokinggun.com—master of digging up embarrassing legal documents—is busting on such superstars as Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, Live, Shania Twain and Limp Bizkit, all of whom make Barbra Streisand look like an agreeable angel. Christina won't travel without a large vanity with mirror, extensive lighting (at least 250 watts), Flintstones chewable vitamins and no fewer than six bottles

of water. If it's Evian, she'll have your head. Britney's dressing room must be given "an apartment feel" and stocked with Gatorade, fresh tuna salad ("made with Hellman's mayo, eggs, relish and albacore tuna only!") and—oops!—Doritos. The Wallflowers want smokes (Marl-

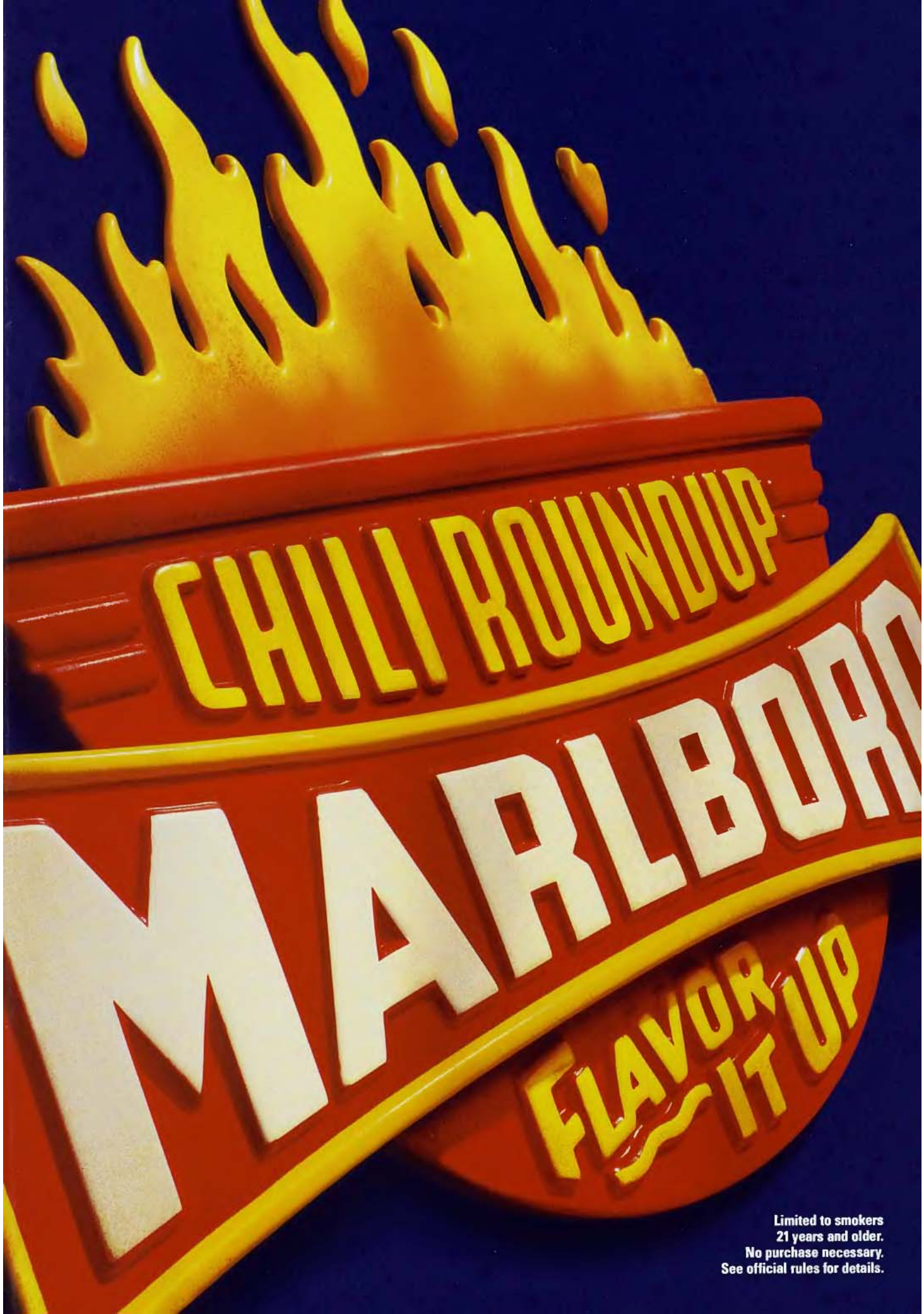
boro Lights and Winstons). Limp Bizkit needs dimmable lamps. And the Backstreet Boys, ever slaves to maintaining those perfect *Teen Beat* bods, have one major request: no candy, chips, chocolate or junk food. Apparently, as soon as the waistlines go, so do the fans.

## BABE OF THE MONTH

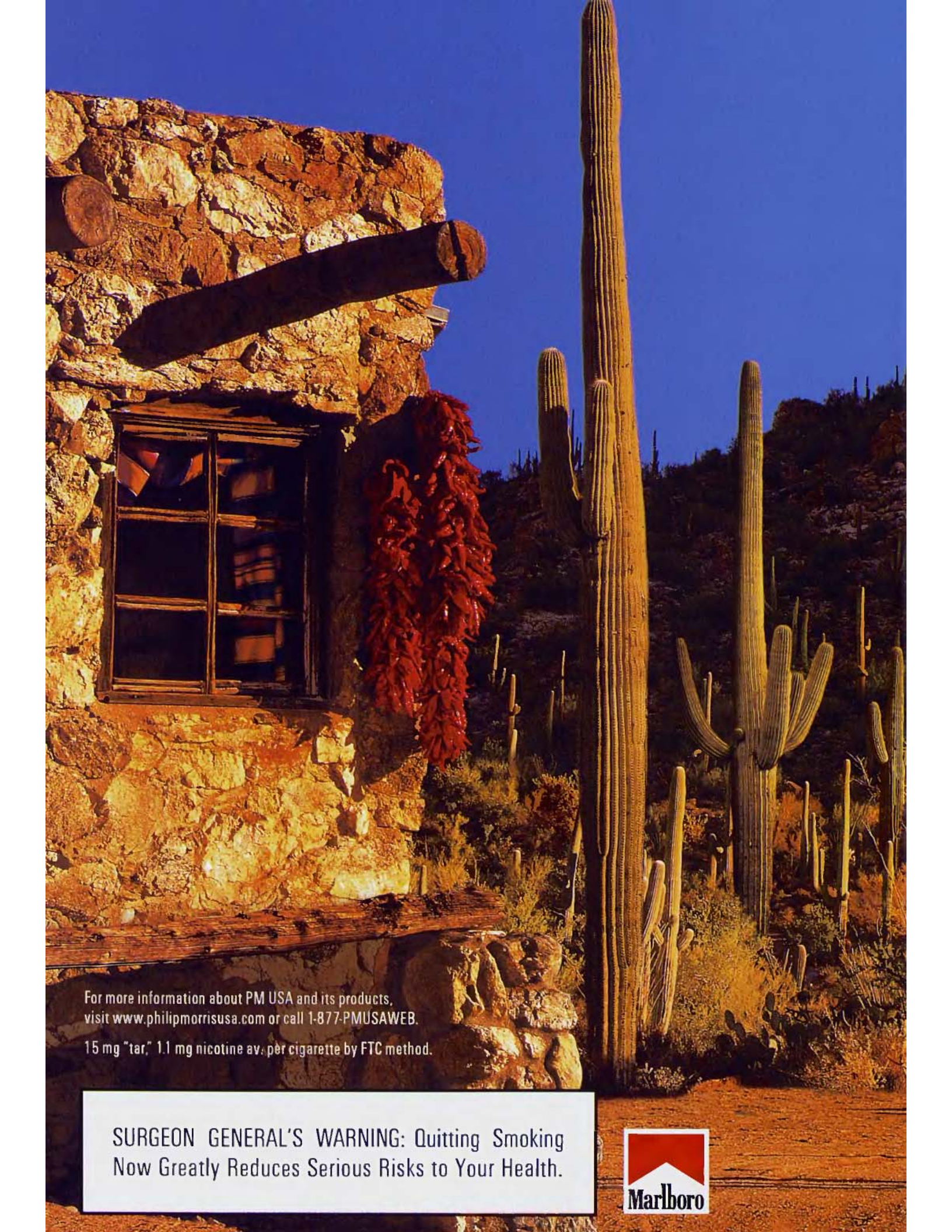
The last time we spoke with sizzling **Cindy Margolis**, the 32-year-old web diva had been named one of *Forbes'* One-Year Wonders, *People* magazine's 50 Most Beautiful People and the most downloaded woman on the Internet for four years running (according to *The Guinness Book of World Records*). Now the Cheesecake Queen is

tackling late-night talk shows with the beach party-themed *Cindy Margolis Show*, an interactive program connected to her website, which boasts more than 60 million "cyberbuddies." In a time when dot-coms are dropping fast, Cindy is not just surviving online, she's thriving. The brainy marketing sensation has a skin-care line, an exercise video and a popular calendar. When we asked for her recipe for success, Cindy said, "Use your brain. Nothing is more important than eye contact and a great smile." Looks that stop web traffic never hurt either.





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Hot or not.**  
A good bowl of chili  
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**50 WINNERS**

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WITH A PARTY ON THE TAILGATE.**

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Bring home the truck, packed with everything you  
need to make the ground shake—from a stereo and  
CDs to steaks and seasonings, and a top-notch  
grill to get it all going.*

**500 WINNERS**

**CHILI PARTY AT YOUR PLACE.**

*If your chili's this good, throw a party and pass  
it around. You'll get all the items in the party package,  
to have a party at your place.*

**5,000 WINNERS**

**BRING HOME THE FLAVOR.**

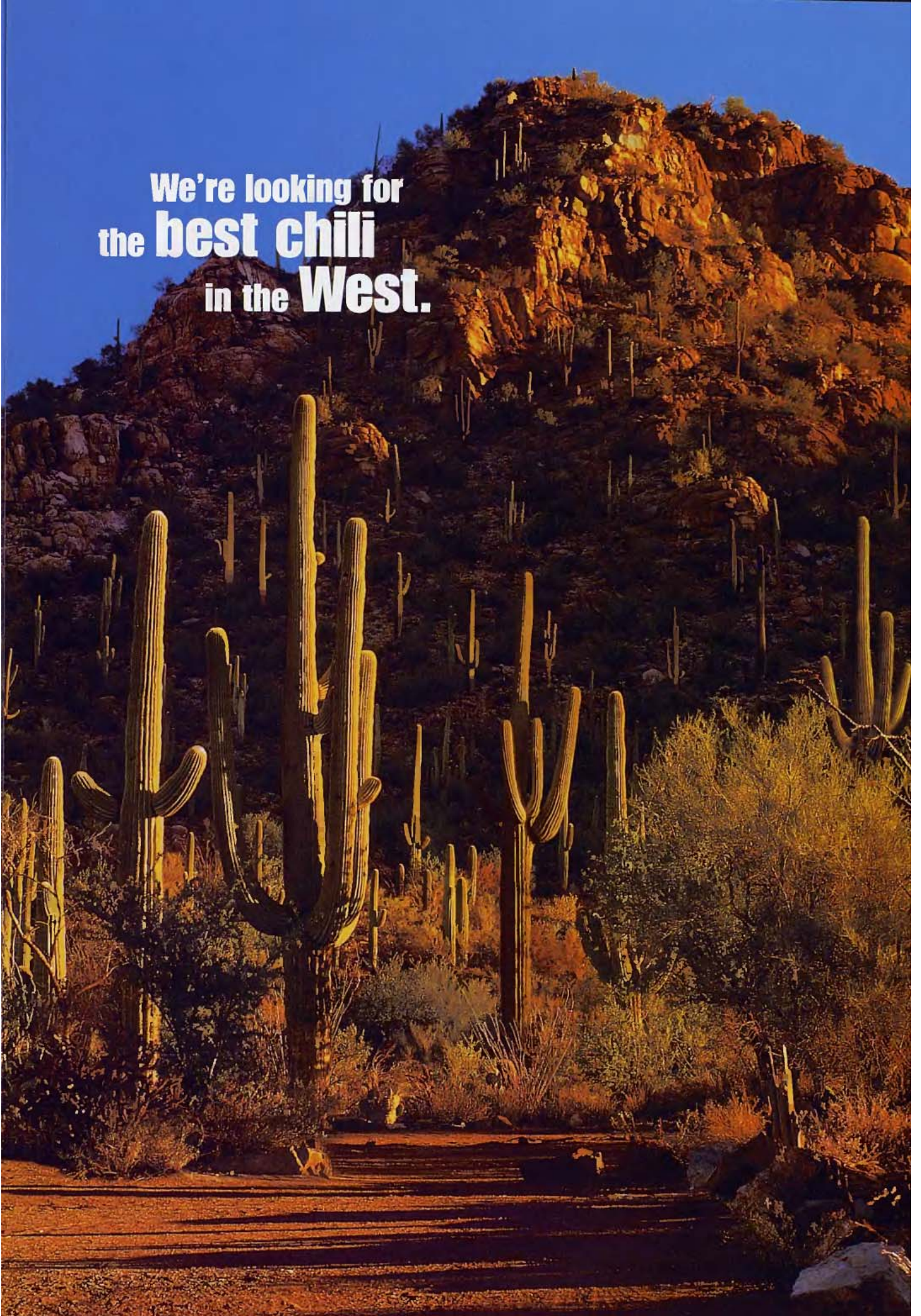
*Win a coupon for a free carton of any style Marlboro.  
Because flavor is its own reward.*

**SEE ENTRY FORM ON OTHER SIDE**





We're looking for  
the **best chili**  
in the **West.**



# THE MARLBORO CHILI ROUNDUP CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Participation limited to smokers 21 and older. No purchase necessary. For your chance to win, fill out the form completely (hand print only) and sign in blue or black ink. Then, on a separate piece of paper, no larger than 8 1/2" x 11" (one-sided only), hand print or type your original chili recipe. Mail to: Marlboro Chili Recipe Contest, P.O. Box 5343, Blair, NE 68009-5343. To be eligible to win, entry form must be received by 5/15/01.

**Jot down your best chili recipe and send it in. If it makes the cut, you're a winner.**

**Be sure to include your original recipe on a separate piece of paper. If it's already been published, we've already tried it.**

**Return Entry Form and recipe to: MARLBORO CHILI RECIPE CONTEST, PO BOX 5343, BLAIR, NE 68009-5343**

Mr.  \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs.  \_\_\_\_\_  
Ms.  \_\_\_\_\_  
(Check One.) First M.I. Last

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address Street Address Apt. #

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City State ZIP

\_\_\_\_\_  
Phone

By entering this contest and signing below, I certify that I am a smoker 21 years of age or older. I have read and understand the Official Rules. I am also willing to receive cigarette coupons and incentive items in the mail, subject to applicable state and federal laws.

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## MARLBORO CHILI RECIPE CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES

PARTICIPATION LIMITED TO SMOKERS, 21 OR OLDER, WHO ARE RESIDENTS OF THE 50 UNITED STATES AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

- HERE'S HOW TO ENTER:** On an Official Entry Form only in the spaces provided, indicate your complete name, address (including zip code), date of birth, and daytime and evening telephone numbers. Then, on a separate piece of paper, no larger than 8-1/2" x 11" (one side only), hand print or type your original chili recipe. Include your recipe name, list all ingredients with exact U.S. measurements and include complete directions, required utensils, timing, number of servings and other relevant information. Please be certain to also include your name and complete address on your recipe. Mail your entry, including your original recipe, to: Marlboro Chili Recipe Contest, P.O. Box 5343, Blair, NE 68009-5343. Enter as many different original recipes as you wish, but limit one entry per envelope. Entries must be received on or before 5/15/01 when the contest ends. Not responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. No correspondence will be acknowledged or entered into. All entries, including recipes become the property of Philip Morris Incorporated, and none will be returned. **IMPORTANT!** In order to be eligible for a prize, you must indicate your date of birth and sign your name in the spaces provided on the entry form certifying that you are a smoker, 21 years of age or older as of date of entry.
- All entries must be on official entry forms only. No photocopied or mechanically reproduced entry forms accepted. For each additional contest entry form you would like to receive, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped, #10 (business-size) envelope to: Marlboro Chili Recipe Contest Entry Requests, P.O. Box 5250, Blair, NE 68009-5250. Limit one request per outer mailing envelope. Residents of the state of VT only need not affix postage to return envelopes. Participation limited to residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia who are smokers, 21 years of age or older. Entry form requests must be received on or before 5/1/01.
- JUDGING CRITERIA:** All eligible entries will be preliminarily judged by D.L. Blair, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final, to determine the best and potential winning 5,550 entries based on the following criteria: Originality and Creativity—50%; Ease of Preparation—35%; and Availability of Ingredients—15%. From these entries only the top 75 entries will be kitchen tested by an independent panel of judges under the supervision of D.L. Blair, Inc., to determine the 50 Grand Prize winners. Final judging (kitchen testing) will be based on the following criteria: Taste—35%; Originality and Creativity—25%; Appearance—20%; and Ease of Preparation—20%. In the event of a tie, tied entries will be rejudged based on Taste only.
- PRIZES:** (50) Grand Prizes—2002 Ford Ranger, and Tailgate Party Fixin's plus \$2,000 cash (ARV \$26,000 ea.). (500) First Prizes—Tailgate Party Fixin's (ARV \$1,900 ea.), (5,000) Runner-Up Prizes—a coupon for a free carton of Marlboro cigarettes (ARV \$28.00 ea.) (residents of the states of MN and UT and of King County, WA will receive the cash equivalent of the free product coupon). Prizes consist of only those items specifically listed as part of the prize. Limit one Grand or First Prize per person/family/household. Limit one Runner-Up Prize per person. Tailgate Party Fixin's (for Grand and First Prize winners) includes a Weber® gas barbecue, \$200 worth of Omaha Steaks® gift certificates, a Coleman® cooler, cups and bowls, chill lights, utensils, an iron cooking pot, Laughing Bull Hot Sauce and other seasonings and a Panasonic® stereo with 25 pre-selected CDs.
- GENERAL RULES:** Contest open to residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia, who are smokers, 21 years of age or older at time of entry. Employees of Philip Morris Incorporated ("PM USA"), its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and the immediate family members of each are not eligible. Food professionals such as chefs, nutritionists and home economists are also not eligible. Void where prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. PM USA will not be responsible for lost, late, damaged, postage-due, misdirected or mutilated mail. Incomplete or illegible entries, entries without a signature or entries not including a date of birth will be deemed null and void. Likelihood of winning depends upon the quality of the submission compared to the quality of all other entries, as judged by the criteria stated in the official rules. PM USA reserves the right to publish all recipes entered into the contest and the right to alter, amend, edit or change recipe titles and recipes prior to publication. Potential Grand and First Prize winners will be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Prize Acceptance Form, certifying that their entry is their own original work and has not been previously published, and to submit sufficient proof of age in the form of a legible photocopy of a valid government-issued ID (e.g., a driver's license on which your name, address, date of birth and signature appear) within 14 days of attempted notification. Noncompliance within this time period may result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate winner. Upon notification, all potential Runner-Up prizewinners will be required to submit a photocopy of a valid government-issued ID (e.g., a driver's license on which your name, address, date of birth and signature appear). Government-issued IDs must be returned by the date indicated on the Runner-Up prizewinner's notification letter. Noncompliance will result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate winner. Winners will be notified by mail on or about 11/01/01. Any prize/prize notification returned to PM USA as undeliverable will result in disqualification and an alternate winner will be selected. Winner is responsible for all federal, state and local taxes. Grand Prize winners are additionally responsible for any applicable licensing, insurance, title and registration fees. No transfer or substitution of prize permitted. PM USA reserves the right to provide a cash alternative at its sole discretion. This contest will also be offered through direct mail and participating retailers. PM USA will have no liability in connection with the acceptance or use of the prize awarded. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name and likeness for commercial purposes without further notice and compensation, unless prohibited by law.
- For the names of prizewinners, available after 1/2/02, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped #10 (business-size) envelope, to: Marlboro Chili Recipe Winners, P.O. Box 5263, Blair, NE 68009-5263, to be received by 5/31/01.

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EVERCLEAR'S Art Alexakis had alt-rock credibility problems. He was 33 when the group began scoring hits in 1995, too old to pass as a grunge kid. The hits, most notably *Santa Monica* and *Father of Mine*, seemed suspiciously tuneful to purists. Alexakis had seen enough life to

want durability—the kind only strong songwriting



All clear for Everclear.

makes possible. The two-volume *Songs From an American Movie* (Capitol) is not only his bid for the brass ring, but also for credibility. Sold separately, *Vol. One: Learning How to Smile* is candid pop that downplays loud guitars, while *Vol. Two: Good Time for a Bad Attitude* rages along with the bad boys. The pop record is more believable. The rock songs are skillful, but lack the immediacy of *Learning*, which is about a marital breakup. The most memorable performances here are *The Good Witch of the North*, a tribute to his new fiancée, and *Rock Star*, about how much he wanted to be one. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

If you've had a massage in the past decade, Enya was probably playing in the background. The Phil Spector of relaxation, she grounds her mysticism in repetitive hooks and an undulating beat. With 44 million albums sold, why fix a style that ain't broken? On *A Day Without Rain* (Reprise), Enya delivers her melodies in an ethereal style that nobody can imitate. I'm calling my masseuse today. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Jimmy Smith closes *Dot Com Blues* (Blue Thumb) with the track *Tuition Blues*.

Maybe he's thinking of charging electric organ players—without Smith in his Sixties heyday, none of them would have even a vocabulary. His Hammond B3 is a most resonant, warm-sounding instrument. Although it can be adapted to lounge jazz—à la Medeski, Martin and Wood—it's better suited to barroom blues. With great material such as *C.C. Rider*, Duke Ellington's *Mood Indigo* and Smith's own *Eight Counts for Rita*, *Dot Com* is Smith's first new set since 1995. It

features guest spots by B.B. King, Etta James, Taj Mahal, Keb' Mo' and Dr. John. Mahal's singing and guitar solo on *Strut* make it about the most swinging number he has ever done. But this is Smith's show, a tour de force example of why the jazz organ trio that once dominated working-class taverns will never die. —DAVE MARSH

**Pass the Peas:** *The Best of the JBs* (Polydor) is the musical equivalent of a great army on the march. The commander, James Brown, snaps out orders that are obeyed on the one by every man in the unit. Along the way, the JBs can be credited with inventing funk. Medals for valor to all, with special citations to trombonist Fred Wesley, saxophonist Maceo Parker, drummer Jabbo Starks, guitarists Jimmy Nolen and Catfish Collins (and his brother, bassist Bootsy). A congressional medal of honor to Bobby Byrd, without whom the conquest of the hearts and minds of all funk-loving individuals would not be complete. —D.M.

Jeff Beck has always been a maverick. Like Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page, he emerged from the Yardbirds in the Sixties as a guitar hero. But while Clapton and Page settled into consistent sounds, Beck kept stretching the boundaries of what the guitar can do. *You Had It Coming* (Epic) may be the most innovative and imaginative release of his career. Beck



Jimmy Smith gets down.



Enya soars.

injects emotion into his techno grooves. He warps his guitar into new dimensions on rockers like *Earthquake* and Muddy Waters' *Rollin' and Tumblin'*. With the sultry Imogen Heap on vocals, *Rollin' and Tumblin'* sounds both futuristic and primal. On the more melodic instrumentals, Beck bends and twists his tone with suppleness and otherworldly grace.

The only guitarist on the scene today who can match Beck's genius is Rage Against the Machine's Tom Morello. The good news: *Renegades* (Epic) is the most thrilling rock CD in years. Surprisingly, *Renegades* covers songs by Cypress Hill, Eric B. and Rakim, Springsteen and the Stones, among others. Morello's guitar screams like a siren, scratches like a DJ and stutters in protest. The bad news: Having created a rap-rock masterpiece of socially conscious music, the band is breaking up. —VIC GARBARINI

Erykah Badu brought a fresh hipness to alternative R&B in the late Nineties. Her male counterparts, D'Angelo and Maxwell, turned in flawed second releases. No sophomore jinx has affected Miss Badu. *Mama's Gun* (Motown) is better than her much-heralded debut. From the funky *Hey Sugah* to the cocky *Didn't Cha Know* to the sexy duet with Stephen Marley on *In Love With You*, this 15-song collection is jammed with jewels. Less laid-back than her first release, *Mama's Gun* shows Badu being more aggressive. Her specialty remains insinuating mid-tempo songs, where she ridicules rival lovers and materialistic women. Badu makes love seem like a bittersweet fruit. —NELSON GEORGE

On his new disc, John Scofield sends a strong message: He's still a jazz guitarist. Some fans had their doubts a few years ago, after Scofield dropped into acid jazz. But the terrific *Works for Me* (Verve) assembles an uninhibited jazz quintet.

**KISSED OFF DEPARTMENT:** The April 13 Kiss concert in Australia may be the end for the band. Their fans can mull over the significance of a Good Friday goodbye.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Aaliyah may have a role in the *Matrix* sequel. . . . Will Sting have a shot at an Oscar for the music in Disney's *Emperor's New Groove*? . . . U2 received \$400,000 for the use of their 1991 song *One* in trailers for the Nicolas Cage movie *Family Man*. Other U2 tunes used in recent movie trailers include *Until the End of the World* and *All I Want Is You*. . . . Orgy is touring colleges, and *Opticon* is being used in the film *Valentine*. . . .



Showtime plans an original movie, *Live at the Whiskey*, based on the historic Los Angeles club.

**NEWSBREAKS:** The Doors have started to make available to their fans 30 hours of never-before-released, mostly live material. The CDs will be on Bright Midnight, a label formed by the band. They plan to release three titles every six months for the next six years. Jim lives. . . . Although Tina Turner says that she's through performing, she hasn't ruled out benefit concerts. . . . More news from Australia: The Aussie postal service will honor bands from down under with a series of stamps celebrating Men at Work, Midnight Oil, INXS, Savage Garden, Silverchair and others. . . . Macy Gray's second CD will be out this spring. . . . If you were conscious in the Fifties or listen to oldies radio, you know *Just Walkin' in the Rain*. But did you know that the band who sang it—the Pris-

sonaires—were convicts? Jay Warner's book of the same name tells the story of Johnny Bragg, the singer who cut *Rain* at Sam Phillips' Sun Studios. . . . Sir Paul is busy. He's looking for a gallery in New York to show wife Linda's photos as part of a world tour. He's also working on a TV special about his former band—no, the other one—Wings. . . . In a Beatles aside, Genesis Publications is bringing out a signed limited edition of Curt Gunther's photographs called *Mania Days*—the story of the Beatles' 1964 tour of America. Call 800-775-1111 for details. . . . In May, Brooks and Dunn kick off their summer tour with special guests Toby Keith, Montgomery Gentry and Keith Urban. . . . Aerosmith's new CD and tour follow their March induction into the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame. . . . Indigo Girl Amy Ray has a solo CD out any day and a tour. Some of her vocal guests on the album include Joan Jett and the Breeders' Josephine Wiggs. . . . Rhino's *Cruise Through the Blues* by Barry Hansen is a trip from the Delta to the cities, spotlighting landmarks, musicians and records. . . . Oh, please: 'N Sync's line of fruit-flavored lip balm is available in stores now. . . . High school students will now be able to matriculate at the Frank Sinatra School of the Arts in New York City.



(A temporary location will open in September at a Queens community college.) The high school will offer a special arts program along with a full academic curriculum. Doo-bee doo-bee doo. —BARBARA NELLIS



Miss Badu to you.

It stars young piano sorcerer Brad Mehldau and versatile mainstream saxist Kenny Garrett. Scofield has always stirred his style with equal parts funk, jazz and rock, and the material here ranges from standards to his own originals. He sounds like a man back from the Deadheads on soaring, tart-toned solos that make up for lost time. —NEIL TESSER

Stephanie Mills, a singer with a phenomenal voice, was at the mercy of a variety of producers in the Eighties. But her career had moments of brilliance. *The Power of Love* (MCA), which contains 12 ballads, has some of her best: *Feel the Fire*, *I Feel Good All Over* and (*I Learned to Respect*) *The Power of Love*. —N.G.

Worshiped in the UK but never a big deal in the U.S., Oasis picked up the banner of rock and roll at a time when raves and electronic experiments were all the rage. Regressive to the point of being anti-intellectual (which is not necessarily a detriment in a rock band), Oasis wrote a few good songs while the Gallagher brothers' feuds caught the public's imagination. *Familiar to Millions* (Epic), a two-CD live set that was recorded mostly at Wembley Stadium, captures the phenomenon. —C.Y.

Saxist Ernest Dawkins, a mainstay of Chicago's avant-garde AACM, has spent the past 20 years expanding vistas with his New Horizons Ensemble, now one of the most exciting and accessible small bands. On *Jo'Burg Jump* (Delmark), he extends his vista to include music he encountered on visits to Africa. Dawkins' alto slides through the three-horn textures, while guitarist Jeff Parker—who's best known for his work in Tortoise—smoothes the sound and energizes the music at the same time. —N.T.

Joseph Haydn's opera *Armida* was first staged in 1784, but it's hard to imagine a performance of it more powerful than the one recorded in Vienna last summer by Teldec. Period maestro Nikolaus Harnoncourt and coloratura Cecilia Bartoli demonstrate a deep affinity for Haydn's music. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Erykah Badu</b> <i>Mama's Gun</i>	9	8	9	7	7
<b>Jeff Beck</b> <i>You Had It Coming</i>	7	9	8	5	7
<b>Enya</b> <i>A Day Without Rain</i>	3	10	7	8	8
<b>Everclear</b> <i>Songs From an American Movie</i>	7	8	7	9	7
<b>Jimmy Smith</b> <i>Dot Com Blues</i>	6	9	6	9	8



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## DIGITAL DJs

Some of the top tunes of the year—even the decade—were built by software, not live bands. Songs by performers such as Moby and Puff Daddy are constructed by mixing and matching old bass lines, new beats and sampled voices. So where would these artists be without their software? Certainly not sitting on the money they are now—a fact acknowledged by Norman Cook, a.k.a. Fatboy Slim, who has said his new CD cost only about \$30 to produce, thanks to his computer. That's a nice profit margin. If you're looking to get started, you may need to



spend more than that. But killer programs that let you create your own tunes or remix your favorites from other artists are easy to find online. So are cool sound effects, samples and places to post your masterpiece once it's complete. For starters, Sonic Foundry's ACID DJ 2.0 (\$48) comes packaged with more than 700 royalty-free and professionally recorded loops, including DJ scratching, bass tracks and other samples for use when creating original music or remixing. Also check out Cakewalk's Club Tracks (\$50). The cut-and-paste-style program can help you compose drum-and-bass, house and hip-hop tunes. DJs can build songs from drum tracks and other pieces included in Club Tracks' loop library or by sampling something off a CD. Once you're ready to go pro and record your own instruments, upgrade to Cakewalk's Home Studio 9 (\$130). The program includes everything that you'll need for an electronic home studio—multitrack recording, preprogrammed loops, MP3 compatibility and an easy-to-use graphic interface. It also supports MIDI-based instruments so you can plug in MIDI keyboards or a MIDI turntable for real-time mixing and effects. To truly go digital with your DJing, download Virtual

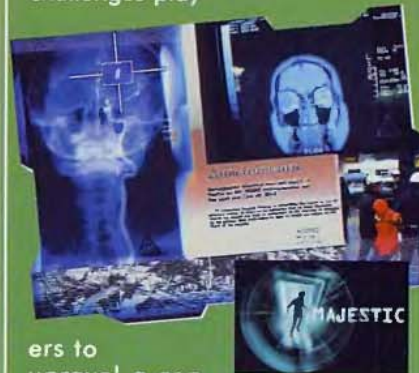
Turntables (\$42) from Carrot Innovations. The shareware program lets users mix MP3s by way of an onscreen DJ setup, complete with a mixer and turntables. Finish it all by posting your tunes and remixes for others to download at [www.propellerheads.se](http://www.propellerheads.se), [mixman.com](http://mixman.com) or [acidplanet.com](http://acidplanet.com). —JOEL ENOS

## PICKING THE MUSIC INDUSTRY'S LOCKS

The music industry learned just how vulnerable the latest digital music security technologies are after it invited hackers to attack them. A recent contest sponsored by the Secure Digital Music Initiative (a collection of about 200 companies, including Sony, EMI, Universal and even Napster) offered \$10,000 to anybody who could successfully remove a watermark designed to protect digitized music from being copied illegally. Six companies supplied the SDMI with proposed watermarks and only one rule: Hackers could not compromise the file's audio quality in any way during the process. At the contest's closing, the SDMI had received 447 entries claiming to have cracked the proposed codes. Contest officials reviewed each submission for signs of audio degradation before confirming that one of the watermarks was successfully hacked by two separate contestants. For more information, visit [sdmi.org](http://sdmi.org). —JASON BUHRMESTER

## GAME OF THE MONTH

Someone should tell the folks at Electronic Arts that video games aren't supposed to leave threatening voice mails. The company's new online game, *Majestic* (\$5-\$10 per month), does that and more. Designed for wannabe *X-Files* agents, the episodic game challenges play-



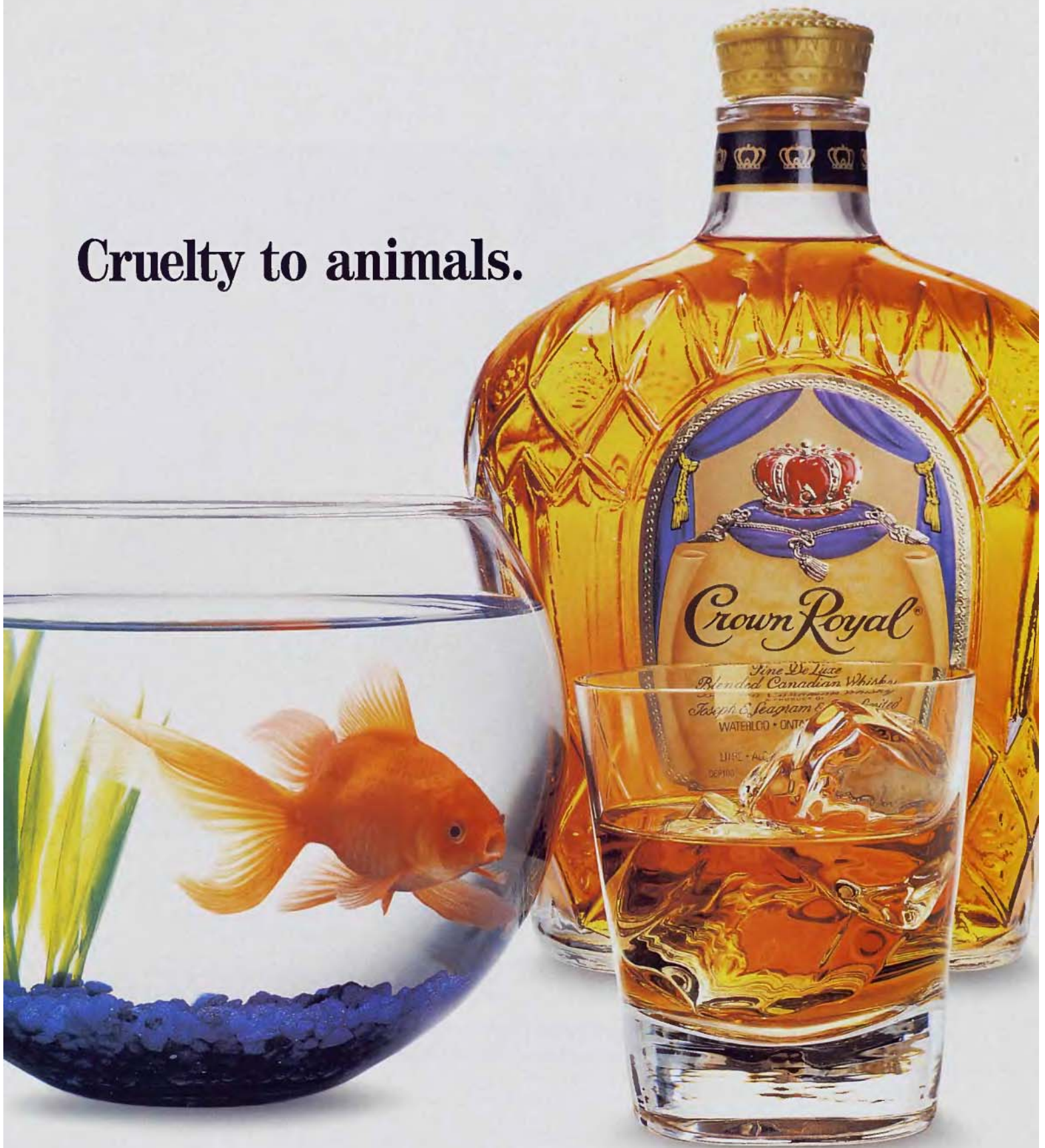
ers to unravel a conspiracy by solving puzzles and working with other users. Because the game is interactive, it might send you a fax or a voice mail claiming it will call back tomorrow, which it always does. If you don't want to be contacted, you can use a custom "in box" to receive messages. —MARC SALTZMAN

## WILD THINGS

We all know someone who stares at pictures of the girl who got away while jamming James Brown or some slow-burning blues. Even if that's not your bag, Samsung's new line of Yepp MP3 players are still cool. The Photo Yepp (pictured) plays CD-quality music imported into its internal 64MB memory through a USB connection or saved on a SmartMedia card. It can also store still images to display on its full-color screen, such as pictures with text, song lyrics or images from your own collection (\$400). For music videos on the go, Samsung's Motion Yepp plays short movies as well as MP3s stored in its internal 64MB memory or on an inserted SmartMedia card. As with the Photo Yepp, this unit displays still images and text, connects via USB cable and includes a wired remote control (about \$500). —J.B.



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## By LEONARD MALTIN

PATRICE LECONTE is a filmmaker of unlimited surprises, capable of sheer charm (*Hairdresser's Husband*) and sensuous fantasy (*Girl on the Bridge*). His latest, *The Widow of Saint-Pierre* (Lions Gate), can only be called an oddity. Juliette Binoche has the title role, as a spirited woman who lives on the Canadian island of Saint-Pierre in the mid-1800s with her husband (Daniel Auteuil), the captain of a regiment and something of a free spirit himself. When a convicted murderer (Emir Kusturica) is sentenced to Auteuil's prison because the community has neither a guillotine nor an executioner, his wife takes him under her wing, upsetting the French governor and his cronies. An interesting look at eccentricity and the irony of politics, *Widow of Saint-Pierre* never catches fire, but with a strong cast and a tangible sense of time and place, it's interesting to watch. **★★½**

*15 Minutes* (New Line) has energy to burn, and attitude to spare. Robert De Niro stars as a New York City detective who's become a pop hero and headline-grabber, but when two bodies are found in a mysterious fire, it's arson investigator Ed Burns who sniffs out the clues. The two form an uneasy alliance as they track down the culprits behind this and other vicious crimes, a pair of Eastern European immigrants who are trying to subvert the American dream by becoming well-paid media heroes. Their inspiration? The host and reporter for a top-rated investigative TV news show (Kelsey Grammer) who will do anything

for a story. Director John Herzfeld (*Two Days in the Valley*) makes sure we know where his sympathies lie in this dark satire and cautionary tale, and his soap-boxing may be too heavy-handed for some. But no one can accuse *15 Minutes*

term-memory loss. A shifty Joe Pantoliano takes him to a deserted spot where a murder may have occurred. Pearce can't remember people he's met just minutes ago, and Carrie-Anne Moss may be able to lead him to some clues that



Memento gathers Moss.

of being dull, or foolish. Even in the midst of its absurdities, there is the uncomfortable ring of truth. **★★★**

In *Memento* (Newmarket), Guy Pearce plays a man who is suffering from short-

will help him find his wife's murderer. Meanwhile, Pantoliano is dogging Pearce's trail, and warning him about getting involved with Moss. Screenwriter and director Christopher Nolan may hoodwink some viewers into believing he's created a cutting-edge piece of

## THE BEST OF 2000

In what was the worst movie year in recent memory, these films definitely stood out:

**You Can Count on Me:** Great writing, great characters, great heart and great truth.

**Billy Elliot:** A feel-good tale that steers clear of an easy formula.

**Croupier:** The movie equivalent of a good, juicy, original novel.

**Cast Away:** A triumph for Tom Hanks, writer William Broyles Jr. and director Robert Zemeckis.

**Pollock:** Ed Harris scores as both actor and director in this challenging biopic.

**Nurse Betty:** A genuine oddball, but endearing in its depiction of characters who yearn to be better than they are.

**Spring Forward:** Riveting characterizations by Ned Beatty and Liev Schrei-

ber pump up an otherwise small-scale sleeper.

**Gladiator:** A good movie made significantly better by the commanding performance of Russell Crowe.

**Best in Show:** This is easily the funniest film of the year—with a gallery of great performances.

**The Girl on the Bridge:** A sensuous fairy tale for adults, with a leading lady you can't take your eyes off of.

## HONORABLE MENTION

We've become so accustomed to Hollywood hyperbole that if a film is called good instead of great, some people take that as an insult. No slur is intended when I single out these worthy titles:

**O Brother, Where Art Thou?, Chicken Run, Joe Gould's Secret, My Dog Skip, Stardom, Thirteen Days, Tigerland, Waking the Dead.**

## THE WORST

**Battlefield Earth:** So bad I didn't even want to see it.

**Reindeer Games:** Even a naked Charlize Theron couldn't help this one.

**The Next Best Thing:** Madonna and Rupert Everett may be made for each other, but why do we have to watch?

**Love's Labour's Lost:** A musical full of people who can't sing or dance.

**Lucky Numbers:** John Travolta and Lisa Kudrow draw snake eyes.

**How the Grinch Stole Christmas:** A loud, overproduced desecration of the beloved children's book. Humbug!

**Hanging Up:** Diane Keaton, Meg Ryan and Lisa Kudrow as the most obnoxious characters of the year.

**Dr. T and the Women:** Women who weren't in *Hanging Up*, playing other obnoxious characters. —L.M.

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cinema. I'm not one of them. Unfortunately, I remember everything about this film, and I say it's a pretentious piece of hoocy. ♣

The publicity handouts for *The Cave-man's Valentine* (Universal Focus) describe it as a "neo-Gothic thriller." I'm not sure what that means, but I'm sure of one thing: This is a very strange movie. Samuel L. Jackson stars as a delusional hermit who lives in a cave in a Manhattan park. Scraggly and smelly, he's convinced that an evil power is controlling his life—and the lives of all around him—from its vantage point atop the Chrysler Building. Ah, but it wasn't always thus. Jackson was once a musical

prodigy who attended Juilliard; there are repeated cutaways to his interior visions of giant mothlike seraphs flying around him as he plays the piano. What's more, he has an estranged wife and a daughter who works for the New York Police Department. So when he suspects a young man left frozen in a tree outside his cave was murdered, he sets out to find the culprit. In other words, this possible character study of a genius gone overboard, this self-proclaimed thriller, becomes instead a whodunit with an elaborately dreadlocked Jackson as Columbo. The result is, quite simply, a mess. Kasi Lemmons made an impressive directing debut with *Eve's Bayou* several years ago; we'll just write this one off as a misfire. ♣

## SCENE STEALER

**MONICA POTTER. FIRST NOTICED IN:** *Con Air*. **SOON TO BE SEEN IN:** *Along Came a Spider*, as a Secret Service agent opposite Morgan Freeman, and *Head Over Heels*, a wacky comedy with a female slant. **WHAT SHE LIKES BEST ABOUT MORGAN FREEMAN:** He's very calming. I tend to get a little hyper when I work, but he's serene. He is exactly who you think he is, but so much more, too; he's got a side to him that's really funny. **BEST DESCRIPTION OF HEAD OVER HEELS:** It's like *Rear Window* meets *Airplane*. **WHAT STRANGERS SAY TO HER**

**ABOUT PATCH ADAMS:** People yell at me for going into the house and getting shot. Especially the old ladies at the grocery store. "Girl, why'd you go in that house?" But I'm still here! **HOW HER**

**TWO SONS (AGES 6 AND 10) AFFECT HER CAREER**

**DECISIONS:** They make it simple for me. I'll ask their opinion, especially my older,

Danny, and he'll say, "Well, I don't think that's a good idea," or "Yeah, do it; it's fun." Sometimes I stay away from

things that maybe I shouldn't, and my kids say,

"Just do it. Who cares?" **WHY WE**

**HAVEN'T SEEN HER ON-SCREEN IN**

**TWO YEARS:** Probably because I was involved with a couple of

movies, *Mission to Mars* and *Rocky and Bullwinkle*. I think I

was going back to work just to work. The movies I really

wanted to do weren't available; they would go to the

women who were higher up on the ladder. I waited, and I didn't want

to just take anything. Because then I feel I'm

cheating everyone, including myself. **WHY**

**SHE'S SO EXCITED ABOUT**

**DOING COMEDY:** I like drama, but I've been around funny people my entire life, and I think that's my calling.

—L.M.



## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**Antitrust** (Listed only) Tim Robbins plays a Bill Gates-like computer guru who recruits garage geek Ryan Phillippe in this entertaining New Age conspiracy yarn. ♣♣♣

**Cast Away** (Listed only) How many actors could involve us as completely as Tom Hanks does in this story of a man stranded on a desert island for four long years? A tour de force. ♣♣♣♣

**The Cave-man's Valentine** (See review) Samuel L. Jackson plays a genius hermit who (improbably) comes out of his cave to solve a murder mystery in this murky film from director Kasi Lemmons, who made *Eve's Bayou*. ♣

**15 Minutes** (See review) Robert De Niro is a headline-grabbing NYC detective; Ed Burns is an arson investigator. Together they try to solve a murder, in a souped-up melodrama with attitude to spare. ♣♣♣

**Invisible Circus** (Listed only) Cameron Diaz gives an impressive performance as the free-spirited older sister of Jordana Brewster, who tries to retrace her sibling's footsteps seven years after her death. Not quite as moving—or profound—as one might like. ♣♣/2

**Memento** (See review) Guy Pearce has lost his short-term memory, and Carrie-Anne Moss may or may not be trying to help him. Best description of this annoying movie: forgettable. ♣

**The Pledge** (Reviewed 3/01) Jack Nicholson gives a standout performance as a cop on the edge of retirement who's pulled into a case that becomes an obsession. Sean Penn directed this elliptical but compelling drama. ♣♣♣

**Pollock** (3/01) Ed Harris is mesmerizing as artist Jackson Pollock, with Marcia Gay Harden equally as good as the woman who becomes his wife and protector. Also impressive is Harris' directorial debut. ♣♣♣/2

**Shadow of the Vampire** (2/01) Willem Dafoe gives an eerie and memorable performance as the freakish actor who plays a vampire in F.W. Murnau's silent classic *Nosferatu*. ♣♣♣

**Snatch** (2/01) Razzle-dazzle storytelling from Guy Ritchie about criminal lowlifes from both sides of the Atlantic—including an amusingly mush-mouthed Brad Pitt. ♣♣♣

**The Widow of Saint-Pierre** (See review) Patrice Leconte, who brought us *The Girl on the Bridge* last year, doesn't fare as well with this odd fable set in the 1800s with Juliette Binoche and Daniel Auteuil. ♣♣/2

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



## GUEST SHOT



"My mind is overloaded with these great movies I've seen since I was a boy," says actor **Tony Curtis**. "The Charlie Chaplin films, Errol Flynn in *Robin Hood*, *Spartacus* and *Citizen Kane*. There were a couple of movies from the Thirties that I loved—

*Things to Come* with Raymond Massey and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*. Then there was *The Man in the White Suit* and *Tight Little Island*. Each film has a moment in it that makes you become its fan. Like in *Mermaids*, when Winona Ryder is crossing herself and Cher walks by and says, "We're Jewish." —SUSAN KARLIN

### ROAD TRIPPIN'

**Extreme Days**, now in theaters, finds four postcollege friends packing the Joyota (part Jeep, part Toyota) for a preadult-hood journey to surf, skate and snowboard their way down the West Coast. In keeping with the road trip tradition that began with Homer's *Odyssey*, they discover themselves. Or something.

**Lost in America** (1985): One of Albert Brooks' best finds him and wife Julie Hagerty selling their worldly possessions to buy a Winnebago so they can "see the real America." After she shoots the wad in Las Vegas, they have no choice but to discover themselves.

**The Last Detail** (1973): "Badass" Budduskey (Jack Nicholson) transports meek enlisted man Randy Quaid to prison from Virginia to New Hampshire, teaching the youngster how to drink, fight, get high and cuss like a sailor. Surprise: They discover themselves.

**Road Trip** (2000): Four college friends set off from Ithaca to Austin to intercept a pornographic video in the mail. After 1800 miles they discover themselves—and the flavor of white mice.

**Thelma and Louise** (1991): "Bitches from hell" Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis go on the lam after slaying a would-be rapist. Their journey to Mexico comes up a few hundred miles short. Discovery? The depth of the Grand Canyon.

**Wild at Heart** (1990): Sailor Ripley (Nicolas Cage) and Lula Fortune (Laura Dern) go on the road to explore their Elvisness, meet some eccentrics and discover themselves. For one of them, the self-discovery comes a little too late.

**Crossroads** (1986): Ralph Macchio trades his karate chops for guitar chops as he searches the Mississippi Delta for a long-lost blues tune and the devil himself. Your discovery: the amazing Ry Cooder soundtrack.



**Scarecrow** (1973): Gritty and realistic, this film has Gene Hackman and Al Pacino playing drifters who search for meaning in their futures in a time of uncertainty for the American male. On their trip from California to the East they discover a couple of hookers in a motel room.

**A Perfect World** (1993): Kevin Costner and Clint Eastwood (who's also the director) go "small" in this underappreciated character study. Costner is a fugitive with a young hostage; Eastwood is the dick hot on his tail in an Airstream. In the final confrontation, they discover themselves. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

### DISC ALERT

While director Ridley Scott's superb summer blockbuster *Gladiator* has redefined the swords-and-sandals genre, many movie buffs would argue that Russell Crowe's Maximus is no Ben-Hur. Because director William Wyler's extraordinary 1959 epic has been skewed by horrible presentations on TV, the argument has been hard to make. *Ben-Hur* and *Gladiator* fans are finally getting their day in the arena, though, as the first-ever *Ben-Hur* DVD release (Warner Bros., \$25) arrives in stores. Charlton Heston—who, as the well-born Hebrew Judah Ben-Hur, is enslaved and gets

## GUILTY PLEASURES OF THE MONTH

In the Thirties, Paramount produced a series of musical shorts that featured some great jazz musicians of the day. *Hollywood Rhythm, Volumes 1 & 2* (Kino on Video) collects some of the finest on DVD. *The Best of Jazz and Blues* features Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington's first film performances—along with 19-year-old newcomer Billie Holiday. *The Best of Big Bands and Swing* includes Bing Crosby, Artie Shaw and a pre-Fred Astaire Ginger Rogers. This is TV to tap your toes to.

even over the film's three hours and 42 minutes—delivers a solid commentary on the DVD's audio track. The main event here, however, is the film itself. Presented in its original MGM Camera 65 aspect ratio of 2.76:1, it results in thick letterbox strips along the top and bottom but is also an awesome visual experience. A winner of 11 Oscars (including best picture, director, and actor for Heston), the film arrives on DVD replete with a Dolby Digital 5.1 remix, screen tests, a making-of documentary and a digital photo gallery. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	<b>Meet the Parents</b> (You talkin' to me? Notion of De Niro as Ben Stiller's prospective father-in-law works without trying). <b>Best in Show</b> (Christopher Guest unleashes his wit on dog-show eccentrics; <i>Waiting for Guffman</i> director follows up with a howl).
MUST-SEE	<b>The Contender</b> (alleged collegiate sextests arise to threaten Joan Allen's political career; a thoughtful delight). <b>Requiem for a Dream</b> (junkies Jared Leto and Jennifer Connelly in a beautiful slow burn; <i>Pi</i> director Darren Aronofsky scores).
THE FIFTIES	<b>Two-Family House</b> (Uncle Buddy—a decent guy who can't catch a break—dreams of crooning in his own bar; a sleeper). <b>Dancer in the Dark</b> (ill-fated factory hand Björk escapes into Hollywood fantasies; Lars von Trier's bold Cannes fave).
DRAMA	<b>The Yards</b> (corruption leads a New York City contracting family down the tubes; <i>Mean Streets</i> feel counters noble-bad-guy clichés), <b>Tigerland</b> (it's the proving ground for Vietnam-bound grunts; bracingly good, when not heavy-handed).
SUSPENSE	<b>Under Suspicion</b> (Morgan Freeman thinks bigwig lawyer Gene Hackman killed some little girls; engaging, but not the sum of its parts), <b>Get Carter</b> (Stallone is outshined by his suit in this stylish remake of the Seventies British vengeance classic).



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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

## FASTER THAN NAPSTER

Friskit.com is a new website that delivers instant musical gratification by playing streaming music from all over the web. It couldn't be easier to use. Unlike Napster, there's no application program to download—just go to the site and click Launch Friskit. When the player window pops up, enter the name of an artist in the search field and Friskit will start playing all the songs it finds. I typed in Duke Ellington, and about five seconds later it began to play *Caravan*, followed by dozens of other Ellington tunes. Of course, Napster has thousands of Ellington songs available, so Friskit users miss out on a lot of material. Also, with Napster, you can save the files on your

electronic ticket. "Paper tickets are the same as cash," she said. "If you lose them, you have to buy new ones." My wife called Expedia on her cell phone and was put on hold. After a minute, the United employee told my wife she'd either have to buy new tickets or get out of line. My wife picked up our daughter and luggage and left the line, still holding the cell phone to her ear. Forty minutes later, after she had missed her flight, an Expedia employee came on. My wife, fighting back tears, explained the situation. The Expedia employee told her that the problem was out of Expedia's hands and refused to assist her. My wife went to another United counter and begged for help. This employee told my wife that she had not one but two sets of reservations: one pair of e-tickets and one pair of paper tickets. The trouble was, both were for the flight scheduled two days earlier. The employee was kind enough to reschedule the old e-tickets for the next flight to Los Angeles but told my wife that she would have to go through Expedia to get her money back for the paper tickets she'd "lost"—that is, the ones we never received. So what went wrong? I still don't know.

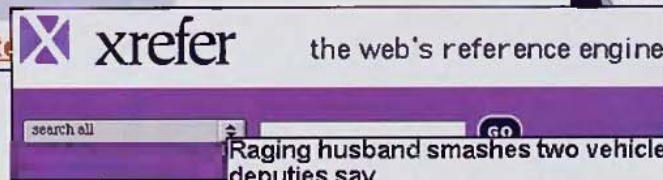


hard drive and convert them into CDs with a CD-ROM

burner. You can't save Friskit's streams. But there's no reason not to use both services. Think of Napster as your free (for now) music store and Friskit as your custom radio station. In fact, with Friskit, who needs regular radio?

## FLIGHTMARE

Until recently, I was a fan of Expedia.com, the online travel agency started by Microsoft. It's easy to find the cheapest fare, and you can store frequent-flier ID and credit card numbers, plus seating and meal preferences on the site. But no longer. Here's what happened: I used Expedia to buy round-trip tickets from Los Angeles to Denver for my wife, our three-year-old daughter and me. The first leg of the trip went smoothly. The problems began before it was time to return to Los Angeles. My wife wanted to stay in Colorado with our daughter for a couple of extra days. I went to Expedia and found there's no way to change flights from the website. So I called United but was told I'd have to make changes through Expedia. My wife called their toll-free number. It took an Expedia employee at least 30 minutes to make the simple change (which required an additional fee of \$150). When my wife went to the United counter on the scheduled day, she initially was told she had no reservation. My wife insisted she did. The United agent (a real sourpuss, according to my wife) then said she had a reservation, but it was for a flight two days earlier, and it was for a paper ticket, not an



## Raging husband smashes two vehicles, home, deputies say

Officials say he smashed his car into a house.



## The Obscure Store and Reading Room

Posted Thursday, December 28, 2000

Man listening to scanner hears cops chasing his wife  
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*Bloomsbury Dictionary of Contemporary Slang*, a compendium of jargon from the U.S., the UK, Australia, South Africa and Jamaica. Check it out; it's a naffing riot.

## WEIRD WORLD

If it weren't for Jim Romenesko, I'd never have learned that the Myrtle Beach Fire Department snubbed a \$2400 donation after city officials discovered the money was collected at a nightclub fund-raiser where women were invited to remove their tops while their bare chests were rubbed with a ham. Romenesko is the one-man publisher and editor of *obscure store.com*, a site loaded with interesting tidbits, like the story about a dog in Alabama that wandered around for 12 days with a pickled-pigs'-feet jar stuck on its head. Who needs *theonion.com* when reality is this weird?

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at [livingonline@playboy.com](mailto:livingonline@playboy.com).

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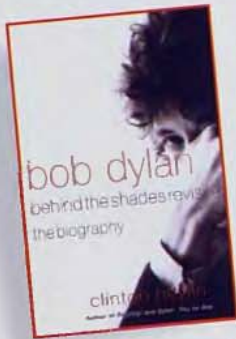
SUNDAYS AT 4PM ET



SATURDAYS AT 8PM ET



SUNDAYS AT 7PM ET



WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

Finally, a biography that gives the second half of Bob Dylan's career as much weight as the first. **Bob Dylan: Behind the Shades Revisited** (Morrow) by Clinton Heylin is for the fan who wishes he or she were one of the 700 people who watched Dylan play for four hours at Toad's Place in New Haven in 1990; or the fan who shivered during Dylan's duet of *Dark Eyes* with a newly out of retirement Patti Smith; or one of the

many fans (believe it) who treasure their copy of *Saved*. Boomer rock documentarians be damned! Yes, all the Gerde's Folk City—crazy Phil Ochs—Joan Baez—Albert Grossman—Robert Shelton—style reminiscences are here. But Heylin gives the story a proper arc with the premise that the best medium for Dylan's message—and overlooked musicality—has been live performance. Beginning with the Rolling Thunder Review of 1975 and followed by the wild performances of his born-again era and the Never-Ending Tour of the Nineties, Dylan managed to match the artistic peaks of his youth to a degree skeptics fail to recognize. Then there are the valleys (*Dylan and the Dead*, *Empire Burlesque*). It's all about the act of creation. Dylan has experienced bouts of power and despair; Heylin ties them to various muses (speed, love, divorce, faith, aging). As a bonus for Bobophiles, one of his periods of quiet fecundity is recorded in the gorgeous photos of *Dylan in Woodstock* (Genesis) by Elliott Landy. Signed limited-edition copies cost \$234; call Govinda Gallery at 800-775-1111 for information.

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

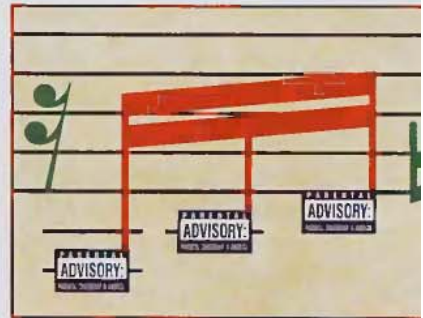


ROCKING IN THE FREE WORLD

Only women with balls of steel have succeeded in the male-dominated world of rock. In **We Gotta Get Out of This Place** (Atlantic Monthly), *Rolling Stone* contributor Gerri Hirshey profiles nearly every female rock star from Ma Rainey to Lauryn Hill. Gossip hounds take note: Chrissie Hynde almost married Sid Vicious, and a young Madonna was offered a recording contract in return for a blow job. Even when famous, Madonna was issued ultimatums—MTV refused to air *Justify My Love* unless she edited out the scenes of gay men kissing. Eric Nuzum examines this and other acts of musical censorship in **Parental Advisory** (Harper Collins). Every-

one from Dean Martin to Eminem has been the target of censors who believe they know what's best for all. Included here are well- and less-publicized acts of censorship, including the PMRC's success in getting the recording industry to issue warning labels, a judge's ruling that 2 Live Crew's *Nasty as They Wanna Be* is obscene and a Nebraska radio station's decision to not play K.D. Lang's songs because she is a vegetarian. Too bad that no one stuck a warning label on Cleveland politicians when they banned Rolling Stones concerts. **Stoned** (St. Martin's Press) chronicles the rise of the Stones' first manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, who at the age of 19 hustled five London bad boys into becoming the anti-Beatles.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

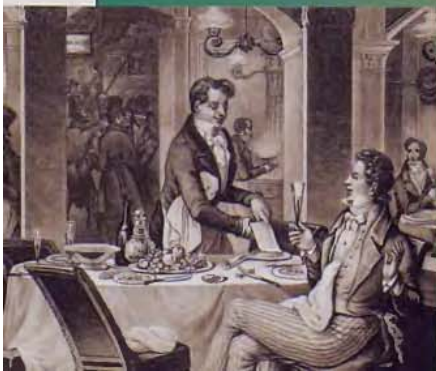


MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Over 250 years, restaurants have evolved from salons where frail Parisians sipped restorative bouillon to drive-through Taco Bells where overweight Americans devour Mucho Grande nachos. Three books detail how we got from there to here. The extraordinary *Invention of the Restaurant* (Harvard) by Rebecca Spang traces the origin to France in 1760. The first restaurants with separate tables, unfixed mealtimes and printed menus altered the way the world ate. In *The Last Days of Haute Cuisine* (Viking), Patric Kuh shows how American dining changed when elite French cuisine callied with American populism, beginning with Le Pavillon in New York in 1941 and ending with Chez Panisse in Berkeley, California.

A more invidious California cuisine grew out of postwar car culture, introduced by the San Bernardino McDonald brothers. In *Fast Food Nation* (Houghton Mifflin), Eric Schlosser paints a bleak picture of how bad food drives out good food.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

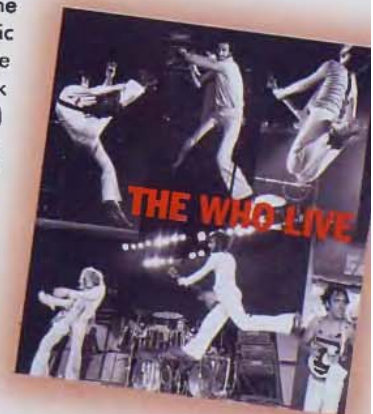


TUNE TALK

Editor Michael Friedman has taken the list craze straight to the celebrities with **Star Tunes** (Plume). Who would guess that Shirley Manson and Monica Lewinsky have a Frank Sinatra album on their top 10 lists? Or that Rick James, Todd Oldham and Slash have Jani Mitchell in common? Something worth arguing about on the way to a concert.

—REBECCA NELLIS

TALKING 'BOUT THEIR GENERATION: Innative and totally untamed, The Who exploded onto the Sixties music scene and changed rock and roll. The limited-edition documentary book **The Who Live** (Genesis Publications) captures the band's intensity in 400 amazing photos (most of them previously unpublished). There are only 1500 signed and numbered copies available worldwide, from Govinda Gallery (800-775-1111). The anthology—priced at \$570—includes a gold *Live at Leeds* CD so you can rock hard to the first real heavy metal band while reliving your past.



—HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

MY FIRST BOSS, a man by the name of Mike, was in charge of what were then called copyboys at a major Chicago newspaper. Mike was a short, tough, hard-drinking guy who looked like a bulldog and expected to be obeyed without any arguments.

It was our job as copyboys to do the basic tasks no one else wanted to do, such as fetching coffee and doughnuts for journalists or taking newspaper copy from one editor to another in the city room or pulling old stories and photos from the files for the reporters who requested them.

Mike may have had plenty of problems at home, but he did his job and did it well. He tended to explode in rage when things went wrong, and that often frightened his underlings, but I handled his anger readily, having learned at home how to deal with my father's hair-trigger temper and violent tendencies.

When I worked for Mike, I was in my early teens, a skinny kid with acne and no social graces, who brown-bagged it to work wearing the same leather jacket and gym shoes every day. But I watched Mike closely and asked him questions about the newspaper business whenever I could. Nobody taught me to do that; it was a natural reflex; it was as instinctual to me as breathing. Mike wasn't a role model. He was a walking tutorial, filled with arcane knowledge about journalism and crime and politics. He was someone to be studied and analyzed and valued, like a natural resource. I wanted to please him, of course, but I also wanted to learn how to do what Mike did—because I planned to become a boss one day, too.

That goal of leadership was implanted in me by my family and society, and I accepted it wholeheartedly. I was not supposed to be an ordinary worker all my life. I was supposed to become a boss. Bosses were cool. Bosses were enviable. They had status, money and power over people under their command. To qualify as a real man—a mensch, not a loser—I was supposed to be a leader, not a follower. The premise that was handed down to me was simple: If I was not hiring and firing and training several people under my charge, my value as a man would be limited.

What I could not know in my teens was that within a decade, I would have a different view of leadership and manhood. That by the time I was in my mid-20s, I would completely rethink the proposition that my masculinity depended on how many people I controlled, and that I would choose more solitary pursuits for the rest of my life.



## NOT ME, BOSS

I became a freelance writer precisely because it was a profession where I would not have to be responsible for the lives and fates of other people. Sure, I thought I had some talent with words, and, yes, I had some things to say to the world if the world wanted to listen. But as a writer, I would be on my own, in charge of no one else (not even an assistant), and that is how I wanted it. The work would be isolated, but if I failed, I would be the only person who crashed and burned. I would take no one with me, and that was an arrangement I could live with.

What changed my view about the link that I was taught existed between leadership and manhood? My experience in the military, where, following my need to do what was expected of me, I became an officer—a boss, in other words. Suddenly, I was responsible for the lives of many men. It was a commitment I took seriously, with full accountability, but it also haunted me from day one in the field.

In that environment, the phrase crash and burn became more than academic. As an officer trained for frontline combat, I had the power, if I made a mistake, to crash and burn scores of men. And once I had that power, I realized that I did not want it. The notion of leadership took on a whole new meaning when I was faced with life-and-death decisions. So I did my job, but as time progressed, I grew to hate it. (I still have nightmares about doing something stupid that costs my men their lives. In those dreams, the central feeling is of being overwhelmed by a task that is too difficult. I fuck up and guys die.)

I had several assignments in the mili-

tary. At one point, I found myself functioning as executive officer of an artillery battery. We fired live ammunition every day, and where that ammunition landed was my responsibility, as was the question of whether it should be fired at all. One of the great untold stories of military service is how defective some of the equipment can be, and that includes ammunition. (Not all arms manufacturers are as reliable as they claim. Just ask the ghosts of the troops who died in fire-fights in Vietnam as their M-16s jammed too easily, clogged with dirt and mud.)

There was a period when we encountered faulty artillery fuses that exploded prematurely (“muzzle bursts”) just as they exited the gun barrels. In those situations, my men could have been killed, so it was my job to balance the demand that we obey all firing missions with determining which lots of ammo might be defective. Fortunately, I guessed right (although the officers in another battery nearby did not and lost four men to muzzle bursts one night).

After many similar dilemmas over several years (the simple acts of misreading a map or misinterpreting a verbal order or allowing fatigue to thwart good judgment can have disastrous consequences), I knew I was not cut out for those kinds of responsibilities. Like it or not, I saw my men as family, not just numbers in a unit. So when I left the military after my standard tour of duty, I knew I would have to find work of a more singular and peaceful nature.

My decision to go out on my own and not be a boss in civilian life was not easy. It took all the courage I could muster to become a voluntary dropout from the race for power and status. And after I made the decision, I felt unmanly at times . . . but I had no choice in the matter, not if I wanted to maintain my sanity and health.

Life plays tricks on us, however, and I found myself in the role of a leader again when I became a father. I never told my sons this, but being a father scared the shit out of me. Talk about responsibility for human life! Fatherhood is the ultimate example of that, so the joke was on me. And while I did the best I could, there was never a time when I was without anxieties about it. Being a father was mostly a joy, but I had days when I was not sure I could live up to the responsibility of it.

Would I have been a better father if I had come out of the military hoping to be a boss and yearning for all the responsibility I could muster? That is a question I will never be able to answer, but it deserves to be asked.



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## High Rollers

When you've got it, flout it. When you don't have it—rent. Driven Image, the luxury car rental company with agencies and affiliations here and abroad, has everything from Ferraris and Porsches to Bentleys and Hummers. In fact, Driven's worldwide stable of fine wheels includes more than 250 luxury car models that rent for \$100 to \$2500 a day, depending on the make, location and season. "We spent months meeting with independent luxury car rental agencies to create this one-of-a-kind partnership," said Driven's owner Mark Guzy. "If you rent through us rather than an independent agency, we'll give you a 15 percent discount." Nice, especially when your choice of status transportation is a \$1950-per-day Lamborghini Diablo in LA or a \$900-a-day Ferrari 335 in Las Vegas. Check [drivenimage.com](http://drivenimage.com) for more info.

## HOW TO MAKE A SECRET HIDING PLACE

### COAT RACK CONCEALER

CUT OUT WALL BEHIND COAT HOOK.

STRAP VALUABLES TO WALL STUD OR USE SPRING CLIP.

### SHOWER ROD STASH

PLACE IN PLASTIC BAG AND ATTACH STRING FOR EASY REMOVAL.

### UNDER-STAIR CLOSET

FALSE WALL

### STAIR SAFE

CONCEAL HINGES ON INSIDE OF STAIR RISER OR FALSE WALL.

## Menu du Jour

Culinary kingpin Charlie Trotter says lunch at Uglesich's Restaurant in New Orleans is fantastic, and Bobby Floy of Manhattan's Bolo and Mesa Grill craves the pizza served at Patsy's on Third Avenue. Where 100 top cooks like to dine when they're not sloving over a hot stove is the subject of *Chef's Night Out* by Andrew Dornenburg and Karen Page. This \$29.95 soft-cover also touches on such subjects as what to drink with barbecue (Gewürztraminer from Alsace, says Robert Del Grande of Café Annie in Houston), the best-kept-secret restaurant in New York (Etats-Unis on E. 81st Street, according to Eric Rupert of Le Bernardin) and how to order and eat in a Chinese restaurant. (Is it proper to slurp the noodles? "Absolutely," says Barbara Tropp, former owner of China Moon Café in San Francisco. "Making noise with Chinese food is perfectly appropriate.") John Wiley & Sons is the publisher.



The ideas for these three clever hiding places came from the following Paladin Press releases: *The Big Book of Secret Hiding Places* by Jack Luger (\$14.95), *The Construction of Secret Hiding Places* by Charles Robinson (\$11.95) and *How to Hide Anything* by Michael Connor (\$12). All are books to seek. Call Paladin to order.

# MANTRACK



## Take the Plunge

Canadian rangers, South American biologists and Peace Corps workers in Mongolia choose inflatable Inno kayak for two reasons: The crafts are made of Nitrulon, a laminate of synthetic and natural rubbers over a reinforcing fabric (believe us—it's tough), and they collapse into a backpack for toting to bodies of water that are inaccessible by boat. Among the six styles available, the Safari, pictured here, is ideal for both whitewater and placid lakes. Price: \$549, including a dry-bag backpack. Another model, the Sunny (\$650), is a great calm-water craft for two. A video is available for \$8 and a special lightweight foot pump is only \$29.

## Geek Chic

Where else but in Silicon Valley would you find a boutique hotel designed to feel and function like the home away from home of a creative thinker? In the rooms at the Hotel Avante in Mountain View, the furniture is on wheels for easy re-arranging, there are high-speed plug-ins by the bed and the desk has a drawer that holds business amenities and low-tech toys such as a Slinky. CDs can be borrowed from the hotel's lending library, and the lounge (below) is decorated Fifties style with a hi-fi for LPs, an Eames lounge chair and a Noguchi coffee table. We're talking funky, but



there's also an executive boardroom, a fitness center, a courtyard with a pool and Jacuzzi, plus complimentary breakfasts. An evening wine reception includes a free bottle. Rates begin at \$225 per night double occupancy. A huge studio suite is \$450. (Call 800-538-1600 for reservations.)

## Night Moves: Bangkok

Socializing after dark in Bangkok is a year-round sport, even during the hot months (March to May) and the rainy season (June to September). Cocktail hour begins before sundown. Start with a drink at the Shongri-Lo Hotel's Sunset Bar (89 Soi Wot Suan Plu) on the Choo Phroyo River, then taxi to Cobblestones and Condoms (12 Soi Sukhumvit Road). Part of the cost of your dinner (figure about \$30 per person, including on excellent wine) goes to benefit PDA, Thailand's largest population and AIDS control organization. Another choice back in the Shongri-La is Angelini, an elegant multilevel restaurant that arguably serves the best Italian food in town. Patpong, Bangkok's red-light district, offers erotic entertainment galore, but check your bill for the hidden charges added by some hostess bars. On the main floor in most establishments, scantily clad dancers get up close and personal with a pole. Upstairs is where the erotic action takes place, with female performers doing what comes unnaturally with weird objects. Live sex is sometimes performed about midnight. The show at Firecat on Patpong 1 is a must-see. The last time we were there, dancers clad in loin cloths cooed with a giant octopus (no, it wasn't alive) while a couple screwed in a three-wheeled tuk-tuk. Later, check out the music of Brown Sugar (231/20 Soi Sorosin), a small, smoky jazz club. Top off the evening with a nightcap at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel's Bamboo Bar (48 Oriental Avenue). Cognac and Cubans are expensive, but the ambience and the music is first-rate.



## Guys Are Talking About ...

Premium sake. Why? Because the really good ones are supposed to be hangover free. We'll drink to that with Momokawa Diamond, a traditional junmai ginjo sake, and Moonstone Raspberry, a fruit-infused style. Both are created in Oregon by Sake One from rice with no artificial ingredients. Price: About \$9 a 750 ml bottle. • Restaurant reservations online. Menus.com claims it can reserve a table at even the hard-to-get-into dining establishments. Give it a try.

There are 300,000 restaurants in its database, and you can search by region and cuisine type as well as browse menus.

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# The Playboy Advisor

**A** college friend invited me to come along on a weekend boat trip. I grabbed my bikini and we drove to a lake in a van with four guys she knew. When we arrived, there were about 30 boats tied together on the water. After about two hours, a guy grabbed a bullhorn and announced it was time for Raise the Flag. Everyone climbed over the boats to a stage that was built from two pontoons. Four guys volunteered to have strings tied around their waists with flags that draped down over their crotches. They also had their hands tied behind their backs. Four girls then climbed onstage and paired off with the guys. The women yanked down the guys' swim trunks and were handed bottles of oil to rub on themselves and anywhere on their partners except their cocks and balls. Prizes were awarded each time a flag was raised. Two guys also won \$100 when they allowed the women to measure their erections. The game continued on various boats. My girlfriend had a tape measure, so we both got our hands on a few penises. At one point I watched the guys bring my friend to orgasm with their hands, and I found myself getting very turned on. I touched only one guy, and he was the only guy who touched me. We've talked on the phone a few times since, and now I'm torn between going on the next trip and wanting to be with him. Any suggestions?—A.R., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*God bless America—after all that, you ask the Advisor a relationship question? We need a moment to calm ourselves. Ask this guy out, already. Getting to know him better is the only way to determine if you should pledge your allegiance, or if he wants it. At the very least, you'll have a chance to raise his flag in a sovereign state—your bedroom.*

**O**ne thing that limits the number of beautiful, intelligent, sexy women I can date is my height. It's intimidating to be the shortest guy around, and because I'm 5'5" that's usually the case in almost every bar or club. Are there any viable solutions to growing taller once you've reached your 20s? I've seen suggestions on the Internet that range from doing stretching exercises for months to injecting human growth hormone to visiting an endocrinologist. If you have any advice not only for me but for the entire population of shorter guys, we'd be indebted to you.—A.K., Washington, D.C.

*Besides lifts in your shoes or radical surgery, there's nothing to be done. The growth plates have fused in nearly every person by the age of 20. We suggest you accept your height as one of your many unique qualities and spend your energy on something more*



*productive, such as learning 100 good short-guy jokes. You also should know, as a matter of routine, some of the shorter men who did more for the world than the 10 tallest guys you know: Mozart, Beethoven, Gandhi, Churchill, Hitchcock (Napoleon, at 5'7", was closer to today's average of 5'8"). There are drastic measures you can take if you're completely nuts. Years ago we wrote about a guy who didn't meet the height requirement to become a Detroit cop. He slept in traction for several months to boost his height by two inches (he gained an inch and a half). This past year, a 4'9" British teenager hoping to grow tall enough to be a flight attendant had doctors break both her femurs. She spent four weeks in traction and gained five inches, one inch shy of the requirement. The point is, you could go through all that, be released from the hospital in pain and in debt, and then fall in love with a woman who's 6'1". Taller guys, you should realize, have their own complaints—they tower over most women, slam their heads on unfamiliar doorways, can't hear what's being said at parties and look awkward dancing. The only men who seem content are six-footers, but they all have small penises.*

**I**'ve heard that speaker cables should be exactly the same length for the best sound, on the theory that you want the signal to reach each at the same time. That is, if your left speaker is connected with 10 feet of wire, the right speaker also should be connected with exactly 10 feet of wire. True?—G.F., Miami, Florida

*Sure, if you have only 20 feet of wire. The signal travels at 688,498,300 feet per second, more or less. A few feet certainly won't make a difference.*

**I** am a 50-year-old retired professional who would like to act in porn. I'm six feet tall, 200 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes, and I've lasted more than seven hours. What do I need to do?—T.E., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*You don't want to work in porn; you want to have sex with porn babes. In all likelihood, you don't have what it takes to be a professional fucker. Build and penis size have nothing to do with whether you would be cast. All that matters is whether you can get hard and come on cue with a woman you don't necessarily find attractive, under hot lights, in front of an impatient crew. Once you're erect, you must remain hard for hours as you're repositioned to create the illusion of spontaneous sex. You have to get hard again after lunch and potty breaks. You'll spend much of your time absentmindedly stroking yourself. The pay sucks—maybe \$100 for a shoot that includes two or three pop shots. You need to live in southern California. And there's no way you'll get an audition unless (1) you know a director or producer who will take a chance on casting you, since he'll be out a good sum if you can't perform, or (2) you know a woman who's supermodel gorgeous and who wants to become a hard-core star but insists she won't fuck anyone but you. If you can attract someone like that, you don't need help getting laid. For more background, pick up a copy of 1-2-3 Be a Porn Star! (310-572-4125 or sexyjobs.com). You also could make your own videos, which might work as an introduction. But you'll have to find the women by yourself.*

**I**'ve heard about charts that indicate when you should open a specific vintage wine. Who determines the timetables and how?—R.F., Phoenix, Arizona

*Vintage charts are educated guesswork and should be treated as guidelines—otherwise you aren't going to have any fun. Everyone enjoys his or her wine at different stages of maturity, so the only way to determine when a vintage is at its best is to buy a case and open a bottle once in a while to see how you think it's doing. There are worse chores in life. The charts are formulated to say: Here's what we think wines of a particular region in a particular vintage year will be like, based on general characteristics of that region's vintage as a whole. In her book Vintage Timecharts, Jancis Robinson notes that any answer to the question of when to open a particular bottle must be "couched in conditionals—if the wine has been shipped and stored correctly, if your taste is more English than French, if you plan to drink the wine with food and at the right temperature and so on. One further frustrating aspect is that, in a sense, one never knows for sure when a wine has reached its peak until that*

peak is past and the wine begins to show signs of decline." Despite these caveats, Robinson provides colorful, controversial graphs that chart the evolution of classic wines over time. Her precision is the subject of heated arguments best settled over a good bottle of wine—properly aged, of course.

**A** recent *Scientific American* article stated that one of the reasons for the high rate of HIV infections in Africa is that the men prefer "dry" sex. Am I missing something? I have been married for 25 years, and wetter has always been better.—J.M., Newtown, Connecticut

*We're sure your wife agrees. Most men in sub-Saharan Africa demand dry sex because it increases friction and because wetness is considered a sign of a woman's infidelity. The women comply because they don't have the status to refuse. They dry themselves with soap and water, detergent, toothpaste, salt, cotton, shredded newspapers, baboon urine mixed with soil or inflammatory herbs that also make the vagina tighter. Then they suffer through intercourse. Not only is dry sex extremely painful, it causes tears or abrasions in the vaginal walls, giving HIV an easy route into the bloodstream. Dry sex also does a condom no favors. These are important lessons for anyone, anywhere, who hopes to avoid HIV or any blood-borne disease, such as hepatitis. But in Africa, where many men believe a woman's role in sex is only to provide pleasure and/or children, ignorance is killing millions of wives, sisters and mothers. It's a sad, vicious circle: The women find sex painful and avoid it, so the men visit prostitutes and take mistresses, justifying their behavior by explaining that their wives are nonresponsive. The disease also is spreading because of low condom use, the high rates of other STDs and fallacies such as the belief that deflowering 100 virgins will rid you of HIV. More than 25 million Africans are expected to die of AIDS within a decade.*

**I** am 30 and happily married. This is the second marriage for both of us. My problem is, the only two women I've ever slept with are my ex and my wife. Hell, they're the only two women I've been naked with. This bothers me, and I'm not sure why. Both my ex and my wife had multiple partners before we met. I don't feel that's a bad thing, just that I've missed out. I never even had to pursue anyone. My first wife threw herself at me, and my current wife and I were friends for six months before we decided to date. When the guys at work talk about their escapades (I know half of it is probably made up, but that leaves an awfully big other half), I feel left out. Am I as abnormal as I feel? How can I get over these feelings without putting my marriage in jeopardy?—C.T., Cypress, California

*Look on the bright side—you're two steps ahead of the virgins. You won't "get over"*

*these feelings any time soon. Even guys who have had hundreds of lovers wonder what it would be like to be with a woman besides their wife. Some men choose to cheat—and then wonder what sex would be like with a different mistress. That's why marriage can be exasperating and rewarding at the same time—you're committed to one person, which means that you'll never have sex with anyone else. But you also nabbed your first choice, which allowed you to call off the search and relax. That should be some consolation. You could abandon your marriage and begin a Don Juanian quest for fulfillment, but we both know you'd regret it. A man can't live on cheap sex alone. If you want wild flings, you're sleeping with a woman who knows better than any other how to turn you on. In the long run you'll have more fun with her.*

**I** have a relatively small penis, so it's difficult to fuck women with big asses in the doggy-style position. Do you have any suggestions?—J.T., Houston, Texas

*Aim for a closer target.*

**R**egarding the question to the Advisor in February about penis piercings—I just had one done, but I've received differing opinions about whether I'm going to have trouble with airport metal detectors. What's the scoop? I wouldn't mind dropping my pants for a security guard, as long as she's hot.—H.J., St. Louis, Missouri

*Piercings rarely set off alarms—when they do, it's usually because your jewelry is concentrated in one area or the rings are of a particularly heavy gauge. Handheld wands, however, may pick them up, which could create a scene straight out of *Spinal Tap*. What gets you in trouble typically isn't the piercings but the baggage you're carrying. Last year, Turkish authorities stopped a British dancer who had triggered an airport alarm, and a search revealed a total of six metal rings in her nipples and genitals. She also had three kilos of heroin strapped to her chest. More recently, a woman posting to the online *Cock and Ball Torture Forum* related how she had asked her husband/slave to pick her up at the airport. He was delayed not because of his thick nipple and penis piercings, which had never been a problem, but because of two small padlocks his wife used to tightly bind his balls whenever the couple were apart. Let that be a lesson.*

**I**s it possible for a civilian to buy a ride on a military fighter jet? I think this would make a great Father's Day gift.—M.R., Brooklyn, New York

*Come on, don't be a cheapskate—give him the whole jet. You can pick up a decommissioned Soviet MiG these days for as little as \$30,000, though the fuel costs might bankrupt you. Defanged fighter jets can be flown in U.S. airspace only for exhibition or pilot proficiency, so rides can't be sold. But there are any number of collectors willing to take a passenger who agrees to split the cost of fuel,*

*which runs a few hundred dollars an hour. For leads, contact the Classic Jet Aircraft Association through its website at [www.classicjets.org](http://www.classicjets.org). Depending on your budget, you also might get in touch with Space Adventures, which for \$12,595 will strap your dad into a MiG-25 at a Moscow military base and take him up 80,000 feet and down again to pull tricks at Mach 2.8 (call 888-857-7223). Many companies and a few museums offer less-costly rides in World War II-era fighters such as the T-6 and T-34; you'll find a list at [warbirdalley.com](http://warbirdalley.com). And for \$895, Air Combat USA will send your dad up for six simulated dogfights in an Italian-built prop fighter—an experienced pilot handles the takeoff and landing, and your father is equipped with a parachute, a helmet, a flight suit and a few combat tactics. The firm is based in Fullerton, California but has a road show that travels the country. Phone 800-522-7590.*

**W**hat is the size of the average female breast?—M.S., Murray Hill, New Jersey

*We've never seen an average breast. The average bra size is 36B, and has been since the introduction of the modern bra about 90 years ago. The common perception is that bosoms are growing larger—in *Woman: An Intimate Geography*, Natalie Angier quips that breasts are expected to expand with the human brain, given that every female character on sci fi shows has a C cup or larger. There has been a sharp increase in the number of women getting implants, now around 200,000 a year, up 90 percent between 1997 and 1999. But, relatively, that figure is small. A lingerie company in the UK claims that the average bra size there has increased from 34B in the mid-Sixties to 36C today, and another survey attributed the same increase to U.S. women since 1991. We're skeptical, and those sorts of statistics are meaningless anyway. When a man loves a woman, her breasts look just right.*

**I** am divorced and remarried. What should I do with my first wedding band? Should I pawn it, or melt it down and sell it for scrap? I don't want to throw it away, but I don't want to keep it. What does the Advisor suggest?—D.R., Delaware, New Jersey

*Give it to your wife. She'll take care of it.*

*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). The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*





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Dior

## PURE LOVE PREPOSTEROUS

what happens when church and state design a sex ed course

**T**he sexual revolution is raging on—in the classroom. On one side are parents who want schools to prepare their children for the modern world. On the other side are those who equate ignorance with innocence, who feel that schools should teach abstinence, not sex.

A survey of 1500 parents and teenagers by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation found that the vast majority were in favor of comprehensive sex education. The figures were revealing: Ninety-eight percent of the teens and adults felt that sex ed should cover AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases; 97 percent wanted teachers to cover abstinence, what to do in cases of rape or sexual assault, and how to communicate about sex. Almost as many wanted sex ed to include guidance on how to deal with pressure to have sex and the emotional consequences of the act.

Nine out of 10 parents thought sex ed should cover the basics of reproduction and birth control; almost as many thought students needed advice on how to talk with a partner about birth control and STDs. More than three quarters thought courses should cover abortion and sexual orientation. The survey suggests a consensus on the perils of sexual ignorance. Parents don't want to encourage sexual activity, but neither do they want to deny their children the information needed to have a responsible, healthy and fulfilling sex life.

Never have the desires of the governed differed so from the intent of those who govern. Conservatives argue that we should teach the Puritan fantasy—that marriage is the only morally acceptable place for sex and that nonmarital sex leads to misery. Far out of proportion to their numbers, conservatives influence school curricula. Only 18 states and the District of Columbia mandate sex education in the schools. Of these, the vast majority teach abstinence. A study by

the Guttmacher Institute found that 23 percent of U.S. school districts require schools to teach abstinence and to discuss contraception only in terms of failure rates and negative consequences. In 1988, just two percent of school districts stressed abstinence.

In 1996, as part of a welfare reform program, Congress voted to spend \$250 million over five years to develop an abstinence curriculum. Under federal law, funds are available only to schools that teach the following:

- Abstinence has social, psychological and health benefits.



- Abstinence is the only certain way to prevent out-of-wedlock pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases.

- A mutually faithful and monogamous married relationship is the standard for sexual activity.

- Sexual activity outside marriage is likely to have harmful psychological and physical effects.

- Out-of-wedlock childbearing is likely to harm the child, the parents and society.

- Techniques to reject sexual advances and how alcohol and drug use increase vulnerability to sex.

- The importance of attaining self-sufficiency before engaging in sex.

The bribery worked. In 1999, all 50 states, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands applied for funds, although holdouts California and New Hampshire decided not to use the money immediately.

Some states used the money to fund media campaigns with a "Sex Can Wait" or a "Not Me, Not Now" theme. Some sponsored after-school support groups.

Several right-wing groups saw an opportunity to infiltrate classrooms with thinly disguised religious propaganda. The Pure Love Alliance, a group known for its boisterous virginity rallies, for encouraging teens to take purity pledges and for inventing the guilt-free concept of "Secondary Virginity," created something called Clue 2000 (Creating Love and Uplifting Esteem).

The course claims to be the first and only curriculum built exclusively around the "abstinence only" guidelines put forth by the U.S. government. The authors of these new facts of life boast that it is not a sex education program, and that no graphic sexual images will be shown in class.

When you take the sex out of sex education, what's left? Certainly not education. The

Pure Love textbook given to students opens with an attack on the Sexual Revolution, claiming it has weakened the nation: "Sex in America today is more explicit than ever. Naked women sell laundry soap on billboards in New York City, TV sitcoms talk openly about illicit sexual relationships and students in public schools are encouraged to overcome their inhibitions—to talk openly and honestly about sex of any kind. This is the result of the sexual revolution. The promises of the revolution were more freedom and better sex. But the consequences were very different."

The textbook says the evil twins of the sexual revolution were Alfred Kinsey and Hugh Hefner, who "worked together to change America's

BY JAMES A. PETERSEN

attitudes, norms, laws and sexual behavior." Imagine. Hef being taught to high school students. "Hefner promoted sex for personal pleasure, mocking the traditional Judeo-Christian values as religious antisexualism. Adultery and fornication were repackaged and sold to the American public as something good—a new freedom—as long as the relationship was consensual and infertile. In PLAYBOY's concept of sex-for-pleasure, even love was removed from sex. In order to justify sex outside of marriage, the sexual revolution created a division between the two mutually fulfilling purposes of sex—to create love and new life. PLAYBOY's new morality went beyond the adult audience by providing the foundation for sex education in public schools."

Clue 2000 summarizes that philosophy: "If teenagers act like adults, treat them like adults. Give them the contraceptive devices, knowledge and training so that they can reduce the dangers of unprotected sex."

Pure Love believes that such advice should only be "part of premarital training," i.e., when a couple becomes engaged, only then should they be told what happens in bed. "Instead of pushing the age limit lower, we should try to delay sex education to protect a child's natural innocence. Until then they should be taught the right reasons of saving sex for marriage."

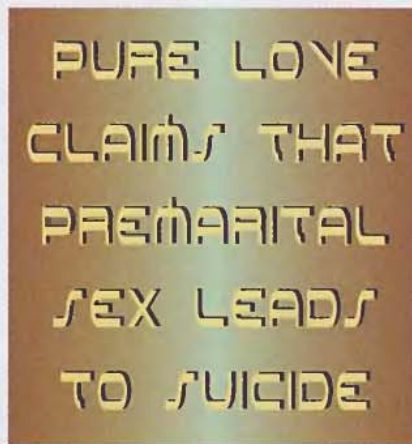
The book goes on to describe the abstinence advantage: Choosing abstinence, it tells students, helps you avoid the risks related to promiscuous sex, develop character and expand your career choices: "Today there are more than 28 known sexually transmitted diseases, and new ones are continually being found. Many have no visible symptoms, yet can cause infertility, cancer and death. More than eight times as many Americans have died of AIDS than died in the Vietnam war. Remember, the right choice is supposed to lead to greater freedom. How free are you if you are dead?"

The authors list the psychological damage of premarital sex: Regret. Heartbreak. Guilt and shame. Loss of self-respect. Fear of commitment. Anxiety from fear of disease or pregnancy. Rage over betrayal. Depression or suicide.

Chapter three justifies the demand for abstinence as something akin to fire codes, environmental standards, automobile safety standards and aviation standards. Society has the right

to enforce the maximum safety standard. "Sex outside of marriage is unsafe. It threatens public health. There are currently eight STD epidemics in the U.S. If our nation practiced the standard of abstinence until marriage and fidelity within marriage, most of these epidemics would be eliminated in one generation."

The next example is a killer. "One person in Africa probably contracted AIDS/HIV by unknowingly getting infected with contaminated monkey blood. If that person were living a monogamous life (meaning he was only having sex with his spouse), then probably only one or two people would have died from AIDS. There would be a chance that their children might get infected, but it would be very unlikely that the disease would have spread beyond that immediate



family."

The book implies that abstinence should be worked into zoning codes, because "communities where loving two-parent families are the norm have lower crime rates (due to less physical or sexual abuse), fewer funerals and more marriages, prospering businesses, higher property values, better schoolchildren with higher educational achievements, fewer welfare dependents and a larger tax base that creates better public services." Fewer funerals? What do they do with their dead?

Finally, Clue reduces religion to the equivalent of a surgeon general's sticker on cigarette packaging: "Religions vary, but every religious scripture has a clearly worded warning about the dangers of misusing sex. It is wrong to call this fear-based. Avoiding the risks is like heeding the warning labels placed on products that could be misused and dangerous. Of course, the warning label is not the instruction manual, but its advice

must nonetheless be heeded. If not, it could cause serious harm or even death. The warning labels are short, commanding in tone, printed in red and very visible."

Then, insisting that the course is not teaching a religion in school, the text advises students:

"Flee from sexual immorality. All other sins a man commits are outside his body, but he who sins sexually sins against his own body." Christianity: 1 Corinthians 6:18

"Do not commit adultery." Judaism: Exodus 20:14

"The man who goes to the wife of another digs up the very roots of life." Buddhism: Dhammapada 18:247

"From lustful passions comes the confusion of the mind, then loss of memory, then negligence of duty. From this loss comes the ruin of reason and the ruin of reason leads to destruction." Hinduism: Bhagavad Gita 2:63

We're not sure high school students are inclined to adultery.

The course comes with a list of suggested activities. In one, the teachers are supposed to act out an ad for "the golden Trojan." The skit involves a wife confronting a cheating spouse, who pulls out the golden Trojan and explains that even though he fools around there is no risk of disease or pregnancy. "Wife is relieved and everyone is happy." Objective: "Students should realize that condoms don't protect the heart." In another exercise students pass pieces of tape around the room, then try to stick them together. "Show that the pieces do not stick very well because they eventually get dirty. This demonstration signifies two people who have engaged in a sexual relationship. The sticky pieces of tape represent each person's heart. Because they've been soiled through the heartache of many broken relationships, often people have an inability to achieve true intimacy. Take two new pieces of tape and stick them together. This shows a couple who waited until they got married. Both tapes stick together very tight because they haven't had contact with anything else."

Then there's the "three minutes to live" exercise. Students imagine that they're on a plane that's about to crash. The captain suggests they write a letter to a friend or loved one. At the end of the three minutes, the teacher makes a sudden loud noise, then collects and reads the letters—but probably not the one that says: "Wish we'd fucked."

## WHAT AMAZON.COM KNOWS ABOUT SEX

a look at the five best-selling sex manuals

**T**he sex manual is alive and well and selling like hotcakes on the Internet. Amazon has no less than seven sex best-seller lists covering topics such as pornography, erotica, psychology, fetishes and instruction. We purchased the five manuals with the highest overall sales to evaluate the state of popular sexpertise.

**How to Be a Great Lover: Girlfriend-to-Girlfriend Totally Explicit Techniques That Will Blow His Mind**

**The Promise:** Lou Paget solicits advice from the men and women who attend her sexuality seminars to present, in this case, "the down-and-dirty details about what men like and why."

**Visual Stimulation:** Line drawings.

**Sample Trick:** The Birdcage. After slathering her hands with lubricant, the woman grasps the base of the erect penis with one hand. She puts the other above the head of his penis "like an open-hand umbrella. Watch your nails! With your fingers pointed down and encircling the head, lower your umbrella hand in a back-and-forth juicing motion down as far as your hand will go until you reach your palm. Juice on the head for a few seconds, then twist back up and start again."

**The Dirty Word:** Where do we sign up—or, rather, where does our girlfriend sign up?

**Secrets of Sensual Lovemaking**

**The Promise:** *P.O.V.* sex columnist Tom Leonardi explains how to give a woman the "ultimate sensual experience"—ejaculatory G spot orgasms.

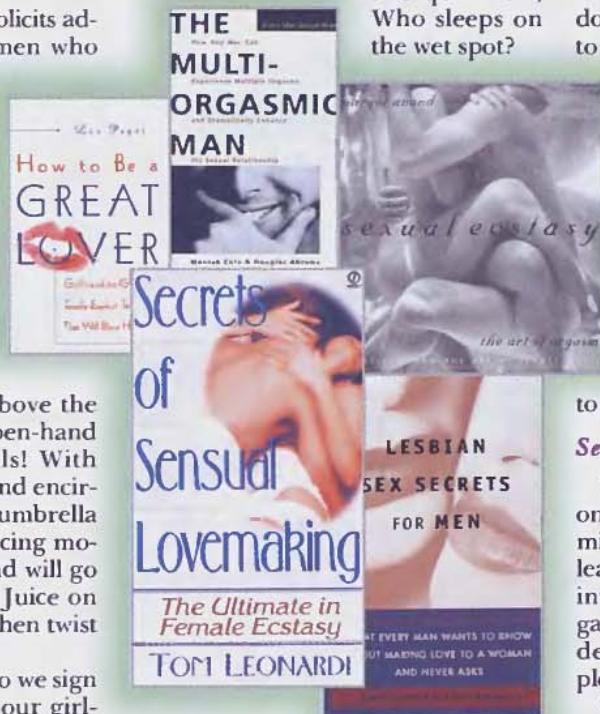
**Visual Stimulation:** None.

**Sample Trick:** The title should be *Secret of Sensual Lovemaking*, or maybe *Alleged Secret of Sensual Lovemaking*. The book discusses just one technique. "Don't swish your finger all around—keep the pressure on the topmost inner wall, the area inside and right behind the clitoris. This is the famous G spot. At first rub her G spot with a very soft up-and-down motion. Then begin to apply greater pressure, increasing gradually to the amount of pressure you'd use to write

By John D. Thomas

your name on a fogged-up window. Whether it's another 10 seconds, 60 seconds or a couple of minutes, she's going to explode from within. At the very least her hot liquid will seep out of her, running down her buttocks and off her body. But, most likely, the liquid will physically fly from her vagina, two, four, eight, even 12 or more inches away from her."

**The Dirty Word:** Doesn't answer the question, Who sleeps on the wet spot?



**The Multiorgasmic Man**

**The Promise:** With its combination of ancient Taoist techniques and science, this manual claims to show men how to separate orgasm and ejaculation, "allowing them to transform the momentary release of ejaculation into countless peaks of whole-body orgasms."

**Visual Stimulation:** Charts, textbook anatomy lessons and a drawing purporting to show the penis' "reflexology."

**Sample Trick:** The Million-Dollar Point, which is just in front of the anus. "There should be an indentation when you push at the correct spot. You will need to push your finger in up to your first joint. One mul-

tiorgasmic man described his experience: 'Pressing on the Million-Dollar Point for a while decreases my erection and the danger of ejaculating greatly.' You will be able to use this technique during intercourse without withdrawing."

**The Dirty Word:** Since when is ejaculation a danger?

**Lesbian Sex Secrets for Men**

**The Promise:** This book, based on focus groups held with straight men and lesbians, claims to "open the doors of the bedrooms of gay women to answer your most intimate questions about making love to the woman you love."

**Visual Stimulation:** None.

**Sample Trick:** "Do not mimic porno tongue. Grazing over the surface of her clitoris in short, pithy, frustrating strokes will not get you a gold star. You need to get your whole mouth and her whole vulva involved."

**The Dirty Word:** So what's next: Gay men teaching women to give head?

**Sexual Ecstasy: The Art of Orgasm**

**The Promise:** Margot Anand calls on her years of teaching Multiorgasmic Response, which helps "women learn the secrets of how to experience intense, prolonged and ecstatic orgasms while their partners learn the delicate art of giving this ultimate pleasure."

**Visual Stimulation:** Explicit drawings of genitalia and cosmic coupling.

**Sample Trick:** The "blended" female orgasm from stroking both the clitoris and the G spot. After asking permission to enter her "sacred garden," the man should "create a rhythmic blended movement in both places. For example, you can run your fingers over her Cleo [clit] down toward the mouth of her Yoni [vagina], while your fingers on her G spot push inward. In this way, the hands move in opposite directions, as if going toward each other, in a kind of double-action massage. Or you can grip the shaft of her Cleo with two fingers and stimulate the tip with a third finger, while the fingers of your other hand run in and out over her G spot."

**The Dirty Word:** What ever happened to pussy?

## ARMING AMERICA: YEA

Thanks to Michael Bellesiles' meticulous research for his book *Arming America*, the National Rifle Association's claim that guns have always been commonplace and necessary for survival in the U.S. has been proved as false as its claim that more guns will make us safer ("Arming America" by James R. Petersen, *The Playboy Forum*, January). The NRA and its allies rely on a mythology about guns and the Second Amendment because they have few legitimate, rational arguments. Bellesiles shows that gun ownership was strictly controlled early in our nation's history and that the Second Amendment was in no way a hindrance to reasonable gun laws. He has produced a work of unquestionable historical and societal merit.

Michael Barnes  
Handgun Control Inc.  
Washington, D.C.

## ARMING AMERICA: NAY

Bellesiles states that not every colonial American owned a firearm. The NRA never said they did. Bellesiles claims colonials were lousy shots. Of course they were. Most soldiers, under the terrible pressure of combat, will falter. He says that many colonials fled in the face of combat. Ask anyone who has faced the terror of war: The natural reaction is to run. It takes training to condition a unit of individuals to act as a team. Bellesiles states that the militia was no match for the British army. This is no secret: Militia groups were colonists who banded together for the protection of their communities. The British army was the best-trained, best-equipped and best-led military force in the Western Hemisphere.

The need to motivate both military and civilian patriots despite heavy losses, numerous defeats, economic deprivation, starvation and fear was not lost on Congress. The continental army was formed out of bitter necessity. For those who recalled the oppressions of Britain and Europe, the army was sus-



FOR THE RECORD



"They're scary, they're sexy, they're lurid. I worry a little bit about their subliminal messages. What do they say about women? What's important? What's strong? To be naked, sexy and scary? Is that how you get what you want?"

—Psychiatrist Dr. Nada Stolland, medical director of the Wellington Center for Women in Chicago, on the depiction of comic book heroines

pect. The image of the militiaman, an armed patriot, was the symbol of rugged individualism and stubborn resistance to oppression chosen as a rallying icon for Revolutionary America.

George Washington called firearms "our liberty teeth." Through the centuries, most nations have established their governments by royal succession, the conquering of one nation by another or the forcible acquisition of land and resources. Our nation's founders managed to accomplish something

unprecedented in human history. Because of their wisdom, we armed Americans have been able to maintain a working representative republic based on democratic ideals, with established and protected individual rights.

Bellesiles' book will damage the collective American psyche. He states that he wants facts and not folklore. Yet it is the folklore, the legend, that is far more important. One could fill tomes with raw data and not achieve the motivation and enduring resolve imparted by legend. If contemporary America discards our armed heritage because of a few discrepancies in the historical record, then we do not deserve liberty. Sadly, there are many persons today who would gladly do just that. Bellesiles has given them the ammunition they need to bring down the proudest beast of all—the American spirit.

Al Turner  
Columbia, Missouri

*The editors respond: We don't doubt the power of myths, which is why we like to challenge them. By the way, George Washington never called firearms "our liberty teeth," as we discovered the hard way after we assembled historic quotes on gun control for What the Founding Fathers Really Said About Gun Control (see The Playboy Forum, March 1996). Our reading of Bellesiles left us with a greater appreciation of colonial Americans. It's not that they showed up armed that made them patriots; it's that they showed up without arms.*

In his interview with Bellesiles, Petersen asserts that the lack of firearms among early Americans "calls into question that the Second Amendment created a personal right to bear arms." Putting aside the question of the validity of the gun ownership statistics derived by Bellesiles, his evidence is irrelevant for interpreting the Second Amendment.

The Constitution represented a break with colonial practices in many respects. For example, many colonies sponsored churches and granted rights only to those of the "correct" religion.

RESPONSE

Yet the Constitution and the First Amendment prohibit such religious restrictions. Similarly, one cannot examine the Second Amendment based on gun restrictions and ownership rates at the time the Bill of Rights was adopted. As Bellesiles notes, guns were very expensive until Samuel Colt's revolver was introduced. It is not surprising that many Americans did not own guns until the mid-19th century. The failure to exercise a right is not evidence of a lack of such a right.

Timothy Perri  
Boone, North Carolina

Bellesiles omits the crucial contribution of Daniel Morgan's riflemen to the Continental cause. One of Morgan's men, Timothy Murphy, killed British general Simon Fraser at Saratoga at a range of some 300 yards, leading to an American victory that encouraged France to enter the Revolution on our behalf. Indeed, Bellesiles' constant recitation of the paucity of guns in American hands and the lack of armed men to defend their homes seems primarily an argument that they should have had guns. It certainly does not suggest that their being unarmed was a help to anyone but the British. The gun was essential to westward expansion, and it remains the best protection available to decent citizens in our decaying society.

Jim Williamson  
Dallas, Texas

*Arming America* has come under increasing scrutiny as a mix of fact and fiction. For example, Bellesiles defines the militia as every "able-bodied white male" from 18 to 45 years old, and then claims that "every citizen so enrolled shall be constantly provided with a good musket or firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints" and other accoutrements. Congress, he claims, took upon itself the responsibility of providing those guns.

In truth, the law reads "that every citizen so enrolled and notified shall within six months thereafter provide himself with a good musket or firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints. . . ."

So it was not Congress but the individual who provided himself with arms. Bellesiles' mischaracterization is disturbing and shows his willingness to twist the truth to come up with his

desired conclusions.

His use of probate records also is troubling. Those records covered only a few people in propertied classes and ignored the transfer of guns before death and the taking of items from the home after death. For example, Thomas Jefferson's estate failed to mention any firearms, yet two of them are displayed at Monticello while others were given to friends.

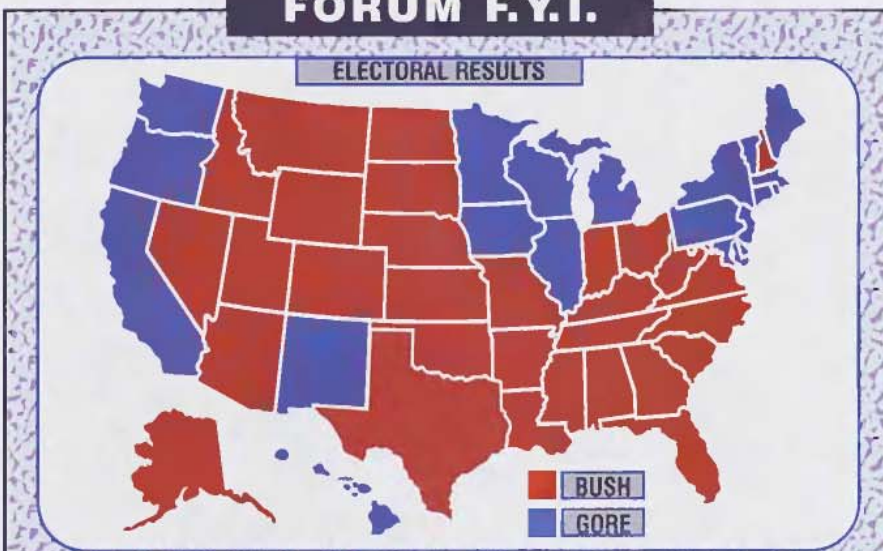
*Arming America* ignores numerous

quotes from our founding fathers on the availability of firearms. Visit our website at saf.org for more information on the real history of legal gun ownership in America and more reviews of Bellesiles' book.

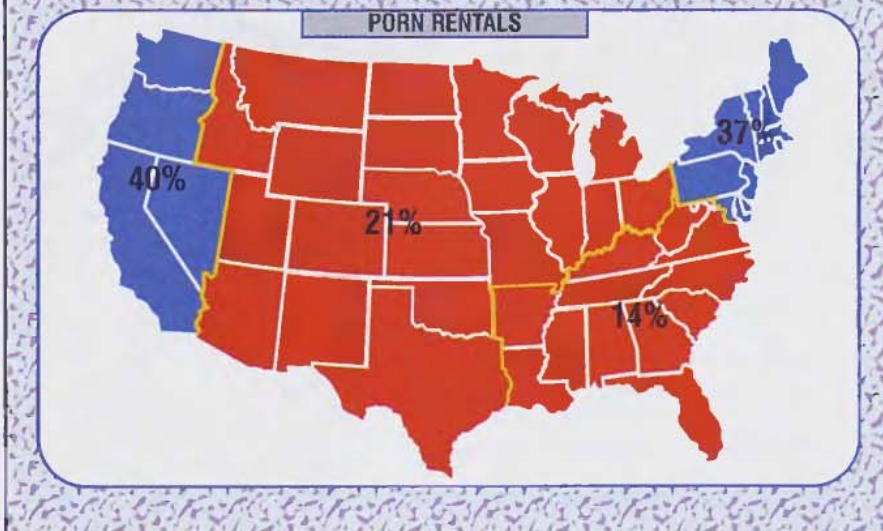
Alan Gottlieb  
Second Amendment Foundation  
Bellevue, Washington

Judging from the tone of your introduction, I assume that PLAYBOY agrees

FORUM F.Y.I.



Writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, former Delaware Governor Pete du Pont noted that the presidential election results resembled a map that appeared in *The New York Times* showing the percentage of the home video market that is pornography. Al Gore won the West Coast and the New England and Middle Atlantic regions, which have the highest percentage of adult video consumption, while George W. Bush won the South, which has the lowest. They split the rest of the nation, where the porn percentages are on the conservative side.



there was no widespread gun ownership before the Civil War. How then do you explain that the two men mentioned in the introduction to the interview, historian William Davis and founding father Richard Henry Lee, state that the skilled use of firearms was an ordinary part of everyday life? Were they lying?

Michael Fossum  
Austin, Texas

*The same Richard Henry Lee who spoke eloquently of native marksmen would later complain of the high desertion rate of his noble militia and would try to scrounge 500 muskets for the Virginians who were supposedly born with firearms in their hands. How do we explain the disparity? The founding fathers were visionaries—and propagandists for a noble cause. Their sentiments were as inspiring (and as accurate) as a recruiting poster.*

Bellesiles wonders what makes pro-gun activists “so humorless, so earnest, so fanatical.” Does he wonder the same of antiabortion activists, pro-life forces, gay rights organizations, antiporn groups, environmental activists and those opposed to the death penalty? We do not laugh about the infringement of our constitutional right to keep and bear arms, for the same reason that other activists don’t laugh when their causes are trampled on. You have unfairly demonized gun owners, and you owe us a big apology.

Fred Cheslek  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

What part of “the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed” doesn’t PLAYBOY understand? Over the past eight years we have seen our government murder, entrap and immolate citizens of this once-great country just because they choose to live outside the norm. All we possess to withhold the tyrannical impulses of an out-of-control government are our firearms. I sometimes think you gun grabbers are living in a different world from mine.

G.E. Baker  
Dalton, Georgia

*As Bellesiles and other historians have documented, the same men who drafted the Second Amendment frequently infringed on the right to bear arms. They inventoried privately owned guns, confiscated them for state use and disarmed those opposed to the new republic. How does that square with your no-nonsense reading of the amendment? Viewing recent history, we’ve come*

*to believe that nothing is more dangerous than zealots (be they government agents or private citizens) who act on bad information with lethal weapons. Private ownership of firearms did not prevent the deaths of Vicki or Sammy Weaver. Nor did it protect David Koresh or his followers. We asked Bellesiles if he would like to respond to criticism of his work. He wrote:*

*“There is always a price to pay for daring to question received truth. I am fortunate so far in that the price of writing Arming America has been limited to hate mail, the misrepresentation of my research, attacks on my character and calls for Emory University to fire me. Not bad for a work of history that has been in print less than six months.*

*“The most common charge floating around the Internet, repeated here by Alan Gottlieb, is that I falsify evidence by misquoting the Militia Act of 1792. Yanking*

*a single sentence out of its context is almost always misleading, and here is an example. I devote most of chapter seven to arguing that the new and poorly funded U.S. government did all it could to arm its militia, as it was charged to do by the Constitution. I twice mention that the original Militia Act called for members of the militia to supply their own guns. After it became apparent that not enough men had their own weapons, Congress amended the act in 1803 to read that ‘every citizen so enrolled, shall be constantly provided with a good musket or flintlock.’ I quote this version because it governed the organization and arming of the militia throughout the next century. Congress backed up the amendment in 1808 by appropriating \$200,000 a year to arm the state militia. All of this is explained in the book.*

*“Likewise, it is nonsense to say that I overlooked Daniel Morgan, as Jim Williamson claims. I give Morgan six pages in Arming America. He held the militia in such contempt that he advised that they be placed in the front of a line of battle with ‘picked troops in their rear, with orders to shoot down the first man that runs.’ I also noted that his rifleman demonstrated the value of the rifle’s greater accuracy. George Washington, afraid that the greater amount of time it took to reload rifles exposed Morgan’s forces to danger, ordered him to also arm his men with spears.*

*“I could go on, correcting each misstatement made about some aspect of my research. But that is the goal of the ideologues—to keep me on the defensive with petty attacks. It is evident that it is not the origin of America’s gun culture that actually engages these critics, but its current status. It is certainly clear to me that they either have not read my book carefully or are deliberately misrepresenting its contents. There is little in what I write that contradicts any rational understanding of America’s past. Yet NRA chief Charlton Heston, writing in Guns and Ammo, mocked my research as a ‘fantastic fabrication’ and ‘verbal subterfuge’ by the antigun lobby. He fears my work will be used to undermine the Second Amendment. That may or may not be the case, and it has nothing to do with why I wrote the book. I am a historian, not a policy advocate. My goal, like every historian, is to get people to speak more precisely about America’s past.”*



A new line of ties features images patterned after the microbes that cause syphilis, herpes, chlamydia and gonorrhea, among other afflictions. Phone 888-326-6335 to order. They're not recommended for first dates.

*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.*



# EVERYTHING I KNOW I LEARNED FROM PORN

By James R. Petersen

I needed a prop for a college debate with a women's studies professor, someone who had earned her Ph.D. critiquing the world of adult entertainment. A T-shirt bearing the slogan EVERYTHING I KNOW I LEARNED FROM PORN seemed just the thing. Here are a few of the things it's taught me:

- Porn teaches you to use the fast-forward, to edit out details that don't arouse—the acts, the actors, the actresses. This is sex education in its most basic form. No one is turned on by everyone or everything.

- Male arousal cannot be faked. Male arousal is honest. Male arousal is the primal fact. Erections are hope, potential energy, the original superhero. Something more than the guy. In Pompeii, houses were decorated with erect phalluses, with the inscription HERE LIES HAPPINESS.

- Simulated sex sucks. It's the difference between acting and action, between mainstream Hollywood movies and the Valley. After 20 years of porn, I saw a scene in *Zazel* where half a dozen women writhe on the body of a male model with abs of steel—but no erection. It was about as arousing as modern dance.

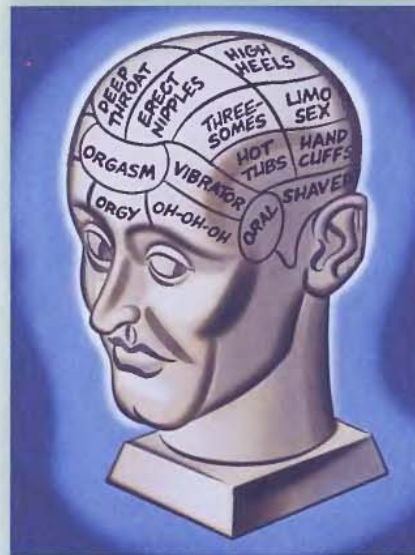
- Setting counts on-screen, just as it does in real life. A sex scene shot in a penthouse is more arousing than a sex scene shot in a motel; a sex scene in a limo is more arousing than a sex scene shot on the floor of a garage (but only barely). Love is doing it under a down comforter. Porn is doing it on a fire escape.

- Use every available surface. Change positions. Eroticize your environment. Porn taught us to do it on bathroom sinks, in elevators, on pool tables, in swimming pools, with gym equipment, in kitchens. Filmmakers are driven by a need for visual variety, as are we.

- Don't underestimate the power of anticipation: One of the primary complaints about porn is context. Clothes just come off, genitals collide, etc. John Leslie's *Chameleon: Not the Sequel* shows men and women gazing at one another for a *very long time* before they adjourn to a bathroom to fuck. Soap operas are all gaze and longing. Eye contact, the cliché of the

Seventies singles bar, is still the most powerful aphrodisiac. Sometimes anticipation can be triggered by a remark. In *Bad Wives*, an actor tells a straying wife who follows him back to his apartment, "Anything can happen here." Way cool. More direct than an invitation to see etchings.

Assuming you don't watch with the sound turned off, porn teaches you how to talk dirty. *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* is too talky—it sounds like group therapy or the reading of minutes at the Sexual Liberation League. Still, it has this memorable phrase to



describe oral sex with a woman: Pretend that you're eating a ripe mango. The phrase, "Ripe mango, take two" ricochets like code through the rest of the movie. Most X-rated films do not suffer if played without the soundtrack, but a few have relied magnificently on monolog: *Lilith* features a heroine who wants to get through with sex as quickly as possible. She uses language to propel arousal, talking about extreme sex acts and desires while practicing other forms of arousal. Later in the movie, the devil, dressed as a priest, hands a football to a young woman and talks to her as though she were a boy, before bringing her back to her totally female role. Weird but powerful.

- You can have great sex without kissing: If you believe that, you will be content with prostitutes, because they

rarely kiss johns.

- Admire the view. Susie Bright once said that people having the best sex of their lives often look like two beached whales. The body lock of the missionary position provides total touch; porn, on the other hand, has to leave room for the camera. Another observation: What it looks like is not what it feels like. Evidence: any anal scene.

- Porn means never having to ask, "Did you come?" In porn, most women never do. It doesn't seem to matter. That's why they're called actresses. (Another way to think of this: Male porn stars have been having sex for years without bringing a woman to orgasm. I wonder if they've noticed.) What you are seeing is not desire but willingness, a primary requisite for incredible sex. Still, if we could direct porn, we would change the rules. A scene would not end with the male ejaculating. He would switch to hands or mouth and continue—in real life that formula often leads to a second erection (something you rarely see in porn), not to mention a satisfied woman.

- Sweat is the female equivalent of ejaculation, a form of enthusiasm. The last scene in a movie called *Studhunters* has a couple working themselves into a lather. You don't expend that kind of energy on cue. Honest appetite is sexy.

- Have you ever noticed that when you watch a threesome, you want to be everybody in the picture at once? Which may explain why the fantasy is often more powerful than the fact.

- Auteur theory applies to pornography: It is the director, not the actors, who takes the genre to new places. Rent Andrew Blake. John Leslie. Michael Nin. Paul Thomas. Even John Stagliano.

- To paraphrase Theodore Sturgeon's oft-repeated insight into science fiction, 90 percent of porn is crap, but the other 10 percent is worth dying for. Of that 10 percent, a few films (or even scenes) will speak directly to you, as if they had been personalized during production. If you don't have the energy to search, you will never reap the reward.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## DIRTY DANCING

WHITE LAKE TOWNSHIP, MICHIGAN—The principal of Lakeland High suspended four students who simulated sex acts during a pep rally. At one point, two boys



pantomimed doggy-style sex. Later, two girls writhed together without touching. A videotape showed the crowd cheering throughout the four-minute performance, and three teachers chosen as judges gave the skit a perfect score. The principal sent the students home for two days. "People should dance in a way that shows self-respect and dignity," he said.

## MONEY TALKS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Justice Department study found that newly convicted felons who had public defenders were more likely to receive prison time than those with private lawyers, even though the conviction rates for the two groups are almost identical. Nearly 90 percent of those with publicly funded lawyers got prison sentences, compared with 77 percent of those who had private counsel. At the state level, the figures were 71 percent and 54 percent, respectively. Public defenders also were more likely to represent minorities and those with prior convictions.

## DEFIANT KING

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIFORNIA—Officials at Mira Costa High suspended a senior because he refused to accept the ti-

tle of homecoming king. Patrick Griffiths walked off during the ceremony, leaving his crown behind. The teen said he refused the honor because "it discourages difference." The next day, the principal suspended him for two days, saying he had defied the authority of school officials.

## LOFTY EXCUSES

NASHVILLE—The Catholic Church attempted a defense in a sex abuse case that some of its members found offensive. Two plaintiffs alleged they had been molested as teens by a former priest. They sued for \$35 million, charging negligence. The men argued that they would not have been molested had the church reported the priest's abuse of 21 other boys a decade earlier. The church countered that it didn't notify authorities because it had learned of the abuse only after the victims reached adulthood and the man had left the priesthood. In addition, the church attempted to limit its liability by citing the legal doctrine of "comparative fault"—others shared blame because they had known of the priest's crimes but failed to act. The church's list of culpability included the 21 victims.

## EQUAL TIME

WHITMORE LAKE, MICHIGAN—When a student in a coed gym class discovered that someone had stolen cash from her wallet, the principal instructed teachers to strip-search each of the 20 boys in the class. Police called to the school told teachers to also search the five female students, in order to avoid complaints that the first search had been discriminatory. The officers later said they didn't realize the boys had been strip-searched, and that they had been referring only to the girls' belongings. Six students sued, saying that their Fourth Amendment rights had been violated. The money was never recovered.

## ALIEN ENCOUNTER

RANGELY, COLORADO—The city's board of trustees shut down the Where It's At tavern for five days because its owner sold T-shirts showing a cartoon space alien with her face in the crotch of a male alien. The legend read THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT. A waitress at the bar complained that the shirts constituted sexual harassment. The board ruled that they violated state law, which prohibits depictions of sex in estab-

lishments that serve alcohol. The owner was unapologetic. "They say the shirt shows oral copulation, but they are seeing what they want to see," he said. "No one knows the anatomy of aliens."

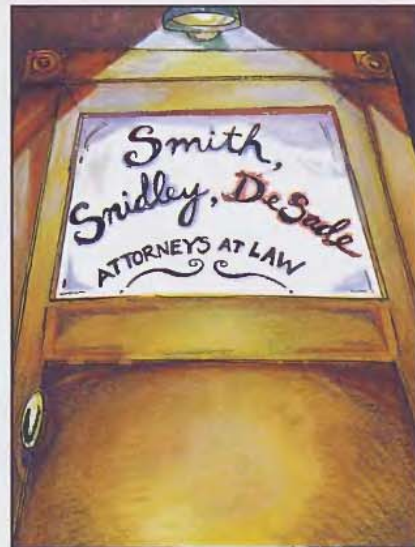
## CIRCULAR ARGUMENTS

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—Accused of bribery, defense attorney Philip Butler decided to represent himself. He was convicted. In an appeal, Butler argued that the judgment should be overturned because he hadn't received a hearing to determine if he knew what he was doing when he refused counsel. The court upheld the conviction, noting that Butler had 25 years' experience inside courtrooms.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—The state supreme court ruled that a clerical worker could receive payment for a "work-related stress injury stemming from various disciplinary actions." She had been stressed out by her poor performance reviews, which caused her to become depressed, which qualified her for worker's comp.

## KINK LINK

A new website lists lawyers and other professionals who take clients involved in alternative lifestyles such as cross-dressing, bondage and polyamory. Kink Aware Pro-



professionals ([www.bannon.com/kap](http://www.bannon.com/kap)) provides contact information for fetish-friendly doctors, therapists, dentists, chiropractors and even computer tech support. The professionals aren't necessarily kinky themselves—just open-minded.



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: METALLICA

*a candid conversation with the heavy metal giants about their war with napster, their wars with each other and the joy of finding 10 naked girls in the shower*

Even when Metallica's quiet, they manage to make noise.

On a mid-January morning, in the middle of the longest respite from touring and recording the band had ever taken, Metallica issued a terse but emotional press release, in which bassist Jason Newsted announced his departure from the group because of "private and personal reasons and the physical damage I have done to myself over the years." A few hours later, a source close to Metallica told PLAYBOY that Newsted's decision had capped a nine-and-a-half-hour band meeting the day before at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in San Francisco, the sequel to a similar marathon caucus a week earlier. Newsted's resignation, the source said, had been "very well discussed" by the band.

In some ways, it was just the usual tumult for Metallica, who spent much of last year waging an assault—or, they might say, a counteroffensive—against Napster. The website drew an estimated 38 million users in its first 18 months by allowing fans to trade sound files without pay-

ing any tariff; in short, by providing free music. Metallica sued for alleged copyright infringement and racketeering, and on July 11, drummer Lars Ulrich—whose press campaign against Napster was full of typical bravado—testified against the website before the U.S. Senate.

Between politicking and press conferences, Metallica played music, too. *I Disappear*, a new song on the *Mission Impossible: 2* soundtrack, was nominated for five MTV Video Music Awards. The band released *S&M*, a two-disc concert album recorded with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. They toured during the summer with Kid Rock, who handled some lead vocals when singer James Hetfield missed three shows because of a Jet Ski accident. Even VH1 embraced these one-time scourges, profiling the band in a particularly bloody *Behind the Music*. The year 2000, says bassist Jason Newsted, "was possibly the highest-profile year for Metallica ever."

Of the thousands of bands

that have crawled out of rehearsal garages into recording studios, only seven have sold more albums in the U.S. than Metallica has. Of those, two are long-gone legends (the Beatles and Led Zeppelin), and the others—Pink Floyd, the Eagles, Aerosmith, the Rolling Stones and Van Halen—are nostalgia acts, grandpas past their expiration dates or culturally inconsequential. Among rock's most epic groups, only one—Metallica—is still touring, still vital and still not in need of Rogaine.

When Hetfield and Ulrich met in Los Angeles in the spring of 1981, united by an ad in a local rock magazine, they had little in common except a shared fanaticism for the most extreme mutations of rock. Lars' father, Torben Ulrich, was a great Danish tennis player, a bohemian and a jazz fan; Lars' godfather was jazz great Dexter Gordon. Lars had had a privileged, expansive childhood, full of travel and freedom. Hetfield, a product of a broken home headed by a father who followed the restrictive Christian Science religion, was

working dead-end day jobs and had seen little outside of suburban LA. Ulrich and Hetfield relocated an early version of the band to San Francisco to secure the services of bass overlord Cliff Burton, and added guitarist Kirk Hammett, a Bay Area native who, like Hetfield, embraced loud rock as a refuge from teen misery.

The bands that inspired Metallica are pretty obscure, unless you know European thrash pioneers like Diamond Head and Blitzkrieg. But Metallica spread pure metal to the mainstream. They did it by touring with an almost demented determination, earning the nickname *Alcohollica* as they floated from town to town like marauding vodka Vikings. They did it by avoiding metal clichés (after discarding their spandex tights, that is) such as singing about chicks and sex, instead giving voice to raging, almost biblical parables about warfare and brutality. And they did it, beginning with 1991's *Metallica* (also known as the *Black Album*, for its unadorned cover), by working with



**HETFIELD:** "I'm definitely not the smartest guy in the band, so winning an intellectual argument is not going to happen. Resorting to violence used to work."



**NEWSTED:** "Five years ago, the band took priority over all other things. Now, families come first. I understand that—but I'm the only one who's not married."



**HAMMETT:** "Criticism is something that we've always dealt with. Even our fans fucking criticize us. We have bulletproof vests on. We tell the truth, we feed off of it."



**ULRICH:** "We all had some pretty slutty moments. I don't think there's anybody in this band who hasn't had crabs a couple of times or the occasional drip-dick."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO (3) AND DAVID ROSE (1)

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Bon Jovi producer Bob Rock to add experimentation and melodic appeal. Where he once vowed “volume higher than anything today” (on the band’s ear-blasting *Kill ‘Em All* debut), Hetfield began to expose the vulnerability that always lies under anger. On *Enter Sandman*, he sang about a child’s nighttime terrors, an allusion to his own convulsive youth. “Now I see the sun,” he sang hopefully on *Unforgiven II*. And *Nothing Else Matters*, a ballad, brought Metallica into territory they’d never explored: love and satisfaction.

We sent freelance writer Rob Tannenbaum to interview the last of the big rock bands. He found that although the band members were out of touch with one another during the hiatus, they were not out of one another’s minds. His report:

“I wasn’t surprised that Jason Newsted quit Metallica. Just two months earlier, I’d spent a day with each of the four, and I’ve never seen a band so quarrelsome and fractious. Most of the barbs were cloaked in humor—Newsted mocked Hetfield’s singing, Hetfield mocked Ulrich’s drumming, and Ulrich, whom I interviewed last, responded to several of Hetfield’s quotes with scorn.

“But genuine tension was evident in these interviews—the last ever to be conducted with this Metallica lineup—because they shared one trait: Each talked about his need for solitude. Paradoxically, this is a band of loners, and the conflict between unity and individuality was pretty clear. Because they weren’t speaking, I became a conduit of information. ‘How were Jason’s spirits?’ Kirk Hammett, 38, asked anxiously when we met at his home in the Pacific Heights section of San Francisco, an haute Gothic mansion full of dark wood and crucifixes, with a stuffed two-headed sheep in the parlor. And how was James?”

“Hetfield, 37, invited me to his house, behind a secured gate in a town less than an hour north of San Francisco. It seemed odd that he lived in notoriously mellow Marin County, but Hetfield set me straight about the neighborhood. ‘This is more a kind of Losertown,’ he said with a deep chuckle. ‘I’m more up for that vibe.’ The den where we talked felt like a rural lodge—above a fireplace, the walls were decorated with the heads of nine animals he’d killed, including a boar, an antelope and a 1600-pound buffalo he took with four shots of a rifle. Hetfield, who earned the nickname Dr. No for his control of the band, often talks in animal metaphors, which shape his decidedly Darwinian perspective. ‘It’s a pretty difficult time for us right now,’ Hetfield said in a rare somber moment. But when his wife, Francesca, and three-year-old daughter, Cali, came into the room, the author of ‘Seek and Destroy’ jumped up and yelled, ‘Big hug!’

“When I met Lars Ulrich, 37, he was separated from his wife Skylar and their child, and was living in a downtown New York hotel suite while mixing an album by Systematic for his label, TMC. Ulrich is the band’s bustling businessman—as he ranted and scoffed, his cell phone rang constantly—as

well as its emissary to nonmetal worlds: He’s friends with Matt Damon and Courtney Love and plays tennis with John McEnroe. Affectionately referred to as ‘The Danish Midget’ by some in the band’s circle, Ulrich somehow manages to be friendly and disputative at the same time, as though arguing were just another way of saying hello.

“The most unhappy Metallica was Newsted, 38, whom I met at a Marin County recording studio. Newsted, who joined the band after Cliff Burton died in a bus accident while the band toured Sweden in September 1986, was straining at Hetfield’s restrictions which kept him from releasing a solo album. He jokingly dismissed Hetfield’s singing, saying, ‘At least we call him a singer now, instead of a screamer or a shouter. Five or six years ago, they would have called him a shouter.’ Newsted gradually admitted that he felt ‘almost stifled’ in Metallica. But when I asked if he was unhappy enough to quit the band, he turned grave: ‘I would not leave Metallica for another band. If I ever happened to choose that path, I would do it to live my life, not depart to play in another band.’

“A source within the Metallica camp told me Newsted is ‘not 100 percent healthy, and has been playing in pain’—the bassist also told PLAYBOY he would quit ‘when the day comes that I cannot perform’ with his accustomed ferocity. According to the source, Newsted (who declined further comment) said he might move to Montana and not touch a bass for two years, though it’s hard to imagine such inactivity from a guy who suffers anxiety attacks ‘if I even try to go six days without playing music with somebody.’ Newsted may have retired purely for health reasons, though the source admits that the bassist’s clash with Hetfield was ‘a precipitating factor.’

“Soon, Metallica will end their hiatus and return to the studio as a trio to record a new album. Metal bands aren’t supposed to evolve: AC/DC, Black Sabbath and Motorhead sounded basically the same on their first record as on their latest. But Metallica is motivated by ‘a fear of repetition,’ Ulrich told me, so it’ll be interesting to hear their next move. Then they’ll hire a new bassist and go back on the road, as loud as ever.”

**PLAYBOY:** You spent much of last year fighting Napster. Now it’s gone into business with BMG and is changing from a free service to a pay service. Is the threat over? Or will a similar site pop up?

**ULRICH:** There are all sorts of mini-Napsters out there. But Napster is successful because it’s Computer 101—with some of the other companies, the software becomes really complicated. And they’re not going to get out of the gate in the same way Napster did. Now everybody has their guard up. With every new technology some 19-year-old kid can come up with, somebody five minutes behind him can come up with a way of blocking it. It’s never going to go away. But I think it can get to a point where it

# FIND COMFORT IN A STORM



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becomes sort of a nuisance, comparable to, say, bootlegging and piracy.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you accomplish by going after Napster?

**ULRICH:** What we've accomplished most is to bring an awareness to the American public. It turned into the first big issue of the 21st century. People seemed to be more passionate about it than the presidential thing. Obviously, this has been the fucking wake-up call of the millennium to everybody who has anything to do with intellectual property. There's this whole circle of older ladies who create sewing patterns. All of a sudden, these sewing patterns are being stolen and traded on the Internet. And these little old ladies aren't getting their royalties.

**PLAYBOY:** So now Metallica is allied with a bunch of old ladies.

**ULRICH:** [Rolls his eyes] There's your sound bite.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your fans took Napster's side, instead of Metallica's.

**HETFIELD:** [Grins] Because they're lazy bastards and they want everything for free. I think Napster won the press war. It hurt the fans' perception of us—they see Metallica as some big bad guys who wanted to take their free stuff away. I like playing music because it's a good living and I get satisfaction from it. But I can't feed my family with satisfaction.

**PLAYBOY:** So Napster damaged Metallica?

**HETFIELD:** I don't want it to read "Napster has damaged Metallica." It's pretty difficult to hurt us. They did damage to how Metallica fans perceive us.

**ULRICH:** I don't agree. We've taken hits from day one: between haircuts and using Motley Crue—Bon Jovi producer Bob Rock, to headlining Lollapalooza to writing ballads to making records with a symphony orchestra. That's part of being an instigator and a forerunner.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from his natural garrulousness, why did Lars become the band's spokesman against Napster?

**HETFIELD:** My wife and I were giving birth to a second child [son Castor, born May 2000]. And family is number one. So Lars had to run with the torch, and there were a few bad moves. You know, Lars can get really mouthy and be a snotty-nosed kid at times. I cringed at certain interviews: "Oh dude, don't say that."

**ULRICH:** I said some things that were borderline silly. When Limp Bizkit embraced Napster and took \$2 million to play this "free tour"—it is possible to play free shows without taking sponsorship money, because *we* do that—I said it was total bullshit. I know a lot of people hate Fred Durst, but I think he's really fucking talented. Me and Fred kissed and made up. When I open my mouth, most of the time something somewhat eloquent comes out, and once in a while I talk a bunch of fucking bullshit. I'm aware of that.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of things did the fans

say to your face?

**HETFIELD:** Some fans said, "Leave Napster alone, dude"—if they were suicidal [laughs]. But that was after "Metallica rocks, dude." So you would turn your "thanks" into a "fuck you." I've gotten into plenty of arguments with fans who just wanted to "discuss" it. This poor girl in Atlanta, I made her cry. She felt money was evil. Why don't you go live in Canada or some socialist country?

**ULRICH:** If you'd stop being a Metallica fan because I won't give you my music for free, then fuck you. I don't want you to be a Metallica fan.

**HAMMETT:** I'm still shocked at the reaction people have. I thought it was so obvious: People are taking our music when they're not supposed to, and we want to stop them. Computers make it seem like you're not stealing, because all you're doing is pressing a button. The bottom line is, stealing is not right.

**PLAYBOY:** You guys pissed off a lot of people. On the Metallica Usenet group, there's an ongoing thread called "Kirk and Lars are gay."

**HAMMETT:** That just shows a total lack of creative juices. That's like calling someone "fatso."

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe you were right on the merits. But it's hard for people to sympathize with the rich.

**ULRICH:** Yeah, it is. So it becomes about "these greedy rock stars." But understand, 80 million records later, I don't know what the fuck to do with all the money I have. So now can we talk about what the real issue is? The real issue, for me, is choice. I want to choose what happens to my music. It's pretty clear that the future is selling your music online. But common sense will tell you that you cannot do that if the guy next door is giving it away for free.

**PLAYBOY:** When you started the campaign against Napster, did you know it would drag on so long?

**ULRICH:** Didn't have the foggiest fucking idea, no. This whole Lars Ulrich—poster-boy-for-intellectual-property isn't something I sought out.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised when you got booed onstage last September at the MTV Video Music Awards?

**ULRICH:** I was unaware of it while I was up there. I got offstage, and people were like, "Wow, you handled the booing really well." I was like, "What booing?"

**PLAYBOY:** That's surprising, because you looked really uncomfortable.

**ULRICH:** I was kind of drunk. It was the worst awards show, hands down, that I've ever been to. I left, I went out to dinner with some friends and had some cocktails.

**PLAYBOY:** When Napster creator Shawn Fanning came out in a Metallica T-shirt, they cut to you in the audience, and you looked aghast.

**ULRICH:** You have to understand, the whole thing was planned. They asked

me to present an award to Shawn Fanning. The day before the show, Napster's lawyers pulled him out of it. They thought I would do something rude or obnoxious to him. MTV asked, "Do you have any problem with him walking out in a Metallica T-shirt?" I was like, "Go for it." I knew about all that—I was just pretending to be sleeping. I had my hand over my face, nodding off. It was sort of contrived.

**PLAYBOY:** What would it take for you to drop your suit against Napster?

**ULRICH:** They have been inquisitive about trying to settle. The only thing we were after was getting our lawyers' fees paid. And we believe they have the ability to block access to whatever band wants it blocked.

**HAMMETT:** Criticism is something we've always dealt with, since day one. When *Kill 'Em All* came out, there was nothing like it. When the second album came out, we had slow songs, for God's sake! Even our fans fucking criticize us. We have bulletproof vests on when it comes to criticism. To tell the truth, we feed off of it.

**HETFIELD:** Metallica loves to be hated.

**HAMMETT:** Love to be hated, absolutely. Even before we were in the band, we were outsiders—so that mentality sits really fine with us.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're superstars—not only on MTV but also on VH1—it's easy to forget how unpopular you were at first.

**HETFIELD:** When Lars and I hooked up, we liked a kind of music that was not accepted, especially in Los Angeles. We were fast and heavy. Everything about LA was short, catchy songs: Motley Crue, Ratt, Van Halen. And you had to have the look. The only look we had was ugly.

**PLAYBOY:** Hey, but you were not immune to dressing LA style.

**HETFIELD:** We had our battles with spandex, that's for sure. You could show off your package. "Wear spandex, dude. It gets you chicks!" On the first tour through America, my spandex—I fucking hate saying, "my spandex." It's a pretty evil phrase. They were wet from the night before, and I was drying them by the heater. A big hole melted right in the crotch. It was like, "They're not real pants, are they? They're like pantyhose." I just opted to keep my jeans on, and that was the best thing that ever happened. Lars wore spandex up through the Black Album tour, though he might tell you different.

**ULRICH:** We were very much the outcasts in Los Angeles. The first year or so, it was pretty lonely.

**HETFIELD:** We did some shows where if our girlfriends weren't there, there'd be no one in the audience besides the bartender. Then a few diehard fans would follow us around, and they became crew members. "Maybe that guy wants to lug some gear around so I don't have to."



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**PLAYBOY:** Where did the medieval, Dungeons-and-Dragons theme on the early records come from?

**HETFIELD:** Judas Priest was a band we all dug. "Oh, he writes about that. OK, then. That's what you do to be metal." Then it got into more, "Let's write about what *we* do": *Whiplash*, *Hit the Lights* and *Seek and Destroy*, which was just about smashing shit up. We worked at day jobs. After that, we'd throw parties, take the furniture out of the house and smash the joint. We smashed dressing rooms just because you were supposed to. Then you'd get the bill and go, "Whoa! I didn't know Pete Townshend paid for his lamp!" Come back off the tour and you hadn't made any money. You bought furniture for a bunch of promoters.

**HAMMETT:** We would drink day in and day out and hardly come up for air. People would be dropping like flies all around us, but we had the tolerance built up. Our reputation started to precede us. I can't remember the Kill 'Em All for One tour—we used to start drinking at three or four in the afternoon.

**HETFIELD:** Smashing dressing rooms was all booze related. The worst was A Day on the Green. A buddy and I, completely ripped on Jägermeister, got it into our heads that the deli tray and the fruit had to go through a little vent. "The vent is not big enough. Let's make a hole!" The trailer was ruined. Bill Graham—R.I.P.—was the promoter. I was summoned to his office. Like, "I have to go see the principal now." He said, "This attitude you have, I've had the same conversation with Sid Vicious and Keith Moon." It was like, "Cool! Oh, wait—they're dead. Not so cool. Maybe I should get my shit together." I realized at that point there was more to being in a band than pissing people off and smashing shit up.

**PLAYBOY:** James, what did you think of Lars after that first jam session?

**HETFIELD:** Lars had a pretty crappy drum kit, with one cymbal. It kept falling over, and we'd have to stop, and he'd pick the fucking thing up. He really was not a good drummer. To this day, he is not Drummer of the Year. We all know that. When we were done jamming, it was, "What the fuck was that?" We stifled him on the bill for the studio, too [laughs]. There were so many different things about him. His mannerisms, his looks, his accent, his attitude, his smell. He smelled—he smelled like Denmark, I guess. They have a different view on bathing. We use soap in America.

**ULRICH:** American kids, there was this sort of compulsive thing about four showers a day.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, did you wash?

**ULRICH:** Often enough for me. OK?

**HETFIELD:** We ate McDonald's—he ate herring. He was from a different world. His father was famous. He was very well off. A rich, only child. Spoiled—that's

why he's got his mouth. He knows what he wants, he goes for it and he's gotten it his whole life.

**ULRICH:** I'm an only child. I come from about as liberal an upbringing as you can imagine. I traveled all over the world with my father. So, yes, James Hetfield and I come from incredibly different backgrounds. And as we grow older, we probably become more different.

**HETFIELD:** He introduced me to a lot of different music. I spent a lot of my time at his house, listening to stuff. I couldn't believe the size of his record collection—I could afford maybe one record a week, and he would come back from the store with 20. He bought Styx and REO Speedwagon, bands he'd heard of in Denmark. I would go, "What the fuck? Why did you buy Styx?"

**ULRICH:** I have an obsessive personality. When I become interested in something, I have to learn everything about it, whether it's Danish chairs from the great modern era between 1950 and 1956, or Jean-Michel Basquiat, or Oasis. When I was nine years old, it was all about Deep Purple. I would spend all my time sitting outside their hotel in Copenhagen, waiting for Ritchie Blackmore to come out so I could follow him down the street.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you love Denmark so much, why were you in LA?

**ULRICH:** I finished school in Denmark and moved to America to pursue a tennis career. We ended up in Newport Beach, which is like the snottiest fucking area of LA apart from Beverly Hills. There's all these kids in their fucking pink Lacoste shirts, and I'm in my Iron Maiden T-shirts. I guess there was a hatred for all that, a bit of an alienation. James Hetfield was the king of alienation. So there was a bit of a brotherly thing that brought us together.

**PLAYBOY:** How alienated was James when you met him?

**ULRICH:** I'd never met anybody that shy. He was really withdrawn, almost afraid of social contact. He also had a bad acne problem.

**HETFIELD:** There wasn't much to say, I guess. When I met Lars, my mother had just passed away. Everyone was the enemy back then. I wasn't the best at talking—that came just from growing up in the environment I was in, kind of alienated. I was tired of explaining my religious situation. Once the band formed, I thought, I don't have to talk anymore. Lars can say it all. Then no one really understood what the hell the songs were about [laughs].

**PLAYBOY:** So, what was your religious situation?

**HETFIELD:** I was raised as a Christian Scientist, which is a strange religion. The main rule is, God will fix everything. Your body is just a shell, you don't need doctors. It was alienating and hard to understand. I couldn't get a physical to play football. It was weird having to

leave health class during school, and all the kids saying, "Why do you have to leave? Are you some kind of freak?" As a kid, you want to be part of the team. They're always whispering about you and thinking you're weird. That was very upsetting. My dad taught Sunday school—he was into it. It was pretty much forced upon me. We had these little testimonials, and there was a girl that had her arm broken. She stood up and said, "I broke my arm but now, look, it's all better." But it was just, like, mangled. Now that I think about it, it was pretty disturbing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever run away from home?

**HETFIELD:** Once, me and my sister split. Our parents caught us about four blocks away. They spanked the shit out of us, pretty much.

**PLAYBOY:** So do you believe in spanking your kids?

**HETFIELD:** Spanking my friends, and their wives. Yeah, as a last resort. But with the spanking comes a huge explanation why.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your parents' relationship like?

**HETFIELD:** It was my mom's second marriage—I have two older half brothers. I didn't really see any turmoil. They didn't argue in front of the kids. Then Dad went on a "business trip"—for more than a few years, you know? I was beginning junior high. It was hidden, that he was gone. Finally, my mom said, "Dad is not coming back." And that was pretty difficult. There were some bad times—my mom needed to be home when we kids were home, or I'd have killed my sister. We beat the living hell out of each other. I remember burning her with hot oil, and that was, "Wow, it went too far." My mom worried a lot, and that made her sick. She hid it from us. All of a sudden, she's in the hospital. Then all of a sudden, she's gone. Cancer got her. We went and lived with my stepbrother Dave, who's 10 years older. My sister was being unruly, and she got thrown out of the house. I finished high school, then, "See ya, everybody."

**HAMMETT:** James comes from a broken home, and I come from a broken home, and when I joined the band, we kind of bonded over that. I was abused as a child. My dad drank a lot. He beat the shit out of me and my mom quite a bit. I got ahold of a guitar, and from the time I was 15, I rarely left my room. I remember having to pull my dad off my mom when he attacked her one time, during my 16th birthday—he turned on me and started slapping me around. Then my dad just left one day. My mom was struggling to support me and my sister. I've definitely channeled a lot of anger into the music.

I was also abused by my neighbor when I was like nine or 10. The guy was a sick fuck. He had sex with my dog, Tippy. I can laugh about it now—hell, I

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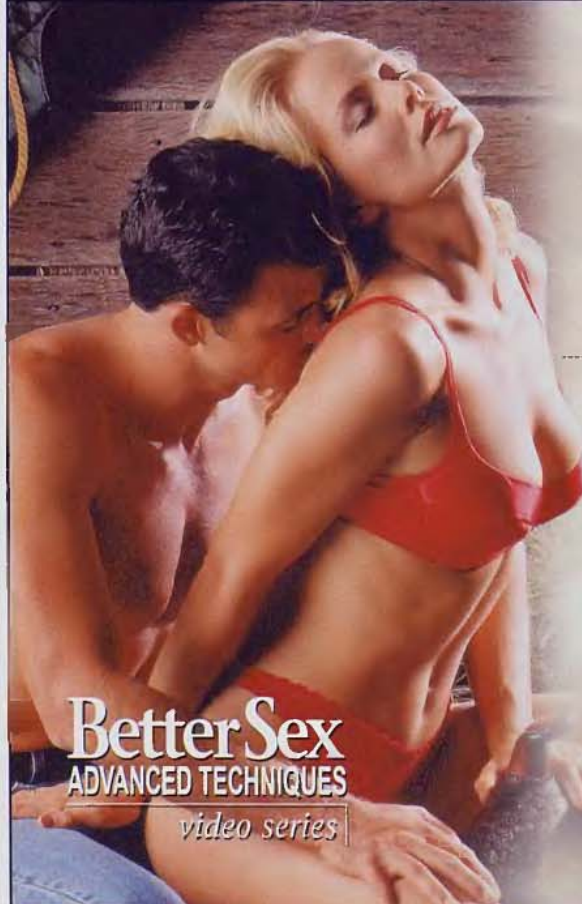
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was laughing about it then.

**PLAYBOY:** It does seem that heavy metal attracts a disproportionate number of people who've been abused.

**HAMMETT:** I think heavy metal is therapeutic—it's music that blows the tension away. I think that's why people who have had really bad childhoods are attracted to heavy metal. It allows people to release aggression and tension in a non-violent way. Also, heavy metal has a community feeling—it brings outsiders together. Heavy metal seems to attract all sorts of scruffy, lost animals, strays no one wants.

**ULRICH:** I've always had issues with that, because I don't feel I had major psychological damage in my life. Why is that limited to metal? If you go to an Elton John concert, people have the same emotional baggage. If you lined 10 Metallica fans up against the wall, you would get 10 different stories.

**PLAYBOY:** And three of them would piss on the wall.

**ULRICH:** And one of them would knock his head against the wall, yeah. I'm not so comfortable embracing those types of clichés.

**PLAYBOY:** At the beginning, did you consider any names other than Metallica?

**ULRICH:** We had a list of 20 possible names: Nixon, Helldriver, Blitzler. I was really keen on Thunderfuck.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you start to draw female fans?

**HAMMETT:** Girls were always at the shows. It's just that they didn't look much different from the guys.

**ULRICH:** Girls would come on the bus and just blow the whole bus. Like, "OK, here's two girls, everybody get in line." People would say, "Eww, she just blew that other guy. . . ." So? You don't have to put your tongue down her throat.

**HETFIELD:** They enjoyed what they did. And, heh-heh, they were good at it. Back then, we all shared stuff. "I did her. Dude, here! Have my chick." Lars would charm them, talk his way into their pants. Kirk had a baby face that was appealing to the girls. And Cliff—he had a big dick. Word got around about that, I guess.

**ULRICH:** We used to have this thing called tough tarts—it was fucking great. We'd come offstage and there'd be like 10 naked girls in the showers.

**HAMMETT:** I couldn't figure out why all of a sudden I was handsome. Did I wake up looking different? A fat bank account will make you look handsome. No one had ever treated me like that before in my life.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was the biggest slut in the band?

**ULRICH:** We all had some pretty slutty moments. I don't think there's anybody in this band who hasn't had crabs a couple of times, or the occasional drip-dick.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you remember about the night Cliff Burton died?

**HETFIELD:** I remember getting awakened with shit flying all over the place. I busted out the emergency window in my underwear, 20 degrees, and Cliff was missing. I remember seeing his legs sticking out from under the bus. He had the whitest, skinniest legs. I knew he was gone then. The bus was right on him. We were all in the hospital, and our tour manager said, "Let's get the band together and go." When he said the word band—it wasn't the right word. "Shit, we're not a band anymore." We went to the bottle and started drinking.

**HAMMETT:** Cliff was a very smart guy, a reader, very eloquent. I just don't understand why he went, and not one of us.

**NEWSTED:** Cliff Burton was my god. He was the guru. I mean, no one before him and no one since him has played like that. People have copied him, but nobody ever had his feel or his prowess.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were a big fan back in Arizona?

**NEWSTED:** Metallica was the hugest influence for my band, Flotsam and Jetsam. We played mostly around Arizona, at clubs and for desert parties.

**PLAYBOY:** What is a desert party?

**NEWSTED:** You borrow from your parents, put together 80 or 120 bucks, and rent a generator for the day. Get some tables from the high school to make a stage, and you rent a fog machine. You get some dudes to buy a keg, and you say, "Once people come, you're going to give us 40 bucks." You get the

U-Haul stuck in the ditch, pull out some of the tables, put them under the tires and smash 'em up to get the truck out. The dudes that are buying the keg are already drinking. It's one o'clock in the afternoon. They've got .44 magnums on their sides. In Arizona, if you have your gun showing, you can wear what you want. Drunk as fuck already, and you find out that they robbed a Safeway last night. "Oh yeah, we're going to get money out of these guys." Then set up and play for an hour or two and the Scottsdale cops come out and bust everything up and that's the end of it. I didn't make any money playing until I joined Metallica. The most I remember making—for what we thought was a huge gig—was

\$26 between five of us.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever miss that?

**NEWSTED:** I miss being grimy. I miss the hunger. I miss the excitement of taking off work early to set up the gear at the club. And seven people show up but you still play like there are 700. There was a Burger King right across from the main club we played—we took down a mountain of 29-cent burgers. Happy about it! "I'm going to get a Coke." "No, man, that's two more burgers! Fuck that! We'll steal beer from a back room, dude." Because otherwise it'd be boiled potatoes with ketchup stolen from Burger King.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you seen Metallica while Cliff was alive?

**NEWSTED:** Yes. In Phoenix, with Wasp,

Hmm, Metallica is going to need a new bass player?

**NEWSTED:** I daydreamed that day. Just like, What if, what if, what if?

**PLAYBOY:** They brought you to San Francisco for an audition. Were you nervous?

**NEWSTED:** That whole week, I didn't sleep. I might have lain down a couple of times. For five days I stayed up and played as long as I could. Blisters on blisters broke. When I could feel the nerve inside as I played the string, I stopped for a little while. A couple of my friends got together some money to pay for a \$140 plane ticket to go do my audition.

**PLAYBOY:** Pretty cheap that they didn't pay your airfare. Were they tough on the people who were auditioning?

**NEWSTED:** One guy comes in, he's got his bass signed by the guy from Quiet Riot or something. And James just goes, "Next!" Like that, before the guy even got to plug in. Guys were, like, crushed.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell me about the first year with them.

**NEWSTED:** Hazing. And a lot of emotional tests.

**HETFIELD:** We were mourning through anger. "You're here instead of Cliff, so here's what you get." It was therapy for us.

**NEWSTED:** One time, it's four in the morning, they're hammered and knocking on my hotel door when we were in New York. "Get up, fucker! It's time to drink! Pussy!" You know? "You're in Metallica now! You better open that fucking door!" They kept pounding. *Kaboom!* The door

frame shreds, and the door comes flying in. And they go, "You should have answered the door, bitch!" They grab the mattress and flip it over with me on it. They put the chairs, the desk, the TV stand—everything in the room—on top of the mattress. They threw my clothes, my cassette tapes, my shoes out the window. Shaving cream all over the mirrors, toothpaste everywhere. Just devastation. They go running out the door, "Welcome to the band, dude!"

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know they were telling people you were gay?

**NEWSTED:** No. I mean, dude, there was so much, that's like a minor detail.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did they do that and why did you put up with it?



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before *Master of Puppets* came out. Front row. Right in front of Cliff Burton, worshipping. Drooling. Banging madly. Fourteen bucks for a shirt, which was all the money in the world at that time. We only went to see Metallica. As soon as Metallica was done, we walked out. They just crushed it, and we knew everything they did by heart.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you hear he'd died?

**NEWSTED:** A friend woke me up at six in the morning. He said, "You've got to get the paper, dude." I remember tears hitting the paper and watching them soak into the print. We wore black armbands when we played our next gigs.

**PLAYBOY:** After you heard Cliff was dead, how long before you started to think,



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**NEWSTED:** Because it was Metallica, it was my dream come true, man. I was definitely frustrated, fed up and kind of feeling unliked. They did it to see if I could handle it. If you're going to fill the shoes of Cliff Burton, you have to be resilient.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, guys, who was the biggest drinker in Alcohollica?

**HAMMETT:** James. He would drink half a bottle of Jägermeister by himself, as well as drinking vodka.

**ULRICH:** James Hetfield. If me and James started drinking at the same time, six hours of hard liquor later, I would be passed out. For quite a while, he was embracing alcohol at a different level from the rest of us.

**HETFIELD:** I was. I had to have a bottle of vodka just to have fun. I'm surprised I'm still alive.

**NEWSTED:** That's a tough call. Fist for fist, I think Lars. He can take it to a different place, because he's Danish. They get conditioned real early.

**ULRICH:** [Laughs] I had much more of the binge mentality; I'd go every night for three days, then I wouldn't touch a drop for the next four.

**NEWSTED:** James is the only one that ever drank so much he couldn't show up for a rehearsal or for photos. He is the only one who ever actually poisoned himself.

**HAMMETT:** Jason's not so much of a drinker as the rest of us are. He likes to smoke pot.

**PLAYBOY:** People who like fast music usually like fast drugs. Did the band get into speed?

**HAMMETT:** Speed is a bad word in our camp. But speed freaks love us.

**ULRICH:** James is the only one who never really engaged in any kind of drug abuse. Me, Jason, Kirk and Cliff were always experimenting with different things to a higher degree.

**HAMMETT:** Cocaine has definitely been in our lives. You hang out with other musicians, and next thing you know, you have five guys crammed into a bathroom stall. I had a bad coke problem on the And Justice for All tour, but I pulled out of that, because it makes me depressed, basically. I tried smack once. I was so thankful that I hated it.

**ULRICH:** I tried acid once; I was shit-fucking scared. The only drug I've ever really engaged in is cocaine. It gave me another couple of hours of drinking. A lot of people use it as a way to get closer to you, and you fall for that. I go through cycles where I say, "OK, I'm going to pull away for a while." And then I take six months away.

**PLAYBOY:** Jason, as time went on, did the band stop hazing you?

**NEWSTED:** They actually got tougher as time went on. The second and third years were the most brutal. Instead of fraternity pranks, there were things that cut deep and were based on disrespect.

**PLAYBOY:** What did they do that was disrespectful?

**NEWSTED:** Turning the bass down on *And Justice for All*. Not listening to my ideas, musically.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Jason even on *And Justice for All*?

**HETFIELD:** His picture is on it [big laugh]. Someone sent me a joke CD, with a sticker on the outside that says, "And Justice for All—now with bass!"

**ULRICH:** It's the only record of ours that I'm not entirely comfortable with. It became about ability and almost athletics, rather than music.

**PLAYBOY:** Bands are usually like families, and it sounds like this family fights a whole lot.

**HAMMETT:** There are a lot of soap operas and petty dramas that come with being in this band. I find myself playing referee. I've been the buffer between James and Lars, I've been the buffer between Lars and Jason.

**HETFIELD:** Lars' name keeps getting brought up, doesn't it? [Laughs] He's usually the instigator, with his mouth. He can be a real ass at times, and pull attitudes. I punched him onstage once—probably our third gig ever. We agreed we were going to play *Let It Loose* for our encore, and he went up there and started a different song, *Killing Time*, because it started with drums. I turned back: "You motherfucker!" I couldn't remember the lyrics, it was a complete failure.

**ULRICH:** I started the song I wanted to play. I don't remember why—maybe I felt it was a more suitable encore. And then he punched me.

**HETFIELD:** I remember throwing him into his drum kit a couple of times, throwing some cymbals, cutting his head open.

**ULRICH:** I've gotten into a couple of fights with Jason.

**HAMMETT:** I've never hit anyone in the band. I practice a lot of yoga now, and read a lot of Eastern philosophy. I'm a huge believer in karma: no meat, no beef, no swine, no fowl.

**HETFIELD:** I'm definitely not the smartest guy in the band, so winning an intellectual argument is not going to happen. Resorting to violence used to work. And intimidation.

**HAMMETT:** When James comes at you screaming, he can be intimidating.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of bad things have happened to Metallica. Does that mean the band has bad karma?

**HAMMETT:** Quite possibly. Goddamn it, we've been through a lot of things. It has to be karma. I don't know if it's the energy our songs release. People channel the energy of our music—90 percent of the time it's good, but maybe 10 percent of the time it's bad. I've heard stories of skinheads listening to our music and fucking tattooing song titles on their arms with big swastikas underneath. Maybe it's just personal karma. Maybe the reason James has had so many accidents is because of his own personal karma, and it affects the band.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

**PLAYBOY:** How would you describe the change that came after *And Justice for All*, starting with the Black Album?

**ULRICH:** The earlier records were about brute force, stuff like that. As James became more comfortable, elements of vulnerability and confusion came across, with less banging-on-the-chest type of stuff. Instead of "It's fucked up and I'm going to kill everything in my wake," it was more like, "It's fucked up and I'm really suffering from it."

**HETFIELD:** On the Black Album, when I went to write lyrics, I didn't know what the fuck to write about. I was trying to write lyrics that the band could stand behind—but we are four completely different individuals. So the only way to go was *in*.

**PLAYBOY:** Of all the stuff you wrote, James, what was the song you most hesitated over recording?

**HETFIELD:** *Nothing Else Matters*. That was a huge turning point. It was sensitive.

**PLAYBOY:** In theme, *Nothing Else Matters* is kind of like the Styx song *Babe*.

**HETFIELD:** Fuck you. Fuck you *very* much [smiles]. I didn't think the band would like it. But they were really supportive about it.

**HAMMETT:** All I could think of at the time was, James wrote a fucking love song to his girlfriend? That's just weird.

**NEWSTED:** At first, it didn't sound very much like Metallica to me. I like the fast, heavy stuff. I don't think Metallica should do country. We came pretty close to it on *Mama Said* (from *Load*). I don't think that tasted very good to me.

**HAMMETT:** James always wants to be perceived as this guy who is very confident and strong. And for him to write lyrics like that—showing a sensitive side—took a lot of balls.

Lars, Jason and I were going through divorces. I was an emotional wreck. I was trying to take those feelings of guilt and failure and channel them into the music, to get something positive out of it. Jason and Lars were too, and I think that has a lot to do with why the Black Album sounds the way it does.

**PLAYBOY:** Before, you had been one of the more popular heavy metal bands. But with the Black Album, you became mainstream.

**NEWSTED:** Once we hit MTV, better-looking girls started coming to the shows. Just overnight.

**HAMMETT:** It sounds like a cliché, but girls like melody, they like soft, pretty songs. And if that's what it took to bring them into our little trap, more power to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think—

**HETFIELD:** No. I like to *not* think.

**PLAYBOY:** Only a few albums have sold more than 10 million copies. Do you think the Black Album is the band's best record?

**HETFIELD:** There are some songs on there I don't like. *Through the Never* was a little wacky. *Don't Tread on Me*, probably not

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one of my favorite songs musically. *Holier Than Thou* was one of the sillier songs, more the old style of writing.

**PLAYBOY:** When *Load* came out next, you guys had short hair and were wearing makeup and trendy clothes. It was quite a change from the denim and mullets.

**HAMMETT:** It was just a phase. It was the zeitgeist of the moment. Who knows? We might do something even more extreme in the future.

**PLAYBOY:** Like Hetfield in a dress?

**HAMMETT:** I think that would be extreme [laughs].

**HETFIELD:** I let Lars and Kirk take over a little on the image front. I really *don't* like looking at it now. Our fans go, "What happened to Metallica, the rebel, long-hair, greasy-biker, fuck-you band?" Now it was U2 or Stone Temple Pilots, or some band relying on an image. What the fuck did we need that for? That was just stupid. Jason and I were really not into it—Kirk and Lars were gung ho. You either laugh about it or you get wound up. I'm doing both, actually.

**PLAYBOY:** You guys were kind of handsome without the mullets.

**HETFIELD:** Come on! Mullets rule. Dude, I wanted to have long hair and short hair at the same time.

**HAMMETT:** I never had a mullet, OK?

**NEWSTED:** I'm not going to fess to the mullet for more than like three months in 1987.

**ULRICH:** It was probably only James who had a mullet.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, it sure looks like a mullet you're wearing on the inner sleeve of *Garage Inc.*, Lars. What if James grew back his mullet?

**HAMMETT:** If he does, I'm going to dye my hair pink. "You can have a funny haircut? So can I!"

**PLAYBOY:** James, you're progun and pro-environment. Did you vote for Al Gore?

**HETFIELD:** No. I'm afraid of someone taking my guns away.

**PLAYBOY:** Then did you vote for Bush?

**HETFIELD:** No. You have to go into the city to vote. So I'm not going to vote.

**PLAYBOY:** You describe drinking and performing as therapeutic. Have you ever been in real therapy?

**HETFIELD:** [Nods] Around the time of *Load*, I felt I wanted to stop drinking. "Maybe I'm missing out on something. Everyone else seems so happy all the time. I want to get happy." I'd plan my life around a hangover: "The Misfits are playing in town Friday night, so Saturday is hangover day." I lost a lot of days in my life. Going to therapy for a year, I learned a lot about myself. There's a lot of things that scar you when you're growing up, you don't know why. The song *Bleeding Me* (on *Load*) is about that: I was trying to bleed out all the bad, get the evil out. While I was going through therapy, I discovered some ugly stuff in there. A dark spot.

**PLAYBOY:** So did the biggest drinker in

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Alcoholica stop drinking?

**HETFIELD:** I took more than a year off from drinking—and the skies didn't part. It was just life, but less fun. The evil didn't come out. I wasn't laughing, wasn't having a good time. I realized, drinking is a part of me. Now I know how far to go. You can't be hungover when you got kids, man. "Dad, get the fuck off the couch!" Well, they don't say that—yet.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever go to AA?

**HETFIELD:** I wouldn't say I'm an alcoholic—but then, you know, alcoholics say they're not alcoholics.

**PLAYBOY:** By then, you were spending more time with your father. How did that go?

**HETFIELD:** It started off really bad. Very mad at him for making the family the way it was. It was never a real father-son kind of thing again.

**HAMMETT:** James used to be a raging, out-of-control drunk, always fighting, always getting into trouble. He's a lot more patient now. I think a lot of that had to do with the passing of his father [in 1996, during the *Load* tour]. After that, he was just a lot more appreciative, thoughtful and compassionate.

**PLAYBOY:** James strikes us as kind of an enlightened redneck.

**HAMMETT:** I'll agree with that 100 percent. He lives a certain lifestyle that's easy to poke fun at: He lives out in the country, drinks a lot of beer, has a bunch of guns, goes hunting.

**HETFIELD:** I eat vegetables, too, man. They're just too easy to kill. Carrots don't get a chance to run. I think animals are there for us. We're on top of the food chain.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe you should have a hunting trip with one of those bands that supports PETA, like the Indigo Girls.

**HETFIELD:** Which one should I kill first? Oh, them hunting *with* me?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you uncomfortable with the degree of homophobia in metal?

**ULRICH:** Totally. Ultimately, why do me and Kirk stick our tongues down each other's throats once in a while in front of the camera? The metal world needs to be fucked with as much as possible. When the band started, everybody would sit around proving their heterosexuality by gay-bashing and stuff like that. Like, "Oh, fucking faggot." Does that elevate you to some greater he-man status? I never understood that.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard James use the word fag jokingly. Does that mean he's homophobic?

**HAMMETT:** Um, probably. James hasn't had a lot of experience with gay people, and that's a large reason for being homophobic. He needs to be enlightened in that area.

**ULRICH:** I *know* he's homophobic. Let there be no question about that. I think homophobia is questioning your sexuality and not being comfortable with it.

**PLAYBOY:** For the first time in years, there are a lot of metal bands on top of the charts. Most of them are pretty bad, aren't they?

**HAMMETT:** There's a lot of fucking crap. A lot of regurgitated stuff, too. That Papa Roach song (*Last Resort*), the main riff is from a fucking Iron Maiden song called *Hallowed Be Thy Name*.

**HETFIELD:** Limp Bizkit seems a little cartoony to me. I don't like some guy just yelling. Like Rage Against the Machine—it wasn't singing, it was just some guy kind of pissed off, telling you his opinion.

**HAMMETT:** To me, Limp Bizkit sounds like a second-rate Korn. Korn has a much better vocalist who is somewhat intelligent. A lot of these bands get the right ingredients, the right formula, and—voilà—they have a metal band. A band like Godsmack is just a cross between Metallica and Alice in Chains, with a bit of Korn thrown in.

**HETFIELD:** Queens of the Stone Age is unique. This band Rocket From the Crypt makes me feel good.

**PLAYBOY:** Three of you are married, two

---

*Lars would talk his way into their pants. Kirk had a baby face that was appealing to the girls. And Cliff—he had a big dick. Word got around about that, I guess.*

---

of you have kids. What has changed?

**NEWSTED:** Five years ago, the band took priority over all other things. Now, families come first. I understand that. A family is more important. I'm the only one who's not married, and music still plays the biggest part in my life. I mean, Black Sabbath is my number one band of all time, but Metallica has done more for metal. Metallica is the biggest heavy metal band there has ever been. I want to keep that strong. But Metallica is only one part of my musical life, OK? Those guys will be happy taking six months away from the music. They have other things on their minds. If I even try to go six days without playing with somebody, I have anxiety-type things happen.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds like this sabbatical is frustrating to you.

**NEWSTED:** Yes. James and Lars started this thing together. They came through all of the hardships. And they have serious, written-in-stone feelings about the band, about how it needs to be run. That's very, *very* hard to swallow sometimes. I guess our understanding is that we don't want to be like other bands, where people go off and do side proj-

ects. I have made some incredibly wonderful music with other musicians. It would just floor people—it has floored people. But I just can't release it.

**PLAYBOY:** James and Lars won't let you?

**NEWSTED:** It's not Lars.

**HETFIELD:** We just disagree about side projects. Fans have always viewed Metallica as something they can rely on: We're always there, always strong, and that's a band. We've been the same guys since day one, essentially. The only way you can get out of this band is if you die. When you say Metallica, you know who that is: Lars, James, Kirk and—uh, what's that guy? Jason [*laughs*]. When someone does a side project, it takes away from the strength of Metallica. So there is a little ugliness lately. And it shouldn't be discussed in the press.

**NEWSTED:** James Hetfield is the heart and soul and pride of Metallica, the protector of the name. I'm not out to disrespect him.

**PLAYBOY:** But he could respect you by letting you release the album?

**NEWSTED:** We're getting really close to some things we shouldn't be talking about. I would like him to see that this music is truly a part of me, like his child is a part of him.

**PLAYBOY:** What did James say when you told him that you wanted to release the album?

**NEWSTED:** I won't go there. We have to change the subject.

**HETFIELD:** Where would it end? Does he start touring with it? Does he sell shirts? Is it his band? That's the part I don't like. It's like cheating on your wife in a way. We're all married to Metallica. Married to each other.

**PLAYBOY:** So what is Jason supposed to do during the hiatus?

**HETFIELD:** I don't fucking know. I'm not his travel agent.

**HAMMETT:** I just hope we can survive this in one piece without tearing each other's fucking throats out.

**PLAYBOY:** Lars, do you think that Jason should be able to release his album?

**ULRICH:** I wouldn't be able to look him in the eye and go, "You can't put that record out." That's not who I am as a person. That's pretty much all I have to say. I just can't get caught up in these meltdowns. I've got some issues in my family life, with my wife, that are a little more weighty than, like, whatever James Hetfield and Jason Newsted are bickering over.

**PLAYBOY:** What if Jason were to put it out anyway?

**HETFIELD:** I don't know. It would disappoint me a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** How is the record?

**HAMMETT:** It's a great album.

**ULRICH:** It's a nice record, very bluesy, like a poppier version of Stevie Ray Vaughan's stuff.

**HETFIELD:** It's respectable.

(continued on page 164)

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# SUN RISE

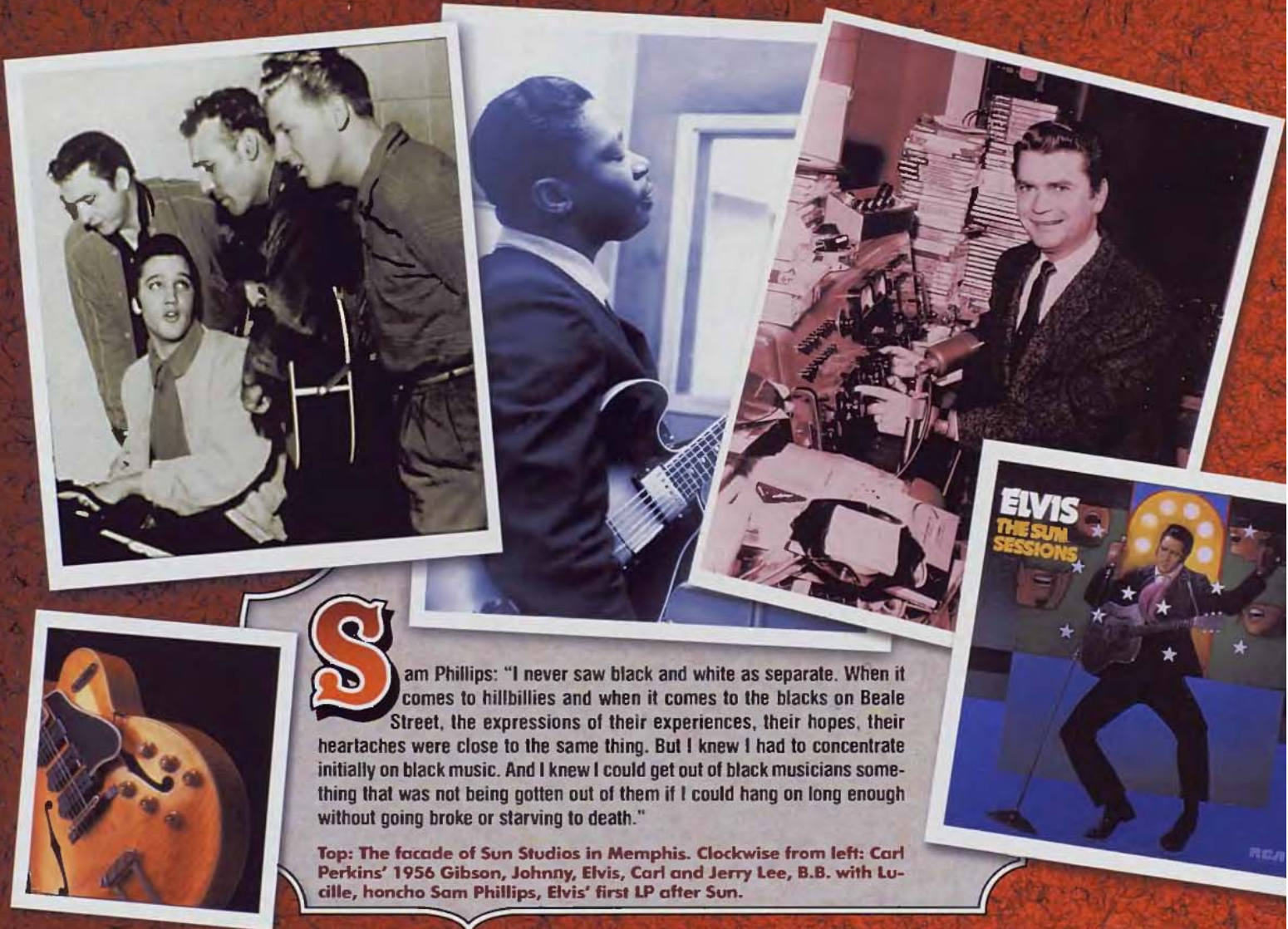
**H**OW A TINY RECORDING STUDIO  
BECAME THE HIT FACTORY THAT  
CHANGED THE WORLD

carl

By Jamie Malanowski

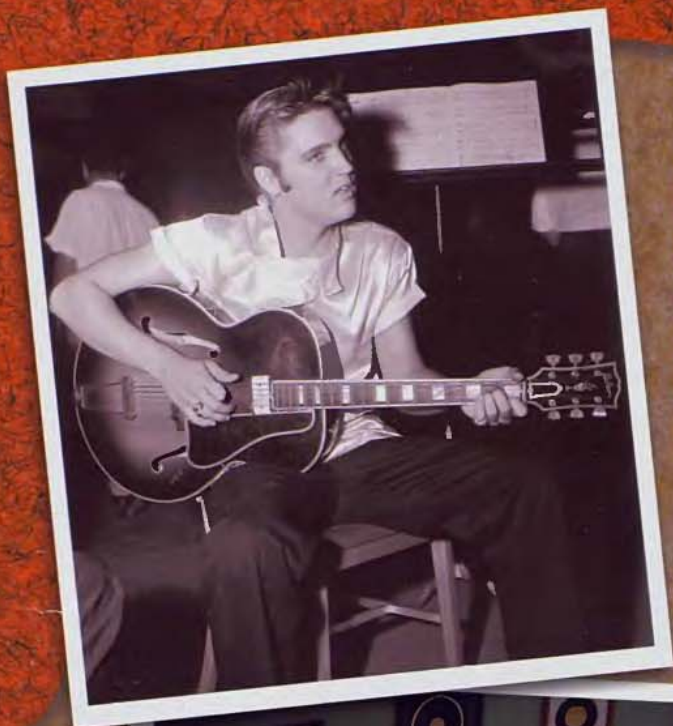
**I**t is one of those facts, like Washington crossing the Delaware and Lincoln freeing the slaves, that American children learn the instant they are weaned: Sun Records of Memphis, Tennessee is the birthplace of rock and roll. It's important because rock and roll—or, to call it by its current signature, rock—was the dominant pop music style of the 20th century, and seems to be storming boldly into the 21st on the broad backs of Creed and Limp Bizkit and Blink-182. Knowing that Sun Records is the birthplace of rock allows us to trace the roots of its many flowerings, of *Hanky Panky* and *Wooly Bully*, of Oingo Boingo and Chumbawumba and the Blues Magoos (and of the many songs and bands that cannot boast of an internal rhyme scheme). Just as important, it allows us to trace the origins of the broader rock lifestyle—the traditions of trashing hotel rooms and dating supermodels and using hair to display personal or political leanings. Scratch Lenny Kravitz, scratch Rob Thomas, scratch Melissa Etheridge, and you'll find Sun Records DNA.

OK, you say, so what? If rock and roll hadn't been born at Sun Records, it surely would have been born someplace else. True, pieces of rock were born in other places, and (text concluded on page 86)



**S**am Phillips: "I never saw black and white as separate. When it comes to hillbillies and when it comes to the blacks on Beale Street, the expressions of their experiences, their hopes, their heartaches were close to the same thing. But I knew I had to concentrate initially on black music. And I knew I could get out of black musicians something that was not being gotten out of them if I could hang on long enough without going broke or starving to death."

Top: The facade of Sun Studios in Memphis. Clockwise from left: Carl Perkins' 1956 Gibson, Johnny, Elvis, Carl and Jerry Lee, B.B. with Lucille, honcho Sam Phillips, Elvis' first LP after Sun.



**SAM PHILLIPS:** "We could have cut a ballad with Elvis the first night, the guy had such a beautifully untrained voice. I wasn't interested in that. I wanted to do something that wasn't being done. But we were packing up one night, and Elvis cut into *That's All Right*. Listen, it didn't take a damn genius to say, 'What in the hell, Elvis—have you been holding out on me all these damn months we've been working here?'"

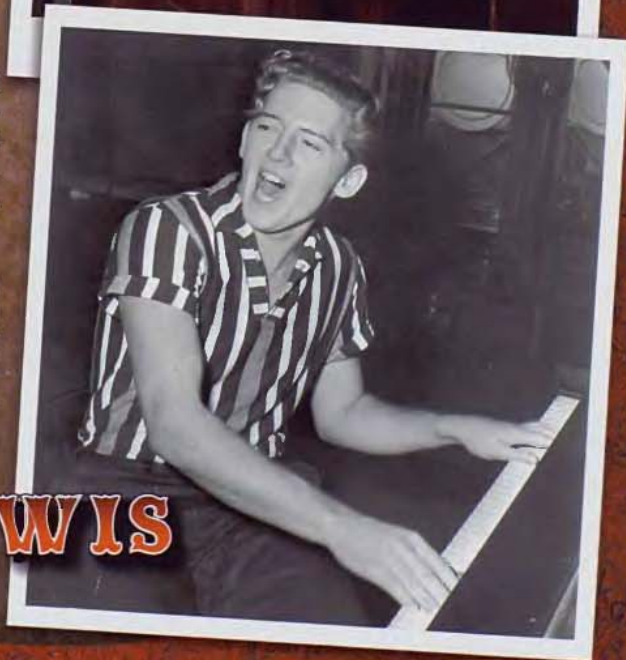


**SCOTTY MOORE:** "I put together a country-western band in Memphis in 1952, and Sam put out a record. I don't know if we sold 12 copies or 14, but Sam and I became good friends. Sam's secretary, Marion Keisker, told me about this kid and got me his phone number. So I called Elvis and got him to come over. I told Sam, 'He doesn't have any original material, but this guy is young, he knows every song in the world and he has real good rhythm.'"



**SAM PHILLIPS:** "Jerry Lee Lewis had the spontaneity of the greatest evangelist in the world. I'm not talking about the fact that he had studied at a little Bible college, but Jerry had that evangelical feel about what he did. And he was an absolute genius—and I don't use that word very often—at the piano. Musically, Jerry Lee was probably the most spontaneous human being I've seen, or expect to see."

"The devil's music? Says who? I'm dealing with my music. Hell, the archangel has a lot of power. He was probably the director above all the music, I don't know. But if people think Jerry Lee Lewis ever thought or ever would think he's playing the devil's music, that's as much shit as I've ever heard in my life. It wasn't the devil's music, son. It was Jerry Lee Lewis' music."



# JERRY LEE LEWIS

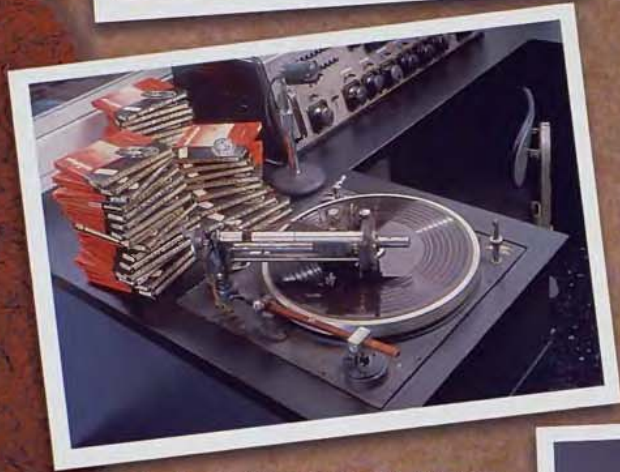


## JOHNNY CASH

"I never did like musical bags or categories, you know? We busted out on our own at Sun Records with our long hair and sideburns and black clothes, and they called us every name under the sun, from rockabillys to white niggers."

**SAM PHILLIPS:** "Ike Turner brought his band up, and they got in an accident on the way when they were stopped by the police. They had an old bass amplifier, and it fell off the car. After that, the amp couldn't handle the bass anymore but it could take the guitar. So we just switched and used a smaller amp that wasn't busted, turned it down and got a bass sound. Then we put the guitar through the torn woofer of the bass amp. When they started to play, I thought, Man, this is a real different sound."

**SAM PHILLIPS:** "I was like a scientist in his lab who knows there is a bug or something he can find if he just keeps going, you know? There was something in that studio I had to find."



Studio equipment (from left): Ampex three-track tape recorder, the original microphone and Wurlitzer piano, the front desk—Marion Keisker's domain—acetate lathe and original master-tape boxes.

"Johnny Cash was on Sun, and he was making unusual records. Presley was on Sun and so was Carl Perkins. So when Johnny came to Odessa and did a show, I said to him, 'How do you get on Sun Records?' Johnny said, 'Call Sam.' So I called Sam and said, 'Johnny Cash said I might be able to get on your record label,' and he said, 'Johnny Cash doesn't run my record company,' and slammed down the phone. But we sent him a demo record, and he called me back and said, 'Can you be here in three days?'"



## ROY ORBISON

long before Sam Phillips, the owner, head producer and chief tastemaker of Sun Records, knew a woofer from a tweeter. Sun gave the world Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison and Charlie Rich. It was also home to a legion of rockabilly shock troops who howled and rocked at state fairs and helped wrest public tastes from staid prerock genres. But Chuck Berry didn't record at Sun, nor did Little Richard, nor did Buddy Holly, nor did Fats Domino, nor did any of the doo-wop choirs. Sun was important, you say, but even without Sun Records, we'd still be drooling over Shirley Manson today.

We disagree.

If there were no Sun, there would have been no Elvis Presley. Elvis was a good-looking boy with a good voice, but he was hardly a can't-miss. Although he played some clubs and hops, he was hardly a go-getter determined to make his mark. He did manage to hie himself over to the Sun Studios in the summer of 1953, as legend has it, to cut a record for his mother's birthday. Someone at Sun—Sam Phillips or his assistant Marion Keisker—saw that Elvis had talent. But a full year passed before Sun brought Elvis back into the studios to cut a record. Even then, the first tracks were all ballads, and they weren't very good. It wasn't until Elvis and his estimable rhythm section of Bill Black and Scotty Moore started horsing around on a break and sang *That's All Right*, which had been an R&B hit for Arthur Crudup, that Sam Phillips heard the sound that would change the world.

Phillips was an R&B aficionado who recorded Rufus Thomas and Howlin' Wolf. He also produced B.B. King sides and helped make him a national act. In 1951 he recorded what is generally regarded as the first true rock-and-roll song, *Rocket 88*, sung by Jackie Brenston (but arranged by Ike Turner). It was Sam Phillips who has been famously quoted as saying, prior to the advent of the Elvis child, "If I could only find me a white boy who could sing like a negro, I could make me a million dollars." Presley could have walked into any studio in the South. But even if somebody at one of them saw he could sing, it took the marriage of a man looking for a wild sound with a boy who could produce it to ignite the spark. Without Phillips, odds are that Presley would have at best become a country balladeer, a rival to Eddy Arnold and Marty Robbins.

When it came time for the rock-and-roll revolution, Elvis was indispensable. He's the one who got the girls wet. Other singers never lacked for female companionship, but Elvis was the one

with atomic sex appeal. He got the girls to buy records and fill the halls and set up fan clubs and get all swoony, putting them in a mood from which a local, readily accessible example of masculinity could benefit. Barring Elvis, there is no real white matinee idol in rock until you get to Johnnie Ray and Fabian and Bobby Rydell. Without all that Elvis excitement and Elvis sex and Elvis mania, rock and roll is not a movement but a moment, a phase kids go through before they grow up. Without Sun, the history of rock and roll starts to include a lot of Bobby Darin, a guy who wanted to be Sinatra.

Then there is Carl Perkins. Let's pause for a moment to recall that it was Perkins who gave the world *Blue Suede Shoes*, one of the few Sun-like hits Elvis had after he moved to RCA. Carl Perkins, as it happens, is the artist who is most covered by the Beatles. In Liverpool and Hamburg, the Beatles study Buddy Holly, early Motowners such as Smokey Robinson and Barrett Strong, and Perkins. George Harrison, in particular, memorizes every lick and fill. The Rolling Stones, meanwhile, go to school in Chicago, and study Chess masters like Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters.

These are generalizations, mind you, but Sun and Carl Perkins helped shape the tenor of the British invasion. His pull added heft to one side of the light and dark Beatles-Stones dichotomy.

The Sun sound proved gutsy and popular, a formula used by the Beatles to avoid the sideshow elements of the British Invasion (such as *I'm Henry the Eighth, I Am* and *Do the Freddie*). They kept British rock interesting and kept it from being as irrelevant as French rock and roll. A Beatles-Sun bloodline transcended the mainstream pop of kids' music, Brill Building music and Lesley Gore, Neil Diamond and the Four Seasons. Even now Sun has a long reach. Witness the second coming of Johnny Cash, the profound Man in Black. His earlier recordings usually get lumped into the country pantheon, but now, 45 years later, he is embraced by modern rock stars as one of their own.

Sun rock and roll is an admixture of R&B and country. It blended black and white at a time when black stayed black or black was bleached. Sun paved the way by marketing a cross-racial sound. Great R&B labels like Atlantic saw the opening and started pushing the Drifters and Ben E. King and eventually Aretha and Otis Redding. The old practice of having white acts like Pat Boone and the Crew Cuts covering R&B hits disappeared right in time for the rise of Motown. The mixing of races at Sun Records and in rock and roll, like the

signing of Jackie Robinson, hastened the pace of equality.

Equally important was the success of Jerry Lee Lewis, king of the barely veiled sexual innuendo. R&B songs, of course, were full of double entendres, most of which were scrubbed clean by the white artists who covered them (although Bill Haley left in *Shake, Rattle and Roll* the line, "I'm like a one-eyed cat, peering in a seafood store"). But Jerry Lee had no truck with subtlety, as *Great Balls of Fire* shows. Jerry Lee got the preachers roused, got them thumping against the devil's music and its power to bring out animal passions in young people. (The sort of stuff his cousin Jimmy Swaggart would rail on about.) Which, of course, they were right about. Without Sun, without Jerry Lee, young people would have had to channel those passions through Neil Sedaka, Paul Anka and Connie Francis. Think how that would have slowed the sexual revolution.

As for Roy Orbison, yes, Roy was originally on Sun and had a few hits. However, the label did a poor job of recognizing his talent, which did not really flower until he went elsewhere.

There's more, of course. You can credit Sun artists with advancements in the design, architecture and engineering of the pompadour. They also gave the world of novelty songs such classics as *Ooby Dooby*, *Shoobie Oobie* and *Flying Saucer Rock and Roll* (the last by Bill Riley and His Little Green Men). And then there was Sun's enduring contribution to the music industry tradition of cheapness.

Perhaps pompadours and goofiness and stinginess would have prevailed elsewhere, but all the contributions come down to the same thing: The right people were in the right place at the right time, and when they intersected, magic happened. There were a lot of singers who thought they had every bit as much talent as Elvis had. They didn't. They thought that they deserved all the acclaim he received. They didn't. Indeed, in the late Fifties and the early Sixties, better singers than Elvis worked with producers who were better musicians than Sam Phillips only to produce boring, derivative records. But in the Sun Studios in 1954, Sam Phillips coaxed out of Elvis Presley the spirit of rock and roll, and set it loose. That spirit conquered a nation, changing the way we live, and then went around the world. You can say it mighta-coulda-woulda happened some other way. But you know what? It didn't.

(Quotes on pages 83 to 85 compiled by Steve Pond.)







Guck Brown

*"You're a good boy, Anthony. Not many mothers have a son who'd buy them a house for their old age."*

forget the  
books,  
it's time to hit  
the beach



We caught up with Katie Lohmann (left, red suit), a massage therapist from Arizona, and Trisha Campbell (left, white suit) in Lake Havasu City. The little we can read of our notes on Trisha indicates she surfs the Internet while eating chocolate. It sounds messy, but cleanup could be fun. Danielle Verbin, Marina Srejovic and Ashley Gilson got caught up in the excitement (above) and decided to do something memorable in Cancun. Meanwhile, in Panama City, Judy Handshoe (right) took command of the stage.

CANCUN

PANAMA CITY



# SPRING BREAK

**I**T'S A KIND OF national holiday. College students, whether they deserve the break or not, pack their swimwear and sunscreen and head south to cast shadows on the beach and express themselves exuberantly. We at PLAYBOY have been joining the festivities for many years now. This time, we visited three of the liveliest spring break destinations: Lake Havasu City, Arizona; Cancun, Mexico; and Panama City, Florida. We found sun worshipers, beach bums and students who showed no inclination toward sleep. Some of them found renewal along a stretch of beach, while others cracked beers by the pool with hundreds of new friends. We met many lovely girls and took their pictures. We were struck by the thought that if these kids could apply this sort of intensity toward their schoolwork, they all might graduate summa cum laude. But that, of course, would spoil the fun. We're overthinking this. Spring break must remain a vigorously celebrated holiday, a goal unto itself.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID RAMS AND RIC MOORE  
REPORTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN KUSTER



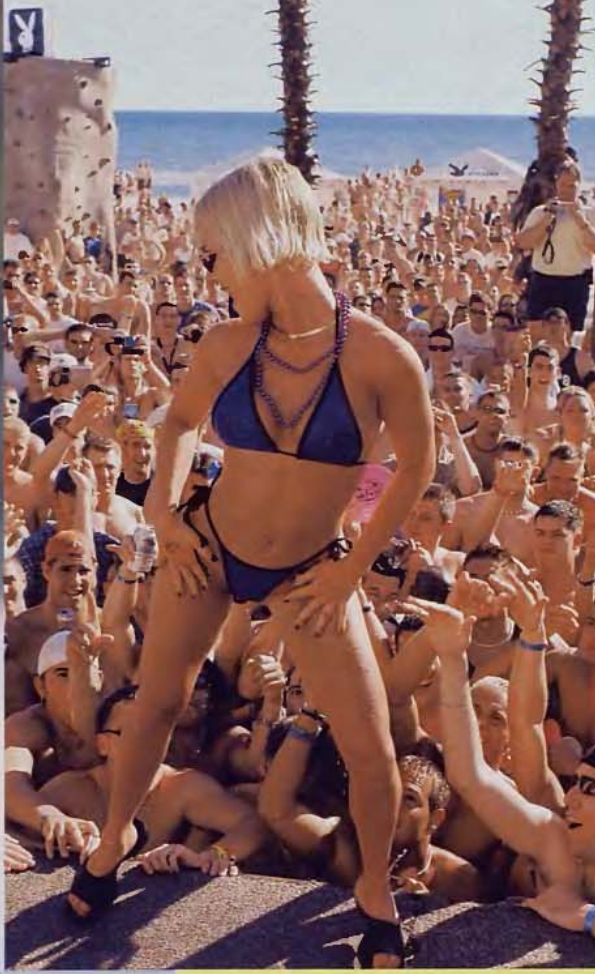
Katie Lohmann and Trisha Campbell (left) just met, but it looks like they've known each other for years. Back in Panama City, Judy Handshoe (above right) keeps the party going. Once spring break is over, Raven Lee (below right) will pursue a career in child psychology. Here, she enjoys a moist moment. Amanda Thompsan (below center) won our wet T-shirt contest in Panama City. The next time you're in Lang Beach, California, you may run into Christina Becker (lower left). As for the balloon (bottom center), we don't want to pop any illusions.





One of the pleasures of spring break is the way sunshine, beverages and an insistent backbeat cause young people to shed their clothes. Mia Zattali (above right) grew up in Massachusetts, but when college ended, she left the East Coast for Las Angeles and an acting career. We encountered her in Lake Havasu City—in the nick of time, apparently. Lauren Shaw (below) doffs her cowboy hat to prowl the runways of Panama City, and the audience welcomes her with open arms. The water in Cancun is perfect for Mindy Hill (left). This native of frasty Minnesota shows few signs of freezer burn. And the girls show the boys how it's done in Lake Havasu (above center).





Rebecca DiPietra (above left) traveled all the way from Providence, Rhode Island to Cancun, and all she has to show for it is this necklace. Judy Handshae (above center) continues to draw cheers and incite riots wherever she goes. Claire Olivia Preziasi (above right) uses that palm tree as a scratching post in Lake Havasu. A native of Cincinnati, she now makes her home in Arizona, where she tends bar and studies psychology. Take a houseboat, put a PLAYBOY banner on it, and what do you get (opposite, top)? Crowds of students, a boat lagjam and a rocking party. Christina Davis, Melissa Pagel, Meredith Thorson and Jennifer Shannon (opposite, bottom) hopped off the parch swing just in time for our camera. We concluded that there are surprisingly few tan lines in Cancun this spring. Nancy O'Brien, an aspiring actress (left), takes a boat ride in Lake Havasu. Be prepared to last a few rounds, guys: She's a power boxer.





# BISHOP JOHN SPONG'S BULLY PULPIT THE LOOSE CANON OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH REDEFINES CHRIST, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS AND ORIGINAL SIN. SOME CALL IT HERESY

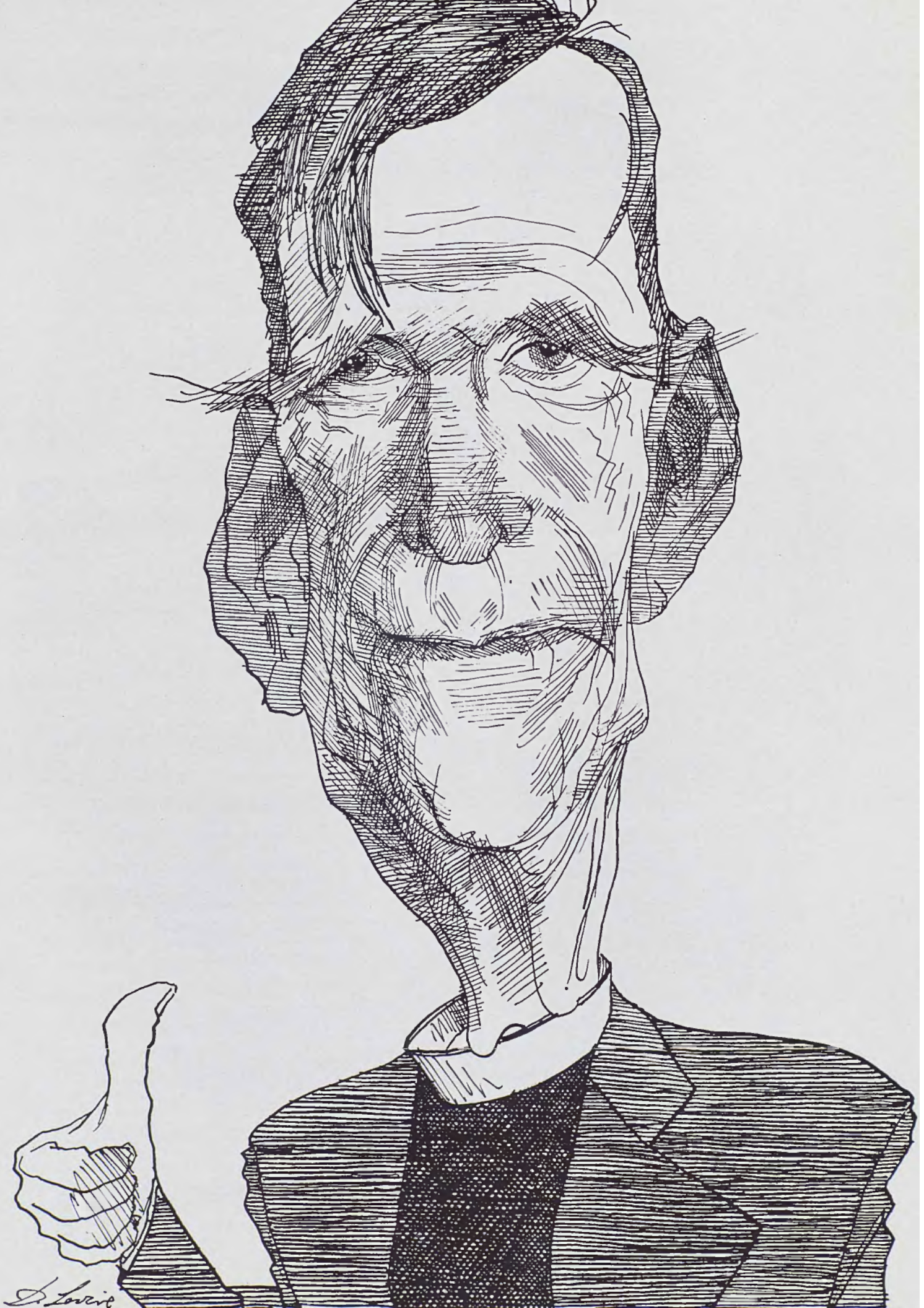
Playboy Profile by Warren Kalbacher

**E**piscopal Bishop John Spong grew up in the same Charlotte, North Carolina neighborhood as evangelist Billy Graham. Spong recalls that the older kid down the street found Bob Jones University insufficiently conservative, so he transferred to an even more fundamentalist Bible college. Spong's ecclesiastical career took a different path. He has come to be known as one of the country's most liberal religious leaders, outspoken in his advocacy of women and gay people in church life and

of rethinking traditional attitudes toward much of Christian theology.

There was no hint of iconoclasm in the young man who was drawn to a vocation in the church. He grew faint fasting before duty as an acolyte for Sunday Eucharist and was a stalwart of church youth groups. But Spong recalls that seeds of his attitudes were planted in his seminary classes, where he was exposed to creative theological thinking. As a pastor, he began to wonder (continued on page 126)







*"Sometimes I think you're the only one who really understands me."*

# Centerfolds

## ON SEX

### PETRA VERKAİK ON BEING RAVISHED, DRESSING WILD AND TALKING NAUGHTY

**Q:** What was the best sex you ever had?

**A:** I used to have a relationship where sometimes we would go on dates, but mostly we just wanted each other's bodies. Most of our encounters were late at night. I would leave the back door open for him and he would sneak into my backyard and come inside. I can still see his silhouette as he would take off his leather jacket. The anticipation of his arrival drove me nuts.

**Q:** How do you blow a guy's mind?

**A:** I love to play the supervixen role. I have a closetful of colorful, sexy, fun clothes. I'll wear something that's totally over-the-top, like super-high heels or badass black boots. I'll do something wild with my makeup and hair. It's so much fun. It's an outlet.

**Q:** Do you have a sex-in-public story?

**A:** We were in a country bar. My man was sitting on a barstool, watching me dance. I started leaning into his lap, wiggling and dancing. Imagine being right there in front of hundreds of people and no one even knowing our secret.

**Q:** How important to your sex life is talking about sex?

**A:** Really important. I love telling my lover how sexy he is. I really get into adoring his body and face. I love hearing how much I turn him on.

**MY FIRST TIME:** I was a teenager and he was a cute surfer in Huntington Beach. **TEENAGE SEX VERSUS GROWN-UP SEX:** Teenage sex has one level, while grown-up sex has several. Grown-up sex is sexy physically and mentally. You know what you want, he knows what he wants and you have the confidence to play with your lover. There is also the desire to please your partner. **LIGHTS ON OR OFF?** Candles on. Lots of candles! I'm very romantic that way. I want him to see me and I want to see him, too.

*Petra Verkaik*



# PLAYBOY'S SPRING

# SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

looking for the right seasonable wardrobe? no sweat

fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS  
produced by JOE DOLCE



**W**arm weather brings out the hang loose in all of us. So the last thing you want to do is worry about clothes. Relax. With a few essentials you can put together a versatile summer wardrobe that's both sharp and comfortable. A new suit, with soft lines and dropped shoulders, makes elegance easy to wear. A pair each of jeans and khakis allow lots of versatility. Couple any of these items with a colorful button-front shirt or polo. Add a sweater or suede jacket to an outfit based on jeans or khakis. Pick out a signature pair of shades and you're done, right? Not so fast. You can still ruin it all with the wrong shoes. Two pairs should see you through any occasion. Lace on some nice leather shoes with jeans and a polo and—abracadabra—you look well put together. Or slip on some suede shoes or bright sneakers to dress down. And don't forget to finish with a fresh summer fragrance.

At left: Even a casual workplace demands clothes that are both comfortable and sharp. These suits fit the bill. Hanging on the telephone: Two-button suit and belt by Calvin Klein, short-sleeve shirt by Van Heusen and tie by Joseph Abboud. Paperback writer: Two-button suit, shirt and belt by Calvin Klein, with a tie by Tammy Hilfiger. On our man in the middle: Three-button suit by Hugo Boss, shirt by Van Heusen, tie by Tammy Hilfiger and belt by Kenneth Cole.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK PLATT



## AT WORK

Clockwise from above left: Think brown and beige. Shoes, left to right: Giorgio Armani, Grenson for Paul Stuart, and Kenneth Cole. Belts, from top to bottom: Giorgio Armani, Kenneth Cole, Brooks Brothers, Kenneth Cole, Davide Cenci and Calvin Klein. The suit is by Ermenegildo Zegna, shirt and tie are by Davide Cenci. Black shoes, left to right: Cole-Haan, Kenneth Cole, and Johnston and Murphy. Gadget bazaar, clockwise from upper left: Palm IIIc, cell phone case by Calvin Klein, Palm M100 with case and Nokia B290 series phone. Briefcases, clockwise from upper left: CK by Colvin Klein, Hugo Boss, Kenneth Cole and Dovidie Cenci. Shirt and tie combinations, clockwise from upper left: Shirt by Geoffrey Beene with tie by Brooks Brothers, shirt by Geoffrey Beene and tie by Ermenegildo Zegna, shirt by Geoffrey Beene and tie by Calvin Klein, shirt by Van Heusen with tie by Tommy Hilfiger. Navy three-button suit by Ralph Lauren with shirt and tie also by Ralph Lauren. Three-button pinstripe suit by Everett Hall with shirt by Joseph Abboud and tie by Pink. Handkerchief by Everett Hall—elegance never goes out of season.





Clockwise from top: Red T-shirt by Kenneth Cole, polo by Gap, jacket by Tommy Hilfiger and plaid pants by Ron Chereskin. He wears his sunglasses at night: Cotton vest and short-sleeve shirt by Tommy Hilfiger, pants by Kenneth Cole. Orange crush: Vest by Tommy Hilfiger over a shirt by Ron Chereskin. Jeans are 501 by Levi's. Blondie asks, "Mind if I fondle your drawstring?" She doesn't wait for approval. On him: Blue shirt by Gap over a long-sleeve T by DKNY. Drawstring pants by Tommy Hilfiger.



**A T P L A Y**

Clockwise from upper left: Shade your eyes. Sunglasses, from top: Gucci, Polo Sport, Carrera, Polo Sport, Carrera, Polo Ralph Lauren, Giorgio Armani and Polo Ralph Lauren. Baseball cap by Tommy Hilfiger, sweater by DKNY and vest and pants by Noutica. (Sunglasses by Emporio Armani.) The buzz is all about neutral tones and black mixed with some citrus shades and plums and pinks. Which means you can't go wrong. Sneakers, from left to right: Fila, Fila, Tammy Hilfiger, Fila and DMX. Top two polos by the Gap, bottom two by Lacoste. Pants, from top to bottom: DKNY, Gap pleated, Gap plain front, Boss by Hugo Boss, Nautica jeans, DKNY suede, Tammy Hilfiger pleated, Nautica carpenter jeans and Tommy flat front. On dummy number one: Long-sleeve shirt by Tammy Hilfiger over polo by Ermenegildo Zegna and pants by Nautica. (Glasses by Robert Marc.) On dummy number two: Cotton sweater by Tammy Hilfiger over polo by Gap; pants by DKNY. Backpack by Hilfiger Athletics, cap and watch by Fila. Here comes the hat stepper. Shoes, left to right: Kenneth Cole, Cat, Johnston and Murphy, and Joseph Abboud.






## AT NIGHT

Clockwise from upper left: Accessorize, dude. Watches, top to bottom: Emporio Armani, Swiss Army, Dunhill, Filo, Oris, Oris, Oris, Michele and Emporio Armani. Jacket by Hugo Boss, shirt by Joseph Abboud, tie by Tommy Hilfiger and pants by Emporio Armani. Shoes, left to right: Ralph Lauren, Giorgio Armani, Kenneth Cole and Joseph Abboud. Fragrances, clockwise from top: Contradiction by Calvin Klein, DKNY Men, Hugo by Hugo Boss, Helmut Long, Dolce and Gabbana, Gucci Envy and, in the middle, Cerruti Imoge. Jeans, top to bottom: Levi's 501 preshrunk, Levi's 501, Wrangler Authentic Cut deep blue, Levi's Lot 53, Kenneth Cole Reaction, Gop relaxed fit, Lucky Brand dungarees, Levi's 501 preshrunk, Levi's 517 deep blue and Levi Strauss rubber jeans. On the headless sportsman: Suede jacket by Hugo Boss, pants by Ron Cherskin, T-shirt by Kenneth Cole and shirt by Cerruti. In the corner shop: Jacket and pants by Joseph Abboud, sweater by Cerruti and polo by Hugo Boss. (Glasses by Ralph Lauren.) Shirts, top to bottom: Nike, DKNY, Kenneth Cole Reaction and Kenneth Cole. All four sets of cuff links by Alfred Dunhill.







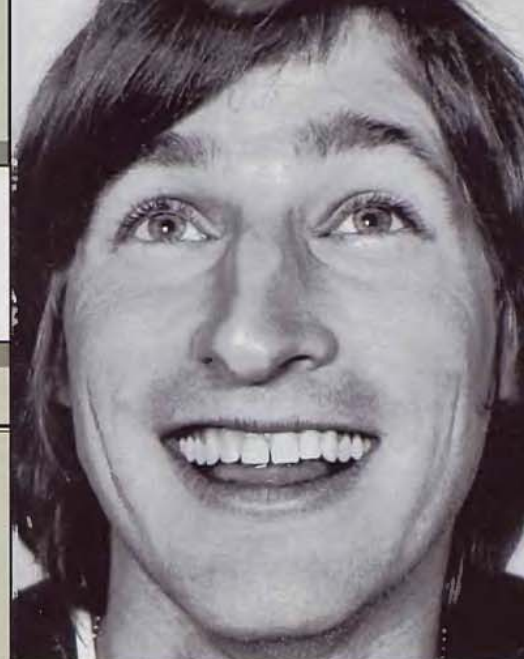
Are those bumps in your chain-mail top or are you just glad to see us? Above, at left: Coat by Joseph Abboud, shirt by Private Circle, pants by Kenneth Cole and shoes by Johnston and Murphy. At right: Jacket and jeans by Kenneth Cole Reaction, shirt by Kenneth Cole and boots by Johnston and Murphy.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

# BEING SPIKE JONZE

thirteen reasons the director of "being john malkovich" has our attention

> BY ALISON LUNDGREN



V Clockwise from top left: Richard Koufay (a.k.a. Jonze) does his thing, Malkovich pokes fun at himself, Spike and the missus, as Vig in *Three Kings*, behind the scenes of *Being John Malkovich*, Johnny Knoxville marines himself on *Jackass*, namesake Spike Jones.



1

Born Adam Spiegel, heir to the catalog empire, he chucked the silver spoon and renamed himself after Spike Jones, the World War II-era band-leader famous for (*All I Want for Christmas Is*) *My Two Front Teeth*.

2

After years of making groundbreaking skate videos, he co-created MTV's sick, wrong and addictive *Jackass*.

3

He duped America when he went onstage at the MTV Video Music Awards disguised as Richard Koufay, the Torrance Community Dance Group leader he plays in Fatboy Slim's *Praise You* video.

4

He mind-fucks the press. Getting him to talk about himself is like getting Britney Spears to keep her clothes on. One reporter mistakenly wrote a profile of Koufay, complete with a photo of Jonze in disguise.



5

His wedding to Sofia Coppola took place at Francis Ford Coppola's Napa Valley vineyard. Tom Waits sang *Here Comes the Bride*.

6

His music video arsenal includes Weezer's *Buddy Holly*, Soundgarden's *My Wave*, Björk's *It's Oh So Quiet* and Puff Daddy's *It's All About the Benjamins*.

7

To get the underwater footage for the Beastie Boys' *Sabotage* video, Jonze—who lacked an underwater camera—put a regular camera in a clear trash bag. It didn't work.



8

Still, he commands \$25,000 a day.

9

He worked as a photographer for *Freestylin'*, *BMX Action* and *Homeboy* before co-founding *Dirt*, brother publication to *Sassy*.

10

Jonze's short *Eric Chaplin* featured skater Eric Hopkins depicting what would happen if Charlie Chaplin found a skateboard. It was filmed for less than \$500. Today, Jonze makes shorts for Atomfilms.com.



11

In the Levi's 501 spot that depicted a guy being dragged behind a van, Jonze insisted on playing the man himself.

12

He and *Being John Malkovich* scribe Charlie Kaufman waited years for Malkovich to read the script. Says Malkovich: "For a kid who seems like a goofball who skateboards and does tricks on his bicycle, he's very smart."

13

Before eclipsing Mark Wahlberg and George Clooney as redneck soldier Conrad Vig in *Three Kings*, he had bit parts in *The Game* and *Mi Vida Loca*. His next two acting gigs: *Hannibal* and *Planet of the Apes*.



*"Sometimes they readjust when we release them, sometimes they don't."*

miss april takes us for a ride

# COWGIRL KATIE

**I**F KATIE LOHMANN gives you warm feelings of déjà vu, take another look at this issue's *Spring Break* pictorial for more of Miss April. Our Desert Rose, who hails from Scottsdale, Arizona, jumped at the chance to spread spring fever. "PLAYBOY put me on this tiny airplane and flew me to Lake Havasu City, Arizona," she says. "We were topless on a houseboat, and these guys were hooting while the photographers were trying to take our pictures. The girls watching us didn't think we were that great."

Katie looks picture-perfect to us, and the 21-year-old is

unapologetic about her privileged childhood. "I would love to say that I was a struggling child and now I'm a Centerfold, but that's not my story," she explains. "I was pretty spoiled, but I was a good student, stayed away from drugs and was really athletic." She pinned a lot of lucky guys to the mat as the only girl on her high school wrestling team, which we suspect had unprecedented participatory interest.

With amateur wrestling and a brief stint as a massage therapist behind her, Katie moved to Los Angeles to pursue her childhood dream of being in the movies. "I watched







So what kind of guy can Miss April see herself getting cozy with? "I like toned guys, but not overdone," she says. "I like a little bit of a fat layer because I think pure muscle is kind of gross. And soft, clean hands! I have rough hands, which I think come from playing on jungle gyms as a kid and hanging there like a monkey!"

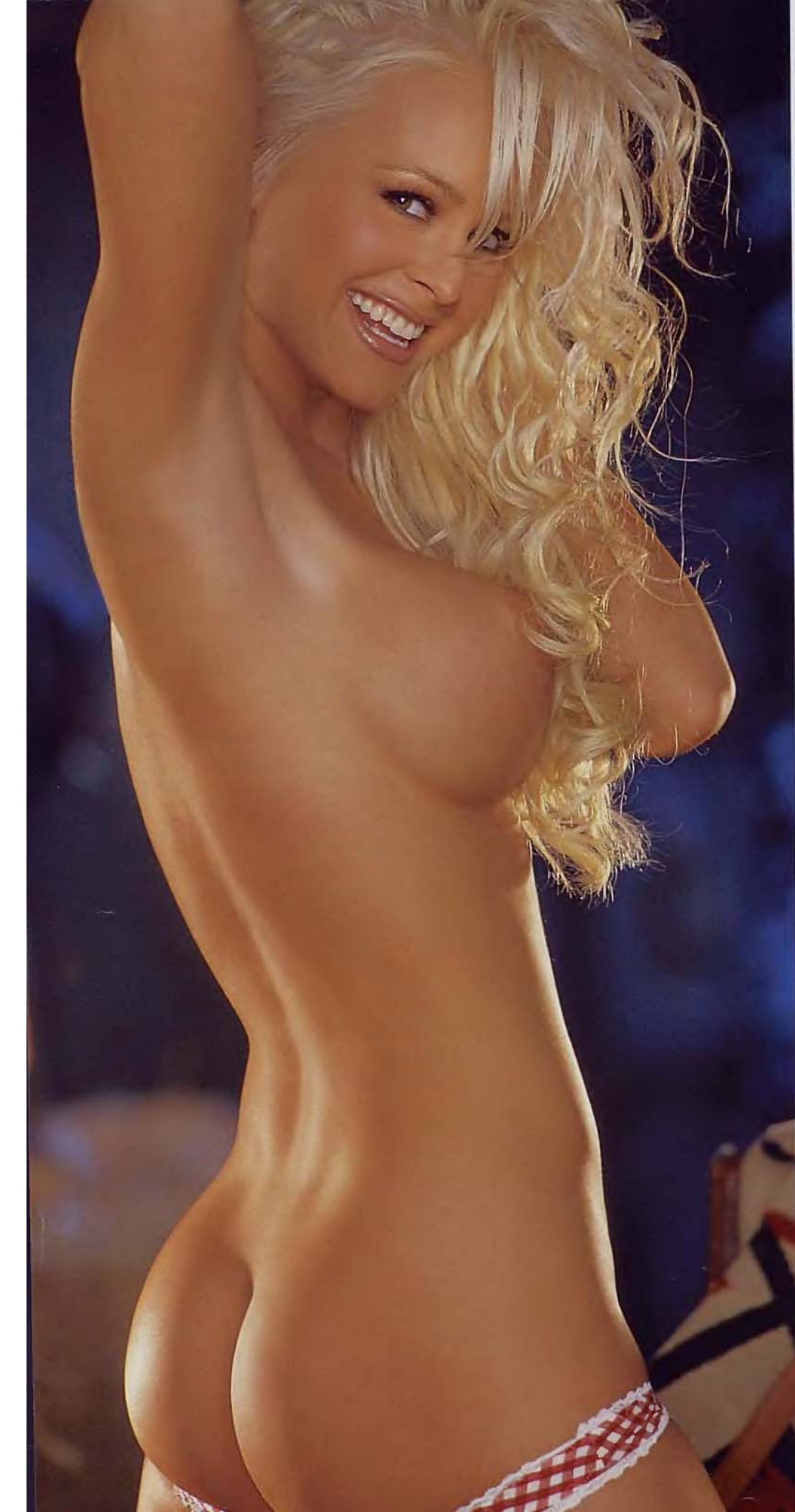












*Labyrinth* when I was seven and thought it was magical," she says of the 1986 David Bowie film. "I used to pretend that my house was outer space, and I would set up my stuffed animals like they were goblins and dance around with my friends." The practice paid off, and you can catch Katie as Jerry O'Connell's fantasy girl in this summer's *Tomcats*, as a Who groupie who gets her chest signed by Roger Daltrey on Showtime's *Rude Awakening*, as one of the bitchy Pink Girls who throws attitude alongside Lou Diamond Phillips in *Knight Club*, as a "bright and shiny person" in Disney's *Bubble Boy*, and in Steven Spielberg's highly anticipated *AI: Artificial Intelligence*. In the last, a fantasy film about a young boy who finds out he's really a robot, Katie's character is a rainbow-bedecked automaton. "I play one of the happy robots that are cute and never complain, so I was called Cherry 2000 on the set," she says.

Although Miss April has acting on the brain, she still finds time to get romantic. Does she paint the town red? "I like to go out with a guy and paint the town red, blue, green, yellow and purple," she says. For now, Katie wants to take care of business. "I told my mom that I have three wishes: to be a Playmate, to be in movies and to win an award," she says. "I'm the youngest child and extremely independent, so I learned that you take care of things or they won't get done. I just want people to see that I'm going to do something with myself. I know something good is going to happen."

We can think of several pet names for someone like Katie, so why is she called Mouse Butt? "My friends started calling me Mouse Butt because my ex did," she says. "But a mouse doesn't really have a butt. It's just like a little ball. It all started because I have a baby butt that's cute like a mouse, I guess."



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Katie DeMarco*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Katie Lehmann

BUST: 32D WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 1-29-80 BIRTHPLACE: Scottsdale, Arizona

AMBITIONS: To have versatile roles as an actress. Also to win an award.

TURN-ONS: I love a beautiful smile, and someone who understands I'm not perfect.

TURNOFFS: Men who are really negative about my career.

MY FAVORITE TV SHOW: Sex and the City.

MY FAVORITE SPORT: In school I was the only girl on the wrestling team. I got voted "most aggressive" in the lightweights.

I wish I could still do it, but modeling and acting have taken over.



trip to Mexico, summer of '96.



school dance, age 17.



Steven Spielberg and me.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** pretty young college student visited her professor's office after class. She glanced down the hall, closed his door and knelt before him. "I would do anything to pass this exam," she said.

Leaning closer, she whispered seductively, "I mean, I would do anything."

He looked down at her and said, "You'll do anything?"

"Anything," she replied again.

His voice softened. "Anything," he repeated.

She smiled, and again said, "Anything."

His voice turned to a whisper. "Would . . . you . . . study?"



**T**wo Norwegians who worked at the garment factory were laid off. They went downtown together to file for unemployment. The clerk asked the first Norwegian his occupation. "Panty Stitcher," the Norwegian replied.

The clerk looked up Panty Stitcher, found it listed under unskilled labor and wrote a check for \$300 for one week's work. The clerk asked the second Norwegian what his occupation was. "Diesel Fitter," he replied.

Since Diesel Fitter was listed as skilled labor, the clerk gave him a check for \$600. The Panty Stitcher became angry and demanded to know why his friend received more money.

"Well," the clerk explained. "Panty Stitcher is listed as unskilled labor and Diesel Fitter is listed as skilled labor."

"Him? Skilled?" exclaimed the Panty Stitcher. "I sew the elastic on the panties. He pulls on it and says, 'Oh, ja, diesel fitter.'"

**F**resh out of college, a blonde began her new job as an elementary school counselor. One day during recess she noticed a boy standing by himself at the end of a field, while the rest of the kids played soccer. She asked if he was all right and the boy said he was fine. A little while later she approached him again. "Would you like me to be your friend?" she asked.

The boy hesitated then said, "OK."

Feeling that she was making progress, she then asked, "Why are you standing all alone?"

"Because," the boy said, "I'm the fucking goalie."

**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Japan sent 5000 cases of Viagra to America. They heard we have erectile dysfunction.

**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: A couple purchased a talking parrot on their honeymoon—much to the groom's annoyance, since the bird kept a running commentary on their lovemaking. The groom finally threw a towel over the cage and threatened to give the parrot to the zoo if it didn't quit.

The next morning, packing to return home, the newlyweds couldn't close a large suitcase. "Honey," the groom said, "you get on top and I'll try." That didn't work.

Figuring they needed more weight on the lid, she said, "Sweetheart, you get on top and I'll try." Still no success.

Then the man said, "Let's both get on top and try."

At that point the parrot yanked away the towel and said, "Zoo or no zoo, this I gotta see!"

**A** young man walked into a bar. "What can I get you?" the bartender asked.

"Six shots of ouzo," the man said.

"Six shots!" the bartender hollered. "What are you celebrating?"

"My first blow job."

"Well, in that case, let me give you a seventh on the house."

"No thanks," the young man said. "If six shots won't get rid of the taste, nothing will."

**T**hree old ladies were sitting on a park bench talking when a flasher appeared. He stood right in front of them and opened his trench coat. Well, the first old lady had a stroke. Then the second old lady had a stroke. The third old lady had arthritis and couldn't reach that far.



**A** young woman noticed a small sign in a store window that read GOOD HOME WANTED FOR CLIT-LICKING FROG.

Intrigued, she went inside and addressed the guy behind the counter: "I've come about the clit-licking frog."

"Oui, Madame?"

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.



*mike williams.*

*"I really don't mind seeing them, Phil—I just wish they'd buy a round occasionally."*

# My Life in

## HEAVY METAL

*a concert reviewer in the armpit of texas  
needs more than one woman in his life—or  
what would axl say?*

### fiction By Steve Almond

**J**osephine Byron chased me all through college. Nobody could figure this out, not her friends, not mine, not the fratboys who watched her wag across the wide lawns of our school. She was one of those women invariably referred to as *striking*, a great big get-a-load-of-that: gleaming black hair, tulipy curves. Snow White refigured, made warmer, more voluptuous. She was also utterly convinced of herself, her good taste in clothing and men, her beauty and her intellect, which she unfurled in earnest, vaguely Marxist jeremiads while the rest of us gazed at her lips.

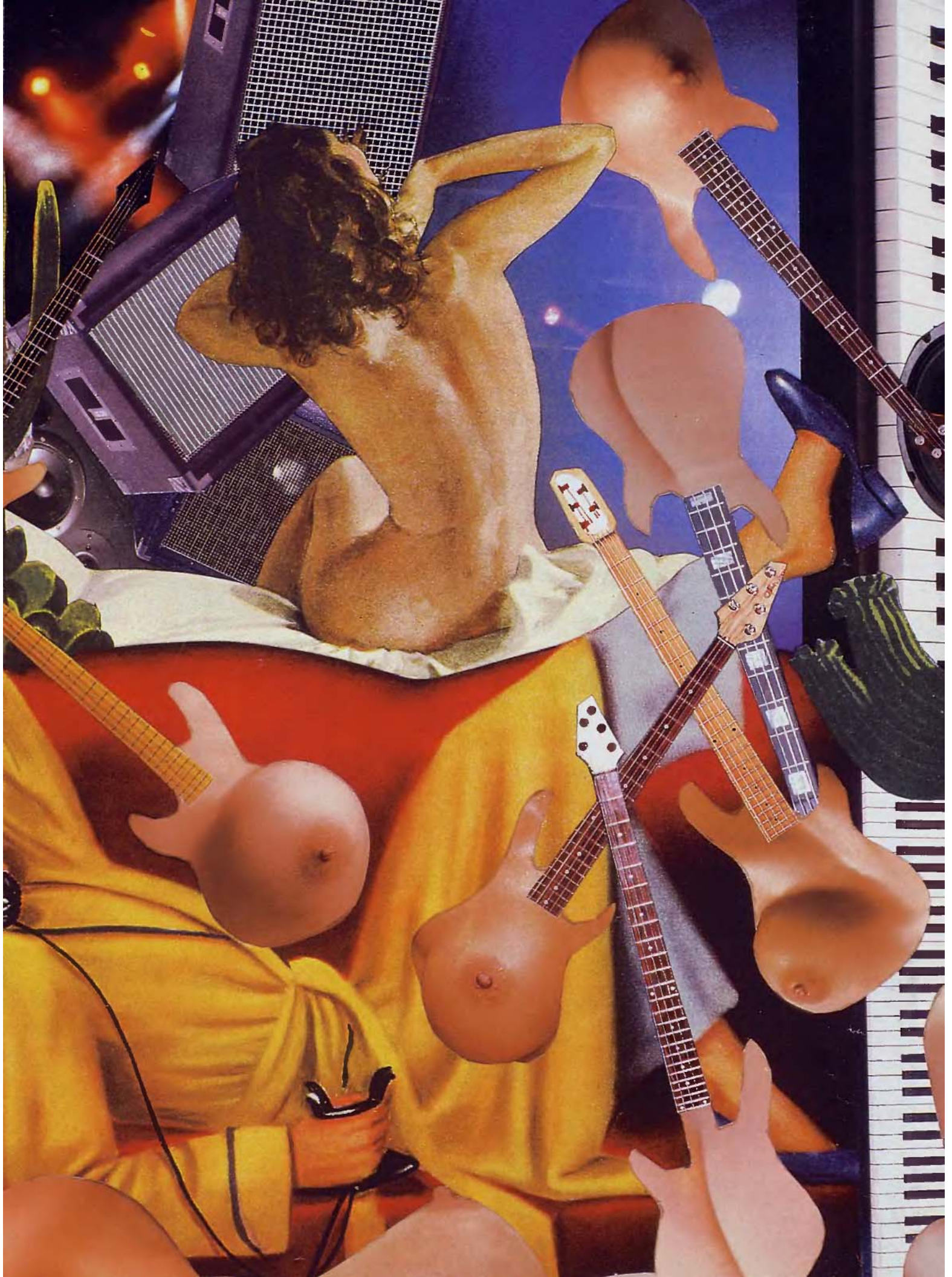
In the dim, yeasty haze of after-parties and the stoned vistas of Hope Hill, on the cruddy avenues of our college town, Jo came to me bearing gifts, a fresh-baked loaf of bread, a Mardi Gras necklace, bearing her sly smile and plump white breasts. She let me have my way with her, though I was never quite sure, in the end, that she wasn't having her way with me. At night, she kissed my body all over and in the mornings made me omelets. It was like having *Happy Birthday* sung to me each day: ecstatic and deeply disquieting.

A few months after graduating, I moved to El Paso, where the daily paper needed a clerk. I lived alone, in a basement, and ate fried chicken from boxes. Taking a shower in my place was like being spit on, so I got in the habit of showering at the YMCA, where I swam a few times a week. The lifeguard was a quiet woman who wore clunky glasses and a red Speedo one-piece with a towel wrapped around her lower body. If I stuck around long enough on Wednesdays, she took off the towel and led kiddie classes in the shallow end. She was good with the kids, teasing them in Spanish, holding their bellies while they flailed. Her face was round, bookish, somewhat drab. Even without the glasses, her eyes seemed far away. But she cut the water like a nymph.

I spent hours at work, hoping to distinguish myself. I sent Jo long, maudlin letters. I wanted her to love me again. I had been wrong to treat her with such disregard. At dusk, when the sun relented, I wandered El Paso's ragged downtown, *(continued on page 150)*







**By James R. Petersen** Naked. Bikes. If ever two words belonged together, these do. The phrase captures the exposed muscle, the evident arousal, the bare-ass challenge of hard metal. In the past few years, designers have reassessed the motorcycle and returned to basic truths. We like power. We like power made visible. Naked bikes are just that. It makes us wonder why we ever

*a new breed of motorcycle reveals the beauty beneath the skin*

# Naked Bikes

 The world of motorcycles has become so stylish we now follow the work of specific designers. Italian whiz Miguel Angel Galuzzi wrapped a 996cc V twin from Suzuki in this rakish frame, with Brembo brakes and Sachs shocks. Add it up: some 106 horsepower in a 434-pound package, a top speed near 150 mph. So far the bike is for the European market only. Can you say, "I want it"?



lost sight of the obvious. In the dim past, all motorcycles were performance machines—there was not a forced choice between cruiser and rocket racer, between Harley and high tech, between curb appeal and competitive performance. And yet, over the years the bike market evolved into two camps, each with its virtues, each with its downside. Take sport bikes. Aerodynamic and sleek, these dazzling fiberglass shells dance and weave around grand prix courses and superbike race tracks. But they're about as personal as billboards, a place to stick logos and sponsors. Beautiful, and certainly efficient, but they don't reveal



immediately what the bike will do. Consumers who flocked to cruisers love to polish and exhibit every item on their bike, from billet this to custom that. Unfortunately, you could pour 60 grand into a chopper and still be left in the dust on a twisty canyon road. Bikes are more than neat sculptures propped on a kickstand—they are instruments that let you leave the world behind. Naked bikes have emerged as the answer to our prayers.

There are several explanations for the naked-bike renaissance. Some suggest that club racers got tired of replacing expensive fiberglass fairings after crashing. We love the story of an Australian magazine that as part of its road tests would put a superbike on its kickstand in the parking lot, and then knock it over. The kickstand test would give the repair cost for bodywork. In the mid-Nineties, *Cycle World* created a naked bike out of a recycled sport bike. The resulting machine looked nasty and toured bike shows to great acclaim.

In America, maverick designer Erik Buell approached the problem from the other direction. Why, he wondered, did the potent Harley V-twin engine have to live a life trapped in the world of black leather, tattoos and fringe? He created an American muscle bike that bristled with genius, a cult classic.

Soon independent builders started creating stripped-down road racers. The Internet has whole sites devoted to naked bikes, a.k.a. street fighters and bad-boy bikes. Fans post photos of naked Hayabusas, trick Ducatis and more.

Eventually designers took notice—especially in Europe, a culture long given to boutique bikes. Ducati, which had electrified racing with the exotic 916, charmed the café crowd with an unfaired model called the Monster 900. At the Milan Intermot show in 1999, Cagiva unveiled the V-Raptor, a rakish predator built around a Suzuki power plant. The bike seemed to leap from the designer's sketchbook to the street—at least streets in Europe. Cagiva staked out the high end of the naked-bike market with the limited-edition MV Agusta Brutale Oro.

Hollywood soon discovered the look. In *Mission Impossible 2*, Tom Cruise rides a naked Triumph Speed Triple to joust with the villain (who rides a not-too-shabby Triumph Daytona 955i sport bike). If you liked the DVD, you'll love the real thing. There is no pause control on the street.

The Japanese manufacturers have begun to respond to the naked-bike phenomenon. Honda introduced a gargantuan X-11 at European shows but, oddly, has held off importing the beast to American buyers. Yamaha, Kawasaki and Suzuki have incorporated the look in various models ranging from small 600cc and 750cc bikes to full-bore blazers.

In selecting these motorcycles, we adhered to a simple definition. Naked bikes are about motor and components. The engine must pump out 100 horsepower or so. The frame should be visible. They should stop your heart.

Buell Thunderbolt



Ducati Monster S4



MV Agusta Brutale Oro



Yamaha FZ-1



Kawasaki ZRX1200R



Suzuki Bandit 1200



Triumph Speed Triple



The Buell Thunderbolt is the snub-nosed revolver of American street bikes. Raw, throaty, low-slung, compact—these words describe the most original American motorcycle in decades. The Thunderbolt is built around a 1200cc, 101 hp Thunderstorm engine, hung from a short-wheelbase 450-pound package that goes for \$11,995.

The Ducati Monster S4 took the engine from the race-winning 916, retuned for midrange punch to produce the 100 hp heart in an ST4 frame. The front forks are inverted Showas, the back shocks German Sachs. Carbon fiber is added in liberal doses, producing a dry weight of 425 pounds. Available in red, yellow or metallic grey for about \$12,500. The Monster is a fashion statement with fangs.

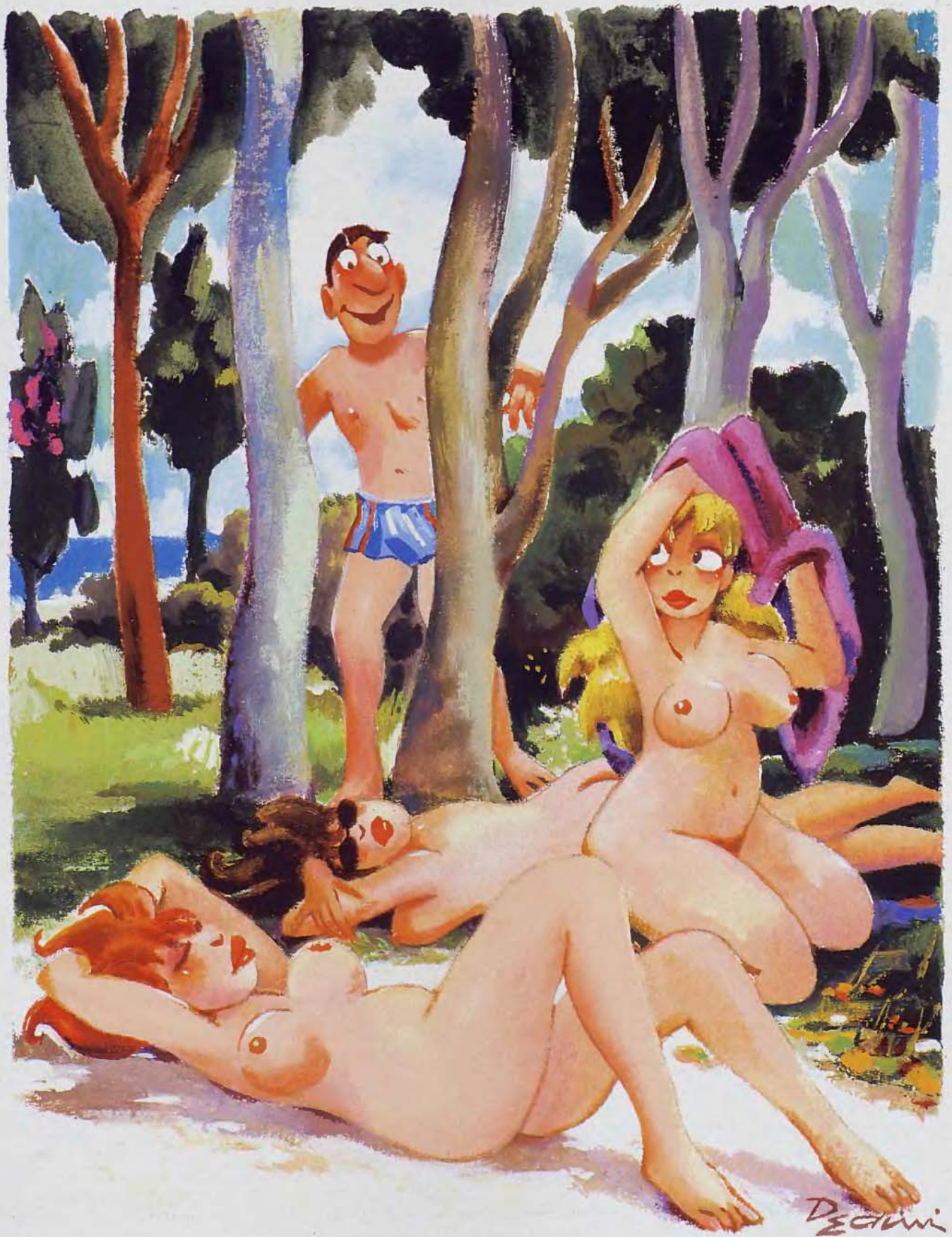
Cagiva will bring a naked bike to the U.S. this spring—for the few, the fearless, the fabulously wealthy. Last year we showed you the limited-edition MV Agusta F4 sport bike that went to such lucky stiffes as Lyle Lovett; this year the company is offering a special edition of 300 Brutale Oros. The radial-valve 750cc in-line four cranks out 125 hp. Selling for \$28,995, the Brutale Oro is breathtaking.

Yamaha took the balls of the R1 sport bike and taught them street manners, if you consider 140 hp at the crank to be polite. The FZ-1's 998cc five-valve-per-cylinder in-line four is as compact as a briefcase bomb. Interestingly, Yamaha groups the naked machine with its super sport bikes. Be warned. The bike may be the wheelie machine of the new century. Yours for \$8499.

Kawasaki lists the ZRX1200R as a traditional bike. Given that Kawasaki's tradition includes decades of kick-ass muscle bikes, the title fits. The 1164cc 16-valve engine boasts a 13 percent horsepower increase over last year's model. The dual 310mm front disk and 250mm single rear disk will rein in the beast when the law pops into view. The price: \$7899.

The Suzuki Bandit 1200 comes in two guises, the stark rave shown here (\$6999) and a sleek half-faired S model (\$7399). The all-black 16-valve 1157cc in-line four power plant, derived from the GSX-R1100 motor, has stump-pulling torque. Six-piston dual discs provide stopping power. The Bandit is deceptive, a comfortable cruiser capable of 144 mph.

The good guys ride black (or neon blue or nuclear red). The Triumph Speed Triple is a standout street fighter. Harrison Ford owns one. The 12-valve 955cc three-cylinder engine, based on the power plant from the Daytona 955, puts out 108 hp. A tubular aluminum frame keeps weight down to 432 pounds. The \$10,499 price makes this a mission possible.



*"I've been looking for better sex—can I get it here?"*

# BISHOP SPONG (continued from page 94)

*Original sin was a control tactic. If you were born into sin, you needed the grace of God to be rescued.*

why newly minted clergy tend to "leave their class notes in their desk drawers" and resort to conventional bromides when facing congregations from the pulpit.

After seminary, Spong served as pastor of churches in North Carolina and Virginia. A fellow clergyman in Lynchburg, Virginia was Jerry Falwell. Spong recently retired as bishop of Newark, New Jersey, a position to which he was elected in 1976.

Spong's own class notes made it to print, even while he tended to such pastoral duties as conducting services, counseling members of his congregations and overseeing sports teams. His numerous books address topics such as prayer, the Ten Commandments, Easter and the future of Christianity. He wryly points out that it was the publication of *Living in Sin? A Bishop Rethinks Human Sexuality* that made him a best-selling religious author.

He made headlines in the secular world when he ordained a gay man to the priesthood in 1989. As Spong says, "Religion and sex make a powerful story."

Spong's opinions and actions have raised the ire of many fellow bishops, irked at least one Archbishop of Canterbury and provoked death threats. He has also been hit over the head with a cane by one of his elderly female parishioners.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker broke bread (baked by the bishop's wife, Christine) with the man many regard as the loose canon of the Episcopal Church.

Kalbacker reports, "Spong knows the literal meaning of 'bully pulpit,' but one-on-one he speaks in the soft tones of his native North Carolina. We talked for several hours about faith, morals, Jesus and the church. His energy never flagged, despite the confession that he had been up late the night before watching sports on TV."

PLAYBOY: Church attendance in this country remains high, and Jesus gets more references in the media than many celebrities do. And yet you fear for the future of Christianity.

SPONG: There's an enormous spiritual hunger, a yearning after things that in the past we would have identified with religion. But at the same time there is a statistical decline in organized institutional church life. The mainline church-

es are all dying. They are empty on Sunday morning in urban areas. Every year people who claim to be Christians are a smaller percentage of the population. In the South there's another thing going on. Christianity, as it's traditionally talked about, no longer communicates to thinking people. In the 19th century you had Charles Darwin, in the 20th century Albert Einstein and Sigmund Freud. Then you get Stephen Hawking and the world of astrophysics and microphysics and subatomic physics. All of those things challenge the traditional view that God is a being somewhere up in the sky who keeps record books on your behavior, who has heaven to reward you if you're good and hell to punish you if you're bad and who, according to tradition, intervenes constantly. You pray to this God and this God does a miracle and saves your grandmother. There are a lot of people who say they believe, but what we have today is people who believe in believing—not in a working faith. Look at society. Who today listens to the moral leadership of the church? Look at the Roman Catholic position on abortion. Take a poll of who has abortions and you find Roman Catholics have abortions as much as anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of the constitutional separation of church and state, politicians in both of the major parties can't seem to refrain from publicly confessing their creeds or invoking the Lord's name. Do you think they'll ever stop?

SPONG: They're not going to do that. They all say "God bless America." It's very biblical. In the Bible, the Jewish people made sure that the God they worshiped was pro-Jewish and hated Egyptians, so he beat up on Egyptians regularly. Joshua stopped the sun in the sky so the Hebrews could kill Amorites because God really hated Amorites. That kind of tribal religion is deep in the psyche of every nation. Politicians are secular high priests. That was best illustrated when Ronald Reagan rose to greatness on two occasions. One was when the space shuttle went down with the schoolteacher and he presided over the nation's shock and grief. It was as if someone gave him another role to play. He was really great. The other was when he was shot and the nation was traumatized, and as they took him off, he said, "I hope my doctor is

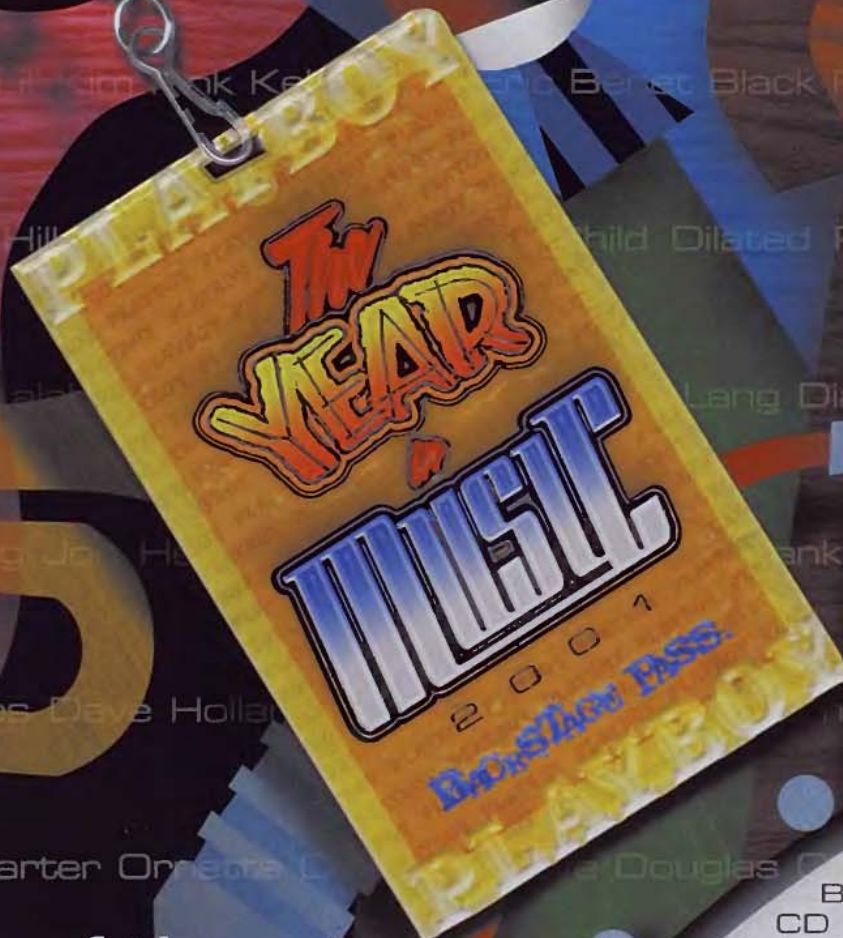
a Republican." He played those roles magnificently. And that's part of what a president does. There's something about the nation expecting that person to be symbolic of the people. That's why Watergate was so traumatic. The office had been violated. That's why Monica Lewinsky was difficult. PLAYBOY: You've made headlines for advocating ordination of female and gay clergy and commitment rites for gay couples. But how have you managed to avoid a heresy trial on the more traditional charges of Arianism, which is denying the divinity of Christ, and Pelagianism, which rejects the doctrine of original sin. We suspect a good canon lawyer could have helped you beat the Arianism rap, but wouldn't you have had to do some hard time for Pelagianism?

SPONG: That's true. Pelagianism comes out of the fourth century. The church's dedication to original sin was a control tactic. If you were born into sin, if you were helpless and hopeless, you needed the grace of God—mediated only through the church—to be rescued. So it became in the church's vested interest to concentrate on that. The Christian myth says that in the beginning God created a perfect world and that God put perfect people in it and those people disobeyed God and fell into sin and got banished from the Garden. And then God had to send Abraham, Moses, the prophets and finally his son and he's put to death and his blood washes everybody clean. It's no longer operative. Charles Darwin said there never was a perfect world. Human beings emerged through 4.5 billion years of evolutionary history. And I've tried hard to defend the divinity of Christ on a different basis. I think the difference between Jesus and you is a difference of degree, not a difference of kind. The old theology would have said he's different, God was his father, and he was virgin born and he walked out of the tomb and ascended to heaven because he was God. I suggest that Jesus' love was so total that people found God's presence in him. They had no other understanding of God. In that I see full humanity. In order to convince the world or the court that I'm a heretic, someone would have to define orthodoxy. It's always hard to determine orthodoxy inside the Anglican Church. Anglicans don't have an authority. The Anglican Church has no infallible scripture or infallible Pope, so we are always messing.

PLAYBOY: Anglican bishops have expressed opinions on issues such as the sanitary arrangements of the wandering Israelites and even questioned the

*(continued on page 166)*

teen queen britney, mean  
marshall mathers, the late great  
tito puente, deep breaths with  
faith, and madonna—what a year



### video of the year

The Real Slim Shady: EMINEM

### single of the year

Music: MADONNA

### concert of the year

FAITH HILL & TIM MCGRAW

In 2000, PLAYBOY's readers showed independence, picking Belle and Sebastian's CD *Fold Your Hands*, Child and Britney Spears in the same category. You honored band-leader Tito Puente for his great Latin sounds. Then you welcomed back Madonna. But the drop-dead moment is our celebration of the 35th inductee to PLAYBOY's Hall of Fame, Ozzy Osbourne. Any award that can salute both Ozzy and Louis Armstrong (whose remarkable *Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings* won Jazz Album of the Year) is our idea of cool. We celebrate the fact that there is room in popular music for the street corner, the concert hall, the club, the rave, Napster and your own music collection.



inside the  
cd player  
of farm-  
club.com's  
fanatic  
host

Matt Pinfield is the host of *Farmclub.com*, the music show that mixes established acts with greener-than-pot garage bands who have uploaded their demos to the Internet. He's the biggest music fan on the planet. He is an encyclopedia of bands, albums and lyrics. While some critics lament the bankrupt music scene, Pinfield prefers to see his shot glass as half full. He seeks out—and finds—acts worth

He's the  
**BIGGEST**  
music fan  
on the planet.

listening to. Then he gushes about them. Pinfield has been called a kiss-ass, but he doesn't care. "I'm not afraid to tell bands I like their work," he says. "I'm a fan. I'm not trying to make a name for myself by being a smartass, which is what a lot of critics do. If you're going to put yourself out there, people are gonna take a swing at you. Fuck it, man. I'll just stand back up. I'm having fun. I love what I do."  
—Alison Lundgren



1. Jets to Brazil. 2. At the Drive-In. 3. Linkin Park. 4. Monster Magnet. 5. Queens of the Stone Age. 6. Get Up Kids. 7. International Noise Conspiracy. 8. Limp Bizkit. 9. Outkast.

## ROCK

**LIMP BIZKIT: CHOCOLATE STARFISH** I love this band. I get tired of the crap they get from the press. The critics hated the Beatles, Led Zeppelin and Nirvana at first, too. Fred Durst knows how to write a good hook, man.

**LINKIN PARK: HYBRID THEORY** This is a fine debut. If you take the best elements of Filter, Korn and Sevendust, this is what you get. It's deep.

**TAPROOT: GIFT** I met these guys in Burbank. I heard the demos as they grew. *Emotional Times* is amazing.

**AMEN: WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR PARENTS** They rose out of the ashes of the band Snot. They're a good band to scare the folks.

**MONSTER MAGNET: GOD SAYS NO** My Jersey brothers. I've seen these guys play their asses off for years. Full-on stoner rock.

**QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE: RATED R** This is a straight-up rock band that other bands love to take on tour. They toured with Ozzfest, Foo Fighters and Pearl Jam.

## DEMOS

**HEADWAY** They're young, just out of high school. They still have their high school graduation caps in their cars.

**EASTSIDE** A cross between hard-core and metal. They're not signed yet, but they deserve to be.

**SWITCH** If you love Soundgarden and Alice in Chains, you'll dig Switch.

**FURTHER** A smart band from New York with a very intense lead singer. Their demo is incredible.

**DROWNING POOL** Rockers that just signed up to Creed's label, Wind Up.

**AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD** At the end of their *Farmclub* performance, they smashed all their instruments like the Who. They were bleeding all over the stage.

**ALLEYLIFE** He's a Detroit rapper. Dr. Dre's camp is mixing his album.

**BIONIC JIVE** A cross between Rage Against the Machine and Mystikal.

## INDIE BANDS

**INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY** I love these guys to death. They're from Sweden, part of the new punk movement.

**AT THE DRIVE-IN** They have the energy of the Pixies and Pavement matched with the vibe of the MC5 and the Stooges. They're amazing live.

**GET UP KIDS** Another tremendous band that's been touring excessively.

**JETS TO BRAZIL** Song title of the year goes to *You're Having the Time of My Life*. Is that not awesome?

## HIP-HOP

**OUTKAST** *Stankonia* is one of the fucking greatest CDs. It's a perfect marriage of hip-hop and R&B, plus it features Erykah Badu.

**AKP** These guys are the Sopranos of rap, big Italian dudes from Jersey. Hard-core white rappers, as opposed to guys pretending to be the real deal.

**KENNA** Fred Durst signed him to Flawless. He's a cross between Prince, Sly and the Beatles. He's gonna be huge.

**HOT CARL** A rap kid from USC. Fans of Eminem are gonna dig him.

**LUCY PEARL** A guy from Tribe Called Quest, a woman from En Vogue and a guy from Tony Toni Tone. Cool Seventies vibe.



# CDs of the Year

# 35<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY



R&B



COUNTRY



ROCK



SOUNDTRACK

EMINEM'S *MARSHALL MATHERS LP* WON BEST R&B/RAP CD. *BREATHE* BY FAITH HILL WON BEST COUNTRY DISC. BELLE AND SEBASTIAN'S BEST ROCK CD IS *HOLD YOUR HANDS, CHILD*. THE GREAT LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S *COMPLETE HOT FIVE AND HOT SEVEN RECORDINGS* WON BEST JAZZ CD AND *AUSTIN POWERS II* WON FOR SOUNDTRACK.



## hall of FAME

## OZZY Osbourne

At our house, we serve turkey with the head still on. Some people crack the wishbone—I rip the head off.” Thanksgiving with PLAYBOY’s new Hall of Fame inductee, Ozzy Osbourne, would surely be a memorable event. The original monster of rock was born in Birmingham, England in 1948. After he left Black Sabbath in 1979 in a storm of controversy, Osbourne launched a solo career with the aid of rock manager and wife Sharon. The Eighties were still wild, and a 1986 tour with Metallica catapulted Ozzy into heavy metal’s premiere league. By the Nineties, he had kicked the heeze and returned to the road. U.S. fans gave him a heartfelt welcome, and we salute the Wizard of Oz for contributing to music’s diversity.



JAZZ

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEYMOUR MEDNICK

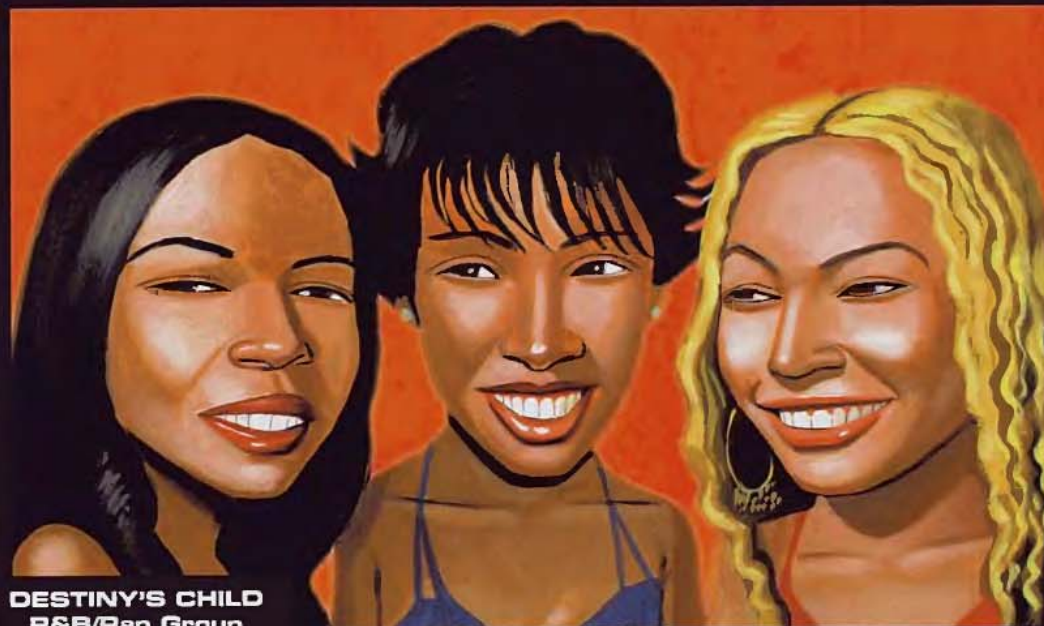
# 2001 PLAYBOY Music Poll

WINNERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLIE POWELL



**K.D. LANG**  
Jazz Female Vocalist



**DESTINY'S CHILD**  
R&B/Rep Group



**EMINEM**  
R&B/Rep Male Vocalist



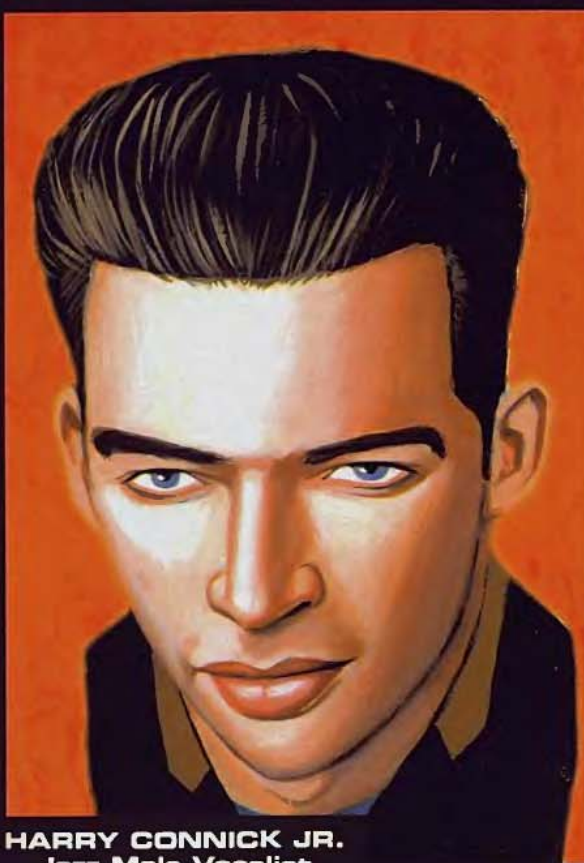
**TITO PUENTE**  
Jazz Instrumentalist/Jazz Group



**MARIAH CAREY**  
R&B/Rep Female Vocalist



**KID ROCK**  
Rock Male Vocalist



**HARRY CONNICK JR.**  
Jazz Male Vocalist



**CARLOS SANTANA**  
Rock Instrumentalist

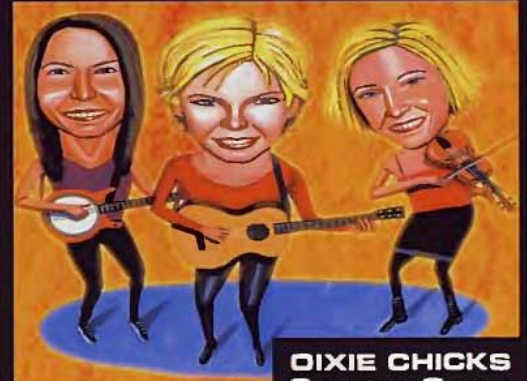


**BRITNEY SPEARS**  
Rock Female Vocalist



**FAITH HILL**  
Country Female Vocalist

**TIM MCGRAW**  
Country Male Vocalist



**DIXIE CHICKS**  
Country Group



**METALLICA**  
Rock Group

it's a  
circus of  
gross-outs,  
psychos,  
tits and  
masochists.  
this is

# Japanese Trash TV

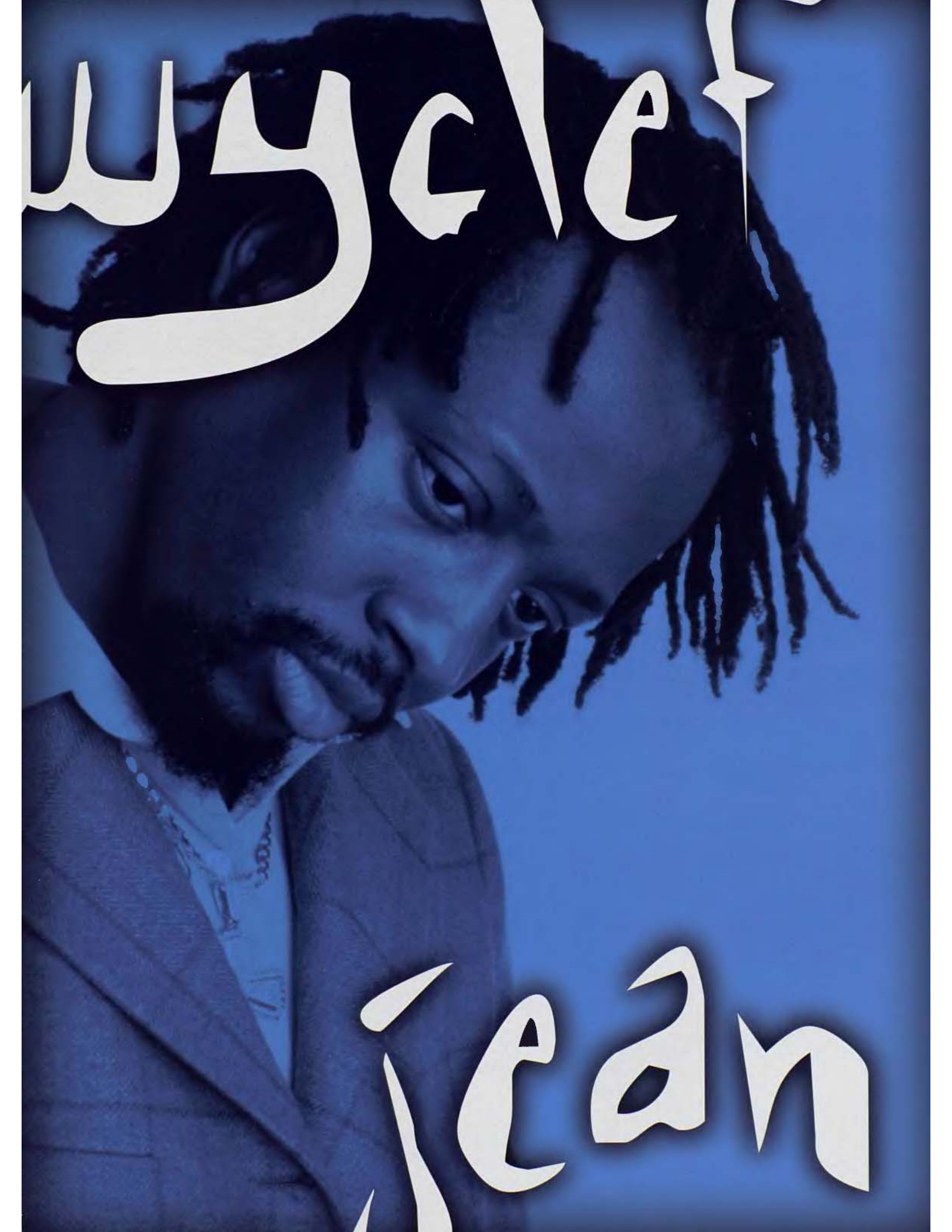


You have seen *Jackass* and *Crocodile Hunter*, but you haven't seen anything like the best of Japanese TV strangeness. The Japanese government has cracked down on the most-sadistic game shows, and many of the variety programs stocked with giggling, topless cuties have been canceled. But some of the most outrageous scenes have been preserved in underground video compilations such as *Japanarama: Psycho TV From Japan*.

For years, popular Japanese game shows have showcased contestants willing to suffer minor tortures in pursuit of prizes or fleeting fame. The popular Sunday afternoon program *Super Jockey* invites bikini-clad spokesmodels to sit in tubs of scalding water for free advertising time. On since-forgotten variety shows, the producers speed along an endurance contest by squeezing juice into the contestants' eyes and throats. (concluded on page 163)



*"Forget dinner. Just put our things in a doggie bag and get us a cab!"*



Mycket

jean

## Wyclef Jean

the wizard of hip-hop on his voodoo roots, his fear of tommy mottola and his plans for sharon stone

**W**hat do Johnny Cash, Roger Waters and Jimi Hendrix have in common? They've all been covered by Nelust Wyclef Jean, the improbable crossover king and fusion visionary. As a member of the Fugees with Lauryn Hill and Prakazrel Michel, Wyclef upped hip-hop's musicality on 1996's *The Score*, which sold more than 6 million copies. As a successful solo artist, he's continued to play the maverick. While rap headed back into the Terrordome with Eminem and Jay-Z barking over beats, in late 2000 Wyclef dropped his second solo album into the mainstream. Like its multiplatinum predecessor, *The Carnival*, *Eclectic: 2 Sides II a Book* is a dense, layered and playful disc. While other rap stars sell instant millions and flame out, Wyclef's albums have a way of racking up sales slowly by word of mouth. If the hip-hop audience that rushes to buy the latest tough-mouthed talent to bounce off the asphalt can't quite adjust to Clef's balance of rap and music, no matter. He's making music to outlast trends.

When it comes to arrangements, composition and musicianship, Wyclef is a rare virtuoso. He is fluent in four languages, out of necessity. He came to the U.S. from Haiti at the age of nine without knowing a word of English. As a new immigrant in the Brooklyn projects, he experienced the worst America had to offer: the early Haitian-AIDS hysteria, crack-fueled gunplay and black-on-black prejudice. His mom bought him a guitar to keep him off the streets. He proceeded to absorb and master late-Eighties airplay, from REO Speedwagon to rap. He played music with his family (younger sister and brother Melky and Sedeck have released a well-received CD), joined a few bands and got married to wife Claudinette at the age of 18. He worked as a cabdriver and security guard. Then in 1993 the Fugees were signed to a contract. *The Score* was their second release and was recorded for \$60,000 in Wyclef's basement. Their blockbuster seller led to problems within the group—not the least of which was the end of an affair between Wyclef and Hill.

We asked Senior Editor Christopher Na-

politano to talk with Wyclef during a brief break in Clef's touring in support of *The Eclectic*. Napolitano says: "I first met Wyclef years ago at a fashion shoot. Though he never plays the prima donna, his first instinct is to come off hard. Once he settles in, he wins you over by talking freely. He has the charisma of a preacher, someone compelling enough to have you sipping Kool-Aid and cyanide. We started our conversation by talking about shitty New York neighborhoods."

1

PLAYBOY: Your father took you from Haiti to the projects in Brooklyn and then New Jersey, places not associated with the American dream. How did you react to the promised land?

JEAN: I was one of the kids who came here wanting to be somebody. In Haiti they made America sound like the land of treasure and gold. So to end up in the projects was a real culture shock. You're fighting against the odds. I was either going to end up as Scarface, Sidney Poitier or Duke Ellington.

2

PLAYBOY: What did you do when people made fun of you for being foreign?

JEAN: Kids used to say, "Go back to the islands." And it hurt me. I couldn't understand, because I was black and they were, too. I was like, "Aren't we all supposed to get along here?" And the answer was, "No! We're not!" One time I showed up on the avenue with two big machetes, like the ones I posed with on the cover of *The Source*. Everyone else had little .22s. I said, "Who did boom, boom, boom?" Next thing you know, a fight erupts. My mother's looking out the window, yelling, "Get your butt back in the house, boy." I'm real good with a machete.

3

PLAYBOY: Did your family in Haiti practice voodoo?

JEAN: One time my grandpa closed his hand and then opened it, and a dove was sitting in his palm. He asked me how he did it. I was little, but I was already a smartass and said, "You already had the dove in your hand. It's obvious." But when I got older, I realized, whoa, his hands aren't that big. Then, a little later, somebody told me, "You know your grandfather was a voodoo priest, right?"

4

PLAYBOY: What's worse—being poor in Haiti or being poor in America?

JEAN: It is much badder down there than it is here. People in America have clothes and an apartment, even if it is in the projects. Down there an apartment in the projects would be like paradise. A house down there is made of hay, so when it rains the whole house gets fucked up. They really don't know where their next meal is coming from. I used to shoot pigeons out of the sky with a slingshot. You don't need to do that in the States. You don't look at pigeons as food. The government here gives everyone a little money.

5

PLAYBOY: Do younger recording artists look to you for advice?

JEAN: A lot of kids call me and complain. I always say, "You signed the contract and now what are you getting?" They say, "I have a car, a house, this and that." But I ask, "Do you really own those things? Whose name is on the papers? Is it your name?" But it's usually in their manager's name. And I try to explain that it doesn't belong to them. About 75 percent of the kids making money out there right now are in that situation.

6

PLAYBOY: At your fantasy concert, who's performing, (continued on page 162)

# IN THE EYE OF NAPSTER'S STORM

**article By Tim Mohr** When college kids listen to music these days, they don't talk about how cool a band is. Sure, they may say Radiohead verges on greatness—and they may even go online to download a Radiohead B-side for the arty chick down the hall. But their true awe and admiration are reserved for the guys who made it possible to get that song, for the guys who invented Napster, a technology that captures the anarchic spirit of rock itself.

The story of Napster tracks a dramatic ascent—the type of overnight recognition that's rare in the business world. The company isn't just another harebrained, hype-driven Internet start-up. Napster is a cultural phenomenon in corporate guise. Founded in May 1999, the company had 38 million users by late 2000. It was the fastest-growing website ever. Even though Napster is a small company that has never made any money, its widely popular system of trading songs online sent the music industry into hysteria.

Analysts who had predicted the demise of the music biz as we know it finally had a clear vision of how that would come to pass. The rise of database shops that offer virtually any CD meant that record stores were already viewed as anachronistic. But Napster signaled the end of the manufacture and distribution of physical product—no CDs, no tapes, no UPS vans—and, according to some rabid Napster detractors, the end of copyright. Take, for instance, the hyperbolic language of stopnapster.com, a lavish—and unironic—site built by a San Francisco band called the Tabloids: "If we disregard copyright protections because

**founding developer  
jordan ritter  
describes the  
rush of starting  
the world's most  
controversial  
music company**





N



they're inconvenient, what's next, the Bill of Rights? Napster's users inherently believe an entire class of citizens—music professionals—have no rights."

Looking to protect the profits afforded by those copyrights, 18 record labels, including the Big Five conglomerates (BMG, EMI, Sony, Universal and Warner), joined an anti-Napster lawsuit in July 2000. A long list of bands and musicians, headed by Metallica and Dr. Dre, also spoke out against file-sharing. Some of them initiated separate lawsuits against Napster; Metallica famously managed to force the site to block more than 300,000 users who had traded Metallica files. (Some 30,000 of them served counternotifications to Metallica and were quickly reinstated under the terms of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act.)

Jordan Ritter, 23, left Lehigh University early to work in computers. He met Shawn Fanning online through a clandestine hacker group. Fanning was starting to hit snags in the writing of what would become Napster. Ritter came aboard as founding developer and witnessed the company's chaotic rise. During Ritter's tenure, Napster went from a secret bedroom project to the subject of congressional hearings. Together, founder Fanning, Ali Aydar (Fanning's first hire) and Ritter formed the core trio that sparked the Napster revolution.

Ritter left Napster in November 2000 to become vice president of technology at Round1, a financial services provider firm. "Shawn would go on these 50-hour coding stunts—thank you, Red Bull—and just watching him would make anyone tired," says Ritter. "When coupled with 16- and 20-hour days from Ali and me, we'd reach a certain critical mass, and we'd all just go nuts and start goofing off. Shawn would play some old school Notorious B.I.G., Snoop Dogg or Dr. Dre, and we'd all just start freaking out and doing wacky shit. Those were some fun times."

The matrix of music, technology and mayhem that makes up Napster is about as punk as modern corporate life has ever been. This is Napster's behind-the-music special.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved with Shawn Fanning and Napster?

RITTER: By the time Shawn and I met online, he'd left college and moved to Hull, Massachusetts to work on Napster full-time. Shawn and I were involved in a very secretive, tightly knit underground hacker community called w00w00 Security Development [WSD, located at [www.w00w00.org](http://www.w00w00.org)]. Since affairs were generally kept in close confidence, it was normal for folks in the group to solicit advice and help each other on projects. Shawn had been

working on Napster since September or October 1998, so most everyone in the group knew about it. He was beginning to have difficulty with development, though, so he started to ask for help. I was one of the people he asked. I joined the Napster efforts full-time in June 1999. When I came onto the Napster scene, only 50 to 100 people used the service, if that. Even then, all I could think was, Jesus, this is so cool. Not many people knew what Napster was, yet we had already created a highly virulent demand for the service.

PLAYBOY: What was the earliest phase like? Were you just sitting around in a grubby basement writing code?

RITTER: Actually, I was employed as a senior security analyst for Bindview Development Corp. at the time. So I wasn't that bad off. For me, it was sitting in my apartment overlooking Boston, listening to Kruder and Dorfmeister, or maybe Sasha and Digweed.

PLAYBOY: Were there moments when you worried about the seed money drying up, or when you couldn't get along, or when the coffee ran out at three in the morning?

RITTER: We weren't too worried about seed money drying up. At least I wasn't. We were almost always isolated from investors, so that was never a concern. All I cared about was the technology, and the revolution we were inspiring. I was in a daze, and there really wasn't much that could hold my attention beyond our work. There were times when we didn't go home or shower for days. All we cared about was the idea. Most times we didn't care about anything else. We were on a mission. As for caffeine, Shawn's uncle, John Fanning, somehow hooked us up with Red Bull as an authorized distributor. It came in by the caseload, delivered to the door!

PLAYBOY: What were you listening to?

RITTER: My musical tastes really transformed at Napster. I love all kinds of techno now, not just because it's stylish and groovy, but because it worked well for focusing my energy toward my work. Some days I would play Farley and Heller's *Late Night Sessions II* over and over on my Sony MDR-700s. I would just zone in on the code. Much of what I did technologically at Napster is a direct result of the synergy I formed with fast-paced techno music.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of a band that makes a good comparison for the structure of the company?

RITTER: Not really. Napster is its own breed of beast. I compare my tenure at Napster more to a collegiate experience—you wake up the next morning from your hangover, slap your aching forehead and grin stupidly. Man, what a trip.

PLAYBOY: With all the time spent work-

ing, was there tension? Were there fist-fights at the end of long days?

RITTER: No tension, no fistfights. We were a great team, and we enjoyed one another's company immensely. For me, the greatest thing about Napster was the camaraderie among the people who mattered. In the absence of time to actually live our personal lives, we were able to share experiences together and live almost like family.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you realize you were going to have a huge impact?

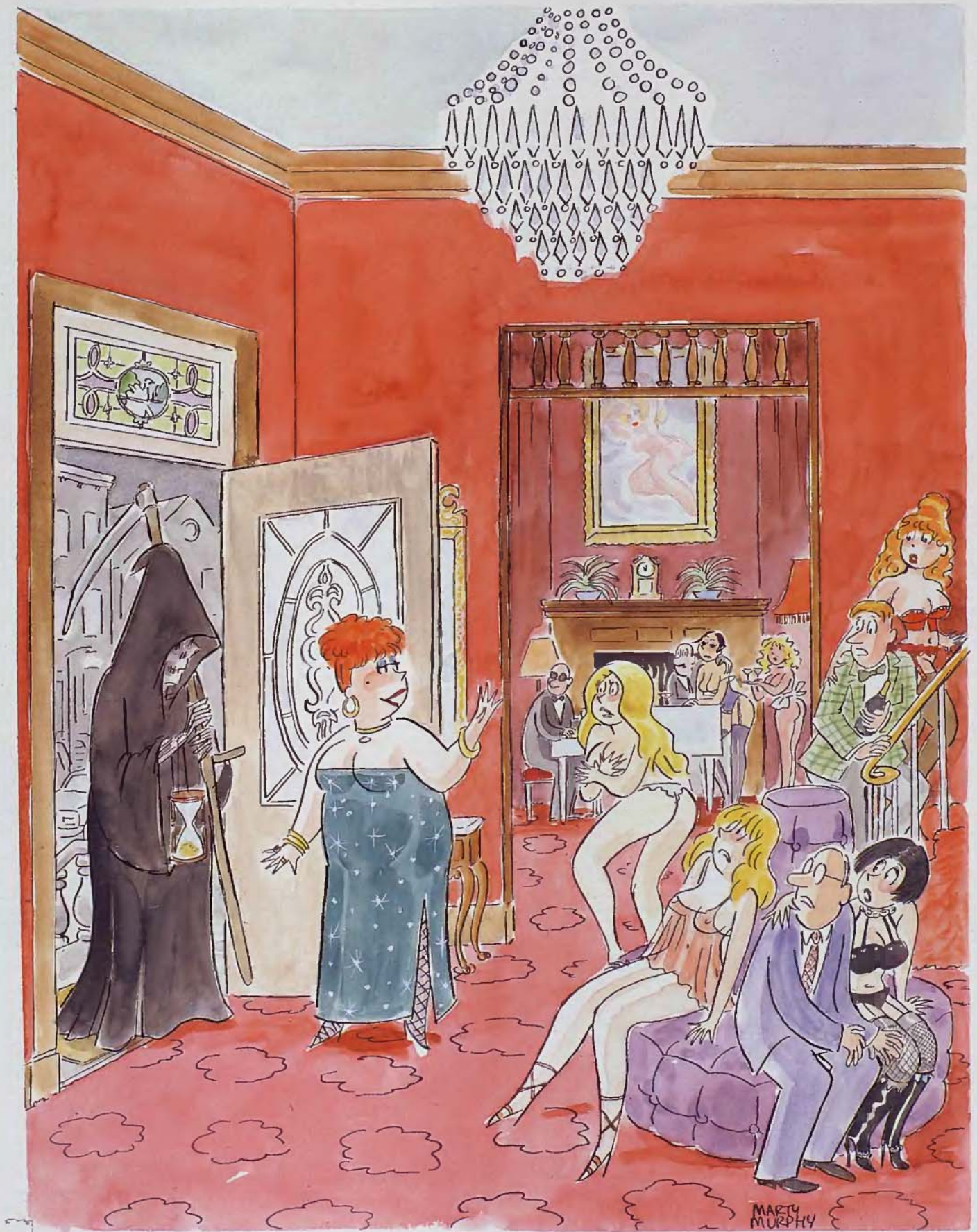
RITTER: You know, I rarely use Napster. It's unfortunate on so many levels, not having time to enjoy what you worked hard to create. But once in a while, I'd boot it up and search for rare material. Live Radiohead performances, for instance. What I'd get back would just boggle my mind. It would make me sit there in silence and stare at my screen like an idiot. The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. I'd download some esoteric live UK performance and listen to it several times, all the while screaming over my shoulder to Shawn or Ali, "Jesus Christ, man, do you have any fucking clue what we've got here?" over and over. Then I'd snap out of it, look out our San Mateo office window at the bay, sigh, and get back to work. I've had this epiphany several times. But I never really had any idea of the magnitude of impact the system would have, and frankly, I don't see how anyone could. Who on earth would have figured those adoption rates (i.e., 38 million users within a year)? We didn't have to market the product, no advertising, nothing. Who could have predicted that? Shawn always knew it would be big, and I believed him. But I'm fairly sure even his own expectations were blown away early on.

PLAYBOY: Once Napster became a household name, was it easier to get laid? Could you walk to the front of the line at clubs?

RITTER: That's actually a funny question. For Shawn Fanning and Sean Parker, being on MTV probably got them more attention with the younger generation than 50 covers of *Business Week*. Funny story about clubs, though. My favorite club in San Francisco is 1015 Fulsom, and I go there from time to time to let loose and have a good time. The first time I flashed my business card in the VIP line, the bouncer looked down at me and said, "Oh, yeah, you guys come here all the time. How are ya?" I was stupefied. Who was coming to this club all the time? I never figured out who it was.

PLAYBOY: What did Sean Parker do at the company? Is it true that he just sort of materialized one day out of the blue?

RITTER: I don't think anyone knows, (concluded on page 152)



*"Relax, everyone . . . he says he's just here to get laid like everybody else."*



Don't let the elevator  
Prince

# the GIRLS of the Hard Rock Casino

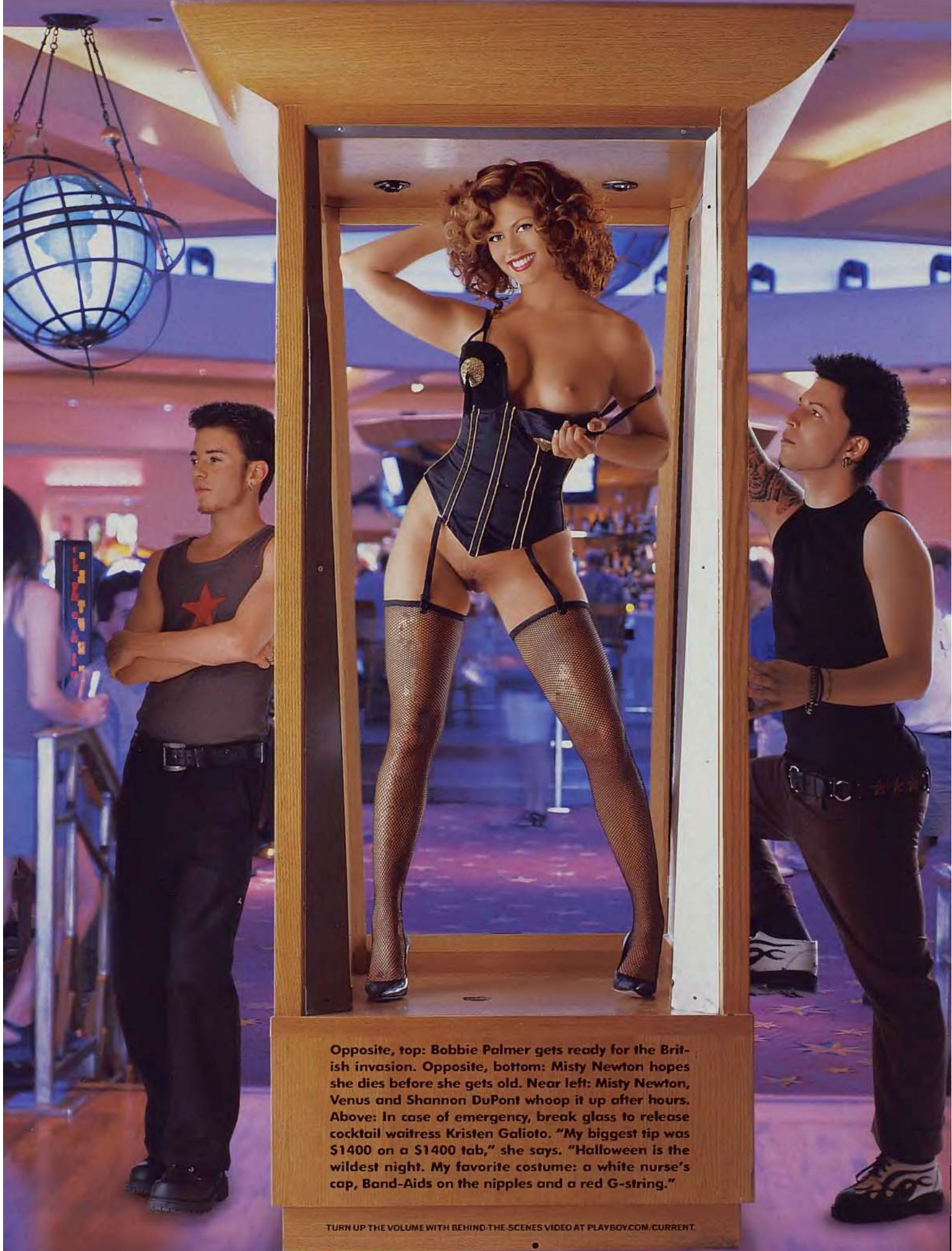


## WHAT KIND OF WOMAN WORKS AT THE PINK TACO? THE FUN KIND

In Las Vegas, the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino is where the cool kids sin the most. Everything about the place—from its guitar-shaped sign to its Mexican restaurant, the Pink Taco—oozes sex and rock and roll. Pull up to the Hard Rock's entrance and you'll hear Guns n' Roses' *Paradise City*—or some other favorite. Inside, hundreds of beautiful women sip cocktails at the circular bar, stack chips at the piano-shaped roulette tables, shake their asses at Baby's nightclub and groove to live music in the Joint. Upstairs, the hotel room doorknob signs read *I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN', BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN*. Then there are the women who work at the place. Subscribing to the theory that the prettier the help, the happier the patrons, Hard Rock entrepreneur Peter Morton has hired NBA dancers, homecoming queens and aspiring actresses to sling drinks. Like every casino in Vegas, the Hard Rock boasts its share of sugar daddies. But here they're high rollers named Dennis Rodman, Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Kiefer Sutherland and Kid Rock.

In Vegas, some things are certain: Elvis impersonators, quickie weddings, Siegfried and Roy, \$3.99 all-you-can-eat buffets and beautiful women working at the Hard Rock. Left to right: Staffers Robyn Richelle Williams, T.J., Summer Sunday, Brandi Bagley, Nicole Brock, Chrysti Dunn, Kristen Galioto, Bobbie Palmer, Tina Del Conte, Tracy Dean, Misty Newton, Shannon DuPont, Leah Beckett and Venus. "It's wild here. We call it Disneyland for adults," says cocktail waitress Brandi Bagley. Adds former Pink Taco server Summer Sunday: "Something crazy is always happening. I once met a guy who wanted to buy my underwear for \$50 so he could wear it all night." Opposite: T.J. knows what Aerosmith meant by love in an elevator.





Opposite, top: Bobbie Palmer gets ready for the British invasion. Opposite, bottom: Misty Newton hopes she dies before she gets old. Near left: Misty Newton, Venus and Shannon DuPont whoop it up after hours. Above: In case of emergency, break glass to release cocktail waitress Kristen Galioto. "My biggest tip was \$1400 on a \$1400 tab," she says. "Halloween is the wildest night. My favorite costume: a white nurse's cap, Band-Aids on the nipples and a red G-string."

TURN UP THE VOLUME WITH BEHIND-THE-SCENES VIDEO AT [PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT](http://PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT).

Brandi Bagley, who dispenses cocktails at the Beach Club, takes a time-out on Axl Rose's Harley. "I see so much sex in the cabanas," she says. "I'll walk in thinking no one is there and—whoops! Sometimes they're like, 'Come on, join in!' Guys try to get us to flash them all the time."







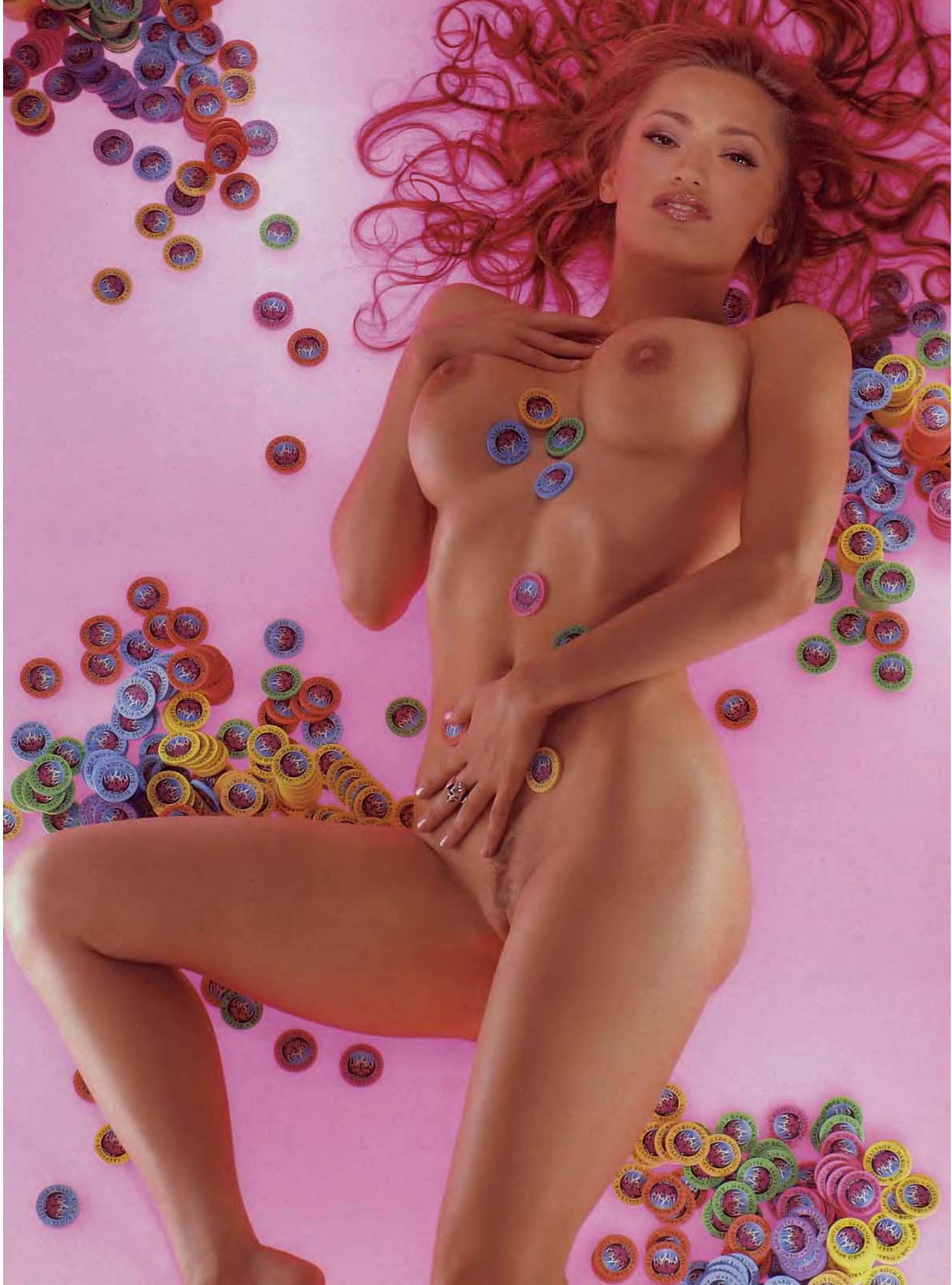


Might as well face it—they're addicted to love: Robert Palmer girls Robyn Richelle Williams, Summer Sunday and Brandi Bagley spark up the Joint. Summer's worst celebrity run-in: "I went to a Kid Rock concert and ended up leaving town with him on his tour bus. When I wouldn't mess around with him, he freaked and dropped me off in the middle of Arizona with \$50 to take a Greyhound bus." Top right: Nicole Brock plays the skins. Bottom right: Tina Del Conte goes well with Elton John's piano.





**This page: Summer Sunday videotapes Chrysti Dunn. What's the naughtiest thing Summer has seen? "Our menus at the Pink Taco are made of black felt," she says. "I once saw a woman sitting in a booth with her skirt hiked up, her crotch hanging out and a menu right next to her. Her boyfriend was taking pictures of the two pink tacos!" Opposite page: Robyn Richelle Williams cashes in.**



# HEAVY METAL

(continued from page 120)

wallowing in a sadness I considered sophisticated and insoluble. The plaza was always emptying: *vendedores* and day maids trudging back to Juarez, the sweet stale scent of lard punching out from El Segundo Barrio, the thrum of swamp coolers fallen away. Later, the smelting plant would fire up its chimneys and smoke would drift over the Franklin Mountains, which shadowed the city like a row of brown shrugs. To the east lay the trim, eerie avenues of Fort Bliss. To the west, the terraced estates of Coronado, where the swimming pools glowed like sapphires.

For seven months I handled weddings and obits. Then the pop music critic quit, and the managing editor, lacking other recourse, allowed me to sub. El Paso was, still is, part of the vast spandex-and-umlaut circuit that runs the length of I-10. I reviewed virtually every one of the Eighties hair bands at least once: Ratt, Poison, Winger, Warrant, Great White, Whitesnake, Vixen, Cinderella, Skid Row, Def Leppard, Britny Fox and Kiss without make-up. At my first concert, Metallica, the band's new bassist introduced himself to the crowd by farting into his microphone. This was the heavy metal equivalent of a bon mot.

Because we were a morning paper, I had to bang out my copy by midnight. I operated on a template involving an initial bad pun, a lengthy playlist—adjective, adjective, song title—and a description of the lead singer's hair. The rest was your standard catalog of puking ya-yas, flung undies, poignant duets with the rhythm guitarist back from rehab. I loved the velocity of the process: an event witnessed and recorded overnight. I loved the pressure, the glib improvisation; I loved seeing my byline the next day, all my pretty words, smelling of ink and newsprint.

And the truth is, I loved the shows. I remember standing in the front row as Sebastian Bach, lead singer of Skid Row, screeched *Youth Gone Wild*. Bach was the quintessence of a metal front man—blond mane and a pair of cheekbones. He strutted the stage like a drag queen, while the lead guitarist yanked out an interminable solo and the drummer became a shirtless piston of flesh. It was formulaic and mercenary and a little pathetic. But when I stared down the row, I saw 20 heads banging in unison, like angry mops. These were kids lousy with the bad hormones of adolescence, humiliated by the poverty of their prospects, and this was their dance, their chance to be part of some

larger phallic brotherhood; the notes lashed their rib cages, called out to their beautiful, furious wishes.

I'd spoken to the lifeguard a few times, about holiday hours, lane dividers. I imagined having sex with her constantly. I did the same thing with newsroom prospects, though with the lifeguard it was more exciting, because we were both almost naked.

Her name was Claudia, pronounced in the beautiful Spanish manner, as three distinct, rolling syllables: *Cloud-i-ahh*. She lived by herself in an apartment not far from the Y.

Every couple of weeks, I took her to some show or another. My idea was that some spark would leap between us. Then we would sneak into the Y, fuck on the squeaky tile, with her bent over a stack of kickboards, or underwater. But she was impossible to read behind her glasses. Our dates were like the ones that I had in tenth grade, the tense drive to the mini golf place, the exhausting formality, the burps unburped.

She spoke in the manner of a kindergarten teacher, softly, a bit too clearly, though when she took up Spanish her lisp blossomed and the tip of her tongue danced along her teeth. I felt sure this animation was a sign of some secret life behind her reticence.

What were we, exactly? Friends, I suppose. Companions in a certain lonely, postgraduate phase. Markers of time.

Besides, there was Jo, beautiful Jo, who called me every other weekend, who seemed to be remaining, in her final year of college, faithful to me, assuredly against the counsel of her friends. And who, true to her word, did appear, just a few weeks after her own graduation, marched up the jetway in red suede boots and nearly tackled me. Everyone stared.

How nice it was to have a beautiful woman tackle me. How nice to feel the eyes of the world upon me again. How nice to have a long, soapy body over which to kvell. And how romantic I made El Paso seem. The plaza! The dollar movies! The oceanic desert! I took her to the lookout point at the top of the Franklins, where we necked and, amid the high schoolers and clumps of creosote, made the sweet foolish talk of love renewed.

A few days after she'd flown back East, Jo called. "I bought my ticket," she said. "Your ticket?"

"I'm coming out there. To live."

There was a pause, during which I tried, very hard, to recall whether we had discussed this plan, while also rec-

ognizing that I was expected to make some perfectly spontaneous sound of approval, thanksgiving, hosanna, and, in fact, even as I grasped this, grasped that I had failed, let the moment pass and would now be held accountable, asked to explain, possibly more than once, why I hadn't, didn't I love her, hadn't I wooed her for a year solid, questions that seemed perfectly reasonable but which I felt incapable of answering because my head was full of pudding.

That Sunday, I took Claudia to the Metalfest at Bayshore, an artificial lake in the middle of absolutely nowhere, New Mexico. Children tended to drown at Bayshore. No one knew why. The lake was only three feet deep.

Heavy metal is an indoor genre. It requires reverberation, darkness, forced proximity. Without these, the crowd loses the sense of itself as a powerful tribe. The elaborate fantasy world of smoke and tinted lights and catwalks just doesn't work on a stage overlooking scrub.

The headliner, Jon Bon Jovi, seemed to recognize this. He took one gander at the pallid crowd and began looking for a trapdoor. His bangs frizzed in the heat; his tights bunched. His falsetto drifted up and away with the dust. The show felt forced and, in the way of such things, a little sad.

Afterward, I drove Claudia back to town. "So anyway," I said, "it looks like that friend of mine from college, Jo, is going to be heading out."

Claudia looked down into her lap. She was no dope. "I guess I won't be seeing you as much, then."

"Don't be silly," I replied. "Why shouldn't I see you?" We hadn't done anything, after all. We were just . . . whatever we were.

"She'll be living with you?"

"Yeah. That's sort of the plan."

"When's she coming out?"

"Next Sunday," I said.

There was a difficult pause. Claudia stared out the windshield. The tops of her ears were tender-looking from the sun. "It doesn't seem fair," she said finally. She glanced at me and smiled a little.

"You know, you get something, and I lose a friend."

"I don't know why you're saying that," I said. "It's not like that."

Claudia called me at work the next day. She wanted to have dinner on Saturday night.

"Sure," I said. "Where do you want to go?"

(continued on page 153)



*"First it's Tickle Me Elmo, now this!"*

## NAPSTER'S STORM

*(continued from page 138)*

really, what Sean did for the company. I believe he left college early (as did most of us), though I'm not sure if it was for Napster or for other reasons. And for me, yes, he totally materialized out of the blue one day. He always had a lot of great ideas, but none of them ever materialized. Shawn had business cards made for Sean, right before Sean left the company. The title read Pretend Founder.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned looking out the window of the office in San Mateo. What was it like to move from the East Coast to Silicon Valley?

RITTER: I really identify with Boston—I loved the young urban lifestyle, the historically rich culture, the realness of people I met there. Out here on the West Coast I feel a cultural void. Silicon Valley is so clichéd. Everything I read about it in books turned out to be true. Every other car on the road is worth over \$40,000, the cost of living is astronomically high, and everyone thinks his idea is better than everyone else's.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with your money—flashy cars, booze, drugs, comput-

er hardware?

RITTER: Contrary to popular belief, none of us has really made money off Napster yet. Except Shawn, of course.

PLAYBOY: What's the least amount of money you've ever had in the bank? And the most?

RITTER: No comment.

PLAYBOY: What's your apartment like?

RITTER: It's a swank bachelor pad that's adorned with black leather couches and cherrywood tables. The mood is lightened by an exquisite Harmon Kardon stereo and CD changer, superb JBL speakers and piles and piles of CDs. Most of my friends regard it as the bachelor pad of dreams.

PLAYBOY: So when you have a girl back to your place, you don't listen to music on your computer?

RITTER: MP3s are fine and dandy, but I can hear the difference, and being a serious audiophile I will always opt for the crystal clarity of my home stereo.

PLAYBOY: Do you day trade? What service do you use?

RITTER: I use Datek Online. Ali uses Etrade. I think Shawn used Etrade at one point, too, though I did my best to convert him.

PLAYBOY: A lot of offices block certain sites—whether it's Napster for taking up bandwidth or Playboy.com because of the nude women. Was there anything you weren't supposed to look at on Napster's own computers?

RITTER: No comment.

PLAYBOY: Did people around the office use the service? What's your favorite thing to download?

RITTER: No comment.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite website?

RITTER: Google.com.

PLAYBOY: Will Napster's subscription deal relegate them to being a distributor for the industry while Gnutella and Freenet and subsequent imitators take up the place once held by Napster?

RITTER: The people who created Napster will keep the flame. As for Gnutella, it is insignificant and nothing to be worried about, especially since—mathematically—it's provably unable to scale. [The ability to scale has to do with how many people can simultaneously use a service.] Others have arrived at the same conclusion through empirical observation, as well. Freenet holds promise, but won't appeal to the masses because of its complexity and the fact that it requires you to understand the underlying technology.

PLAYBOY: What was your first computer, and what's your favorite old school video game?

RITTER: My first computer was a Commodore 64, though the first computer I started really programming on was an Epson 286/12. My favorite old school video game? Maybe Spy Hunter. I'm not that old school, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Is there a generation gap between people like you and visionaries of the old economy?

RITTER: That's hard to say, since I don't even know which generation to identify with. I can't even call myself Gen X or Gen Y. More like, Gen U for Unknown. I will say this: At Napster, the technologists really did lead the company—there were no product plans, no real organization or management. We would come up with cool ideas, spend a 20-hour stint coding it up without telling anyone, and then present it to the executive staff.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the little things about working at Napster that you'll never forget?

RITTER: I remember when Shawn had to go answer questions before Congress. He came to my girlfriend, Jessie, who is very fashion conscious, and asked if we could help him pick out a suit. Shawn, of course, did not own a suit. We took him over to Nordstrom—it was a few hours before his flight—and picked out a blazer, some shirts and ties. It was funny to see him before Congress on TV—Jessie would shout, "Hey! We picked out that suit for him!"



*"What our relationship needs, Julio, is a little less billing and a lot more cooing!"*





# HEAVY METAL

(continued from page 150)

She giggled. "Why don't you make me dinner?"

Claudia showed up in a black dress and blue eye shadow. Her voice seemed oddly pitched, a bit too exuberant. She gulped at her wine and let the hem of her dress ride up her legs, which looked polished. We fell against each other sloppily. I slid my chin down her belly.

She was so much smaller than Jo, almost delicate, but when her ankles slipped behind my head they clamped me so hard my bottom row of teeth bit into the underside of my tongue. I could taste my own blood and this mixed with the slightly acrid taste of her. Gradually, her legs sagged to the bed. Her pelvis vaulted into the air. I followed her up, pressed my tongue harder, and suddenly there was a warm liquid coming out of her, a great gout of *something* sheeting across my cheeks, down my chin, splashing onto the comforter. I figured, at first, she had urinated. But there was simply too much fluid coming out of her. By the time Claudia had regained her wits, and lowered herself to the bed, the puddle on my comforter was two feet across.

"Are you OK?" I said.

Claudia nodded bashfully and then stumbled to the bathroom.

My second theory was that, as a life-guard, pool water had somehow accumulated inside her, and been released when her internal muscles relaxed. But the liquid was as tasteless and odorless as rain.

And you know what? I was goddamn thrilled. It was such a freakish thing

she'd done. Claudia, my Claudia, this quiet little mermaid of a girl, with her spectacles and her lisp, with her dull brown eyes, who never so much as touched herself so far as I could determine, had not only surrendered her body to me, but expelled, spumed, *ejaculated* some mysterious orgasmic juice all

Our new place was on the fourth floor of a brick building in Sunset Heights, El Paso's historical district. The neighborhood sat on a small rise overlooking the Rio. Locals once had watched Pancho Villa's forces battle *federales* on the plains below. The view now was of the *colonias*, the sprawling cardboard cities that enveloped Juarez proper.

Our apartment was bright and dusty. Every day, a new piece of furniture appeared, or a houseplant. Jo made forays into Juarez, carrying back masks, wall hangings, a black leather whip I hoped to employ in some splendidly incompetent sex game but that was, instead, suspended tastefully over the divan. The kitchen began to fill with utensils—not just forks and spoons, but also garlic presses and salad spinners. With great, perhaps even vicious, efficiency, Jo erased the vestiges of my bachelorhood. Closets became places where clothing was *hung*.

I arrived home one day to find the bed decked out in new colors. Jo wandered in from the other room. "What do you think?"

"Nice," I said. "Very colorful."

"I knew you'd like it." She gave me a hug. "It's Guatemalan."

I paused. "What happened to my old comforter?"

"Salvation Army." "You just gave it away?"

Jo slipped her hand into one of my back pockets and gave me a playful squeeze. "Don't you

like this one? We can give it a test-drive if you're not sure."

"Yeah. No. It's nice. I just don't understand why you needed to throw the old one out."

"I didn't throw it out, David. I gave it to charity. It had a stain." Jo began unbuttoning my shirt.

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over my face. I felt like doing a victory lap around the puddle.

Jo felt my basement apartment was, as she put it, "the kind of place where a serial killer lives." She needed sun, she explained. And a porch.

"What stain?"  
 "A huge disgusting stain. Right in the middle."  
 I felt a fizz in my chest. "Whatever happened to washing," I murmured.  
 "If you loved the thing so much," Jo said, "then you should have washed it yourself."

Mostly, though, we had this beautiful new life. We went to parties. We took roadtrips along the rambling old highways of New Mexico and stopped in obscure towns for pie. We slept in on Sundays.

Sometimes, late afternoon, we would lie in the hammock strung across our balcony and watch thunderheads slip over the Franklins, releasing spindles of lightning. Everything changed when the rains came: The desert turned a rich brown and threw up the mulchy scent of creosote. Boys fluttered like salmon in the flooded culverts below. The slag heaps behind the smelter gave off the dull wet sheen of solder. Over in the *colonias*, mamas filed out of shanties to wash their children and fill metal drums with

drinking water and thank the Lord.  
 And afterward, we would listen to the world trickle, waiting for the honeyed colors of dusk. With the sky suddenly cleared of smog, we could see all the way to the sierras south of Juarez, which looked like giant bones against the thirsty soil.

I took Jo to see Motley Crue. Probably it would have been better to start her off on Poison, one of the ballad bands. She kept looking at the front man, Vince Neil. He wore a suit of studded black leather, elevator shoes, a choker. "He's kidding," Jo shouted. "It's a joke, right?"

Neil leaped onto a speaker. "How many of you guys are gonna get some fuckin' poontang tonight?" The crowd went apeshit. The bass started in, along with the drums; the plastic seats began to quiver. Then a noise like wheels hitting a runway, which meant the guitars, churning down to their appointed chords. Jo looked as if she'd been struck in the back of the head with an eel. I'd given her a pair of earplugs, but the effect of 105 decibels is as much seismic as auditory.

Strobe lights popped. Neil howled. His voice was a rapture of violent want, released to the crowd and returned in ululating waves. All around us, skinny boys emptied their bodies of sound. Everything about them banged. *Bang bang bang*. Their hair whipped the air, their slender arms knifed in around us.

I found Jo on the steps outside the arena, head between her knees. "If they could just turn it *down* a little," she said.

"Go ahead and take the car," I said. "I'll catch a ride from the night editor."

I figured Jo would be asleep when I got home. But she was sitting up in bed, a towel wrapped around her head.

"Feeling better?" I said.

"Yeah. How was the rest of the show?"

"You know, OK. No big deal."  
 Jo took a sip of tea and fixed me with one of her looks of concern. "You don't really like that stuff," she said.

I had hoped this might be one of those quiet times where we let our differences be. "You sort of have to get into the spirit of the thing," I said.

"What spirit would that be? The spirit of misogynist inner ear damage?" She shook her head. "You don't like it. You're just being ironic."

"OK," I said. "I'm going to go brush my ironic teeth."

"And that singer guy," Jo said. "What a getup. He looked like a piece of bad furniture. What's he supposed to be, some kind of stud? Some kind of big ladies' man?"

"It's a show," I said. "Showmanship."

"What gets me is that kids are paying money to listen to that crap. It's so indulgent. In a place like this, with so much *real* suffering."

"You shouldn't take it so seriously."  
 Jo waited a beat. "You do," she said. "You spend half your life interviewing these guys and critiquing their shows."

"Reviewing," I said. "It's my job to review them. I'm the reviewer."

"I'm sorry. I know it's your job. But isn't it a little sad?"

"I think you're missing it," I said.

"What am I missing? Is there something really deep going on, David? Please, educate me." Jo pulled the towel off her head and let her hair fall. She was acutely aware of her own props.

"The music helps certain kids sort of get in touch with their feelings."

Jo chuffed. "Their *feelings*? What, exactly, does *poontang* have to do with their feelings?"

"The music itself. The physical part." I had, at that time, grown my hair into an unfortunate mullet (short in front, long in back). And sometimes, in the dim light of one or another arena, the notebook would fall to my side and the music would surge through me and I would bang softly. "What is it that you want from these kids, exactly? Can't you just let them have their thing?"

Jo looked at me with her big green



"It bothers me that some men want me for my body, but if they don't, I have no idea what they're thinking."

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eyes. "They ought to grow up. They should learn to have some respect for themselves and quit trafficking in such lousy fantasies."

"Easier said than done," I said.

I took Claudia to see Ted Nugent. She didn't like metal much, either. But she was quieter about her contempt and didn't say a word, even as we arrived back at her place, undressed and reached through the dark. We knew what we were doing. It was disgusting and terrific. Afterward, I washed up and slipped my clothes on and felt an odd sense of buoyancy, of floating awkwardly into the authentic and forbidden.

On our six-month anniversary as co-habitants, Jo fixed portobellos in a cream sauce with sautéed shallots. I wanted to check out this new local band, Menudo Anti-Christ. But we were going to see Ray Barretto. That was what Jo liked: Latin jazz. Any kind of jazz. I couldn't understand the stuff. I would sit there and listen and listen and wait for the songs to *begin*.

We were with a bunch of our friends, Jo's friends is what they were, people brimming with statistics and good intentions, people engaged in projects, people who used words such as empowerment and nodded meaningfully when they talked to you.

Guys kept putting tequilas in front of Jo. They wanted to see her poise on display. She got up to dance and now the whole club watched, the young cats sipping gin and the lonely Corona dykes and Barretto himself, the droopy old *conguero*, long past such uncomplicated pleasures, tittering at the motion of her hips, bidding her this way and that with his thick fingers and his drum.

She wobbled in her red suede boots and laughed and insisted she was fine. Then she and a friend went to the bathroom, and only the friend returned. Galantry now demanded that I enter the ladies' room. That was fine with me. I liked the idea! I imagined a bright alcove full of dishy women putting on lipstick and talking cock. But the place was empty and smelled sort of disappointing. A gurgle came from the far stall. Jo looked as if she'd been dropped from a helicopter. The tile pressed against her cheek. Her legs were bent in a few directions. She smiled the glassy smile of the nonambulatory. On the drive home she threw up twice more, dainty little strings of puke.

How amazing she looked laid out on our bed—like a beautiful corpse!

I pressed a washrag to her forehead.

"I'm dying, David. I'm going to die."

"You're not dying, sweetie."

"I'm gonna fall asleep and throw up and drown on my throw-up. Like the



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Doors guy."

"That was Hendrix," I said delicately. "I'm going to die, David. Tell me you love me." Jo closed her eyes. The lids were soft purple. They made her look vulnerable. "Don't lie to me," she said. "I love you, David. Don't lie to me."

"Yes."  
"Yes what?"  
"Yes, I love you."  
"How much?"  
"A lot."  
"How much lot?"  
"Infinity lot," I said. "Infinity to the infinity power lot."

Jo smiled. Her teeth were totally unstoppable. It seemed inconceivable to me, at that moment, that I would fail her. I could see what she had in mind: the settling down, the having of children, the long, good promise. Motherhood would make her glow like a planet.

"Gimme kiss," she said.  
The tequila was coming off her in yellow fumes I found not undesirable. I began, then, to undress her. She squirmed. Moonlight hung in the window and advanced along her body. The skin over her heart flickered.

"Where are you going?" Jo said.  
"Nowhere."  
"Don't go."  
"I'm just going to take my clothes off."  
"Don't. I'll fall asleep. I'll drown."  
"I'm right here."  
"You can't ever leave me. Kiss. Mmm. Kiss again."

Claudia couldn't cook. Her specialty was flautas, which tasted of burned oil. She said the recipe was from her mother. There was always never much to talk about. Her sister was getting engaged. Ozzy Osbourne was coming to town. We drank wine from green jugs.

Without glasses, Claudia's face looked naked. She blinked a great deal. Her skin smelled faintly of chlorine at all times. Our coupling remained hurried and incompetent. Claudia preferred the lights low. We never, ever spoke. But always, there came a moment when her body unclenched; her eyes lost focus, the torrent began. This was just how she was built, though I was convinced it meant something.

The idea I had was to do it in the bathroom. I liked the way her thighs bulged against the white of the sink. I liked the light, which was a little too bright, which fringed our skin in yellow, lent us a crispness I associated with interrogation.

I knew there was a complicated person living inside Claudia's body. A reason she wasn't living at home, a reason she was involved with me. She had her own hopes stashed somewhere. But I wasn't interested in those. I wanted only an accomplice.

I reached down and Claudia threw her legs a little wider. Her mouth went

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sloppy. Her eyes were half closed. Water began gushing down the soft skin of her thighs. I pressed forward, and the water, wanting out, pressed back. The sensation was warm and almost painful. Then I felt myself begin, and pushed in all the way. Claudia shrieked. Her head thumped the mirror. There was a sharp crack, a rapid downward motion, and water. Geysers of water, gurgling up, sweeping down. We lay tangled on the floor. I could see blood threading the puddle near my head. Claudia, I was certain, had imploded. Then I saw the sink, toppled nearby. The leads to the water pipes had snapped clean off.

Jo met me at the door. This was maybe one in the morning. I was pretty well sobered up by then.

"What the hell happened to you?" she said.

"In what sense?"

"In the sense that you left the paper four hours ago, and your hair is wet."

"Claudia's fucking toilet overflowed," I said. "I had to take a shower."

Jo stood directly in front of me. She didn't say anything, but I could see the blood in her cheeks.

"It was disgusting," I said. "Believe me. You should be glad I took a shower."

"I want to know what the hell's going on with that woman, David."

"Claudia? What's going on with Claudia? I would guess, right about now, she's mopping."

"If you're fucking lying to me, David. If you're fucking that woman——"

"Hold on," I said. "Slow down——"

"Look at me, David."

"I am looking at you, Jo. I'm looking right at you." I could feel an awful, thrilling current inside me. "Now you listen to me," I said. "If I were fooling around, if I were flouncing off to fuck this woman, don't you think, did it ever occur to you, that I might be a little more subtle about it? That I wouldn't try to do it right under your nose?"

Jo took a half step back. "Why can't I meet her, then?"

"You can," I said. "You can meet her

any time you want. I've told you. Do you want to call her right now and have her come over and you can ask her if I fuck her and then come back here and sleep with you? Is that what you want?" I was breathing through my nose now. My chest was puffed up like a gamecock. "Because you obviously don't believe me. You don't believe I could just be friends with this woman."

"I didn't say I didn't believe you."

"You might as well have." Behind her, I could see El Paso's civic center, which was supposed to resemble a sombrero but looked more like a flat tire. Farther out, the barrel fires of the *colonias* danced like matchsticks. "Look," I said. "Claudia was part of my life before you came here. Maybe that's why I hold her apart a little. The truth is she's a pretty unhappy person. Troubled. And a part of me feels like she needs my company. She's not like you, honey. She doesn't have the world at her feet."

"Who says I have the world at my feet?" Jo said quietly.

I grazed my fingers along her cheek. "You can't keep doing this to yourself. If you can't trust me, baby, maybe we should be thinking about some other arrangement."

Was it wrong for me to want to protect Jo from such terrible hurt? From a part of myself she was better not knowing? Was it wrong to preserve her belief in me? After all, I wanted to believe just as much as she did, in my own decency, in our bright future together. I wanted to make her happy. This other business, as I saw it, was just something I needed to work out of my system. It would never have occurred to me back then that behind all my fancy footwork was an even darker sin: I didn't love Jo as she loved me. I knew only that I felt guilty all the time, unworthy and resentful and complicated. And so, every few weeks, I went out and drowned myself in loud song and copulation and this made me feel simple. And when I returned home, I told Jo heroic lies that protected us both from the ruinous truth.

I didn't love her as she loved me. What other sin is there, finally?

Jo was on the phone in the other room. "Oh my God!" she cried out. "That's so amazing!" A couple of minutes later, she came in the bedroom, looking puffy and exorbitant.

"That was Kirsten."

"Who?"

"Kirsten. My best friend from high school. She's getting married. She wants me to be a bridesmaid."

I nodded at the closet, where her other gowns hung. "Peach chiffon or teal?"

"Very funny," she said.

"When's the big day?"

"November. November 20th."

"Not *this* November 20th." I screwed on a tight little smile.

"Don't you dare," Jo said. "Don't you dare pull this shit. I am not going to this wedding alone because you have to review some idiotic band."

"Guns n' Roses," I said, "is not just some band."

You have to understand: I had interviewed Kip Winger three times. I knew the names of his pets. I had memorized, without any intention of doing so, the words to *Headed for a Heartbreak*. Possibly better than anyone else on earth, I recognized the depths to which heavy metal had sunk. The intensity and musicianship of its earliest practitioners had given way to pretty-boy schlock. This is what made the Gunners so compelling. They represented a return to the core values of the genre, the angry hedonism, the dramatic release. I doubt that Axl Rose would have described himself as an Aristotelian, but that is what he was. His voice ramped forever up, toward catharsis.

I had explained all this to Jo, several times. But she just looked at me like my head was on fire. "What we're talking about, David, the issue, is whether you're coming with me to this wedding."

"I'm not," I said.

"This is Kirsten," she said dramatically. "This is one of my best friends."

The trick with Jo was to allow her



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self-regard to run down a little. And then to pause, always to pause, which conveyed thought. And then to assume a softer tone. "I know it's important," I said. "I hear you. But this is important to me, honey. It's my job. And I know you think it's just bullshit, but it's also something I value. Can you understand that?"

We were, all things considered, in a phase of expectant compromise. The paper had nominated me for a three-month stint at *USA Today*, in D.C., where I hoped to earn my wings in the world of depth glitz. Jo was talking with Nader's people about a job. Marriage wasn't on the table just yet. But—as I now gently reminded her—the end of my metal days was in sight. Couldn't she give me this one last hurrah?

Later, in bed, she made me promise. "I want Washington to be different."

"Of course it'll be different," I said. "It's a whole different city."

"You know what I mean," she said.

She closed her eyes and smiled a little, and for a second I could see her at 60, with a bolt of white hair and skin too tired to shine all the time.

"Who're you going to take?" she said.

"One of the sports guys, probably."

"What about Claudia? I haven't heard about her for a while."

"She's got a new boyfriend," I said. "A cop, I think."

Not remarkably, the show was something of a letdown. Loosed from the studio firmament, Axl's voice came across as chalky and unmodulated, the squawk of a hungry seagull. Slash was so gone he kept falling over. A roadie had to scurry onstage and prop him up. This grew disheartening.

My review was indignant. The band was taking its fans for granted, squandering a hallowed opportunity, retreating from the mandates of thus and such. I clacked away in the empty cavern of the coliseum, as, down below, the roadies broke down the lights and drum risers and mikes.

Claudia was where I'd left her, on a bench near the back exit. When I'd told her about the move to D.C., she'd only looked down and nodded. It was what she'd expected all along, I guess. But now, as I approached her, sitting there in her sad little blouse, I wanted to be able to do something for her, some terrific, unassailable thing that might restore the magic she held as a lifeguard (a guarder of lives!), quiet and secretly powerful so long ago.

"Let's grab a drink," I said.

"I should be getting home."

"Nonsense." I took her hand. "We'll have some wine. We'll go to my place and have some wine." And as we moved

out into the night, with its sooty breath and slender moon, I understood that Claudia was one of those people who is acted upon, that imposing her own desires invited risks she felt unprepared to take.

When I moved into her for the last time, she closed her eyes and lay back and her smell, chlorine and skin lotion, mingled with Jo's perfume, which rose from the sheets. I was in no hurry. I had dropped Jo off at the airport six hours earlier. She would be landing in New York, combing out her hair, wrestling with the overhead compartment. I gave no thought to the weather back East. El Paso, after all, was sweltering.

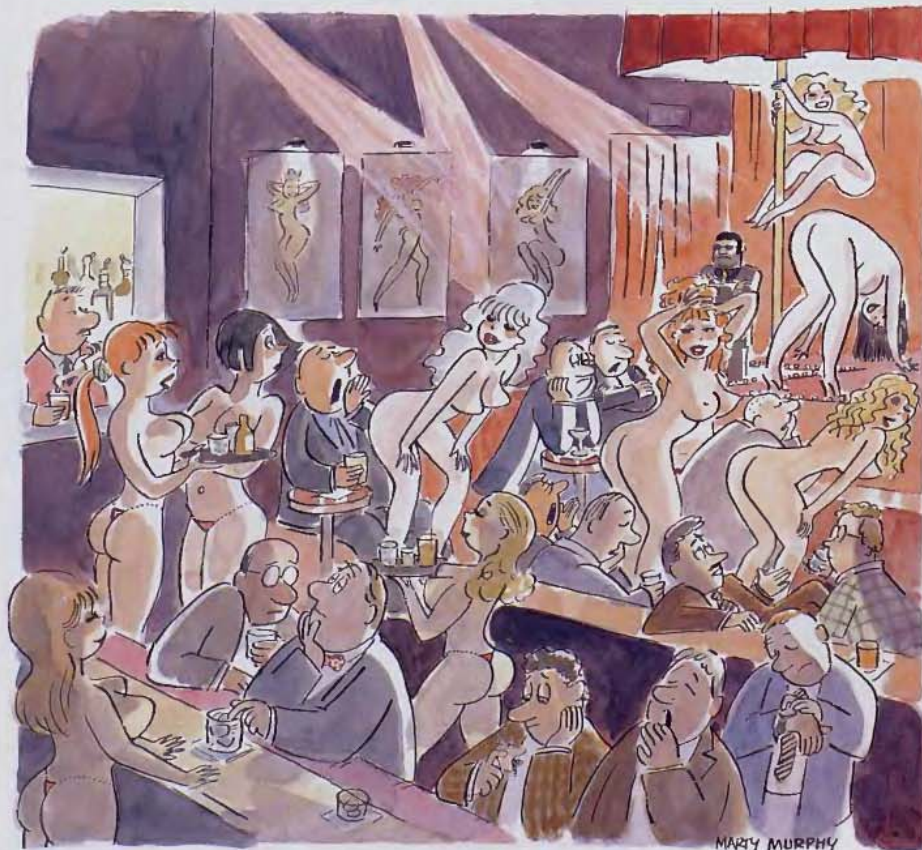
Claudia's knees began to tremble. Her toes dug at my calves and her mouth went slack. With each thrust, I could hear the faint clack of her teeth. And when her hips began to tilt up, I reached down to caress her, that her body might open and bring the miracle of water. I had a vision, even then, with all that had happened, was about to happen, that I might bow my head between her legs and be washed.

When you live with someone, you come to recognize the way they move, the pace and gravity of their gait. It's the way of our kind: We can't help revealing ourselves. Jo always took the stairs two at a time, favoring her right leg from an old ballet injury, executing a little hop-skip on the landings. And now, somehow, despite the fact that she was thousands of miles away, I could hear the dangerous jig of her footsteps drawing closer. Claudia began to moan and her body opened and released the water and I felt my own body reaching ecstatically to repeat itself.

The door slammed. Our bodies slammed. Jo's voice sounded out my name. Claudia grabbed at my face for a kiss. One red suede boot appeared in the doorway. I looked down at the glistening contortion of Claudia's body. I still believed I might have time, that there was so much time left to me, to behave like this. And then Jo stepped into the room and looked at us and the air inside her seemed to crumple.

She began to sob, then to choke on her sobs. Her face turned a deep red. It was clear she could not breathe. Claudia's hips gave way, fell to the sheets with a damp smack. She was facing away from the door, still lost in the innocent spell of pleasure. Then she noticed my face and her head swung around and she saw Jo and began weeping too, a sound like soft neighing. Her legs drew up and curled beneath her. Her painted toes looked like little dabs of blood. There was nothing to say. There was that room and the three bodies inside it. Claudia was hyperventilating. Jo was not breathing.

Or rather, she was attempting to



*"I understand they're mostly a bunch of doctors in town for the proctology seminar."*



breathe, to draw air into her lungs, but failing. Her body made a hundred silent hiccups; her lips were drawn over her teeth in a grimace. Her eyes were pinched shut. If we'd had a child, a little baby girl, this is how she would have looked at birth: drowning on the air of some cold white room.

I must have made a gesture toward her, because her body recoiled, and she backed out of the room, bent at the waist, like a servant who has intruded unforgivably on the master's privacy. I stood at the edge of the bed. A draft from the window moved across my absurd little penis. I felt a soft spearing in my side. Earlier, I'd laid down a towel, meaning to slip it beneath Claudia, and now I drew this around me and went after Jo. I had the idea that I still had something to do with her.

She was in the hall, staggering toward the landing. If I could see her face—I so wanted to see her face.

"Breathe," I said. "You've got to breathe, baby." I reached out to touch the scrolls of black hair pasted to her temples. Her throat clicked and her voice, finally catching, produced the thick vibrato of agony. Her nails raked my face. I believed then that we might be making progress.

But she was flying down the stairs, and I charged after her, yelling, "Wait, wait," yelling, "Oh God, honey." The neighbors

hung from their doorknobs. On the second floor, I got my hand on her shoulder, tried to sort of tackle her, but she threw me off and I landed hard on my tailbone. A few seconds later, the door below clanged. I struggled to my feet and raced down and bound outside. My towel had fallen away. I was naked in the street, blood smeared on my cheek.

Someone had called the police, I guess, because a squad car was gliding to a stop in front of our building. The cop squinted at me through his tinted windshield and I ducked back, hid in the shadow of the door, watched Jo sprint into the night and disappear.

Claudia was gone, too. *Poof*. There was only a stain on the bed. I checked everywhere. And then it occurred to me what had happened: She had jumped out the window. There would be her body, on the sidewalk, and the police would want to know what it was all about.

But this was only some gaudy male fantasy. There was nobody down below but the cop, standing outside his squad car. He looked mean and confused. His hand rested absently on the butt of his gun. And somewhere farther off in the desert, a radio was playing, Axl Rose's tiny voice reaching out, singing: "Take me down to Paradise City where the grass is green and the girls are pretty—take me home."

And now you listen to me, you people with your poise and careful judgments: These are the things I did. And was punished for them, as we are all punished, in the end, for the degradations we inflict on those who love us. Sorrow waits, with the patience of a psalm, for the infidel.

Though what returns to me now is how I felt afterward, on those certain evenings, driving home toward Jo, sweet Jo, bearded in the smell of Claudia, weaving the empty lanes of I-10, the warehouses sliding past, El Paso's downtown like an isle of dinky lanterns, the Rio flowing black, and beyond, the speckled blue lights of Juarez. How full my heart was of gratitude! *Thank you, I wanted to call out. Thank you! Thank you!*

And if, as was often the case, a cassette were playing, the dumb blunt exuberance of the band, the howl and drub of all those fierce desires, would gather in the night above me and become one desire and merge with my desire and confirm that I was doing something even noble in the eyes of youth, radical, kick-ass, seeking love on all fronts, transporting myself beyond the reach of failure and loneliness, into the blessed province of poontang.

It is in these moments of tender and ridiculous nostalgia that I know something inside me is still broken.



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# Wyclef Jean (continued from page 135)

*If we'd drop a Fugees album, the first week's sales wouldn't be less than a million copies.*

who's the road manager and who's hanging out backstage?

JEAN: The women backstage would be Josephine Baker and Marilyn Monroe. That's an easy one. The band is me, Eric Clapton, Bob Marley, Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Page. The road manager is Big Red from *The Five Heartbeats*.

7

PLAYBOY: How did Tommy Mottola react to your spoof of him on *The Eclectic*?

JEAN: No one cracks jokes about Tommy Mottola. You got to have the balls to do it. He called me early in the morning and said, "Hello, Wyclef. This is Tommy Mottola. I heard you had me on this record. You think this thing is a joke? Fuck you. You trying to make me sound soft or something?" I said, "Whoa!" And then he said, "Ah ha—got you! I was just kidding, man. I love it." He said it was the funniest thing he had heard in a long time.

8

PLAYBOY: The Rock made the switch from wrestler to recording artist with *It*

*Doesn't Matter*. If you became a wrestler, what would your persona be?

JEAN: I'd be Jimmy Superfly Snuka. My ultimate move would be standing on the ropes and having my crooked manager, Mr. Biggie, pass me an acoustic guitar. I would leap up in the air and when I landed, pound the guitar on the cat's head, knocking him unconscious.

9

PLAYBOY: What's the most important lesson in the Bible?

JEAN: When Christ saw Mary Magdalene, he didn't say, "Yo, are you a hooker?" He approached her with his mack game, he had his pimping game on. He was like, "Hey girl, what you doing working this strip?" And she said, "You know, I'm chilling, daddy. What you want to do?" And he said, "I just want to take you to the higher ground, find out what's going on." We can't condemn people for what they do.

10

PLAYBOY: *Red Light District* deals with falling in love with a stripper. Could you

convince a stripper that your Ascap contract entitles you to a free lap dance?

JEAN: Definitely, because I have the gift of gab. With the gift of gab you don't need to spend any money. Because if I say my Ascap contract permits me to get a free lap dance, they'll believe it—as long as they think that later on they'll get something in return. I'm the original musical pimp. I definitely get my conversation on with a lot of those girls. They are smart. They can spot the money coming through the door. When they see me, all they hear is *ka-chang, ka-ching*. They know how to talk. They get inside the head of a man. You go in looking for a lap dance, you get an hour and a half of conversation. Then you just pay the chick and you bounce.

11

PLAYBOY: What's the current status of the Fugees?

JEAN: The Fugees are in a state of confusion, but no one ever called a press conference saying they were quitting the band. The Fugees was Lauryn, Pras and Clef. You heard the impact of talent. Are they going to ever do something collectively? I ask myself that every day, and things are looking better. If we'd drop a Fugees album, the first week's sales wouldn't be less than a million copies. But what does that mean? Absolutely nothing. At the end of the day, it's all about chemistry.

12

PLAYBOY: What female rock star got you hot when you were little?

JEAN: Madonna is my all-time favorite. She defied all forms and all laws. She beat all the odds. When I was sitting in Burger King and *Holiday* came on, I really felt like I went on a holiday.

13

PLAYBOY: If you ever made a movie, what would the title be?

JEAN: It would be called *Sharon Stone Falls in Love With a Black Dirk Diggler*. Sharon Stone is banging. I have a major crush on her. There would be a scene in the movie with me in a jockstrap and a guitar behind my back. Sharon Stone would not even have to audition. The minute she got there I would just signal the director to start shooting. Start shooting now, man.

14

PLAYBOY: Chicks tend to sing about the same old things: getting dumped on by a guy, falling in love and kicking men's asses. If you had the power to excise certain subjects from female singers, what would they be?

JEAN: Girls now are all singing, "He dumped me, feel this lawsuit, I'm taking all your money, kill all men" or "I pay my



own bills, fuck you, you hurt me, your day will come, no I will not come back to you." [Laughs] I want to hear songs in which they don't kill the men. They should let men know how they feel, and how to make things better. No songs say, "Damn. Can we work on this? You're only human, you're made of flesh and blood and you made a mistake. You're just doing what every man does. Could you not do it again?"

## 15

PLAYBOY: Cell phone, pager, e-mail, fax machine. The technological revolution has made it easier for ex-girlfriends to give guys a hard time. Which innovation is the worst?

JEAN: The cell phone is very bad, but two-way pagers are even worse. When a girl gets mad, she can just punch FUCK YOU into the message. And then you hear beep, beep. You open it up and it says FUCK YOU. I've seen my friends get so mad they've broken their pagers. Women don't even waste time picking up a phone anymore. It's just like—bam!

## 16

PLAYBOY: When you look at a woman, what musical instruments come to your mind?

JEAN: Guitar, saxophone, bass. And then sometimes a drum.

## 17

PLAYBOY: Jennifer Lopez: When is a big booty too much booty?

JEAN: I think Jennifer Lopez' butt is overrated. It's a lovely ass, but there are a lot of Jennifer Lopezes out there. Salma Hayek has a nice ass, too. But man, Jennifer Lopez does know how to work that ass the best. I'll give her that much.

## 18

PLAYBOY: You're in the limo with Donald Trump. You see flashing lights. He hands you something to hold on to. What do you say?

JEAN: I say, "No, you hold on to it. You got more money than me, and better lawyers."

## 19

PLAYBOY: If you and Rudy Giuliani are trapped together in an elevator, who's more scared?

JEAN: He's more scared. My nickname is Dracula.

## 20

PLAYBOY: You're in the south of France, and you're performing at a club when Baby Doc Duvalier and his wife show up. What song do you play?

JEAN: *Crazy Baldheads* by Bob Marley. "We're going to chase those crazy baldheads out of town."



Trash TV

(continued from page 128)

Two beefy guys use their heads as stoppers while pushing a bowling ball to each other over an A-frame incline. A team of men—including a masochist who rubs his rump against the hot tailpipe of a car—compete to see who can best sully their undershorts. The comedy team Downtown ties a man down, naked but for a pair of boxers, and covers him with butter before releasing the hounds to lick him silly. The producers of *Susunu Denpa Shonen* lock a naked comedian in a one-room flat with no subsistence but for whatever prizes he can win in magazine competitions. He lasts 15 months.

Some of the programs prefer psychological torture. *London Hearts* includes a segment called "The Stinger." A guy telephones his girlfriend to break a date at the last minute, then watches via hidden cameras as a handsome actor attempts to seduce her immediately after she takes the call. The kicker: The boyfriend observes the action while sitting in the Stinger's apartment and listening to the host analyze the woman's every move. For the finale, the camera pans to the door as the Stinger arrives home alone or with the cheating heart on his arm.

Where there is pain, there must be pleasure. On *Break*, women wearing bikinis compete in such future Olympic

sports as tricycle racing, jumping to touch a horizontal bar with their heads and performing push-ups over a camera pit. The money shot comes when each competitor, exhausted, collapses with her breasts against the glass. The contestants' efforts are replayed in slow motion while a panel of B-grade celebrity judges make appreciative remarks. The women who lose are subjected to humiliations such as the face-distorting, balloon-inflated-inside-a-stocking-on-your-head-until-it-pops torture. In another segment, six women play shy while enjoying a nude soak in a hot tub. The host asks a trivia question; to answer, the women must stretch to reach the buzzer, revealing their breasts.

This concept is almost as simple as inviting American strippers to share their silicone with astonished Japanese men, as occurred in a prime-time special about the "wonders of the world." On *Robamin*, Chichi Dasu Mimi ("Tit-Baring Mimi") appears live and unannounced at noodle stands and gambling halls wearing a space-age metal bikini. She presents the weather, then releases the hinged cups covering her breasts. A moment later the cheek plates fly from her ass. The men laugh and clap. The forecast, at the moment, is sunny.

—CHIP ROWE

Watch trashy scenes from Japanese TV at [playboy.com/current](http://playboy.com/current).



"Call me a hopeless romantic, but I think you can learn a lot about someone just by watching their panties go around and around."

# METALLICA (continued from page 80)

*We still find a way to exist as a unit—on the drop of a dime we go onstage and kick everybody else's ass.*

**HAMMETT:** I've spoken with Jason for hours on end. I'm upset for him. James demands loyalty and unity, and I respect that, but I don't think he realizes the sequence of events he's putting into play. Jason eats, sleeps and breathes music. I think it's morally wrong to keep someone away from what keeps him happy. That album will always be available in some format—whether it's on Napster or in stores, people are going to hear it.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't it be funny if Jason released his album on Napster?

**HAMMETT:** It would be fucking ironic as shit.

**HETFIELD:** I don't mind being looked at as the asshole in the band. Well, *within* the band. As long as the fans think Lars is the asshole, that's fine *[laughs]*.

**NEWSTED:** James is on quite a few records: In the *South Park* movie, when Kenny goes to hell, James is singing, and he's on just about every Corrosion of Conformity album. That's a shot at him, but I'm going to keep it. I can't play my shit, but he can go play with other people.

**HETFIELD:** My name isn't on those records. And I'm not out trying to sell them.

**PLAYBOY:** You want loyalty and unity in the band, but if you're too much of a dictator, you can end up losing band members. We've got three words for you: Guns n' Roses.

**HETFIELD:** Those are three ugly words

*[laughs]*. They were a prime example of egos out of hand. We're definitely not in a Guns n' Roses situation. It would never get like that. I'd kill us all before that happened.

**PLAYBOY:** It's three against one here: You're the only one against letting Jason release his record. Can this conflict be worked out?

**HETFIELD:** Some of us are just going to have to bend a little.

**PLAYBOY:** Or bend over.

**HETFIELD:** My back hurts, so it won't be me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do all these conflicts actually help the band?

**ULRICH:** You've used the word conflict a lot in the last 15 minutes. Ultimately, we have a love and respect for each other that supersedes the bickering. The key thing is, we're fucking still here. And we're the only ones that are still here. For whatever conflicts you keep talking about, we still find a way to exist as a working unit, and pretty much at the drop of a dime go onstage and kick everybody else's ass.

**PLAYBOY:** Is this just the usual tension within Metallica, or is it worse now?

**ULRICH:** That's a great question. It's an interesting time to interview the four of us separately. You're hearing people get things off their chest—almost using you as the middleman. Like, James and Ja-

son won't call each other, so they're having a conversation through you.

**PLAYBOY:** You and James haven't talked, either.

**ULRICH:** I haven't spoken to him for a while, that's true.

**HETFIELD:** He hasn't called me. I'm sure he'll say I haven't called him.

**ULRICH:** It's a little bit of the rock star stubbornness. Like, "He's not calling me, so I'm not going to call him. Fuck him."

**HETFIELD:** We both need time away; me and that fucking guy have been together for 20 years, man. It's an extreme love-hate thing, you know?

**ULRICH:** We've been in this scenario a hundred times before. On the road sometimes, we don't speak to each other for a week. Me and James Hetfield are the two most opposite people on this planet.

**PLAYBOY:** Your wife, Skylar, used to date Matt Damon, and he made her the model for the female lead in *Good Will Hunting*. A few years ago, Matt described you as "a fucking rock star who's got \$80 million and his own jet—a bad rock star, too."

**ULRICH:** He said that before we met. And he's apologized about a hundred times. The first five times I saw him, he would spend 10 minutes apologizing profusely. He really is a sweetheart.

**PLAYBOY:** And you're an art collector, which is an unusual hobby for a metal drummer. What schools do you collect?

**ULRICH:** Abstract expressionism, the Cobra movement, art brut. I own a lot of Basquiat, a lot of Dubuffet, a lot of de Kooning. I have the best collection of Asger Jorn on this planet. I have what is universally considered as one of the two greatest Basquiat paintings; I spent a year and a half chasing it down. Hanging out backstage with Kid Rock is an amazing turn-on, no less so than sitting and staring at my Dubuffet for an hour with a fucking gin and tonic.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about the summer 1992 tour with Guns n' Roses, when a pyrotechnic explosion set you on fire during a show in Montreal. How bad were the burns?

**HETFIELD:** It was down to the bone. My hand looked like hamburger. No matter how much water you poured on it, the pain came back instantly. The most painful part was the physical therapy—they would scrape off the skin with a tongue depressor. It was brutal. I was on pills, too, and it still hurt like a mother-fucker.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of pain, do you ever get headaches?

**HETFIELD:** Are you saying it's too loud? It's got to be loud. You're supposed to feel it all over.

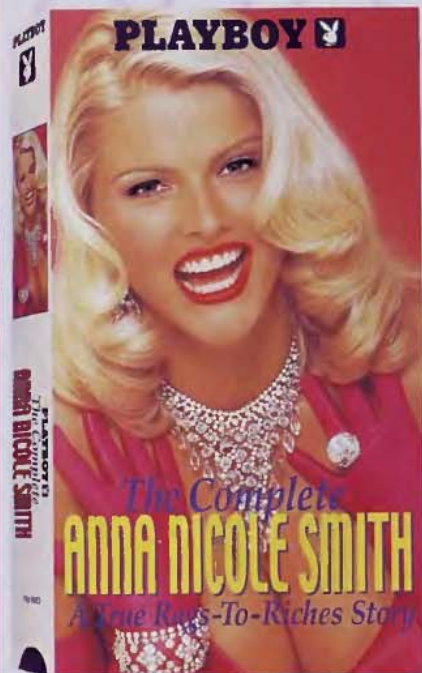
**PLAYBOY:** Metallica toured a lot less than usual last year.

**NEWSTED:** We did maybe 30 or 40 shows, and that's probably the least we have ever done. Metallica usually does from



*"Oh, it can be bothersome from time to time, but Henry would be lost without interactive TV."*

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150 to 250 shows in a year.

**HAMMETT:** I have no qualms about not doing yearlong tours anymore.

**ULRICH:** Ten years ago, we wanted to play as many gigs as possible and have as much debaucherous fun as possible. Now, playing 200 shows in North Dakota is not as stimulating as it used to be. Sometimes it's great being onstage, and other times the shows themselves become totally mediocre and you're just sort of floating through them. The older we get, and the shorter we tour, the better we are.

**PLAYBOY:** How much longer can the band go on, given how physical the music is?

**NEWSTED:** It's limited. People won't ever see me weak, won't ever see me just standing there onstage. When the day comes that I cannot perform, I will bow out. That's it.

**HETFIELD:** A gray mullet would look all right.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any tricks to writing a Metallica song?

**NEWSTED:** About 90 percent of Metallica songs are in E minor, because James' vocal range is limited—although he's developed by leaps and bounds.

**PLAYBOY:** Any chance Metallica will follow the rap-metal direction?

**NEWSTED:** No. No rap in Metallica.

**ULRICH:** The chances of James Hetfield going in a rap direction are probably between zero and minus one.

**PLAYBOY:** From your perspective as a Metallica fan, Jason, it must be interesting to see James continue to evolve since *Nothing Else Matters*.

**NEWSTED:** Where there was darkness before, now there's a lot of light, since James' children entered the picture. The darkness will always be there, because of the damage done, but there's a big bright spot now.

**HAMMETT:** We can't sing about flowers and happy shiny days, you know?

**PLAYBOY:** So, James, will the next batch of songs be happy?

**HETFIELD:** Yeah, I'll start writing about my house and family and dog. Look, there's always got to be some turmoil to write, and now, within the band, there might be some pretty good fuel.

**PLAYBOY:** On the next record, we can expect a song called—

**HETFIELD:** *Side Project* [laughs]. There's always something that's going to piss you off. Something you'd like to change. Something that confuses you. All I have to do is go to San Francisco for one day—I get pissed off enough for a week.

**PLAYBOY:** You're happily married, the father of two, you've been to therapy. You even wrote a love song. Can you still find the dark spot?

**HETFIELD:** I know it's there, and how it got there. I can visit it and leave again. It's a dark spot you can't wash off.

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*Heaven's Gate? They got castrated, lined up their new Nikes and drank poison.*

basic tenets of Christianity. Why are they so inclined?

SPONG: The Bishop of Durham, David Jenkins, said the Resurrection was a bone trick. He was trying to say that it has nothing to do with bones getting up and walking out of the grave. The Anglican Church didn't come into being over a doctrine or issue. There wasn't a 95 Theses on the door of the church. It was Henry VIII's sex life. The English Cath-

olic Church declared itself independent of the Pope. So the Anglican Church came into being. But it was the church for the English people. Because the English people are everything from screaming fundamentalists to rigid Catholics, they had to devise a church that was broad enough to include all of them.

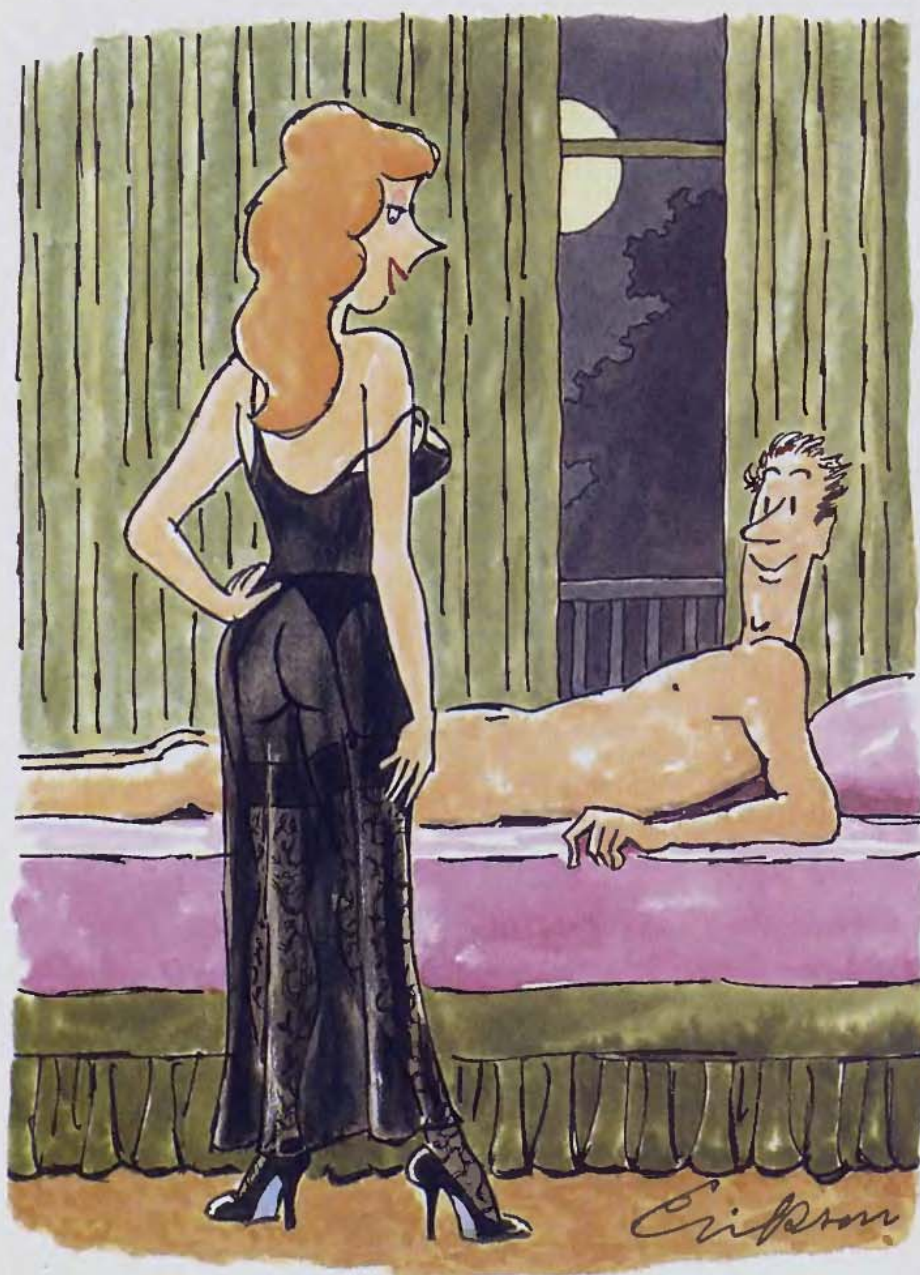
PLAYBOY: Denominations get a lot of press when they issue resolutions demanding that "wives submit graciously to their

husbands" or debate the role of gays in the church, or when their conventions dissolve into discord. Is it tough to find a route to spirituality and ethics through all the ecclesiastical politics?

SPONG: I think it is. The church has come through an interesting history and most people don't have any sense of it. We were a persecuted minority for the first 300 years—the church of the catacombs. And then Constantine made us an agent of the state. My sense is that Christianity would have survived if it hadn't been institutionalized. But it will not survive because it has been institutionalized. It has to be fighting its institutional thinking. But if religion is part of a person's security system—and I believe it is—then you can't be made secure if you're told there are many religions, or many ways, to reach God. That dissipates the power. So on the Catholic side you have to claim that your Pope is infallible. On the Protestant side you have to claim that your Bible is inerrant and you're the only ones who can interpret it properly. So there's an ultimate authority. Homosexuality is a sin. It is condemned by the Bible. Slavery is legitimized by the Bible. Opposing Galileo in having the sun go around the earth is legitimized by the Bible. The power of religion is to control behavior. The power of religion needs to be separated from the essence of Christianity.

PLAYBOY: Somehow we get the feeling you're not going to tack a copy of the Ten Commandments to the wall.

SPONG: Politicians still put the Ten Commandments in schoolrooms. But all of the old codes come out of an era that had a different value system. The Ten Commandments say that God is a jealous God, that you can't have any other gods. It's a strange reflection of a polygamous background. The third commandment says you're not to take the name of the Lord in vain, and people think that means you're not supposed to cuss. It has nothing to do with cussing. It has to do with the way people drew contracts in a world without courts and lawyers. They would bargain to an agreement and would clasp each others' hands and swear in the name of the Lord that they would be true to their word. So if you broke your word, if you gave me nine cows instead of the 10 cows we bargained for, then you're taking the name of the Lord in vain. Now we do that through courts. Nobody I know today in the Christian world observes the Sabbath except the Seventh Day Adventists. We've all gotten away from the fifth commandment: Honor your parents. The only way older people could survive was that their children would take care of them. That's a great value, but we have different ways of doing that



*"Why, Roger—this flimsy black nightie makes you look 15 years younger."*

today—Social Security. The commandment about murder could never contemplate what we see in hospitals today where we have the technological means to keep people breathing long after they have died. There was no concept of private property when the Ten Commandments were given, so stealing was really violating the rules of the community, and a big element of it was kidnapping, because one of the things you did have was your children. The 10th commandment is a sexist commandment because it says women are property. It says you should not covet your neighbor's wife or his ox or his ass or anything else that's his.

PLAYBOY: Volumes about spirituality, self-help and guardian angels fill the nation's bookstores. Are those the cookbooks for the spiritual hunger you speak about?

SPONG: They are. Human beings know they're mortal and may be living in a world that has no meaning, so they chronically try to find something eternal to be attached to. Religion was born to calm the fires of hysteria in the human breast. When religion begins to waver, as I think it's doing nowadays, then that hysteria comes up. You do all sorts of frantic things for some security. Remember the bunch of people who thought Halley's comet was going to come to take them away—Heaven's Gate? They got castrated, lined up their new Nikes and drank poison. There were the Branch Davidians in Waco and the crowd that drank Kool-Aid in Guyana with Jim Jones. Those are today's version of the snake handlers, religions of magic. In our day the knowledge available to the human mind has expanded so that we can't stand the division—we close our minds. We become fundamentalists, or we quote the Bible and say there's no debate about this: "God wrote it, I believe it." Or we say the Pope is infallible. And there are these people who wear these bracelets that read WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? That kind of magic religion has appeal, but ultimately we know it isn't going to work. No matter how hard we pray, people we love are going to die. That's the rule of life.

PLAYBOY: Physicians sometimes prescribe exercise to counter depression and anxiety. Could the clergy offer a spiritual prescription to what has been termed a Prozac nation?

SPONG: If I go out on a corner and say Librium, Equanil, Prozac, people know the brand names. I see in this country the death of God and the rise of hysteria. The symbol of the rise of hysteria is that we are an addicted society. We can't start a day without caffeine. We are addicted to alcohol. We're addicted to smoking. We take tranquilizers in massive doses. And you add kids shooting each other in schools. Now, part of the

trouble is that the old security system of God in the sky begins to lose its cachet. And people don't know where to find meaning. We have to help them recognize that spirituality doesn't start with telling everybody what a miserable, wretched sinner you are, how great God is that he's come down and rescued you. You've got to have a sense of the spirit or the divine that touches human life and calls it into becoming more deeply human. Instead of responding to tribal fears and hating everybody who's different from you, you can be more like the Jesus who can see people for what they are. The religion of the future—and I hope it's Christianity—will be focused on empowering people to be human.

PLAYBOY: A woman we know visited the gift shop at a natural history museum. She bought a number of fossils and left them on the desk of her fundamentalist boss. Is this any way to relate to someone who literally believes the Book of Genesis' creation story?

SPONG: I don't think she's going to convert him, because she makes one crucial mistake. She thinks it's a rational argument. It is not rational. It's a real emotional security system that you're dealing with. When we can do radioactive measurement of metallic things to determine their age and we find all these fossils, the fundamentalists say God put the fossils in the earth to confuse you. But the world does change. The members of the Flat Earth Society are not very powerful today. What happens is that her boss will die and her boss' children will live in a different world. In the Thirties my

mother had just begun to hear of Darwin and she interpreted that as "I descended from a monkey." That was her understanding of Darwin.

PLAYBOY: You've predicted that there will be female Roman Catholic priests and eventually a woman pope. Any feel for when Catholics will find a woman celebrating Sunday Mass?

SPONG: There's no doubt it's going to come within 25 years, or they'll be the laughingstock of the Christian West. My sense is they can't afford not to. I think the church would blow up. I don't want the Roman church to blow up. It's too powerful and part of Christianity. But they can't treat women the way they do. You could get away with that in the 19th century, but already it's alienated a lot of women, and as the world goes along, it would be like trying to defend slavery in the 20th century. The consciousness of the world has changed, and to the degree that the Roman church is a Western church serving Europe and the U.S., it can't continue that way. They have nuns serving congregations. They have women doing everything except celebrating the Eucharist.

PLAYBOY: Religions tend to mandate when people can—and mostly when they cannot—have sex. Why is it that so many sects have problems with sexual behavior?

SPONG: All religions have problems with sex. Sex is at the heart of people's identity and God is the symbol for ultimate meaning. These things are always intertwined. You will find that in the matriarchal days of human history, God was



*"Once more, only this time touch your nose."*

understood as the reproductive process and the earth mother. Temple prostitutes—male and female—were part of the fertility cults to service God. When you get into the Western religions, we're really antisexual. The Catholic tradition has defined the ideal woman as a virgin. That's a strange definition of a woman, but then you have to look at who does the defining—celibate priests. Part of that happened as Christianity moved out of the Jewish world into the Mediterranean world. The dominant thought form in the Mediterranean was Neoplatonism—soul is good, body is evil. Christianity got caught up in that and decided that if you really wanted to be a holy man you had to not be married, and the ideal woman becomes a virgin—not just a virgin but a virgin mother, which is a real trick. Well, we have separated sex from procreation. That's a brand-new thing. We have also separated puberty from marriage by 10 to 15 years. We

ought to locate our thinking about sexuality in terms of the beauty and holiness of life, not in terms of some repressive system being imposed upon life.

PLAYBOY: You've written that sex outside of marriage can be holy, provided the relationship has grown over time. Do you have something against consenting adults just spending a night together?

SPONG: I am a pretty conservative person. I believe the holiest relationship is a monogamous and faithful one, and that it's not just sex, it's that you invest so much of your life in the relationship and you give everything to that person. If you don't have that kind of commitment, you just use somebody for your own gratification. I would say that the ultimate good is a faithful monogamous relationship—homosexual or heterosexual, it doesn't matter—but a relationship where you take total responsibility for each member of the partnership. The other end is a promiscuous relationship

for whatever thrill you can get. I regard that as immoral. I've long ago gotten over the idea of sex before marriage, because I can see commitment long before marriage. But I've also decided that my moral box is too narrow and I have to broaden it. I knew a man whose wife, when she was about 35, had a stroke that rendered her unable to have sex for the rest of her life. For the first four or five years he really felt like he owed it to his wife to be faithful. Then he found he was getting shorter and shorter with her and less loving and feeling sorry for himself. He became good friends with another woman, whose husband had died. It sort of went over the line and they had a sexual relationship for 10 years. The two came to talk to me about it because they lived in a society that says that's wrong. We talked about it openly. The woman was not making demands on him to leave his wife and marry her. They sustained each other and he was able to be a far more loving husband to his afflicted wife. I couldn't find anybody who was hurt. Then I got into an awareness of the gay situation. I talked to this young guy who told me he didn't even know the name of the first person with whom he'd had a sexual liaison. He said, "I'm 16 years old and I've been told all my life that what I am is evil. I grew up with my church and my family telling me that my body was evil and my desires were sinful and I couldn't believe that somebody could love me." And he said this man, his first partner, whose name he didn't even know, touched him in such a way that he made him feel valued. He said that was life-giving, not diminishing. I realized that my categories didn't fit. I still think that ultimately sex outside of love is wrong and that sex finds its most beautiful expression inside a faithful relationship, but everything in between has to be negotiated on the criterion of whether it enhances life or destroys life.

PLAYBOY: Cutting-edge theological studies may be the order of the day in divinity school classrooms, but do you think individuals accept too readily the religions of their families?

SPONG: I don't think so. I watch people—all dressed up—come into churches on Easter and Christmas who never are there any other time. What that says is that while they haven't found a lot of meaning in this institution, they still yearn to find that meaning. Christmas and Easter are cultural holidays and so part of the culture is that you go to the midnight service Christmas Eve and you go to sunrise service on Easter morning. That doesn't strike me as strange, and it's probably helpful. It keeps them in touch. I have no intention of ever abandoning the Christian Church, and I don't agree with all of the ways it has expressed itself through history. But as



*"If you really insist on knowing why I think you're bad in bed, go to my website. I posted a long, detailed list of your faults there months ago."*



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long as the Christian Church can produce a Desmond Tutu in my generation, it's almost enough to keep me saying there's something there that's really valuable. That's what's important. And some of the ritual things that you do may well have lost their meaning, but there's something nostalgic and warm about doing them.

**PLAYBOY:** The Episcopal Church has always been a small minority in America. Can you account for the overrepresentation of Episcopalians in business, politics and country clubs?

**SPONG:** Absolutely. Scotch, not beer. We have fewer than 2 million people and we've had more Episcopalian presidents than any other kind. When I was a rector—and it's much more true in the South; it's not true in New Jersey—every church I served was the socially prominent church of that town. In Richmond there were 25 Episcopal churches in one town of 300,000. They went heavily into Episcopal parochial schools that constantly trained the children of the families. They came back and took over the family businesses.

**PLAYBOY:** You founded a basketball league. You called radio play-by-play. Is there a little of Boys Town's Father Flanagan in every young pastor?

**SPONG:** I loved doing that. I did play-by-play in two cities. The basketball league was called the Holy Hoopsters, and we called our girls' league the Holy Hoopskirts. I've always loved sports. I've never been a particularly good athlete, but I was sports editor for a newspaper when I was a priest and I organized that league and then did the play-by-play for all the high school games—football, basketball and baseball. I could still do it. No hesitancy. I'm an absolutely devoted Yankees fan. I thought about writing George Steinbrenner about giving me an inning. I know the game backward and forward. I could pick up a microphone right now at Yankee Stadium and call that game and it would be a professional job.

**PLAYBOY:** We understand some Christian congregations are switching from red to white communion wine because red stains are so difficult to remove from altar linen. Do you have a preference for one side of the wine list over the other?

**SPONG:** I don't really care. The symbol is that it is blood. The red made it a more appropriate symbol. A Jesus with white blood would be rather anemic. We ought to really question the idea that the Eucharist is a semicannibalistic feast where you eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God. That comes out of Jewish tradition of Yom Kippur when they would slaughter the lamb and sprinkle the blood of the lamb on the people. Then they would roast the lamb and eat it. And Passover, too. You roast the

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Paschal Lamb and it becomes the main course of the Passover celebration. Christianity was Jewish when it got started, and it incorporated these symbols. I don't find them very effective today. The symbol that we ought to emphasize is food itself as the sustenance of every community. You never have a friendship if you never eat together. An organized liturgy of the church around a common meal is a powerful thing.

PLAYBOY: The Greek Orthodox and the Anglicans do vestments in a grand way. We understand you prefer something a little more casual on Sunday morning.

SPONG: A rochet and chimere. The rochet looks like a clown uniform. It's got great big puffy sleeves and ruffles. Then you put on the red chimere—a traditional low church vestment, a choir vestment, actually. I'm probably the last bishop to like it. Then you put a stole on top of that. What we did as a church was that we opted for royal images. The bishop's miter is a crown, and the cape is a royal coat, the chair the bishop sits on is called the throne, the house the bishop lives in is called the palace, he wears the big signet ring and the pectoral cross. My pectoral cross is jade from the South Island of New Zealand, but usually you see them with jewels all over. I resisted those royal vestments because I think a bishop is the servant of the people of God and when I wear the clothes of the king I find that my message and those clothes clash. But I must tell you, that's a losing fight. The bishops really love that stuff. I wore it if I had to go to my Anglo Catholic churches, but I always felt like a

\$3 bill. I have them hanging up in the closet and there may come a day when I have to put them on for some formal occasion. But it's not my thing.

PLAYBOY: Lead us into an interpretation of temptation and sin.

SPONG: Sin is the incompleteness of human life. Incompleteness means you're caught in your self-centeredness. The Greek word is taken from the analogy of the bow and arrow, to aim at a target and to miss. It is not to be what you were created to be. Human beings are caught up in that because survival is our driving motive and if survival is the most important thing, you do whatever you need to do to survive, including kill. You're threatened by this person, so you're going to remove him from your life. Our tribal nationalism comes out of that. Our negativity toward gay and lesbian people is because they're a threat—they don't reproduce and they don't serve the survival needs of the whole community that well. Stealing is trying to get an advantage over your enemy. We are responsible. But I don't start out saying human life is fallen. I say human life is incomplete. We are still evolving. We don't need to be rescued by an invasive deity; we need to be empowered to become more fully human. The reason Jesus is the God presence for me is that I look at his life and he seems totally incapable of putting himself first. He gives his love away all the time. To me that's the ultimate meaning of what God is. That's why I'm basically a conservative Christian. God in Christ is the affirmation of my religion.

PLAYBOY: Liberal Christianity demands very little in terms of outward observance. Adherents can dance, drink and even skip church without fear of being shunned or excommunicated. Does the lack of rules make it somehow more difficult to follow this tradition?

SPONG: It was a lot easier when I was a child and we knew all the rules and could obey them. But my understanding of Christianity is that it causes you to grow up. You have to make decisions for yourself. I want to choose love instead of hatred because I think that's the way to God. The more profoundly I have this sense of God's reality, the less capable I am of describing it. It's a mystical experience. I have challenged the rules, but I think religion plays upon people who are journeying into the mystery. The church knows how to do guilt better than it does anything else. But the message that you're a miserable sinner and you can't do anything to save yourself and you need the rescuing act of God reduces our human life to a parody of what we are. It takes our humanity away. I don't want to be secure. I want to grasp the reality of radical human insecurity and know that I could still walk with God. I don't want a parent figure in the sky who will do my bidding. That's an immature, childlike religion as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: You dispute the traditional view of the divinity of Jesus. What, then, is the religious utility of Christ?

SPONG: There is no other way for me into God except through the life of Jesus, but I would never say that's the only way for everybody. I'm not going to build barriers around God and tell God how God can act. There's something exhilarating about being human, and I think we ought not to sacrifice it to religion. My Jesus figure broke religious barriers. He broke dietary barriers. He embraced lepers. He allowed a menstruating woman to touch him. It's a right remarkable story. Jesus is the center of my God religion because when I look at him I see beyond the miracles and the magic. I see a full life. I see total love. I'm not interested in making Baptists and Roman Catholics into Episcopalians. I'm not interested in making Jews and Muslims into Christians. I'm interested in trying to transform the world so that every human being, gay and straight, male and female, rich and poor, has a better opportunity to live fully and to be whatever it is that God created them to be. My work for gay rights comes out of my understanding of God. It's not a liberal crusade. My creed is that I believe God is the source of life, the source of love and the ground of being. That's the way I would define God.



"If diversity means cats, forget it."



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## THE MUSIC EDITION

### MTV MAMAS

A music video without gyrating women is like Kid Rock without a sleeveless T-shirt—it just ain't right. Naturally, rock stars have relied on Playmates to be their lead bump-and-grinders since MTV



Clockwise from left: Laura Richmond with a member of Great White. Laura does her best Axl Rose impression. "I perfected his moves," she says. Pamela gets Lit.

hit the airwaves in the Eighties. Back when big-hair bands ruled, Laura Richmond showed up in two oft-played videos: Great White's *Once Bitten*, *Twice Shy* and Guns n' Roses' *Sweet Child o' Mine*. How did Laura like working with Axl Rose and the boys? "We had a great time," she says. "The shoot started early in the morning, and before 10 A.M. Duff McKagan was getting smashed. If I remember

### PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- April 1: Miss March 1971  
Cynthia Hall
- April 6: Miss May 1987  
Kymberly Paige
- April 13: Miss May 1958  
Lari Laine
- April 15: Miss February 1963  
Toni Ann Thomas
- April 19: Miss April 1995  
Danelle Folta

correctly, Axl and Slash didn't show up until 10 P.M. I'm featured in one scene in which I'm walking down the hall with Duff. I also play one of the many women who gets into bed with Slash. A plum role—not! After that I was cast in another video—I think it was for Ratt—and was treated like

such a mindless bimbo that I walked off the set." More recently, Carrie Stevens appeared in the video for Third Eye Blind's *Never Let You Go*. "I felt like their muse," she says. Our favorite is Lit's *Miserable*, which features a larger-than-life Pam Anderson taunting the band in platform stilettos.

### LOVE THOSE ROCK STARS

Shannon Tweed and Gene Simmons. Heidi Mark and Vince Neil. Donna D'Errico and Nikki Sixx. We know why rock stars dig Playmates, but why do Playmates love—and often marry—rock stars? According to Miss August 2000 Summer Altice, who has gone out with Limp Bizkit's Fred Durst and is now linked with Shifty Shellshock from the band Crazy Town, it's all about the music. "Crazy Town's single *Butterfly* is my favorite," she says. "It includes the lyrics, 'One's for the money, two's for the honeys, three's for the pimps,



Summer sings.

### 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In April 1966 Karla Conway was a 19-year-old Malibu resident who spent most of her time surfing. "When I'm out there sliding on a wave," she said then,



Karla Conway.

"I feel like I own the world." Today, Karla is a self-proclaimed art maniac who goes by the name Sachi Nifash and paints greeting cards, posters and T-shirts. She has also composed a New Age CD, *New Beginnings*.

players and the Playboy Bunnies.' How awesome is that? I listen to that song when I'm in the car and it makes me happy."

### STACY'S ROCK 'N' ROLL SCRAPBOOK



When you hang out at Hef's house, you party like—and with—a rock star. Here, Stacy Fuson shares some of her favorite photos. Clockwise from left: Now Metallica knows how Hef feels. Is Limp Bizkit's Fred Durst really that short? Stacy and Dr. Dre.



**My Favorite Playmates By Alan Cumming**



My favorite Centerfolds are the Dahm triplets, because there are three of them—or six depending on how you look at it. But seriously, they are lovely, intelligent young ladies who obviously use depilatory products. I think that's important. No one likes to have a shaving rash.



**WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO?**

Buffy Tyler: "I like everything from George Strait to Korn."



Monique Noel.

Monique Noel: "Santana. I love music with a Latin beat. Carlos' guitar-playing is incredible. I sat in the front row at his concert last year."

Gloria Walker: "My favorite song is *Chances Are* by Johnny Mathis. Even at the age of 63, I

love music and I love to dance."

Carol Vitale: "David Cassidy."

**WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE BAND?**

Debra Jo Fondren: "The Beach Boys are my all-time favorite. Hearing *California Girls* when I was 11 years old inspired me to become one. Years ago, I auditioned to be in the music video for David Lee Roth's remake of that song. On the set, he was sitting there all full of himself, and he asked me, 'Do you know who I am?' I had to be honest, so I said no. Guess what? I didn't get the part."



Coli girl Debro Jo.

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

**PATTI FARINELLI:**

"Growing up, I was in love with David Cassidy. When I was in junior high I called *16* magazine and invited him to my school dance. I had all of his albums and knew his favorite foods. I had it bad! Years later, I met him at the Mansion and we dated several times."

**ROCK TALK**

In July, Bebe Buell's autobiography, *Rebel Heart: An American Rock 'n' Roll Journey*, will hit store shelves. We phoned her for a preview.

Q: Instead of starting with your childhood, your book begins in 1972 and ends with your childhood. Why?

A: My life began in 1972 when I came to New York City. I think people ought to get to know you before they find out about your childhood.

Q: Was dredging up memories painful or fun?

A: Both. I had to relive a lot of painful times—relationship failures, financial struggles, depression. That's why women are going to love this book. I may have lived a unique, fun life, but I've had a lot of the same experiences as other women.

Q: Did you keep journals?

A: I had diaries, but the pivotal moments are etched in my brain. People always marvel at my ability to recall conversations to the letter. I remember so much. But if I had put everything in the book, I'd have needed many volumes.

Q: So how did you determine what made the cut?

A: I looked at the turning points. For me they were coming to New York, modeling, doing *PLAYBOY*, running off with Steven Tyler, raising my daughter Liv, finally meeting someone I loved—Elvis Costello—then breaking up with him, moving to Maine and becoming a full-time mother, moving back to New York, watching Liv become famous, getting divorced and finding myself again. In the end, you've only got you and what you can do. In my case, what I do best is rock.



Bebe in New York.

**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

Carol Vitale (pictured) interviewed Kiss star Gene Simmons for *The Carol Vitale Show*. . . . Irina Voronina talked about one of



her turn-ons—caviar—on the European talk show *Eurotrash*. . . . *Jane* magazine's annual salute to gutsy women includes Anna Nicole Smith for not giving up and Betsey Johnson for enlisting Playmates to sashay down her catwalk. . . .

Carol gets a Kiss.



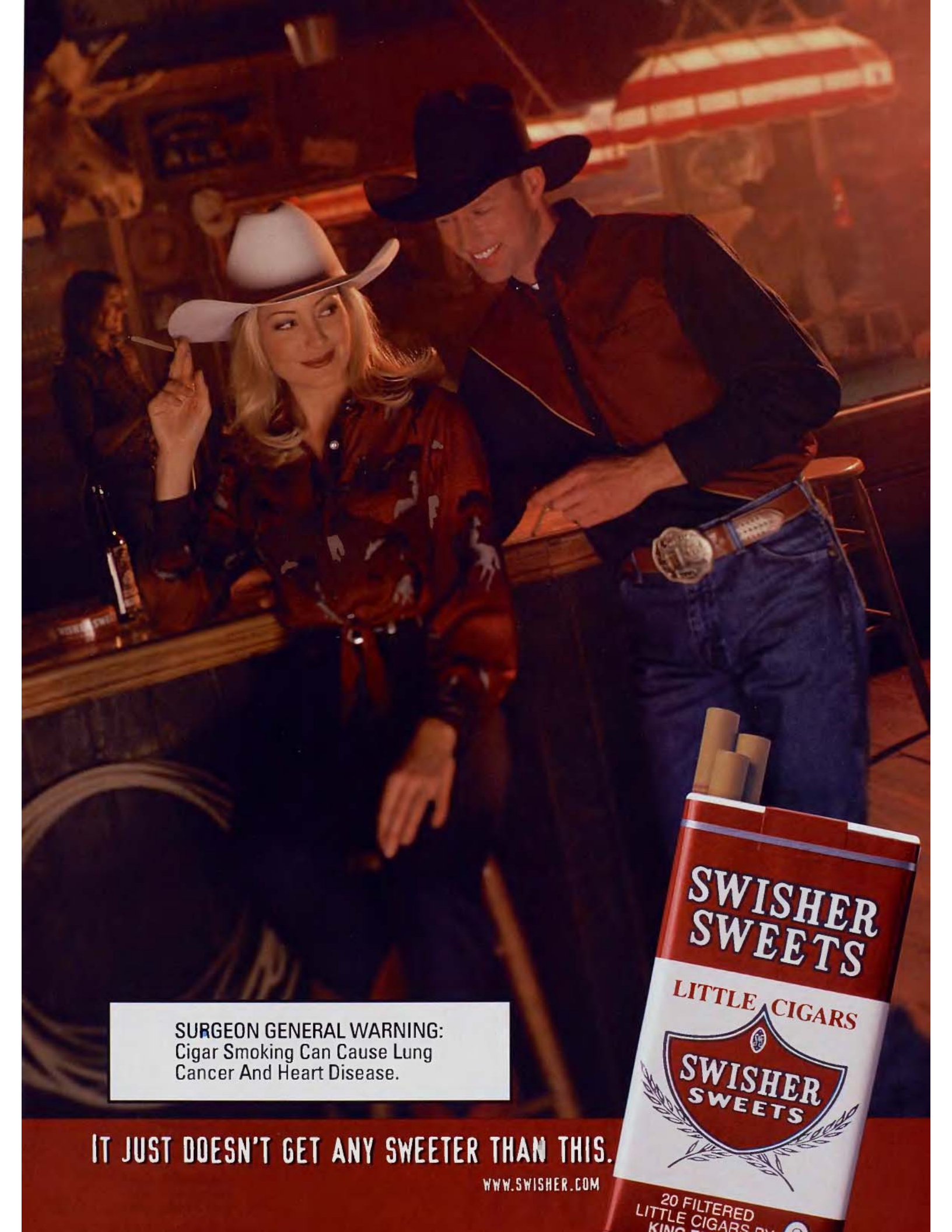
Beginning with Cara Michelle, Miss December 2000, each Playmate has appeared on radiofreevirgin.com, promoting *PLAYBOY* and its products. During a promotional tour, Cara stopped by radio station Q101 in Chicago to hobnob with afternoon DJ Sludge (pictured). . . . Will Heidi Mark be Hollywood's next huge star? She is set to appear in the NBC miniseries *The Judge*, a legal drama that also features Chris Noth—Mr. Big on HBO's *Sex and the City*. Heidi also snagged a part in *Life Without Dick*, with Sarah Jessica Parker and Harry Connick Jr. . . . Nefertari Shepherd has a role in the pilot *UWA (Urban Wrestling Alliance)* for the WB network. . . .

Daphnee Duplax' passion for acting has landed her appearances on the soap opera *Pas-*



Caro on Q101.

*sions*, the sitcom *For Your Love* and the drama *The District*, on which she plays a virginal nurse. . . . In *X-Treme Team* news, captain Danelle Folta has been cast as the captain of an extreme sports team made up of supermodels in *Escape to Paradise*, a USA network film. Talk about art imitating life.

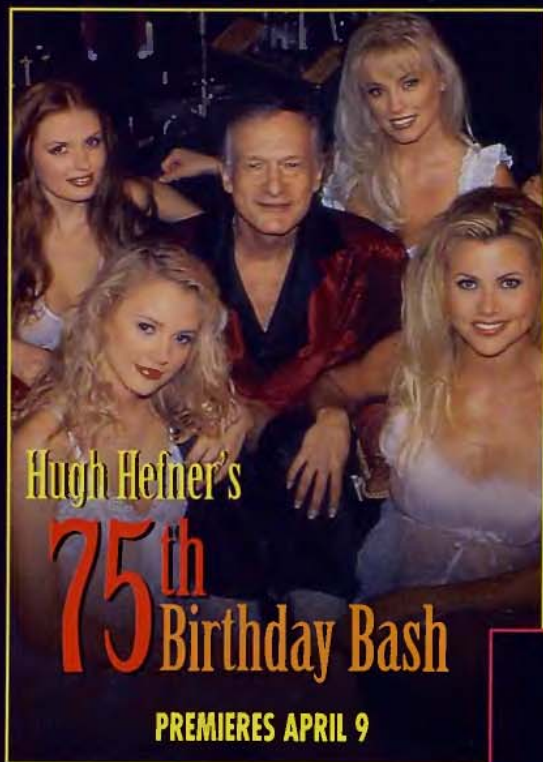


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## PLAYMATE HOSTS



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Miss March



Katie Lohmann  
Miss April

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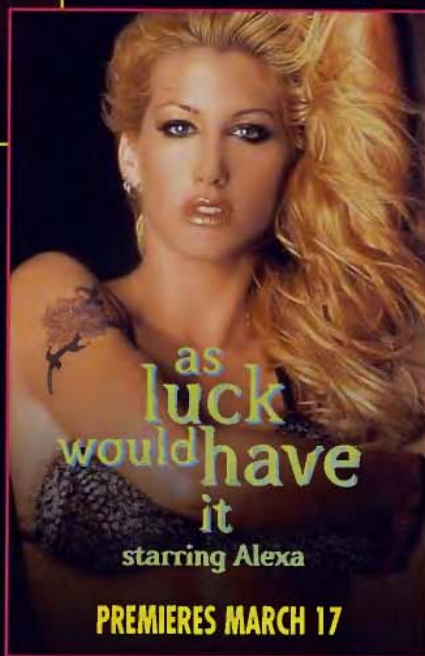
### PLAYBOY'S SEXY GIRL NEXT DOOR: LUCKY YOU

Four enticing ingenues strut their stuff in a neighborhood filled with eager guys. March 9, 11, 14, 17, 19, 22, 23, 26.

### WORLD OF PLAYBOY: KATIE LOHMANN

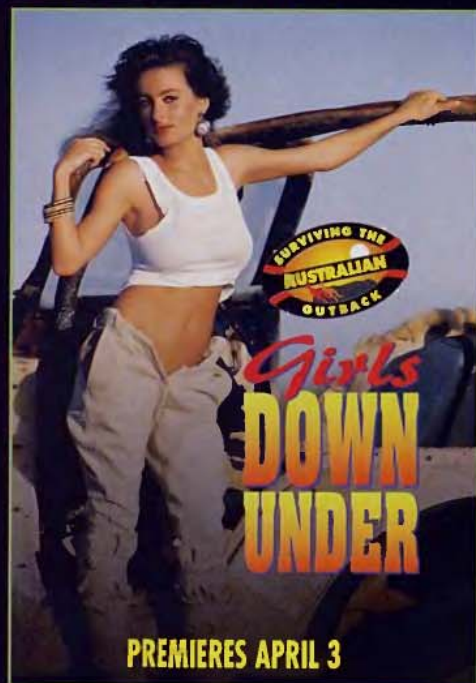
She's the wholesome, awesome winsome beauty who gives Lady Luck someone to reckon with. March 11, 13, 14, 17, 20, 23.

## ADULT MOVIE



PREMIERES MARCH 17

## PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PREMIERES APRIL 3

## ORIGINAL SERIES



PREMIERES  
MARCH 9



PREMIERES  
APRIL 8

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#### GIRLS DOWN UNDER: SURVIVING THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK

Find out what "g'day mate" really means to a gorgeous group of young Aussies. April 3, 22, 24, 26, 29.

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Save the date! It's a party you'll never forget — and a 24-hour line-up that includes the very best of Jenny McCarthy, Anna Nicole Smith, Pamela Anderson and the acclaimed documentary *Hugh Hefner Once Upon a Time*. April 9.

#### NIGHT CALLS LIVE

It's the sexiest slumber party around with hot hostesses Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath. April 4, 18.

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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

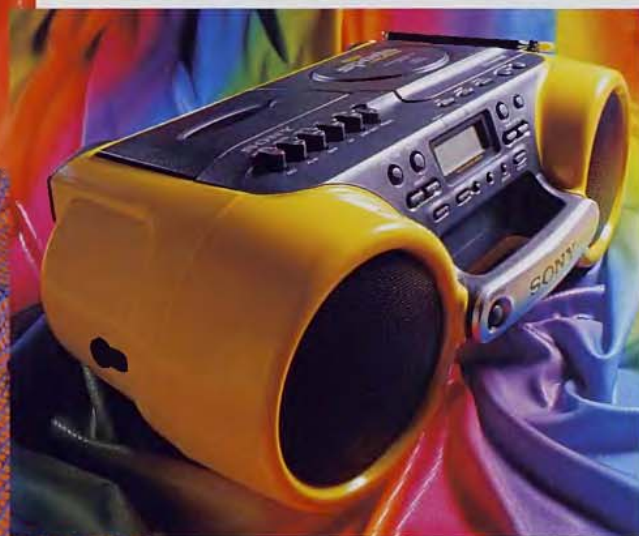
### GIVE US A BREAK

**S**erious party animals know it's those few extras you pack in your bag that help squeeze the most out of spring break—and we don't mean aspirin and condoms. Motorola's Talkabout T6310 two-way radios, with a range of up to two miles, will keep you in touch with your buddies while barhopping. They feature a vibrating alert that's good for laughs and handy in a loud club. What's the fun in painting a mustache on the first person to pass out if you don't take pictures?



KB Gear Interactive's JamCam 3.0 digital camera snaps photos in 640x480 resolution that can later be dumped onto your PC or Mac through a USB cable. It costs only \$100, so you won't be out a bundle if you leave it in the bottom of a beer cooler. Sony's rugged CFD-980 boom box houses a CD player, cassette deck and AM-FM tun-

**Left:** Use Motorola's T6310 two-way radios to let a friend know he can rent out your bed (\$150 to \$170 per radio). KB Gear Interactive's JamCam 3.0 digital camera will help you post photos of thongs on the Net (\$100). **Below:** Sony's CFD-980 boom box is beer- and water-resistant (\$200).



**Left:** The Woodie Cap Factory's hat with a wood bill and "Wanna See My Woodie?" on the back will get you laughs—or in trouble (about \$45). Pack a pair of Stussy's Flint sunglasses for a cool look at night and the moanin' after (about \$85). Eliminate tying your shoes with Nassau sandals by DC Shoes (\$35). Fubar's gelatin shots in four flavors will make you the most popular guy by the pool (\$1.10 each). We stacked everything on Sector 9's four-and-a-half-foot Luke Nosewalker skateboard—sure to be the biggest on the beach (\$160).

er. It's built with rubber gaskets and water-proof seals to keep out moisture, sand and spilled drinks. The boom box also includes a DC adapter, so you can bring your favorite tunes with you on all-day boat rides. Tote a serious skateboard, cool sunglasses, an odd-ball hat and some prepackaged gelatin shots and you'll be prepared for a spring break binge like no other.

—JASON BUHRMESTER 175

# Grapevine

## No Jinx on Blink

BLINK-182's CD *Enema of the State* and a live version from their tour, *The Mark, Tom and Travis Show*, shared the charts. The boys went back into the studio for a July release of future mayhem.



## Tara Bends to Fashion

*Muscle Mag International* cover girl TARA CABALLERO has made a movie with Charlton Heston and modeled swimwear. Now she plants her stilettos in *Grapevine*.



## One, Two, Three, Look at Cindy Lee

You may recognize CINDY LEE from the feature film *Fury*. Her Internet TV series, *A Sitcom*, is in the middle of a 26-week run on [televisioninternet.com](http://televisioninternet.com).





### Less Covers Moore

Whatever JULIANNE MOORE does this year, she'll be thought of as Hannibal Lecter's nemesis—even in this see-through dress. Bon appétit.

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### Sugar and Spicy

Even though the Spice Girls' CD *Forever* didn't shake up the charts, Baby Spice EMMA BUNTON hasn't lost her sense of humor. She says, "I could never burn my Wonderbra. I'm nothing without it." We beg to differ, Baby.

### Michelle Looks Swell

Fit and fine: MICHELLE DORIAN has been a spokesmodel for Pepsi and Bacardi rum, an MTV *Spring Break* model and a Big 10 400-meter hurdles runner.

© STEVE TORRES

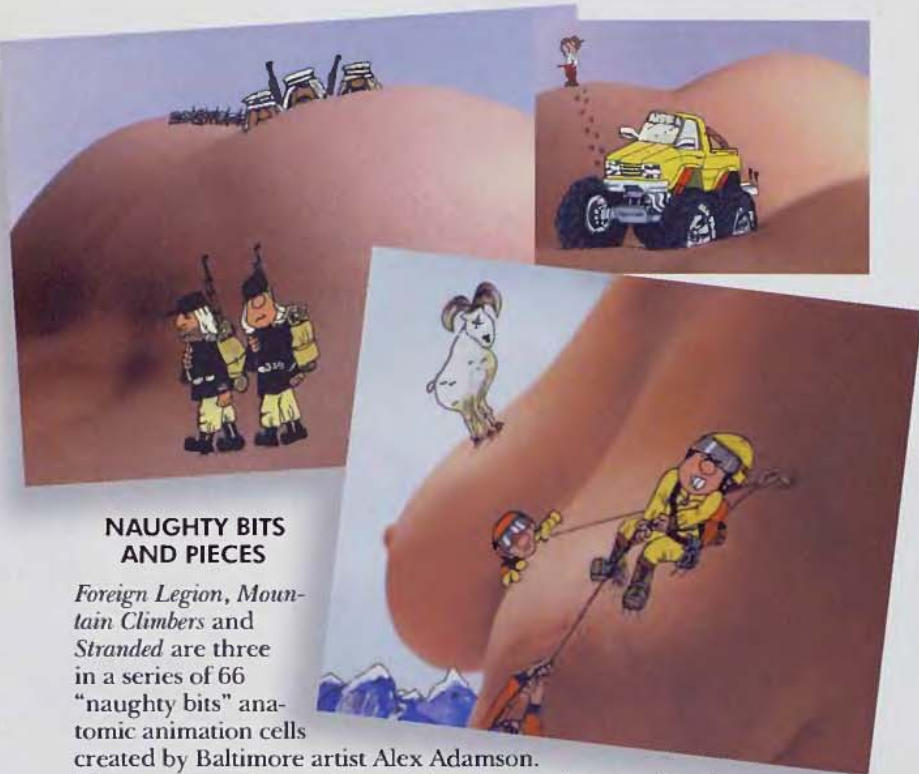


### A Touch of Aliciq

You last saw ALICIA WITT in *Playing Mona Lisa* and *Cecil B. DeMented*, but not quite like this. Let's hear it for low-cut.

© JAMES SMITH/GALLAGHER LTD

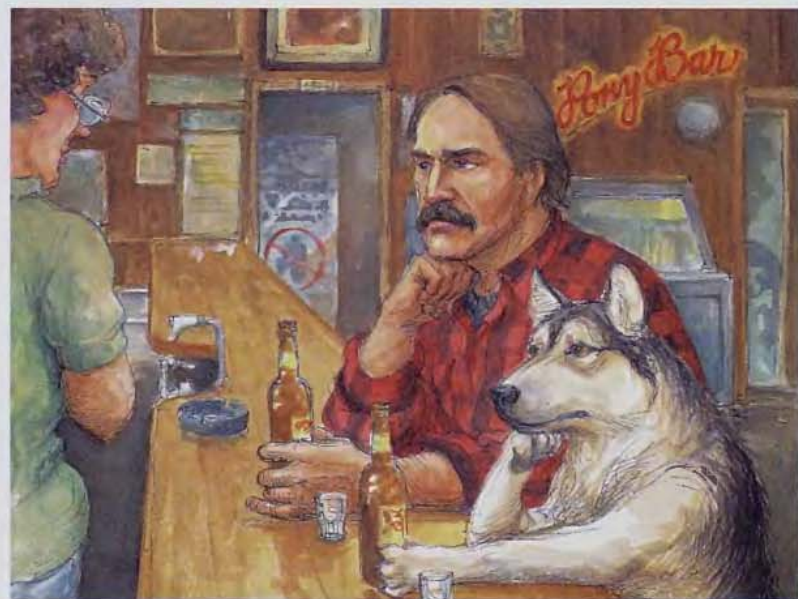
# Potpourri



## NAUGHTY BITS AND PIECES

*Foreign Legion*, *Mountain Climbers* and *Stranded* are three in a series of 66 "naughty bits" anatomic animation cells created by Baltimore artist Alex Adamson.

These cartoon characters are original artwork painted to humorously merge with photographs of the female body. Each is done in a limited edition of 100, with prices ranging from \$60 for the 9"x10" *Mountain Climbers* to \$75 for *Foreign Legion* or *Stranded* (both are 13"x10"). Check [adamsonink.com](http://adamsonink.com) to view other naughty images or to place an order. They're perfect for the bathroom.



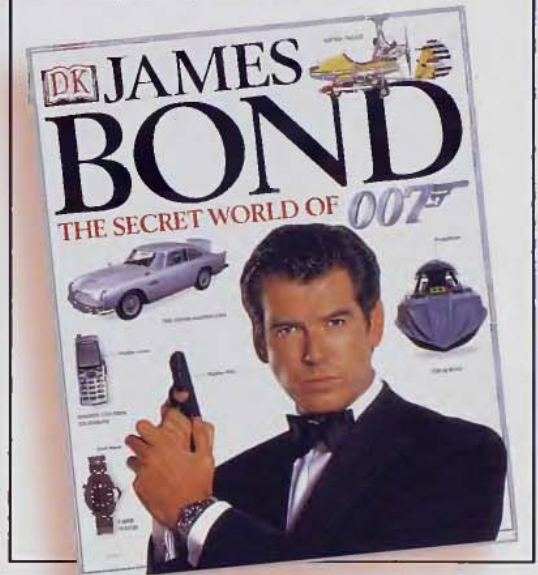
## DOG AND PONY SHOW

In 1997 *Potpourri* featured *The Fan Mountain Almanac & Trout Wrapper* and its editor, Ron Marr, a self-styled mountain man who's possibly the wittiest columnist in the West. Some of his best writing has been collected in *Coyote Songs: Tales From the Western Road*, a \$13.95 softcover. *Coyote Songs* chronicles Marr's meanderings from Florida to Pony, Montana, where he and dogs reside in a "tarpaper shack" not far from his second home, the Pony Bar-B-Q (Marr is the pit master). To learn more about

178 Marr or to order *Coyote Songs*, go to [ronmarr.com](http://ronmarr.com).

## PERMANENT BOND

When it comes to exploring a topic, nobody does it better than Dorling Kindersley Publishing. *James Bond: The Secret World of 007* is a good job—as M would say. We dare lovers of gadget-loaded planes, trains and automobiles, the Bond books and films in general to put it down. Price: \$19.95, in bookstores.



## SOMETHING HOT FOR DINNER

Vealing Lusty. Chicken Porno Bleu. Cop a Filet. There's a recipe for everyone in Howell Press' *Cooking in the Nude* series, six titles of which are available—*Quickies*, *For Wine Lovers*, *For Golf Lovers*, *Just Married*, *Red Hot Lovers* and *Playful Gourmets*. Our favorite dish? Poulet It Again With Me. Cooking time: 50 minutes. Price: \$9.95 each; call 800-868-4512 or go to [howellpress.com](http://howellpress.com).





### TREASURED POSSESSION

Eximious of London sells British products ranging from a library ladder to golf balls and tees. But it's the faux book safe, pictured here, that caught our eye. On your shelf it appears to be a well-read edition of *Treasure Island*. Examine it and you discover it's really a lockable metal safe with marbled covers and a leather spine. Stash your passport, dress watch and a few C-notes in it for easy access. Price: \$125, from 800-221-9464, or take a look at [eximious.com](http://eximious.com).



### WE'VE GOT A CLUE

Who killed Mr. Burns? Homer with a poisoned doughnut in Barney's Bowl-a-Rama, or Bart with a slingshot in the Simpson house? The dysfunctional Simpsons, along with Krusty the Clown and Waylon Smithers, are up to no good disguised as Professor Plum, Mrs. Peacock et al., in their own version of Parker Brothers' classic detective game, *Clue*. Only \$29.95, from [usaopoly.com](http://usaopoly.com).

### CRUMB'S COOKIES

Robert Crumb seldom endorses anything other than his own comics, so we welcomed news of a limited-edition series of Girls of Crumb statues, available from Bowen Designs. First is the *Catholic School Girl*. One hundred are available, signed by Crumb, for \$175 each. The additional unsigned 400 are \$125 each. To reserve the schoolgirl (she's 11" tall) for May delivery, call Bowen at 503-786-0542 or go to [bowendesigins.com](http://bowendesigins.com). Naughty Nurse and Devil Girl are in the works.



### HOG HEAVEN

The Grateful Palate, a food-and-wine mail-order firm, offers a variety of gourmet products, and the Bacon of the Month Club is its most sizzling success. For \$300 a year you receive monthly about two pounds of such little-known products as Nodine's Smokehouse Bayou bacon. Some are sugar cured, some aren't, and slices range from thin to extra thick. To pig out call 888-472-5283 or visit [gratefulpalate.com](http://gratefulpalate.com).



### THE ART OF THE LP

Vintage Vinyl, a used-record store, says this Marilyn Monroe LP is worth about \$30, so why keep it in a box in your closet? Instead, frame it. At [albumframes.com](http://albumframes.com) you can order the sturdy record album frame pictured here (\$38.95 a three-pack), manufactured by Harbortown Industries. The finished product is nothing like the cheesy ones sold in discount stores. Caution: Album art is addictive, and we bet you end up framing a bunch. That's what we did.



# Next Month



WILD ABOUT BROOKE



SLOPPY COPS



HONG KONG MAYHEM



MISS MAY

**BROOKE BURKE**—YOU'VE SEEN THE HOST OF THE E CHANNEL'S *WILD ON* WHOOPING IT UP IN NEW ORLEANS, SOUTH BEACH AND RUSSIA. BET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER LIKE THIS. AN ALL-NUDE PICTORIAL TO GET YOU UP AND PARTYING

**EVIDENCE? WHAT EVIDENCE?**—WHEN POLICE BOTCH HIGH-PROFILE INVESTIGATIONS—REMEMBER JONBENÉT RAMSEY AND O.J. SIMPSON?—THE PUBLIC TENDS TO BLAME THE MEDIA OR THINK ABOUT CONSPIRACIES. THE TRUTH IS A LOT SCARIER. INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY **JIM DWYER**

**TOM GREEN**—IT'S BEEN A WILD RIDE FOR THE CANADIAN CRACK-UP: MAKING AN ASS OF HIMSELF ON MTV, BONDING WITH MONICA LEWINSKY, LOSING A TESTICLE AND LOVING DREW BARRYMORE. **KEVIN COOK** GETS IT STRAIGHT FROM THE TWISTED STAR OF *FREDDY GOT FINGERED* IN A VERY FUNNY MAY INTERVIEW

**HONG KONG MAYHEM**—IF YOU LIKED *CROUCHING TIGER*, YOU'LL LOVE OLD-SCHOOL KUNG FU. **JAMES R. PETERSEN** GIVES AN INSIDE TOUR OF ASIAN MARTIAL ARTS STARRING **JACKIE CHAN**, **CHOW YUN-FAT** AND **BRUCE LEE**. HI-YA!

**PLAYBOY'S 2001 BASEBALL PREVIEW**—SOARING SALARIES, BIG TICKET PRICES, TEETERING FRANCHISES, IMPENDING LABOR PROBLEMS—DON'T BELIEVE ALL THE DOOM AND GLOOM. SPORTS BY **LEOPOLD FROEHLICH** AND **GEORGE HODAK**

**THE COMING WAR ON PORN**—PRESIDENT BUSH AND THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT ARE PREPARING FOR A KNOCKDOWN FIGHT ON

PREMARITAL SEX, PORN AND INFIDELITY. WE SURE MISS CLINTON. FORUM ARTICLE BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

**MARISKA HARGITAY**—DOES THE STRIKING *LAW AND ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT* STAR LOOK FAMILIAR? THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S **JAYNE MANSFIELD'S** DAUGHTER. 20Q ABOUT STALKING ROBERT DE NIRO, FLIRTING WITH ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER AND SURVIVING THE CAR ACCIDENT THAT KILLED HER MOTHER. BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**"DID YOU PACK YOUR BAG YOURSELF?"**—NO, OSAMA BIN LADEN DID IT FOR ME. THE INANITY OF AIRPORT SECURITY AND OTHER MUSINGS FROM ONE OF OUR FAVORITE SATIRISTS. BY **GEORGE CARLIN**

**THE CHUTE'S ON FIRE? COOL!**—**TROY HARTMAN**, THE BALLSY HOST OF MTV'S *SENSELESS ACTS OF VIDEO*, ON JUMPING OUT OF A 37-STORY-HIGH WINDOW, GETTING BOOTED FROM MILITARY SCHOOL AND DOING IT WHILE PILOTING A PLANE. PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **ALISON LUNDGREN**

**SPECTACLES**—GETTING STUCK IN AN OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE IS NO PICNIC—ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR INTENT WAS TO STEAL CAMERA EQUIPMENT. FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

**PLUS:** CENTERFOLD **JESSICA LEE** GETS VOCAL IN BED, BOXERS (**LENNOX LEWIS** AND **ROY JONES JR.**) IN BOXERS, PREMIUM GIN, MICROSOFT ULTIMATE TV, GOLF GEAR 2001, EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR THE PERFECT SHAVE, AND A KNOCKOUT **MISS MAY**. **CRISTA NICOLE**