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TOM GREEN
A LUNATIC
INTERVIEW

WILD TALES
FROM THE
DJ BOOTH

THE
TEMPTRESS
FROM
TEMPTATION
ISLAND

TROY
HARTMAN
MTV
DAREDEVIL

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BURKE**
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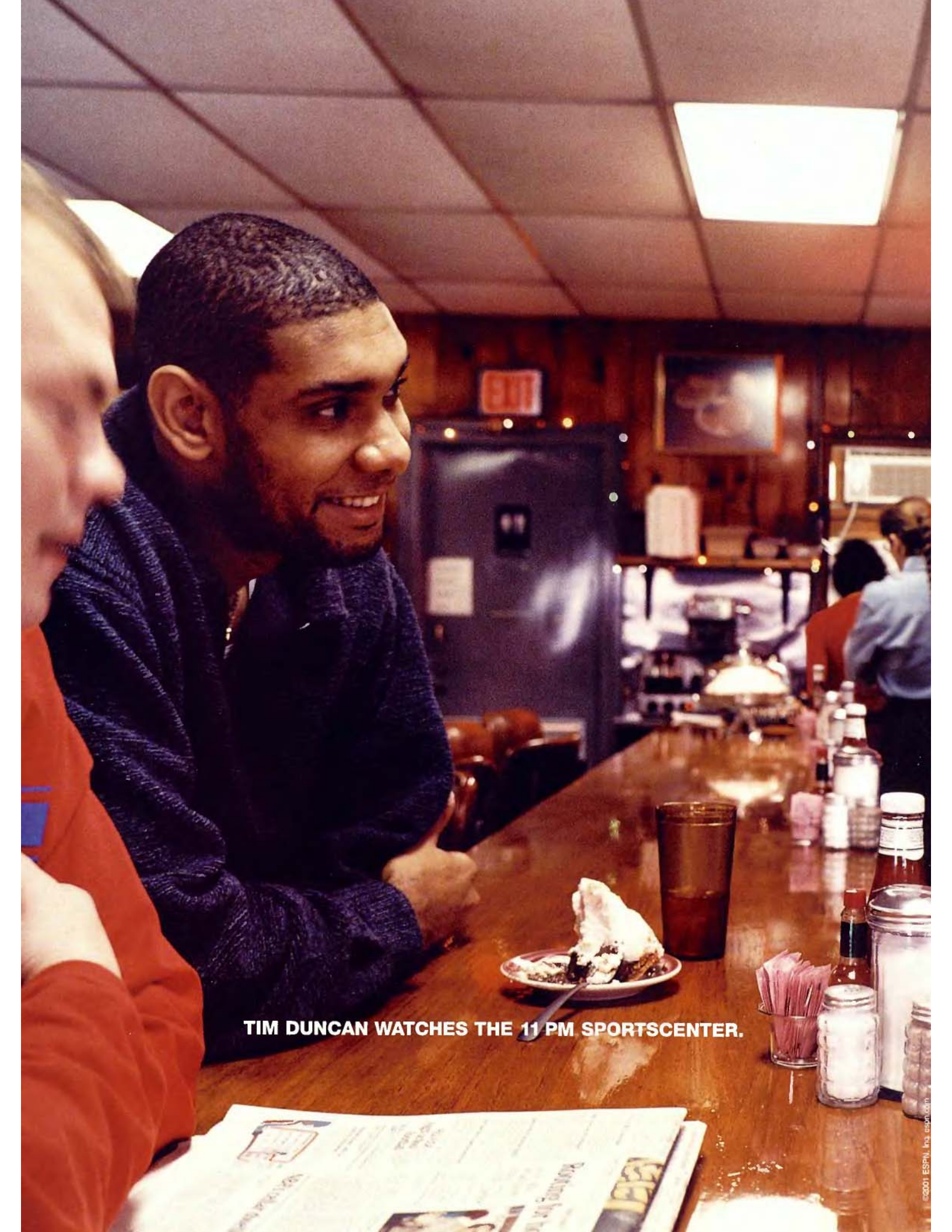


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Playbill

Tom Green has ball. How else do you characterize a celebrity who caught the nation's attention by mouthing a mouse in *Road Trip*, who for his cable TV show painted his parents' car with a lesbian love scene and dubbed it the Slutmobile? How can someone so audacious be so endearing? Green almost stole *Charlie's Angels* from his fiancée, Drew Barrymore, portraying the hapless boat captain Chad. In his interview with **Kevin Cook**, the daring Green discusses the danger of making out in closets and creative uses for cow brains.

We devote this issue to risk—real and imagined. **George Carlin**, original rude boy of comedy, has lived on the edge for so long he can remember when saying seven certain words in public could land you in front of the Supreme Court. In *Fear and Flying*, an advance look at his book *Napalm and Silly Putty* (Hyperion), Carlin takes on the idiocy we call airport security, an expensive hassle with just one goal: to make white people feel safe. **Janet Woolley** contributed the illustration.

Assistant Editor **Alison Lundgren** hooked up with someone who has a different take on danger—it's just another day at the office. **Troy Hartman**, the death-defying host of MTV's *Senseless Acts of Video*, has found fame by jumping out of airplanes and leaping off buildings without a cape. Blame it on his education. The subject of "The Chute's on Fire. Cool!" was kicked out of the Air Force Academy for flying an airplane too close to a cow. We're not kidding.

We live in a world of violence, where chalk crime-scene outlines have replaced hopscotch squares on our nation's sidewalks. At times it seems like half of television is given over to cops and killers. In Hollywood no one gets away with it; in real life the odds are quite different. In *Evidence, What Evidence?* **Jim Dwyer** takes a look at the Keystone antics of big-city cops who let too many perps go free. (Art by **Richard Borge**.) **Robert Crane** checks in with **Mariska Hargitay**, star of *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit*. Hargitay, the daughter of Jayne Mansfield and former Mr. Universe Mickey Hargitay, beat the odds at an early age: She was riding in the backseat the night her mother died in a car crash.

We'll take our violence on video and DVD, thank you very much. Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** spent months devouring Asian action flicks for a celebration of *Hong Kong Mayhem*. Cognoscenti claim that kung fu movies and the heroic bloodshed epics of John Woo are male ballet. You won't need that excuse: They are the hottest thing in Hollywood.

Even our fiction probes the world of risk, as **Donald E. Westlake**'s professional thief John Dortmunder sets off the alarm in a vast discount store, then must match wits with a store full of cops. *Spectacles* is illustrated by **David Plunkert**. Next, we take the ultimate gamble: predicting who will win the next World Series. *Baseball Preview 2001* is the work of PLAYBOY's **Leopold Froehlich** and **George Hodak**.

Now settle back with a cool *Gin!*, inspired by **Richard Carleton Hacker**'s guide to the most essential spirit. Enjoy the rewards of civilized risk and the possibility of total humiliation—even with the game's best weapons, described by **Ted Johnson** in *Wild, Wild Links*. **William Coupon** rounds up professional tough guys for a hard-hitting fashion guide, *Boxers in Boxers*.

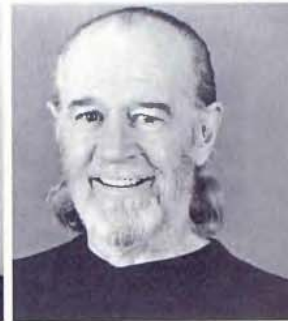
Then there's this endearing trio: **Julia Schultz** and her most intimate secrets in *Centerfolds on Sex* (as told to **Brenda Venus**), **Lola Corwin** (one of the sirens who appeared on *Temptation Island*) and E's *Wild On* star **Brooke Burke**. (**Antoine Verglas** captured her wild beauty.) What is the risk, you ask? Your girlfriend just walked into the room.



COOK



WOOLLEY



CARLIN



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Our favorite professional felon, Dortmund, is trapped in a mall during a botched heist. Ever the cat burglar, he wants to keep his nine lives intact—but will the law buy his story? BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

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- 67 TOM GREEN**
Tom Green is the undisputed champ of gross-out humor. Cow heads, rotting squirrel carcasses and chewable mice all figured in his remarkable rise to fame. In an un-hinged interview, he talks about Canadian comedy, Drew Barrymore and having the balls to cope with testicular cancer. BY KEVIN COOK



cover story

As the star of E's *Wild On*, the gorgeous Brooke Burke risks it all in jet-setting adventures. She was a memorable fitness buff in Bally Total Fitness ads and a model for Frederick's of Hollywood. For *PLAYBOY*, Brooke traveled to Bali—and left her suitcase of clothes at home. This month's cover was shot by Davis Factor. Our naughty Rabbit just loves party raids.



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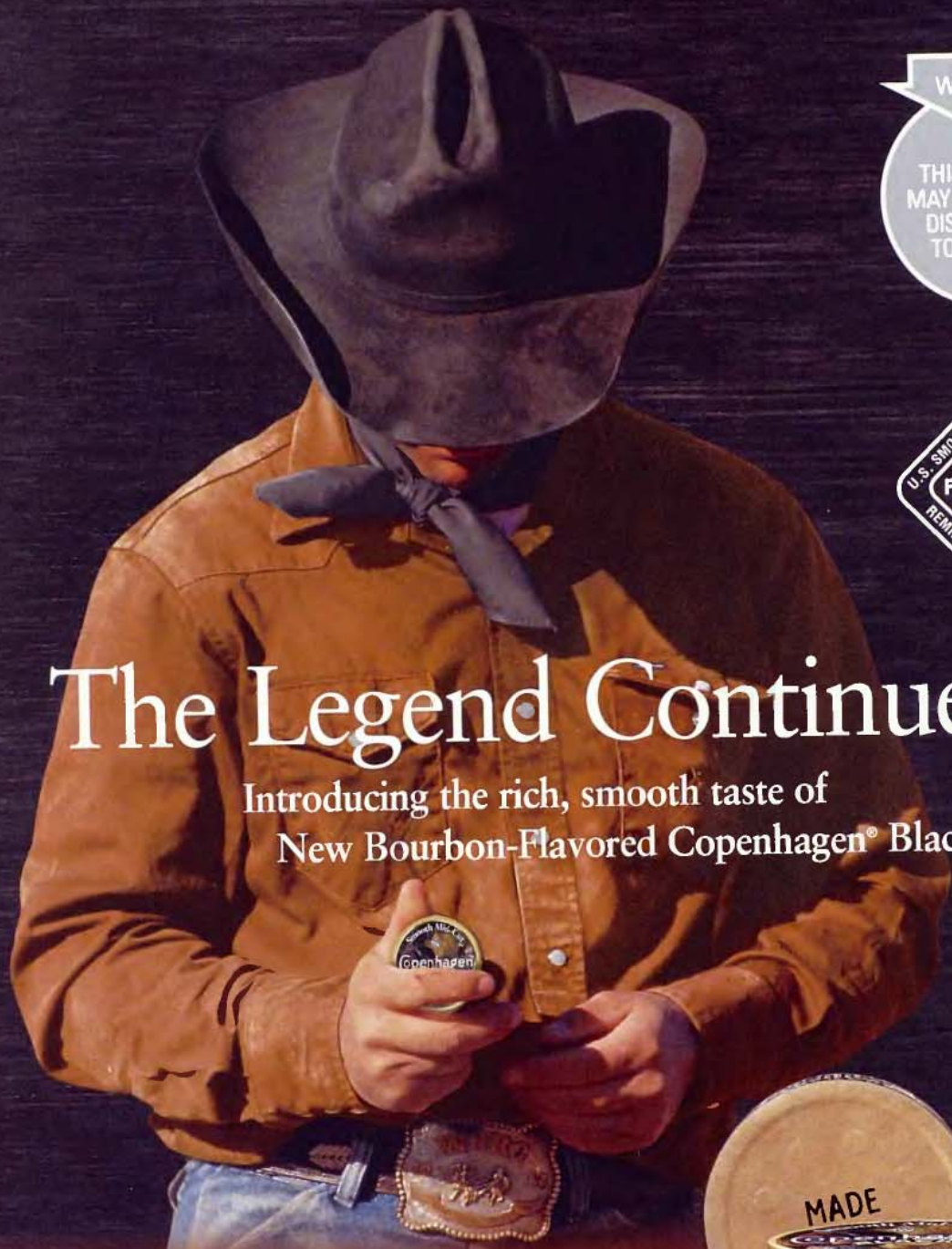
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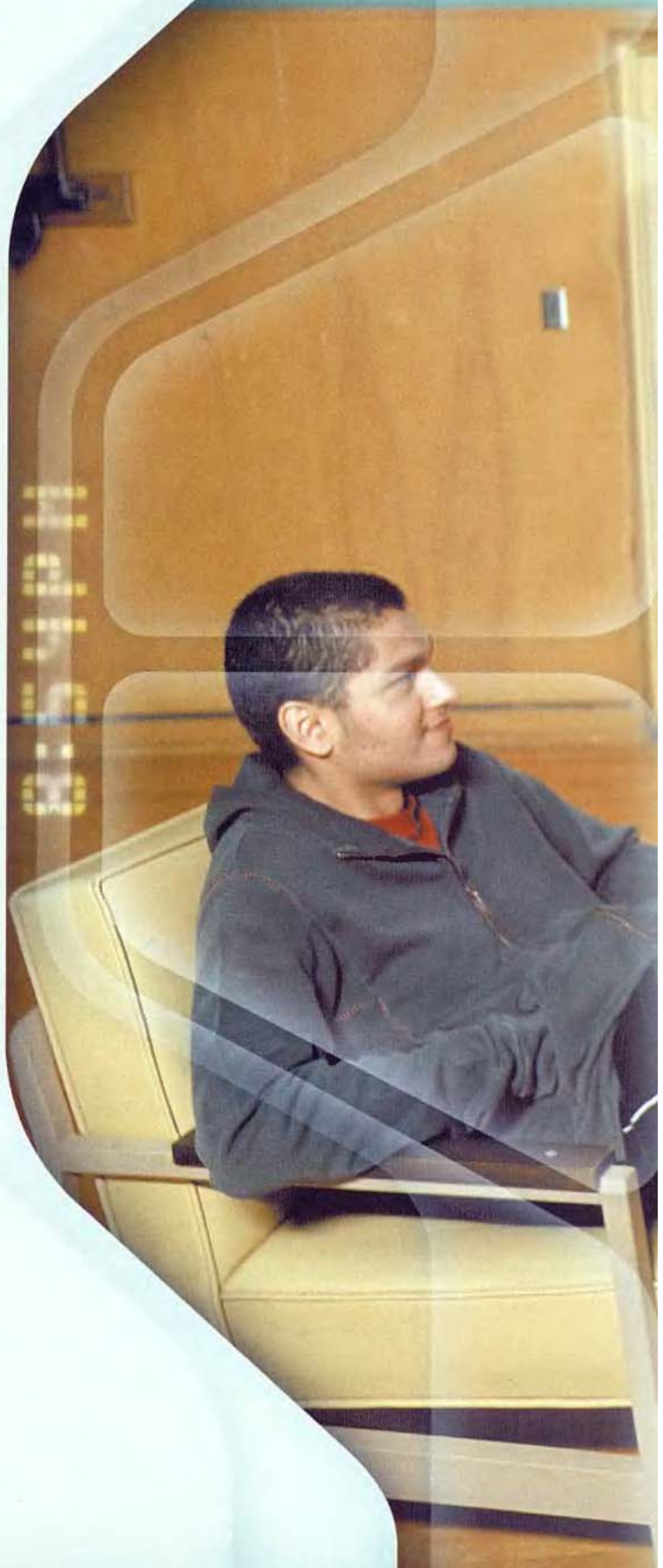
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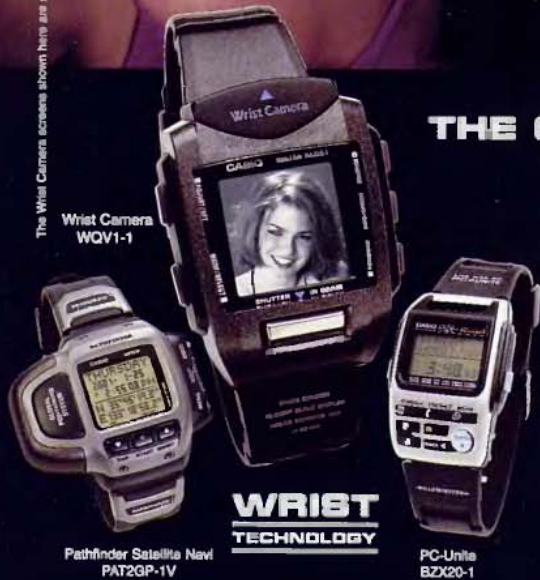
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY

Hef's seven platinum gal pals gave him a full-court press at the annual New Year's Eve Mansion bash. Partygoers, including Vicki Lewis and A.J. Langer (right) of the NBC sitcom *Three Sisters*, got caught up in the holiday revelry.



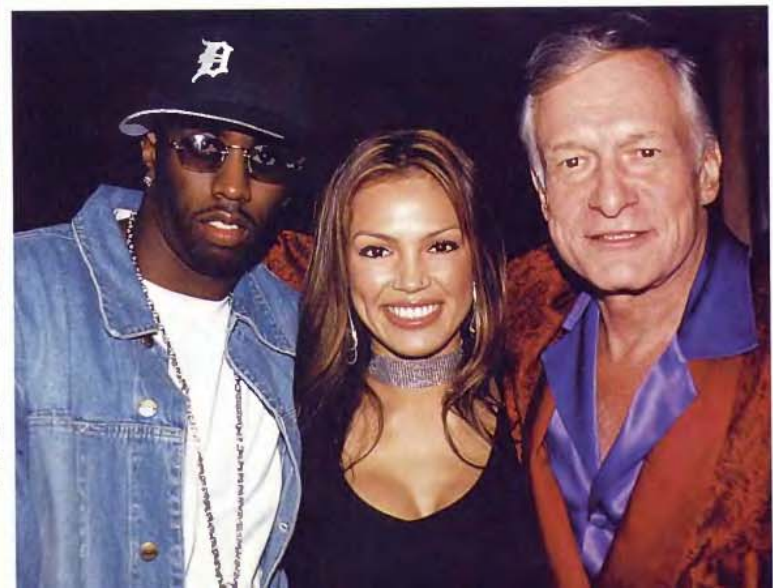
PLAYMATES IN FASHION

W magazine—bible of the fashion industry—featured Playmates Jennifer Rovero, Kerissa Fare, Stacy Fuson, Jodi Ann Paterson, Suzanne Stokes, Nicole Lenz and Brooke Berry (pictured here) in the latest Paris fashions by Balenciaga, photographed by Mario Sorrenti.



PAM AND PUFFY AT THE MANSION

Pam Anderson's website, pamtv.com, took a behind-the-scenes tour of the Playboy Mansion, with *V.I.P.*'s Jillian Barberie interviewing Pam and Hef for the Internet. Puff Daddy also got VIP treatment from PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson and Hef on a Mansion Fight Night.



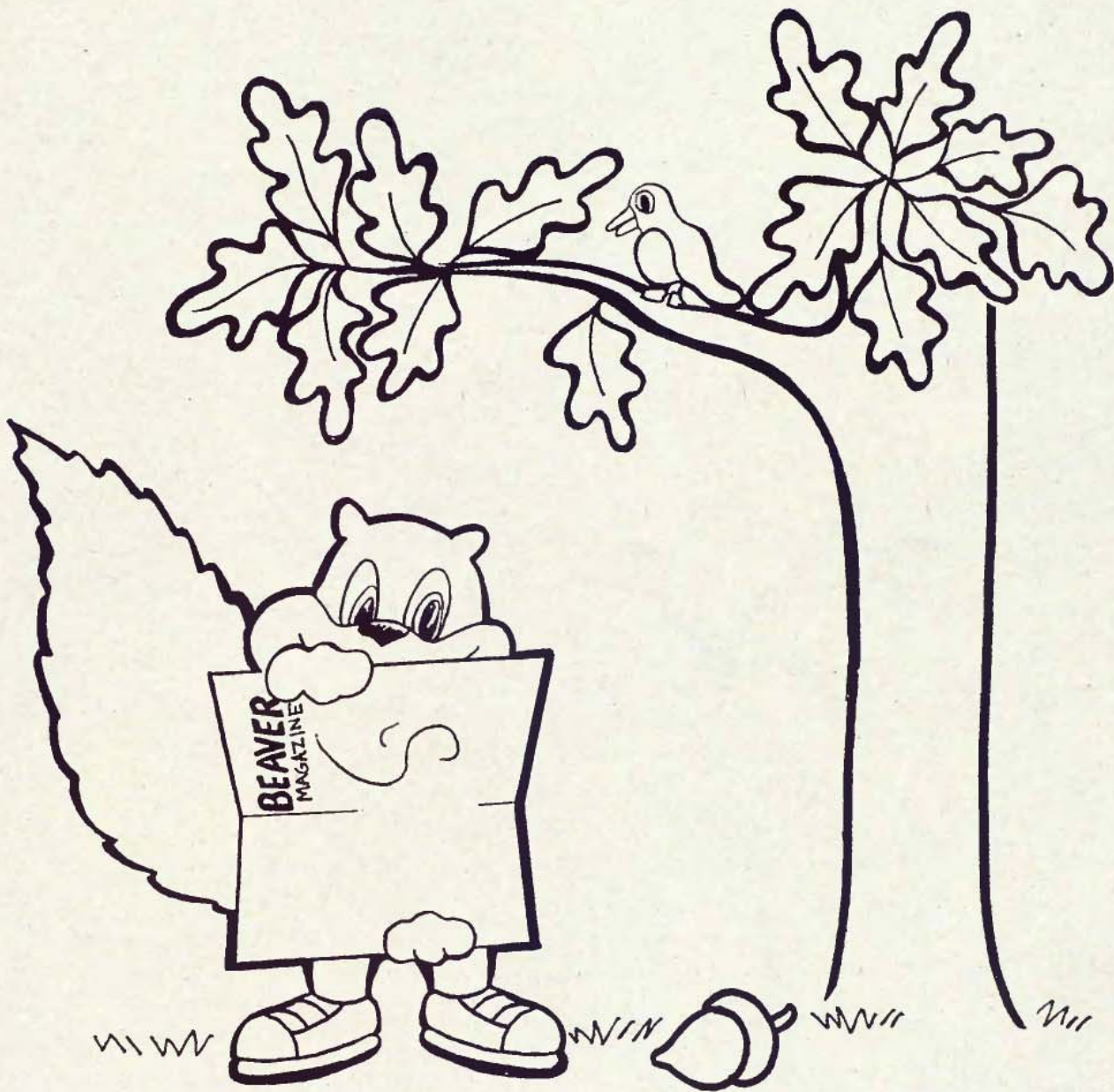


HAPPY NEW YEAR



Celebrities from Nicolas Cage to pin-up icon Bettie Page celebrated the arrival of 2001 with Hef at the Playboy Mansion. (1) The Man and his party posse shake it up on the dance floor. (2) Kari Parent raises temperatures in painted-on lingerie. (3) March cover girl Kylie Bax hangs with Arnold Zimberg. (4) Andy Dick and Ashley Anderson share a New Year's smooch. (5) The Dahm sisters—wearing nothing but paint—triple Hef's fun. (6) WWF superstar Chyna rings in the New Year with boyfriend Triple H. (7) Fortieth Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard interviews a bevy of beauties in body paint for the Playboy Cyber Club. (8) Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer having a big time with Regina, Stephanie, Buffy and what's-his-name. (9) Jon Lovitz and Gary Busey all choked up. (10) A naked disco dancer direct from the Wild Kingdom. (11) Suzanne Stokes flashing flesh. (12) American beauties Thora Birch, Cathi and Tina with Hef. (13) The Barbi twins scope the scene. (14) Ravi provides an appropriate beat. (15) Special Editions model Roxanne Galla and Cyber Girl Amy Miller get into the groove. (16) Shana Van Patten, PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson and Amy Harmer dance the night away.





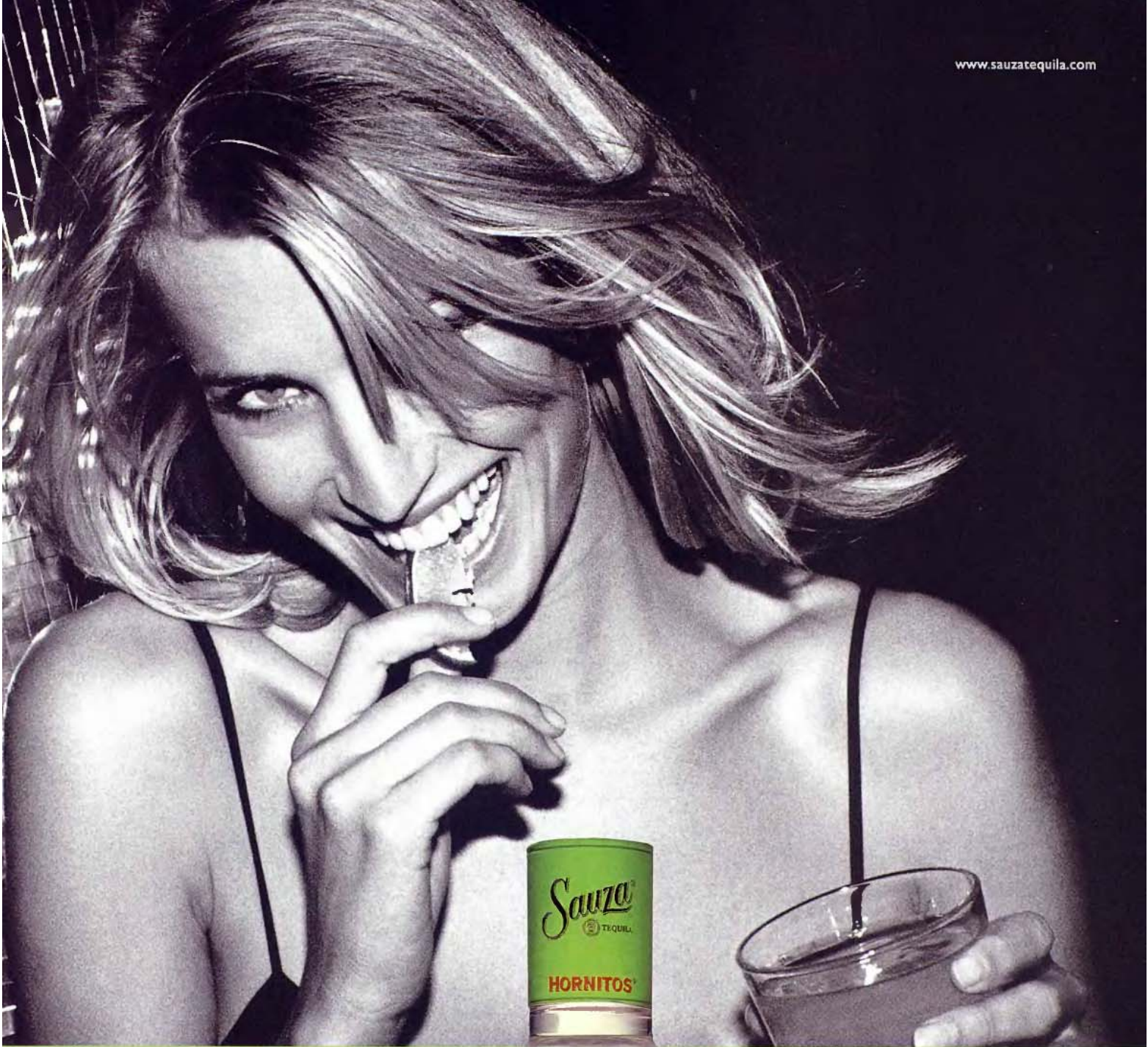
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UNCOVERED

The search for PMOY 2001 is over, and Lauren Michelle Hill (*Cover Girl*, February) is the winner. She's a classic American beauty.

Ryan Sokol
Dallas, Texas

It took a long time for me to get past last October's cover of Lauren Hill. It took even longer to turn past page 94 of her Playmate pictorial.

John Rudnick
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

I've been reading PLAYBOY since I was in college. As an employee of a major television network in Burbank, California, I've had the pleasure of working



Lovely Lauren.

with the most beautiful, photogenic women in the world. Lauren Hill eclipses all of them.

Stu Berman
Burbank, California

Lauren is gorgeous. Please keep up the trend toward women with smaller, natural breasts. The girl next door does not have breast implants.

Andrew Boyd
Wheaton, Illinois

SOUTHERN BELLE

Photogenic Sela Ward (*20 Questions*, February) is Dixie's answer to Mona Lisa. Her interview reminds me why I put Southern belles on pedestals and worship them as goddesses.

J. Harrison
Dry Branch, Georgia

Please ask Sela Ward to do a pictorial. At 44, she defines sexiness.

Paul Saporito
Steger, Illinois

Sela (a fellow Chi Omega) is right—Southern women are born to flirt.

Elizabeth Pearce
New York, New York

ENTERING A BIZKIT-FREE ZONE

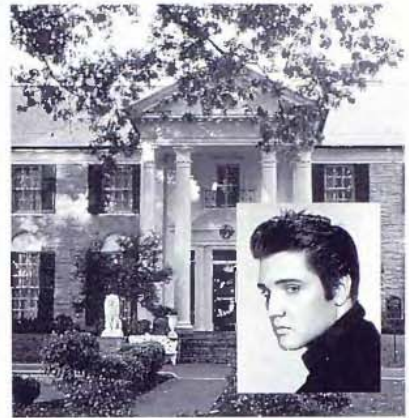
For the past umpteen issues there has been at least one picture of Fred Durst or some other moron from the talentless band Limp Bizkit somewhere in PLAYBOY. I was nearly through February and thought I'd write a letter thanking you for a Bizkit-free issue. But, to my dismay, you published yet another photo of Fred Durst and Wes Borland—this time in *Grapevine*. I beg you, no more.

Jason Jorgenson
Hayti, South Dakota

Chill. He's our Playmates' favorite pull toy.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

I read Steve Pond's article *The Survivor Scam* (February) with great interest. He



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compared the series to the UK's *Castaway*. But the 36 *Castaways* were on a remote Scottish island for all of 2000, while the *Survivors* were on a Malaysian tropical isle for six weeks. The point is, both productions were all about the hype.

Mark Lambourne
Bicester, Oxfordshire, UK



Lights! Camera! Survive!

WRESTLING'S BOSS HOSS

Your interview with Vince McMahon (February) is interesting, but, contrary to what he says, the WWF is obsessive about confiscating even benign and inoffensive signs from fans. Ringside henchmen routinely took signs, even election-

related ones—during the Smackdown Your Vote campaign. The WWF doesn't mind selling T-shirts that say SUCK IT for \$25 apiece, but bring a sign with the word sucks and it's gone. If this keeps up, our signs won't be the only things missing from ringside.

Mark Carpowich
Los Angeles, California

At the rate it's going, the NFL (No Fun League) will soon outlaw clapping.

Pete Groulx
Reno, Nevada

Your interview makes McMahon seem like a hyperactive Rambo. He is quite the Renaissance man—kicking Marines in the balls, working 90 hours a week, providing women with a multitude of orgasms—and now he promises a better football league, the XFL, because

his players will be able to swear. Vinny, relax, take a bubble bath. You're sounding like a poster boy for Ritalin.

Ron Wilhelm
San Jose, California

Give Kevin Cook a raise for a fabulous interview with the guy who has gone

from bad boy to WWF mogul to XFL entrepreneur. I have no idea what might be next for McMahon, but, whatever it is, please make sure Cook is there to report on it.

Michael Cramer
Phoenix, Arizona

The NFL has plenty of "smash-mouth football," so how can McMahon say all the guys in the league are "pantywaists"? That is just absurd. These men are what football is all about—working hard as a team, no matter what the odds are. I know that the XFLers have talent. But ask any of them and I'm sure they'd admit that they'd rather be playing in the Super Bowl instead of for some worthless giant gold belt.

Chad Kingsbery
San Marcos, Texas

SIZE REALLY MATTERS

I'm one of the average-size guys out there keenly interested in your article about penis enlargement (*The Moron's Guide to a Larger Penis*, February). I realize an average-size penis is nothing to be ashamed of, but I'm sure I'm not the only guy whose girlfriend has a story about an ex-boyfriend with a large member. It's no wonder most men think that average—six and a half inches—just isn't good enough. My advice is that men should be confident with what they have,

The all-new XLT1200™. There's a reason it has 155 horsepower. Actually, 52 reasons. That's how many weekends you get each year. And with room for three, and enough power to tow two skiers at once, you'll have plenty to talk about come Monday morning. Call 1-800-88-YAMAHA for a dealer, or try yamaha-motor.com. **YAMAHA WAVE RUNNER**

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because your partner surely won't be if you aren't.

Dan Satterfield
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dan, we admire your courage. You just informed 10 million people that you have an average-size penis. Your handle may not be as long, but it's attached to a better handbag.

METAL HEADS UNITE

Congratulations to Charles M. Young for his ass-kicking review of Tony Iommi's new CD (*Music*, February). Most critics hate Iommi, but he's every bit as talented as Jimmy Page; however, unlike Page, Iommi hasn't run out of ideas. If you're not an old-school metal head, you may as well be dead. It would be nice if some of these new metal bands would learn something about melodies, singing and lead guitar.

Jeff Anderson
Madison, Wisconsin

AMY RIDES THE WAVES

I've never cared much for surfers, but after seeing Amy Cobb (*Surfer Girl*, February) take the waves, I'd like to hit the beach and hang 10.

David Delahoussaye
Vacaville, California

I have admired your magazine for years. Amy marks the first time I've felt the need to beg for more. I've spent

hours staring at her pictorial and can't find a single flaw. Please bring her back as a Playmate.

John Harris
New York, New York



Surf's up for Amy.

SHE'S MONEY

Anna Nicole Smith (*She's in the Money*, February) is the sexiest woman since Eve. She has the three Bs—body, beau-

ty and brains—and let's add beaucoup bucks. What more can a guy ask for? Hey, Anna, I'm single.

Jeff Warshaw
Irvine, California

When I opened my mailbox and saw Anna on your February cover, I went into shock. Aren't her 15 minutes of fame up? I know PLAYBOY must be proud of how far she's come since you discovered her, but I never want to see another pictorial of this gold-digging Marilyn Monroe wannabe.

Chris Olson
Port Townsend, Washington

Anna Nicole's pictorial is great. She's my all-time favorite Playmate. Good for her for having the chutzpah to marry an old rich guy and inherit his millions. I wish her all the best.

Amy Potter
St. Louis, Missouri

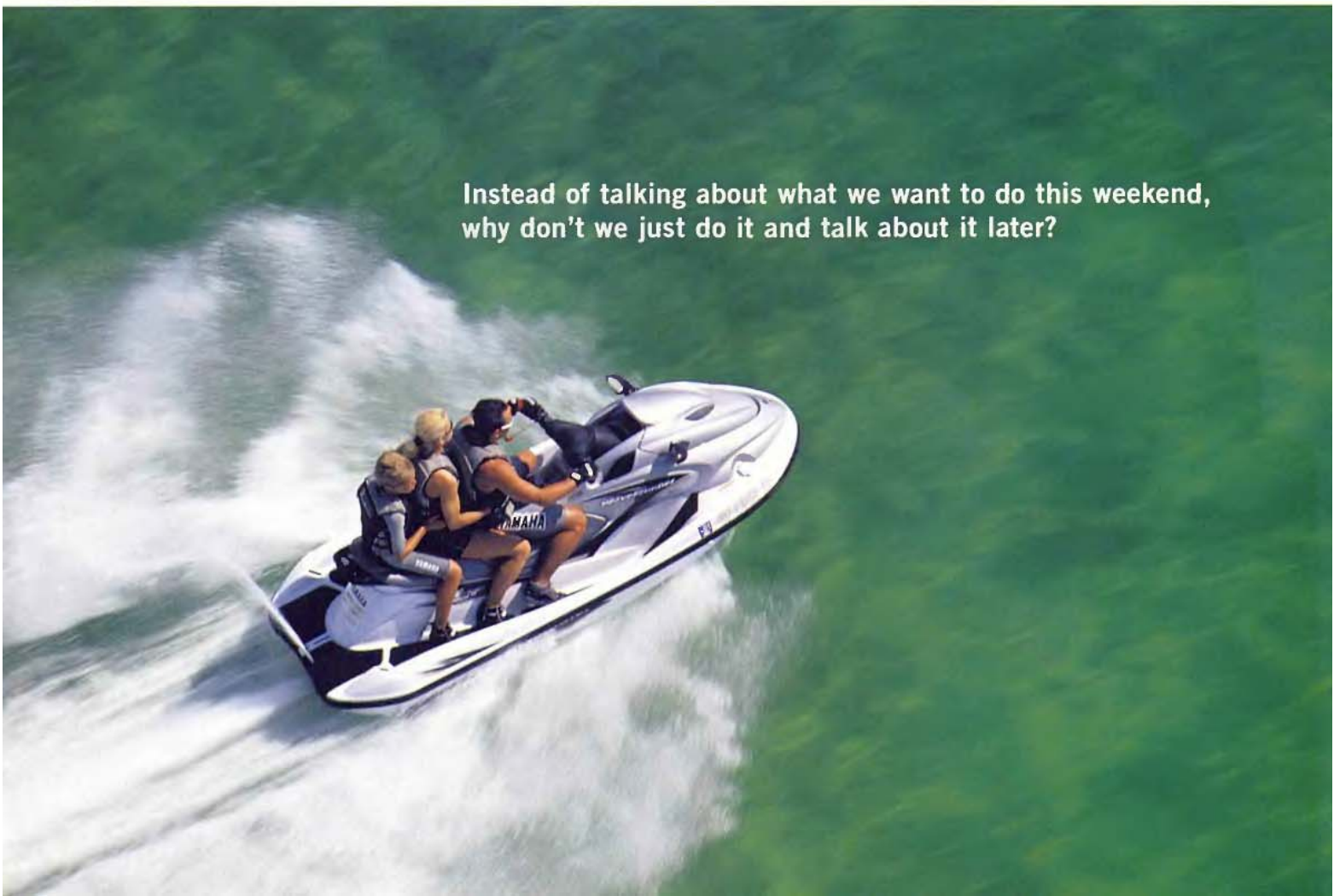
Anna Nicole Smith has \$450 million in the bank, three supermodels' worth of gorgeous curves and still chooses to appear in PLAYBOY. Let them try to call that exploitation.

Marek Hayward
Bedfordshire, UK

The tribe has spoken.



Instead of talking about what we want to do this weekend, why don't we just do it and talk about it later?



**SINCE GEORGE W. BUSH TOOK OFFICE,
THERE'S BEEN NO CONCERN WHATSOEVER ABOUT THE Y2K BUG.**

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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

ELEVEN STEPS TO SEDUCTION BY PHONE

We know a guy who's great at striking up conversations with women that lead to sex. He can even do it with strangers on the telephone. No sight cues, no moves: just the phone. He was recently in a hotel room in Baltimore, and called to make a plane reservation. The reservations clerk was in Denver. By the time our friend had changed his flight, he had set a date to meet the woman at the O'Hare Hilton a week later. When we asked how the date went, he said, "Great. She was cute and just as friendly in person as on the phone. We spent the night together." He did it all without the woman knowing whether he was good-looking, rich, tall or bald. How does he do it? "Very simple," he said. "No big secrets. Just commonsense conversation." Simple for him—not so simple for the rest of us. Thankfully, he's willing to share. Here are some lessons from a man whose skills are so legendary we call him Hollywood Rick:

(1) Don't underestimate how you can intrigue a woman with an innocuous phone call. A casual phone chat will allow a woman to pay more attention to your words and voice than an introduction in a bar.

(2) A phone call avoids the issue of



A BOOK YOU CAN GET LOST IN

Roy Stuart's mission is "to avoid the typical iconography of a culture based on appearances." He depicts a world where "barriers are abolished and women exercise the same sexual license as men." Boy, does he ever. *Roy Stuart, Volume III* (Taschen) is a series of remarkably hot photo stories. His style and candor make voyeurism as respectable as you'd ever want it to be. You could leave this book out on your desk, but you probably wouldn't get any work done.

looks, so put aside any insecurities you may have. Focus on the conversation.

(3) Occasionally, an ordinary telephone exchange—ordering fast food, making a reservation or setting an ap-

pointment—provides an opening to begin a flirtation.

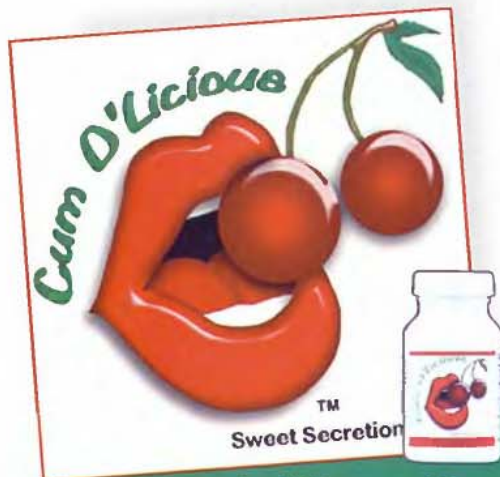
(4) Turning a transaction into a flirtatious exchange is not in what you say; it's in what you hear. Be alert to signs that she may be inclined to shmooze.

(5) Any question starts the process. Like, "Tell me about your job. How long have you worked there? Do you like it? How far do you live from the office?"

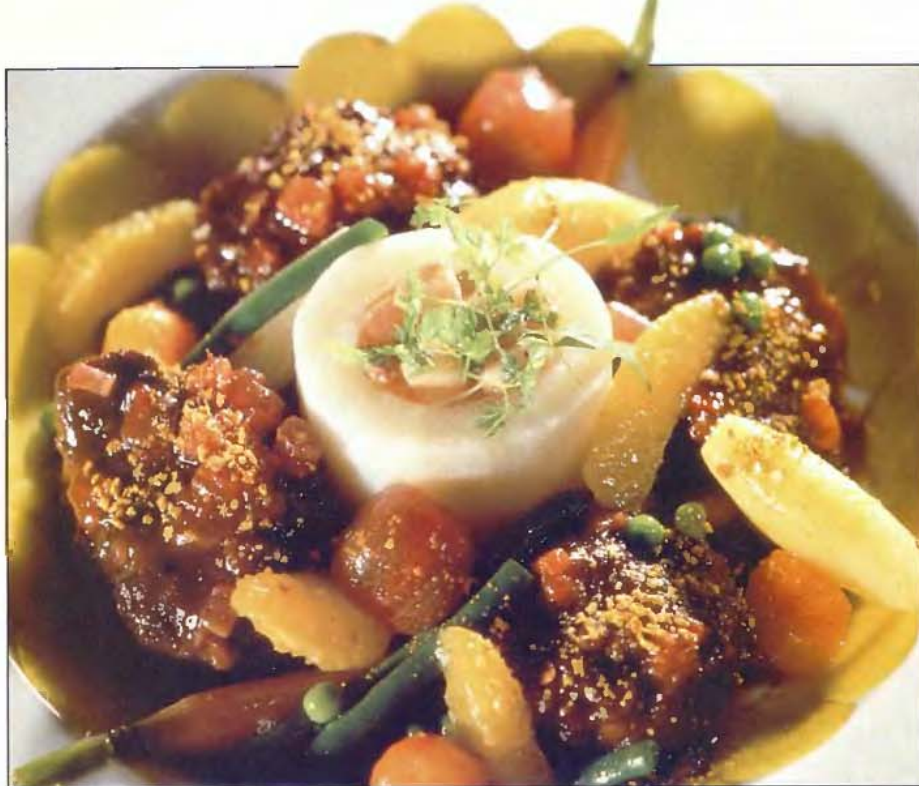
(6) If she's willing to chat, move on: "Are there any good restaurants or bars near you? Where do you hang out with your friends? What do you do when you're not working?"

JIZZ WHAT YOU NEED

Cum D'Licious is an "all-natural dietary supplement, made from the finest ancient Chinese and European herbs." Its brochure proclaims: "It is specially formulated to enhance the taste of your semen" [allegedly removing bitterness]. Whew! It also provokes a slew of sophomoric endorsements, such as: "It's not a job, it's dessert." Learn more at sweetsecretions.com.



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DISH OF THE MONTH

Since the Republicans laid claim to the White House, new faces have been showing up in Washington's most glamorous restaurants. Citronelle is a refined, modern establishment with sophisticated dishes such as this one: Looks like osso buco, right? But, just like in politics, what you see isn't necessarily what you get. Instead of a bone, that's a roasted potato carved to look like a sawed-off veal shank. Chef Michel Richard fills the potato with marrow and surrounds it with seasonal veggies that have been punched up with ginger and sprinkled with kumquat zest. The meat itself is veal cheek, a cut that's far more succulent—and more expensive—than veal shank. In case you're wondering which cheeks the calf sacrificed, not to worry. If it were those cheeks, they would be obliged to call the dish rump roast. —SHARON BOORSTIN

(7) If you sense that you are losing ground—clipped answers, no questions in return—end the call with a compliment. Like, "You have a great personality. I enjoyed this so much I may call you back just to chat."

(8) If things seem to be going better, keep the conversation going. Try more probing questions. "Are you allowed to dress casually at work? What do you wear to your job? Where do you buy your clothes?" To determine her dating status: "Does your husband work there

too? Do you have children? Are there nice guys at your job? Do you date anybody at work?"

(9) By now you should have a pretty good feel for where your phone relationship is going. If you're clicking, look for areas of interest (sailing, golf, theater, music, A&E *Biography*) that may offer a chance for a meeting.

(10) Although it will prey on your mind, never ask her, "What do you look like?" At least not before it's time to turn a flirtation into a face-to-face experience. And that may never happen. Some tele-

phone flirtations can go on for years. All of them are good practice to help you sharpen your banter and your ability to pick up cues about women.

(11) But—and you can trust me on this—discourse can definitely turn into intercourse. Keep your ears open. It all depends on what you hear.

A LETOURNEAU FOR THE WORSE

According to the *New York Daily News*, which somehow knows these things, President George W. Bush's sister-in-law's sister's husband's sister is Mary Kay

WRAP HER BUBBLE BUTT IN STYLE



We just can't keep our hands off bubble wrap. There's something about the pleasant plonk of each pop. Now there's another reason to take the air cells between thumb and finger. Bubble bodywear.com is making clothes out of them. The line includes dresses, jackets, blouses and bras—even a range of panties. Make your own pop version of the Thong Song. And it's environmentally friendly—a bubble wrap teddy takes up less room in the landfill than one that's made of Styro-foam peanuts.





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Letourneau, the schoolteacher who had two children fathered by one of her underage students. We can't wait for the next big Bush family reunion. They can talk about education.

RUMPOLE THE BAILEY

British artist and anticlothing activist Vincent Bethell refused to wear clothes in public. When he was arrested, he refused for five months to wear clothes in jail while awaiting trial. When he was hauled into court, he refused to get dressed for the proceedings. Bethell, a member of England's pronudism Freedom to Be Yourself group, was charged with being a public nuisance. His defense was that "being human is not a crime," and that laws against nonsexual public nudity should be repealed. In a fine display of British reason, he was ac-

HOT WAX WOMEN

Album covers of the Fifties and early Sixties tried hard to be sexy. You may recall such titles as *Warm and Willing*, *Temptation*, *Dutch Sax*, *Night Winds* and their accompanying wowser photos of girls with big hair and heaving bosoms. *Vixens of Vinyl* (Chronicle) features more than 100 record jackets from that era, when women lounged around in satin, curled up in capri pants and generally made the sexual revolution inevitable.



quitted and released. Exultant and still naked, Bethell strode out into the freedom of London in January—and instantly hailed a cab. He may be principled, but he's not crazy.

ESPRIT DE CORPSE

The latest addition to Hollywood Boulevard's walk of fame is a dark one—the Museum of Death. Fittingly, its doors are near the star commemorating Bela

THE WEST WING VS. THE SOPRANOS—HEAD TO HEAD



	The West Wing	The Sopranos	The Winner
Fantasy	Allows viewers to imagine themselves as selfless, high-minded and earnest.	Allows viewers to imagine themselves as selfish and capable of operating a Glock 9 mm.	<i>Sopranos</i> : Who fantasizes about being earnest?
The Undercards	Toby: Terse, tense and comfortable with his baldness.	Silvio: Grim, garbled and comfortable with his toupee.	Silvio: Toby needs to hang out at the Bing.
Wise Old Men	Leo: Firm alcoholic who is trusted by the president.	Uncle Junior: Blunt felon who isn't trusted by Tony.	Leo: He doesn't have to wear an ankle bracelet.
Loyal Junior Deputy	Josh: Smart but witty. Prone to distraction.	Paulie: Dumb but crafty. Prone to distraction.	Paulie: Josh would outthink himself. Paulie wouldn't.
The Chatty Cathy	C.J.: Articulate. Has bags under her eyes from lack of sleep.	Dr. Melfi: Analytical. Has bags under her eyes from drinking.	Dr. Melfi: Embraced feminism without losing sex drive.
Good-Looking Wise Guys	Sam: Handsome, intelligent. Had a girlfriend who was a hooker. Faces a sad future as a TV pundit, kissing Sam Donaldson's ass.	Christopher: Handsome, clotted, willing. Has girlfriend who dresses like a hooker. Faces a sad future of two in the back of the head.	Sam: Slow death by Donaldson better than being tossed in a Dumpster.
Beauty and the Beast	Ainsley: Efficient, but too close to the GOP.	Big Pussy: Efficient, but too close to the FBI.	Ainsley: While she may be stationed in the depths of the White House, at least it's not the depths of the ocean.
First Ladies	Mrs. Bartlet: Has a chef.	Carmela: Can cook a mean lasagna.	Mrs. Bartlet: Carmela needs Nair.
Family Heads	Josiah: Charismatic, works well with Russians, loves his family, wears a leather jacket on <i>Air Force One</i> , suffers from MS.	Tony: Deadpan, works well with Russians, loves his family, wears a leather jacket in SUV, suffers from anxiety.	Tony: When people don't cooperate, he kills them. Now that's good politics.
Short-Term Winner	<i>The West Wing</i> : Bartlet can blanket Sopranos with FBI agents, Apache helicopters and nuclear weapons.		
Long-Term Winner	<i>The Sopranos</i> : Meadow will enter Oval Office in 2028. Her cabinet will consist of Bada Bing Girls.		

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Well, my father warned me about men and booze, but he never mentioned a word about women and cocaine."

—TALLULAH BANKHEAD

OK COMPUTER

In a 1997 survey, the percentage of potential parents who said that they would use genetic engineering to upgrade the intelligence of their future offspring: 42.

IVORY TOWER

Highest price ever paid for a New York City apartment: \$38 million for a 17,000-square-foot penthouse in the Trump World Tower. Price per square foot: \$2235. Amount paid by Bill Gates for his 8500-square-foot apartment in the same building: \$19.8 million. Price per square foot: \$2329.

AMBASSADOR CLUB

Estimated number of miles flown by former Secretary of State Madeleine Albright during her four years in office: 949,860. Number of countries visited in 2000: 46. In 1999: 39. In 1998: 35. In 1997: 52.

YOU GO, BOSS

Amount of money derived from the sale of his 120-year-old family-owned business that a man shared with his employees: \$18 million. Largest amount received by an individual employee: \$200,000.

FALLOW GROUND

According to the USDA, percentage of U.S. farmers younger than 35 in 1985: 25. Current percentage: 15.

DOUBLE COVERAGE

According to an NPD Online Research study of 3304 Internet users, percentage of them who were also online while they were watching Super Bowl XXXIV: 22.



FACT OF THE MONTH

On April 14, 1910, William Howard Taft became the first president to throw out the ceremonial opening pitch of a baseball game.

HAL ABOUT THAT!

According to the *Handbook of Industrial Robotics*, the total number of robots in the world in 1982: 35,000. In 1996: 677,000. Last year: 950,000. Percent increase in the number of robots in North America from 1992 to 1997: 78.

STRUNG OUT

Percentage of caffeine from a cup of coffee that is still in the body after 22 hours: 20.

MONEY PIT

Annual budget for rodent control in New York City: \$14 million. Additional amount budgeted by the city for an education campaign about rats, part of a strategy that has included a rat summit and the appointment of a rat czar: \$600,000.

DRY CLEAN ONLY

Amount that Kimberly-Clark, manufacturer of Kleenex and Huggies, plans to spend on the introductory marketing of Cottonelle Fresh Rollwipes, a new moistened toilet tissue: \$40 million.

KILLER INSTINCT

In a study by a nonprofit health care provider, percentage of physicians who approve of doctors' administering lethal injections at executions—an action in violation of the Hippocratic oath: 43.

CHEVY CHIMERA

Percentage of Americans who say that they are driving their dream car: 23.

BEFORE OR AFTER?

According to a longtime TWA flight attendant quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, the number of Jack Daniel's miniatures that can be carried in a standard airsickness bag: 8.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Lugosi, the original screen Dracula. Inside, you'll find a bunk bed where members of the Heaven's Gate cult succumbed in their Nikes. Then there are other earthbound delights, such as antique embalming tables, guillotines and electric chairs, abstract art by Charles Manson, clown paintings by John Wayne Gacy and a Buddhist funeral boat. The museum even has crime scene photographs of the Black Dahlia murder. And there are lots of other graphic photos. All of which can lead to extreme, if non-fatal, reactions. "At first we thought it was strange that people were passing out and falling down," says co-founder Cathee Shultz. "We had eight people pass out in January. It was our record month. We had a new cannibal exhibition in place and that had something to do with it. Once it opened, people

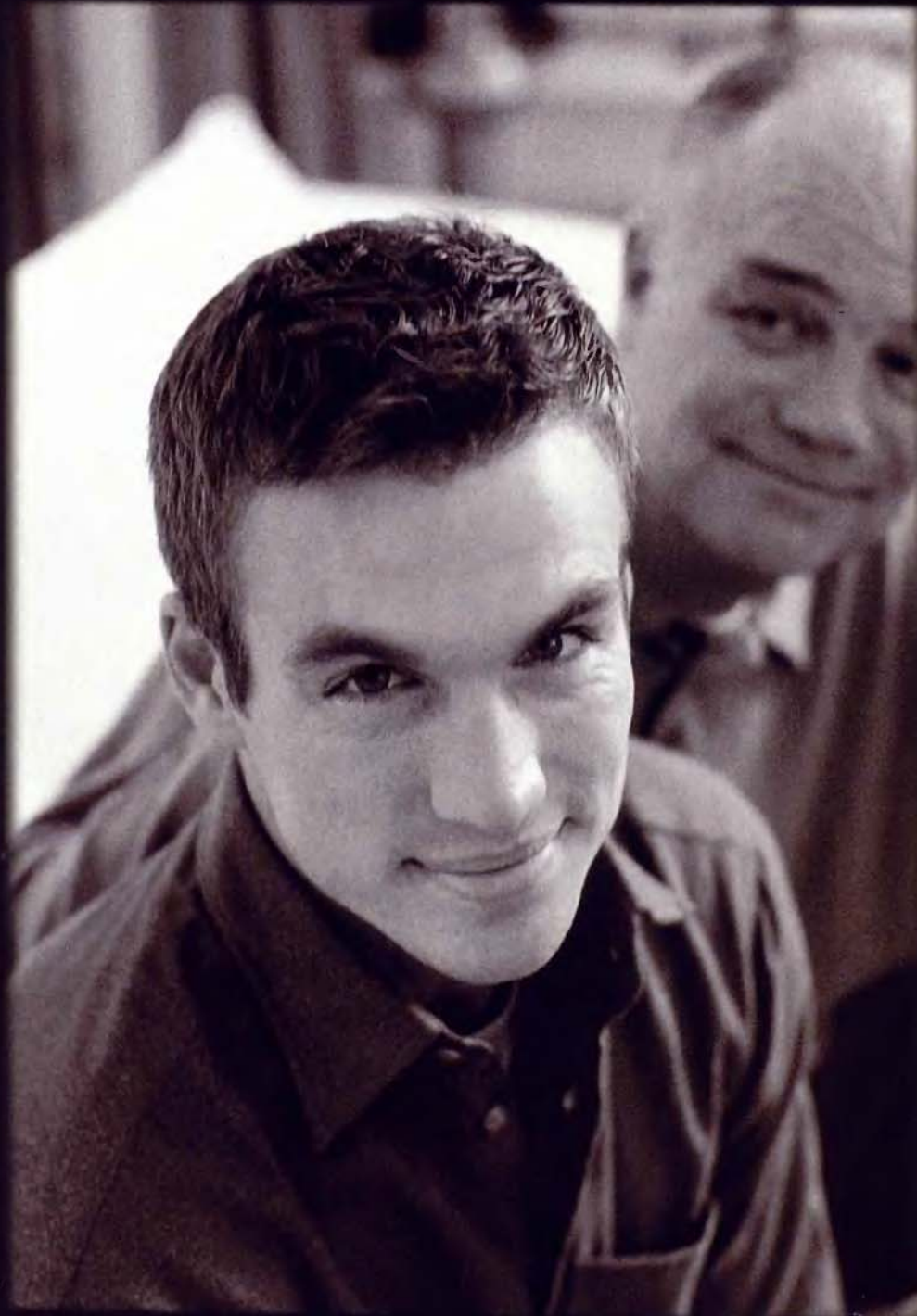
STRAIN FRUIT

Julie Strain does a lot of things. Thankfully, wearing loads of clothing isn't one of them. You may have seen her on Playboy TV's *Sex Court*, but if you truly want to enter her



world, you have to get hip to her role as a video-game heroine in Ritual's *Heavy Metal F.A.K.K.2*. Not only does her animated character pack more heat than Lara Croft, but she puts out more, too. Once your thumbs get tired, you can always pop in a tape of *Heavy Metal 2000*, a stomping update of the animated classic *Heavy Metal*. No matter what the medium—comic book, DVD, computer screen—Julie can be counted on to kick ass, and show some serious ass.

*I love Dad. I'm just not
in a rush to look like him.*



When your dad lost his hair there was no Rogaine. You, however, have no such excuse. Rogaine is clinically proven to work directly on the scalp to help stop hair loss. Dermatologists know this. They recommend Rogaine more than any other treatment. So at the first sign of fallout, use something else you inherited from dad: Brains.

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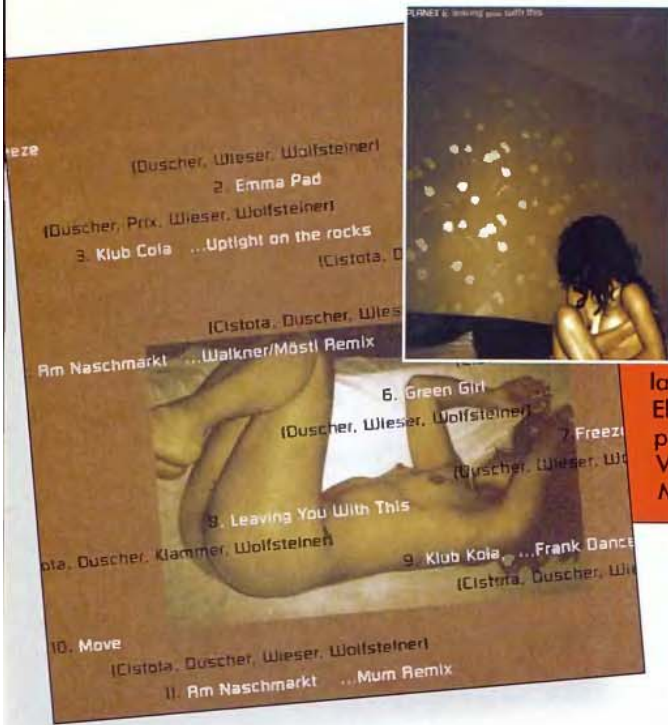
www.rogaine.com



MOOD MUSIC

It's past midnight, time to get comfortable. What to listen to? Try down-tempo, Euroelectronica full of smoky, seductive textures, and perfect for late-night pursuits. Here are our top 10 downtempo CDs:

(1) *A Guy Called Gerald, Essence* (Studio K7): The perfect romantic CD. (2) *Planet E, Leaving You With This* (Klein): A tour de force. (3) *Silent Poets, To Come* (Yellow): Two Japanese magicians lay out a nocturnal groove. (4) *Peace Orchestra* (G-Stone): A masterpiece. (5) *A Forest Mighty Black, Mellowdramatic* (Compost): Jazzy, mysterious, refined. (6) *Ian Simmonds, Return to X* (Studio K7): Soundtrack to seduction. (7) *Freight Elevator Quartet, Becoming Transparent* (Caipirinha): Ivy League educations put to good use. (8) *Tosca, Suzuki in Dub* (G-Stone): Languid. (9) *Reinhard Voigt, Premiere World* (Profan): The bells will grow on you. (10) *Café del Mar, Volumen Seis* (Manifesto): The best of the series.



started dropping like flies." Still, the museum sees its role as educational. "We are removed from death right now," explains Shultz. "I would like to see us go back to dealing much more closely with our loved ones as they die—have people die at home. That's a problem within our society, and it has helped create a fear of death. That's why the Museum of Death has a place. A century ago we would not have existed—you could go home and see death in your parlor." We

"See a drink, drink it. See a cigarette, smoke it. You wanna do something, do it. Feel bad in the morning? Fuck it."

—Josh Homme of Queens of the Stone Age



wondered how someone so obsessed with death could avoid depression. "You see enough death, and you're happy to be alive," says Shultz. "Another way my husband and I deal with death is by collecting freak animals—we have a live two-headed turtle. We also had a live chicken with two butts until it died." It must have made some exit.

THE TIP SHEET

The Orgasmatron: An anesthesiologist, using a spinal cord stimulator on a woman suffering from intense back pain, tapped into the wrong—or right—set of nerves and accidentally gave her an orgasm. Now he's trying to get the manu-

facturer to market the device for this alternate use.

Handle up: Street slang that originated among prison work crews, meaning to take care of business. "I saw you handle up."

Tattoo Suncare Sunscreen Stick:

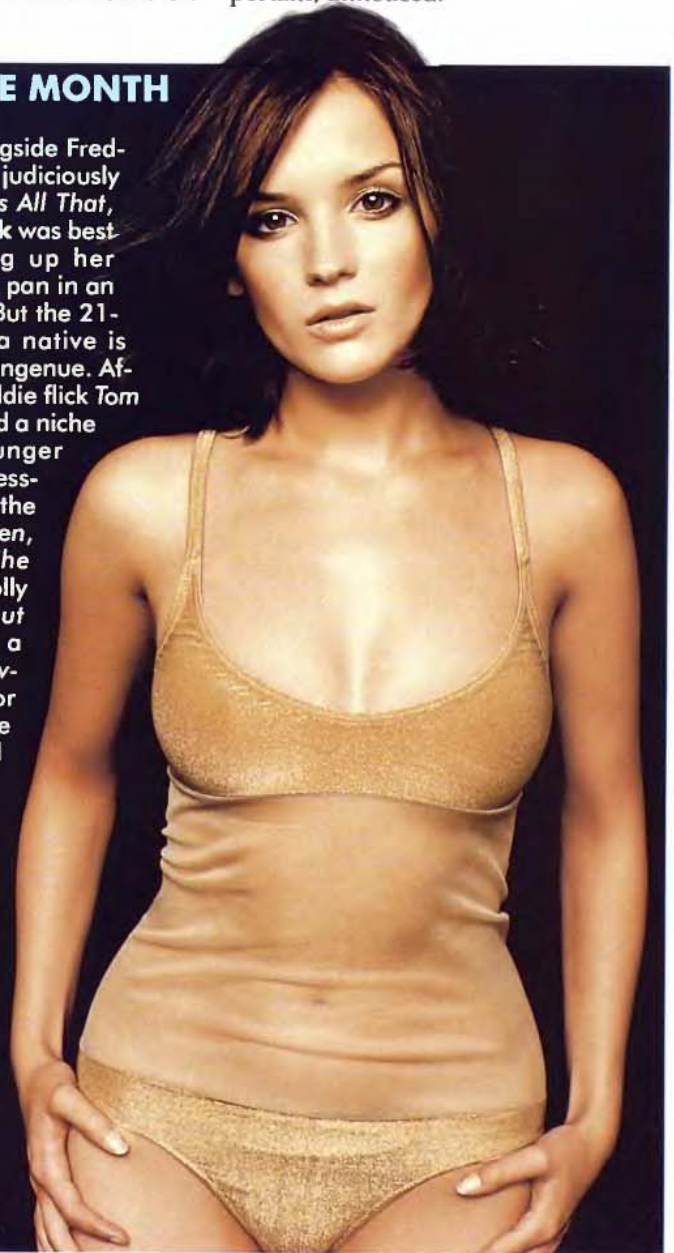
Keeps your tats from getting damaged when you show some skin on the beach.

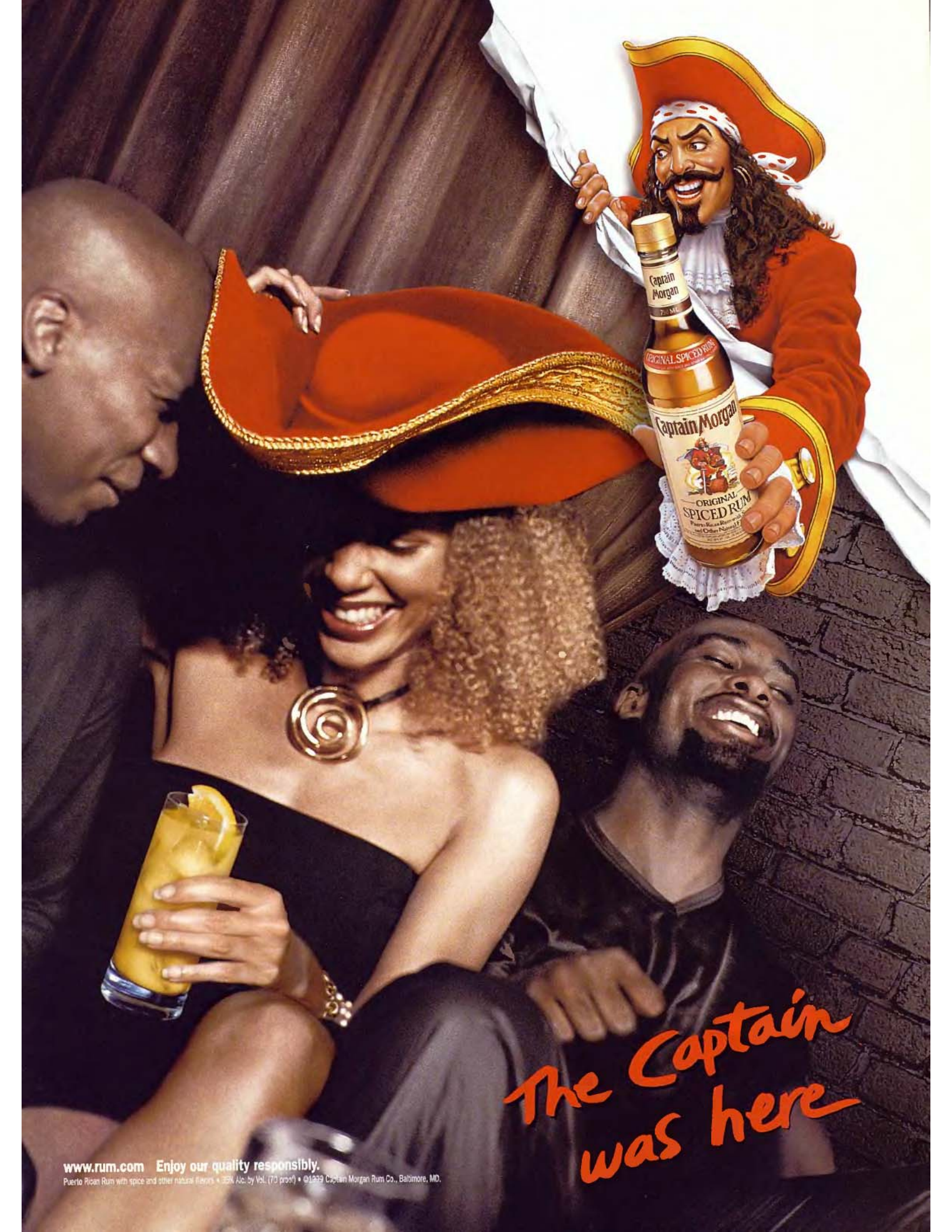
Freeze-dried pets: An alternative to traditional taxidermy, it's a new trend among seriously distraught pet owners—all four of them.

He's shitting in tall cotton: An old Texas expression making its rounds in Washington, D.C. It refers to getting away with something unscathed and, most important, unnoticed.

BABE OF THE MONTH

Before her role alongside Freddie Prinze Jr. in the judiciously titled 1999 hit *She's All That*, **Rachael Leigh Cook** was best known for bashing up her kitchen with a frying pan in an anti-heroin TV spot. But the 21-year-old Minnesota native is hardly a Hollywood ingenue. After starring in the kiddie flick *Tom and Huck*, Cook filled a niche by playing the younger version of other actresses: Angelina Jolie in the miniseries *True Women*, Parker Posey in *The House of Yes* and Holly Hunter in *Living Out Loud*. She also had a recurring role on *Dawson's Creek*. Look for Cook in the Archie comic book-based *Josie and the Pussycats*, in the new Gen-Y Western *Texas Rangers* and in the thriller *Tangled*, a labor of love she is co-producing. If good things come in small packages, this 5'2" starlet is all that and a bag of chips. "I'm not small, I'm space efficient," she says. And she heats up a room, too.





*The Captain
was here*

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EVEN MORE than San Francisco's ballroom rock, Jamaican dub was conceived by potheads for potheads. It was music to say "Oh wow" to, distinguished by a deep, spare style that used vocals primarily for decoration. English punks loved dub. The toasters who chanted on top of it inspired the first rappers. It's near the heart of electronic dance music. New dub CDs have multiplied since the rise of techno, but almost all have been for specialists. A few recent collections, however, are bigger than their niche. **The Great Pablo** (Music Club) highlights the simple tunes Augustus Pablo created on his melodica in the Seventies. Big Youth's three-CD **Natty Universal Dread** (Blood and Fire, Ducie House, 37 Ducie Street, Manchester M12JW UK) documents the irrepressible wordplay of the greatest toaster. Stylistically purer is **The Best of King Tubby: King Dub** (Music Club). But the most compelling introduction to dub is **Select Cuts From Blood and Fire** (c/o Caroline, 109 W. 29th, New York, NY 10001), which does a superb job of distilling Blood and Fire's catalog to curious R&B instrumentals. Most of the tracks feature tunes carried by the bass; voices fade in and out. The fun is in the effects—stereo zooming, levels rushing and ebbing, percussion clattering or shuddering, horns curdling and bells tinkling. It's all enough to make an ex-president inhale. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Houston Kid (Sugar Hill) is Rodney Crowell's deeply honest statement about facing the past. The Grammy-winning songwriter travels to a personal landscape rarely visited by country artists. In the traditional folk ballad *I Wish It Would*

Rain, Crowell sings about twin brothers, one a homophobic redneck, the other a bisexual "turning tricks on Sunset." The spousal abuse in Crowell's childhood haunts the pop-rocker *Topsy Turvy*. He talked his ex-father-in-law, Johnny Cash, into changing the melody on the vocal parts of *I Walk the Line (Revisited)*. *The Houston Kid* closes with redemption on *I Know Love Is All I Need*. Its minimalist beauty will bring a tear to your eye.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Last year ended with the Beatles again topping the charts. But if a new band released a record in their style, you'd probably never hear of it.

A case in point is Swag's **Catch-all** (Yep Roc), which feels like a batch of outtakes from *Revolver* or *Let It Be*. Swag is from Nashville, and its members used to be in Wilco, Sixpence None the Richer, the Mavericks and Cheap Trick. Their jaunty rockers, ballads and occasional growlers owe more debts to the Fab Four than to anyone else. *Near Perfect Smile* combines the riff from the Zombies' *She's Not There* (itself a Beatles pastiche) with a McCartneyesque vocal and a guitar solo that's pure Blues Magoos. *Catch-all* ends with *She's Deceiving*, a montage related to *She's Leaving Home* and side two of *Abbey Road*. That doesn't mean Swag isn't creative; to think that, you'd have to imagine that putting together intricate and dynamic songs were easy to do. In fact, hardly anyone does it anymore because it's so hard.

—DAVE MARSH

Shawn Colvin's lyrics alternate between autobiographical fragment and aphorism ("If there's one thing certain, it's there ain't nothing for sure"). It is pretty close to certain that female singer-songwriters will give you introspection, sensitivity and relationships. What isn't certain is that they can create enough mood and melody to pull you into it. Colvin has the Grammys to prove she can, and she does it again on **Bonefields** (Columbia). No new territory here, but what she knows, she really knows.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

If you grew up during the Seventies, chances are *Frampton Comes Alive* is one of your guilty pleasures. Peter Frampton

was a cult artist until that 1976 live double album. To date, it has sold about 18 million copies, making it the best-selling live album of all time. Mainstream white rock and pop was mostly pap, the Beatles were gone and Eric Clapton was doing country. *Show Me the Way, Baby, I Love Your Way* and the epic *Do You Feel Like We Do* gave fans the sounds they missed. The newly reissued, remixed, remastered and expanded version, **Frampton Comes Alive: 25th Anniversary Deluxe Edition** (A&M), adds four new tracks and vastly improved sound.

Love's 1967 hippie masterpiece, *Forever Changes*, barely broke onto the charts. With its mariachi horns, luscious strings,

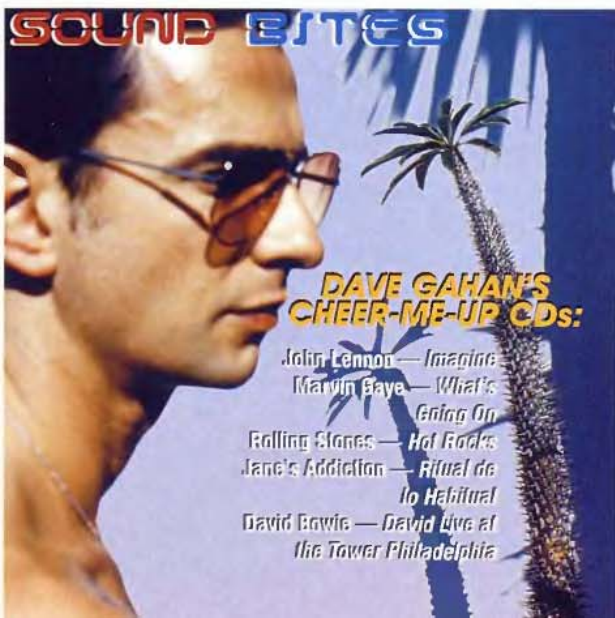
Shawn Colvin.



dark acoustic guitars, gorgeous melodies and Dylanesque wordplay, it was an impossible mix of elements that somehow worked perfectly. Love leader Arthur Lee was considered the black Brian Wilson, and on the newly expanded and remastered *Forever Changes* (Rhino) you can hear Love sum up and transcend the hope, innocence and paranoia of the times. The seven bonus tracks are almost as beautiful as the originals.

—VIC GARBARINI

In spite of the popularity of George Clinton, funk didn't get enough critical attention in its glory days. This psychedelic-influenced, polyrhythmic, bass-heavy, horn-accented dance music never got the respect awarded to soul. Nor did it attain the hype of disco or the acceptance of rap. Yet the large ensemble bands that created funk's booming grooves and



Jolin Lennon — *Imagino*
 Marvin Gaye — *What's Going On*
 Rolling Stones — *Hot Rods*
 Jane's Addiction — *Ritual de lo Habitual*
 David Bowie — *David Live at the Tower Philadelphia*

KISS AND TELL DEPARTMENT: Gene Simmons, in one of his first post-Kiss appearances, hosts Court TV's documentary on pop-music crime stories. It will air in June.

REELING AND ROCKING: Courtney Love in a movie about a gang of social misfits? Bet on it. *Welcome to Collinwood* is a heist comedy. She'll also appear as Texas Guinan in *Hello Suckers*, about a nightclub personality who always greeted her audiences that way. . . .



Garth Brooks and Whoopi Goldberg are teaming up for a Christmas 2001 TV movie, *Call Me Claus*. . . . Sid Bernstein, the man who brought the Beatles to Carnegie Hall, is the subject of a documentary. He's also working on a film script with two Liverpool writers about an interracial romance set in the music biz. His all-star concert in Liverpool in August will raise money for cancer research in memory of Linda McCartney.

NEWSBREAKS: The University of Mississippi Press has a new guidebook, *Blues Traveling: The Holy Sites of Delta Blues*, researched by Steve Cheseborough, that will lead you around musical Mississippi with photos, maps and easy directions. . . . At Moments intime.com, the autograph and manuscript dealer who auctioned off the album that John Lennon signed for his killer offered 20 pages of poetry

Jim Morrison wrote shortly before his death. . . . Rock-and-roll choreographer Tina (Livin' la Vida Loca) Landon has her own apparel line. Landon by Frontline makes clothes that look hot and feel comfortable. . . . The offices of San Francisco's Rosebud Booking Agency (which is responsible for John Lee Hooker, Charlie Musselwhite, Robert Cray and J.J. Cale) are solar-powered and have been unaffected by California's energy crisis.

The agency even sells its excess energy back to the utility company. . . . San Diego country band the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash has the blessings of the Man in Black. . . . James Gurley, formerly of Big Brother and the Holding Company, is readying the CD *This Is Janis Joplin*. Joplin gave Gurley the tapes 34 years ago and he has decided to reproduce them with new

backing. . . . Producer Arif Mardin (Aretha Franklin, Bette Midler, Bee Gees, Chaka Khan and Jewel) is working on his memoirs. . . . K.D. Lang's *Invincible Summer*, Sleater-Kinney's *All Hands on the Bad One* and Madonna's movie *The Next Best Thing* are all nominees for the GLAAD Media Awards, sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation. . . . Her boots are polished: Nancy Sinatra recorded what she called the first live album of her career at the Whiskey A Go-Go in Los Angeles, with Phil Spector in the audience. . . . Lastly, if you were in Rio de Janeiro last winter for Rock in Rio, you could have had two Britney Spears for the price of one. An 18-year-old look-alike who has been making a living impersonating Spears claims that she was hired to throw off the media. Sure, we'll buy that.

—BARBARA NELLIS

party atmosphere breathed new life into soul and laid the foundation for hip-hop. The *Funk Box* (Hip-O) is a four-CD set filled with celebrated groups and obscure acts who gave funk its personality. Although Sly and Earth, Wind and Fire are missing, all the other crucial players are represented—James Brown, Parliament-Funkadelic, Ohio Players, Rick James and many others, proudly wearing platform shoes. But the real gems here are the tracks from obscure bands. *Jungle Fever* (Chakachas), *The Message* (Cymande) and *Glide* (Pleasure) are among the many jams you've danced to with no idea who cut them.

—NELSON GEORGE



On Stewart Francke's *What We Talk of When We Talk* (Blue Boundary), the soundscape is based on his reading of Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield, Isaac Hayes and Gamble/Huff records that defined the border between soul and funk, right down to the wah-wah guitars. The topic is our culture's most enduring: What happens when fear is steeped in racism. With help from the excellent gospel group Commissioned, Francke finds a voice that lets this platinum blond boy ask the right questions. The sensuous sax riffs and strings, the melodic lushness of a track like *Touching the Glory* remind you why coming together is both worth the risk and the only chance we've got. By the time you get to the hidden



track, *My Girl*, even that audacious step feels earned.

—D.M.

A virtuoso on acoustic guitar, Preston Reed returns after a long layoff with *Handwritten Notes* (Outer Bridge). Reed can blow you away with technique, but that by itself can be a snore. He has the compositions and arrangements here to grab both your ears and nail them right to your speakers. Who says there aren't any more guitar heroes in this computer age?

—C.Y. 33

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Select Cuts From Blood and Fire	8	6	7	6	8
Shawn Colvin Bonfields	6	7	7	7	7
Funk Box	10	9	10	10	9
Love Forever Changes	8	10	5	9	8
Swag Catch-all	5	8	8	8	7

SURFIN' THE TUBE

Couch potatoes have a new excuse to settle into those sofa cushions. Microsoft, an early proponent of the TV and Internet hybrid, has plans to enter homes via satellite with a new concept called UltimateTV. Using a souped-up DirecTV satellite dish and receiver, the service provides what is becoming the essential trio of TV entertainment—satellite programming, digital video recording and Internet access—packaged together as



the first truly interactive television experience. Within UltimateTV's 750 hours of interactive programming per week, viewers will be able to play along with game shows, participate in polls and respond to advertisements. The system's WebPIP (picture-in-picture) technology will let users chat, exchange e-mail and access the web in a small window while watching TV, or go online while keeping an eye on the game in the inset. If you should miss something, the receiver's digital recorder can store up to 35 hours of live television, allowing you to pause the program, rewind and even view the playback in slow motion. The UltimateTV box by Sony and RCA will cost \$400. Microsoft will charge a \$14.95 monthly subscription fee for the service, which includes unlimited Internet access, six e-mail addresses and 35 hours of recording time (subscriptions are sold separately for DirecTV). The company will also offer packages for users who prefer limited Internet time. —JASON BUHRMESTER

DIGITAL POCKET PICKINGS

The biggest hassle of shopping online is repeatedly typing in personal information and credit card numbers. But relief is on the way in the form of digital wal-

lets. Just as the leather variety holds your identification and credit cards, virtual billfolds from Microsoft, American Express, Mastercard, Visa, Citibank and others make it considerably easier to quickly purchase what you want. With Passport (passport.com), Microsoft's free wallet service, credit card data, along with shipping and billing information, are stored securely on a remote server. When shopping online, enrolled users can click on the Passport icon at participating "Express Purchase" merchant sites (hundreds are expected to be onboard by late 2001) and choose which credit card and shipping address they want to use. The transaction happens instantly. American Express' digital wallet option (americanexpress.com/igotblue) is part of its Blue smart credit card service and requires a stand-alone card reader (\$25) that connects to the USB or serial port of Windows computers (and Macs later this year) or Compaq's Reader Keyboard (\$60). Card owners who want to purchase a product at a participating site just swipe or insert their card and enter a PIN. The card reader automatically fills in the merchant order form and makes sure the transaction is secure. Because the Blue card contains a chip, American Express can upgrade features as they become available and offer them for users to download through their card readers. Other digital wallet options can be found at infogate.com, gator.com and wallet.yahoo.com. —BETH TOMKIEW

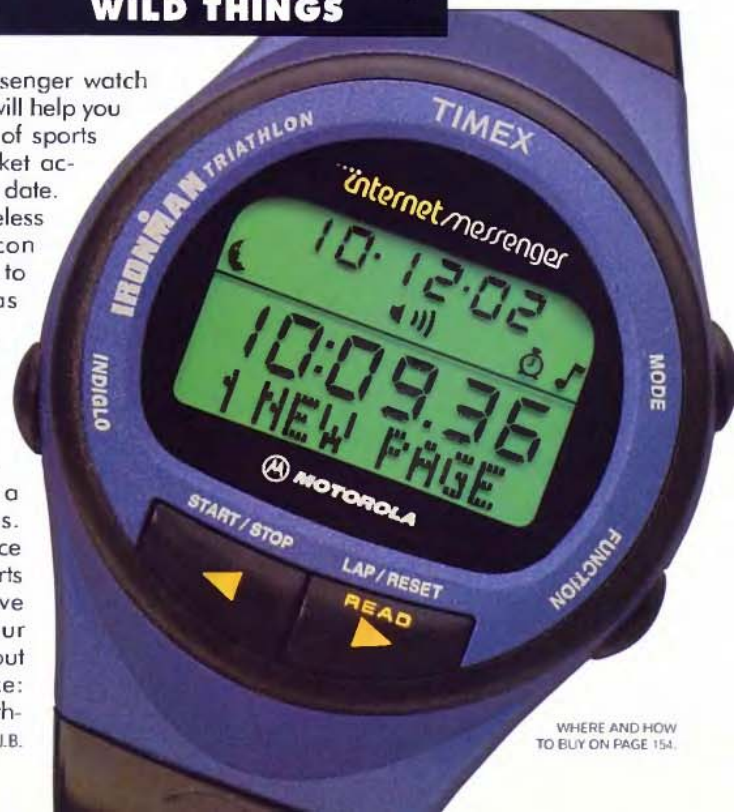
GAME OF THE MONTH



An offer you can't refuse is Mafia, a new PC game by TalonSoft. Starting as a lowly foot soldier for Don Salieri, you handle unsavory tasks for the family with the hopes of becoming a "made" man. To work your way up you'll carry out day-to-day duties (such as collecting protection money) as well as special assignments, ranging from tommy gun-style hits on rival families to the pilfering of evidence from the office of a would-be prosecutor. To avoid getting snagged by the police, you'll also serve as getaway driver in one of 60 authentic Thirties vehicles, including Model Ts and roadsters. If you get pinched, just remember—you didn't see nothing. —J.B.

WILD THINGS

The new Internet Messenger watch from Timex (pictured) will help you discreetly stay on top of sports scores and stock market action while on your next date. By utilizing SkyTel wireless services, the watch can receive and store up to 16 messages (such as e-mails from friends, stock market updates, weather reports and sports scores) and can be set to sound a musical chime or silently vibrate when a new message arrives. That way when you place a sizable bet on a sports team, you won't have to keep checking your watch while making out at a movie. (The price: about \$100, plus a monthly service charge.) —J.B.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.



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By LEONARD MALTIN

LIV TYLER is a beautiful woman. To those who don't find this a news flash, there is little to recommend about *One Night at McCool's* (USA Films) except for the chance to ogle Tyler through the eyes of three besotted men who each see her in a different light. These lunkheads are well played by Matt Dillon (as a good-hearted schnook), John Goodman (a Catholic cop who's guilt-ridden about his lust for her) and Paul Reiser (a smarmy lawyer who's only interested in kinky sex). Michael Douglas, who produced this one-note comedy, has a small but amusing role as a hit man with a pompadour, and Andrew Dice Clay, billed here under his real name, Andrew Silverstein, takes on a dual role as twin brothers with attitude to spare. There are funny moments intermittently, but the film is distressingly monotonous; the producers might fare better by just releasing Tyler's soapy car-wash scene as a stand-alone music video. At least it's sexy. **★★**

A film based on a Thomas Hardy novel is not likely to offer up a fun evening, and Michael Winterbottom's *The Claim* (United Artists) doesn't disappoint in that regard. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* has been reset to wintry California in 1867, during the tail end of the great gold rush. The boss (Peter Mullan) of Kingdom Come runs his community with an iron hand but doesn't count on the arrival of his dying wife (Nastassja Kinski) and their daughter (Sarah Polley), both of whom

he sold years ago in exchange for gold. Nor does he have a hold on the Central Pacific railroad engineer (Wes Bentley) who may or may not decide to run the line alongside the town. Although the atmosphere is rich and the performances

when a movie is dramatically unsound. Johnny Depp gives a characteristically fine performance as a young guy who's determined never to be poor like his working-class dad (Ray Liotta). When he moves in the Sixties to southern Califor-



Tyler: McCool and sudsy.

strong in this moody drama, the emotions are muted, to say the least. **★★½**

Blow (New Line) boasts that it's based on a true story, but truth is no defense

nia with his best friend and finds that selling grass is an easy way to make a few bucks, he dives in headfirst. Then he decides to cut out the middleman and goes to Mexico to buy his drugs direct; his ambition grows until he's the cocaine

Movie history is usually pursued in print. But now film scholars are getting competition from documentarians who ply their trade on cable TV and DVD. The growing demand for behind-the-scenes material on DVD has created a beehive of activity for a

FILM HISTORY ON A PLATTER

handful of freelance producers. Some of them are doing great work, though in a visual medium they must depend on interviewees and surviving background footage. With the ranks of Hollywood veterans thinning every month, there are fewer firsthand sources to put on camera, leaving the talking to movie experts and relatives of the original participants.

One happy exception is master cinematographer Jack Cardiff, still going strong at 86 and intelligently profiled by filmmaker Craig McCall from Home

Vision and Criterion Collection's DVD of the Powell-Pressburger classic *Black Narcissus*. Some years back, Martin Scorsese interviewed his hero, director Michael Powell (who died in 1990), for the laser disc release of this stunning Technicolor film. That audio track is now just one component of a rich DVD. McCall's complete work on Cardiff, *Painting With Light*, may never see wide release, but at least here it finds its proper audience.

American Movie Classics is about to air two exceptional documentaries produced by the prolific Kevin Burns. *Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days*, showing in June, not only gathers documents, footage and fresh interviews from some sources never mined before, but it also presents in finished form—newly scored, digitally cleaned up and letter-boxed—the 37 completed minutes of Monroe's

last film, *Something's Got to Give*.

This month, AMC will air *Cleopatra: The Film That Changed Hollywood*, one of the best movie-related documentaries I've seen. Burns worked for years to find raw footage and background material on this legendary 1963 bank-breaker, and the effort shows. One of his many coups was finding sequences from the aborted London production, when Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd were playing opposite Elizabeth Taylor. Even in the wake of *Titanic*, this saga of Hollywood profligacy and egos is astonishing. The sons and widow of Joseph L. Mankiewicz offer chilling and sometimes hilarious stories about the filmmaker's Sisyphus-like attempts to bring order out of chaos.

Here is a rare TV program that takes the time it needs to tell its story and rivals any book—it's a solid-gold nugget of movie history. —L.M.



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king of America. My problem was finding a reason to care about Depp's character. His refusal to learn from his mistakes and his willingness to go into business with all sorts of vermin make him a dubious hero for any story, even a "kids, don't try this at home" after-school special. As a consequence, the slick filmmaking, the attention to period detail over 15 years' time, dead-on casting and showy parts for everyone from Paul Reubens (as Depp's initial drug contact in California) to Australia's Rachel Griffiths (in an incredible turn as Liotta's haranguing wife, complete with Boston accent) to the beautiful Penelope Cruz (in the wildest role she's tackled yet), is for naught. In spite of Ted Demme's sure-handed approach to his material, *Blow* is all sound and fury, signifying nothing. ♫

•
The Dish (Warner Bros) has already enjoyed tremendous success in its native Australia, which isn't hard to figure out:

It's the story of how a group of Aussies played a role in the successful tracking of the historic Apollo 11 flight to the moon in 1969. Sam Neill heads a small team of scientists who operate an enormous satellite-dish tracking station in the middle of a sheep field in Parkes. The administrator who fought to build the dish is coming into his own, while the locals are preening over their homegrown success, which brings a visit from the American ambassador and their own prime minister. There are just a few hitches along the way, like a fractious relationship with the straight-arrow NASA representative (Patrick Warburton) who's been sent there to babysit, and a technical glitch so embarrassing that the tight-knit team is impelled to hide it from everyone until they can fix the problem. Made by Working Dog, the same four-filmmaker collective that was responsible for the earlier Aussie hit *The Castle*, *The Dish* is the living definition of a feel-good movie; its charm and appeal are universal. ♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films

by leonard maltin

Blow (See review) Johnny Depp is good as an ambitious young man who gets in on the ground floor of America's drug market in the Sixties. But he bites off more than he can chew. This well-told tale has everything but a point. Franka Potente, Paul Reubens and Penelope Cruz are members of the large ensemble. ♫

The Caveman's Valentine (Reviewed 4/01) Hermit Samuel L. Jackson emerges from his cave to solve a murder. I only wish he could explain this odd, unsatisfying film. ♫

The Claim (See review) Thomas Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge* is reinterpreted in the snowy climate of northern California in the 1860s—but this film is cold in more ways than one. Peter Mullan, Sarah Polley, Wes Bentley and Nastassja Kinski star. ♫½

The Dish (See review) This Aussie hit tells the whimsical (but true) story of a regional satellite dish that plays a crucial role in monitoring the flight of *Apollo 11* in 1969. Feel-good fare starring Sam Neill. ♫

Down to Earth (Listed only) Chris Rock hits bottom with this remake of *Heaven Can Wait*. ♫

Fifteen Minutes (4/01) Robert De Niro and Edward Burns team up to capture a pair of ruthless criminals whose major goal is instant TV stardom. Kelsey Grammer is the tabloid TV host who's ready to give it to them in this muscular melodrama from John Herzfeld. ♫

Hannibal (Listed only) A slow, stylish tease of a movie about the world's most elegant cannibal. Anthony Hopkins and Julianne Moore star. ♫½

One Night at McCool's (See review) Liv Tyler is idolized by three men who see her in three different ways. Matt Dillon, John Goodman and Paul Reiser co-star along with the film's producer, Michael Douglas, in this silly, undercooked concoction. ♫

Sugar and Spice (Listed only) Cheerleaders turn to crime in a self-satisfied comedy. Although Marley Shelton, Rachel Blanchard and a very funny James Marsden are certainly enthusiastic, this film rates no cheers. ♫

Sweet November (Listed only) Free spirit Charlize Theron adopts uptight advertising man Keanu Reeves for a month, to show him how to live a better life. This remake of the 1968 romantic drama never manages to be convincing, but it shows off its stars to good advantage. ♫

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

SCENE STEALER

FRANKA POTENTE. THE MOVIE THAT MADE HER AN "OVERNIGHT" SENSATION (AFTER A HEALTHY CAREER IN GERMAN FILMS): *Run, Lola, Run*. **COMING UP IN:** *Blow*, with Johnny Depp; *The Princess and the Warrior*, reuniting her with *Lola* director Tom Tykwer; and, next year, *The Bourne Identity*. **HER TAKE ON BOURNE IDENTITY CO-STAR MATT DAMON:** He's so relaxed and not at all full of himself, not at all. He jogs around Paris, and he's just a very nice and normal guy.

HOW SHE DESCRIBES HER NEW FILM BLOW WITH JOHNNY DEPP: It's like *The Godfather* meets *Boogie Nights*. My character is a total hippie sunshine girl, a stewardess.

HOW DID SHE PREPARE? I listened to the Mamas and the Papas all day. Ted Demme, the director, would just let us improvise; we had these parties on the beach, and it was really fun.

HOW DID THE SUCCESS OF RUN, LOLA, RUN AFFECT HER? I go to the States, people think I only did one movie. But the nice thing about it is that journalists have a fresh and curious view of you.

The people in my country, they've been following my career, which is also nice, but they just have a different view of it.

IS SHE COMPLETELY HONEST DURING INTERVIEWS? I always try to be honest and direct, and I really think about the questions.

On the other hand, you're trying to avoid certain things. I have to point out the positive, even though I would love to cry out, "It sucks!" **IS SHE REALLY A RUNNER?** No, not at all. Actually, I had to run for the scene today, and I hate it. You will never see me jog. On *Lola*, sometimes I had to run all day, and after we had done half the movie, I said, "You know what, guys? I want a running double." —L.M.





"I never went to film school and I never really had a lesson in filmmaking other than watching the great films," says William Friedkin. "I could—and I do—watch *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* about 20 times a year. And *All About Eve*, which I think has the most perfect screenplay ever written. *Citizen Kane*, of course, plus *Singin' in the Rain* and all other Gene Kelly-Stanley Doren films, and Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*." As for horror, Friedkin is partial to Kathryn Bigelow's *Near Dark*, which he describes as "the best vampire film ever."
—LAURENCE LERMAN

WAR STORIES

It's bombs away on *Pearl Harbor* as fighting men Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett compete for the attentions of creamy Kate Beckinsale. It's like *Titanic*, with lots of sinking boats instead of just one. As always, WWII makes a good backdrop for intriguing stories beyond the battles.

***Aimée and Jaguar* (2000):** Talk about *verboten* love. Jewish lesbian Maria Schrader—"Jaguar" to her lovers—sweeps lovely hausfrau Juliane Köhler off her feet in 1943 Berlin. Excellent sex scene. It's based on a true story.

***Eye of the Needle* (1981):** Superb suspense in a Ken Follett story. As a Nazi spy working in England, Donald Sutherland encounters—and beds—Kate Nelligan on his way to reveal secrets about D-Day to Hitler. When she learns who he is, it's showtime.

***Mephisto* (1981):** Klaus Maria Brandauer is an actor in Berlin who finds fame and fortune when a play of his is used as propaganda by the Nazis. Symbolism abounds in this Oscar winner for best foreign film.

***Mediterraneo* (1991):** This one sneaks up on you with its romantic charm. Italian soldiers are stationed on a picturesque Greek island where they watch for enemy ships that never come and where they play in the surf with the lovely native women whose husbands are away at the front. It won the Oscar for best foreign picture.

***Hope and Glory* (1987):** Director John (Deliverance) Boorman's autobiographical tale of life among the ruins of London

during the blitz is heartfelt—and horrifying when the bombs fall.

***Comedian Harmonists* (1997):** This overlooked gem follows the wildly successful career of a Berlin vocal group that becomes a favorite of the rising Nazi party—until it's discovered that three of them are Jewish. Great music and terrific performances, and based on a true story.

***The Big Red One* (1980):** Gruff sergeant Lee Marvin leads a small squad of riflemen across North Africa in a quest to discover the nature of war—and to kill Nazis. Director Sam Fuller's message is moving, his violence elegant.

***Cross of Iron* (1976):** Violence-master Sam Peckinpah sinks his teeth into WWII and finds a compelling story: Sergeant James Coburn begins to question military loyalty as the Russians begin to kick their Nazi asses. Great tank fights.

***I Bombed Pearl Harbor* (1961):** The Japanese version of the attack, told by a flight navigator. There's a happy ending—his ship is sunk at Midway. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

A review headline for the 1996 hit *The Rock* screamed, "Is this the loudest movie ever made?" If you've sunk more than a thousand bucks on a DVD-equipped A/V system, the two-disc Criterion Collection DVD (\$40) of the film will float to the top of your demonstration-disc pile. Nominated for the best sound Oscar in 1997, *The Rock* paired Sean Connery and Nicolas Cage in an assault on Alcatraz, where military nut Ed Harris was threatening to bomb San Francisco. Director Michael Bay, producer Jerry Bruckheimer, Cage and Harris are among the voices offering commentary on Criterion's

AT LAST!

David Lean's 1962 Academy Award-winning epic *Lawrence of Arabia* makes its long-awaited DVD debut in a two-disc package (Columbia Tristar, \$40) that is the video equivalent of a great coffee-table book. A feat of cinematic daring, *Lawrence* promises to test the technical limits of every fan's DVD player and TV. The DVD's background features—including four documentaries on various aspects of the film and a conversation with director Steven Spielberg—offer insights into how insane it was to make this film in the first place. They will never make anything like this ever again. Alas. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

Rock, which benefits from a new digital transfer enhanced for 16x9 televisions. The second disc sports a *Rock*-specific episode of the cable series *Movie Magic*, plus enough interviews, storyboards and background features to plan your own Alcatraz adventure. The real showpiece, though, is the scene where Cage, in a Ferrari, pursues the Humvee-driving Connery through the streets of San Francisco. Electrifying in its excess, this scene seems made for testing your A/V system, and your lease.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	<i>Unbreakable</i> (invulnerable Willis commiserates with brittle-boned Jackson; director Shyamalan's lean <i>Sixth Sense</i> follow-up), <i>Charlie's Angels</i> (Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz and Lucy Liu giggle, jiggle and kick ass; aims low, hits).
FUTURISTIC ACTION	<i>The 6th Day</i> (Schwarzenegger gets cloned, gets mad and gets even; by-the-numbers Arnold, but freshly painted and fun), <i>Red Planet</i> (<i>Mission to Mars</i> meets <i>Pitch Black</i> ; top-notch cast—led by Val Kilmer—lessens the overfamiliarity).
FEEL-GOOD DRAMA	<i>Men of Honor</i> (Gooding Jr. breaks the Navy's post-WWII racial barrier and wins redneck De Niro's respect; inspiring), <i>The Legend of Bagger Vance</i> (caddy Will Smith fills Matt Damon's emotional divots; par for director Redford's course).
ROMANCE	<i>Girl on the Bridge</i> (suicidal babe brightens sideshow knife-thrower's outlook; sweet French fable from <i>Ridicule</i> director Patrice Leconte), <i>Bounce</i> (Ben Affleck dogs Gwyneth Paltrow, whom he inadvertently widowed; quality schmaltz).

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

DROP A HINT

Everybody knows the type. I used to work in an office with a guy by the name of Andy, who was a dog breeder in his spare time. Unfortunately, the only thing Andy ever talked about was his mutts. He would corner people in their cubicles and bore them stupid with various cute puppy stories. Finally, a few of us decided it was time to send him an anonymous letter, kindly requesting him to stifle the canine banter. It was a cowardly thing to do, but it worked. He never mentioned any of his dogs again. Every office or neighborhood has an Andy—that special person who bugs the hell out of everyone else. **MsReality.com** to the rescue! It has prewritten e-mails that you can anonymously send to the people who bug you. Dozens of subjects are covered, including bad breath, boasting, interrupting, untrustworthiness and crotch grabbing. (Oh—MsReality also answers delicate queries, such as what to tell a good friend when you know his wife has been having an affair.) I was amazed to discover a letter for people who brag about their pets. I wonder if Andy, wherever he may be these

Already

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days, has recently received any e-mail from MsReality.

WIRELESS CHARITY

I had four cell phones. Three of them were in a drawer, castoffs from old service plans. I was going to throw them away because I thought they were worthless. I sold one of the phones on e-Bay but got only five bucks for it, which certainly wasn't enough to make it worth the hassle of putting it in a box and taking it to the post office. Then a friend of mine told me about wirelessfoundation.org, a Motorola-sponsored group that provides donated cell phones to victims of domestic violence. When you mail your cell phone (working or broken) to the address on the site, it gets reprogrammed to make calls to 911 and a local domestic violence shelter. (The Cellular Telecommunications Industry Association donates the airtime.) The Wireless Foundation is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization, so you are able to write off the phone donation as a charitable contribution.

THIS E-MAIL ADDRESS WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN FIVE MESSAGES

When I visit a website that asks me for my e-mail address, I usually enter a phony one, because I don't want to end up on a spammer's list. But some websites force you to give them your real address by e-mailing you a confirmation code that

you need to enter the site. When that happens, I use spamgourmet.com, a cool free service that lets you create temporary e-mail addresses. You specify the number of times the e-mail address will work, and after that, everything sent to it is trashed immediately.

SOMEDAY MY PRINTS WILL COME

My digital camera is swell, but I wouldn't think of throwing away my 35mm Canon. When I use real film, I mail it to Snapfish.com. For \$1.69 per roll to cover shipping and handling, Snapfish will develop and print pictures and mail them to you. Snapfish uses Kodak paper and the quality is as good as you get at any of those one-hour places. It also makes high-

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Home | FREE Music

myplay

YOUR MUSIC COLLECTION - ONLINE

Open a music Locker

Store your music online

Listen anywhere

FREE MUSIC LOCKER.

THE MUSICAL WEB

E-mail was the Internet's first killer app, and it's becoming clear that music is the second one. There are so many great new music services coming online that it's hard to keep up. I just came across myplay.com, which lets you store up to three gigabytes of MP3 files on its servers. You can then play back your library as streaming files using Real Player or Microsoft Media player. The neatest thing about myplay.com is that you can hear other people's collections—there are hundreds available now, arranged by style, and more are sure to come as people get turned on to the site.

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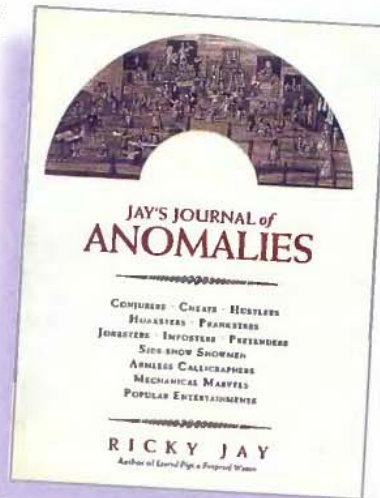
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HOW ODD

Just so there's no misunderstanding the subject matter of *Jay's Journal of Anomalies* (Farrar Straus and Giroux), the publisher has thoughtfully provided an exhaustive list on the cover: conjurers, cheats, hustlers, hoaxsters, pranksters, impostors, pretenders and jokesters. Adding to the appeal of the material is the identity of the author: Ricky Jay, the sleight-of-hand artist who has staged television specials and acted in David Mamet's films. In *Learned Pigs and Fireproof Women*, Jay demonstrated his literary talents and interest in unusual popular entertainment. *Jay's Journal* is a collection of these oddities that he began publishing as a quarterly in 1994. It's filled with illustrations and reprints of playbills from the author's personal files. Oofy Gooft, a 19th century glutton for punishment who played San Francisco bars and charged people a dime for the pleasure of punching him, and John Metcalf, a blind 18th century bowling hustler who was able to determine the rake of the green by feel, are two of the bizarre characters in the book. Wisely, Jay lets the tales tell themselves. What he cannot restrain is his delight in discovering and relating them. And, at your next cocktail party, you won't either.

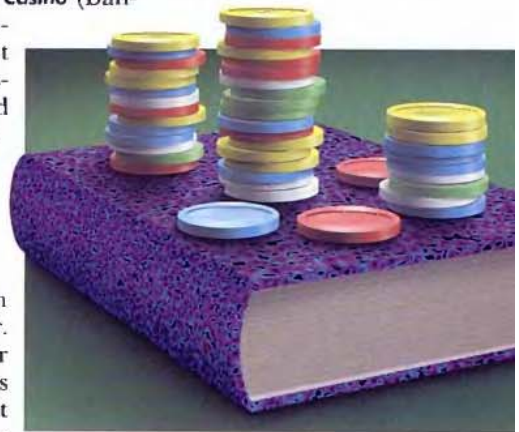
—PAUL ENGLEMAN



THE BUCK STOPS HERE

"Las Vegas is like a parasite that feeds on money," a gambler once groused to British author A. Alvarez. "It sits here in the middle of the desert and produces absolutely nothing." Three current surveys of the casino capital, including Alvarez' winningly illustrated *Poker* (Chronicle), find that opinion debatable. Sally Denton and Roger Morris, in their muckraker *The Money and the Power* (Knopf), place their bets on the negative view and link Vegas to most of our recent dark hours, including the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and the Watergate break-in. Accentuating the positive instead, Pete Earley's *Super Casino* (Bantam) focuses on today's opulent, but family-friendly, desert Oz. Breezy and informative, it covers everyone from power brokers Steve Wynn and Glenn Schaeffer to the pit bosses, showgirls and even a wistful hooker. But it's poker lover Alvarez who sees Vegas as a resort designed "to take money from vacationers by cashing in on their dreams and never giving a sucker an even break." Still, he admits that despite losing, "I love the energy of the place, the arrogance and brutal swagger." No matter its ties, either to Mob or to family, our fascination with Las Vegas lives on.

—DICK LOCHTE

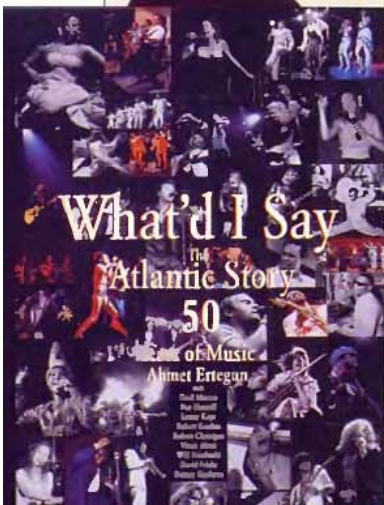


ARBEI SENNETT

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Money wasn't always the most important music to a record executive's ears. At Atlantic Records, talent—that pesky tribute always tripping up some of today's Grammy nominees—mattered much more. Featuring 1200 photos, *What'd I Say* (Welcome Rain) chronicles the 50-year history of Atlantic Records. Using a \$10,000 loan from his dentist, co-founder Ahmet Ertegun (who grew up in Turkey) brought jazz and rhythm and blues greats John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Aretha Franklin, Ben E. King and Ruth Brown to a small recording studio in Manhattan. During the early heyday of rock and roll, Atlantic continued to produce albums for only the best—the Rolling Stones, Cream, AC/DC, Led Zeppelin and, yes, Phil Collins. The label made music that will be listened to until humans go the way of the dinosaurs, and its executives deserve as much credit as do the musicians. We can even forgive them for unleashing Debbie Gibson and Jewel on the world. Almost.

—PATTY LAMBERTI



FOREPLAY
Gil King's *The Art of Golf Antiques: An Illustrated History of Clubs, Balls and Accessories* (Running Press) includes photos of antique trick-shot clubs and presidential sticks, charming anecdotes about historic duffers and a collector's glossary. —ALISON LUNDGREN

EXTRA PADDING AND A CHILLY BUST
You'll find these and much more in *1000 Extra/Ordinary Objects* (Toschen), produced by photographer Oliviero Tosconi. This catalog of multicultural curios includes a furry penis ring called the Arobion



Goot's Eye, a set of finger tools designed for female masturbation, full-bottom padding, a breast lifter called Bust'Ice and even a penis pump. The best part? A buying guide. Who among us doesn't covet bulletproof underwear?—HELEN FRANGOULIS





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By ASA BABER

ONE OF MY longtime readers sent me an e-mail with a challenge. He maintained that men subscribe to *PLAYBOY* for two reasons: (1) to enjoy the photographs of beautiful women and (2) to learn from reading the magazine how to seduce them. In his opinion, I was not focusing enough on sex advice. To meet the needs of my audience, I should give readers more-frequent counsel on the ways and means of getting laid.

He had a point. So what follows are some facts about the gentle art of wooing and seducing those tender members of the female sex. Take what you can use and discard the rest. To those puritans who do not agree with this approach and charge me with pandering to the lowest common denominator, I plead guilty. Love us or hate us, guys think about sex and seduction eight days a week. Welcome to our fun house:

(1) *Seduction takes time and energy.* You have this fantasy: You find yourself at a party. A stunning woman you have never seen grabs your hand and pulls you into the bathroom and locks the door and bares her breasts and shoves them in your face as she tears off her panties and unzips your fly and pulls out your cock and whispers in your ear (just before she sticks her tongue in it), "Fuck me hard, you hunk of burning love."

If this kind of thing happens to you frequently, you should be writing the *Men* column and I should go back to moving freight and furniture for a living. But let's face it: Most of us are not that lucky when it comes to meeting and greeting the opposite sex. Fact number one? Seduction takes time and energy and *work*, and quickies with exotic females are rare events.

(2) *For her, the connection has to be psychological before it can be physical.* You spy a winsome wench strolling along the boulevard, and your body goes on red alert. You are ready to boogie instantly, no questions asked. Questions? Fuck questions. You like the package and you see no need for conversation or dating. "Let's just do it!" you want to say to her.

But the problem is genetic. You, the horny male, were programmed to propagate the human race with the billions of sperm you produce every week. Your quarry, however, has only one fertilizable egg per month. It is a numbers game, and you lose. She has to be more careful and selective than you do—which can leave you panting, "Please, baby!" while she smiles and says, "No, thank you."

In other words, if you're not the right dude, she wants her eggs to stay safe in their carton and your sperm will have to be self-released.



SEDUCTION: THE FACTS

(3) *The shortest distance between two points is best bridged by humor.* This is a matter of human physics. The quickest way to a foxy woman's heart is through humor—but not just any humor. The humor that works best with women today is of the politically correct, self-deprecating variety. (FYI, the man who humiliates himself sleeps with the fish, but the man who stays prideful sleeps with his fist.)

Did you ever notice how many guys put themselves down—and how many women love that routine and assume that a guy who knocks himself and his sex (see most TV sitcoms or any Woody Allen movie) is modest and cuddly and nonthreatening—and therefore deserving of a little nookie? "Me, I'm such a schmuck. I can't do anything right. Compared with you, good lady, I'm a slob." That's the message girls want to hear, not dumb-blond jokes. Get her laughing at you and you increase your odds of a sympathy fuck, which can lead to better things later.

(4) *Once in bed with her, save your gymnastics for the Olympics.* This is a tough one to mention, especially to you guys who grade your lovemaking on degrees of difficulty and angles of complexity. Once upon a time, I was one of you and thought my status as a lover depended on trying every position and technique in the book. But it ain't necessarily so.

For one thing, you might scare the poor dear. "Here, honey," you say, "I'll swing from these rings in the ceiling while you bend backward over those vibrating parallel bars next to the pommel horse." For another thing, remember what Uncle Ace always says: "The clitoris needs constant attention, not irrelevant

showboating." To be blunt, you can get so involved with your own dexterity that you forget your manly duty, which is only a flick of the tongue or a stroke of the finger away.

(5) *Even if you are cynical and opportunistic as a seducer of women, she may have you hog-tied and branded before you know it.* Women are like cattle rustlers. They ride along, just outside the herd, looking and checking and surveilling, and when they find someone they like, they lasso his ass with a move so fast and sneaky that most men never see it coming. Cowgirls rarely get the blues because they're in charge and they do the picking.

I used to have the illusion that I was in charge. I'd fall into a few casual conversations with a woman who appealed to me, and most of the time I'd be proud of how clever I was being. I thought I was setting her up for the kill, but that was because I was already dead meat in the stockyards of life. Later, I would learn that she had maneuvered me into those supposedly innocuous discussions. She had culled me from the herd before I knew it was a cattle drive. So the next time you think you made the first move and you're running the show, clear your muddled mind of its ridiculous conceit.

(6) *Love is never having to say, "You're pregnant?" or "I'm diseased."* Our walk down Seduction Road brings us certain obligations as we pursue (and are pursued by) the women of our choice. It is our job as men to assume *total* responsibility for birth control and disease prevention. It may be true that an erect penis has no conscience, but it is also true that our brains are not in our balls. So always take the condom nearest you and use it. Be a real mensch by not placing your fate in someone else's hands.

(7) *Genuine friendship with a woman can lead to deeper and better things.* As much as it might pain you to hear it, the best sex and finest love grows out of friendship. This means doing simple things together—simple clean things—like taking walks and going to movies and allowing a natural progression in your hearts and minds. And the opposite is also true: If you find the nymphomaniac of your dreams and the sex starts early and often, beware. It's almost over.

Those are some of the facts about seduction, as promised. Any way you slice it, we are talking about the world's greatest sport, indoors or outdoors. No other activity on this great green earth can be more filled with reverberations of love and lust, playfulness and drama, teasing and pleasing, tenderness and pain, tension and release. Nothing can match it and nothing can stop it. Lucky us!



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Complaints about noise and pollution have made personal watercraft the outcasts of the shore. Now you can ride guilt free aboard the Bombardier Sea-Doo RX DI (pictured above), which features technology that significantly reduces sound and exhaust emissions. (Watercraft World named it Watercraft of the Year for 2000.) Solo, you can hit 62 mph. With you and a toil gunner, the 130 hp engine still delivers plenty of oomph to power you through turns. Other features: reverse gear, a digital anti-theft system and a stowage compartment. The price: about \$8600. Check sea-doo.com for more information and a look at some of the company's other machines.

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Skew It

Stick the fun back into entertaining. Food that's been stabbed has a casual charm, whether it's sesame-crusted salmon with pineapple-miso sauce (right) or fudge brownies pierced with miniature candy cones. Mary Barber and Sara Whiteford pick up the sticks in their Chronicle Books softcover *Skewer It* (\$17.95). They even include a few drink recipes that call for skewered garnishes. Call Chronicle at 800-722-6657 to order a copy.



MANTRACK

The Jackson Five

We asked Michael Jackson, author of the *New World Guide to Beer* and quaffer extraordinaire on his show *The Beer Hunter*, to pick his five favorite summer brews. Berliner Weisse, a sparkling wheat beer that Napoleon's troops described as "the champagne of the north" leads off his list. "The beer is so tart that Germans calm it with raspberry syrup." It's served in glassware that resembles oversize champagne saucers. Second are the red ales of Flanders. Jackson describes them as "sharply refreshing, with a taste that reminds some of passion fruit. Rodenbach is the one to look for." His third choice: Belgian wheat beers flavored with curaçao, orange peels and cariander seeds. "One of the best comes from the Brooklyn Brewery. It's called Blanche de Brooklyn." Jackson's fourth pick is New Glarus Wisconsin Belgian Red ("a wonderful fruit beer"). Last is Anchor Brewing's unusual Small Beer, a light, low-in-alcohol second brewing of its strang wintry beer Old Foghorn. All of Jackson's selections are available in the States.



Night Moves: Brussels

There's much more to nightlife in Brussels than the restaurants ringing the Grand Place, its rococo main square. Start the evening at À la Mart Subite (rue Montagne-aux-Herbes Patagères 7), a 19th century cafe with dark-wood banquettes and walls the tone of tobacco. The cafe's eponymous beer, which translates as "sudden death" (for a rule in a Belgian dice game), comes in several flavors—including peach. Or check out the extravagant fin-de-siècle Cafe Métropole in the Hôtel Métropole (Place de Brauckère 31). Part of De Ultieme Hallucinatie (rue Royale 316) is a casual tavern, but the glory of this art nouveau fantasy is the brass-and-stained-glass-adorned dining room, where the foie gras—house-made goose liver terrine and sautéed duck liver—is as splendid as the setting. Restaurants abound along "fish market square," and one of the best is wood-paneled La Truite d'Argent (Quai au Bois à Brûler 23). Order the whale grilled trout with almonds and a crisp white Bardeaux. For *maules et frites*, try Raue d'Or (rue des Chapeliers 26), a brasserie whose walls are covered with murals in the style of René Magritte. Magritte himself hung out at La Fleur en Papier Daré (rue des Alexiens 55), a funky three-room nightclub plastered with surrealist memorabilia. It's the perfect stop for a nightcap. If you're in the mood for more suds (and who wouldn't be in this beer-loving town?), take a cab to Maeder Lambic (rue de Savoie 6B), a plain, late-night pub with an alphabetized list of about 1000 brews.



Face It, Man

Shaving lotions used to rule the bathroom cabinet. Then came shaving balms. Now it's all-in-one treatment creams, which soothe and moisturize the skin while sloughing off old cells (and most contain antioxidants to combat aging). Super Lift Off by Aramis Lab Series for Men and Polo Sport Face Fitness by Ralph Lauren both feature a sun-protection ingredient as well. But if you really treasure your face and want to spoil it, you'll want to try Z. Bigatti Re-Storation Skin Treatment, a product filled with an alphabet of vitamins and acids. Price: \$150 for a two-ounce jar. Dab it on sparingly.

Guys Are Talking About ...

Crossover vehicles. The Audi all-road Quattro (below) is one hell of a hill-and-gully rider. We tore up Colorado tarmac checking its 250-horsepower, V6 bi-turbo engine, then hit the pneumatic suspension button to raise the car's clearance level by 2.6 inches for an hour of off-roading. Folding the rear seat gives you 73.2 cubic feet of space. This is a hauler that really hauls. Base price: \$41,900. • **Energy drinks.** One of the newest is Anheuser-Busch's 180, an orange-flavored product that's lightly carbonated and loaded with vitamins B₆, B₁₂ and C plus guarana. Busch says the name 180 communicates "the turnaround or energetic lift people look for in an energy drink." We downed an eight-ounce can and partied for hours. Look for 180 in supermarkets and convenience stores. Bars and restaurants will be stocking it, too.





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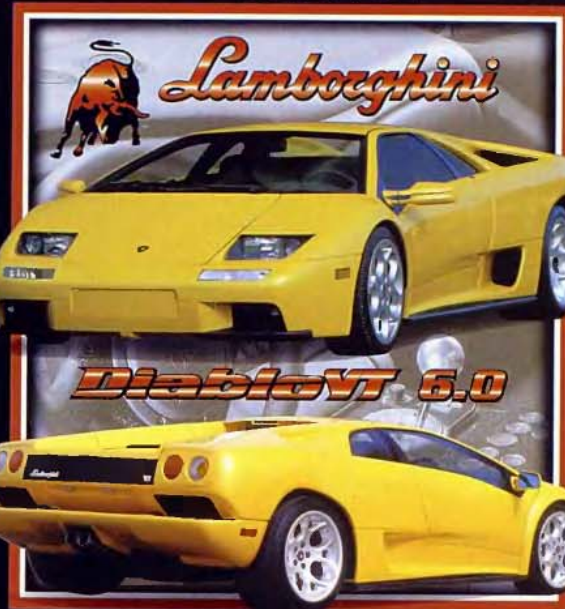


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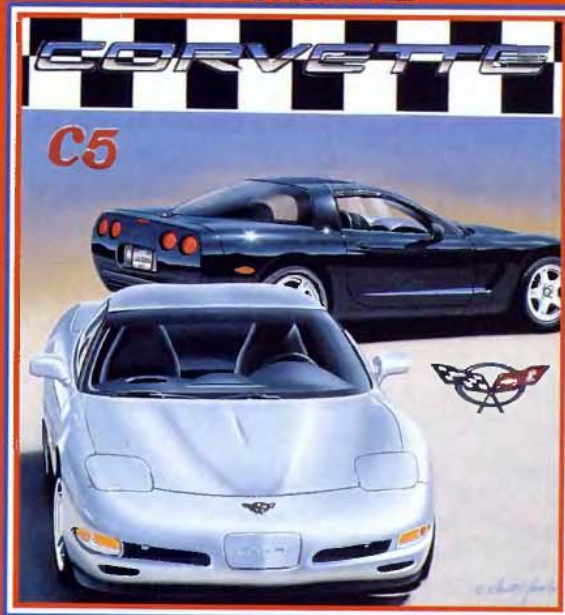


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The Playboy Advisor

Last week, after I had brought her to orgasm, my wife got out of bed, reached into her dresser and pulled out a pair of silk panties. When I asked what was going on, she said, "Put these on." I asked, "Why?" She said, "Trust me." I pulled the panties over my hard-on, and she straddled me to rub my cock and kiss it through the silk. She then slid over me and began grinding her hips, telling me how good my cock encased in silk felt against her pussy. I had one of the most intense orgasms I can recall. I would love to repeat the experience, but does enjoying it so much classify me as a weirdo?—T.B., Anaheim, California

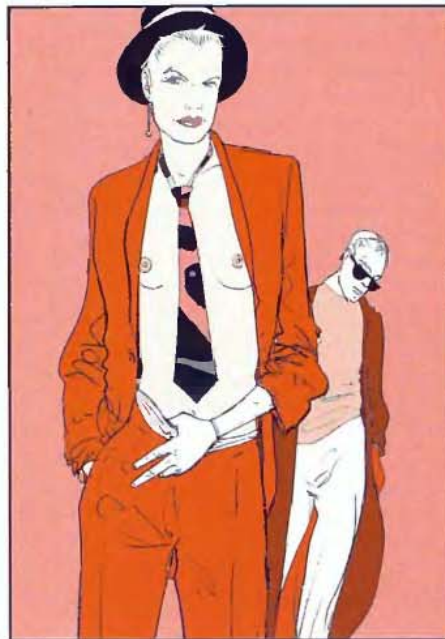
No. Some people might consider you weird if you wore her panties to work, but what guy hasn't done that?

I'm a college senior and would like to expatriate myself to Australia for six months or so. How do I get a work permit or hook up with an employer who pays cash?—E.S., Chicago, Illinois

It's easier to get a permit than to trust someone who would pay cash. Any American age 18 to 30 can work legally in Australia for up to four months and in New Zealand for up to a year. Ten other countries offer short-term permits for full-time college students or for those within one semester of having finished or left school. The British Universities North America Club (800-462-8622 or www.bunac.org) can help you work legally in Australia and New Zealand, and the UK Council Exchanges (888-268-6245 or www.councilexchanges.org) handles permits for Canada, France, Ireland, Germany and Costa Rica. It also places Americans of all ages in jobs teaching the English language in China. Canadians age 30 and younger may contact the exchange group SWAP at swap.ca. Each program has big-city offices that can help you find work and accommodations.

About 30 years ago I saw the French film *Shoot the Piano Player*. In one scene, the lead character is awakened by a knock on the door and he answers in the buff. The visitor asks if he always sleeps in the nude and he says, "It's healthier that way." The film inspired me to sleep nude, and I've done so ever since. My wife of 20 years also sleeps nude and we have great health, so obviously it's not unhealthy. I can't imagine wearing anything as constricting as underwear to bed. I have read that approximately 20 percent of men and six percent of women sleep naked. But is there any evidence that sleeping in the nude is healthier?—J.W., San Diego, California

Not that we could find, though it certain-



ly does wonders for your sex life, and it also might help you get a better night's sleep. Your body temperature drops as you nod off, and researchers have found that if a person remains too warm, the depth and continuity of his or her sleep suffers. In that instance, losing your pajamas could be a good idea. We also located one highly questionable study that claims up to 60 percent of gynecological problems in Japan are caused by tight underwear worn to bed, but we'll endorse the research anyway, for the sake of Japanese men. You're also in good company: Famous nocturnal nudists include Al Gore, Pablo Picasso, Marilyn Monroe and, at one time, Alyssa Milano. "I used to sleep nude," she once explained, "until the earthquake in Los Angeles in 1994, when I saw a neighbor in his underpants and was like, OK, that's gross. I don't want to be that guy. I'm going to put on clothes now." For her male neighbors, that was the day's second disaster.

My girlfriend and I jog together. However, she refuses to shower with me afterward. Her only explanation is that she prefers to shower alone. Every woman I've dated has showered with me after running. Even a lesbian friend jumped in. After all, it's the best way to get your back scrubbed. I should let it go, but the thought of showering together is often my only incentive to exercise. Any suggestions?—C.D., Berkeley, California

Your girlfriend enjoys a hot shower after her workouts because it helps her relax. As much as she loves you, she can't let herself go when you're in there with her, waiting for or hogging the spray. Try these strategies: (1) Wait until your girlfriend is nearly done, then ask if you can jump in for "the transi-

tion." She may stick around. Alternately, let her shower alone, then invite her back in. (2) Offer to reach around the curtain to wash her hair. The scalp is an oft-neglected erogenous zone, and you may be surprised at her response. If she enjoys this but finds it cumbersome, she may invite you in. (3) Drop your demands, but show her what she's missing. Reserve a room at a luxury hotel that has a spacious shower, preferably with two nozzles, one on each end. If even there she wants to shower alone, we expect you'll be gaining some weight.

My boyfriend and I have been together for a year. We were kidding around and he told me my blow jobs were "just all right." I took offense but decided that the only way to prove otherwise was to let him see for himself. I told him to get blow jobs from three women I didn't know and report back to me. Just as I expected, he came back and told me how good I was and how much he appreciates what I do for him. I wanted to let your female readers know that if you trust your man and are secure in your relationship, you should dare him to compare. He'll return if you're better than "all right," and he'll be incredibly grateful.—J.S., Middle Island, New York

You make it sound like your boyfriend was gone for an hour. This is risky business, but you seem cocksure. Now, tell your boyfriend his tongue is "just all right."

In February you said that getting rid of a runner in a cigar was a lost cause. That's not always true. Thanks to a technique I learned from the good people at De La Concha Tobacconist at 57th and Sixth Avenue in New York, a tunnel can be recovered. Lick your thumb and wet the length of the cigar several times from the tip of the run to the end of the cigar. In many cases, this will slow down the rate of burn behind the tunnel, and allow the opposite side to "catch up." It doesn't work on every run, but it's worth a try.—P.L., New York, New York

Thanks for the tip. Several readers asked why you can't repair a runner by holding your lighter under the slower-burning side. The technique sounds simple but never works because typically the flaw continues for the entire length of the cigar. That explains why the De La Concha method gets the job done—sometimes.

Since prostitution is illegal everywhere except for a few counties in Nevada, how can escort services advertise in newspapers, magazines and the Yellow Pages? It seems they would be easy pickings for the vice squad. Also, let's say a guy were

to call for an appointment. How would he ask, without risking arrest, whether the woman is willing to have sex?—S.M., Chicago, Illinois

No need to ask; they know what you're after. The services walk a fine legal line, so caution is the watchword. The official deceit is that they hire out women for companionship, not sex. If mutual attraction leads to a hand job, blow job or intercourse, good for you. The police occasionally make arrests; in one case, the escort service owner's defense was that she led clients to believe they were getting "full service" but told the girls to provide only a strip show. (The jury didn't buy it.) If you're a clod and ask the booker or the escort outright if you can pay for sex, the conversation will end abruptly. It all seems silly, considering that we're talking about consenting adults behind closed doors, but the game for the most part keeps the moral authorities at bay. There are more guidelines at bigdoggie.net, where we learned that you shouldn't expect sex without a condom, anal sex, deep kissing or the chance to provide cunnilingus. If you're after something more intimate, you may enjoy a GFE, or girlfriend experience. According to BigDoggie, this typically includes "aspects of social and physical interaction beyond the act itself" and "the illusion or reality of passion on the part of the provider." That's the best you can hope for.

Oil companies, automakers and mechanics say you should change your oil every 3000 miles or three months. I've always thought that was just a ploy to get more business. Am I right?—C.O., San Mateo, California

There's no grand conspiracy; 3000 miles is considered the minimum for vehicles using petroleum oil that are subjected to "severe driving." That's the industry term for everyday life: stop-and-go traffic, idling for prolonged periods and short trips. But there are other factors to consider, such as climate. If you live in Miami, which has high heat and humidity, or endure the extremes of Chicago, it's wise to have the oil changed by the book. If you live in a milder spot such as southern California, you may be able to go 5000. If you're using a synthetic oil, you can wait 6000 to 7500 miles.

Do you have any strategies for picking up models? I don't want any of your usual coy or sarcastic bullshit, either. I need some practical advice.—G.T., New York, New York

You're making this difficult. We pick up models the same way we approach any beautiful woman—by introducing ourselves. But there are some rules. First, don't compliment her on her beauty. She hears that all day, along with dimwitted pickup lines. It's also painfully obvious, the equivalent of informing a tall person, "You're tall." Her beauty is nothing she has any control over, so it's hard to take as a compliment. Instead, comment on something she chose, such as her shoes, which are usually the last thing a guy no-

It sounds corny but it works. If you happen to know something about shoes, all the better. Or comment on her jewelry, such as a ring. Don't be overbearing, which translates as desperate, but also don't look uninterested in some weird attempt to be "mysterious." Make eye contact; let her take you in. Many guys have trouble with this, because uncommon beauty can be intimidating, and you look like you aren't listening or lack confidence. It almost goes without saying that you should be well dressed and well groomed. Being handsome is a plus, but if that's not an option, try to be rich. If you can, catch her when she doesn't have her war paint on—you may find her vastly more approachable. If you land a date, keep the physical stuff to a minimum initially, but make it clear that you like her. One of the great fears among models is that they're being set up as a trophy fuck. Ask for her e-mail address rather than a phone number, which allows you to show your hipness but also gives her some space. But then don't bombard her with bullshit messages like some cyberstalker. By the way, this advice applies to any woman you find attractive, not just the ones who appear in magazines.

I am a housewife, age 34. I've been happily married for 10 years. Our sex life is satisfactory but hardly what you'd call adventurous (he begs me to try lingerie and oral sex but I have done so only on rare occasions). Something happened recently that made me feel ashamed. My husband and I had gone to a mall. As we loaded our car before leaving, a young woman pulled into a space nearby. She opened her door and hit the car next to her. The man in the car jumped out and began screaming profanities and threatening her. When two construction workers came to her aid, the idiot began to verbally assault them. A fistfight broke out. One of the workers pulled a pair of pliers out of his tool belt and pinched the man's groin. He screamed in pain. By the time we arrived home a few minutes later, I was so horny I couldn't stand it. My husband unloaded the car, and I ran to the house to relieve myself. I had two of the most satisfying orgasms I've ever experienced. Since that day, I have enjoyed masturbation as never before; every time I think of that scene at the mall I become extremely aroused. But I also feel incredibly guilty. Have you ever heard of such a thing? I've never enjoyed pain or seeing anyone suffer.—C.W., Cleveland, Ohio

Ouch. Here's our theory as to why you became so turned on: Besides the menace in the situation, which would get anyone's blood flowing, you observed one person clearly demonstrating carnal power over another. You've always been a passive participant in sex; your husband has told you what he wants, but you aren't sure how to express your desires, or even how to discover what they might be. That's why you retreated to masturbate when you should have thrown

your husband on the hood of the car and told him, "I am so turned on. Fuck me—now." In a way this incident may be a godsend, because it's helped you get in touch with your inner dominatrix. Tell your husband that he can have his lingerie and oral sex, but only after he's on his knees. Does that idea turn you on? Explore it.

What is the correct way to wear a wing collar with a tux? I have always worn the collar points behind the tie, but in PLAYBOY's feature on tuxedos in January, some of the men wore the points in front.—T.L., Granger, Indiana

*It's traditional to tuck the tabs behind the tie, but you can pop them out too—at least for now. Fashion is fickle, and you may someday look around the party and find yourself one of its victims. Guys who hide their tabs don't worry about that. We tuck because our father did, and because it lifts and better displays our ties. Alan Flusser, author of *Style and the Man*, notes that the original wing collars of the 19th century were bone stiff, which made it impossible to flip the tabs. Today's wing-collar evening shirts aren't that sturdy. Instead, "they make most men look like mad scientists," Flusser writes, "because with one twist of the neck, the collar points crumble and roll over the tie."*

What do you think of this?

"On this day, I do wish and desire of my own free will to become the mistress of [man's name] for a period of seven years. During this period, I shall be given the support of the man to bear his children. We shall agree upon support and accommodation fees to assist the mistress with living costs and expenses. Her duties shall be to escort the man when called and to engage in intimate activities such as dating, romance and sex. She shall be treated with respect and also treat the man with respect. The man shall date and romance her and engage in sexual activities that satisfy both of them. During this time the mistress and the man shall be allowed to date and engage in activities with other partners as often as they desire."—H.G., San Jose, California

Only a fool would show that contract to a woman, because she might sign 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, which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*



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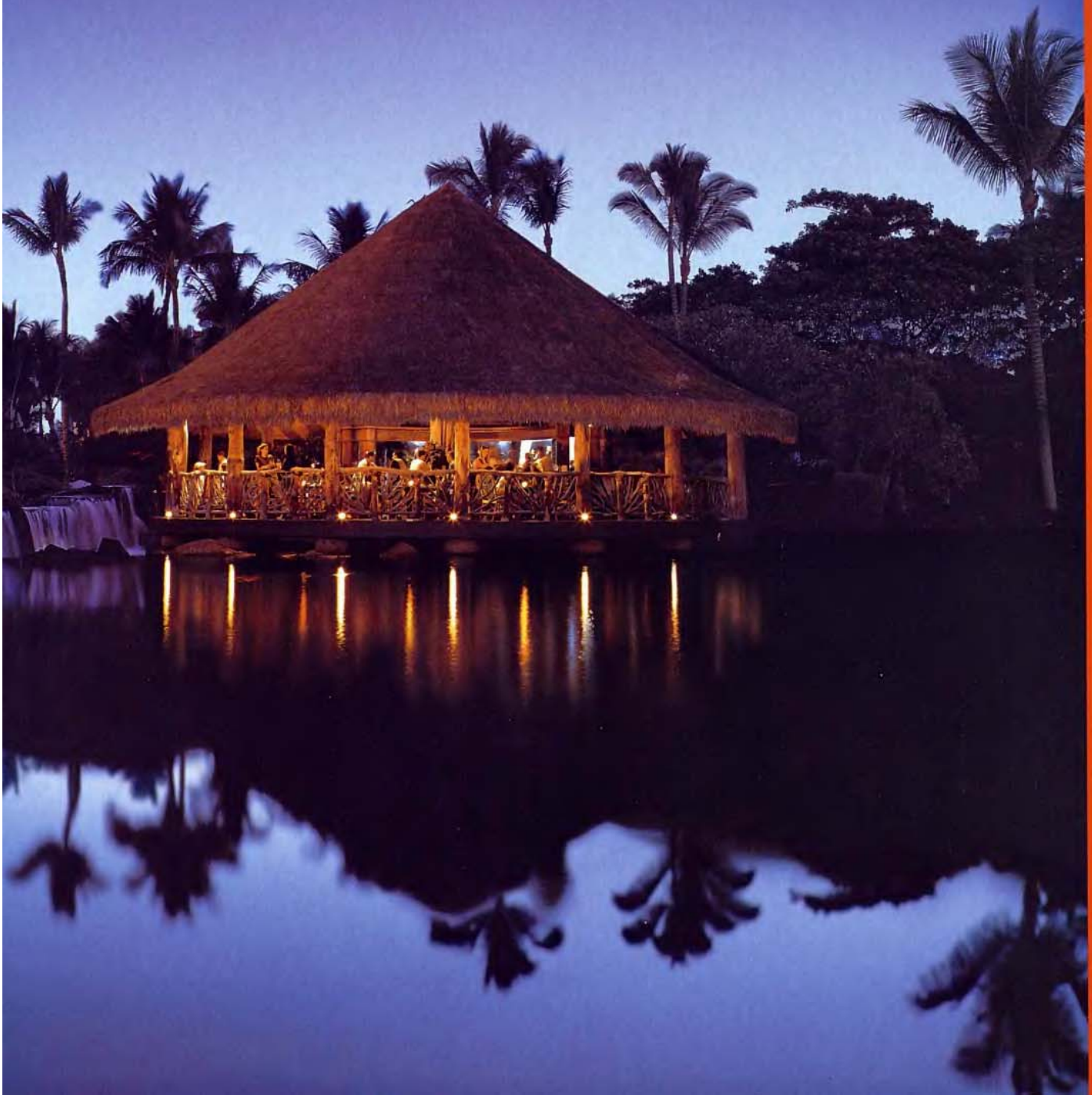
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When it comes to politics, sex is a real but unacknowledged driving force, the soft ideology that shapes campaigns and history. During the most recent presidential contest, *The Washington Post* reported this interesting fact: "In 1996 the Clinton campaign found that one of the best predictors of whether a voter was likely to vote for Clinton or Republican Robert Dole was the voter's response to five questions, all directly related to the sexual revolution: (1) Do you believe homosexuality is morally wrong? (2) Do you ever personally look at pornography? (3) Is religion very important in your life? (4) Would you look down on someone who had an affair while they were married? (5) Do you believe sex before marriage is morally wrong?"

The insight, although muddled somewhat by political posturing, was as true in the year 2000 as it was in 1996. Both parties tried to recruit God as a running mate. The Democrats, who tried to distance themselves from Monicagate, did little to champion gay rights. Bush repeated his support for abstinence ed. He also played the porn card in a fundraising letter, telling his supporters: "Pornography has no place in a decent society. If I am fortunate enough to be elected president, I will insist on vigorously enforcing the federal anti-pornography laws."

The gambit worked. In one measure, the Democrats won the regions where the highest percentage of the home video market is pornography, while the GOP reaped a harvest of votes among more-repressed states. Put one way, sex won the popular vote, but the censors won the electoral college—and perhaps, ultimately, the U.S. Supreme Court.

First Amendment advocates see the return of the old guard religious right as a serious threat. Jeffrey Douglas, the chairman of the board of directors of the Free Speech Coalition, told the industry trade magazine *Adult Video News* that "Bush and his staff will be picking not only the attorney general but probably five to seven of the top policymakers in the attorney general's office. The policymakers will be doing the targeting and choosing the range of punishments sought. Professional censors like Bruce Taylor and Robert Flores [currently with the National Law Center for Children and Families] have been trumpeting their return to Washing-

republicans and the religious right gear up for a war on porn

THEY'RE BACK



ton and that they intend to declare war on the adult industry."

John Ashcroft, Bush's attorney general, scores five for five on the hidden-agenda quiz, except that his views are hardly hidden. He has made clear his opposition to homosexuality, premarital sex, pornography and infidelity. In the past Ashcroft has worked with the Christian Coalition at conferences with such lofty titles as "Reclaiming America for Christ," events intended to motivate and equip Christians to fight evil in

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

their own backyards.

The religious right helped Bush win key states in the primaries. It costs him nothing politically to give them the pornography issue. During the confirmation hearings, no one questioned Ashcroft on his feelings about the First Amendment. As Douglas points out, the National Organization for Women can mobilize its members to defend a woman's right to choose, and the NAACP can tap 20 million African Americans on race questions, but no one can orchestrate or speak for the millions of people who enjoy porn.

Here are the flashpoints in the coming war on freedom:

Last year the U.S. Supreme Court decided that city officials in Erie, Pennsylvania had the right to require nude dancers to wear G-strings and pasties. The justices ruled that local governments could combat the "secondary effects" of adult businesses (crime, prostitution, etc.) without having to prove that such consequences actually existed. In the wake of that decision, 22 states introduced bills to police adult entertainment.

The decision—or optimism about a Republican presidential victory—seemed to empower local censors. Utah legislators created a new blue-nose position, officially titled "obscenity and pornography complaints ombudsman" but quickly dubbed "porn czar" by the media.

They were willing to pay an attorney \$150,000 per year to create a statewide moral nuisance law to respond to complaints from outraged citizens and to "restrict, suppress or eliminate" pornography.

The Utah legislature has a fine record of protecting that state's citizens from the evils of smut: It declared a Planned Parenthood booklet on condoms to be pornographic, it banned *PLAYBOY* from prisons and it wired public libraries with Internet filters. Lawmakers aren't the only ones concerned with public arousal. ZCMI, a local department store, reportedly filed the nipples off store mannequins. A local video chain offered to sell copies of the megahit *Titanic* with all nudity excised.

Utah wants to be squeaky clean on porn, so it's no surprise that Paula Houston, the first porn czar, is a 40-year-old avowed virgin. (We're not making this up.) Still, it appears she will have her work cut out for her. Last fall, prosecutors in Provo, Utah

took up what they saw as a slam-dunk case. Police had arrested Larry Peterman, owner of a chain of video stores that offered everything from Disney classics to films about the sexual adventures of nurses. The state charged Peterman with selling obscene material.

Peterman's attorney came up with a novel defense: He checked the pay-per-view records of the Marriott Hotel in Provo. Guests were consuming tons of erotic movies—about 3000 a year. Locals ordered some 20,000 adult videos from one satellite programmer. As *The New York Times* reported, "People in Utah County, a place that often boasts of being the most conservative area in the nation, were disproportionately large consumers of the very videos that prosecutors had labeled obscene and illegal.

And far more Utah County residents were getting their adult movies from the sky or cable than they were from the stores owned by Larry Peterman."

Peterman walked, although as in so many similar cases, the cost of his defense drove him out of business.

Interestingly, the *New York Times* article, "Wall Street Meets Pornography," chronicled the stake that mainstream companies have in the porn market. AT&T, Time Warner, General Motors, EchoStar Communications, Liberty Media, Marriott International, Hilton, On Command, LodgeNet Entertainment and the News Corp. all profit from adult films. Will Republicans go after the big boys? Unlikely. "Who would contribute to their next campaign?" Douglas asks.

Indeed, John Ashcroft makes a distinction. During his unsuccessful reelection campaign, he criticized former Missouri governor Mel Carnahan for "accepting money from pornographers." (Playboy Chief Executive Christie Hefner had donated \$2000.) The press noted that Ashcroft had accepted money from EchoStar, which provides adult fare through DishNet. Ashcroft's camp said there was a difference: EchoStar did not produce pornography, it merely sold it, while Playboy created its own videos and pictures.

The renewed war on porn will go after the little guy who is unable to afford a strong defense. Whether it will work remains to be seen. In recent years, the strategy of targeting mom-and-pop video owners has backfired. In John Ashcroft's home state, Jim Koetting, president of the local Citizens Against Pornography, conducted a one-man

crusade against the local video outlet. He rented *Rock Hard*, *Hotel Sodom* and *Anal Heat* from Family Video in O'Fallon, then pestered authorities to bring charges. Eventually they did.

Again, local prosecutors expected a slam dunk. According to one account, the assistant prosecutors involved in the case gave each other high fives in the hallway following jury selection

The renewed war on porn will target the little guy.

(the panel consisted of 12 women, average age 50). However, in closing arguments, defense attorney Paul Cambria was not deterred. "You know, Mr. Koetting here, he's not trying to solve a problem he has. He can solve that problem. He doesn't have to go to the store. He's trying to make a decision for you. He's trying to say, number one, you have a

problem and, number two, he's going to solve it. I'll tell you what'll happen: You convict here and tomorrow Mr. Koetting will be at the next store, and then next week he'll be at the next store, and then next month he'll be at the satellite place, and then he'll be at the cable place, and then he'll go to the Marriott Hotel, until they're all gone. And then one day, when you and your significant other decide that you want to have a little intimate time and maybe that would be something you'd like to rent, when you walk down to the store, Mr. Koetting's going to be standing there and he's going to ask, 'Hey, where are you going?' And you'll say, 'Well, I want to rent an adult tape.' And he's going to say, 'I got rid of them. You can watch the things I like. They're all still there.'"

The jury took 90 minutes to deliver a verdict of not guilty.

Prior to the most recent election, conservatives complained that the Clinton administration had a hands-off policy toward obscenity cases, especially on the Internet. While aggressively pursuing child porn (some 600 cases were initiated from November 1996 to October 1998), the feds logged just one adult Internet obscenity case.

Porn tends to be a local issue. Douglas reports that between 1987 and 1994, states brought more than 350 obscenity lawsuits against mom-and-pop stores, while none were brought against Internet providers. The vast majority resulted in guilty pleas and small fines. In that same period, the federal government launched two stings. In 1987,

Attorney General Ed Meese moved against at least 30 mail-order providers of porn. In 1990, the feds targeted manufacturers of pornographic videos. Many of those indicted went to jail. Under a legal loophole that reclassified fines as "liquidated forfeiture," the anti-porn squad raised almost \$21 million for its crusade.

Lawyers who work for the industry expect the Justice Department under Ashcroft to launch up to 80 prosecutions at a clip. Already, porn companies are comparing notes, trying to predict what Washington will go after. Scenes of interracial sex? Homosexual penetration? Gang bangs? Food used as a sex aid? Blindfolds? Spitting? Come shots that are "nasty"? Bukkake scenes, where groups of men masturbate onto lone women?

Expect the war to rage on a second front. Although conservatives charged that Clinton was soft on kid porn, his record shows the opposite. The Clinton administration championed the Communications Decency Act that would have drastically limited adult access to sex on the Internet, and also legislation that would have required filters on cable TV providers. All were based on the assumption that exposure to sexual images harms children. Despite that, the Supreme Court held that such acts violate the First Amendment.

Under the Republicans we will continue to see sexual demons. Bush inherits a federal committee with the impressive credentials of the National Academy of Sciences. Created by the Protection of Children From Sexual Predators Act, this group of academics, techies, children's advocates, librarians and religious leaders

But local prosecutors may not always have a slam dunk.

tour the country, holding hearings. The project has the unwieldy title Tools and Strategies for Protecting Children From Pornography on the Internet and Their Applicability to Other Inappropriate Internet Content. What happened to the sexual predators?

The road-show format, similar to that adopted by the Meese Commission in the Eighties, hit San Francisco in March and comes to Chicago in June. Some of the witnesses are a blast from the past. Ed Donnerstein, a communications professor whose studies made him the darling of the earlier pornography hearings, showed up to say that the Internet was creating a generation

of unfeeling zombies, inclined to violence: "As people watch more and more of this material, they become less and less bothered by it." Net surfers, Donnerstein warned, would become desensitized to violent sex, would seek arousal from violent behavior and, finally, would become more accepting of rape and aggressive behavior.

Jane Brown, a communications professor from the University of North Carolina who made it into the religious right's Rolodex with an early critique on the dangers of MTV, told the committee that magazines like *YM* spread the notion that it's bad to be a virgin, that soap operas and sitcoms such as *Murphy Brown* misrepresent the single-mother lifestyle, that porn causes men to objectify women and that the mainstream media are rife with "compulsory heterosexuality." The Internet, she believes, ups the ante by dramatically increasing young people's access to explicit sexual content. (The Internet also gives adults the chance to follow the hearings. Visit itasnrc.org for copies of developing testimony.)

Panel members, who so far include the director of the National Center for Prosecution of Child Abuse, the head of Morality in Media and the National Obscenity Law Center and a prosecutor from the Justice Department's Child Exploitation and Obscenity section, seem stacked against free expression.

The committee will look at the feasibility of technical solutions such as filtering software. Among the strategies being broadbanded about is the creation of an Internet red-light district. Adult businesses would be confined to a Net domain with a specific address, something akin to .xxx or .sex or .wan tonsluts or .minionsofsatan. The move would purge the .com, .edu and .org levels of disguised porn, unexpected sex images and unsolicited lust. (One of the most repeated anecdotes concerns the grandmother who, wanting to help her grandson with a paper, typed in whitehouse.com instead of whitehouse.gov and got an eyeful of naked women.) A sex-specific domain would allow one-stop blocking.

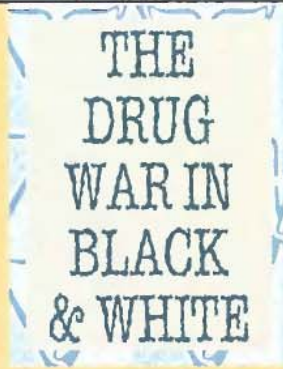
Who, we wonder, will set the admission standards? How will the Internet zoning code be enforced? What qualifies as .xxx? De Sade? PLAYBOY? Penetration? Birth control information? Guides to safe sex? Who decides? The same people who classified the Planned Parenthood booklet as porn? The same people who think that sex before marriage is morally wrong, or who look down at those who look at porn? A 40-year-old virgin?

Before leaving his position as the nation's drug czar, General Barry McCaffrey advised the incoming administration to stop referring to the federal strategy as a war. Instead, he said, it's like fighting cancer: "prevention coupled with treatment, accompanied

by research." It may sound like a change of heart, but in the same statement, the general reiterated his belief that "law enforcement is essential for reducing drug abuse." Here's how a few of the nation's more sensible newspapers responded to McCaffrey's comments:

Chicago Tribune:

"In the U.S. people addicted to tobacco or alcohol are seen to be in need of therapy, not punishment. For many drug users, a similar approach offers the hope of better outcomes at lower cost. The drug law re-



which force offenders to get treatment or go to jail, rank among these. Make such successes the thrust, rather than the afterthought, of the nation's antidrug strategy."

Albuquerque Tribune:

"The operative word is decriminalize, not legalize. Drugs would remain illegal, but the penalties for breaking

the law would strive to rehabilitate offenders rather than add more inmates to a prison system desperately in need of its own reform."

The Dallas Morning News:

"General McCaffrey is quite right about the need to change our

america's
newspapers
say enough
is enough



formers may not have all the answers, but they are on the right track."

The New Mexican:

"America's war on drugs may or may not be a failure—but when it comes to marijuana, governmental warriors are wasting their ammunition. By drafting broad-brush laws to protect society from the ravages of truly dangerous narcotics, our state and most others might have overreached that intent, to the point that our state's prisons, at great cost, are holding vast numbers of men and women convicted of victimless crimes."

Roanoke Times:

"Good politics can make bad public policy, and nowhere is this more evident than in the nation's war on drugs. Barry McCaffrey has recommended the nation close the treatment gap—and it's about time. He cites education and community-based programs as successes. Surely, the Roanoke Valley's drug courts,

approach. Of the 10s of billions of dollars that the U.S. has committed to the drug war—including \$19.2 billion this year alone—the lion's share has gone to law enforcement and punishment with too little going toward treatment and prevention. That must change."

The Charleston Gazette:

"The national war on drugs has cost taxpayers billions, has ruined many young people and their families—and hasn't reduced U.S. drug use a whit.

"Politicians still love to look stern and tell everyone they're 'tough' on drugs. This stance is a sure vote-getter. But is it beneficial to America? Maybe it's time to try a more intelligent approach. Last year, a report concluded that marijuana is West Virginia's most valuable agricultural crop, exceeding all others combined. Wouldn't it make sense to reap the economic gain of this crop instead of throwing the growers in prison at taxpayer expense?"

MORE ON GUNS

After reading your interview with Michael Bellesiles about his book *Arming America* and the use, or nonuse, of firearms in early America ("Arming America," *The Playboy Forum*, January), I'm glad I never once used the Second Amendment or the "wishes of the forefathers" as an argument for the right to bear arms. However, regardless of the history of guns in America, they're everywhere now. Even if we wanted to eliminate guns, there's no feasible way that it can be done. Look at what's happening in Australia. It has been about a year since gun owners there surrendered 640,381 firearms at a cost to taxpayers of more than \$500 million. What did they get for their money? Homicides up 3.2 percent, assaults up 8.6 percent and armed robberies up 44 percent. My argument has always been the old saying: When you outlaw guns, only outlaws will have guns. So while the data presented in the article are fascinating, they don't work as an argument for stricter gun legislation.

Bob Bernstein

St. George, Maine

Your statistics, and similar ones, have been bandied around by gun activists to "prove" that Australia's 1997 ban on semiautomatic rifles, semiautomatic shotguns and pump-action shotguns has pushed the country into lawlessness. We're not sure where the numbers originated, but the reality isn't nearly so dramatic. In fact, you can find official Australian crime statistics to support both sides of the issue; it all depends on which periods you choose to compare, and how you qualify the numbers. The 1997 Nationwide Agreement on Firearms, implemented in response to a massacre the year before in which 35 people died, required gun owners to be at least 18 years old, to demonstrate a legitimate need to own a firearm, to be a "fit and proper person" and to prove their identity under the same standard required to open a bank account. It also established a yearlong amnesty and buyback program (which prompted citizens to voluntarily sell



FOR THE RECORD

SEX MANIACS' BALL

"(1) There are no expectations or pressures put on guests to engage in anything sexual that you don't want to do. (2) Stewards are available to advise and help you feel relaxed enough to be yourselves, so say hello! (3) Never touch or intrude upon another individual, a couple or a group uninvited, and move on if asked. (4) Discreetly indicate to stewards any guests who behave disrespectfully to you or others, before any serious security problems arise. (5) Our stewards will happily supply you with free condoms if you're caught on the hop, and dungeon monitors will advise on S&M safety. (6) No swastikas or racist symbols—even as a kinky fetish they can cause offense. (7) No cameras and no press at the Ball; this event is private. (8) No litter. Please use the receptacles provided."

—The etiquette code distributed to participants in the Sex Maniacs' Ball and Erotic Oscars, held each year near London.

police more than 640,000 guns) and assigned a government-funded think tank, the Australian Institute of Criminology, to monitor the effects of the regulations.

An AIC study released in 1999 reported a decrease in firearm-related deaths in most

parts of the country but attributed much of the change to fewer suicides. Only about 20 percent of murders in Australia are committed with firearms, compared with 65 percent in the U.S. However, more than 90 percent of the several hundred homicides committed with firearms between 1995 and 1998 involved unlicensed gun owners with unregistered guns. The AIC also reported a decrease in the percentage of armed robberies committed with firearms (it's now about 18 percent), though knives are much more commonly used in Australia for the crime. Most important, perhaps, was the study's conclusion that it will be a while before the effects of the regulations, if any, are known.

PLAYBOY should support the Second Amendment as a women's issue. There is no tool better suited to helping a female defend herself than a firearm. The same could be said for the elderly, or the physically challenged. As James Petersen notes, "As they say, God created man but Colt made him equal."

John Brady

San Diego, California

How about the blind? Last fall, the state of North Dakota issued a concealed-weapon permit to a legally blind graduate student who says he needs to carry a handgun to protect himself. Carey McWilliams passed his target test on the second try, nailing 10 of 10 shots in a black silhouette. He hopes someday to work for the NRA.

Your interview with Bellesiles is terrific. I'm a hunter who owns both rifles and shotguns, but I have maintained for some time that the NRA is a serious threat to sportsmen because of its irresponsible position on handguns and assault weapons.

Dick Shaw

Hesperia, Michigan

Rather than taking firearms away from noncriminals, why don't we focus on solving the root of the problem: Why do some people want to kill other people? What frustrations or mental problems motivate people to commit violent acts? How can we

R E S P O N S E

identify people who have a tendency toward violence? In other words, we should try to fix the problem, not the symptom. Taking guns away from people who have no desire to kill won't change the tendencies of those who do.

John Dawson
Bentonville, Arkansas

There is a reason that the crime rate is rising, and access to firearms isn't it. If we want to discover the causes for violence on the streets, we should look at how the real minimum wage adjusted for inflation has fallen steadily

over the past 40 years, or how 95 percent of the wealth in this country is controlled by one percent of the population, or how the prison population is overwhelmingly made up of minorities, or how, in the richest nation in the world, 17 million children live in poverty. Prohibition didn't work for alcohol, it's not working for drugs and it won't work for firearms.

Joe Nelson
Durango, Colorado

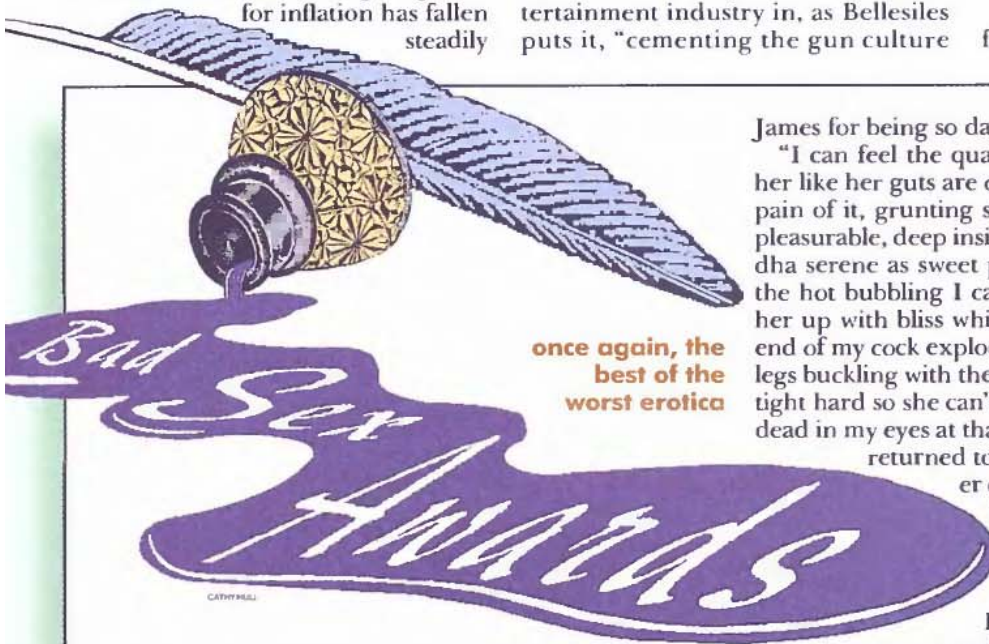
I am disturbed by the role of the entertainment industry in, as Bellesiles puts it, "cementing the gun culture

and reinforcing the notion that firearms were heroic and attractive." Protected by the First Amendment, the industry runs amok, packaging words and images that make even the most violent acts seem "heroic and attractive." I'm not proposing restrictions, just the recognition that words and images can be far more dangerous than weapons.

Eugene Phillip
Great Falls, Virginia

And yet, words don't kill you when they go in one ear and out the other.

There's a difference between defending against intruders and gunning



James for being so damned good."—WENDY PERRIAM, *Lying*

"I can feel the quaking hard shudder start up inside her like her guts are on fire and groaning with the lovely pain of it, grunting shittishly like pig organs, obscenely pleasurable, deep inside her, and she's smiling like a Buddha serene as sweet peas at dawn, delicate pale despite the hot bubbling I can feel in her loins, her guts filling her up with bliss which is triumph, too, as she feels the end of my cock exploding inside her so that I stagger, my legs buckling with the weight of her, screwing my eyes up tight hard so she can't see me flicker, guttering going out dead in my eyes at that moment when I give up the fight, returned too fast to the juddering lift and lower of the train tracks' hot click past and beneath us, the hot click past, and beneath us, going on and on, despite the abrupt caesura of exploding staggering, before, finally, I can open my eyes again as I steady myself, leaning back hard against the

door."—CANDIDA CLARK, *The Constant Eye*

"She whisked the scarf away and threw it to the floor, leaving herself naked but for a pair of small black knickers, and with her well-shaped breasts looking down at Stillion, the nipples fully projected with excitement. 'Don't love me, sex me,' she said, as she pushed his shirt off his shoulders."—HOWARD HODGSON, *Six Feet Under*

"She drew the heat up through the center of her body, like hot mercury in a thermometer, bursting the glass, streams of quicksilver running down her sides and bathing us in brilliant danger. It was like the first time and the last time, the double ecstasy of a fatal renewal."—EDWARD ST. AUBYN, *A Clue to the Exit*

And the winner:

"It is time, time to fuck her. Now. Yes. Brupt, he rises, turns her over, flips her white body. Her small, white tidy body. She is so small and so compact, and yet she has all the necessary features. *Shall I compare thee to a Sony Walkman, thou are more compact and more. . . .* She is his own Toshiba, his dinky little JVC, his sweet Aiwa. Aiwa—she says, as he enters her slimy red-peppers-in-olive-oil cunt—Aiwa, aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiwa aiaaaaaahhhhhhhh."—SEAN THOMAS, *Kissing England*

Each year, the *Literary Review* in London chooses the worst description of sex in a new novel and bestows its author with the less-than-coveted Bad Sex Award. Each year in the *Forum*, we delight in sharing with you a few of the finalists:

"He uncovered in her not just the warrior but the slave. Had he bid her lie down in pigshit she would have squeezed her buttocks together in the clench and rejoiced to be thus befouled. At night, reliving the afternoon's embraces, she would lick her pillow in hunger to be with her lover again."—JOHN UPDIKE, *Gertrude and Claudius*

"He reached for a condom—a green one. They had been through every color in the pack. 'Look,' he said. 'A Martian. Your little green man.' 'Not so little.' Deftly she helped roll it on. 'Flattery will get you everywhere. OK, green for go!' He shoved in, covering her mouth with his hand. Muzzling her was part of the procedure. She bit his palm, thrust her pelvis against his, appalled, as always, at how much anger was mixed with the excitement—anger with him for making her want to do it; worse, making her enjoy it. Anger with the church for locking her in a religious prison and throwing away the key. Anger with

people down, just as there is a difference between a defensive weapon and an assault rifle. It is unlikely that most people in this country will find themselves in the position of defending themselves against an army, so I'm not sure why anyone needs to own an assault rifle. How many school and office shootings do we have to hear about before that becomes apparent?

Banning all guns in the U.S. is not the answer. The keys are education and reasonable people looking for reasonable solutions.

C. Valdez
Las Vegas, Nevada

I assume that you interviewed Belle-siles in the name of political correctness. PLAYBOY had balls 45 years ago. I'm sure you can find them again.

Peter Natale
Phoenix, Arizona

Petersen and Bellesiles are long on theory and short on reality. I wish they'd been with me on my family's tobacco farm in 1969. At 13, I stood beside my bedroom window, watching a man assault my mother. Police were far from the farm. The 911 service did not exist. I grabbed a Browning 20-gauge shotgun my father had given me for my birthday and headed out the door. That man was three times my size, but he took one look at me and fled for his life.

I learned at an early age what the great equalizer can do for you.

Craig Williams
Hampstead, Maryland

Thank you for clarifying the myths surrounding gun ownership in America. You've confirmed what I have always believed: The most vicious attempts at homicide have been made with objects or bare hands as opposed to firearms.

Paul Eden
Lexington, Tennessee

LETTER TO LAURA

In February you published a letter sent to talk show host Laura Schlesinger that has been circulating on the Internet and quoted on *The West Wing* ("Dr. Laura's Bible," "Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, February). I originally wrote the letter and faxed it to Dr. Laura last May. Although I was crushed when she didn't respond, I thought a friend would find the letter amusing, so I e-mailed her a copy. She forwarded it to a few of her friends and it took off from there. Within a month

other friends were telling me they had received it as many as 10 times from all over the world. In some cases it has been supplemented with more questions (as the *West Wing* script was), but for the most part it has survived remarkably unmodified.

Kent Ashcraft
Bowie, Maryland

The author of the letter to Dr. Laura knows little about the word of God. Sacrifices were done away with after the supreme sacrifice of Jesus Christ at Calvary about 2000 years ago. The same Bible the letter quotes from al-



so instructs us to follow the laws of the land ("Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's"), so it's not OK for anyone to barter in slaves. Eating shellfish is a lesser offense against God than the abomination of sodomy (the letter writer calls it homosexuality, which is an oxymoron, since the word sex is short for "sexual reproduction"). If the letter writer had studied the Bible more carefully, he would have known that cutting hair, sowing seeds and wearing certain clothes are not offenses that merit the death penalty. Sodomy, like murder and rape, is a capital crime that does.

Gary Glover
Woodstock, Georgia

What are you proposing? Also, in our dictionary, sex is short for sexual intercourse.

PLAYBOY'S FBI FILE

"The Man Who Reads PLAYBOY" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) brings back memories of J. Edgar Hoover's stranglehold on the FBI. Both Bobby Kennedy and George McGovern were correct in saying Hoover should have retired long before he did. And when

Hef offered Hoover a VIP key to the clubs, he shouldn't have insisted the director pay cash. Instead, he should have offered him free drinks, which he might have accepted. Then the world would have known that he was not only a lousy cop but a cheap one, too.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

Hoover's legacy still haunts us: the war on drugs, overcrowded prisons, the fear of government. If PLAYBOY had ever persuaded Hoover to sit for an interview, perhaps you also could have persuaded him to pose in his dress.

R.S. Bennett
Reno, Nevada

AFTER-HOURS SITES

In "Indecent Leisure" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), you mentioned my case. Vision Service Plan, which offered my customers discounts for their optometry visits, claimed that my site at sexyoffice.com was unprofessional and dropped me from their program.

Since corporations, the government, churches and employers do not have the right to interfere with an individual's activities in the bedroom, neither should they be allowed to invade the right to privacy in other forums. I'm sorry to say that I withdrew my lawsuit against VSP. It was too expensive to fight. But I remain convinced that I would have won.

Dr. Kurt Mingledorff
Pensacola, Florida

ORAL SENSATION

I thought you might be interested in a story that was splashed across the front page of nearly every British newspaper in December. It involves Bradley, a lawyer, and Claire, a public relations representative. The morning after a date, Claire sent Bradley a joke, starting off an e-mail conversation that would soon set Britain abuzz:

CLAIRE: A guy walks into a sperm bank wearing a ski mask and holding a gun. He goes up to the nurse and demands that she open the sperm bank vault. She says, "But, sir, it's just a sperm bank!"

"I don't care," he replies. So she opens the door to the vault and inside are all the sperm samples.

The guy says, "Take one of those sperm samples and drink it!" She looks at him, "But they are sperm samples!"

"Do it!"

So the nurse sucks it back. "That one there, drink that one as well," the man says.

FORUM

So the nurse drinks that one as well. Finally, after the nurse had downed four samples, the man takes off his ski mask and says, "See, honey—it's not that hard."

BRADLEY: Cute.

CLAIRE: Lucky I swallow so that won't be happening to me.

BRADLEY: Not all the time I hope (or so you would have me believe).

CLAIRE: I hadn't swallowed for years but yours was yum and very good for me, too! Apparently, it's very good conditioner for the hair, too. Getting a funny picture in my head, giggling out loud and now have to explain to Dave what's so funny!

Following the exchange, Bradley—or Brad the Cad, as he would soon be known—forwarded this exchange to six friends with the message, "Now, that's a nice compliment from a lass, isn't it?"

Those six friends forwarded it on to their friends, and so on until it was sitting in e-mail boxes across the globe.

But because forwarding e-mail offers people an opportunity to act like a lynch mob, it began: "Let's start a campaign to find her." In less than four days, her home and e-mail addresses were added to the chain. Soon the press caught wind of the story. Claire went into hiding. Bradley was nearly fired.

This modern tale brings up some interesting points. First, e-mail is anything but private. As you warned in "You've Got Mail" (*The Playboy Forum*, May 2000), plenty of people have been fired for the personal e-mail they send from work.

What people overlook is just how often friends, whatever their intentions, invade your privacy by forwarding your messages. E-mail offers the perfect opportunity for others to scruti-

nize your words, to gossip or to laugh at your expense. In simply e-mailing a good-natured joke to a lover, Claire became the brunt of a global campaign to humiliate her. Considering how much coverage this story received, I found it interesting that not a single newspaper or magazine that I know of, in the UK or North America, would publish the joke that started this mess. I found it online. So much for a free press. The media showed less shame when it came to camping outside Claire's home.

Howard Sullivan
Manchester, UK

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.



During the Twenties, prostitution, transvestism, gay culture, sex clubs, nudism, private S&M dungeons and cabaret shows flourished in Weimar Berlin. Harold Nicolson wrote at the time that the city "stimulates like arsenic." *Voluptuous Panic* (Feral House) is a time capsule from this lost mecca of decadence, filled with erotic drawings, illustrations, photos and even restaurant menus.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NAKED GUNS

DENVER—Are women with weapons sexy? Katica Crippen's boyfriend thought so. He asked her to pose nude with his guns. Crippen removed her clothes but not



the monitoring anklet she had worn since being released early from a drug sentence. Her boyfriend posted the photos online, where police found them. A judge sent Crippen back to prison, because having a gun violated her parole.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—The county sheriff's department is investigating three deputies who posted online videos and photos of themselves having sex with their spouses. The department says the officers may have violated an ethics code that requires them to lead "unsullied" personal lives. One cop, who had appeared in a threesome with his wife and the wife of another deputy, resigned.

PAY THE PIPER

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—In 1998 city police raided the home of a marijuana dealer and seized \$34,029. Many states, including Missouri, require that seized money be given to schools. The police instead gave it to the DEA, which took 20 percent and returned the rest to police agencies in the form of grants. The imprisoned dealer sued, and a county judge ruled that police had broken the law. The judge ordered them to return the money, plus interest and court costs. The same judge earlier had said that the cops could keep the cash because it had not been seized

but merely "recovered" and "inventoried." An appellate court overturned the decision.

SATAN'S LOSERS

KAUKAUNA, WISCONSIN—Police charged three teenagers with a hate crime for harassing a Christian. The teens came across a house with a sign that read, YOU THINK YOU GOT IT ALL? GOT JESUS? The ring-leader knocked on the door and allegedly told the man who answered, "Jesus is a fag" before pepper-spraying him.

DELAYED GRATIFICATION

NEW YORK—A survey of 14,000 teenagers found that those who publicly vow to remain virgins until marriage delay intercourse about 18 months longer than other teens. Dedicated virgins are more likely to be religious, of Asian ancestry, in romantic relationships or less advanced in their sexual development. Those who break their pledges are less likely to use contraceptives the first time they have sex.

CYBER COPS

SALEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Two roommates who had a beef with the Salem Police Department vented their frustration by creating websites to tweak the city's finest. Police said the first included a photo of an S&M scene in which one man feeds excrement to another, with the headline SALEM POLICE: GIVING BACK TO THE COMMUNITY. The second crudely parodied the site of the Salem Police Benevolent Association. Police raided the men's apartment and charged each with "misuse of computer system information," a felony. One domain name the men used, salemnhpolice.org, now redirects to the ACLU.

SALT LAKE CITY—Beaver County sheriff's deputies arrested a 16-year-old boy because he created a four-page site that labeled his principal "the town drunk." The site also accused several classmates of being sluts and listed teachers he suggested might be gay or abusing drugs. The boy has been charged with criminal libel.

SWINGER VICTORY

NORWALK, CALIFORNIA—Beginning in 1996, the state Alcohol Beverage Control Board threatened to pull the liquor license of any hotel that hosted swingers' parties. It cited a law that prohibits booze where en-

tertainers perform acts "contrary to public welfare and morals." The board insists the law, designed to regulate strip clubs, also applies to patrons, and even artwork. It informed some hotels that their licenses could be revoked if swingers so much as had sex in rooms with minibars. The Lifestyles Organization took the board to court, and earlier this year the California Superior Court ordered the agency to back off.

SMALL MERCY

TAMPA—A judge sentenced a parole violator to house arrest because she feared he would be raped in prison. "He's a small, thin white man with curly dark hair," judge Florence Foster said. "And I suspect he would certainly become a sexual target. That is cruel and unusual punishment."

BRAIN PRINTS

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA—In 1979, Terry Harrington began serving a life sentence for murder. He maintains his innocence, and witnesses said he was at a concert at the time of the killing. Now he's asked a judge to consider new evidence—the results of his "brain fingerprinting." Funded in part by the CIA, the test measures brain signals that indicate when a person recognizes words or photos. The



test's inventor says it showed that Harrington remembered elements of the concert but not the crime. "It was like finding that his fingerprints or DNA does not match the evidence," he explained. Some scientists, and prosecutors, remain skeptical.

THE DATE

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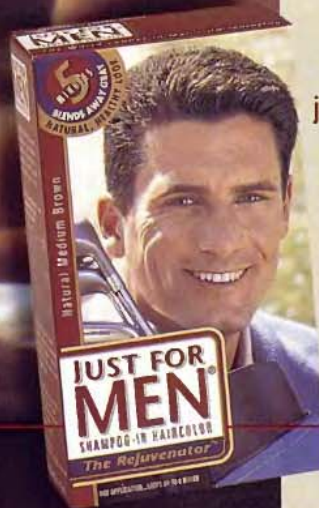
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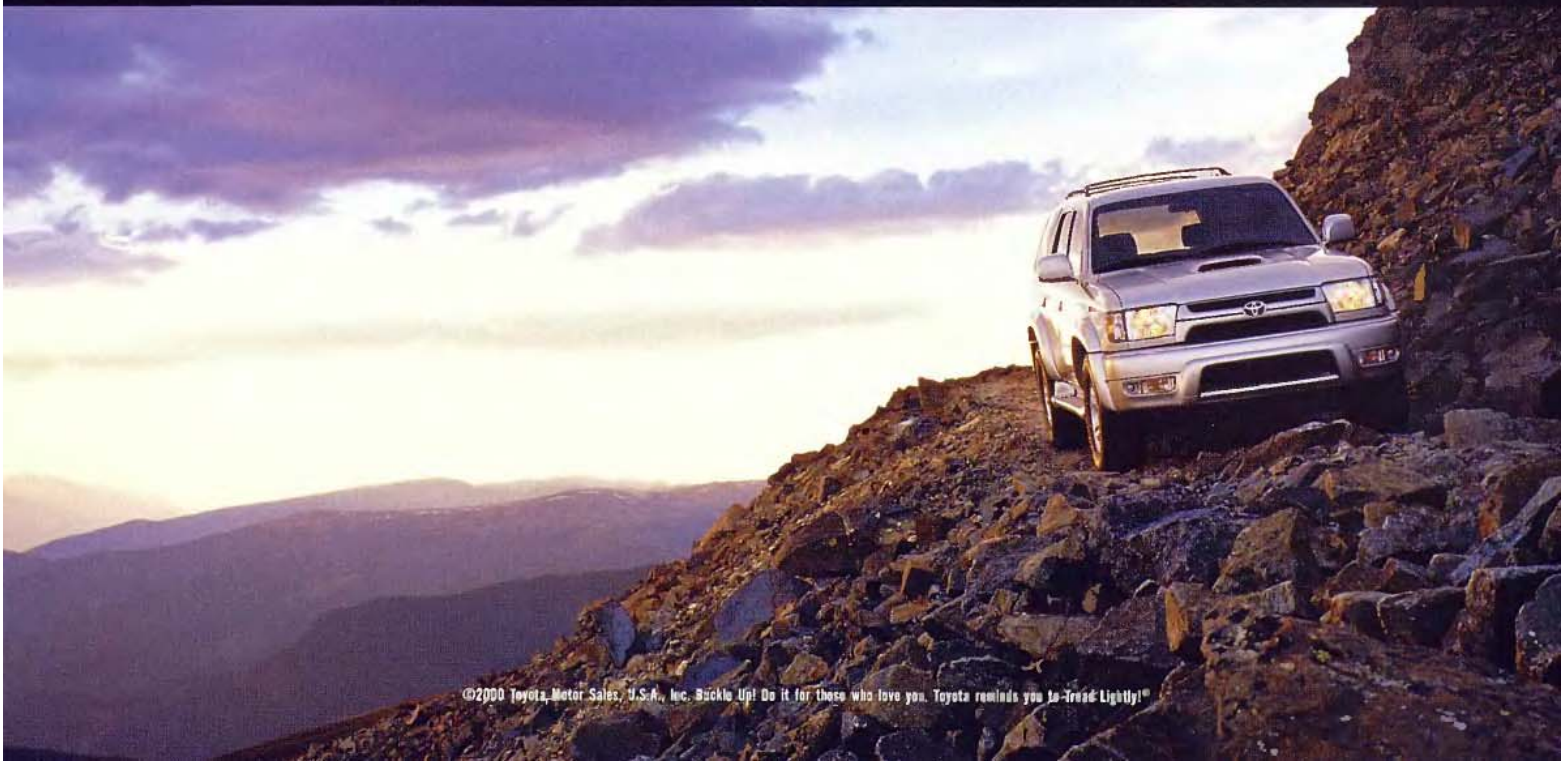




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THERE AND BACK.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM GREEN

a candid conversation with the gross-out king about severed cows' heads, romancing drew barrymore and having the balls to fight testicular cancer

It isn't easy being Green. Directing a multimillion-dollar film, planning a wedding with Drew Barrymore, getting over cancer, hearing too many jokes about losing one of your testicles—Tom Green's life is as strange as anything you've seen on MTV's *The Tom Green Show*. On a recent Saturday in Los Angeles, the 29-year-old gross-out king was juggling commitments to Barrymore, to *Playboy* and to his new movie, *Freddy Got Fingered*, while trying to find time to make a party where he'd finally meet Eminem.

Only three years ago he was a public access cable TV host, a cult hero without much of a cult. His smash MTV show didn't begin until 1999, and plenty of people over 40 still couldn't pick him out of a lineup (hint: He's the tall, skinny one holding a severed cow's head). But almost everyone else has seen something Green and loved it. He's the guy who got his grandma to lick a sex toy and had a lesbian sex scene painted on his parents' car, the notorious Slutmobile. He has used blood, urine, semen, cockroaches and his own intestines as fodder for comedy. Last year, his first big movie, *Road Trip*, became a surprise smash, largely because he hilariously tongued and mouthed a mouse in the film. Now Green can write his own ticket, and he

has: As co-writer, director and star of *Freddy Got Fingered*, he wants to give moviegoers more laughs and bodily fluids than most auteurs spew in a lifetime.

Born in Pembroke, Ontario in 1971 to upstanding citizens Richard and Mary Jane Green, Tom got bounced from town to town while his father worked on computers for the military. The family settled in Ottawa, where Tom became a skateboard punk, the scourge of mall security guards. He was also a fan of oddball humor. Alongside the *Tony Hawk* posters in his room were an ax embedded in the wall and a slice of toast taped to it.

By his midteens he was the kid comic at Yuk-Yuk's, an Ottawa nightclub. "Little Tommy Green from down the street," they called him. In 1990, still a teenager, he hosted *Rap Show*, a community-college radio program that evolved into a screwball talk program, *Midnight Caller*. Then came the first incarnation of *The Tom Green Show* on public access cable. It was as if fellow Canadian Mike Myers' *Wayne's World* sketches on *Saturday Night Live* had come to life, except that Wayne and Garth never humped a dead moose. Many adults found Green's act disgusting—a view his suburbanite parents often shared, particularly after the Slutmobile

and the "Mom and Dad Have Anal Sex" statues Tom put in their yard one night. But to his fans Green was a hero, a loose cannon demolishing decades of lame TV traditions. In 1998 *The Tom Green Show* went national on the Comedy Network in Canada. It was an instant hit, and he was the talk of the land after he appeared on a popular chat show carrying the maggot-ridden carcasses of a squirrel and a raccoon.

In January 1999, MTV brought Green's madness to millions of Americans. Again he was an overnight sensation. Drew Barrymore liked his show so much that she offered him a small role in *Charlie's Angels*, and they fell in love. She stood by him during his scary bout with testicular cancer, the subject of his surreal *Tom Green Cancer Special* on MTV. Last year, on their favorite beach in Malibu, he asked her to marry him.

Green began 2001 at a mad clip, flying back and forth between Los Angeles, where he lives with Barrymore, and New York, where he was putting the last creepy touches on his movie. We asked **Kevin Cook**, whose *Playboy* Interview subjects have included Johnny Depp and Conan O'Brien, to meet up with Green in LA. Cook reports:

"Tom Green is the first star I've met who



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

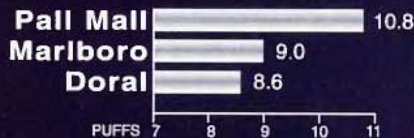
"I've had girlfriends before, but I'd be off working, going on trips and not calling. Eventually they'd say, 'What's more important, your relationship or your job?' And I'd say, 'My job. See ya!' But Drew is different."

"When I see somebody getting upset about my film, or grossed out or disturbed, I get pride from that. To see an entire audience scream and cover their faces—that's as good as a laugh. I like making people uncomfortable."

"The weirdest thing to me now is that it doesn't feel different down there. It's not like an empty sack. I think scar tissue forms, so it feels like you have a normal set of balls. I'm quite proud to announce that to the world."



PALL MALL LASTS LONGER



Comparison of Pall Mall, Marlboro, and Doral Filter Box 100's. Source: Avg. Puffs Per Cigarette, B&W Analytical Test Results (FTC Method).

The New Filtered Pall Mall tastes smoother and gives you more puffs than other leading cigarettes. And we're not just blowing smoke.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

showed up early. He apologized for not being wacky in person and kept fretting about his answers to my questions: Were they good enough? Should he try again?

"We talked about comedy, sex, true love, cancer, money, skateboarding, mouse piss and how hot Drew Barrymore looks in a cowboy outfit. At one point he spilled a can of mixed nuts. Staring with mock horror at the peanuts and pistachios on the floor, he referred to his testicular cancer: 'It's always about nuts!' Then Mary Jane Green's polite son got down on his hands and knees and helped pick up the nuts.

"Green's comedy is all about reality—tweaking TV traditions from the man-on-the-street report to the stalkerazzi. In our first few minutes he was already poking and prodding the form of the magazine *Q*, and *A.*, wondering how 'real' the result would or should be. I left that stuff in because Tom, of all people, should be real."

GREEN: I'm kind of worried—you'll print everything I say, right?

PLAYBOY: Not everything. The highlights.

GREEN: Oh, thank God. There'll be boring crap coming out of my mouth—so you'll take the boring stuff out, and hopefully there'll be something left.

PLAYBOY: Right.

GREEN: Because I want to look cool in *PLAYBOY*. When I was growing up, my dad always said, "You look like the kind of man who reads *PLAYBOY*." He still says that.

PLAYBOY: A lot of kids found the magazine in Dad's dresser drawer. Was that part of your growing up?

GREEN: I found one once. That was exciting. But not nearly enough. I would have liked to find a lot more. Don't remember reading the interview, though. I was 14.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your movie. You're the co-writer, director and star of *Freddy Got Fingered*. What's the most important of those jobs?

GREEN: Working on the script as it evolves, making sure it stays whacked out, crazy and messed up.

PLAYBOY: Are you a tough director? Do you throw fits to keep the actors in line?

GREEN: No, no. It's a comedy, so I wanted a fun set. I'm a quiet person when I'm not being an idiot on camera, but I did have an assistant director with a megaphone. I'd whisper in his ear, "Geez, this isn't really working," and he'd go scream at somebody.

PLAYBOY: The movie's about a guy in his 20s who lives with his parents. His dad keeps telling him to quit goofing off and get a job. It's familiar turf for you—except for the promiscuous wheelchair-bound rocket scientist.

GREEN: That's my love interest in the movie. She's an interesting character. All she wants to do is give blow jobs. But Gord, my character, he's shy and maybe not that experienced with women.

PLAYBOY: He's never been pursued by a

girl scientist in a wheelchair?

GREEN: We don't really mention the wheelchair. When we screened the movie there were people in wheelchairs there, and they laughed. It's sort of empowering to handicapped people. You'd think it would be all she-can't-walk jokes, but we can be semiproud of ourselves that we didn't go for the lowest common denominator, the shock joke.

PLAYBOY: Were there blow job logistics? Does he have to be lowered on pulleys?

GREEN: She just grabs at his pants and he resists. He says, "Why don't we go for a walk?" And she says, "I can't walk." So... hmmm, maybe we *do* make fun of it.

PLAYBOY: What about the dog swordfight?

GREEN: There is no dog swordfight in the movie. You heard there was? That shows how a script evolves. There was going to be a dog swordfight, and we actually built rubber dogs you could use like swords. Rip Torn, who plays my father, kicks an electronic keyboard and electrocutes his two dogs. The dogs die on the floor, then a fight erupts. We pick them up and have this elaborate, choreographed duel with the dogs.

So we built these dogs—they probably cost \$100,000—and then I said, "You know, these dogs look so stupid!" I don't want to say stupid—people worked hard on them—but when you start swinging rubber dogs around, it can look fake. This isn't a cartoony *Airplane*-type movie; it's supposed to look like reality. That broke the reality. I mean, if we can have a swordfight, with dogs, we might just flap our arms and start flying.

PLAYBOY: Is it fun having the money for toys like that?

GREEN: It was exciting for me and my friend Derek Harvie, who wrote the script with me. Three years ago we were going to the thrift shops in Ottawa for props. We'd buy an old lawn mower and throw watermelons at it. Now we're dropping a sailboat from a helicopter into a giant wood chipper.

PLAYBOY: A big change in scale.

GREEN: It's funny—you're working on the script and you write, *He takes sailboat and drops it from a helicopter*. Then you shoot the movie and people are actually building the boats. Now, real sailboats are too heavy for a helicopter to pick up, so they built three balsa sailboats. Then you have to build a wood chipper half the size of a basketball court. All this for one joke, and you're thinking, Jesus, three years ago some shaving cream and a pork chop was my property budget for a week.

PLAYBOY: It's better having millions.

GREEN: It's different. A movie is larger than life. My TV show is guerrilla comedy. It's video, and you want it to look raw. When we do more television shows, I'll want to use pork chops.

PLAYBOY: Will you do more of *The Tom Green Show* on MTV?

GREEN: For sure. MTV is great for my

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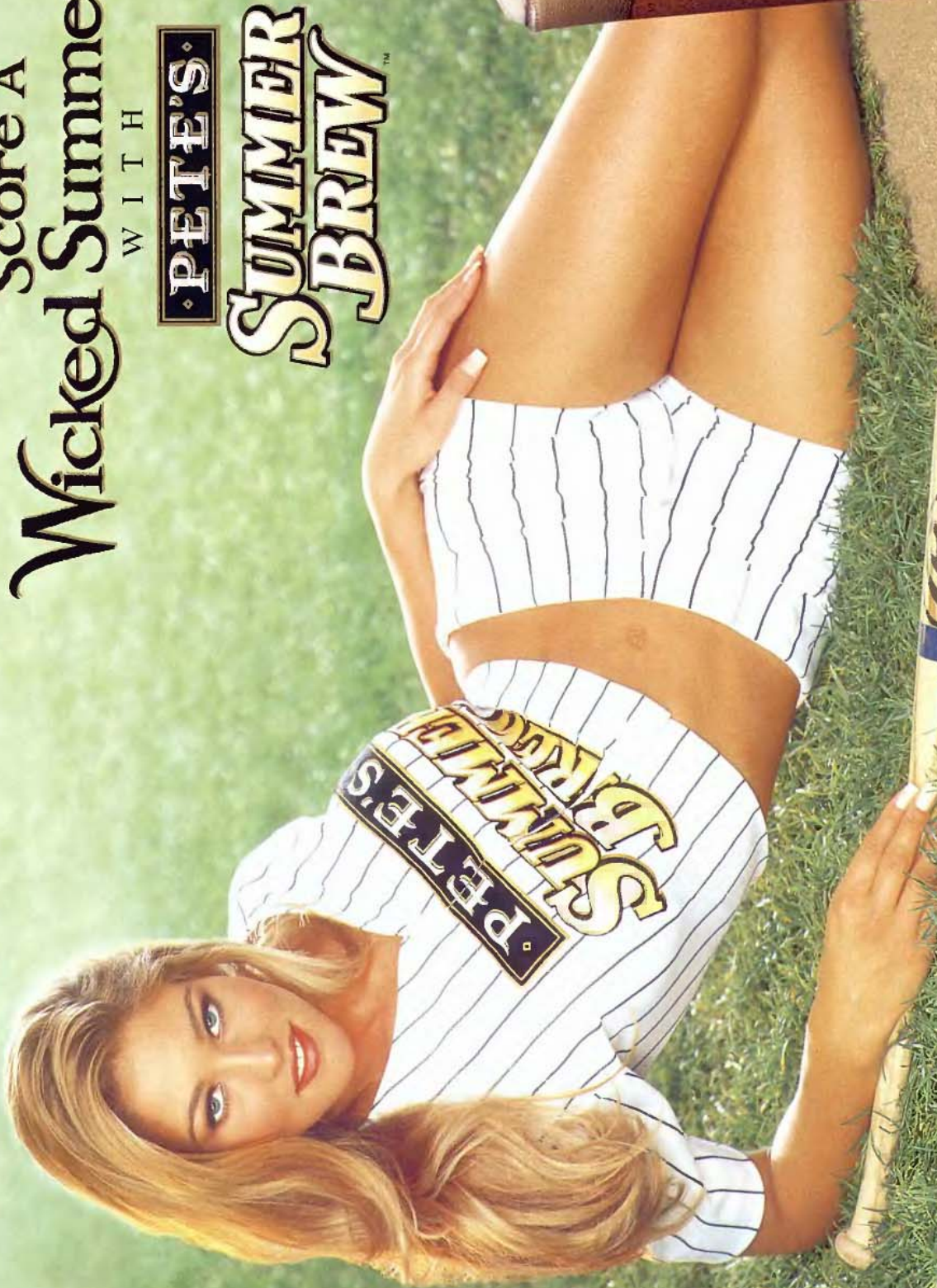


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kind of television. I'm not planning to do the show regularly for a while, but I'll do specials for them. Right now, I'm writing another film.

PLAYBOY: You and your dad—

GREEN: [Chewing a bagel] Are my answers boring?

PLAYBOY: No, not at all.

GREEN: Tell me if they are. Say, "They're boring. Make them better."

PLAYBOY: OK. Your dad used to blare the radio to wake you up in the morning and tell you to quit goofing off and get a job. Then you made a career out of goofing off. Did he ever say, "Son, I'm sorry. You were right all along"?

GREEN: My parents are a little surprised at how things have turned out. They were surprised when I got on a national network in Canada. But it was gradual. There was never a day when they said, "Holy shit, it worked!" First I had a radio show. Then it was public access TV for three years. Finally, my show became a hit in Canada on the Comedy Network. I got a raise, and my parents were, "Oh wow, he's actually paying rent and he has a lease on a Jeep!" Now I'm doing *Letterman* and the *Playboy Interview*, but the whole thing has gone on for 10 years, a long period when my parents' skepticism was slowly chipped away.

PLAYBOY: Do they think you're funny?

GREEN: They're fans, but they don't fully understand the dynamic. There are points in my comedy, if that's what you call it, that embarrass them. If my parents get mad, if they think what I'm doing is obscene or stupid, that's when I feel like I'm on the right track. I'll think, Good, it's working. Because I like making people uncomfortable. If nobody's hiding their eyes, putting their knees in front of their face, then I'm doing something wrong.

Freddy Got Fingered is not for everybody. There will be people walking out of the theater. And when I see somebody getting upset about my film, or grossed out or disturbed, I get pride from that. To see an entire audience scream and cover their faces—that's as good as a laugh.

PLAYBOY: There's been a recent move toward PG-rated movies, but yours is rated R.

GREEN: I'm not moving toward PG. There's a lot of blood in *Freddy*, and not so much of the poo-poo humor. This is the bloodiest slapstick, goofball comedy you've seen.

PLAYBOY: You do your own skateboarding stunts. How good are you?

GREEN: Still solid on the board. I started in the Eighties, so I'm doing old-school tricks. The sad thing is, nobody I know skateboards anymore. It's a social sport in a weird way, like skiing. You go skiing, and at the end of the day you go to the chalet. You go skateboarding, you hang out at the convenience store. You sit in front of the 7-Eleven with your buddies

and try to jump off the stairs all day. But then everybody grows up and becomes an accountant, and you're the last guy holding your board, going, "Where'd everybody go?"

PLAYBOY: What are your best old-school tricks?

GREEN: Power slides, ollies, jumping off stairs. I can do a kick-flip ollie, where you jump up and kick the side of the board and it spins in the air.

PLAYBOY: You can do that? What's your medical status these days?

GREEN: Oh, fine. Actually, I'm still thinking of my last answer. I can do a kick-flip ollie about 50 percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: That was a jarring segue to your medical troubles.

GREEN: [Laughing] Yeah. *You say you can do a kick-flip ollie? Cool. How's the cancer?* It's fine, fine. I'm basically clean. I got lucky—they diagnosed it early, and testicular cancer is curable. It's the good cancer. If you want to get cancer, this is the cancer you want. Lose your testicle, you still have one more. I didn't have to have chemotherapy, but they did take my lymph nodes out. That's fairly invasive, and it floored me for a few months.

PLAYBOY: You did an MTV show on it—your *Cancer Special*.

GREEN: The special helped me because I stop being my introspective, sappy, weird self when there's a camera on me. I turn into a guy who makes silly faces.

PLAYBOY: It was therapeutic to be on camera?

GREEN: It was. Before I decided to do that special I was whimpering around the house, thinking I was going to die. Thinking, Oh God, it's the irony of all ironies. I work my whole life to get my TV show, then people like it and then, boom, die. It's funny the way we're talking about it here today, but when it's going on, when you really mean it in your head, it's not as funny. But when I turned it into a joke, I knew where I was. I'm getting fitted for a suit and saying, "Mom, I want you to bury me in this." Now it was joke driven, shock-Mom-and-Dad driven, the same mischievousness I enjoyed on my TV show. That made the whole thing easier.

PLAYBOY: Ironically, your special is saving lives. There are men walking around who would be dead if not for you.

GREEN: That wasn't the main plan. I was just hoping we'd get away with bringing cameras into the hospital. But the doctors surprised me. I'm used to barging in on authority figures like doctors and security guards, but they were all, "Come on in!" Doctors kept saying, "It's great what you're doing." We're used to getting kicked out of places, but all of a sudden Glenn Humplik [*Green's friend and sidekick*] can dick around with my testicle on camera, and it's great because we're spreading awareness.

This is a disease that men from 15 to about 35 get. You would never suspect

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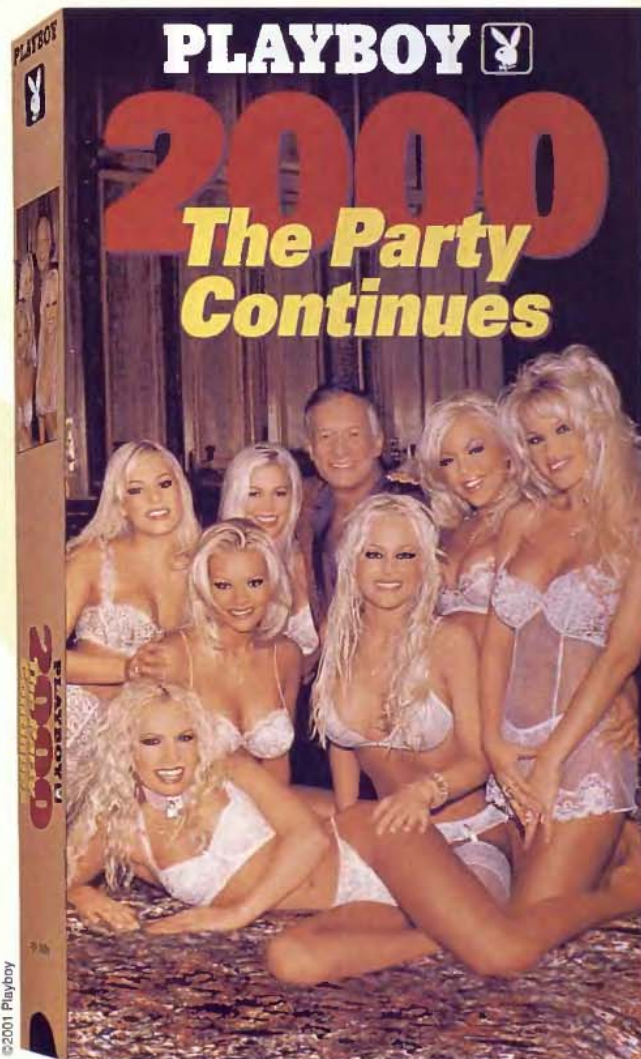
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you have cancer at that age, so you don't get tested. Also, kids tend to be bashful about that part of their bodies. You might be embarrassed to tell the doctor, "Hey, man, I've got something on my nut." And that's the killer. You don't go to the doctor because you think it'll go away. But it never does, and then it spreads all over your body and you could die. So I hope the show made kids realize that testicular cancer isn't embarrassing. It's fucking hilarious. Feel your balls!

PLAYBOY: Which testicle did you lose?

GREEN: The right one.

PLAYBOY: So you still have the left one. Does it remain the left one, or—

GREEN: It's now the middle one.

PLAYBOY: Really?

GREEN: No, it remains the left one. Your scrotum has two compartments, so they never interact. That's why the cancer won't spread from one to the other.

The weirdest thing to me now is that it doesn't feel different down there. It's not like an empty sack. I think scar tissue forms, so it feels like you have a normal set of balls. I'm quite proud to announce that to the world.

PLAYBOY: Did your sperm count drop, or does the left one take up the slack?

GREEN: They tell me I have a high sperm count. That's another thing I'm proud to announce in *PLAYBOY*.

PLAYBOY: You and Drew Barrymore have yet to announce your wedding plans. Do you want to announce that you're going to have kids?

GREEN: I do plan on having kids. When Drew and I have a child, we won't tell anyone. We'll just hide somewhere for a year, and then there will be a baby walking around with us.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to be engaged to another famous person?

GREEN: It can be complicated. For instance, right now I'm being careful about what I say. I'm sensitive about saying or doing anything that might embarrass Drew. I put our relationship ahead of my career. I've had girlfriends before, but I'd be off working 80 to 100 hours a week, going on trips and not calling. Eventually they'd say, "What's more important, your relationship or your job?" And I'd say, "My job. See ya!" But this is different. Drew and I spend every minute together when we're not working, and I want to spend the rest of my life with her. This is the first time I've asked anyone to marry me, and I don't take it lightly.

PLAYBOY: Was it instant love?

GREEN: I think I knew right away. She laughs a lot, which is nice because I talk a lot, and some of my jokes are pretty stupid. When you're getting laughs with your bad stuff, it's a relief.

PLAYBOY: What sort of wedding will you have?

GREEN: Small. Friends and family.

PLAYBOY: Have a date set?

GREEN: [Smiling] You know, I could be honest with you, or I could lie like I have with everybody else who's asked about our wedding plans. I've told people we already got married. I've said we broke up. I've said we're still going out but we're not engaged anymore. I've told every conceivable lie, which I find really fun. It's not the usual response. Everybody loves Drew and I'm this gross-out weirdo on MTV. When I talk to *Entertainment Tonight* or *Rolling Stone* and the personal stuff comes up, it tends to get very serious. So I lie. Whenever you see me talking about Drew and me, you can assume I'm lying.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan your lies, or just lie off the cuff?

GREEN: Going into an interview, I always decide what the joke's going to be. Now in this one, I am being honest. Honesty can be fun, too. This is a more detailed interview, so that's going to be my bit here. The joke is that I'm being honest. Nothing is funny except for the fact that it's true.

PLAYBOY: Drew was a fan of yours, and she asked you to be in *Charlie's Angels*. You hit it off instantly.

GREEN: We're the same person. She's the female version.

PLAYBOY: Give it up about the wedding. Where and when?

GREEN: [Lying] Actually, we got married last week in Cleveland. In Shaker Heights. We like Shaker Heights.

PLAYBOY: When you were in the hospital for your operation, did you two get a fame perk? You got to sleep together.

GREEN: Just lucky. There was no one in the bed beside mine. She came by in the middle of the night, we slid the beds together and nobody ever said anything.

PLAYBOY: Was that a platonic night? It's not a sexual situation—

GREEN: Not when you just had your testicle taken out, no. I was healing.

PLAYBOY: How long is a guy out of commission after he loses a testicle?

GREEN: Sexually? About a week. I was hurting more when they took out my lymph nodes. But removing a testicle is pretty simple. They suck it out through a little tube. It's like shucking an oyster.

PLAYBOY: Drew was present for your post-op exams, wasn't she?

GREEN: That was interesting. We'd only been going out for three or four months. It made me nervous to have a bunch of doctors check my ball—my *ball*—with my new girlfriend sitting there beside me. After the lymph node operation I couldn't move, couldn't even turn my back, and there she was, watching seven men and women fondle my nut.

PLAYBOY: They thought you might need chemotherapy, which could sterilize you, so you had to produce some sperm to freeze and save for later.

GREEN: It's a bizarre place, the sperm bank. You go into a little room and watch a porno movie.

PLAYBOY: Which one?

GREEN: You don't get to choose. You have

whacking off to porn in a closet.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your Canadian boyhood. What's the first thing you remember?

GREEN: Sitting on a tree stump. I was about three. My father was in Vietnam. He was in the Canadian military—went over there with the UN peacekeepers. He wasn't fighting, just overseeing the American troops' withdrawal, and my mother and I went to stay at my grandparents' place. I went for a walk with my grandmother, and we stopped and sat on a tree stump. Sitting there, watching ants crawl around, that's my first memory. I thought the ants looked cool. After that I don't remember anything till I was about 13 years old.

PLAYBOY: You were only 15 when you made your comedy debut at an Ottawa club called Yuk-Yuk's.

GREEN: I had been studying comedy. In grade school we had to do a public speech every year, and I'd done one on rock formations: igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary. They're still the three biggest words I know. Another year I gave a speech on the forms of comedy: slapstick, satire, irony.

PLAYBOY: You were the class cutup, the one who was always falling off his chair to get a laugh. With your dad in the service, you had to move a lot when you were a kid, and you wanted the attention—

GREEN: At home I'd put a bottle of water on top of the door so it'd fall on my parents when they got home. Pranks and shit. But

that school speech was the first time I really thought about comedy. So at 15 I got up and tried it out at Yuk-Yuk's. Thursday was amateur night. Me, Derek Harvie and Phil Giroux—the guy in my window on the TV show—we'd been going as hecklers, just to fucking cause shit and get in trouble. We'd sit in the front row and not laugh. We'd try to start arguments with the guy onstage. We'd sit with our hands on our chins, then switch hands simultaneously at the punch line.

PLAYBOY: The poor comic.

GREEN: We didn't care. We wanted the attention ourselves. But doing that stuff almost kept us from getting onstage, because they knew we were the hecklers. It was the bouncer who helped us, a guy

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named Tibor, the same guy who kicked us out every week. He went to Howie, the manager, and said, "These are the assholes who heckle every week, but I gotta say they're pretty funny."

PLAYBOY: It was a nightclub. You were underage, weren't you?

GREEN: I wasn't allowed to have a beer, but there was free Coke. I thought that was cool. I was nervous on my first night, but it went well. I kind of killed. And I went back every week—me in my dad's suit, with beige pants because I was trying to look like Letterman. Eventually, I got paid \$15 a night. But I wasn't in my element as a stand-up. I get better reactions interacting with people, as opposed to making a witty observation.

PLAYBOY: What's a joke you told that first night?

GREEN: It was stupid stuff. I remember a lame joke about Trix cereal: "They say Trix are for kids. What, do you need ID to buy this shit?"

PLAYBOY: Did you get heckled?

GREEN: Only a couple of times in the three years I worked there. You can always use one of those lame comeback lines every comedian uses: "Well, do I come to your work and take the dick out of your mouth?" But I would make a weird face.

PLAYBOY: By day you were a mild-mannered high school student at Ottawa's Colonel By High. Who was Colonel By?

GREEN: One of the city's founding fathers. He was an engineer who built the big canal that runs through Ottawa.

PLAYBOY: What do they call the school teams, the By-Sexuals?

GREEN: You know, it's weird that nobody's ever said that. You should print that so people can use it to destroy the school.

PLAYBOY: Were you popular in high school?

GREEN: Got elected to the student council every year. But I wasn't popular with the cool clique. I was into things that weren't popular yet. Everyone else listened to New Order and Huey Lewis and the News. I thought they were fine, but I was more into the Beastie Boys and Public Enemy. And I was definitely the oldest skateboarder at my school. Everybody else in the 12th grade was like, "Grow up. Stop skateboarding and covering yourself in salad dressing onstage." It was the younger kids who thought I was cool for causing hell.

PLAYBOY: You got elected to the student council by giving a speech while pulling vegetables out of a briefcase and making a salad. Were you an effective leader?

GREEN: The reality of student government is that there's nothing you can do. You spend a whole year organizing a bake sale to pay for the school dance. Hiring a DJ for the dance—I was effective at that. And making the Christmas concert a little different. I mean, here I was with these very straight student

council people, and I made our Christmas concert like the *Letterman* show. Got a band and a Hammond organ, and I hosted it from a desk on the stage. I'd spent three months getting the head of the AV department to put a big-screen TV in the auditorium and hook a telephone into the speaker system so that during the Christmas concert, between bands, I could call the Home Shopping Network and razz the shit out of them about the cubic zirconium ring. I'd go into the audience, find a cute girl, call her house and say embarrassing stuff to her parents. Or call teachers' homes and talk to their wives.

PLAYBOY: There's a story about how you discovered David Letterman.

GREEN: I talk about Letterman so much in interviews—he probably hates me. Next time I'm on his show he'll probably say, "Stop fucking talking about me, you fuck! You're not funny. So don't go around saying I'm funny—people will think I'm not funny if they think you think I'm funny."

PLAYBOY: It's funny how you discovered him.

GREEN: Yeah, I broke my toe. I was about 14, and I already had a broken arm from skateboarding. One day I'm just bugging my dad and he starts chasing me through the house. Not like he's going to kick the shit out of me, but he was mad. I ran—I was barefoot—and nailed my foot on a coffee table. Now my toe's bent way back. I freaked, because skating was life. Straightened the toe back out, taped it to the other toes, but that didn't work. All of a sudden I'm the idiot in the emergency room with a broken toe and a cast on his arm.

I couldn't sneak out my bedroom window and skateboard till four in the morning anymore, so I started watching late-night TV. *Letterman*, yes.

PLAYBOY: Your military father really thought you were a goof-off, didn't he? Some of the hostility in *The Tom Green Show* was real.

GREEN: Yes. But it's not like he was the stereotypical military guy. He's kind of a goofball, too. At the same time he was telling me to get a job, he'd be dressing up as a ballerina for an office Christmas party. But when summer came—that was the big conflict time: "You're not sleeping until the afternoon and skateboarding all day and night! We want you in bed at 10:30 on weeknights." It was summer, but my parents kept the rules of the school year! I had to get up in the morning when they did, and they'd drop me off at the employment center. I'd get a job and keep it for two or three weeks.

PLAYBOY: What sort of job?

GREEN: Carpenter's helper. I'd go into a room that was filled with two-by-fours. Hundreds, thousands of them. They'd say, "Carry all those two-by-fours upstairs and stack them there." I would

carry them eight at a time, eight hours straight, every day. It was exhausting. Then I'd get a paycheck, maybe \$300 for two weeks' work, and quit and skateboard for a couple of weeks.

PLAYBOY: You had some run-ins with mall security guards.

GREEN: That's an irritating type of person. They could get a little scary—they'd grab you and put you up against a wall and say they were going to call the cops. But they didn't. It's only now that I realize why. They were just 24-year-olds and they were afraid of the cops. You don't call the cops because some 16-year-old is riding a horse on the little carousel ride, or dropping bits of wet paper towels off the balcony onto people's heads, or dropping a cup of water on someone. When you're 16 that seems like the worst thing in the world, but it's probably not a criminal offense.

PLAYBOY: Was there other mall anarchy?

GREEN: I was banned from the Rideau Center in Ottawa for screaming. I'd be walking along and then I'd turn and scream into a store as loud as I could. Startled the shit out of people, and I'd crack up because it was such an absurdly loud, obnoxious thing to do.

I was jumping in their fountains, too. Going into fountains wearing scuba equipment.

PLAYBOY: You filmed that for your Canadian TV show.

GREEN: And they got pissed off about it. They took me downstairs to the mall office and said, "If you come back within a year, you will be charged with trespassing and the cops will come." OK, so it's seven months later and I'm walking through the mall, going to a movie with a girl, and the mall guy basically arrests me. It was the most embarrassing thing ever. I said, "Look, I'm not wearing scuba gear." Everyone knew who I was by then. I had a national talk show. But they kicked me out.

PLAYBOY: You got back at the ultimate authority figures, your parents, by waking them up on camera, filling their house with barnyard animals and getting a lesbian sex scene painted on their car—the famous Slutmobile show. Were there off-screen talks about that stuff? Did you ever say, "Sorry about the Slutmobile?"

GREEN: The stuff I did to them was not mean-spirited. I painted their car, but the next day we painted it back. There was no permanent damage. Of course now they can't go to the grocery without people saying, "Hey, Slutmobile!"

PLAYBOY: Is that fair? Your parents didn't ask to be made fun of on national TV in two nations.

GREEN: It's a weird kind of double-edged thing. No, it would not be fair if they didn't like it, but they're just saying that. I know they do like it. If they didn't, would they fly to New York and go on *Saturday Night Live* with me?

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JET LI

CHINESE NAME: Li Lian Jie
YOU FIRST SAW HIM IN: *Lethal Weapon 4*, *Romeo Must Die* or *Black Maek*.
CLAIM YOU SAW HIM IN: *Fist of Legend*. **MOST SEE:** *Once Upon a Time in China*, *Jet Li's Enforcer*, *The Tai Chi Master*, *Deadly China Hero* (a.k.a. *Iron Rooster vs. the Centipede*), *Swordsman II*, *Once Upon a Time in China and America*. **MARTIAL ARTS STYLE:** Was a national Wu Shu champion at the age of 11. **BEST FIGHT ON FILM:** The warhorse fight in *Once Upon a Time in China*. **TAG LINE:** "They've got the weapons. They've got the pistols. And they've got no chance. . . ."

CHOW YUN FAT

CHINESE NAME: Yun Fat
YOU FIRST SAW HIM IN: *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* or *Anna and the King*. **CLAIM YOU SAW HIM IN:** *The Killer*, *Hard Boiled*. **MUST SEE:** *The Killer*, *Hard Boiled*, *A Better Tomorrow I* and *II*, *Full Contact*, *God of Gamblers*, *City on Fire*. **MARTIAL ARTS STYLE:** Heroic bloodshed. **BEST FIGHT ON FILM:** Take your pick. The 45-minute hospital shantout in *Hard Boiled*? **WEAPON OF CHOICE:** Two guns, none in each hand. **TAG LINE:** On Vicinus Killer. On Rentless Cop. On Thousand Bullets.

JACKIE CHAN

CHINESE NAMES: Yunn Lu, Keng Sang Chan
YOU FIRST SAW HIM IN: *Rumble in the Bronx*, *Rush Hour* or *Shanghai Noon*. **CLAIM YOU SAW HIM IN:** *Cannonball Run* as a Subaru driver. **MUST SEE:** *Drunken Master*, *Legend of Drunken Master*, *Sneak in the Eagle's Shadow*, *Police Story*, *Police Story III: Supercop*, *Who Am I?*, *Project A*. **MARTIAL ARTS STYLE:** Peking Opera meets Buster Keaton. Calls it chop suey. **BEST FIGHT ON FILM:** Last battle in *Legend of Drunken Master*. **TAG LINE:** Fight now. Ask questions later. **TRIVIA:** Kicked through wall by Uruon Lun in *Fist of Fury*.

MICHELLE YEOH

CHINESE NAME: Yen Chukheng
YOU FIRST SAW HER IN: *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* or *Tomorrow Never Dies*. **CLAIM YOU SAW HER IN:** *Yes, Madam* (a.k.a. *Super Cops*), *Police Story III: Supercop*. **MUST SEE:** *Wing Chun*, *Twin Warriors* (a.k.a. *The Tai Chi Master*), *Royal Warriors*. **MARTIAL ARTS STYLE:** She studied ballet in London. **BEST FIGHT ON FILM:** Tefn fight in *Wing Chun*, courtyard fight in *Crouching Tiger*. **TRIVIA:** She is a former Miss Malaysia. **GUTSIEST MOVE:** Diving through the glass to shoot bad guys in *Yes, Madam*.

BRUCE LEE

CHINESE NAME: Lee Jun Fan (means gaining fame overseas)
YOU FIRST SAW HIM IN: *Enter the Dragon*. **CLAIM YOU SAW HIM IN:** *The Green Hornet*. **MUST SEE:** *The Big Boss* (a.k.a. *China Mountain Big Brother*), *Fist of Fury*, *Way of the Dragon*. **MARTIAL ARTS STYLE:** Jeet Kune Do, which roughly translated means hitch up your pants and kill the fucker. **BEST FIGHT ON FILM:** Ice-punching plant, *The Big Boss*. **WEAPON OF CHOICE:** Nunchaku. **TRIVIA:** Father was an actor in the black-and-white *Wong Fui Hong* series.

if hollywood goes HONG KONG



EGG FOO ARNOLD



CHOW YUN PITT



BRUCE W-LEE



YUEN MEL GI



TOM WONG CRU

WEBSITE OF THE WEIRD

"Welcome to the Jackie Chan Interactive Injury Interface. Here's how it works. A darkened picture of Jackie will appear, describing injuries he has sustained while filming his trademark stunt scenes. You can read more about the injury and watch a short animated clip of the scene in which the injury occurred. Simply click until the entire body is filled. Have fun."
project.net/wfh/jackiechan/firststrike/games.html

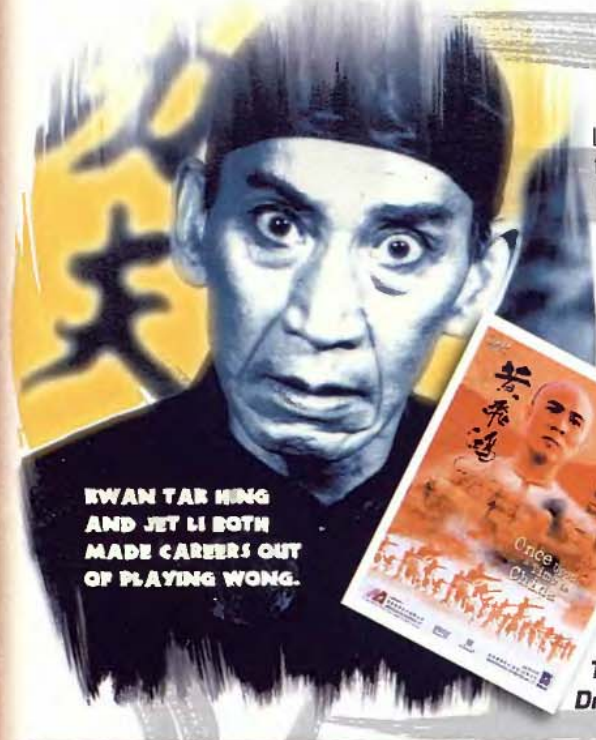


"You impertinent young fool. I promise you, I shall have your teeth now."

—VILLAIN TO JACKIE CHAN IN *SNAKE IN THE EAGLE'S SHADOW*



A Wong By Any Other Name



KWAN TAK HING AND JET LI BOTH MADE CAREERS OUT OF PLAYING WONG.



Like Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp, **WONG FEI HUNG** actually walked the planet. His father, a famous martial arts master and member of the 10 Tigers of Canton, refused to teach his son. The rebellious son learned his craft from his father's *sifu*, Luk Ah-choy. Wong became a master of the Hung Kuen (Hung's fist) style and practiced medicine at the Po Chi Lum clinic. He died in 1924, but **74 black-and-white films starring Kwan Tak Hing, left, embellished the legend.** Wong Fei Hung is the longest-running film character in the world, easily kicking the butts of Sherlock Holmes and James Bond. These films roughly follow the hero's chronology:

- Tse Man plays Wong in *Iron Monkey* (1977).
- Jackie Chan plays the student Wong in *Drunken Master* (1978) and *Legend of Drunken Master* (1994).
- Jet Li plays the physician and martial arts master in *Once Upon a Time in China I and II* (1991, 1992) and the follow-up, *Deadly China Hero*.
- Kwan Tak Hing reprised his role, playing the older Wong in *The Skyhawk* (1974), *The Magnificent Butcher* (1979) and *Dreadnought* (1981).

YOUR KUNG FU IS GOOD, BUT YOUR (FILL IN THE BLANK) WILL NEVER BEAT MY (FILL IN THE BLANK).

CHOOSE YOUR FIGHTING STYLE:

Iron fist • White eyebrow • Praying mantis • White crane boxing • Snake fist • Drunken fist • Liquid sword • Crab claw • Iron monkey • Way of Wu Tang • Iron Armor • Shaolin horse boxing • Plum blossom • Array of seven • Subdue Tiger fist • Southern fist • Northern leg • Shadowless kick • Eighteen bird forms • Deadly lama kung fu • Wonder palm of Shaolin

"I've thought about this a long time. But I think it's time you knew. It's the secret twin style of boxing. I was sworn to secrecy about it. The point is, there is a basic weakness which is unprotected in his style. You have to **AIM FOR THE CROTCH.** If you deliver the blow there, **IT KILLS.**"
 (Killer Bs)





HONG KONG WORKOUT

- ⊖ HOLD A DEEP KNEE BEND WITH GENITALS OVER POINTED STICK (*Drunken Master*).
- ⊖ DO FINGERTIP PUSH-UPS OVER BED OF BURNING POINTED STICKS WHILE TEACHER PUTS WEIGHT ON YOUR BACK (*Snake in the Eagle's Shadow*).
- ⊖ SUSPEND BODY IN FULL SPLIT WHILE GIRL LOADS BRICKS INTO BUCKET UNDER EACH KNEE (*Mystery of Chess Boxing*).
- ⊖ CREATE A THIGHMASTER OUT OF TWO STICKS AND OX TENDONS. HANG FROM RINGS. TRY TO SPREAD LEGS INTO SPLIT WHILE LIFTING BUCKETS OF WATER TIED TO ANKLES (*Killer Bs*).

"If you were in Hong Kong, you would be dead." —Jet Li in *Lethal Weapon 4*

BEST BUNGEE CORD MOVIES

To wire or not to wire? That is the question. Jackie Chan refuses to fly; others go where no man has gone before. If you hated *Peter Pan*, skip these.



TWIN WARRIORS

BLACK MASK

THE BRIDE WITH WHITE HAIR



DEADLY CHINA HERO

CROUCHING TIGER

ZU: WARRIORS OF THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN



CHINESE GHOST STORY

WARRIORS OF VIRTUE



GUEN WONG



MIDAS TOUCH

He taught the world to move; without him kung fu movies would look like the toy soldiers vs. the rat king in *The Nutcracker*, or, worse, two hours of *Riverdance*. Check out:

DRUNKEN MASTER

TAI CHI MASTER

TWIN WARRIORS

ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA

WING CHUN

IRON MONKEY

THE MAGNIFICENT BUTCHER

CROUCHING TIGER

THE MATRIX



"GIVE A GUY A GUN, HE THINKS HE'S SUPERMAN. GIVE HIM TWO, AND HE THINKS HE'S GOD." (*Hard Boiled*)



DOVES



STANDOFF



FESTIVAL



VIOLENCE

HOW TO WATCH A JOHN WOO MOVIE

- ✓ Enemy spotted in reflection (example—in *BROKEN ARROW*, Christian Slater sees John Travolta in cockpit).
- ✓ Public celebration or dance (festival in *MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE II*).
- ✓ Hong Kong Mexican standoff (hero and opposite put guns to each other's heads).
- ✓ White doves: symbol of peace (see church scene in *THE KILLER*).
- ✓ Breaking glass.
- ✓ Back-to-back banter.
- ✓ Exploding motorcycles (*M:I-2*).

The strangest things happen in nightclubs. Take a crowd of beautiful people in tight clothes, blast them with loud music and saturate them with booze and drugs, and you get more drama than in an entire season of *The Real World*. We talked with our favorite DJs—who witness everything from their high-perched booths—about the craziest stuff they've seen.

DJ SNEAK, TORONTO

"The best shit is the scandalous shit—people fucking on the floor, people masturbating, DJs getting head while they're playing. It's sex, drugs and electronic mayhem. But I hate it when a bunch of hot girls come up, touching themselves to break my concentration. There's a classic story about two girls eating each other out behind a DJ while he was being filmed for TV. Everyone followed suit."

JUNIOR SANCHEZ, NEW JERSEY

"There used to be a live sex show that attracted about 10,000 people. People would bug out. After I finished playing one night, I walked behind the stage and saw the illest shit I've ever seen: seven naked people in a circle—guys and girls—fisting one another. I was like, 'Oh my God, ooh—that has to hurt!' People were watching in amazement. It was brutal. I figured the women were having fun, but I don't know about the men."



TALES FROM THE

DJ BOOTH

WHEN IT COMES TO DEBAUCHERY, DJs HAVE THE BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE

DIMITRI FROM PARIS

"I was doing a French designer's shop opening party in Japan. All of a sudden, two bald Japanese guys jumped onto the podium and started dancing. Japanese people are generally shy, so everyone was shocked. They must have really enjoyed the music, because within five minutes, they were completely naked, swinging their thingies around. All of the girls ran away screaming. Then security came and hauled them away."

FELIX DA HOUSECAT, CHICAGO

"In Geneva, a couple liked my set so much that the guy offered me his girlfriend. The girlfriend comes running up to me and tries to stick her tongue in my mouth. I was like, 'What the hell is going on?' At another party, in Portugal, a bald drag queen kept walking past my booth and trying to throw this tiny woman inside. I was like, 'No thanks! I'm fine.'"

ERICK MORILLO, NEW JERSEY

"I was at Crobar in Miami when a girl with a superhot body—not a club dancer, just a regular girl—gets on top of a speaker, strips down and goes nuts up there for an hour and a half. I don't know what she was on, but it must have been good. As far as naughtiness goes, there's no shortage of sex in Ibiza. There are parties, after-parties, after-parties to the after-parties. You stay out all night, take a nap and start again."

DJ MEDIA4, LOS ANGELES

"One night we maxed out a club with 850 people. Of course, a fight breaks out. Then another. I look down from my booth, which is 35 feet up, and see 850 people rioting. I think it's funny until I notice several angry guys coming up. I had to lock myself in. By the end of the night, we needed five fire trucks, seven ambulances and 12 cop cars."



D. Edman

"The lifestyle here is instant gratification."

she came.
she partied.
she got booted
off the island

TEMPTATION'S TEMPTRESS



LAST FALL ON Fox' *Temptation Island*, four unmarried couples traveled to an island off the coast of Belize to test their relationships by dating dozens of attractive singles. Their idyll included scuba diving, massages, romantic meals on the beach and, in the case of firecracker Mandy and her temptation of the night, Johnny, downing tequila body shots. Though Quaker Oats and Best Buy pulled ads after the first episode and the Federal Communications Commission asked Fox to stop promoting the show when kids might be watching, 18 million couch voyeurs tuned in. Lola Corwin (her sister, Morena Corwin, is Miss September 1992) was among the 13 bikini-clad temptresses flown in to entice the men. But in a strange twist of events, Lola was voted off the island by the guys because she was too tempting. Here is Lola's side of the story, including some scoop that's even too hot for salacious Fox: "I went to the casting because my publicist at bikini.com said it might be cool. I told her I didn't want to do any reality TV shows but then decided I might as well try it. She said, 'Just put it in the hands of fate.' When I got there, I had to fill out this elaborate application that asked things like, What's your health history? What's your ideal date? What type of guy do you like? I wrote that I like sensitive, funny guys who aren't jealous or mean. They asked if I smoke, drink or do drugs. I tried to be as honest as possible. Then I had to fill out a psychological test and get tested for sexually transmitted diseases. When I found out I made it, I was excited, but at the same time, I was like, 'What am I getting myself into?'" Lola started modeling at the age of 14 and landed an agent at 17. After Lola won a local Hawaiian Tropic pageant in her home state of Florida, Lola's sister Morena encouraged her to enter the state finals. She finished in the top four. Since then, Lola has modeled for bikini.com, appeared on Pamela Anderson's TV show *V.I.P.* and was getting set to move into the house she'd just bought when *Temptation* beckoned. Even though her professional life in Hollywood was going well, Lola decided to take a chance. "I definitely think God sends people signals," she says. "When I tried to sign the contract, my pen ran out of ink. Then I never received the plane ticket. Still, I'm an adventurous girl. I thought I might regret not doing it. I missed two flights before I actually made it to Belize. I was two

Since her appearance on *Temptation Island*, Lola has become a paparazzi target. "Someone from *The Star* camped out across the street from my house and took pictures with a long lens," she says. "He came to the door, and I was wearing glasses and had been crying because I was watching *Unsolved Mysteries*. I told him I didn't want to talk because I felt ugly. Still, he took a photo of me picking up my dog in the doorway. It was a really stupid picture. They said all these nasty things about me." Luckily, Lola has been able to bond with other reality TV alums. "Gervase from the first season of *Survivor* called me and said, 'Lola! We have to hang out!' We worked together an MTV a while ago."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





Lola had a gut feeling she shouldn't go to Belize, but she was enticed by the beaches. What else tempts her? "Sleeping and eating. My favorite meal is fried chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, corn on the cob, and ice cream covered in nuts."





days late. Everyone was like, 'Who's Lola? What is she about?' I didn't even know exactly what *Temptation Island* was. I knew it was a dating show, but I wasn't taking it seriously. I wasn't trying to tempt anyone. Socializing with people you don't know is kind of fun. But I felt like an outcast because I got there so late. I decided not to kiss up to any of the guys. I figured if they liked me, they liked me; if they didn't, whatever. For the four days I was there, it was all about eating. I drank too—everyone did. What else are you supposed to do on an island at 10 P.M.? We were supposed to pay for our drinks, but people on the island kept giving us shots." A steamy island setting. Danceable music. Free cocktails. Can you blame a girl for letting her hair down? Unfortunately for Lola, some people became annoyed with her over-the-top attitude. "When I drink I'm giggly and funny," she continues. "I was acting like myself. I was having more fun and being more aggressive with the girls, dancing on the bar and singing karaoke. On the fourth day, something told me to look really good. So I primped for a while. I was feeling confident and happy. All the single girls had to stand in a line and say why we should not be kicked off the island. I said, 'Because we haven't gone skinny-dipping yet!' I love skinny-dipping. It's such innocent fun. But when the host announced, 'This choice is going to shock you,' I knew they'd chosen me. I was like, 'I wish I never did this! This is horrible!' I was hyperventilating and crying. But as soon as I got to fly home first-class, everything went uphill. The show gave me so much exposure. I've been interviewed by *Entertainment Tonight*. I'm working now more than ever. I just came back from Bora Bora, where I hosted a French TV show. I'm taking acting lessons. I model cosmetics, hair products, clothing. I do commercials and extra work in movies. I have a big résumé. I'm doing great."

See tempting photos at playboy.com/current.

Was there any sex on *Temptation Island*? "I don't think so," Lola says. "I'd hear people laughing and screaming until 3 A.M. Fox tried to convey more sexual tension than there was. But it was boring. On the first episode they kept pointing the camera at my boobs. My agent still laughs about it."



nabbed midheist, dortmunder has to do some fast thinking

John Dortmunder, a man on whom the sun shone only when he needed darkness, didn't like it when all those fluorescent lights flared into view above his head. Like an excessively starry sky, a thousand thousand fluorescent lights in great rows under the metal roof of this huge barn-like store building came flickering and buzzing on, throwing a great glare over all the goods below, and over Dortmunder, too, and yet he knew this vast Speedshop discount store in this vast blackout shopping mall in deepest New Jersey, very near Mordor, did not open at 10 past two in the morning. That's why he was here.

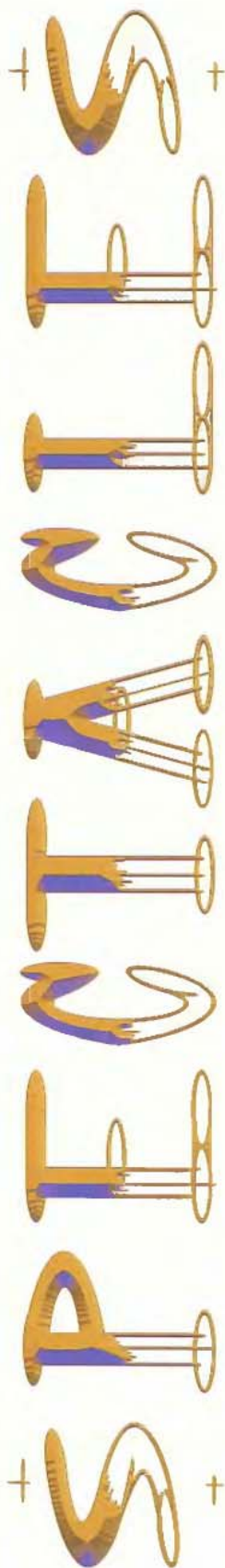
Speedshop was a great sprawling mass-production retailer stocked mostly with things that weren't worth more than a quarter and didn't cost more than \$4, but it had a few pricier sections as well. There was a pharmacy and a liquor department and a video shop and an appliance showroom. Most important, from Dortmunder's point of view, there was a camera department, carrying everything from your basic low-price Ph.D. (Push here, dummy) to advanced computer-driven machines that choose their own angles.

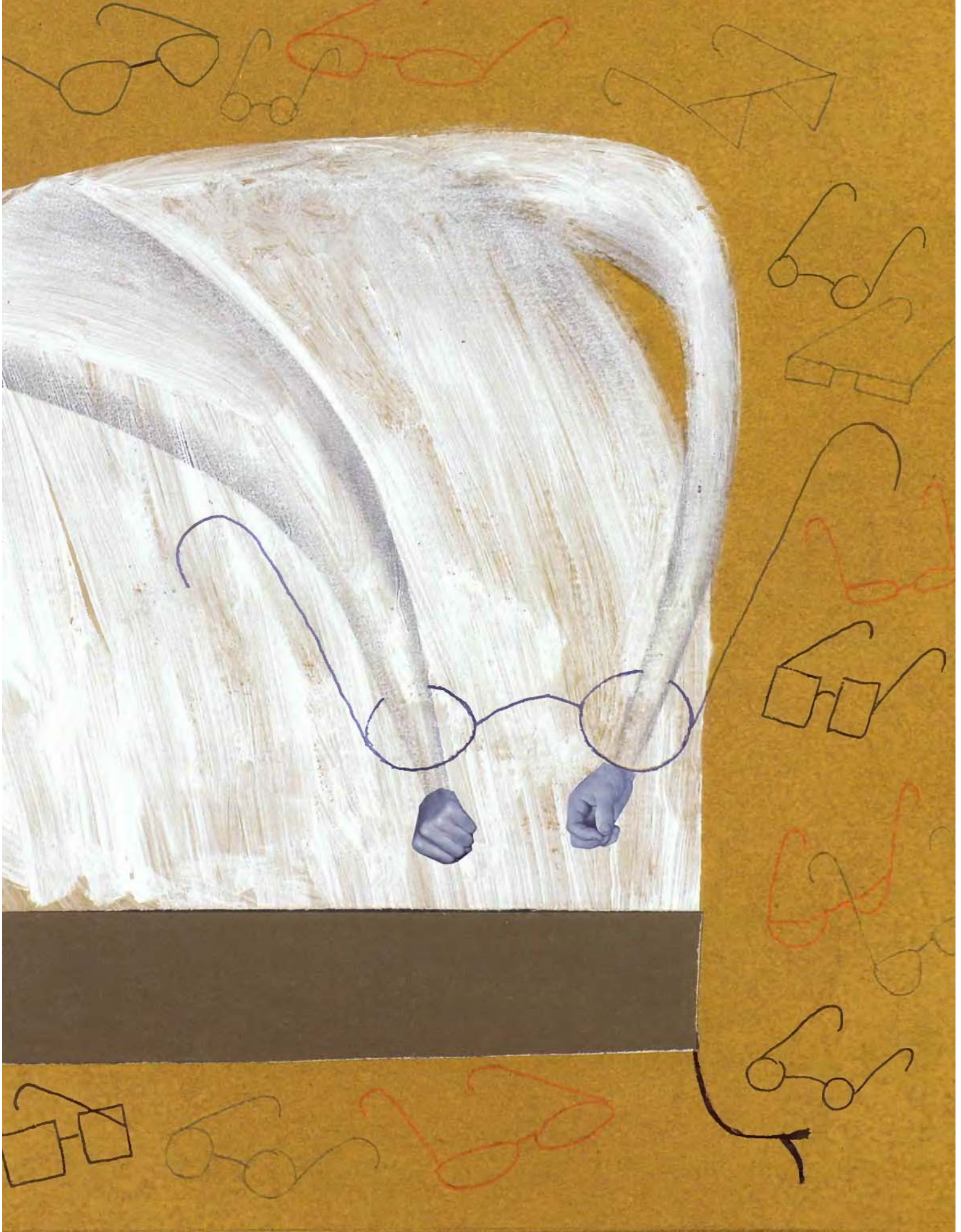
In two Speedshop tote bags, canvas, white, emblazoned in red with the Speedshop slogan (SAVE FAST AT SPEEDSHOP!), Dortmunder could fit \$10,000 worth of such high-end cameras, for which he would receive, no questions asked (because the answers are already known), from a fellow in New York named Arnie Albright, \$1000 in cash. Ten minutes inside the store, no more, after he'd bypassed the loading dock alarm systems, and he'd be back in the Honda Platoon he'd borrowed 40 minutes ago from an apartment complex farther up the highway, and well on his way home to the peace and quiet and safety of New York City.

But, no. As totes full of cameras dangled from his bony hands and he loped down the silent and semidark aisles—little night-lights here and there guided him along his way—he was suddenly bathed in this ice-water deluge of harsh fluorescent glare.

OK. There must have been something, some motion sensor or extra alarm he hadn't noticed, that had informed on him, and this big store would be filling up right this second with many police officers, plus probably private Speedshop security people, all of them armed and all of them looking, though they didn't know it yet, for John Dortmunder. Didn't know it yet, but soon would.

What to do? First, drop these bags of cameras behind a kids' sneaker display





rack. Second, panic.

Well, what else? He'd come in from the loading docks at the back, which they surely knew, so *they* would come in from the back as well, but they would also come in from the front. And they would leave guards at every entrance, while the rest of them fanned out to search inexorably forward, like Boy Scouts in pursuit of a lost hiker. Any second now, groups of them would appear at the ends of aisles, visible far away. And he would be just as visible.

Hide? Where? Nowhere. The shelves were packed full and high. If this were a traditional department store, he could at least try to pretend to be a mannequin in the men's clothing section, but these discount places were too cheap to have entire mannequins. They had mannequins that consisted of just enough body to drape the displayed clothing on. Pretending to be a headless and armless mannequin was a little beyond Dortmund's histrionic capabilities.

He looked around, hoping at least to see something soft to bang his head against while panicking, and noticed that he was just one aisle over from the little line of specialty shops, the pharmacy and the hair salon and the video renter and the optometrist.

The optometrist.

Could this possibly be a plan that had suddenly blossomed like a cold sore in Dortmund's brain? Probably not, but it would have to do. As the individual all those legislators had most specifically in mind when they enacted their three-strikes-and-you're-out life-imprisonment laws, Dortmund felt that any plan, however loosely basted together, had to be better than surrender. His wallet tonight contained several dubious IDs, including somebody's credit card, so for almost the first time in his life he made use of a credit card in a discount store, swiping it down the line between door and jamb leading to the optometrist's office.

It wasn't until after the door snicked shut again behind him that he realized there were no knobs or latches on its inside. This door could only be opened or closed or locked or unlocked from the outside.

Trapped! he thought, but then he thought, Wait a second. This just adds whaddyacallit. Verisimilitude. Unless that's the color.

The optometrist's shop was broad and not deep, with the front glass wall facing the rest of Speedshop, plus white walls at sides and back liberally decorated with mirrors and color photographs of handsome people with bad eyesight. A glass counter and display case full of spectacle frames faced the door, and little fitting tables with mir-

rors and chairs stood to both sides.

Against each side was a small settee where customers could sit and wait for their prescriptions to be filled, with magazines stacked on a nearby table. The light in here at this time of night was only the long dim bulbs inside the display racks, mostly showing the frames on the glass shelves.

Dortmunder dashed around the end of the counter and found the cash register, which for once he didn't want. But under it was the credit card swiper, which he did want. He found the blank receipts, swiped one with the credit card he'd used on the door, filled in the receipt with some stuff—\$139.98, that seemed like a good number—looked at the name on the credit card and signed it more or less the way it looked on the back: Austin Humboldt.

Customer copy, customer copy—here it is. Glancing at the windows across the way—no cops out there yet—he pocketed the customer copy, found the stack of used receipts under the cash register, and added Austin Humboldt's near to but not at the top of the pile. Out of his wallet and into his shoes went all the IDs not named Humboldt. Then he started around the counter again.

Wait a minute. If he was buying glasses, he was somebody who'd *wear* glasses, right? A display on the rear wall was two-thirds full of glasses; he grabbed a pair at random, slapped them on and realized he was looking through nothing. No glass, just frames.

Time time time, there was no *time* for all this. Down to his left, another display of glasses, and these bounced dim lights at him from a hundred lenses. He lunged down there, praying they wouldn't be blind-as-a-bat prescription specs, threw on a pair of delicate but manly tortoise-shell frames and looked through glass. Clear glass, clear. OK!

Now he could run around the counter, collapse onto the nearest settee—it wasn't very comfortable—grab a three-month-old *People* from the little table, open it facedown on his lap and then flop, eyes closed.

It took them three minutes to find him. He slumped there, unmoving, telling himself to relax, telling himself if worst comes to worst, he could probably eventually escape from prison, and then he heard the rattling of the metal knob on the glass door.

Don't react, he told himself. Not yet, it's too soon. You need your sleep.

Banging and knocking on the glass door and the plate glass wall. Indistinct muffled shouting.

Dortmunder started, like a horse hearing a pistol shot, and stared around at the optometrist shop, at the magazine sliding off his lap and at last at the glass wall, which had become an

active mural of cops peering in at him, staring, pressing faces to the glass, waving and yelling; a horrible sight.

And now he realized these glasses he'd put on were not exactly clear lenses, not exactly. They were some kind of magnifiers, reading glasses or whatever, that made everything just a little larger than usual, a little closer than usual. He not only had this horrible mural of Your Police in Action in front of him, he had them in his lap.

Too late to change. Just stagger forward and hope for the best. Dortmund jumped to his feet, then ran to the door, reaching for the nonexistent knob, bruising his knuckles against the chrome frame surrounding the glass because it wasn't exactly where he saw it, then licked his knuckles. Cops crowded close out there, the other side of the glass, calling, intensely staring.

Dortmunder showed them his most baffled face. He spread his hands, then pointed at the door, then made a knob-turning gesture, then shrugged like Atlas with an itch.

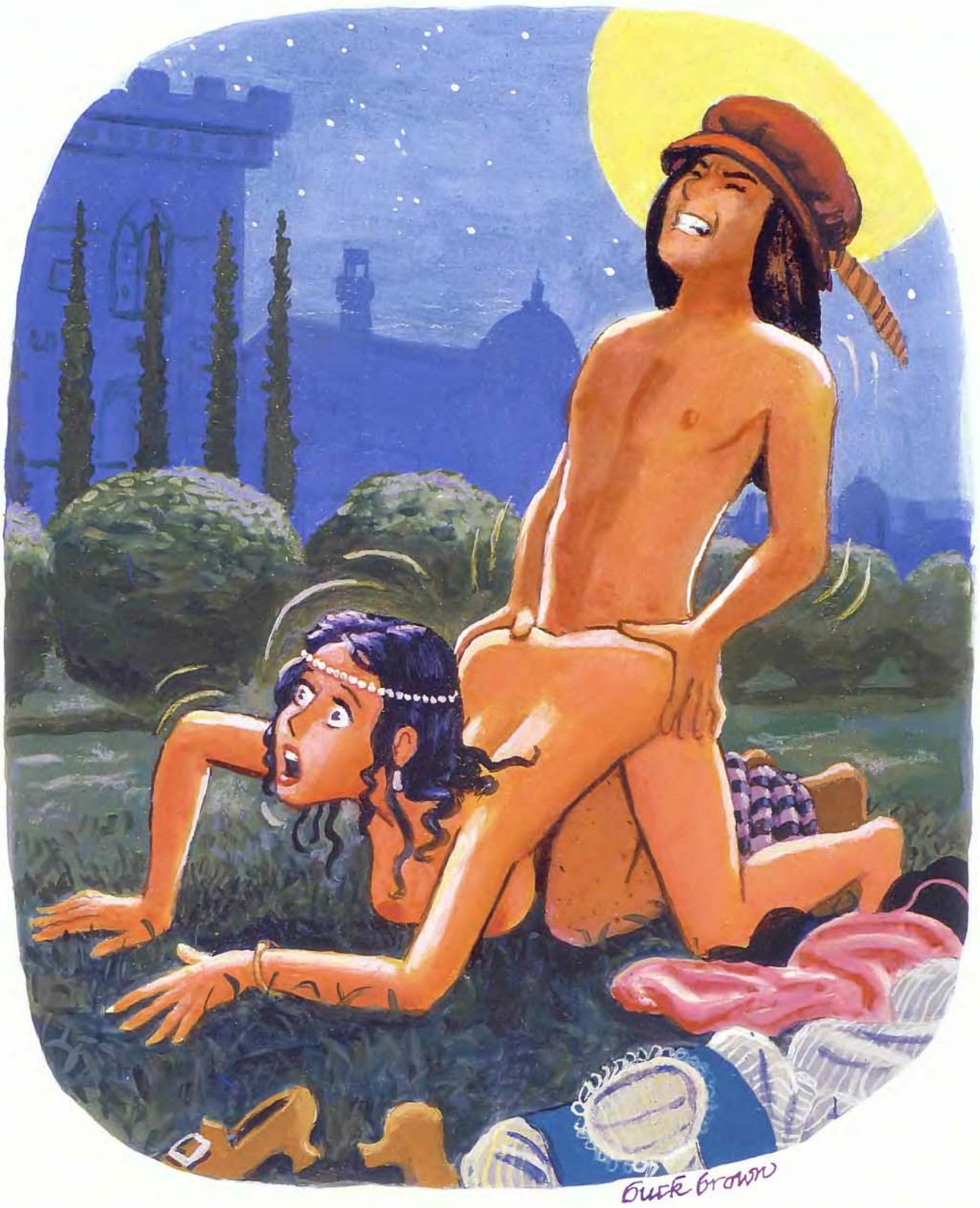
They didn't get it yet. They kept yelling at him to open up. They kept pointing at the door as though he didn't know where it was. He did his little repertoire of gestures some more, and then two of them pressed their faces to the glass, so that they now looked like fish in police uniform, and squinted to try to see the inside of the door.

Now they got it. And now Dortmund, once they understood he was locked in here—it's a locked room mystery!—began to exhibit signs of panic. He'd been *feeling* panic all along; it was nice to be able to show it, even though under false colors.

He bobbed back and forth along the wall, waving frantically, gesturing that they should release him. He pointed at his watch—do you people realize what time it is? He mimed making rapid phone calls—I got responsibilities at home! He tried to tear his hair, but it was too wispy to get a grip on.

Now that he was excited, the cops became calm. They patted the air at him, they nodded, they made walkie-talkie calls, they came up to the glass to mouth, "Take it easy." Easy for them to say.

It took them 15 minutes to unlock the door; apparently, none of them was a good credit risk. While more and more of them, cops and rent-a-cops both, came streaming in from all the aisles of Speedshop to stare into this one-man zoo, Dortmund kept ranting and raving in pantomime, flinging his arms about, stomping back and forth. He even ran around behind the counter and found the phone, intending to call his faithful companion, May, sleeping peacefully at home in their nice little apartment on West 19th



"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Street—would he ever see it again?—just so the cops could see the frantic husband was calling his worried wife. But a recorded announcement told him he could only make local calls from that phone, which was even better. Let May sleep.

At last another team of cops arrived, with special vinyl jackets in dark blue to show they were supercops, and they had several strange narrow metal tools with which they had at the door.

God, they were slow. Dortmund was just looking around for a helpful brick when at last the door did pop open and maybe 20 of them came crowding in.

"I gotta call my wife!" Dortmund yelled, but everybody else was yelling, too, so nobody could hear anybody. But then it turned out there actually was somebody in authority, a gruff potbellied older guy in a different kind of important uniform, like a blue army captain, who roared over everybody else, "That's enough! Pipe down!"

They piped down, surprisingly enough, all of them except Dortmund, who, in the sudden silence, once again shouted, "I gotta call my wife!"

The man in charge stood in front of Dortmund as though he were imitating a slammed door. "Name," he said.

Name. What was that name? "Austin Humboldt," Dortmund said.

"You got identification?"

"Oh, sure."

Dortmund pulled out his wallet, nervously dropped it on the floor—he didn't have to pretend nervousness, not at all—picked it up and handed it to the boss cop, saying, "Here it is, you look at it, I'm too jumpy."

The cop spent a couple of minutes looking at several documents the real Austin Humboldt would be reporting stolen six hours from now. Then, handing the wallet back, waiting while Dortmund dropped it again and picked it up again and returned it to his pocket, he said, "You broke into this building half an hour ago, came in here, got locked in. What were you after?"

Dortmund gaped at him. "What?"

"What were you after in this shop?" the cop demanded.

Dortmund stared around at all the displayed eyeglass frames. "My glasses!"

"You break into a store at—"

"I didn't break in!"

The cop gave him a jaundiced look. "The loading dock just happened to be open?"

Dortmund shook his head, a man besieged by gnats. "What loading dock?"

"You came in through the loading dock—"

"I did not!"

Another look. "All right," the cop decided, "suppose you tell me what

happened."

Dortmund rubbed his brow. He scuffed his shoes on the industrial carpet. He stared at his feet. "I don't *know* what happened," he said. "I must have fell asleep."

A different cop said, "Captain, he was asleep there when we got here." He pointed to the settee. "Over there."

"That's right," said several of the other cops. "Right over there." They all pointed to the settee. Outside the plate glass, some of the cops pointed at the settee, too, without knowing why.

The captain didn't like this at all. "Asleep? You broke in here to *sleep*?"

"Why do you keep saying," Dortmund answered, drawing himself up with what was supposed to be an honest citizen's dignity, "I *broke* in here?"

"Then what *did* you do?"

"I came in to get my prescription reading glasses," Dortmund told him. "I paid for them with a credit card—two pair, sunglasses and regular—and they told me to sit over there and wait. I must have fell asleep, but how come they didn't tell me when my glasses were ready?" Looking around, as though suddenly realizing the enormity of it all, he cried, "They *left* me here! They walked out and locked me in and left me here! I could have starved!"

The captain, sounding disgusted, said, "No, you couldn't have starved. They're gonna open again in the morning, you can't starve overnight."

"I could get damn hungry," Dortmund told him. "In fact, I *am* damn hungry, I never had my dinner." Struck by another thought, he cried, "My wife is gonna *kill* me, I'm this late for dinner!"

The captain reared back to study his prisoner. "Let me get this straight," he said. "You came in earlier today—"

"Around four this afternoon. Yesterday afternoon."

"You bought two pairs of glasses, you fell asleep, and you want me to believe the staff left without seeing you and locked you in. And it was just coincidence that somebody *else* broke into this building tonight."

"Somebody broke in?"

Nobody answered, they all just kept looking at him, looming outside these glasses, so finally Dortmund said, "How often does it happen, somebody breaks in here?"

The captain didn't deign to answer. Dortmund looked around, and another, younger cop said, "Not a lot." But he sounded defensive.

"So it happens," Dortmund said.

"Sometimes," the younger cop admitted, while the captain glowered at this underling, not pleased.

Dortmund spread his hands. "So what kind of a coincidence is that?"

The captain leaned closer; now the glasses made him look like a tank with eyes. "How did you pay for these glasses? Cash?"

"Of course not." Now the damn glasses slipped down his nose, and he finger-pushed them back, a little too hard. Ooh. Blinking, eyes watering, which didn't help, "I used my credit card," he said.

"So the receipt should still be here, shouldn't it?"

"I dunno."

"Let's just see," the captain said, and turned to one of his flunky cops to say, "Look for it. The credit card slip."

"Yes, sir."

Which took about a minute and a half. "Here it is!" said the cop, pulling it out of the stack he'd placed on the counter.

In stunned disbelief, the captain said, "There's a credit card slip there?"

"Yes, sir."

Dortmund, trying to be helpful, said, "I've got my copy in my pocket, if you want to see it."

The captain studied Dortmund. "You mean, you really did come in here this afternoon and fall asleep?"

"Yes, sir," Dortmund said.

The captain looked angry and bewildered. "It can't be," he insisted. "In that case, where's the burglar? He has to be in the building."

One of the rent-a-cops, an older guy who had his own special uniform with stripes and epaulets and stars and awards and things on it to show he was an important rent-a-cop, a senior rent-a-cop, cleared his throat loudly and said, "Uh, Captain."

The captain lowered an eyebrow at him. "Yeah?"

"The word went out," the senior rent-a-cop said, "that the burglar was caught."

The captain got that message right away. "You're telling me," he said, "no one's watching the exits."

"Well, the word was," the senior rent-a-cop said, "he was, you know, caught."

Dortmund, honest but humble, said, "Captain, would you mind? My wife's gonna be really really really irritated. I mean, she doesn't like me to be *ten minutes* late for dinner, you know, and—"

The captain, furious at everybody now, snapped, "What? What do you want?"

"Sir," Dortmund said, "could you give me a note for my wife?"

"A *note*!" The captain looked ready to punch a whole lot of people, starting with Dortmund. "Gedaddahere!"

"Well, OK," Dortmund said.





BOXERS

IN

BOXERS

when it's time to
rumble, show her
some razzle-dazzle

FASHION

BY ROBERT WARNER


It's a defining moment when a girl sees your boxers for the first time. You want to weigh in with style. We figure nobody is better qualified to pick out undies than guys who make a living in their trunks, so we recruited some of the top fighters on the planet—and boxing's most outrageous promoter. Lennox Lewis has brought glory back to the heavyweight division by unifying the belts. Fernando Vargas and Roy Jones are two key middleweights. (Add Felix Trinidad, Shane "Sugar" Moseley and Oscar De La Hoya, all jumping weight classes, and you have enough excitement to sustain fans for years.) There's the brightest star in the low weight classes, Floyd Mayweather. His uncle Roger, also a champ, was known as the Mexican Assassin, and with Floyd's dissection of Diego Corrales earlier this year, he looks ready to continue the family tradition. Next time you're set to go a few rounds, do like these guys. Wear knockout boxers.

Lennox Lewis (left) wears underwear from his own clothing line. Though Lewis is the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, he has an eye on the future. He designs clothes and manages rising fighters.

• Lennox Lewis

WBC and IBF
Heavyweight Champ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM COUPON



• Fernando Vargas

Former IBF Junior
Middleweight Champ

"Ferocious" Fernando Vargas has always been linked to fashion. As an Olympic boxer he was chosen to model official gear. Last year he turned heads with the Lexus SUV he had converted into a 32-foot limo. Here Fernando is wearing Versace.

• Roy Jones

WBA, WBC, IBF
and WBO Light
Heavyweight Champ



Roy Jones is possibly the most imposing fighter around. There is talk of Felix Trinidad's moving up two classes to battle him. Since Jones shredded ex-champ Virgil Hill, he has been without competition. His boxers are by Nike.

• Floyd Mayweather

WBC Super-
Featherweight
Champ

"Pretty Boy" Floyd Mayweather is boxing's shooting star. In January he put on a fight clinic against previously undefeated Diego Corrales, who had never been knocked down. Mayweather floored him five times. Here he's in Tommy Hilfiger boxers.

• Don King

Legendary
Boxing Promoter



Fantabulous promoter Don King is famous for the phrase "Only in America," but when it comes to fashion, nobody is more worldly. Here he holds up Hugo Boss boxers. King's sartorial kayo? A Rabbit Head swizzle stick.



*“The chute’s
on
fire.”*
“Cool!”

*Meet Troy Hartman,
the Death-Defying Host of MTV’s
Senseless Acts of Video*



“Base-jumping is my favorite sport,” Hartman says. “The feeling you get when you leap off a stationary object like a bridge is like nothing in the world. You are jumping into dead space with no noise or wind resistance. It’s extremely dangerous.”



profile by Alison Lundgren

Since the show began in 1999, Troy Hartman, host of MTV's *Senseless Acts of Video*, has repeatedly risked his life in the name of edge-of-your-seat reality TV.

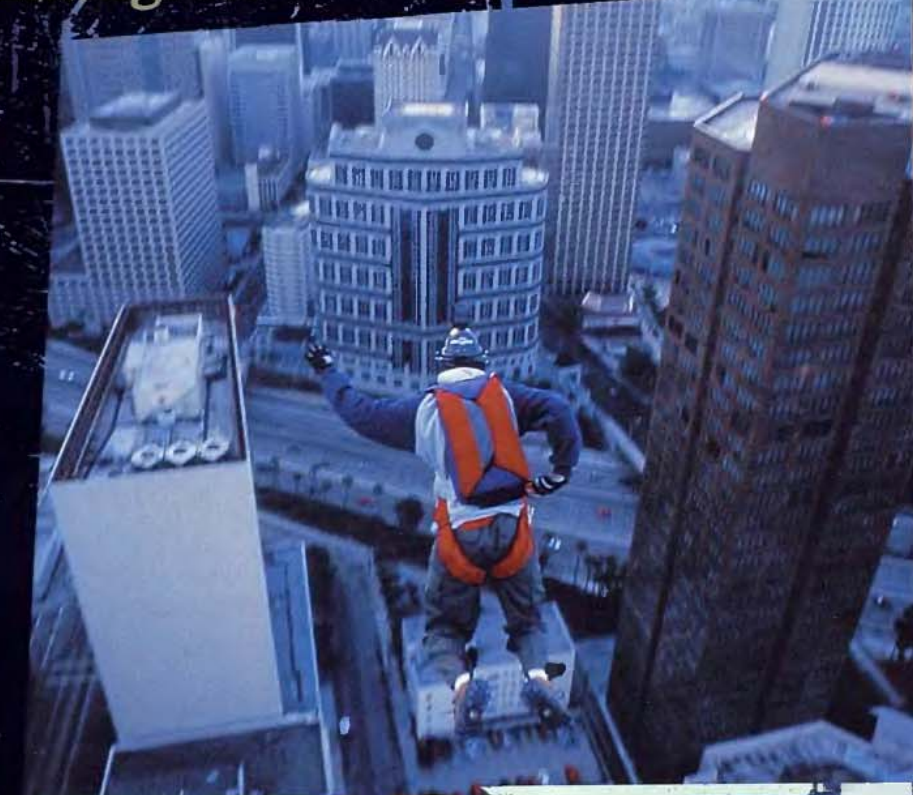
So far on *Senseless*, he has jumped out of a 37th-floor window, free-fallen inside a locked Suzuki Samurai, lured a shark into biting his arm, wake-boarded behind a helicopter, sky-dived onto the roof of the Las Vegas Sahara Hotel, ridden a saddle attached to a bomb and jumped off a 750-foot-high bridge from the top of a moving semi. Once, just for the hell of it, Hartman jumped out of an airplane with his parachute in a bucket of kerosene. As soon as his chute opened, he lit it with a flare gun. When that chute melted, he cut it away and opened another one. "Fucking gnarly," Hartman says.

Even when the cameras aren't rolling, Hartman plays daredevil. He is a trained pilot. He sky-dives to relieve stress. He base-jumps—illegally, of course—off radio antennas and cliffs. And wait until you find out why he was kicked out of the Air Force Academy.

His most recent brush with death wasn't even a stunt. In December, Hartman was on his way back to Los Angeles from Las Vegas when his plane's engine failed and he was forced to make an emergency landing on a California street. The incident made headlines worldwide. Hartman and his girlfriend escaped unscathed.

PLAYBOY: Your plane almost crashed. What happened?

HARTMAN: The engine stopped. It just quit. My girlfriend thought I was playing a prank until I called the airport and told them we had an emergency. I asked them to clear a runway. Then I realized I wasn't going to make it. I was looking for a place to land, but most of



Top left: In season one, Hartman and his former co-hosts streak a basketball game. "When it was time to go, I just said screw it," he says.



Above right: Base-jumping out of a 37th-floor window. "It scared the fuck out of me," he says. Hartman was George Clooney's stunt double in the film *Batman and Robin*.





the roads were too short, had too many power lines or were packed with cars. Finally, I found a side road that didn't have much activity. I thought no one was on it, but when I got 20 feet above it, I saw a truck coming right at me. There was no way I could avoid it. I had to play chicken with this truck and pray he would get out of my way. At the last second he did. I swear my wing missed him by six inches.

PLAYBOY: How much time elapsed between the engine's quitting and your landing?

HARTMAN: Three or four minutes. We were descending at 1000 feet a minute.

PLAYBOY: Did you think you were going to die?

HARTMAN: No, because the cards were stacked in my favor. It was daytime, I was in contact with the tower, I had enough altitude. I would have felt like a real idiot if we'd crashed. Any other pilot would have thought, This guy's a total dummy for not figuring it out.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a daredevil?

HARTMAN: I don't like being called stunt guy or extreme dude or daredevil or death wish. I hate all those terms.

PLAYBOY: What would you call yourself?

HARTMAN: I have yet to find a good answer. I guess I'm an athlete. Before I started the show, skysurfing was my expertise. In 1997, my partner and I won the X Games. Then again, how can I not consider myself a daredevil when I'm doing crazy shit like being lit on fire? I like to tempt fate. I like to play that game.

PLAYBOY: What's your earliest memory of tempting fate?

HARTMAN: I grew up in Mammoth Mountain, California, a big ski area. By high school, I was a good skier, but my friends were better. They would jump off 70-foot rocks. I couldn't believe what they were doing. I told myself, Man, if you don't at least try, you're a wuss. So I did. Fuck it. It scared the hell out of me, but I landed it. After that I (continued on page 160)

Top row: After jumping out of an airplane, Hartman barely lands on the top of a speeding train. "I have to laugh when I think about this stunt," he says. "I was a complete idiot. I have no problem admitting it. I got pulled backward and fell off the back of the train. I frantically grabbed for anything within reach. A piece of metal on the back of the train saved my ass. I was one lucky son of a bitch. When it aired, friends from all over called to tell me I had lost my mind." **Second from top:** In a free fall. **Third from top:** Hartman, in a scuba suit, grabs some bloody fish and lures a shark into biting his arm. **Above:** Base-jumping in the Grand Canyon. "Most of the time you have to sneak around at night to do base-jumps because it's against the law," he says. "This one was legal. We had cameras on the cliff's edge, at the bottom of the canyon and on the rock wall. It was awesome."



"They're not asking us to keep it down. They're asking us to bring it upstairs."



Crista Nicole

miss may took a chance and her career took off

LAST YEAR, Crista Nicole left her hometown of Springfield, Ohio with her high school sweetheart and headed west—destination unknown—to pursue a modeling career. When the two road-trippers arrived at the last-chance casino border town of Primm, Nevada, 22-year-old Crista saw a billboard for a Miss Hawaiian Tropic search that inspired her to make a U-turn back to Las Vegas. “I called the number and did the contest,” she says. “I won and became a state finalist.” But when she qualified for the national competition, she hesitated. “My boyfriend, Jared, and I needed to find jobs. He said, ‘You have to go—that’s why we came out here.’” Crista took his advice and went on to win the nationals. She also snagged her first major modeling contract, with Hawaiian Tropic, and competes in the internationals this month.

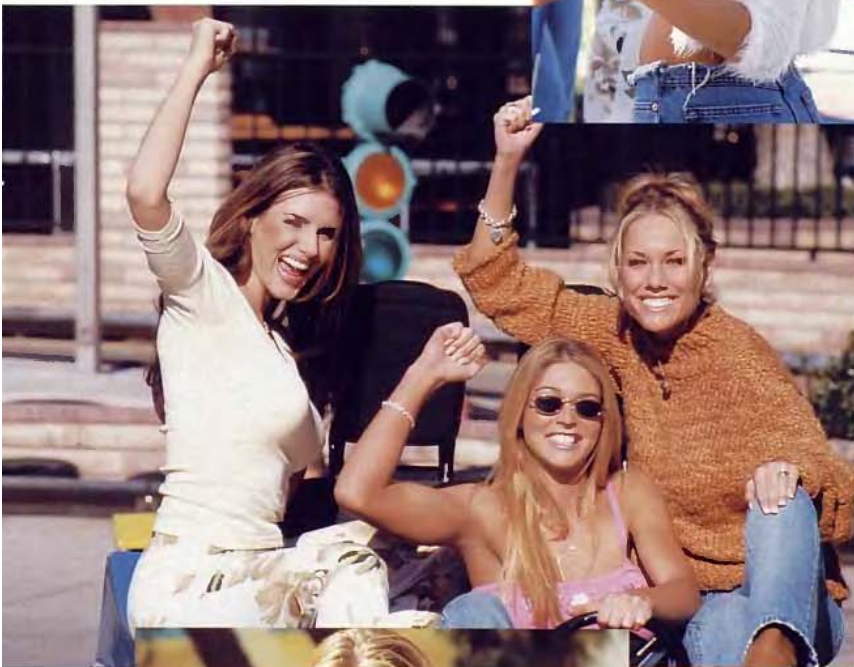
Driving cross-country to pursue a dream was easier with Jared along. “We’ve been dating for five years and he’s my best friend,” she says of her beau. “We were both athletic in high school and actually hated each other at first. He was a big-time jock, kind of an asshole, and I had no interest in getting to know him. But one day we were running beside each other on the treadmills and started talking, and we saw we had something.” Crista enjoyed softball, soccer, basketball and track, and she even gave cheerleading a try to overcome her shyness. “I hung out with honor students

The King makes Crista nostalgic. “My dad had a Cadillac, and he would pop in an Elvis Presley eight-track on the way to the store,” she says. “Elvis brings back sentimental childhood memories. I listen to his music when I miss my family.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA AND
ARNY FREYTAG



Miss May prefers to lag on to stay connected with her family and Midwestern college pals. "I send them e-mail and cards to find out what they're doing," she says. "I have a preference for male friends, but you really can't be good friends with guys because they always want to take it further than that." Can't blame a guy for trying, Crista.



"There is a secret Vegas for locals," Crista says of the city she calls home. "You don't want to go to the casinos and tourist places. Once you live there, you meet some of the club owners and get connections to better parties." Is she a gambling girl? "People get caught up in gambling and can't handle it," she says. "I don't want to gamble with my money—I'd rather gamble with someone else's!"









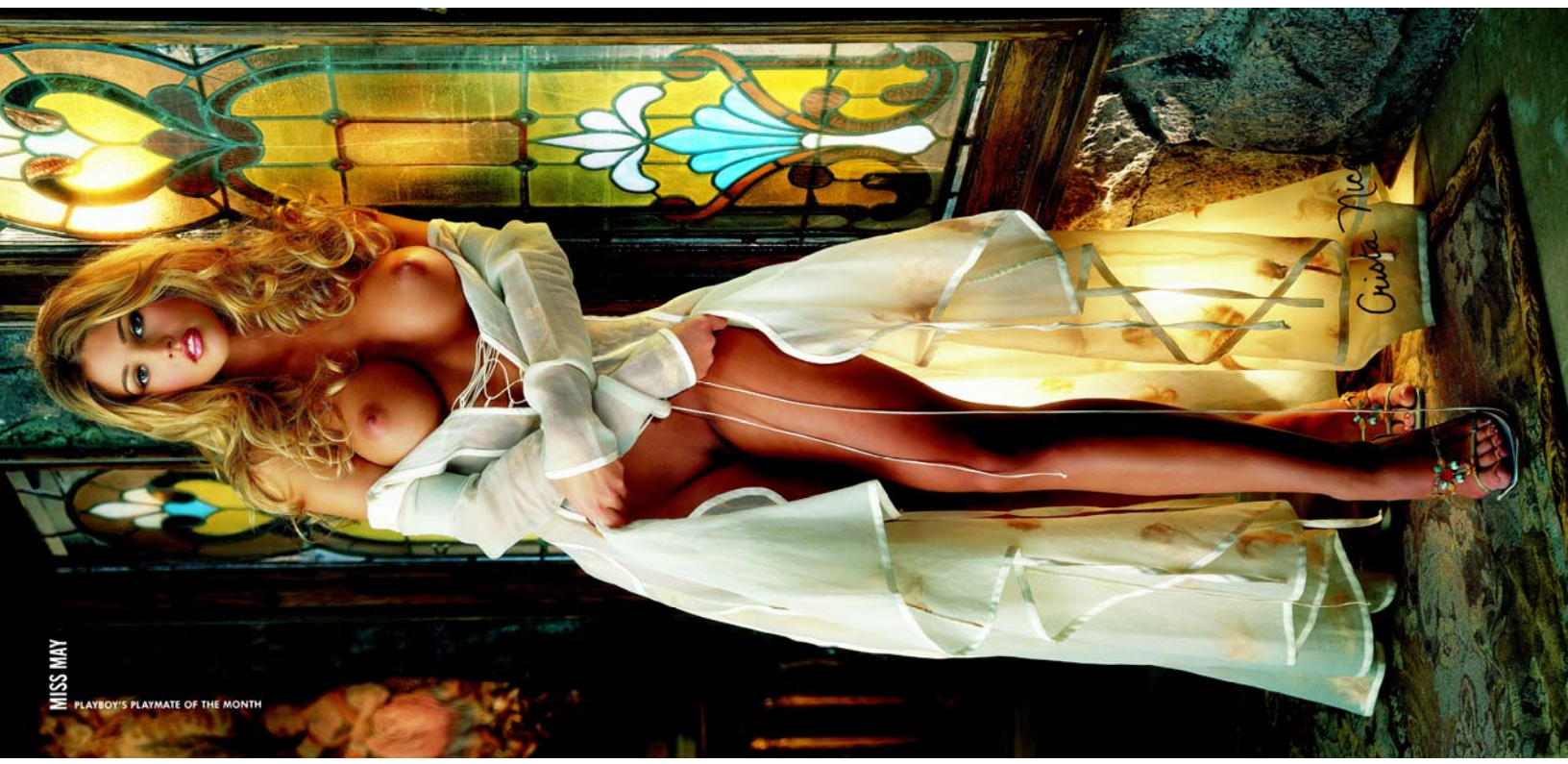
and bookworms to keep out of trouble," she says. "I surrounded myself with positive things because I really didn't enjoy school—the book part of it, that is." Miss May went to college at Kent State, where she studied psychology before deciding to model. "I'm going to finish school when my modeling career is over," she says. "When I was in college I wasn't happy at all. There was something missing—I didn't want to do the typical 'go to college, get a 40-hour-a-week job and have a family' thing right away."

Crista spends her free time with her three Yorkies or dab-



bling in the arts. "I'm a very impatient person, and I think drawing, painting or sculpting is good therapy," she says. "I do a lot of drawing—I maybe get one out of a hundred that I like." Would she describe herself as a high-maintenance kind of girl? "Coming from a big family, you can't be high maintenance at all," she says. "I'm a perfectionist and a fairly harsh self-critic, but otherwise I'm pretty easygoing. I think a lot of people miss out on the importance of life and get wrapped up in making money. They need to learn to kick back and enjoy everything they have."

GET A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT CRISTA'S PICTORIAL AT PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Crista Nicole
BUST: 34c WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35
HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125
BIRTH DATE: 7-24-78 BIRTHPLACE: Ohio
AMBITIONS: To become a successful model and travel around the world.
TURN-ONS: Extroverted, energetic, respectful and open-minded people.
TURNOFFS: Uneducated, unrealistic, judgmental and shallow people.
IF I WASN'T IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA I WOULD: Ever since I was a young girl, I've had some interest in photography. I did take a few photography classes.
BIGGEST WEAKNESS: Chocolate. I have to work out a little harder, but it's worth it.
WHAT'S IN MY TRAVEL BAG: A photo of my three Yorkies (Sami, Carmen + RALPH).



Me - "Basketball Jock."



I'm striking a pose for senior year.



Partying at the Hawaiian Tropic finals!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A bartender noticed the construction workers who came in every weekend were laughing at one of their co-workers. The jukebox was playing, so the bartender couldn't hear what they were saying, so when the guy came over to order a drink, the bartender asked, "What are your friends giving you such a hard time for?"

"You know," the guy said, shaking his head. "I've built bridges. But do they call me Carl the Bridge Builder? No. I've built skyscrapers and condos. But do they call me Carl the Construction Engineer? No. But you suck one cock. . . ."



A woman visited her doctor and complained that her husband never wanted sex anymore. He gave her a bottle of Viagra and suggested she slip one into her husband's coffee. The woman was filled with doubt, but she put one pill in his coffee that evening. It worked. That night they made love.

The next night she put two Viagra in his coffee. They had sex four times. She was ecstatic. The next night she said, "What the hell!" and dumped the whole bottle into his coffee.

Later, the doctor called to check on his patient's progress. The woman's son answered the phone. When the doctor asked how everyone was doing, the boy replied, "Mom's unconscious, the maid quit and Dad's running buck naked around the backyard yelling, 'Here, kitty, kitty.'"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A really horny guy was walking down the street. He went into the first whorehouse he saw. He had only \$5, so they kicked him out. The same thing happened at the next whorehouse. Finally, at the last whorehouse, he said, "Look, I only have \$5. I'm horny and I need a blow job."

The madam said, "OK. For \$5, we can give you a penguin."

"What's a penguin?" he asked.

"You'll see," the madam said.

The madam took the \$5 and led the horny man to a bedroom. He unzipped his pants and waited for his "penguin." Soon, a prostitute came in and started giving him a blow job. Just as he was about to come, she stopped and walked away. With his pants at his ankles, he waddled after her shouting, "Hey! What's a penguin?!"

CHINESE PROVERB OF THE MONTH: Man who walks through airport turnstyle sideways is going to Bangkok.

George Bush was thrilled at finally being able to sleep in the White House, but something very strange happened. On the first night he was awakened by George Washington's ghost. Welcoming the opportunity to communicate with the father of our country, Bush asked, "President Washington, what is the best thing I can do to help the nation?"

"Set an honest and honorable example, just as I did," Washington said.

Later that night, the ghost of Thomas Jefferson appeared in the bedroom, and Bush asked him the same question.

"Cut taxes and reduce the size of the government," Jefferson said.

Still later, the ghost of Abraham Lincoln appeared and Bush asked once again, "Abe, please tell me, what is the best thing I can do to help the nation?"

Lincoln replied, "Go see a play."

BLONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde and her date drove to Lovers' Cove and began making out. The man thought he might get lucky so he asked her if she wanted to climb into the backseat. "No," she said.

The man figured that she wasn't ready yet, so he kept kissing her. Things got pretty hot and the man thought he should try again. "No," the blonde replied a second time.

Before long the blonde was down to her bra and panties. "Do you want to go into the backseat yet?" the man asked.

"For the last time, no," the blonde said.

Frustrated, the man asked, "Well, why the hell not?"

The blonde looked at him and said, "Because I want to stay up here with you."



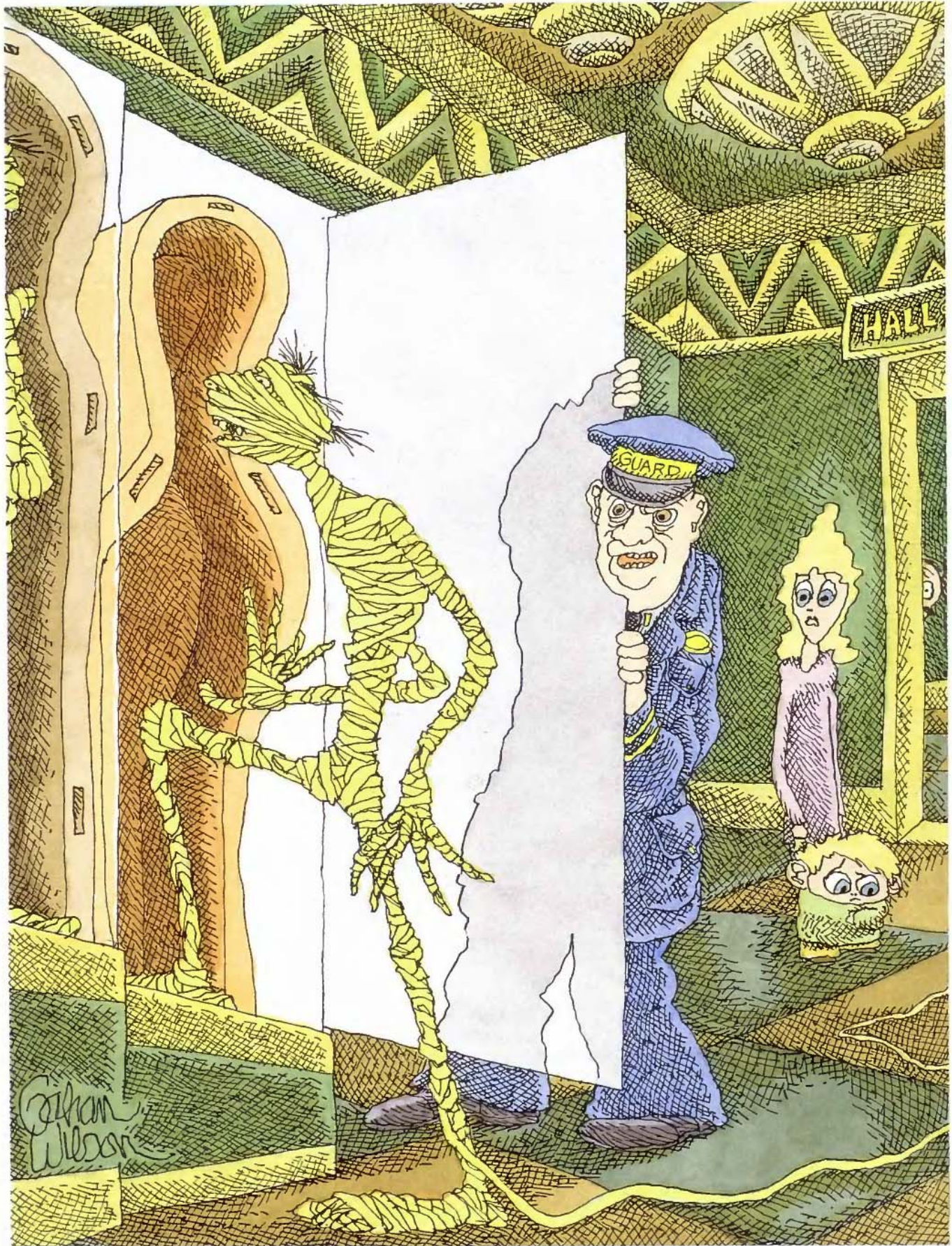
After the bars had closed for the night, a police officer pulled over a young man. The officer said, "Son, your eyes look kind of bloodshot. You been drinkin'?"

The man shook his head and said, "No, officer. But your eyes look kind of glazed. You been eatin' doughnuts?"

Why is it that men have to pay more for car insurance?

Because women don't get blow jobs when they're behind the wheel.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"I hope you realize your late arrivals for work seriously upset the museum's visitors!"

EVIDENCE, WHAT EVIDENCE?

Tavaris "Pumpkin" Parker got off the train in Brooklyn after finishing two work shifts—one, the night before, cleaning cars on the Long Island Railroad, and then his day job as a school aide. Looking forward to a few days off, he bought a slice of pizza and was almost home when gunshots rang out. Pumpkin joined the crowd gathered around a dying man. Someone there saw his face. Later that person would look at photographs and remember Pumpkin Parker not as a guy eating a slice of pizza but as the man who pulled the trigger. The witness even had a name for him.

"He picked him out as a person he knows as Derrick, and that's who he said shot the victim," a homicide investigator testified.

There was one slight problem. Pumpkin Parker wasn't Derrick.

The homicide detectives continued to gallop in the wrong direction. They never got around to showing photos of other suspects to the witness. Parker, 27, was planted in a lineup of sore thumbs—infirm older men rounded up as fillers from a homeless shelter.

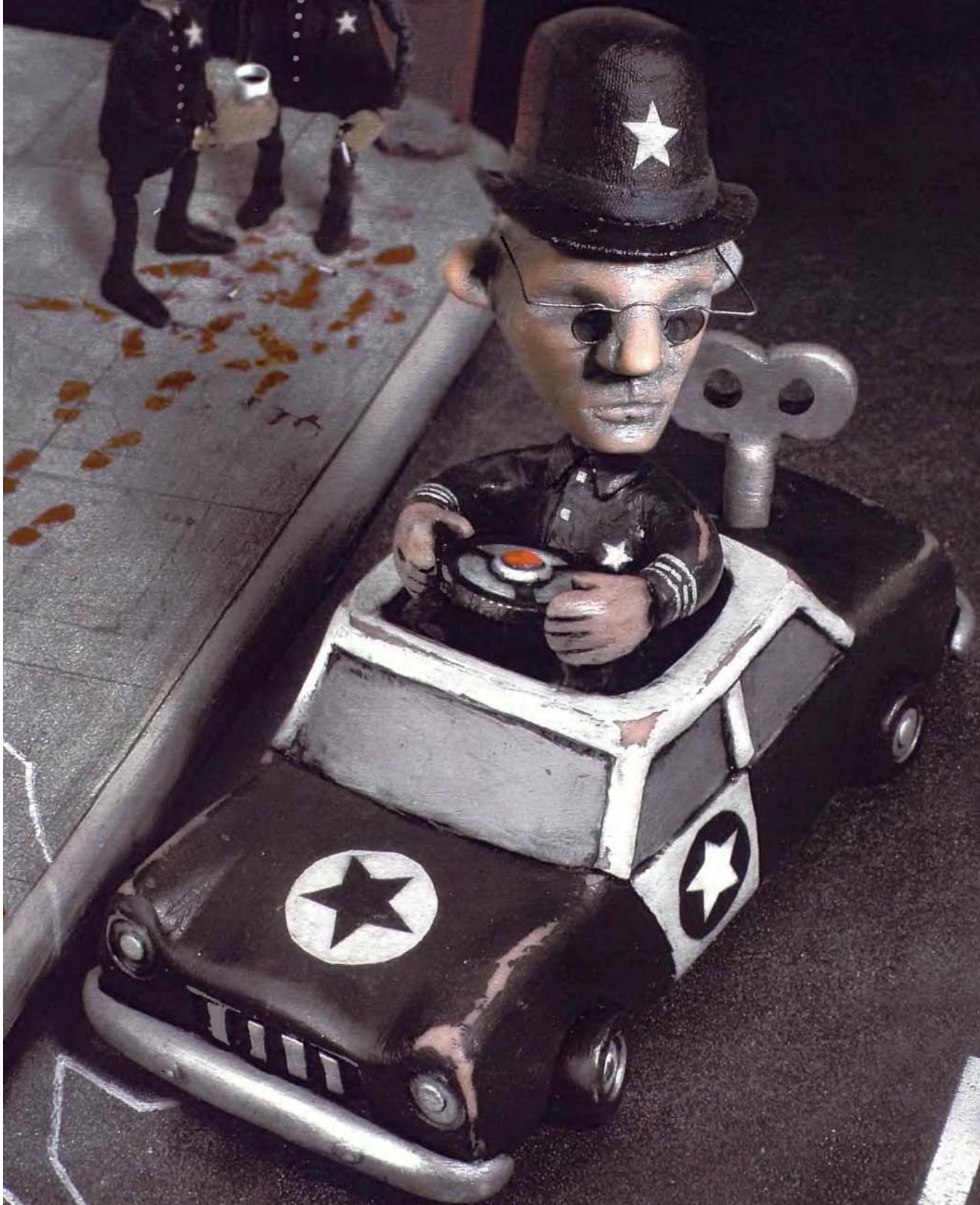
Questioned for nearly 12 hours—and urged by detectives to make a claim of self-defense— *(continued on page 144)*

Article by Jim Dwyer

SCULPTURE BY RICHARD BORGE



Some Police Work Is So
Bad It's Criminal



Premium Brands Are The New Game

GIN!

By Richard Carleton Hacker



Old Raj gin packs a double whammy: It's more than 100 proof and more than \$50 a bottle. That's typical of the new premium brands that have shaken up gin drinkers' habits. Just take a look at what's on the shelf of your favorite bar. You'll spot gins you've never seen before: Dirty Olive, Junipero, Damrak and Hendrick's, for example. Tanqueray No. Ten, a juniper-light version of Tanqueray, will be there, a few bottles down from Beefeater, Bombay and Boodles—three brands serious martini devotees insist on. "It's not unusual to have scotch and tequila buffs try something new," says Charles Harper, general manager of the Ritz-Carlton in St. Louis. (Its Lobby Lounge boasts a menu listing 234 martinis.) "But gin lovers are more set in their ways. When most of my customers order gin, they have a preference and stick to it." All that is about to change. Here's a guide to the best new premiums.

FUNKY GINS

If you're drinking a spicy martini the color of army fatigues, chances are it's made with 70 proof Dirty Olive gin, a triple-distilled, quadruple-filtered spirit infused with the salty remnants of crushed Spanish olives. During the dirty-martini craze of the Nineties, olive brine was mixed with vodka and no two hand-poured dirty martinis tasted the same. Dirty Olive gin does this drink one better. It should be served cold, sans vermouth.

Potent Old Raj gin has a pale yellow-green hue, what you'd imagine nitroglycerin would look like. The importer won't reveal the ingredients in this expensive (\$58 a bottle) British product, but saffron is likely one of them, as evidenced by the color and taste. We also detected lemon, licorice, almonds and, of course, juniper. If this is what you're drinking at a three-martini power lunch, you'd better call a cab.

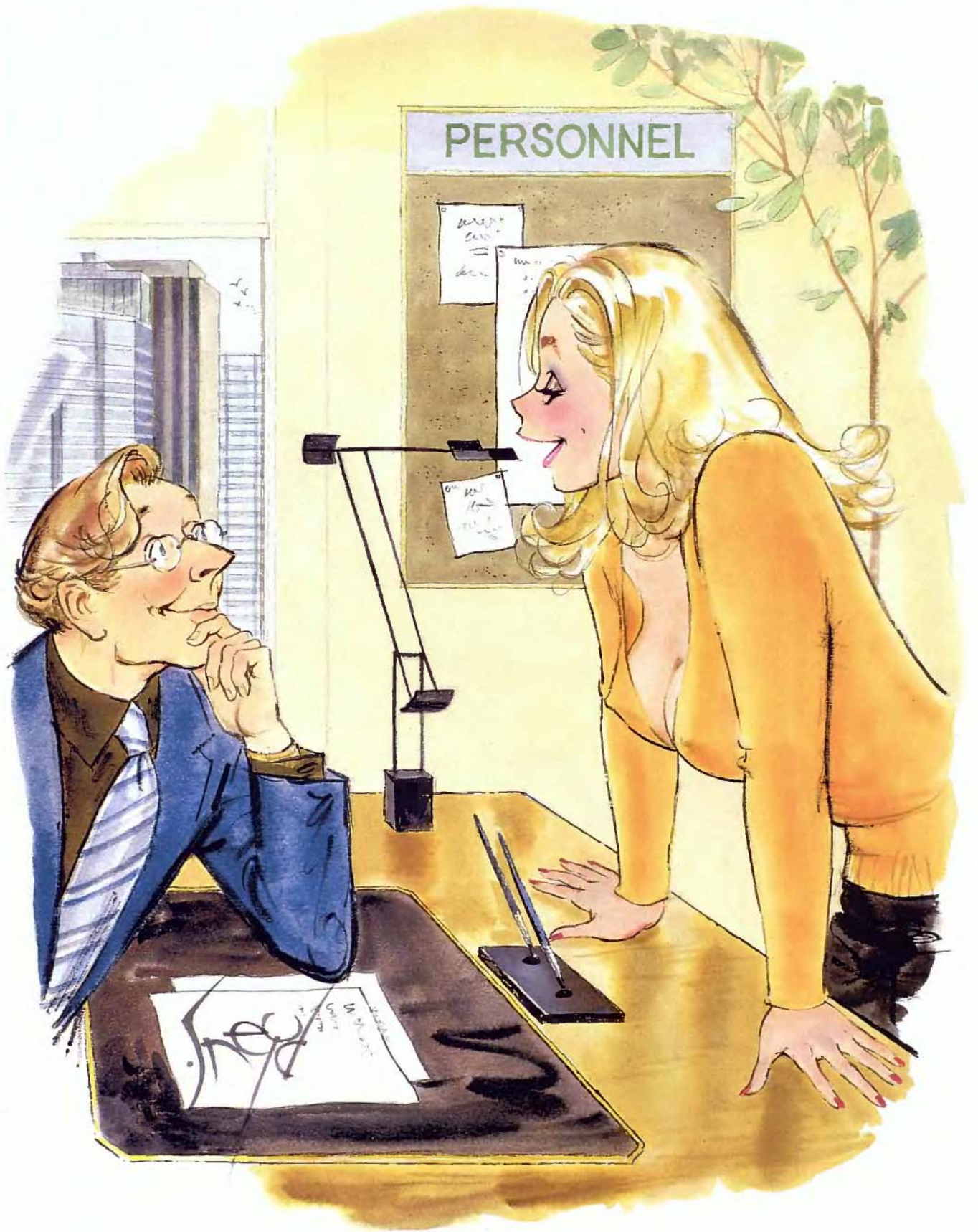
Hendrick's, a Scottish gin, is less expensive and 88 proof. It's marketed as the "most iconoclastic" because it's infused with cucumber and rose petals along with more-traditional botanicals. It's a great way to get your vegetables during the cocktail hour. Again, don't add vermouth—enjoy Hendrick's cold and straight. If it's served with tonic, add a slice of cucumber.

TRADITIONAL GINS

Plymouth, an 82.4 proof English gin that's been produced in the same distillery since 1793, is back in the States after a 20-year absence—and we say welcome back. Once the official gin of the Royal Navy, Plymouth is one of the few gins that isn't overwhelmed by the presence of juniper berries. Plymouth tastes best when it's not overchilled.

Tanqueray No. Ten, Tanqueray's younger brother (both are 94.6 proof), is named after the distillery's smallest pot still (affectionately known as Tiny Ten). It's specially formulated for martinis, but with its dominant *(continued on page 173)*





"I had hoped for a job in sales, but I'm willing to try any position you'd like."

Centerfolds on Sex



Julia Schultz



THIS SIDE
TOWARD
SCREEN

*People would be surprised if they knew: I've had orgasms during sex maybe eight or 10 times in my whole life. Mostly they were through oral sex. And while I've never had the urge to only perform oral sex on a guy, there have been times when I want to have sex in general, so all of that comes into play. It's never like, "I'm so attracted to you I want to suck your dick!" If I'm going to go to that extent, then he sure as hell is going to that extent, too. It all comes back to—if I'm emotionally into this guy, fine. Nothing would happen if it weren't all there. **My favorite position:** I have two favorite positions, for two different reasons. The missionary is one, because I like being able to see him on top. But I also like him behind me. I like the idea that he's watching me when I can't watch him. And I have no idea what else he's doing.*

Julia Schultz

put this playmate
front stage on dates
and backstage in bed

A guy asked me out on a date recently, but I can't stand dinner and a movie, I don't like to eat with a stranger. If I'm sitting with a guy, he's going to be looking at my breasts, or whatever, from the minute I sit at the table until I'm done eating. Plus, you have to listen to what he's saying and put up with what he's dishing out, whether it's good or bad. And I don't like to be confined to that situation. I love food and I don't like to share my eating space with a stranger. If a man wants to take me out somewhere, it's best to go out where his friends are and my friends are—a group type of thing. If it's just the two of us, that's tough. Take me to a sporting event—that's the best idea.



alex rodriguez

pays off, and

some little guys

make good.

play ball!

Baseball isn't broke, no matter what you've heard. Last season began on March 29 in Tokyo and ended on October 26 in Queens. In between, one game featured 23 walks and another saw a team steal 10 bases and lose. Moths invaded Busch Stadium and flying ants swarmed Comerica Park. For the first time in the game's history, no team finished with a winning percentage as high as .600 or as low as .400. This season began in San Juan on April 1 and will end, we think, in New York again, sometime this fall. But what happens in between is what matters. A season plays out over six months, but a team's fortunes can change in the time it takes a ground ball to get through the infield. Last

year, the Yankees were on the ropes until Seattle left fielder Al Martin dropped Tino Martinez' liner in the eighth inning of game two of the league championship series. New York, which had lost 15 of its final 18 regular season games, had

gone 21 postseason innings without scoring. The Yanks were zombies, six outs away from flying to Seattle down 0 and 2. But Martin's inability to make the catch broke the Mariners' spell. The Yankees remembered who they were and started to hit.

Here's betting there won't be a strike after the collective bargaining agreement expires on Halloween. There's too much money and leverage at stake. Thanks to lucrative cable and broadcast deals, revenues have doubled for major league baseball in the past five years. There may be a lockout after this season, but it won't last. The owners won't be able to control themselves this time either.

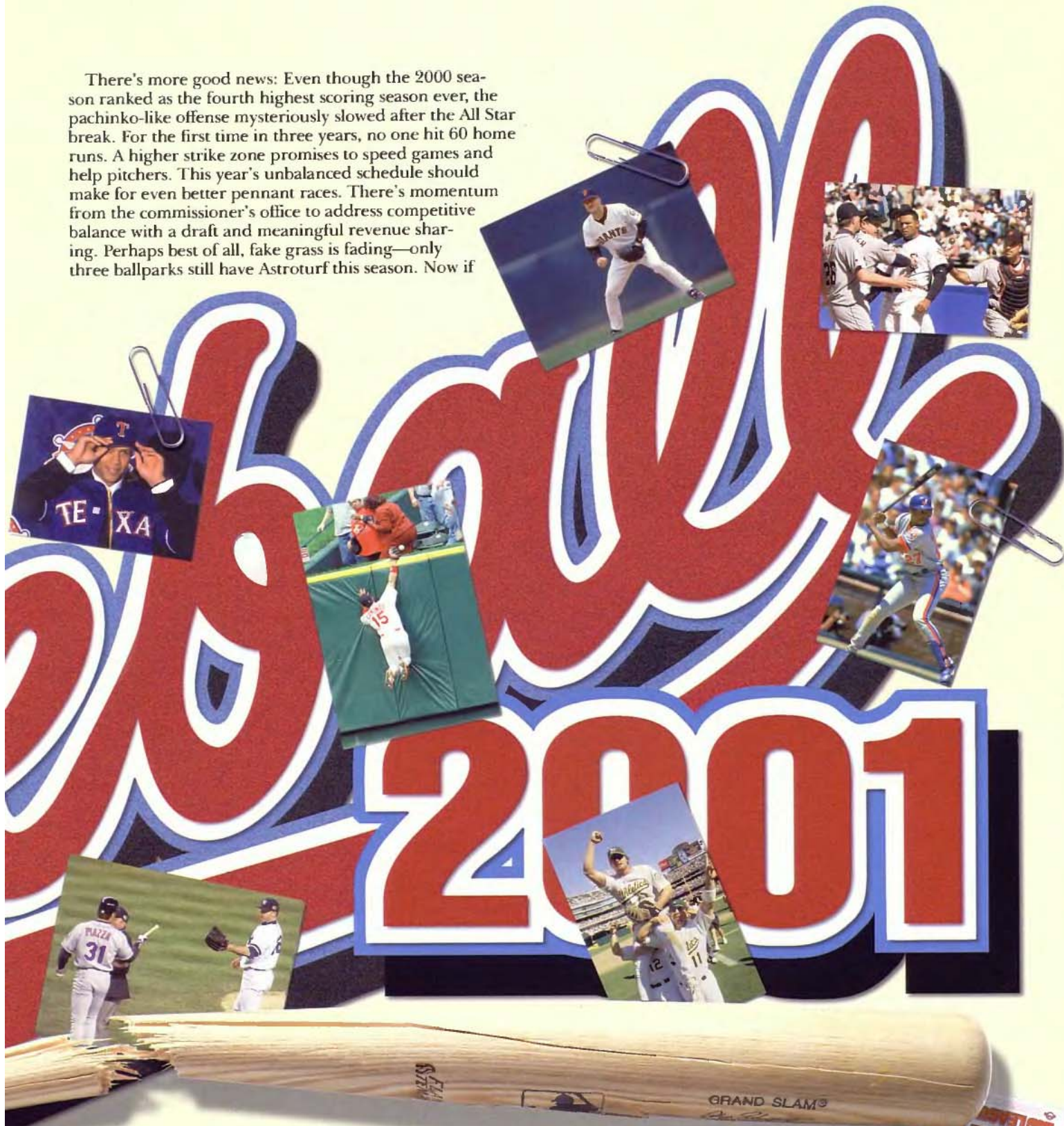
Internationalization has been a godsend. It's common to see players from South America, Asia and Australia. Seattle right fielder Ichiro Suzuki becomes the first Japanese position player to make the jump to the starting lineup, joining Japanese stars such as Anaheim's Shigetoshi Hasegawa and Seattle's rookie of the year, 33-year-old Kazuhiro Sasaki. Just wait until we start to see players from Russia.



playboy's
baseball preview
by LEOPOLD FROELICH
and GEORGE HODAK



There's more good news: Even though the 2000 season ranked as the fourth highest scoring season ever, the pachinko-like offense mysteriously slowed after the All Star break. For the first time in three years, no one hit 60 home runs. A higher strike zone promises to speed games and help pitchers. This year's unbalanced schedule should make for even better pennant races. There's momentum from the commissioner's office to address competitive balance with a draft and meaningful revenue sharing. Perhaps best of all, fake grass is fading—only three ballparks still have AstroTurf this season. Now if



With upstart teams and tight wild card races, 2000 was great for the game. This year will feature even more surprises. Clockwise, from top right: An April 22 donnybrook between the Tigers and the White Sox—the fiercest brawl in years—began when Chicago starter Jim Parque, retaliating for an earlier hit batsman, plunked Dean Palmer. Frank Robinson, baseball's VP of on-field operations, suspended 16 players, managers and coaches. But the fight unified the Sox and convinced them that they were good enough to win. A fearsome hitter at the age of 25, Montreal Expos slugger Vladimir Guerrero (.345, 44 home runs, 123 runs batted in) is the best young hitter in the game. He'll again lead an imperiled Quebec franchise. The Athletics clinched the American League West on the final day of the season. Hera Jason Giambi led a feisty Oakland team that came close to upsetting the Yankees. At the age of 30 Giambi is the grizzled vet of the powerhouse A's. Three months after beaming Mets catcher Mike Piaz-

zo, Yankees pitcher Rager Clemens tossed part of a broken bat toward Piazza in the first inning of game two of the World Series. It was classic Manhattan melodrama. "I was just as confused and shocked as everybody," said Piazza. New Texas Rangers shortstop Alex Rodriguez is understandably happy as he tries on his new \$252 million hat at the press conference announcing his signing. Same baseball owners were outraged, but Rodriguez will sweeten the Rangers' bottom line. St. Louis center fielder Jim Edmonds won plenty of games with his bat (42 homers and 108 RBI). He didn't catch this homer off the bat of Met Todd Pratt, but he was brilliant in the field. The acquisition of Edmonds from the Angels was key to St. Louis' success. San Francisco second baseman Jeff Kent—whose offensive numbers are comparable to Ragers Harnsby's—was deservedly honored as the National League's MVP.

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Yankees Red Sox Blue Jays Devil Rays Orioles	Indians White Sox Tigers Royals Twins	Athletics Mariners Rangers Angels

NATIONAL LEAGUE

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Braves Mets Expos Marlins Phillies	Cardinals Astros Reds Brewers Pirates Cubs	Giants Dodgers Rockies Diamondbacks Padres

AL wild card: **WHITE SOX**
AL champs: **YANKEES**

NL wild card: **METS**
NL champs: **CARDINALS**

WORLD CHAMPS: YANKEES

we can only lose the drummers in the bleachers at Oakland.

This year in the American League East, the Bronx Bombers should still beat the improved Bosox. Who cares if Tino Martinez, Scott Brosius and Paul O'Neill have a combined age of 105? (That's older than Don Zimmer!) The Yankees have formidable starting pitch-

ing and a strong bullpen. The White Sox figure for the wild card, but we think the Indians will make up for a disastrous 2000 with one last hurrah. The West has two great teams, but the loss of Alex Rodriguez slows the Mariners. The Athletics should prevail.

In the National League East the Mets will miss Mike Hampton and will have to settle for the wild card. With John Smoltz back, the Braves should

win again—although the starting pitching is getting old. If the Cardinals get help from Matt Morris and Dustin Hermanson, they'll go a long way. Based on their pitching, the Giants will top the NL West again, but watch out for the Rockies. We think St. Louis will take the National League pennant, and the Yankees should win again in the AL, setting up a replay of the 1964 Series. Who'll win it all this time? How can you go against the Yankees? For sleepers, keep an eye on the Astros, Mariners and Expos. Who will be the AL MVP? Carlos Delgado. In the National League, we'll take Ken Griffey.

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

The Yankees showed their age last season, yet they can always afford to re-tool at the trading deadline. They were sixth in the league in runs but improved noticeably once David Justice arrived. Don't look for him to hit .305 this year, but Bernie Williams, Derek Jeter and Jorge Posada will do fine. The story, as usual, will be on the mound. Roger Clemens (13-8, 3.70) probably won't pitch as well, but Orlando Hernandez (12-13, 4.51), Ramiro Mendoza (7-4, 4.25) and Andy Pettitte (19-9, 4.35) should do better. And, just in case, there's free agent signee Mike Mussina, who brings six straight years of 200-plus innings to the Bronx. In the pen they'll miss Jeff Nelson, who returned to Seattle. Shortstop prospect Alfonso Soriano is no longer untouchable, so he could be traded for another arm. Last year, owner George Steinbrenner nixed a \$118.5 million contract with Derek Jeter because he didn't want to pay the highest average salary. So Jeter waits a year and signs for \$189 million, costing Steinbrenner an extra \$70 million. The bench is so-so. The Bombers—fifth in wins in the AL—were lucky to get to the Series. Last postseason, if Mark Mulder doesn't hurt his back and Terrence Long doesn't lose a ball in center, the Athletics eliminate the Yankees. They may not be so fortunate this time around, but if they make it to the postseason, look for them to get their fourth straight title. Joe Torre, who has managed circles around his postseason competition, isn't afraid to go against the book. He used Mariano Rivera for more than one inning, and pitched El Duque in relief. He has a remarkable feel for key moments in a game and knows that the postseason is different from the regular season.

Basic cable prices in New England will go up a couple of bucks to cover Manny Ramirez' salary. You'll pay \$40 to sit in the grandstands at Fenway. But who's counting? The Red Sox now

(continued on page 132)



"Keep an eye on those two. They seem to have some kind of a system."

GOLF HAS NEVER
BEEN MORE POPULAR,
BUT TIGER SHOWED
WHO'S REALLY IN CONTROL

article by **Ted Johnson**



By the end of the golf season last year, all the superlatives had been used up. The victory at the U.S. Open last June was "unbelievable." The display at the British Open was "historic." Then came the best of all, a duel of guts and nerves during the PGA Championship that had the pressure pouring through the TV screen. In the end, there were no words left to describe what Tiger Woods had done. Golf has become more popular—that's been well documented. But when

he plays, golf becomes a bonding force for our culture. It also has become an economic force for those who want to associate with it. Even though the lions of capitalism—AT&T, GM, Sprint—embrace pro golf like a reunited teenage lover, the Tour favors group success at the expense of individual compensation. It just so happens that one of its members is the Michelangelo of golf. Tiger Woods has created works of art at places like Pebble Beach and St. Andrews that have elevated golf to the forefront of popular culture. That interest is easily measured in society's ultimate proving ground, the Nielsen ratings. As CBS Sports President Sean McManus puts it, whenever Tiger plays "he moves the needle."

TIMELY APPEARANCE

His arrival in the form of a record-smashing victory in the 1997 Masters could not have come at a better time. Just a few weeks later, Tour commissioner Tim Finchem negotiated a TV rights deal totaling just under \$600 million. When it took effect in 1999, prize money jumped 70 percent. Other Tour members have benefited, but some wondered if Woods received his fair share. It is a question that can only make him look bad, because he makes \$50 million annually in endorsement deals. How much does he really need? But after a year unlike any other in professional golf—he won nine times, set or tied 27 records and won three consecutive major championships—

his power in the entertainment field increased dramatically. The TV people know it. When Woods is near the top of the leader board come Sunday, ratings more than double. Last year's tournament in San Diego—a nondescript Tour stop if ever there was one—had higher ratings than the NBA All-Star game. That's where Woods was going for his seventh consecutive win. He now has Jordan-like power, and he wasn't afraid to demonstrate it. Woods expressed his feelings last winter, saying he wasn't being treated all that well. He spoke with Finchem about his distaste for the Tour's promotional deals with sponsors. He also wanted the rights to his image on the Internet.

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

These issues struck at the heart of the Tour's structure. There is no guarantee who will win a tournament, and only a few players have endorsement deals that conflict with Tour sponsorships. But this is Tiger Woods. He could resign from the PGA Tour and still be eligible to play in the four major tournaments each year—the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and the PGA Championship. Thanks to his association with Buick, Woods could gain sponsor exemptions into four PGA Tour events. How? It just so happens Buick sponsors four PGA Tour events. That's why, when he could free himself, Finchem hopped the nearest Gulfstream to talk to Woods. Negotiations for the TV rights are under way. The Tour ended up giving Woods rights to his image on the Internet. Mercedes-Benz said it wouldn't use Woods' image in its promotional materials because he endorses Buick. That's power. But there really wasn't much choice for either Woods or Finchem. Where could he have gone? "If he were making \$10 million doing exhibitions in Asia, he wouldn't be Tiger Woods," McManus says. "He's Tiger Woods because he beats the best in the world on a regular basis." It was Woods' first real flexing of his power, and it reminded everyone that the Tour is just a megabroker between sponsors and players. Fans don't think PGA Tour when asked about golf, they think Tiger.



R. Roth

"HOT" CLUBS



One thing about golf—it always adapts. Scientific innovations over the past 150 years have led traditionalists to wonder if the integrity of the game is being threatened. We are at that crossroads again with titanium clubs that offer weekend hackers the alluring promise that there may be 10 more yards to be gained off the tee. It has the game's largest and most powerful club manufacturer, Callaway Golf, staring down the organization that oversees the rules, the United States Golf Association. The focal point is the Big Bertha ERC II driver, a club whose ultrathin face flexes like a trampoline and then snaps back to propel balls faster for more overall distance. When Callaway began selling the club in the U.S. last fall, the USGA said it couldn't be used in tournaments (including the PGA Tour). It even went so far as to say amateur golfers who post scores for handicap purposes couldn't use the driver. The reaction to the ERC II from amateurs and pros alike is that it is unclear whether it really brings more distance. Some pro golfers have said it increases their drives by as much as 30 yards. Some high-handicapped amateurs have said it makes no difference in their game. We say, "So what?" Golf survived the gutta-percha ball, the sand wedge and graphite shafts. The issue is not what the pros do with the latest technology; it's about the amateurs who strive to hit a shot like a pro. Once in a while that happens, and when it does, golf's allure grows.



BE ON THE BALL



Just that hotshot engineering in titanium clubs is nothing compared with what goes into developing a golf ball. It's a competitive industry, and manufacturers brag about who has the best technology. Despite the marketing hype, today's balls not only fly farther and last longer, they are also designed to match the way you play. Understanding their characteristics can help you lower your score. Companies use different materials in key elements of the ball. There are fast-action cores and soft underlayers and limited-spin covers. Proof of a ball's worth is too often associated with who plays it on the pro tours. We don't have to play what the pros play, but we can find balls that maximize strengths and reduce faults. If you want to cut back your slice, you should look into spin-control balls. Everyone wants to hit longer, and with distance balls you can do just that. They don't spin as much, so they bore through the air. On the ground, they roll more for overall distance. But, then, the nature of the game requires some give. Distance balls don't have as much spin to make the ball stop as quickly on long approach shots. Those who want to make the ball spin back on the greens might find themselves getting less distance on the tee shots. When it comes to saving par, the key shot for short hitters is the third, usually a short chip to the green that requires more spin to stop the ball near the hole. In that case, it's better to sacrifice a little distance off the tee for more control around the greens. In contrast, long hitters may find they hit more short irons into greens if they use a distance ball—so they don't need a higher spin ball. Above all, golfers should take into account the conditions they are likely to face. Someone who plays on a flat, windswept Florida course wouldn't want a ball geared for higher flight, because the breezes will batter it. But someone who needs to get as much carry distance as possible because of soft, wet grounds would want that very ball. It took Tiger Woods about six months of testing before he found a Nike ball that met his specs. It may not take you as long to find the right ball, but when you do, it will make a difference.



Maximum driver distance is available below in Callaway's Big Bertha ERC II (\$625) and TaylorMade's 300 series (\$400) drivers.

TaylorMade's Player's Carry Bag (\$190) below is light and roomy. It's easier to push your clubs with Sun Mountain's Speed Cart (\$210).

Delicate chip shots are easy with a Car-bite Polar Balanced wedge (left). Unique tungsten weights stabilize the head. The high-friction face creates more spin (\$130).

Far left: Bite's Speakeasy shoe (\$80) proves that style doesn't have to be costly. Middle left: Ashworth's Doe-skin Windshirt is perfect for morning rounds (\$75). Nike's WindSheer umbrella doesn't collapse in high winds (\$25).

Titleist created the Pro V1 (lower right), a solid-core ball with an ultrathin cover for higher spin and more distance (\$54). The jeweled face of the BB41 Bettinardi putter gives serious golfers unmatched feel on the greens (\$495). Tiger Woods shoots Nike's Tour Accuracy TW ball (upper left) because the harder cover keeps it from overspinning (about \$54).

TaylorMade's 360 irons (above left) have a "feel cartridge" to absorb shock off the thin face (\$1160 with graphite shafts). Adams Golf's innovative Tight Lies GT irons (above) create straighter shots thanks to the strong graphite tips on the steel shafts (\$700).

GOLF WEAPONS

What brings people back to the game is the satisfaction that comes from a well-struck shot. But the drivers that work for the world's best golfers don't necessarily give more distance for weekend players. So forget all the hype and check out page 150 for the clubs that give amateurs a thrill.



FEAR

and

Flying

HUMOR BY

george

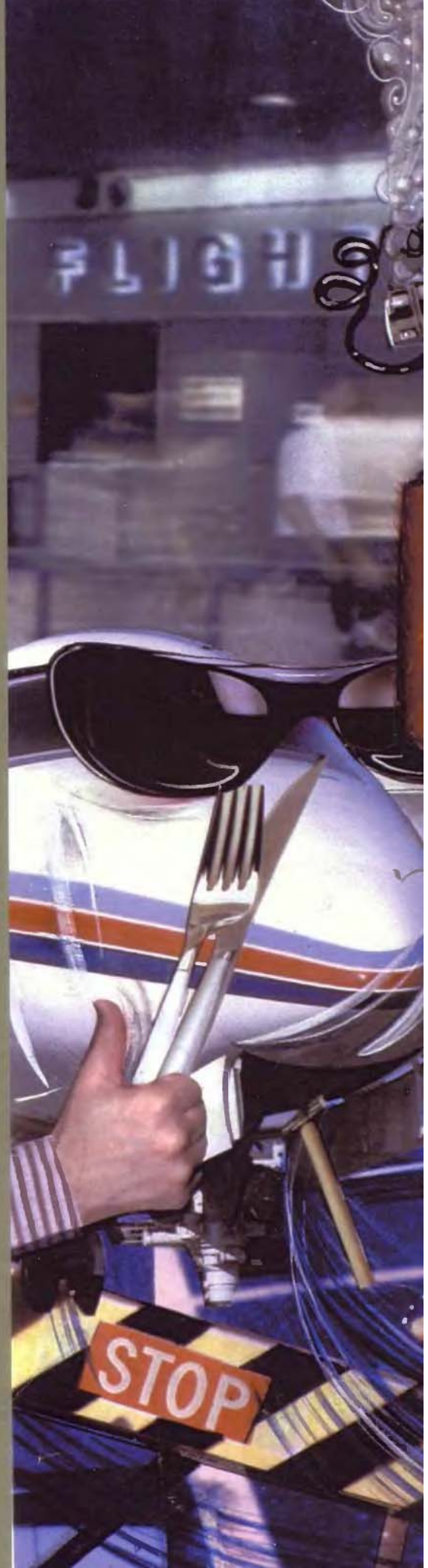
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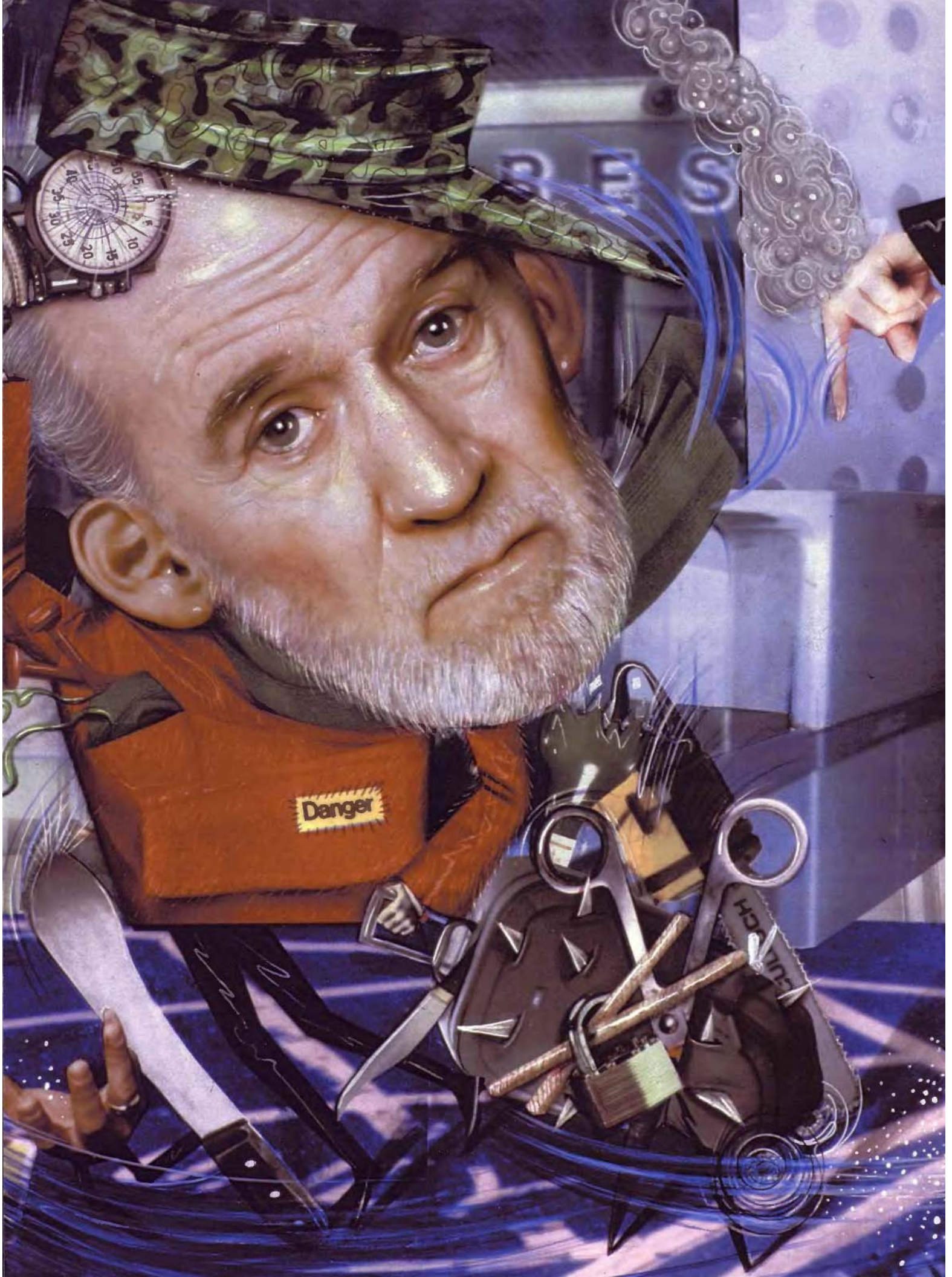
I'm getting tired of security at the airport. There's too much of it. I'm tired of some fat chick with a double-digit IQ and a triple-digit income rootin' around inside my bag for no reason and never finding anything. Haven't found anything yet. Haven't found one bomb in one bag. And don't tell me, "Well, the terrorists know their bags are going to be searched, so now they're leaving their bombs at home." There are no bombs! The whole thing is fuckin' pointless.

And it's completely without logic. There's no logic at all. They'll take away a gun but let you keep a knife. Well, what the fuck is that? In fact, there's a whole list of lethal objects they allow you to take on board. Theoretically, you could take a knife, an ice pick, a hatchet, a straight razor, a pair of scissors, a chain saw, six knitting needles and a broken whiskey bottle, and the only thing they would say to you is, "That bag has to fit all the way under the seat in front of you."

And if you didn't take a weapon on board, relax. After you've been flying for about an hour, they're gonna bring you a knife and fork! They actually give you a fucking knife. It's only a table knife, but you could kill a pilot with a table knife. It might take a couple of minutes. Especially if he's hefty. But you could get the job done. If you really wanted to kill the prick.

Shit, there are a lot of things you could (concluded on page 177)





BASEBALL 2001

(continued from page 124)

have a murderers' row. Ramirez, who has driven in 432 runs in his last 415 games, has had a tough time hitting in Fenway. (His lifetime stats there: .278, five homers in 133 at bats.) Boston had the best pitching in the American League in 2000 but only the 12th best offense (even with Nomar Garciaparra and feisty Carl Everett). The defense wasn't great, either—the team allowed a major-league-high 26 passed balls. As improved as the offense is, there will be holes at second, third and left. Boston left way too many runners on base, and couldn't hit home runs in the Fens. Will opposing teams be able to pitch around Nomar, Carl and Manny? To bolster the starting pitching behind Pedro and Rolando Arrojo, general manager Dan Duquette signed free agents Frank Castillo, Hideo Nomo and David Cone. He'd also like to pry Pedro Astacio from the Rockies. Failing that, Tomokazu Ohka (3–6, 3.12 in 12 starts) could fit the bill. Boston has a chance if Jose Offerman comes back and Pedro and the big three stay healthy.

It's a familiar refrain: Pitching kept Toronto out of the postseason. The Blue Jays hit a club record 244 home runs last year, best in the AL. But they had a 5.14 earned run average, tenth in the league. The heralded young arms—Chris Carpenter, Kelvim Escobar, Roy Halladay—all regressed. The Jays ended their bang-up season with a whimper, losing eight of their last 10 to finish four and a half games behind the Yankees. Manager Jim Fregosi was canned and Buck Martinez was persuaded to migrate to the dugout from the broadcast booth. Trading David Wells for 30-year-old Mike Sirotko (15–10, 3.79 for the Chisox) would have been a great deal if Sirotko were healthy. With plenty of other starting pitchers (Carpenter, Halladay, Steve Parris, Joey Hamilton, Esteban Loaiza and Jason Dickson), GM Gord Ash can trade an arm for infield help. It's an impressive lineup with Carlos Delgado (.344, 41 HRs, 137 RBI), Tony Batista (41 HRs, 114 RBI), Brad Fullmer (32 HRs, 104 RBI), Jose Cruz (31 HRs, second on team with 71 BB), Shannon Stewart and Raul Mondesi. Toronto resigned shortstop Alex Gonzalez (15 HRs, 69 RBI) to a four-year deal. Brian Simmons—who came over in the star-crossed David Wells deal—could start in center. If so, Vernon Wells can spend more time in AAA. If Wells makes the club, Cruz or Mondesi may be traded. In order to get the wild card, the Jays will have to take more walks, stabilize the starting pitching and hope Homer

Bush rebounds at second base.

Orioles owner Peter Angelos has replaced George Steinbrenner as the blunderbuss owner of the big leagues. Faced with a team going nowhere, the meddlesome Angelos finally decided to clean house last July. He traded his opening day catcher, closer, first baseman, shortstop, left fielder and designated hitter. In return he got catcher Brook Fordyce, utility man Melvin Mora and a handful of prospects, including 27-year-old first baseman Chris Richard. Given a shot, Richard hit 13 homers in 56 games. So what does Angelos do? He signs 34-year-old David Segui (for \$28 million) to play first, gives Pat Hentgen \$9.6 million to pitch for two years and rehires 35-year-old shortstop Mike Bordick for two years at \$9 million. Brady Anderson, 37, moves to right to spare Albert Belle, whose career may be jeopardized by an arthritic hip. The Orioles will miss Mike Mussina. Scott Erickson is probably out for the year with ligament-transplant surgery. Twenty-four-year-old Sidney Ponson (32 starts, 4.82 ERA) is a horse, and Jose Mercedes finally showed some moxie, going 11–3 with a 3.03 ERA after the break. Pitcher Jay Spurgeon went from A ball to the majors last year. And closer Ryan Kohlmeier (2.39 ERA, 13 saves) will be fun to watch. But can Chuck McElroy really be the fourth starter? The big question in Baltimore: Will this be Cal Ripken's final season?

Last year's plan to build around veteran sluggers (Vinny Castilla, Greg Vaughn, Fred McGriff) was a disaster for the Devil Rays. The team added almost \$30 million in salaries and struggled to reach 69 wins. Injured pitchers Juan Guzman and Wilson Alvarez combined to pitch 1½ innings for the season. This year, youth steps forward. In Ben Grieve, Aubrey Huff and Steve Cox, the Rays have three future stars. Manager Larry Rothschild might even start 20-year-old Josh Hamilton in the outfield. He'll eventually be joined by future outfield aces Carl Crawford and Kenny Kelly. But for now, there are holes to be filled. Tampa Bay had the AL's worst on-base percentage last year. Shortstop remains a problem, with Felix Martinez (who has the best range of any shortstop in the majors) hitting .214 and Ozzie Guillen hitting .243. The pen will be filled with the likes of Dan Wheeler, Travis Phelps and Doug Creek. And who will take over Roberto Hernandez' job as closer? Esteban Yan (7–8, 6.21, one for 10 in his career in converting saves) has been mentioned. But there's light in gloomy Tropicana Field. Wait until next year, when young pitchers Jesus Colome, Bobby Seay and Matt White make the show.

AMERICAN LEAGUE CENTRAL

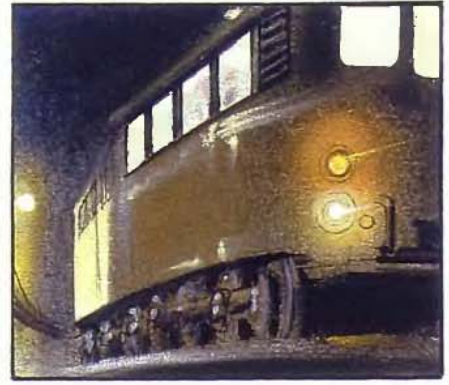
Everything went right last season for the White Sox (until September). On the strength of a 20–7 June, Chicago ran away with the Central, a year ahead of schedule. The Sox, who had 20 more wins in 2000 than in 1999, have one of baseball's deepest farm systems. The big club had 95 wins with a bargain-basement payroll, but inexperience showed in October when they were swept by the Mariners. Frank Thomas (43 HRs, 143 RBI) returned to form. Chicago got career years from Jose Valentin and waiver pickup Herbert Perry, who stabilized third base and hit .302. As the best away team in baseball last season, Chicago scored runs like crazy. Paul Konerko (21 HRs, 97 RBI) and Carlos Lee (24 HRs, 92 RBI) are two 25-year-olds with high upsides. And watch out for 23-year-old third baseman Joe Crede (21 HRs, .306 in AA last year). The Sox must learn to win at home. Will moving in the fences help? (Comiskey was tied for second in the AL in home runs per at bat.) David Wells (5–6, 4.97 in the second half of 2000) will win big games, change-up artist Keith Foulke will save them, and Royce Clayton will improve a shaky infield defense. But Cal Eldred and James Baldwin must be healthy, and a young starter (i.e., Jon Garland, Kip Wells or Jon Rauch) has to come through if the Sox are to make the postseason again.

The Indians are near the end of their run. Last year they showed both their age and their weariness (28 Cleveland players were thrown out at the plate in 2000). Even in an injury-plagued season, the Tribe would have made the playoffs had they fared better against teams in their division. The Twins and the Royals killed the Indians. Juan Gonzalez and Ellis Burks will ease the loss of Manny Ramirez, but Cleveland's fortunes will ride on its arms. Manager Charlie Manuel used a major league record 32 pitchers last season, and the staff gave up the AL's second-most walks. The Indians lost 21 games in which they scored at least six runs. Bartolo Colon, at 26, is on the verge of greatness. Dave Burba (16–6) and Chuck Finley (16–11) are gamers. If Jaret Wright's shoulder is healthy and if the Tribe gets any help from Charles Nagy, Sean DePaula, Cuban prodigy Danys Baez, Jake Westbrook or giant lefthander C.C. Sabathia, they will be around in October. But this could be their swan song.

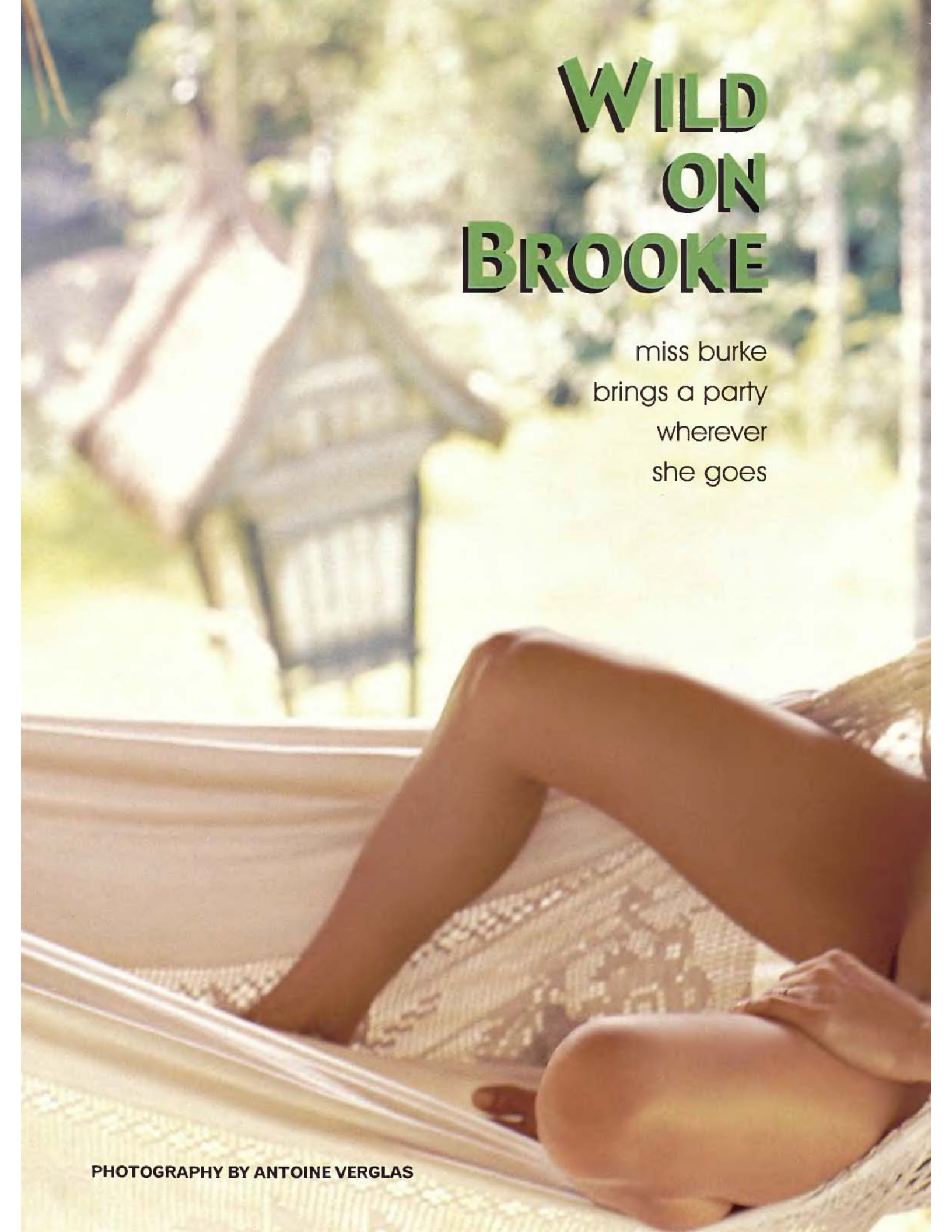
The Tigers started the season 9–23 but managed to finish at 79–83. Detroit was shut out a major-league-high 15 times and ranked at or near the bottom in batting average, runs and hitting

(continued on page 164)

Subway



JUAN AVAREZ / JORGE G.

A woman in a white dress is swinging on a hammock in a tropical setting. The background is a lush, green landscape with a thatched-roof building. The foreground shows the legs of another person sitting in a hammock.

WILD ON BROOKE

miss burke
brings a party
wherever
she goes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



ALONG WITH elevating *Wild On* to E Entertainment's second-highest-rated show (behind Howard Stern), host Brooke Burke has unlocked a spirit of adventure in herself that gave the 29-year-old raven-haired beauty ample reason to pose here.

In *Wild On*, Burke tours the globe in search of adventure and the world's best parties. The high-exposure gig has even sparked the model's acting ambitions: She's in contention for the female lead of a big-budget action-adventure film and meeting with a top TV producer for a possible network series, all as E develops another series around her. Surprisingly, she had little acting ambition before doing the show.

"I have always followed my heart, starting with when I won an acting scholarship and moved to Los Angeles on my 19th birthday, with just my dog and a suitcase," she says. She also brought along a killer body and a face that bears an exotic mix of Irish,



French and Portuguese. Burke quickly found herself in high demand as a model. "I loved acting, but coming from such a small place in Arizona, the whole Hollywood thing was too much for me. I started modeling and for eight years I was too busy to do anything else."

That's until a friend in advertising coaxed her into meeting the *Wild On* producers who were conducting a nationwide search for a new host, no broadcast experience necessary. Burke walked out of the two-hour interview with the job. "I'd traveled a lot for modeling jobs and talked about that," she recalls. "They were looking for a real person, not a newscaster. We agreed to go to Spain and give it a shot."

Burke quickly learned that she wouldn't be sipping fruity drinks poolside. Her first assignment was to report on Spain's La Tomatina festival. "It's basically the biggest food fight in the world," she says. "All the bars are open, the alcohol is free and tons of tomato puree is dumped into the streets for this huge brawl. People are there with all this padding and these goggles, and in I come with flip-flops and a cutoff T-shirt, quickly thinking I'm going to die." Especially during the postbrawl ritual in which Spanish men try to tear the tomato-stained T-shirts off fetching combatants as they hose down. "I was left thinking, What have I gotten myself into?"

Despite that messy start, Burke quickly grew to love the job. "It's a spontaneous reality show," she says.

"I've skydived and have been on a shark dive where I grabbed hold of a fin and got taken for a ride," Brooke says. "I went to interview a crocodile hunter and wound up fending off a 14-foot crocodile using a stick with a pair of pants on the end. The only thing I refused to do was bungee jump in New Zealand." She also admits that a bug phobia led her to nix a lobster dive ("they're cockroaches of the sea," she says), and left her on the sidelines when a mezcal-drinking segment in Cabo San Lucas culminated in the inevitable worm-eating challenge. "When bugs are not involved, I do my own stunts."

Burke's passion for action was honed growing up a tomboy who watched football games with her father. She quit the cheerleading squad, preferring to compete with boys on the field rather than root for them from the sidelines.

Burke's physicality, honed by a disciplined routine of Pilates, yoga and walking, led her to star in five



If you ask Brooke for the ideal vacation destination, she'll give you an answer that will shock you. "Croatia. Believe me, when the show presented it to me, I said, What? Where? Why? But I've never seen more beautiful people and countryside, with the best food ever and the best wine. There are gorgeous lavender fields, fantastic fountains and architecture that is older than what you find in Greece. Croatia is one of Europe's best-kept secrets. It's a place I'd return to in a second."








On posing for PLAYBOY: "As a young girl living in Arizona, being a Playmate seemed to be the ultimate thing. Doing a pictorial is right up there. But I have this thing about being nude as opposed to naked. I had a vision of doing this a certain way, in the very spiritual environment of Bali. I'm barefoot, there's no lingerie, it's all natural. I'm very comfortable with who I am. This is both innocent and sensual."







A photograph showing a woman's legs and feet resting on a wooden lounge chair. The chair is made of light-colored wood with a slatted seat. The woman's legs are extended, and her feet are resting on the edge of the chair. The background is a bright, out-of-focus outdoor setting with green foliage.

commercials for the Bally's Total Fitness health club chain. "I'm the woman coming out of the pool in the blue bathing suit. You still see me all the time," she says. Aside from motivating women to exercise, Burke's body once sparked controversy among feminists. A photograph of Burke getting out of a car, showing her from the neck down to her toes, graced a European Chivas Regal print ad that proclaimed "Yes: God is a man." Burke was surprised to find feminists outraged by the distiller's notion that a woman didn't need a head to be attractive. "The shot was about mystery, about beauty," she says, "and I was never offended by it."

Only recently, Burke had said in another magazine she'd never pose nude, not for any amount of money. "This wasn't about money, but rather freedom and taking chances," says Burke. "We shot it in Bali, dropped into this estate. It was an absolutely peaceful setting. The whole thing was exciting, very erotic and sensual."

Burke has turned her love for travel into a business, including a calendar with photos of herself in exotic locales, and turning her *Wild On* adventures into an upcoming book she calls "a hip guide written in the form of a traveler's memoir."

Wild On has emboldened Burke for other itineraries, with a trek to the Middle East and a tour of the Seven Wonders of the World high on her list. Despite all that, part of her craves some downtime.

"I am really a homebody. I love sleeping in my own bed," she says. My ideal vacation is hardly action packed. Just some fresh air, beautiful warm water and a good book."

GET WILD WITH BRDDKE AT PLAYBOY.COM/CURRENT.

EVIDENCE (continued from page 116)

If Sipowicz put up these clearance numbers, he'd be lucky to make it to midnight reruns on cable.

Parker stuck to his denial.

Arrested three days after Christmas 1999, Parker did not get out of jail until the following November—and then only because he told his lawyer that he'd heard the real killer had been locked up for another case.

A prosecutor in the Brooklyn district attorney's office showed a picture of the new suspect to the original witness, who immediately fingered him as the killer. In court, he looked at Pumpkin Parker and said the shooter was not in the room.

Oops.

The Brooklyn judge sitting on the case was steamed. Bad enough, said the judge, that the prosecution had held Parker in jail for 10 months, insisting on going to trial and demanding high bail.

"You had a detective who showed only one photo array of the shooter when he had four suspects," said the judge.

The prosecution immediately moved to drop all charges against Parker and to investigate the new suspect—who, while Parker was taking up space in jail, allegedly killed someone else.

In terms of police fiascos, the cases of Pumpkin Parker and O.J. Simpson are exceptional—but not in the way most people believe. At least someone was arrested and tried for those murders. In most violent crimes, no one is ever brought so far as the booking room to be arrested, much less made to face a jury. It is shocking that Jon-Benet Ramsey could be murdered in her own home, behind locked doors, with no one called to answer. But, in fact, the bungled investigation of that crime is far more typical than the miracles retailed on *NYPD Blue*.

This is the dirty little secret about police detection. Getting any man, guilty or not, is a rarity. In Washington, D.C. two thirds of the homicides committed in 1999 were unsolved at the end of that year. Over the past three decades in the U.S., the rate of "clearances by arrest" has stayed below 50 percent. Detectives and police agencies busted suspects in 220,000 cases in 1971—about 47 percent of reported violent crimes. In 1993, they arrested 783,347, but those arrests involved just 45 percent of reported violent crimes. Most violent criminals just walk away from their crimes.

In 1994, when he became chief

strategist for the New York Police Department, Jack Maple often asked cop buffs around New York how many col-lars a detective made during a year.

"Seventy-five to 100," was the usual first answer.

The head of the detectives' union guessed it was 20 to 25. In fact, most detectives averaged three or four arrests a year.

The dandyish Maple—he favors spats, bowlers and expensive suits—knows his work. Maple rose from patrolling the subways to become New York's deputy commissioner, devising tactics that helped drive down New York's crime rate in the Nineties. He has worked as a consultant with police departments in Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia and Birmingham, as well as in Europe, South America and Africa. Despite Maple's wardrobe, no one would mistake him for being less than 100 percent cop. And he tells the truth. "In most cities, everyday murders, robberies, rapes, assaults, burglaries, thefts and auto thefts are often assigned to poorly led second-stringers who simply go through the motions of their investigations—if they even know what the motions are," Maple writes in his memoir, *Crime Fighter*, co-authored with Chris Mitchell. "Not surprisingly, these detectives are often unsuccessful. But even worse, they are often uncaring about the consequences of their failures."

In Chicago, an imposing detective sergeant with over two decades of experience who asked to be identified as Detective X echoed Maple's views. The cases that manage to get as far as the courthouse, Detective X says, are open to attack by defense attorneys. "They bring up the specter of bad police work," he says. "And it's not hard to find it."

During New York's murder siege in the late Eighties, Mike Race ran the detective bureau in the homicide capital of the city, the 75th Precinct, which covers a forsaken spread of Brooklyn called East New York. "On paper, in that one precinct, we'd catch 125 murders a year," recalls Race, now retired and working as a private investigator. "Those are just the homicides. For every one of those, there are five or six shootings that are not fatal. So you're talking 600, 800 shootings a year."

East New York detective work had the same relationship to meticulous,

classic investigations that street corner first aid has to brain surgery: necessary but not pretty. "We'd grab a suspect and show him to a witness. 'Is this the guy? Yes? Next.' Who had time to investigate?" recalls Race.

In such an atmosphere, no one would be surprised to learn that a compulsive liar enjoyed a romp through the courts at the expense of innocent people. During one month in 1989, a man named Dana Gardner told police he had witnessed two separate homicides and had himself been the victim of an assault. He testified at three trials, and not until years later were the innocent people he sent to prison able to prove their alibis and get a judge to listen to them.

Sloppy work is not simply a function of overbearing caseloads. In 1998, after an era of huge increases in police budgets, staffing, computerization and prison expansion, violent crime had dropped to its lowest point since 1984. Despite the shrinking crime rate and vast government expenditures, however, the 1998 clearance rate (the equivalent of "case closed") was just 49.1 percent, scarcely unchanged from 1984's 47.4 percent. As statistics go, clearance rates are relatively constant, regardless of the fluctuating crime levels. Clever public relations work, in addition to lame news coverage, make this dismal state of affairs a virtual secret.

The typical police scandal orbits around a payoff to a cop from a dope dealer, a brutal beating caught on videotape, maybe a messy arrangement with a brothel or gambling den. The great number of unsolved crimes—and worse, the crimes "solved" by nailing innocent people—barely get a second glance. Yet if *NYPD Blue*'s Andy Sipowicz put up clearance numbers like these, he'd be lucky to make it to post-midnight reruns on cable. "The problem with TV shows and movies," says Maple, "is that you never see detectives sitting around, not wanting to go after anyone."

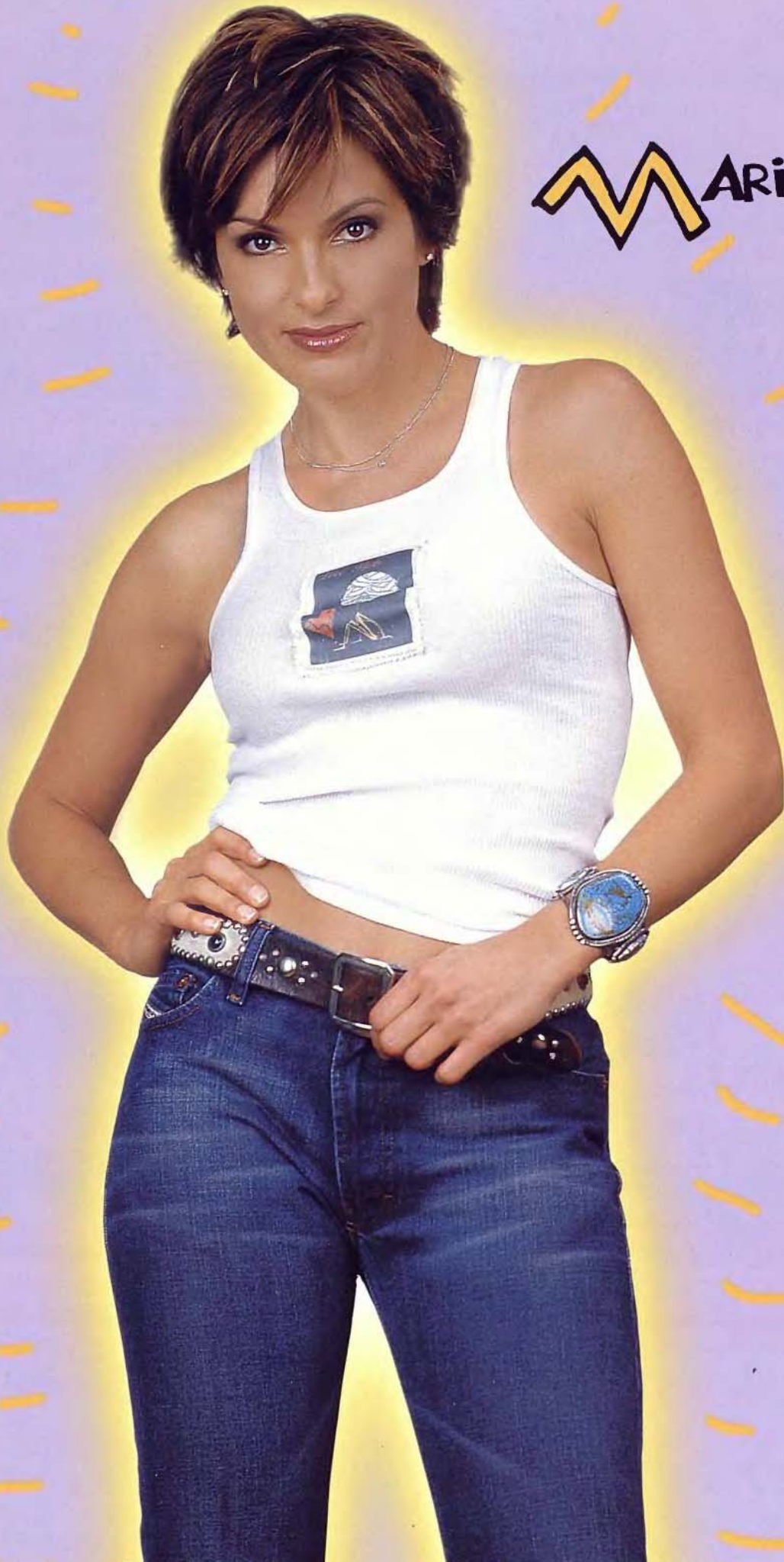
A major study by the Rand Corp., published in 1979, found that "investigative activities play only a minor role in contributing to overall arrest rates." Very little has changed. On the other hand, Crime Stoppers International, a program of cash rewards for anonymous tips, claims astounding success. Since 1976, when the first program was launched in Albuquerque, New Mexico, it claims to have solved more than 700,000 cases. Since then, more than 1000 chapters have been set up worldwide, funded by donations and membership dues. "At the press conferences,

(continued on page 156)



*"Lucky for you I turned up. I've never seen a maiden in
so much distress!"*

 **ARiska**



Mariska Hargitay

Jayne Mansfield's daughter talks about bodybuilders, saddles and her dream man—Robert de Niro

Being the daughter of Jayne Mansfield carries with it more baggage than Ivana Trump takes on vacation. But actress Mariska Hargitay, 37, has outdistanced critics' expectations and found distinction on her own terms. The star of NBC's critically acclaimed hit drama *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit* fills the TV screen with a unique energy.

Hargitay grew up in Beverly Hills, the daughter of the quintessential Fifties sexpot Mansfield and bodybuilder and former Mr. Universe Mickey Hargitay. Three years after her parents divorced, Mariska, just three, was in the backseat of the automobile during the accident that claimed Mansfield's life. Her father remarried. Mariska and her three brothers spent summers in Italy, where her father acted in spaghetti Westerns, and in Hungary, where Mariska and her brothers attended camp and learned the language. Back in Los Angeles, Hargitay attended a private Catholic grade school, then enrolled at Marymount High, a highly honored all-girls school. She became a jock, excelling in swimming and track. On a lark, she tried out for a school play, *Salad Days*, and won a part. Hargitay went on to study theater arts at UCLA, securing an agent and work before she graduated. A bit part in Bob Fosse's *Star 80*, an LA stage appearance in *Women's Work* and regular roles on the television series *Falcon Crest*, *Can't Hurry Love* and *Prince Street* followed. Hargitay was successfully forging her own identity as an actress. She made notable guest appearances on *Seinfeld*, *Ellen*, *thirtysomething* and *Wiseguy*, bringing her to the attention of *ER*'s producers. In 1997 Hargitay joined NBC's top-rated series in the recurring role of Cynthia Hooper, Anthony Edwards' love interest. Producer Dick Wolf took notice and invited her to co-star as Detective Olivia Benson on his *Law and Order* spin-off, *Special Victims Unit*.

On the big screen, Hargitay has appeared as a hooker opposite Nicolas Cage in *Leaving Las Vegas*, in David Lynch's *Hotel Room* and in David E. Kelley's *Lake Placid*, co-starring Bridget Fonda.

Robert Crane caught up with Hargitay at Mercer Kitchen in New York. He reports: "Mariska is every bit as passionate, strong and sexy as her detective character on SVU. Her mother, of course, appeared in PLAYBOY many times, and, in her honor, Hargitay wore a tight black shirt with the Rabbit Head logo embossed in white. People stared. I lost interest in the menu."

1

PLAYBOY: What ingredients go into a good goulash?

HARGITAY: This is where I'm going to be untrue to my roots, because I haven't the faintest idea. Not a clue. I think it's stew with a little paprika. That's all I know. I'm more into Italian cuisine.

2

PLAYBOY: You're well traveled. Americans don't know about middle European history after World War I. What are they missing out on?

HARGITAY: American children are so safe and fearless because they've never known war, they've never known tragedy or what it's like to be bombed, or to live in fear of being attacked at any minute. When you're a kid and you see that, your perspective of the world changes. I remember being in Hungary when I was little and being held by immigration or by the Hungarian police. They were messing with me because they said I didn't have the right papers, and I was a kid by myself going in and out of Hungary. They told me I was going to jail and that I'd never be able to go home. And they were laughing. They were older teenage boys. And I sat there crying, thinking I was never getting home, and then they gave me the OK and got me on the plane. You learn to survive. I was very fortunate when I was a kid. My parents sent me to private schools where kids for the most part were well-to-do and privileged. But they were

missing something so beautiful—a connection that people have when there is trauma and disaster. They didn't understand how frail and precious life is.

3

PLAYBOY: Why has the former Austro-Hungarian Empire produced so many bodybuilders?

HARGITAY: I don't know, but I'm thrilled about it. I think the real answer is oppression and wanting to get over that. There are some amazingly strong human beings—these human spirits—who say, "I'm bigger than what happened to me, and no one will ever be bigger than me again." I met Arnold Schwarzenegger when I was 13 years old, with full braces—that weird age when you're just not cute. It was the time when 10 was out with Bo Derek and being called a "10" was the compliment of the minute. Arnold looked at me and said, "Ten—you're an 11!" And I was like, "Yes!" I was an awkward, gawky 13-year-old, and he made my teens—not just one year! It was really great.

4

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite picture of your mother?

HARGITAY: Absolutely. It's at home, the one picture in my house—a very dear picture of her. She's caught in thought. She didn't know that she was going to be photographed. And it's a window to her soul. There are certain photographs that capture something, that you can't stop staring at, and those are my favorites.

5

PLAYBOY: The most famous one is the Hollywood shot with Sophia Loren checking out your mother's cleavage.

HARGITAY: That picture has haunted me my whole life. I love it and I hate it. I hated it when I was little, but now

I see it differently because my mother was such a celebrator of life, and she transcended fear and judgment. That's something to aspire to. So I love it now. It's so human. You could make a movie off that picture. There's part of me that looks at it like, Wow! That's awesome! That's so great! But there's another part of me that's like, That's my mom.

6

PLAYBOY: What is the proper shape for a pool?

HARGITAY: Olympic is the proper shape for a pool. I was on a swim team when I was a kid, and I was obsessed with the Olympics. I swam for four years on the varsity team, and I was always frustrated that the pool wasn't long enough. I wanted to keep going without turning. My second choice would be heart shaped. But you couldn't swim laps, and I'm a bit of a fish, so that would be frustrating.

7

PLAYBOY: What did Louis L'Amour tell you about riding a horse?

HARGITAY: He wrote one of my book reports when I was in fifth grade. He taught me so much about writing and riding. He taught me to stay steady and

hold on tight. Louis L'Amour was like a second father to me. And I have to tell you this story because his daughter, Angeline, was my very best friend, from the first day of kindergarten. I used to spend a lot of my weekends with her family. And so it was one of those Sunday nights. You know, at 7:30 you look at your homework and you're like, "Oh, I forgot this part. I forgot to read this book." I hadn't read the book and I was so scared. Louis and I wrote the whole report, based on questions he asked me about the book. And it was so genius. The teacher was like, "Oh my gosh." And I remember saying, "Thank you." And the next time I saw him I told him I got an A! It was really cool.

8

PLAYBOY: Tell us about getting comfy on a saddle.

HARGITAY: I love saddles. I started riding when I was five, so I feel so at home on a horse. It's all about trust, and totally letting go. And I'll just leave it at that. There's safety in letting go.

9

PLAYBOY: How do you tell who you're riding that you're the boss?

HARGITAY: Oh, they know. It's just like when you size people up—animals are better at it than we are. You let the horse know you want to play, and you're on the same team, but not to fuck with you.

10

PLAYBOY: Is Robert De Niro aware of your obsession with him?

HARGITAY: God, I hope so. I'm just waiting for him to come to me. I worship him. My favorite movie is *We're No Angels*. Sean Penn also rules. And Sean Penn doing Robert De Niro, as he did in *Casualties of War*, that's genius.

11

PLAYBOY: Name De Niro's best and worst roles.

HARGITAY: *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* are what started it all for me and the rest of the world. I didn't like the one with Meryl Streep, *Falling in Love*. I just didn't care. *Midnight Run* with Charles Grodin—that's right up there. And that's what I'm saying: How do you go from *Raging Bull* to *Midnight Run*? How do you do that?

12

PLAYBOY: Can you characterize him in a sentence? What is it that clicks with you?

HARGITAY: He just has that thing that for decades people have been trying to put their finger on. The thing that makes you go, "Oh my God. I get you. I want that. I want to take that in. I want to be in it. I want to be around it. You touch me, you make me feel something different. Or you touch a place in me that I don't know how to access." He is so truthful and yet far out. Sometimes you think the truth would be more linear, and he goes another way. Even though you don't know where he's going to take you, you feel safe going. Wherever he goes, we trust him that it'll pay off. And that's the thing that's toughest about acting.

13

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a De Niro stalker?

HARGITAY: No, I don't. I do hang out at Nobu [one of De Niro's restaurants in New York], but not for that reason. I mean, sure, I've had my moments—like stalking his apartment when people have pointed it out to me. I'm not going to lie to you. But if I saw him on the street, I'd probably look down, because I wouldn't know what to do.

14

PLAYBOY: Do you want to use this space for a message?

HARGITAY: I love you. Come and find me now! If you don't act with me in your next movie, you're missing something



huge. I'm waiting, sweetheart! Sweetheart, why haven't you called? Time is a-ticking. I'm not going to wait forever. No. Yes, I will.

15

PLAYBOY: What's the best time to be in New York?

HARGITAY: Fall. One of my favorite things about being in New York is getting on a bike. There's such complete freedom. When I moved to New York, the first six months were so insane. Nothing in my life was constant. And then I met my boyfriend, who has a bike, and we started riding around on the bike, and my whole life changed. Last night we drove for an hour and a half to the north end of the city on the bike, and the smells were so palpable. They made my blood hot. They reminded me of when I was a kid in Italy. Burning leaves, different foods, trees and flowers that were so sensual and so healing. I felt like I was being tickled and sort of rubbed in the smells and in the weather and in the way the air felt on my skin. It's such a magical place in the fall. There is nowhere else like it. I am a person that any minute I have free I'm on a plane to Italy. That's where I go. It's my home away from home, my sanctuary. But in the fall, I want to be in New York. This hard city caresses you in the fall.

16

PLAYBOY: How effective is travel in getting rid of the taste of a bad boyfriend?

HARGITAY: Perfect. It's just what the doctor ordered.

17

PLAYBOY: What was your most grueling trip?

HARGITAY: I'm terrified of flying. I've held hands with strangers. I'll hold anyone's hand. I get really stressed and need to connect in fear, so I grab people. On my way to Africa recently, everyone was asleep—except for me, because I can't sleep on planes. This guy starts screaming and I thought the plane was going down. Everyone woke up screaming. Panic in first class on the way to Africa. The guy was having a nightmare and he freaked everyone out. You could feel the energy for 20 minutes and you couldn't calm down.

18

PLAYBOY: Would you rather have a cop or a doctor as a boyfriend?

HARGITAY: Doctor. I would never want to be with a cop. I don't mean to get teary on you, but I went to the Top Cops Awards—it's like the Academy Awards for cops. It was all these heroes telling their stories about the amazing things they'd done, and everyone in the audience was in tears. The number of cops

who are killed in the line of duty is such an accepted thing. I have become very friendly with the New York City police departments in every borough. I know too many stories about killing and hate crimes. I know cops' wives, and it's like they give their husbands permission to leave them widowed. I'm not strong enough. I learned that at a young age—about losing somebody you love. I just couldn't function knowing my spouse was in jeopardy every day.

19

PLAYBOY: What are the rewards of doing a show about victims of sexual crimes?

HARGITAY: A woman came up to me on the subway. She was a violinist, and she told me that she had seen an episode about a piano teacher who was molesting his students. She told me she had been

molested by her violin teacher, and she didn't know what to do. She told me our show was so resonant. When people tell you those kinds of stories, it reaffirms that you have a responsibility, because there are so many sexually abused people in this world. This is something people do not want to talk about, and they're so scared of it. Our show can be a forum for people who have been traumatized.

20

PLAYBOY: The truth: Do you know any girls like the ones who are portrayed on *Sex and the City*?

HARGITAY: I'm a big fan of Sarah Jessica Parker's, but I've never seen the show. So I can't comment.



Clubs That Deliver

By Charles Mandel

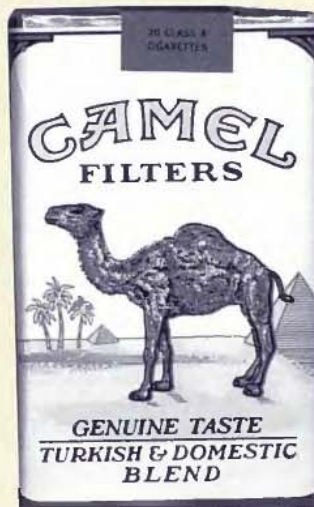
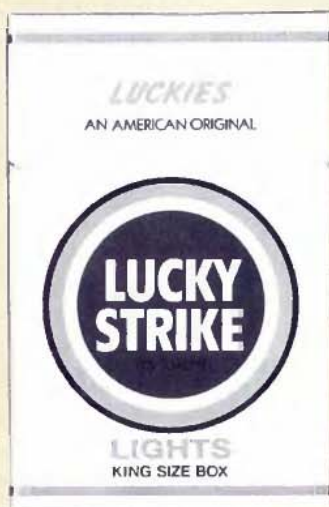
Success in the golf industry has nothing to do with making good clubs. It's all about standing out in a crowd. That's why Rankmark, an independent testing firm, gathered 200 weekend golfers to find out which clubs really work. The driver test results below are categorized by ability, with better amateurs in the 5-9 handicap range and aspiring players in the 10-20 group. The left column is the average of the longest drive for the group. The right

column is the average of all shots. Later tests had the new Wilson Deep Red Fat Shaft and TaylorMade 320 drivers averaging 10 and eight yards longer than any club listed here. For higher handicappers, nonconforming clubs like the Callaway ERC and Daiwa G3 did not produce extra distance. Players with swing speeds of 105 mph and higher who hit the ball consistently in the middle of the clubface got extra distances. For more info go to rankmark.com.

GOOD PLAYERS' BEST BALL 5-9 HANDICAP	NAME		AVERAGE YARDAGE 5-9 HANDICAP	NAME
270 yards	Yonex V-mass 250		245 yards	Callaway ERC
260 yards	Daiwa G3 902 Ti-01		245 yards	Ping TiSI
260 yards	Mizuno T-ZOID		240 yards	Daiwa G3 902 Ti-01
260 yards	Ping TiSI		240 yards	Titleist 975D
260 yards	PureSpin Diamond Face		240 yards	Yonex V-mass 250
255 yards	Callaway ERC		235 yards	Mizuno T-ZOID
250 yards	Callaway Hawk Eye		235 yards	PureSpin Diamond Face
250 yards	Titleist 975D		230 yards	Adams SC
240 yards	Adams SC		225 yards	Callaway Hawk Eye

AVERAGE PLAYERS' BEST BALL 10-20 HANDICAP	NAME		AVERAGE YARDAGE 10-20 HANDICAP	NAME
270 yards	Mizuno T-ZOID		220 yards	Callaway ERC
260 yards	Ping TiSI		215 yards	Adams SC
260 yards	PureSpin Diamond Face		215 yards	Ping TiSI
250 yards	Adams SC		215 yards	Titleist 975D
250 yards	Callaway ERC		210 yards	Callaway Hawk Eye
250 yards	Callaway Hawk Eye		210 yards	Mizuno T-ZOID
250 yards	Daiwa G3 902 Ti-01		210 yards	PureSpin Diamond Face
250 yards	Titleist 975D		205 yards	Daiwa G3 902 Ti-01
225 yards	Yonex V-mass 250		205 yards	Yonex V-mass 250

WANTED: SMOKERS

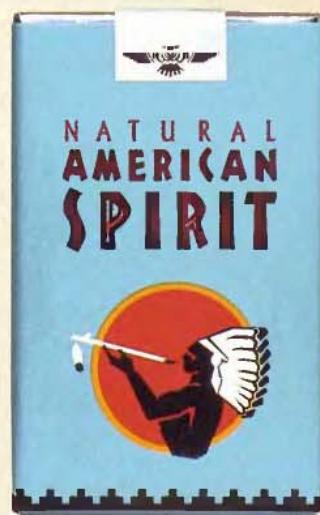


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TOM GREEN

(continued from page 74)

They like it for different reasons. My mom wants to look like a supportive mother, so for her the jokes about her are redeemed because she ends up supporting her son. My dad just loves goofing off on camera. And he always gets laughs, too. See, my parents are actually funny people. They're characters. If they were different people it wouldn't work, but when I barge up to them with a camera, they react. They give me something to work with. My dad will throw a joke back. My mom's a different kind of funny—she'll be more upset, and she'll lock herself in the bathroom.

PLAYBOY: Do they think of themselves as performers? Did they ever say, "I should have done that better"?

GREEN: My dad started doing that toward the end of the past year, and we scaled back on the parent stuff because it stopped working.

PLAYBOY: Solve a mystery for us: There's

a subspecies of guys living in their parents' basements, but you don't hear of girls doing that. You never hear of a young woman who's 25, she's been to college, had a couple jobs that she didn't like, and now she's back in her folks' basement.

GREEN: That's essentially what my movie's about—a 28-year-old guy who moves back in with his parents. He wants to be a cartoonist, but his father doesn't think he can do it.

Maybe guys pick unrealistic goals: "I'm going to be in a rock band. I'm going to be a race car driver, or a stand-up comic. I'm going to host a TV show." Girls tend to be realistic and smart. Boys are probably lazier. Maybe they resist joining the real world—that's why I moved back in with my parents after college. I didn't want to spend 40 hours a week working at a telemarketing company to make rent money. I wanted to spend that time working on my television show.

PLAYBOY: You watched a lot of TV in

those days.

GREEN: Like the O.J. trial. That was the weirdest period in the basement. I'd made a pilot for the CBC, the Canadian national TV network, and waited for six months to hear from them. My parents would come home from work and say, "What the fuck are you doing, watching O.J. Simpson on TV? You can't just bum around waiting for the CBC to call. They're not going to pick up your stupid show. It's too weird." And they were right. The CBC didn't pick up my stupid show. It was too weird. But that pilot wound up helping. When the Comedy Network started up I said, "Look, we did an established pilot for a real network!" The Comedy Network picked up my show, and that's how I got on national television.

PLAYBOY: Why is comedy overrun by Canadians? From the old Second City and SCTV to *Saturday Night Live*, you people are everywhere.

GREEN: It's somewhat bizarre. There are only 30 million people in Canada, fewer than there are in California. But there's Jim Carrey and Mike Myers. There was John Candy. There's Catherine O'Hara, Martin Short and Dan Aykroyd. Norm Macdonald is from Ottawa—he went to Gloucester High, our big rival, and grew up a couple of blocks from my house.

Maybe it's national insecurity. We feel like we can't do anything right. We're overwhelmed by America. For instance, hockey is our national sport, but practically every Canadian hockey team is going to go out of business in the next 10 years. They can't compete with American teams and the American dollar. So if you're Canadian, you grow up with a subtle feeling like, Damn, we've got problems up here.

There might be an advantage to starting out in Canada. I mean, my TV show sucked for about four years, but I had those four years to figure out how to do a show, to work on my bag of tricks, before I got to MTV. That might be the thing with Jim Carrey and Mike Myers and Norm Macdonald, too. They did comedy in Canada for eight or 10 years before they came to the States, so they got to do their screwing up in isolation. That way nobody down here sees you as a shitty, fledgling stand-up comic.

PLAYBOY: What did you do that sucked?

GREEN: Hundreds of things. But then I learned to be a better comedy editor. To get in and out quick, that a five-minute piece that's no good might work at a minute-thirty.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk specifics. Where did you get the cow's head you dumped in your parents' bed? You can't go to a butcher shop and ask for a head.

GREEN: Derek, my writing partner, called slaughterhouses until one of them gave us five heads. Under the table, for free. He drove over and picked them up. They were really heavy. We had a van



Dean Yeagle

from Rogers Cable, the community TV station—

PLAYBOY: So here's the Rogers Cable van rolling through town with a cargo of cow heads.

GREEN: We didn't plan to put one in my parents' bed. The heads were for a segment called "Cow Brain Boat." We've probably done 1000 segments and that's my favorite one: I was a hip-hop character teaching kids to make a boat out of cow brains. Hitting cow heads with an ax, pulling the brains out, pouring gasoline over them, lighting them and melting them onto a Styrofoam boat. It never aired in the States; it was too intense.

After the shoot, Derek and I were throwing the heads into a Dumpster behind a school. It's one in the morning, and I look at him and say, "We're like a block from my parents' house." My mom and dad liked *The Godfather*, so we gave them a special treat.

PLAYBOY: The "Cow Brain Boat" was only one of the hip-hop bits on your show. You also founded a goofy rap group, Organized Rhyme, that had a semihit in Canada. So what's your take on Eminem, who talks about you in *The Real Slim Shady*? Is he good or bad hip-hop?

GREEN: He's funny. He dresses up like me in his video and does *The Bum-Bum Song*, which I think is hilarious. It's strange that you mention Eminem—I was going to meet him today, but I have to go to New York to edit my movie. But I want to meet him and ask him to do a song with me. He's an amazing rapper. And he pushes people's buttons—that's what I do on television and that's what he does with his music.

PLAYBOY: But you say it's important that

your gags aren't mean-spirited. You don't damage anybody. Can you say that about the way he trashes women and gays?

GREEN: It's so funny how he gets people in an uproar: "Oh, he's saying horrible things!" That's exactly what he wants. I haven't met him, but I'll bet you he's a

the stuff he's saying, slamming MTV, the people who put meat on his table. I think he's funny.

PLAYBOY: How about Monica Lewinsky? Is she funny?

GREEN: She's normal. That was a unique situation, the way that Monica Lewinsky and I got together for a show.

I'm a skateboarder, so Tony Hawk was always my hero. He liked my MTV show and we got to be friends. One night he's at a party in Los Angeles and he calls me and says, "Monica Lewinsky's here. You've got to barge in with your camera and pull some shit." But I was leaving for the airport that minute—going to shoot *Road Trip*. So Glenn Humplik took a camera to the party. He actually asked to interview Monica. Of course, she said no. But she ended up talking to one of my writers, and they exchanged phone numbers. It had nothing to do with my show—Monica was interested in the guy, and he thought that getting to know Monica Lewinsky would be weird and intriguing. They started dating. Then Monica stopped dating him, but she stayed friends with Tammy, my best friend's wife. Now, at this point, I'm this guy from Ottawa who's just moved to Los Angeles, and every time I go to my best friend's house, Monica Lewinsky is sitting there in his living room. That's surreal.

The Monica show was her idea. Monica's brother was a fan, and one day she says, "I'd like to go to Ottawa and wake up your parents." So we did.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to talk to Monica without picturing her with Bill Clinton and a cigar? Is she ashamed of her past?

GREEN: I think she's a little freaked out by

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hilarious guy who totally knows what he's doing: messing with people and laughing his head off. What Eminem says about homosexuals—he probably doesn't feel that way at all. What he says about me or Christina Aguilera or Carson Daly—he's trying to get us riled up. When I listen to his album I can't believe

WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 47-48, 93-97, 118-119, 126-129 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



BOSS. Swizzle stick from playboystore.com.

GIN!

Pages 118-119: *Dirty Olive*, 877-783-4789 or www.dirtyolive.com. *Old Raj*, 760-789-6010. *Hendrick's*, www.hendricksgin.com. *Plymouth*, 800-582-8745. *Mercury*, www.mercurygin.com. *Quintessential*, imported by White Rock Distilleries, 800-628-5441,

x365. *Van Gogh*, imported by Luctor International, 888-539-3361. *Citadelle*, www.gafrance.com. *Damrak*, www.damrakgin.com. *Junipero* from *Anchor Distilling*, 415-863-8350. *Hamptons*, from *Hamptons Spirits*, 800-378-6388 (East Coast), 877-937-5951 (West Coast) or www.hamptonsvodka.com. *Tanqueray No. Ten* at fine liquor shops.

WILD LINKS

Pages 126-129: *Driver* by *Callaway*, 800-228-2767. *Driver*, bag and irons by *TaylorMade*, 800-456-8633. *Cart* by *Sun Mountain*, 800-227-9224. *Wedge* by *Carbide Golf*, 800-272-4325. *Shoes* by *Bite Footwear*, 800-248-3465. *Shirt* by *Ashworth*, 800-627-4274. *Umbrella* and balls by *Nike*, 800-922-6453. *Irons* by *Adams*, 800-622-0609. *Balls* by *Titleist*, from *Acushnet*, 800-225-8500. *Putter* by *Bettinardi*, 708-802-7400.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "Saving Face": *Aftershave gel* by *Nautica*, 877-628-8422. *Aftershave* by *Adidas*, *parfum* by *Boucheron* and *shave cream* by *Lucky Brand*, at fine department stores. *Razor and shaving bowl* by *John Hardy Collection*, from *View Point Showroom*, 800-254-2739. *Soap refill* by *E-Shave*, 800-947-4283. *Shaver* by *Braun*, 800-272-8611. *Skin food* by *Trumper*, *razor* by *Merkur*, *pre shave* by *Dr. Harris and Co.*, *mirror* by *Speert*, *shaving brush* by *Simpson and John Bull*, from *Cambridge Chemists*, 800-241-1447. *Scissors* by *Corrado*, 800-416-4413.

WIRED

Page 34: "Surfin' the Tube": *TV-internet* by *Microsoft*, 877-858-4628. "Digital Pocket Pickings": *Digital wallets*: From *Microsoft*, www.passport.com. From *American Express*, www.americanexpress.com/igotblue. From *Citibank*, www.citiwallet.com. From *Infogate*, www.infogate.com. From *Gator*, www.gator.com. From *Mastercard*, www.mastercard.com/shoponline/e-wallets. From *Yahoo*, wallet.yahoo.com. From *Visa*, www.visa.com/pd/ewallet/main.html. "Game of the Month": *Software* by *Talon Soft*, 800-211-6504 or www.talonsoft.com. "Wild Things": *Internet watch* by *Timex*, 800-367-8463.

MANTRACK

Page 47: "How to Massage Away Her Headache": www.hamlyn.co.uk. Page 48: "Jackson Five": *Berliner Weiss* imported by *B. United International*, 914-238-7100 or bunitedint.com. *Rodenbach* imported by *Belgian Experts*, 800-656-1212 or belgianexperts.com. *Blanche de Brooklyn* by *Brooklyn Brewery*, 718-486-7422 or totalbeer.com. *Wisconsin Belgian Red* by *New Clarus Brewery*, 608-527-5850 or newclarusbrewing@tds.net. *Small Beer* by *Anchor Brewing*, 415-863-8350. "Face It, Man": *Toiletries* at local department stores. "Guys Are Talking About": *All-road vehicle* by *Audi*, audiusa.com.

BOXERS IN BOXERS

Pages 93-97: By *Lennox Lewis*, www.lennoxlewis.com or sales@ebi.ndo.co.uk. By *Versace*, www.versace.com. By *Nike*, www.nike.com. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-TOMMY-CARES. By *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-

what happened, but not ashamed.

PLAYBOY: Some animal-rights people freaked about the mouse you put in your mouth in *Road Trip*. Then there were dogs and pigs on *Saturday Night Live*—you got blamed for terrifying them.

GREEN: Can they prove that the dogs and pigs were terrified? I don't think so. And I never mistreated a mouse. The mouse in *Road Trip* crawled into my mouth and snuggled. It liked it in there. We shot that scene 20 times, and after 10 times it would put its little paw on my lip and walk right into my mouth. I could see a problem if I had bitten its head off, but I'm not Ozzy Osbourne. I've got three dogs, and I would never hurt an animal for a joke. Except for worms. I ate worms once. And I did put cockroaches in little hot-air balloons. I think it's all right to kill insects. But mammals, birds, reptiles, they're all safe with me.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst thing you've ever tasted?

GREEN: Mouse urine is salty. But it's not the worst. Palmolive detergent is worse. For some reason I thought it would be funny to fill my mouth with soap, but I started vomiting. Soap is one thing you can't put in your mouth. I was tasting Palmolive for days.

PLAYBOY: You've got another specialty—sneaking into movies.

GREEN: Now I find that I pay occasionally, and I'm disappointed in myself. I think, God, am I becoming an adult?

PLAYBOY: Why do you do it?

GREEN: Because it's so damned easy. It's body language—you walk right past the guy taking tickets. Pick a point 100 yards away and stare at it. Wave at that point as if you see someone. The main thing is to walk 10 to 15 percent faster than normal. If you run it looks like you're doing something wrong, and if you walk normally he'll have time to grab you. A little faster than normal looks like something important is happening, and remember—this guy has other people to deal with. He's got to make a choice: Does he take tickets from the people behind you, or chase the guy who's already 15 feet into the theater? Is he going to yell at you and maybe get into trouble with his boss? This guy's making eight bucks an hour. He's going to let you go because he doesn't care.

PLAYBOY: Should your fans sneak into *Freddy Got Fingered*?

GREEN: No. They should pay their eight bucks. And now that I'm in the movie industry, I want theaters to tighten security.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite Drew Barrymore film?

GREEN: I like *The Wedding Singer*. *Charlie's Angels*, too. And the other night we were at home watching TV when *Bad Girls* came on, so we watched it together. I said, "Wow, you look hot in this movie." She always does, but she looked really hot as a cowgirl.

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PLAYBOY: You're the hot comic that companies such as Pepsi use to reach kids. Performers of 20 or 30 years ago might have called that selling out. Even as you save people from testicular cancer, are you causing some cavities?

GREEN: Not with Pepsi One. Diet drinks probably save people's teeth.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about getting hurt on the job? Chevy Chase did so many pratfalls that he nearly ruined his back. You're always throwing yourself around, too.

GREEN: You wipe out a lot on a skateboard, so I learned how. And I'm light like a bird. I'm 6'3" and I weigh 150 pounds, so there's not enough weight to crush my bones. You could probably throw me at the ground as hard as you can and I'd just bounce.

PLAYBOY: Another part of skateboarding, for many skaters, is marijuana. Was part of your skate-punk days?

GREEN: I was in school in the Nancy Reagan "Just say no" and "This is your brain on drugs" years. Smoking pot—I think people were afraid of it. It was when I was leaving high school that some rap bands glorified it. I'm sure everybody's into it now. I don't do it myself.

PLAYBOY: Never?

GREEN: Once or twice. Someone was passing it at a party. But I like to be in control. Even after my operations I got off the painkillers really fast. People get

addicted to Vicodin and Percodan, but I hated that stuff. It made me an emotional wreck, getting upset about weird little things. I stopped taking it and just went with the pain.

PLAYBOY: What do you watch on TV?

GREEN: Nothing.

PLAYBOY: What about reality shows like *Survivor II*?

GREEN: To be honest, that's one reason I'm excited about going ahead with movies. Reality TV—*The Real World*, my show, now you've got *Survivor* and a lot of shows jumping on the bandwagon—is getting to be a fad, and there's going to be a lot of bad shit on the air. They think, We'll follow people around with a video camera. It'll be so real! They don't understand that a good reality show needs as much attention to story as a sitcom. When we did the Slutmobile segment, there were story elements. We knew my dad would walk to the bus stop, and if I drove the car there it would be embarrassing because his neighbors would see it.

PLAYBOY: You needed keys to his car, too, if you were going to drive it.

GREEN: A week earlier I'd told him the muffler on my car was busted and I needed to borrow his. We got copies made of the keys. And since the paint on his hood wouldn't dry instantly, we actually bought the hood of another 1992 Honda Accord. Took it to a paint shop,

got it painted. Then I stole the car in the middle of the night, took it to the body shop, replaced the hood and drove it back. So it wasn't "Hey, let's chase a guy around with a video camera and he'll be wacky." There was a lot going on behind the scenes.

PLAYBOY: There's one more Drew scene to talk about. We heard you got caught making out with her in a closet at a movie theater.

GREEN: That's true.

PLAYBOY: What was the movie?

GREEN: Believe it or not, it was *Road Trip*. Right after *Charlie's Angels* wrapped, Drew and I went parachuting in Perris, California with her friend Cameron Diaz and Cameron's boyfriend. Drew and I had seen *Road Trip* but Cameron and her boyfriend hadn't, and they dragged me into it.

PLAYBOY: Did you sneak in?

GREEN: I believe that we did, and about halfway through the movie Drew dragged me out of the theater and into a broom closet. And some kids found us in there.

PLAYBOY: You were hugging and kissing?

GREEN: [Lying] We were both completely naked.

PLAYBOY: You and Drew—that must have been a thrill for the kids.

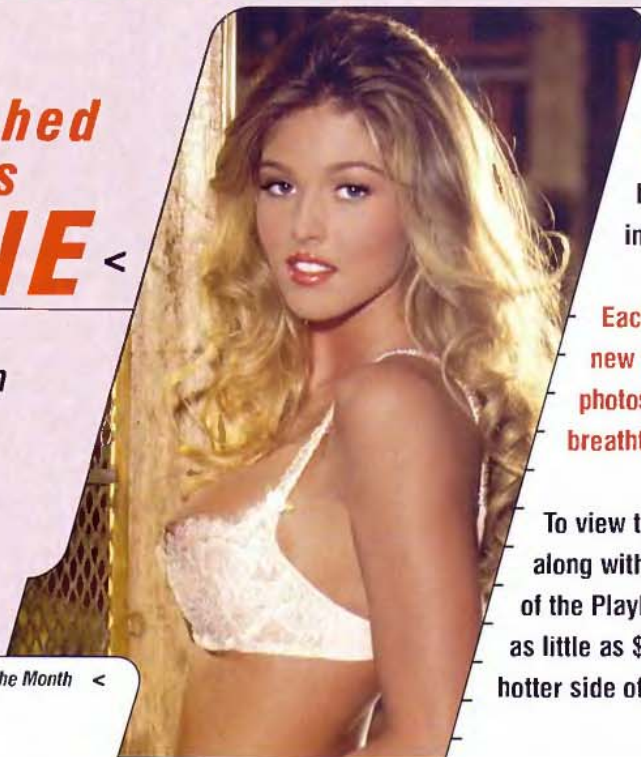
GREEN: Well, not when they were looking at me.



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EVIDENCE (continued from page 144)

"What is it about the gun in the dead guy's hand you felt was threatening? I mean, he was dead, wasn't he?"

whenever you hear that the case was broken by 'information developed through investigation,' that always means Crime Stoppers," said Maple.

Modern detective work and the myth of the Great Detective were born at the

same moment. On a Sunday morning in October 1878, the nearly deranged janitor of the Manhattan Savings Bank raced along Bleecker Street in bare feet, hands manacled. At dawn, five robbers had burst into his apartment over the bank and had tied him up. They made off with more than \$2 million, a nice

day's pay in the 21st century and a stupendous one in the late 19th. Among the first to answer the janitor's alarm was Thomas Byrnes, a broad-beamed, mustachioed Irish cop who ran the Greenwich Village police precinct.

Within a few days, Byrnes (by his account) cracked the Manhattan Savings Bank case, and soon he became chief of detectives in New York, the first true celebrity cop. Before Byrnes, detectives were seen as little more than second-rate cops. Byrnes masterminded the concept of organized intelligence gathering, creating "the template for detective work as it would come to be organized and practiced in every modern American metropolis," as James Lardner and Thomas Reppetto write in their authoritative history, *NYPD: A City and Its Police*.

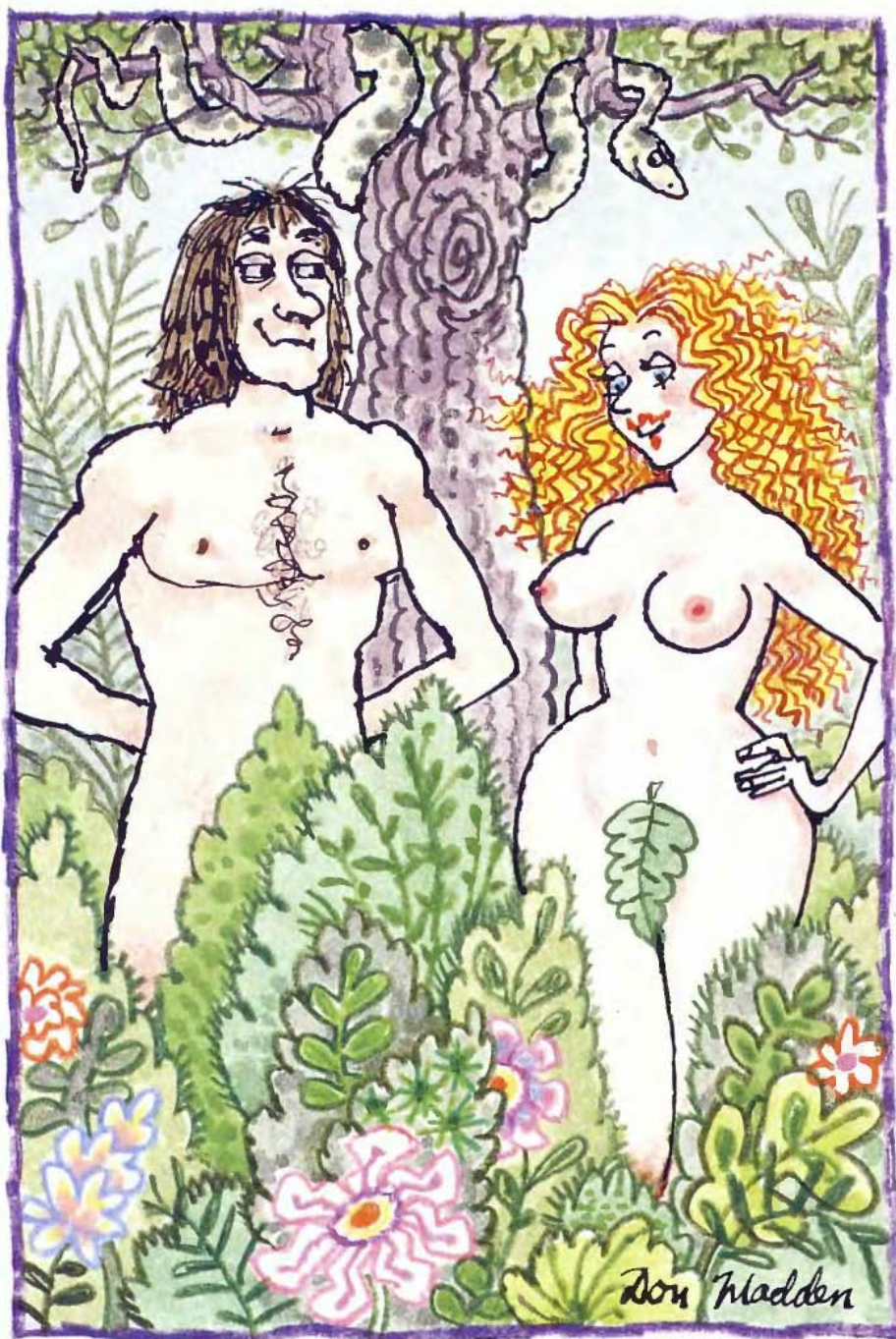
At the core of Byrnes' legend is relentlessness. His men stepped in and out of alleys, shadowing their prey around the clock. They traveled anywhere, any time, whether it meant interviewing a milkman at the first crack of daylight or the madam of a Mercer Street bordello in the heat of the night. So torrid were Byrnes' interrogation techniques that cops and reporters made a play on his name and created a new idiom: the third degree. The daily press referred to Byrnes as the Great Detective, and his men were nicknamed the Immortals. A few skeptics claimed that Byrnes' greatest invention was himself. They questioned how much of a role he had played in cracking the Manhattan Savings Bank caper, charging that a cop who later turned stoolie may have been one of the robbers.

But critics could not put a dent in his popularity, and Byrnes played well to the crowd in the good seats: He created a "deadline" at Manhattan's Fulton Street, an invisible barrier at the edge of the financial district. Any suspicious type who dared to enter the privileged zone was arrested on the spot.

In many ways, Byrnes' deadline was the start of a great deal of trouble. It ghettoized crime, sending the message that you could not commit crime on one block, but, by implication, were free to do so elsewhere. The devastation caused by big-city crime in the late 20th century did not arise from the occasional O.J. Simpson-type case, terrible as such murders were. It was brought on by the utter invisibility of most crime and the lack of interest by the press, the public and ultimately the police, who allowed entire stretches of cities to die. Until a few years ago, detectives were not assigned to investigate burglaries in the homes of New Yorkers if the property stolen had a value of less than \$5000—except on Manhattan island. There, the threshold was \$10,000.

The message? Crime pays—in small bills and in certain neighborhoods.

Byrnes was also a master manipulator



"That's cute, Adam. How do you make your fig leaf stand out like that?"

of statistics, and his favorite yardstick was the prison time that was served by his captured prey. For instance, the public would read that under Inspector Byrnes' leadership, detective work in the previous four years yielded a total of 2488 years in prison. These were eye-catching numbers, but they were essentially meaningless.

In the Thirties, police switched to clearance rates to show the effectiveness of their work. This "detective math" became the ingrained, fundamentally misleading way cops spoke not only to the outside world but also among themselves. "You can have 100 homicides in a year, solve zero, and still have a 100 percent clearance rate—by solving 100 homicides from the past five years," says Maple. "This is every detective squad in the world. And how is a case solved?"

"Let's say you get raped on a date, and you give the detectives the name of the guy. The detective tells you, 'You want to pursue it? It's 10 days in court. Think about it and let me know.' You decide not to pursue it. The case is cleared and he doesn't have to make an arrest. They would count it as a solved case.

"Another example: You have a string of robberies by a pair of guys with a gun, a stickup team that does 10 jobs. You grab one of the guys. That first catch clears all 10 cases. What about his partner in the stickups? Additional arrests result in no additional clearances, so detectives never went for accomplices. You can solve something without taking both bad guys off the street."

Nothing here suggests that detectives are less competent or less devoted to their work than doctors, or lawyers, or plumbers, or journalists. "You have 10 percent at the top who are the stars," says Maple. "You have 40 percent who are solid performers, who enjoy the work. You have 40 percent who are mediocrities, passing time. The bottom 10 percent are your anarchists."

Why isn't the middle group performing? "Same reasons as in other professions," Maple says. "Peer pressure. Laziness. Fear of failure."

Many police departments provide formal training, but, as with every trade, the tricks are learned on the job. For instance, a confession is not only powerful evidence in court but also delivers details that support witnesses or crime scene evidence. By obtaining a statement that includes particulars of the crime, the detectives can corroborate the eyewitnesses—or protect against the most common cause of wrongful convictions: eyewitness error.

Those statements are not hard to get. Studies show that upwards of 80 percent of suspects will waive their right to remain silent, and three quarters will offer something incriminating. The video

camera works like catnip. "Everybody wants to be on camera," says the veteran Chicago detective. "This is their 15 minutes of fame. It's unbelievable how successful it is."

"Everybody talks," said Maple. "Cops talk when they get in trouble and they're questioned, and they're supposed to know better."

Nobody talked in the JonBenet Ramsey case, which is already being studied in police academies and used in detective training programs. When Boulder police arrived at the Ramsey home, they were responding to a supposed kidnapping. The house showed no signs of forced entry. Later, the family reported discovering the little girl in the basement. The crime scene was a hopeless muddle. But that wasn't what foiled the investigation. "You go to a scene like that, with no break-in, and anybody who reads the ransom note says there's something wrong here. Get these people into the police station, put them in different rooms, we'll get to the bottom of this," said the Chicago detective, who followed the case closely. "The police lost control; they weren't in charge. The Ramseys were in charge."

So the opportunity was lost for an early, unrehearsed statement of the evening's events from the parents of the murdered child. Boulder detectives rarely face homicides, and they were slow to call in help from the cops in Denver, who see many more. But there were nearly identical problems with the O.J. Simpson investigation, which was handled by veteran detectives in Los Angeles. Simpson was in Chicago the morning after the murders and flew back to Los Angeles. Incredibly, Simpson's first lawyer permitted the detectives to question Simpson alone. Then detectives cut him loose after speaking to him for only 35 minutes, during which time Simpson never quite explained where he had been for two critical hours on the night of the crime, nor how he had cut himself. One of the detectives later said that the session was not an interrogation but an "interview." Now, their work seems cursory, even negligent.

In less-celebrated cases, detectives tumble into the unscripted chaos of crime scenes, the frayed remnants of an unraveled moment. "At the scene everything is flux," says Detective X, recalling cases he has seen over the years in Chicago. Cops arrive, some to help, some to gawk. So do screaming relatives, the morbidly curious, even a witness or two.

At apparent suicides, according to Detective X, the first officers on the scene will often unload the gun, instantly contaminating the evidence. "I ask, 'What is it about the gun in the dead guy's hand that you felt was threatening? I mean, he was dead, wasn't he?'" says Detective X. At one murder scene, a woman was choked to death, then dumped into a



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bath tub. Where was the murder weapon? Detective X arrived to find another officer casually using it. "I saw a uniformed sergeant talking on the telephone," the officer said. As it turned out, she had been strangled with the cord.

At one triple homicide, Detective X recalls, "the house was full of coppers—a fucking party. I turn around and there's one guy standing in the blood from the body. I said, 'What the fuck are you doing?' 'Well, I just wanted to see him.' I said, 'You're standing in the blood.' 'Oh, sorry.' He starts to walk away. I said, 'There's footprints all the way out the door.' He says, 'Sorry.' I say, 'You're a murder suspect.' 'Well, I just wanted to see, Sergeant.'

"Any scene, by definition, is going to be contaminated just by the arrival of the first officer. There are many times when the scene is totally disturbed by firemen or paramedics. We'll get there and the body will have been moved. The guy's as dead as a doornail, but they've got all these monitor things in him. I say, 'What are you doing that for?' They say, 'You see those people across the street? If we don't put on a show, they're going to brick our ambulance as we drive away.'

"You'll get there, and people are always screaming, yelling, 'That's my cousin, let me see.' It's unbelievable. Unless you've been to one you have no way of knowing what it's like. There are fights going on. People try to push through the

crowd saying, 'I want to cuddle him one last time,' or whatever. You tell them, 'I'm sorry, this is a crime scene, you can't come through,' then they want to fight with you."

Hundreds of thousands of rape kits sit in dead storage across the country. These are swabs of semen and blood collected from women who have been sexually attacked. In most cities and counties, none of this material is tested until after a suspect has been caught. By doing DNA tests on all rape kits right after the crime, investigators would be able to link multiple attacks by the same person. And by running the results through a DNA database of convicted felons, they would probably be able to solve—and not just clear—many serious crimes.

Similarly, the power of another kind of database, the ballistic signatures of guns, has been hampered by the U.S. Congress. Congress has refused to permit a national collection program of identifying marks from all guns, which could be shared by law enforcement.

The computer became Maple's favorite weapon in rectifying the shortcomings of police work. The cold numbers worked like alchemy, turning "every case into a big case," he says. Every crime got mapped, not just the ones that made the news. The innovation is now a regular feature on *The District*, the CBS crime se-

ries based on Maple. "The dots on those maps are the same size," says Maple, "no matter who the victim is. If you're mugged, it's a big deal whether you're Leonardo DiCaprio or a cleaning lady on her way home."

That's fine sentiment, and Jack Maple is hardly the first cop to utter it, but up against at least a century of calcified myth, American police have a long way to go.

An audit of the costs of complacency should begin with the killing more than a decade ago of Meir Kahane, a radical right-wing rabbi and once-notorious hatemonger who founded the Jewish Defense League.

From the instant Kahane was shot and his body crumpled to the carpet of a Midtown Manhattan hotel ballroom on the night of November 5, 1990, Kahane's murder seemed to solve itself. An old man tried to slow down a short, round-faced guy who was running from the room, but the guy shot the old man and dashed down a flight of stairs. He jumped into a taxicab, pointed the gun at the driver and told him to drive. Two blocks later, he jumped out, waving his gun. Across the street, a postal police officer heard shouting and saw the gun. The cop drew his own weapon. The short guy fired at the officer, hitting him in his bulletproof vest. The cop squeezed off one round, wounding the gunman in the neck.

El Sayyid Nosair collapsed onto the asphalt of Lexington Avenue, bleeding to the door of death but no further. A gun lay on the street, inches from his hand. In Nosair's pocket were bullets for that gun. And the bullets from the gun fit the hole in the dying rabbi, two blocks away.

Upon arriving at the scenes, the city police had the following inventory of facts: a dead rabbi, a roomful of witnesses, a bleeding Arab and a smoking gun.

The next morning, New York's chief of detectives, Joseph Borrelli, held a press conference. Given that Kahane had the most hawkish voice in Israel, the reporters asked if his killing had been the work of anti-Jewish or anti-Israeli plotters. Borrelli quickly stepped back from that ledge. New York had not been the scene of a political assassination in years. With the United Nations based in the city, the streets were crawling, year-round, with political figures, many of them controversial. A plot? A political assassination? No way, said the chief.

"I am strongly convinced he acted alone," Borrelli declared. "Why he did it, we may never know."

Kahane's corpse was packed up without an autopsy, in deference to the tenets of Orthodox Judaism that forbid defilement of the body, and put on the first flight to Israel. His grieving followers had torn scraps of curtains and carpets



"Don't give me that look, Larry. I told you that I was seeing a psychiatrist."

from the scene of the crime, anything that might have captured blood or viscera, to be buried with his body. Two days after the shooting, Kahane's coffin was carried through the streets of Jerusalem, and thousands marched to the cemetery. Mourners stabbed two Arabs in shops. At the cemetery, they hurled stones at reporters.

In New York on the day of the funeral, the detective investigating the case said goodnight to the guys in the squad room. He walked under a sign that read THROUGH THESE DOORS PASS THE WORLD'S FINEST DETECTIVES and took off on a two-week vacation. Why postpone the trip when the shooter was in custody?

A year later, El Sayyid Nosair was acquitted in state court of murdering Meir Kahane. He was convicted of shooting bystanders as he ran from the hotel but not of the actual assassination.

The Kahane murder case was a fat pitch down the middle, but the investigators whiffed. Some years later, Nosair would be found guilty at a federal trial of Kahane's murder. Moreover, he had not acted alone. The federal case proved he was a member of a gang of murderous zealots who would go on to bomb the World Trade Center in New York and two American embassies in Africa—actions that killed 230 people. Papers detailing the gang's plans and a roster of the players were seized from Nosair's home and his work locker hours after Kahane was killed, but detectives ignored them until years later, after Nosair's terrorist cohorts had finished their bloody work.

Most blown cases don't involve an international network of terrorists, but that doesn't mean the mistakes are cost free. A hit man for drug dealers nicknamed Freddie Krueger murdered seven people in New York in the first seven months of 1992. The killings, while only two or three miles apart, were spread over several precincts and fell under the jurisdictions of both homicide and narcotics detectives, none of whom realized that a spree killer was on the loose. Only a small team of investigators inside the Manhattan D.A.'s office pieced together the evidence that caught the killer.

Too many detectives are working the myth rather than the case, argues Maple. As a younger cop, he passed many off-duty hours on the rail of the famous Upper East Side watering hole, Elaine's. There he'd see hotshot Manhattan detectives telling tales about the latest headlines. "They'd be at the bar, bragging about the big case they had just picked up. I'd think, You're working four to 12, what are you doing, surveilling the bartender? They were dreaming about books and movies."

And dreaming about the legends that are piled on top of myth.



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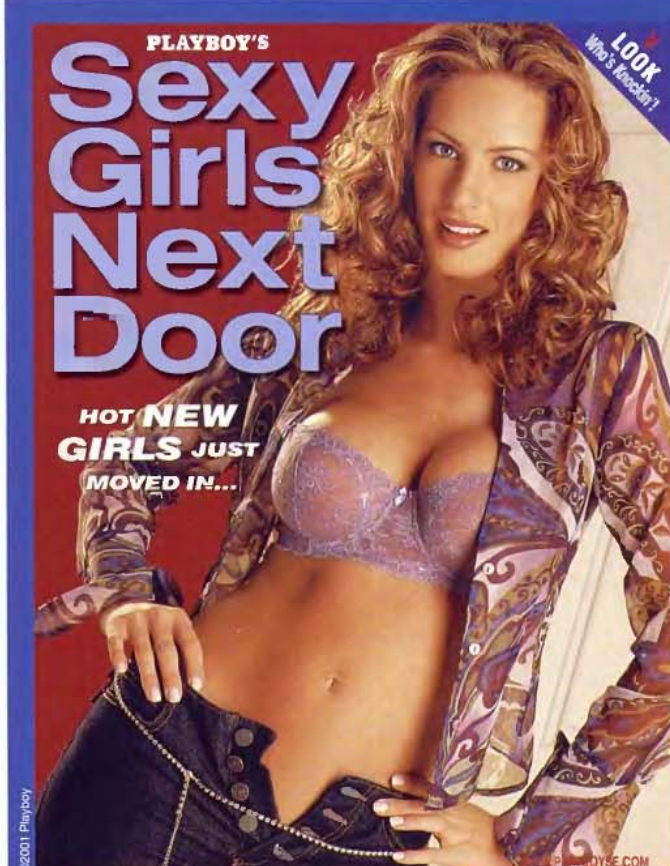
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Troy Hartman

(continued from page 100)

didn't have to watch other people do cool shit. I could do it myself.

PLAYBOY: What's the key to landing a stunt—talent or luck?

HARTMAN: If you rely on luck, you're going to end up a headline. These stunts involve skill, experience and knowledge. Knowledge is most important. It comes down to an exact science, where it's like, OK, this is what can go wrong, and this is what I'm going to do to make sure it doesn't go wrong. Once you have that knowledge, the fear is pushed out. Fear is a lack of knowledge.

PLAYBOY: Two of your close friends, Vic Pappadato and Rob Harris, died in sky-diving accidents.

HARTMAN: Rob Harris, along with Patrick De Gayardon, invented skysurfing. He was unbelievable. By the time it happened to Vic, who was my partner in the X Games, I went, "OK, if this can happen to them, it can happen to me. It's a possible outcome of what I do." Those guys were my heroes. My theory is, I don't want to die doing this, but Rob and Vic have moved on, and if I have to go there, at least I'm going where my heroes have gone. I've always followed them. I accept it. I know they wouldn't change their pasts. And I'm OK with that. I honestly am.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear death?

HARTMAN: My fear of death has subsided. I don't fear death, but I fear permanent disability, pain and suffering. Before a stunt I always say, "If something goes wrong, I'm OK with the fact that I might

perish, but damn it, I hope it's quick." It's weird to put it into words. It probably sounds warped. But that's the way I have to think in order to be confident.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any close calls?

HARTMAN: I broke my neck in May. We were shooting the show and I was flying my own little airplane. It was going to be a really neat opening sequence. We take pride in our camera angles and capturing things that have never been seen. We try to put ourselves in weird situations, like hanging on the edge of a cliff or free-falling out of an airplane. In this one, they asked me to fly my plane beneath a helicopter to get a certain shot. That was a major mistake. I didn't realize the downdraft from the helicopter's rotor blades was going to be so strong. My airplane weighs 900 pounds and the helicopter weighed probably 3000 pounds. In order for it to fly, you have to push that same amount of weight downward. So, essentially, I got a 3000-pound weight dropped on my 900-pound airplane. I hit the roof so hard I saw stars. Luckily, I didn't get knocked out, otherwise I wouldn't be here today. When my neck hit the roof, a nerve in my right arm was crushed. I radioed to the helicopter pilot and said, "I think I broke my arm. We had a violent bit of turbulence." When I landed they were like, "Dude, you have a broken neck." I was lucky, though, because the vertebra broke outward. If it had broken inward, it would have killed me.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea that that stunt would be so risky?

HARTMAN: There was no fear involved in that stunt. It's funny—the only times I

get injured are when I'm overconfident. That's when I'm not calculating and taking every precaution I should. In that case, we were having a good time. I was like, This is great, this isn't even a stunt. It was a no-brainer. The broken neck was a freak accident. Later, I found out that people break their necks in commercial planes all the time. They get up to go to the bathroom, the plane hits a bump and they hit the ceiling.

PLAYBOY: How does your family feel about your day job?

HARTMAN: My friends and family want me to quit. When I was skysurfing, they realized it was a competitive event and they were OK with that. Now that I'm doing stunts, they don't like it. My friends are always calling and saying, "I saw you doing something stupid on TV again." I feel bad for my mom. Every time we talk, she asks when I'm going to stop. That's my biggest conflict.

PLAYBOY: Does it affect your relationship with your girlfriend?

HARTMAN: She's into it. She's a sky diver, so she has no problem with that, but we fight about the other stunts. It plagues our relationship. On one side of the coin, she thinks it's mysterious and intriguing. On the other side, she hates it. She dreads the day she has to hear bad news. When I broke my neck, a lot of my friends and family expected me to quit. Like, OK, this is your wake-up call.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

HARTMAN: Good question. We do six-show runs. When I'm doing a run, I'm like, I'm gonna make it to the end of this run, and then the show will get canceled. Or something else will come up. I have a hard time walking away from something. If they offer me a third season, I don't have it in me to turn it down. If the opportunity is still there, and I'm healthy and strong and my mind is capable, I'll take the challenge.

PLAYBOY: Do you lie in bed at night thinking about these stunts?

HARTMAN: Oh God, you don't even know. I have to take sleeping pills. It has negatively affected my day-to-day life. Sometimes I snap. I get irritable. Right now everything's great because I'm done with the second season. Everything's in the can and I have a few months to chill. I know we're going to have to go even bigger next season and, Jesus, I don't want to think that far ahead. I'm sleeping well now. Last month I was not happy. But I had to keep plugging away. The producers avoid me when I'm in my zone and I don't want to talk to anybody. They give me space and let me think and breathe and do what I have to do to concentrate. If you're not concentrating or feeling 100 percent about what you're about to do, you'll get killed.

PLAYBOY: Which stunt plagued you the most?

HARTMAN: Jumping out of a 37th-floor window scared the fuck out of me. I got



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a migraine and was sick to my stomach. I couldn't concentrate. I was forgetting people's names. The producer almost called it off because I was having a really bad day. When I finished the stunt, I went from being scared to death to thinking it was the best thing I'd ever done. One of my friends went after me to get a pickup shot, and he just about fucking killed himself. He went through the glass completely wrong, which is what I was worried about. He opened his parachute, like, a second before hitting the ground. It was scary.

PLAYBOY: Did MTV make you sign your life away?

HARTMAN: I can't remember. I've signed my life away in every direction since I started skydiving. I don't read the fine print anymore. My family knows that I'm ultimately in charge of everything. They're not going to sue anyone.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, did you do stunts to attract chicks?

HARTMAN: Are you kidding? I was a nerd. I lived 20 minutes from Mammoth Mountain in a tiny community of about 12 houses. There were no kids there. I was isolated. My sister and I would come home on the school bus every day and be stuck with each other. I didn't get to play after school and go to the arcades. There are TV shows people tell me they used to watch that I've never seen. I didn't have a TV till I was in the ninth grade. We lived in the rocks where you couldn't get television.

PLAYBOY: What did you do all day?

HARTMAN: I built model planes and studied. When I was in the seventh grade, my dad bought me a motorcycle. I got really good at riding my dirt bike. That was great, because I was in the middle of nowhere. I found trails and started riding into Mammoth. I'd finally found a way to connect with my friends. Then I started doing stupid things like riding my motorcycle to parties and drinking. Of course, I got caught and my parents took my bike away.

PLAYBOY: Who were you in high school?

HARTMAN: I was never really the daredevil or the jock or the cool, popular guy. The big problem was that I skipped eighth grade and went right into ninth. The freshmen hated me. They were like, you little nerd. No one in ninth grade accepted me, and my friends in eighth grade thought I was too cool for them. So I started drinking and smoking pot and doing the stupid shit you do as a kid to be cool.

PLAYBOY: Were you into sports?

HARTMAN: Not at all. My younger sister was the good skier. She was into volleyball, baseball, basketball, cheerleading. I was too scared to do a flip on the trampoline. My dad made me play football. I was so scared, so intimidated. I dreaded going to practice because I knew I'd get hit. I played for two years. I didn't love what I was doing, but I had to keep



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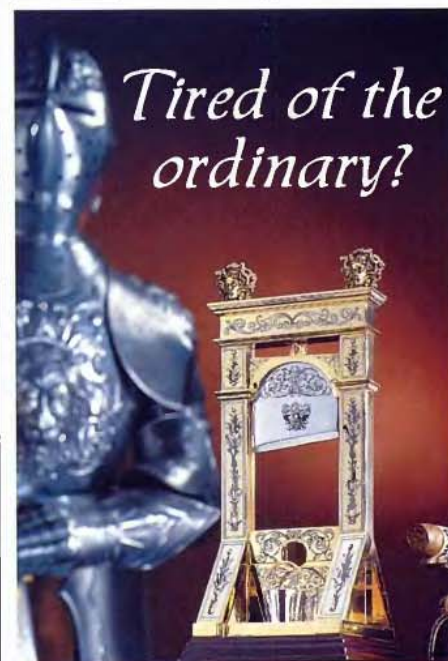
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proving that I could keep coming back.
 PLAYBOY: When did girls come into your life?
 HARTMAN: When I turned 15. I was an outcast until then. Seriously, everyone called me Poindexter. I had maybe two girlfriends during high school. I definitely wasn't a player.
 PLAYBOY: After high school, you went to the Air Force Academy. Tell us what that was like.
 HARTMAN: The first year is complete hell. It's impossible to describe. It is a day-to-day, minute-to-minute fear of getting hazed. You're constantly under the watchful eyes of 3000 upperclassmen. From day one, you get worked. The first six weeks, you think, Oh, this is boot camp. And after the six weeks are over, you're like, It's gotta calm down. No one could put up with this for longer than six weeks. But it gets worse.

PLAYBOY: How so?
 HARTMAN: Basic training is like any other basic training. You march around, you do the obstacle course, the assault course, push-ups. Once you finish basic training and start freshman year, you're up at 5:30 A.M. every day to clean. You have to dust lightbulbs—that's how bad it is. Your socks are all perfectly rolled and facing the same way. Everything has to be polished and your shoes have to be shined and everything has to be in the right spot.
 PLAYBOY: What did the upperclassmen do to you?
 HARTMAN: They would make us memorize quotes. You have to know them word for word, and you yell them as a group. You're standing there with your chin tucked into your neck and your shoulders rolled back. It's painful. You're trying to scream out this quote, you're

sweating, and you have this ugly face jammed up against yours, yelling at you. You deal with that every day for a year. One of the most popular quotes was the Budweiser creed.
 PLAYBOY: Do you remember it?
 HARTMAN: [Starts reciting] It's the famous Budweiser beer. *We know of no other beer that takes as much time to do do do the fine hops yeast.* Do I have to go on?
 PLAYBOY: That's enough. How else were you hazed?
 HARTMAN: You have to walk on thin strips that are up against the wall. You have to make 90-degree turns. If you get caught looking around, even a quick sideward glance, they pin you in the corner and make you recite quotes for an hour. At lunch, you have to serve them, entertain them and report on current events. If you fuck up, you get hazed and don't eat a damn thing. Then you leave hungry and pissed off and life sucks. You have to greet every upperclassman who walks by. The worst thing in the world is when a husky girl walks by and you call her sir. It's like, "It's Pat from *Saturday Night Live!*"

PLAYBOY: Weren't you dying to rebel?
 HARTMAN: You can't. You have to do as you're told. After a year of being hazed, you get recognized. The day of recognition is the one day in my entire life that I remember most. It's one last day of hell. You put on your fatigues and run for miles and miles until you puke. You get thrown around and hazed some more. At the end of the day, you're an upperclassman.
 PLAYBOY: Did you hook up with any girls at the academy?
 HARTMAN: When I was a junior I had a sophomore girlfriend. I was a flight instructor. She was my student.
 PLAYBOY: What would happen if you were caught having sex on campus?
 HARTMAN: You'd get thrown out. A lot of people did. A lot of the girls, though, were macho, aggressive, unattractive women. We'd go off base and find civilian girls. But I spent a year dating my girlfriend. Having somebody there made it better. A lot of guys were frustrated after four years of not dating. It's common knowledge at the academy that they put saltpeter in the food. It keeps you from being horny.
 PLAYBOY: Are you serious?
 HARTMAN: Totally. And it worked. I was able to keep from getting too worked up.
 PLAYBOY: So, did you ever do it in an airplane?
 HARTMAN: Yeah, we did the mile-high thing once.
 PLAYBOY: Were you the pilot?
 HARTMAN: Yeah. Actually, she performed on me. It would be difficult to go all the way while flying a plane.
 PLAYBOY: So where's your mile-high partner now?
 HARTMAN: She flies big refueler jets. She's a captain. She's way up there. I taught



"Is this an 'even' day or an 'odd' day?"

her to fly and now she's flying the big jets. And I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss it?

HARTMAN: I miss some of it. I would have gone to fighter school. It would have been awesome. I sometimes dream that I'm still there.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave?

HARTMAN: I left under bad circumstances. I had an accident in one of their planes. I used to hotshot around, flying under bridges, doing aerobatics, going off with friends and doing crazy shit. I was buzzing cattle, scaring them, going superclose and watching them run. Fucking with them, you know? But I got too low and nailed one. I actually killed a cow with a plane. I crash-landed. I'm lucky I survived.

PLAYBOY: You were kicked out for that?

HARTMAN: Totally. Thrown out. Four months before graduation. I had my life planned out, and that was it. Tossed. I was devastated.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents kick your ass?

HARTMAN: Shit, they hated me. I was the second person in history from our town to go to the Air Force Academy. It was embarrassing for them.

PLAYBOY: All because of a cow scandal.

HARTMAN: [Laughs] I refer to it as the bovine scandal. But seriously, it was horrible. The next year was miserable. I got back into college, but my credits didn't transfer. I was a junior again. I started losing interest in school. I was like, Shit, I have nothing now. I had a great career ahead of me and now I'm nobody. That's when I got into skydiving and skysurfing. I felt like I had a purpose.

PLAYBOY: What is your most memorable jump?

HARTMAN: I jumped out of a plane over the ocean in a wing suit, which was awesome. You can fly. Skydiving so far out over the water was eerie. I was supposed to make it five miles to shore. So there I was, in the middle of the friggin' ocean, falling, going, Man, if I land out here, I'm alone until some boat comes and gets me. It was intimidating.

PLAYBOY: Did you make it?

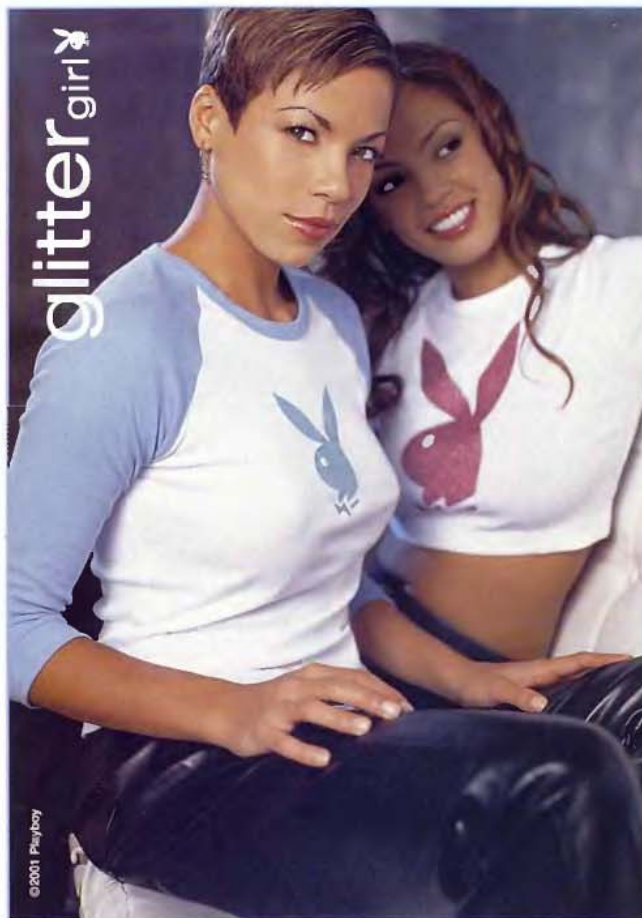
HARTMAN: I think I traveled about three and a half miles before crashing into the water.

PLAYBOY: You pussy.

HARTMAN: [Laughs] I know. My God, I'm such a loser.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you want to go into space one day?

HARTMAN: Dude, that's my next thing. We have talked about me going into space, jumping out and coming back into the atmosphere with a parachute. But that's a \$5 million venture. It may happen if I have the right people behind me. If NASA would let me go into space, I would go through all of the training. Hell, yeah. Are you kidding? That would kick ass.



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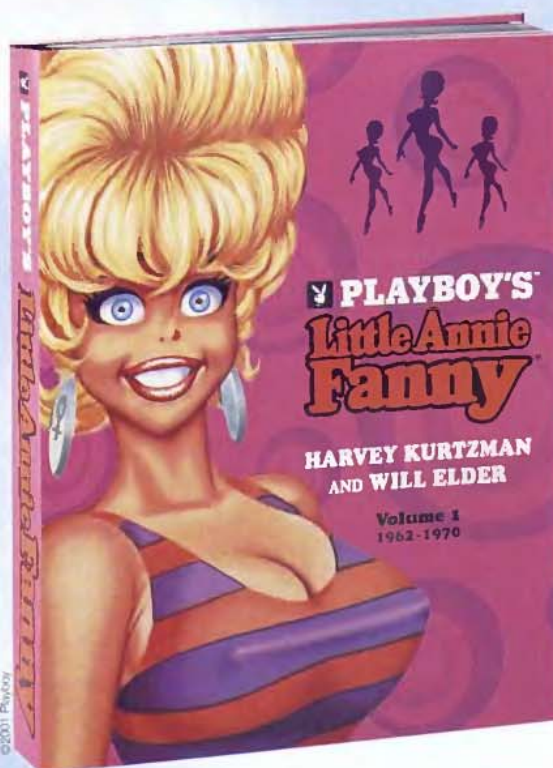
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BASEBALL 2001

(continued from page 132)

with runners in scoring position. Only Bobby Higginson (the first Tiger to hit .300 with 30 HRs and 100 RBI since Norm Cash) and shortstop Deivi Cruz (.302 with 46 doubles) performed above expectations. Juan Gonzalez turned down a \$140 million deal in the spring and then turned in a lackluster summer, missing 47 games and driving in only 67 runs. Juan and his entourage are now in Cleveland and leadoff hitter Roger Cedeño (who came over from Houston with pitcher Chris Holt and catcher Mitch Meluskey) will take his place in right field. Detroit needs a healthy Tony Clark and more production from Juan Encarnacion and Damion Easley. If the Tigers improve their discipline at the plate, they can make better use of spacious Comerica Park. Detroit has an underrated mound staff (it gave up the fewest walks in the AL) led by future star Jeff Weaver and Brian Moehler. The pen, third best in the AL, features Todd Jones (42 saves) and fireballer Matt Anderson (61 hits in 74⅓ innings). If the Tigers avoid their customary sluggish start they should manage a winning season.

It was a good year for offense in KC. The Royals led the AL in hits and whiffed the least. But they also had the second-

fewest homers in the AL and walked the fewest times. Maybe that's why they finished 18 games behind Chicago. First baseman Mike Sweeney (144 RBI) led the league in hitting with runners in scoring position. Jermaine Dye hit 33 homers and drove in 118 runs. But the pitching was plain terrible. With Jose Rosado going down in May and missing the rest of the year, the staff yielded the most homers in the AL. The Royals have blown 56 saves in the past two seasons. Reliever Roberto Hernandez, acquired from Tampa in a three-way trade for Johnny Damon, could remedy matters. The pitching will be better (Rosado and Mac Suzuki should be back), but what happens to the offense without Damon? Based on their 2000 performances, Carlos Beltran and Carlos Febles don't look as good as they did a year ago. Dye, Sweeney and Mark Quinn (.294, 20 HRs and 78 RBI) will have to carry the load.

Bobblehead dolls were such a hit last year in Minnesota that fans left the ballpark without watching a pitch, and sold their dolls to sidewalk entrepreneurs. But 2001 will be a more intriguing season for the Twins. This year we will find out if LaTroy Hawkins (14 for 14 in save opportunities) and Mark Redman (12 wins) are for real. With Jacque Jones, John Barnes, David Ortiz, Eric Milton, Cristian Guzman (who hit 20 triples last

season), Torii Hunter and Matt Lawton, the Twins have a core of decent young players. And keep an eye on pitcher Matt Kinney, who had eight starts in



A CLASS ACT

Toronto Blue Jays first baseman Carlos Delgado hit .344 last season, with 41 home runs and 137 runs batted in, and led the AL in doubles and extra-base hits. Until August it looked as if Carlos would be the first player since Carl Yastrzemski to win the triple crown. The four-year \$68 million contract Delgado signed this past October looks like a bargain now.

2000. The offense is weak—Minnesota hit the fewest homers in the majors and hasn't had anyone hit 30 in 13 years. Tom Kelly needs to keep his patience (team members grouched about his handling of young players last season). Owner Carl Pohlad gave GM Terry Ryan permission to double the payroll, to \$32 million. But that doesn't buy much these days. And there are other concerns. Earlier this year, the Metropolitan Sports Facilities Commission announced a \$259 million renovation of the Metrodome. One problem: It will become a football-only facility and the Twins will be on the sidewalk selling Kent Hrbek bobblehead dolls after their lease expires in 2003.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

General manager Billy Beane has put together an inspiring team based on youth, power and on-base percentage. The Athletics went from a 97-loss season in 1997 to a 91-win division championship in 2000. On May 26 the A's were below .500, but ripped off nine straight wins in June and caught fire in September. Oakland was third in the AL both in runs scored (947) and earned run average (4.58). Yet Beane outdid himself this off-season. Last year, the A's were slow, didn't field well and lacked a true leadoff hitter. But new left fielder Johnny Damon (obtained for Ben Grieve from KC in a three-way trade) led the league with 136 runs and 46 stolen bases—six more than the entire Oakland team. With Damon at the top, center fielder Terrence Long (.288, 18 HRs) moves down in the order to protect Jason Giambi (43 HRs, 137 RBI, ML-best .476 on-base percentage). Rookie Jose Ortiz (.351, 24 HRs in AAA) will be the new second baseman



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LEADOFF LEADER

At the age of 27, the Anaheim Angels' Darin Erstad is the best leadoff hitter in the game. His 240 hits in 2000 were the most since 1985. Before he was injured in August, Erstad had a shot to break George Sisler's 80-year-old record for most hits in a season. He plays with an intensity rarely seen today. And he's a Gold Glove outfielder to boot. "I don't think there's ever a day they can hang his jersey in his locker," says Joe Torre. "They've always got to throw it in the washer." A native of Jamestown, North Dakota and a punter on Nebraska's 1994 national championship team, Erstad was the first player chosen in the 1995 draft. His first three seasons in the bigs were impressive, but Erstad went into the tank in 1999, hitting .253 and striking out 101 times. Last season he came back strong, getting 100 hits in the first 61 games. With a sweet swing and an unusual ability to wait on a pitch and drive it to all fields, Erstad is one of the best pure hitters in baseball. He answered a few questions for PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite hitter?

ERSTAD: Edgar Martinez.

PLAYBOY: Who has the advantage at the start of the season, the hitter or the pitcher? What about at the end of the season?

ERSTAD: It's even at the start. The hitter has the advantage at the end.

PLAYBOY: Who has the edge the first time you face a pitcher—you or the pitcher?

ERSTAD:

The pitcher.

PLAYBOY:

Like your former hitting coach,

Rod Carew, you don't take a lot of walks.

Do you think you should walk more?

ERSTAD: I'd like to, but for some reason I tend to put the ball in play when I make contact.

PLAYBOY: What's your least favorite park to play in?

ERSTAD: Tropicana Field in Tampa. It seems darker than other stadiums and I don't pick up the rotation of the ball as well when batting.

PLAYBOY: Who's the toughest relief pitcher far you to face?

ERSTAD: Trevor Hoffman.

PLAYBOY: How often do you have to adjust to pitchers during the course of the season? Does ward get around among pitchers?

ERSTAD: It depends. I can adjust many times in one plate appearance. The advance scouting is good. If you're struggling with a certain pitch, you can be sure you'll see plenty of them until you make the adjustment.

PLAYBOY: In 1999, your worst offensive year, you grounded out to the right side of the infield 130 times. Were you trying to go the other way and couldn't?

ERSTAD: I was trying to pull too many pitches. I wanted to dictate where to hit the ball, instead of letting the location of the pitch dictate what I would do with it. With this, you develop bad habits at the plate, and it just snowballs. You know you need

to use the whole field, but that's easier said than done sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Like Tony Gwynn you're a video fanatic. What do you look for in those videos?

ERSTAD: I chart every pitch of every at bat. I like to look for tendencies of pitchers.

As for my swing, I'm trying to keep it simple and make sure I'm taking the right path to the ball.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite away city?

ERSTAD: Cleveland. Great park, great fans and great atmosphere. It's like a college football Saturday every day.

PLAYBOY: Which is the tougher part of hitting: physical execution or the mental concentration?

ERSTAD: Mental concentration. You have a lot of at bats during the season. It can be easy to throw away at bats by not concentrating. Focusing on every pitch and always having a plan are two of my major goals. Not once in a while, but every pitch, with no exceptions.

PLAYBOY: You won a Gold Glove in 2000. Do you think about hitting when you're in the field?

ERSTAD: That's inevitable. You need to minimize those thoughts. I look at it this way: When I put my batting helmet on, it's all offense. When I put my ball cap on, defense. In the dugout I don't wear my hat. I am free to think about whatever situation needs attention. If you're thinking about offense while playing defense, the ball will find you.

PLAYBOY: Mo Vaughn will be out for a while. Will that change your role as leadoff hitter?

ERSTAD: I don't believe the loss of Mo will affect me as the leadoff hitter. As a team we know Mo's importance in the lineup. We're going to miss him.

PLAYBOY: You had only 482 minor league at bats. What do rookies have to do to fit in in the big leagues?

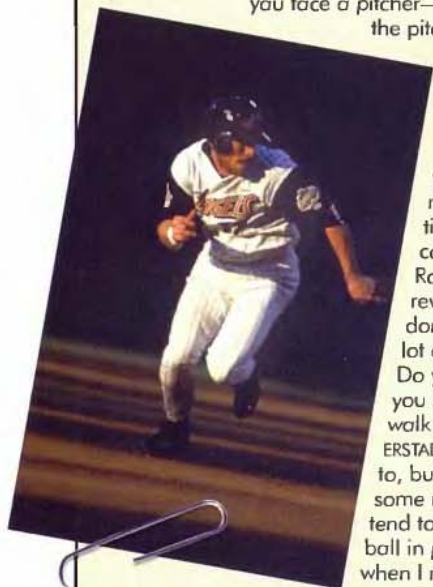
ERSTAD: Keep your mouth shut and eyes and ears open. Play hard and respect the game. Do that, and you'll fit right in.

PLAYBOY: What card games do you play in the clubhouse?

ERSTAD: Hearts, three-man or team hearts. I used to play a lot of gin, but now hearts is the game of choice.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest thing a first baseman has said to you after a hit?

ERSTAD: It was my rookie year, playing Cleveland at home. I had a few bloopers fall and when I got another one, Kevin Seitzer said, "I can't believe we haven't knocked you off your feet yet." He didn't smile.



and could bat second. Another candidate for the two-slot, shortstop Miguel Tejada (30 HRs, 115 RBI), is almost at a level with Rodriguez, Garciaparra and Jeter. The A's have three starting pitchers under the age of 25—Tim Hudson (20-6, 4.14), Barry Zito (7-4, 2.72) and Mark Mulder—so the nucleus should continue to improve. Gil Heredia (15-11, 4.12) and Omar Olivares (4-8, 6.75) also figure to start. Rookie Jon Ratliff, free agent Mark Guthrie or ex-Devil Ray Cory Lidle could also be in the rotation. Setup man Jim Mecir (2.80 in 25 games with the A's) is another one of Beane's astute pickups. All nine starters are 30 years old or younger (Jason Giambi, who turned 30 in January, is the oldest), but that could change if 34-year-old DH John Jaha returns from shoulder surgery. Owners Steve Schott and Ken Hofmann need to nail down Giambi and figure a way to keep their team together and get a new stadium. Closer Jason Iiringhausen and Damon could be free agents after 2001. If the A's get help from Adam Piatt and Jeremy Giambi and from their fourth and fifth starters, they'll play in the Series.

The Mariners lost Alex Rodriguez, but that's nothing new. Over the previous two years Seattle was forced to deal Randy Johnson and Junior Griffey and still did fine. Last season the M's took the Yankees to the sixth game of the ALCS. General manager Pat Gillick has assembled a team well tailored to the AL's toughest offensive park. The Mariners were first in walks and second in on-base percentage and steals. Despite hitting .269, they were fourth in the AL in runs. Ageless wonder Edgar Martinez led the league with 145 runs batted in. (He was the oldest player to reach 140 RBI since Babe Ruth.) Ichiro Suzuki, a seven-time batting champ in Japan, will be a premiere leadoff man. But pitching is Seattle's strong suit. Aaron Sele (17-10, 4.51), John Halama (14-9), Paul Abbott and Freddy Garcia (9-5, 3.91) form a deep front four. But shoulder injuries to Gil Meche and Ryan Anderson limit Gillick's trading options. The bullpen, long a sore spot in Seattle, improved dramatically with the emergence of Kazu Sasaki, Jose Paniagua and Arthur Rhodes. And with the signing of ex-Yank Jeff Nelson, Seattle has the league's deepest pen. Without Rodriguez, the Mariners will be lighter at the plate, but they have enough on the mound to give them a chance in the AL's toughest division.

There's plenty of lumber in Anaheim—the Angels had the league's best slugging percentage and a record five players with more than 300 total bases—but not enough starting pitching. Who led the league in home runs? Troy Glaus, with 47 (the most ever by an American League third baseman). Darin Erstad led the majors with 240 hits. General manager Bill Stoneman signed two

free agents: Ismael Valdes and Pat Rapp. Valdes, at 27, still could come around. Rapp was signed to give the Angels innings, but they'll be long innings (he allowed an AL-high 15.1 baserunners per nine innings). Mo Vaughn's ruptured biceps tendon will keep him out all season. His replacement, Wally Joyner, won't put up Mo-type numbers. If shortstop Gary Disarcina's shoulder isn't ready, watch for rookie Wilmy Caceres. Don't expect the Halos to score 864 runs this year. Unless Valdes and starters Jarrod Washburn and Ramon Ortiz come up big, these guys won't go anywhere. If they don't, Disney may look to sell.

Texas Rangers owner Tom Hicks will make money off his signing of Alex Rodriguez. After falling from first place in 1999 to last place in 2000, Texas GM Doug Melvin went wild in the off-season. If committing \$252 million to Alex Rodriguez didn't qualify him as a spend-thrift, he inked Andres Galarraga, Ken Caminiti, Chris Haney and Mark Petkovsek. Of course, pitching remains a problem for the Rangers, beyond Rick Helling and Kenny Rogers. The pen was awful, with a 5.44 ERA. Texas hurlers threw only three complete games and opponents hit .294 against them. The team had the worst pitching in the majors and the worst fielding in the AL. Injuries were a factor. Ivan Rodriguez played in only 91 games. Outfielder Ruben Mateo was in just 52 games before breaking his leg. Lefty Justin Thompson—a key to the Juan Gonzalez trade—didn't pitch at all (he's out until midseason at the earliest). Maybe Melvin isn't finished fussing. It's hard to believe Tim Lincecum (2-7, 5.15 ERA, two saves) or Jeff Brantley (2-7, 5.86 ERA, 23 saves with the Phillies in 2000) will close. There's gold in the minors, but it's at least a year away. Look for Ricky Ledee, Gabe Kapler or Rusty Greer to be shopped for pitching. Hopes are high in Arlington, but hitting isn't everything.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Time is running out for these Braves to win another World Series. Tom Glavine (21-9, 3.40) and Greg Maddux (19-9, 3.00) are both 35. The return of John Smoltz will help, but Atlanta needs a good season from Kevin Millwood (4.66 ERA in 2000, 2.68 in 1999). Andrew Jones (36 HRs) and Rookie of the Year Rafael Furcal are two of the best young players in the game. Chipper Jones—the first third sacker since Pie Traynor to drive in 100 runs in five straight seasons—will stay at third, but Brian Jordan and B.J. Surhoff are weak in the outfield corners. GM John Schuerholz signed Rico Brogna to replace Andres Galarraga and improved a thin bench by adding Dave Martinez and Kurt Abbott. Rookie second baseman Marcus Giles (Brian's brother) could also contribute. John Rocker showed signs of

batter up 



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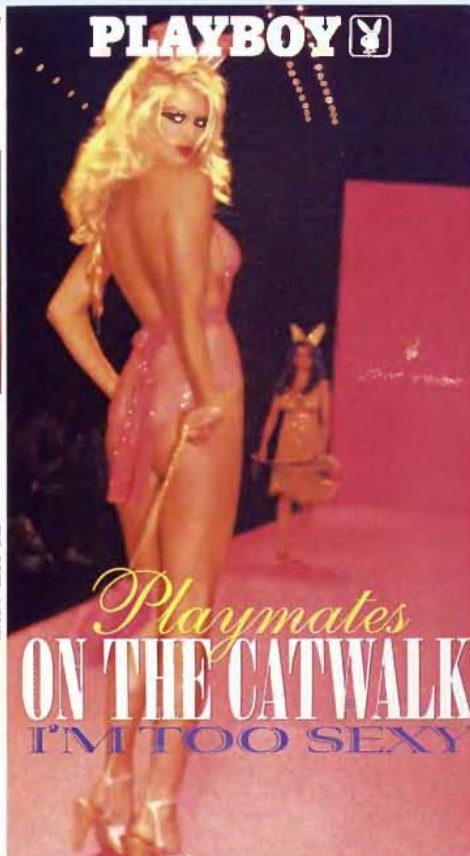
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regaining his dominance after the All Star break. There are more pitchers coming, but the Braves' offense will have to gel if Atlanta is to get to the World Series.

The Mets' amazing season came to an end when heroic Al Leiter ran out of gas against the Yankees in game five of the World Series. Bobby Valentine's boys staked their claim to the pennant when they caught fire in August, going 20-9. They followed with a spirited postseason run against the Giants (highlighted by Benny Agbayani's 13th-inning homer in game three) and Cards. New York got great years from Leiter, Mike Hampton, Mike Piazza (38 HRs, 113 RBI and only 69 strikeouts) and Edgardo Alfonzo. Jay Payton (.291, 17 HRs) finally lived up to the hype. The off-season was more painful for New Yorkers (at least for some of them). No big-name free agents signed with the Mets. Hampton and Bobby Jones were replaced by Kevin Appier and Steve Trachsel. It will be hard for the Mets to replicate last year's success. Rey Ordonez has supposedly recovered from his broken arm but is still a question mark. Timo Perez won't cut it as an everyday player. Darryl Hamilton and

Japanese import Tsuyoshi Shinjo won't scare pitchers. GM Steve Phillips may regret turning down all those offers for outfield phenoms Alex Escobar and Brian Cole, but maybe he'll get Sammy Sosa. Robin Ventura had the worst season in his 12-year career, so he should bounce back. But the Mets' fate will ride with how well Appier fares in Shea.

"Can you believe this?" one sportswriter noted in the *Miami Herald*. "The Marlins win the World Series in 1997, tear apart the team, and in three years' time they're better than the Cubs." With continued progress from a few young players, the Fish could be sharp this year. The youngest team in baseball (and the team with the second-lowest payroll) managed 79 wins last season, a 15-game improvement over 1999. The big off-season news was the announcement of a new retractable-roof stadium, due to open in 2004. The pitching is ahead of the offense, but neither is great. Brad Penny, 23, and A.J. Burnett, 24, are magnificent prospects. All Star Ryan Dempster, 24, had 209 strikeouts but was worked hard. Chuck Smith, a 31-year-old rookie, started 19 games and had a

3.23 ERA. Rookie phenom Josh Beckett might break into the rotation. Antonio Alfonseca had 45 saves in 49 opportunities and helped the Marlins compile a 32-20 record in one-run games. Charles

FIVE REASONS TO THROW TOMATOES AT BUD SELIG

- (1) Pete Rose.
- (2) Interleague play.
- (3) Moved commissioner's office to Milwaukee.
- (4) A full-lipped man in a thin-lipped job.
- (5) Refused to make George W. Bush commissioner of baseball.



STEP HANCOCK

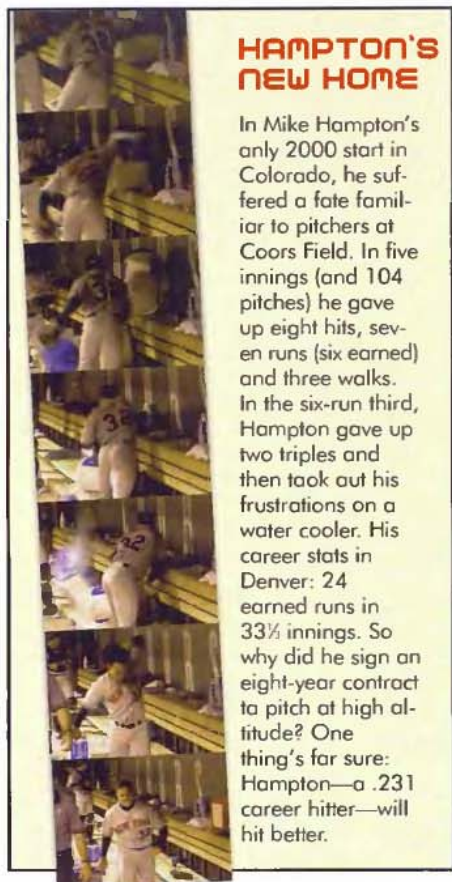


"I'm well aware that being dead and buried has weakened my position in the corporation."

Johnson returned home to catch the young pitchers. The hitting is improving, too. First baseman Derrek Lee (28 HRs) blossomed last season. With 31 home runs and 36 stolen bases, outfielder Preston Wilson was the only 30-30 man in the majors. Luis Castillo (.334, 62 stolen bases) is a bona fide star. Cliff Floyd (22 HRs in 121 games) could become one if he ever stayed healthy. Mark Kotsay could be ready to show power. Shortstop Alex Gonzalez is one of the worst-hitting position players in the NL. The Marlins will struggle to get 89 wins this year—only two teams have ever had three consecutive 10-win improvements—but they could scratch their way into the wild card.

This could be the end of the line for Expos fans. Their hopes for a new stadium are gone. Owner Jeffrey Loria stumbled in his efforts to inspire fans (Montreal was last in MLB in attendance and revenues). Labatt Brewery—the team's sponsor for 15 years—ended their relationship. So what else is new? The Expos once again have a scuffling team loaded with extraordinary young players. There were signs of potential last year when Montreal went to 31-23 on June 5. But injuries dragged down the pitching staff. This year looks better already. Last season, the Expos made two bad trades (Rondell White to the Cubs for LHP Scott Downs and 25-year-old Brad Fullmer to Toronto for 32-year-old Lee Stevens). But GM Jim Beattie pulled off a great off-season swap with the Cards, bringing Fernando Tatis to a lineup that already has Jose Vidro (.330, 24 HRs, 51 doubles) and Vlad Guerrero

(who led the majors with 23 intentional walks). Leadoff hitter Peter Bergeron was hot in winter ball and may finally be ready. Despite the good hitters, the free-swinging Expos walked an NL-lowest 476 times. The starting pitching is impressive with Javier Vazquez, Carl Pavano (who won't pitch before May) and Tony Armas (who held opposing batters to a .218 average). Donnie Bridges (11-7, 2.39 in AA) looks like a keeper. Britt Reames, who came from St. Louis in the Dustin Hermanson-Tatis trade, should make the rotation. If the pitchers stay healthier than they did last year, Montreal can make a move this season.



HAMPTON'S NEW HOME

In Mike Hampton's only 2000 start in Colorado, he suffered a fate familiar to pitchers at Coors Field. In five innings (and 104 pitches) he gave up eight hits, seven runs (six earned) and three walks. In the six-run third, Hampton gave up two triples and then took out his frustrations on a water cooler. His career stats in Denver: 24 earned runs in 33½ innings. So why did he sign an eight-year contract to pitch at high altitude? One thing's for sure: Hampton—a .231 career hitter—will hit better.

The Phillies tied the Cubs as the worst team in the league in 2000. This year firebrand Larry Bowa takes over as manager, and the cement infield has been replaced with softer turf. How can a team with Scott Rolen, Bobby Abreu, Pat Burrell and Mike Lieberthal score the fewest runs in the majors? The Phillies have to improve the top of their lineup. Rookie shortstop Jimmy Rollins (24 stolen bases in AAA) will help, but he doesn't walk a lot. The Phils may trade disappointing Doug Glanville (.307 on-base percentage) and play former first-round pick Reggie Taylor (.310 OBP, 23 SBs in AAA) in center. Philadelphia spent the winter throwing money at Jose Mesa, Ricky Bottalico, Rheal Cormier and Brian L. Hunter. GM Ed Wade acquired young talent last year in Bruce Chen, Omar Daal and Travis Lee. With three lefties in Philadelphia's rotation alongside Robert

Person (144 hits in 173½ innings), the starting pitching will be good. But the bullpen, which posted a 5.66 ERA last year, probably won't improve enough. The Phillies will be better this year, but a team playing in the country's fourth-largest media market shouldn't have this much ground to make up.

NATIONAL LEAGUE CENTRAL

Last off-season, Cardinals GM Walt Jocketty landed a 20-game winner (Darryl Kile) and a 40-homer guy (Jim Edmonds). St. Louis ran away with the NL Central and swept the Braves in the first round of the playoffs. This year Jocketty couldn't land Mike Hampton, so he traded for Montreal pitchers Dustin Hermanson and Steve Kline. Other than Kile and Andy Benes, there are questions about the starting rotation. How much will Matt Morris and Alan Benes contribute? What will the Redbirds get from 16-game winner Garrett Stephenson? The pressure will be on Rick Ankiel to relax. He broke Dizzy Dean's team record for strikeouts as a rookie and was the Cards' best pitcher down the stretch, but then he gave up 11 walks and served up nine wild pitches in four postseason innings. In the field there are concerns about Ray Lankford, who struggled last season (.253 with 148 strikeouts in 392 at bats). And the Cards could miss Fernando Tatis. Look for a breakout year from 25-year-old J.D. Drew. With Mark McGwire back in full swing, the Cards will score runs. They'll have to make more contact—last year they stranded the second-most runners in the league and set a league record for strikeouts. Still, St. Louis has a good shot at its tenth world championship. The Cards could be vulnerable against left-handed pitching, though. That's not an issue in the Central, but it could become a factor in the postseason.

Ken Griffey was hailed as the guy who would put the Reds over the top, but when he hit .212 in April and May, Cincinnati gnashed their teeth and pulled their hair. Junior eventually came around, hitting .342 over the final two months of the season and ending with 40 homers. But it was too late. Jack McKeon is gone and Bob Boone is back in the majors as manager. With Scott Williamson and Danny Graves, the bullpen was exceptional again last year, third best in the NL. And once he recovered from a broken thumb, Sean Casey hit .372 after the All Star game. Owner Carl Lindner ordered the payroll trimmed, so GM Jim Bowden shipped off Eddie Taubensee, Steve Parris, Ron Villone and Chris Stynes. In their place, Bowden has stockpiled arms. Watch for John Riedling (2.35 ERA in 13 games), Chris Reitsma and Clayton Andrews, a lefty acquired from Toronto for Parris. The starting rotation is wobbly, with Pete Harnisch, Rob Bell and Williamson



SANDY ALDERSON

Sandy Alderson is major league baseball's executive vice president of operations. A former general manager of the Oakland A's, he's the most respected mind in the game today. He took time out this spring to answer a few questions for us.

PLAYBOY: What's the high strike going to do this season?

ALDERSON: We'll see. It may shorten games or rebalance the offense versus the pitching. But it will definitely give pitchers more options and force hitters to react more to location.

PLAYBOY: A lot of players and coaches seem skeptical. Wan't it be difficult to enforce?

ALDERSON: We've spent a lot of time training the ump's and we intend to provide them with detailed feedback on how they're calling the strike zone. This year a pitch-tracking system will be installed in half a dozen ballparks that can locate a pitch within half an inch. We'll compare the umpires' calls and give them feedback.

PLAYBOY: How do you think hitters will respond to the high strike?

ALDERSON: Batters will have to adjust, but patient hitters will still have an advantage. How quickly the hitters adjust will depend on how frequently pitchers throw high strikes.

PLAYBOY: Tam Glavine says he wan't be pitching up in the zone.

ALDERSON: Some pitching coaches have dismissed the significance of the high strike, but I disagree. There's a big difference between a belt-high and letter-high fastball. It's a lot harder to catch up to the high pitch.

PLAYBOY: What about the width of the strike zone?

ALDERSON: I think we've corrected most of the problems outside, but we also want to see the inside strike called. This will move hitters off the plate and make the outside pitch more effective.

PLAYBOY: Will you try to restrict the use of body armor?

ALDERSON: We have an agreement with the players' association to limit the size of elbow pads, with exceptions for injured players.

PLAYBOY: What else is on the agenda?

ALDERSON: Over the past 10 years smaller parks, bigger players and more body armor have affected the way the game is played. We're trying to look at these factors to understand how they have changed the game.

(who has never pitched more than 112 innings in a season) the only locks. There are as many holes in the roster as there are in demolition-bound Cinergy Field, but don't write off the Redlegs. If everything goes right, they may figure in the wild card race. If Lindner tightens the purse strings further, look for Dmitri Young or Scott Sullivan to pack their bags.

A tepid offense held the Brewers in check in 2000. In addition to setting a franchise record for strikeouts, Milwaukee had the worst batting average and on-base percentage in the majors. This year's crew should be more robust at the plate. The outfield will get a lift from Jeffrey Hammonds (coming off a career year in Colorado), and Geoff Jenkins (31 HRs, 94 RBI) will only improve. Jeromy Burnitz (.232, 31 HRs) could be traded, but if he plays in Miller Park, he'll put up stronger numbers. A slimmed-down Ronnie Belliard will be a better leadoff hitter, and a full year from Richie Sexson (14 HRs in 213 at bats) will give Milwaukee a boost. The pitching was revived by a healthy Jeff D'Amico (12-7, 2.66 ERA). If Jamey Wright and Jimmy Haynes pitch as well this year as they did the first half of last—and if Olympics star Ben Sheets pitches as well in the NL as he did against Team Fidel—the Brewers will have a solid starting quartet. The pen (second best in the NL last year) is deep, with Curtis Leskanic ably replacing traded closer Bob Wickman. Milwaukee has a shot at a winning season—its first since 1992—but can't hope for much more.

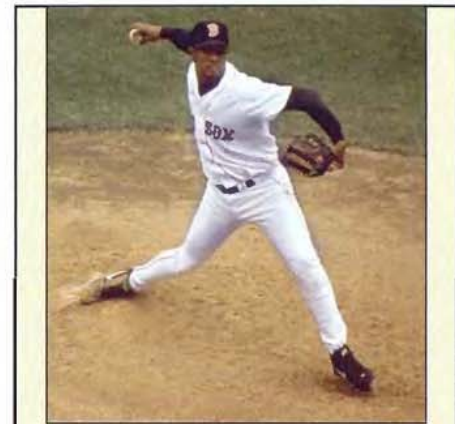
Despite owner Drayton McLane's cost-cutting, which forced the trades of Carl Everett and Mike Hampton, Houston figured to be in the hunt for its fourth straight division title last year. But the Y2K Astros never got off the launching pad. Houston had a problem (pitching) and by the All Star break had the majors' worst record. The move to hitter-friendly Enron Field left Stros hurl-

ers shell-shocked. The team ERA swelled to a league-high 5.41. Jose Lima had a 6.65 ERA and coughed up an NL-record 48 *jonrones*. Ace closer Billy Wagner blew out his left elbow in June. Lima and Wagner will be counted on to rebound this year. Starter Shane Reynolds will miss the first month with a jogging injury, but Scott Elarton (17-7, 4.81) has established himself as a top starter. Tony McKnight (4-1, 3.86 in six starts), Wade Miller and Olympian Roy Oswalt could help. The relief core is improved with the addition of Doug Brocail and Nelson Cruz. Houston was unlucky, with a 15-31 record in one-run games. Raising the fences will help the pitchers, but probably won't hurt Jeff Bagwell (47 HRs and 152 runs) and Richard Hidalgo (44 HRs and 122 RBI). If the bullpen improves, Craig Biggio rebounds and the pitchers adjust to life at Enron, the Astros can make a run at the wild card.

Pittsburgh had too many ailing pitchers to accomplish anything in 2000. But it's unclear what the Pirates were trying to accomplish. Is this a young team or an old one? In the off-season, the Bucs continued their confused ways by signing 32-year-old outfielder Derek Bell and 38-year-old pitcher Terry Mulholland. After eight consecutive losing seasons, the Pirates demolished Three Rivers Stadium. PNC Park will supposedly be pitcher-friendly. New manager Lloyd McClendon will have a tough time inspiring some of his veterans. Two Pirates vets would do fine in any park: Jason Kendall, who hit .320 and scored 112 runs, and Brian Giles, who hit 35 homers and drove in 123 runs. Kris Benson (10-12, 3.85) threw great in Pitt but was terrible on the road. Groundball lefty Jimmy Anderson could be a surprise, and right-hander Bobby Bradley—a first-round pick in 1999—will be ready for the top of the rotation by 2002. Maybe owner Kevin McClatchy's con-

fusion is justified, because the Pirates' young players haven't panned out according to the five-year plan. The jury is still out on Aramis Ramirez and Chad Hermansen, and Warren Morris (.259, 3 HRs) slumped in his second season.

Sammy Sosa led the majors with 50 home runs, and Jon Lieber led with 251



PEDRO RULES

Pedro Martinez' 2000 season (18-6, 1.74 ERA) was one of baseball's best. More remarkably, he set a major league record by holding opposing batters to a .167 average. Pedro's weapons: flawless control and a willingness to pitch inside. The Dodgers traded Martinez to the Expos because they figured Pedro was too skinny to give them 35 starts a season.

innings pitched. But the Cubs still finished in last place, 30 games out of first. Where will they end up this season? With seven lineup players 30 years or older (and Rondell White, 29), probably back at the bottom. The pitching is lousy—third worst in ERA and better only than the Astros in home runs allowed—and the addition of Tom Gordon, Jeff Fassero, Jason Bere and Julian Tavarez won't change that. Ron Coomer, Matt Stairs and Todd Hundley will be bleacher favorites, but aren't enough for the Cubs to challenge in a tough division. The Cubs score too few runs in what has become one of the league's worst offensive parks. Chicago's hopes rest with the future. In a few years we'll see 2B Bobby Hill, 1B Hee Seop Choi and OF Corey Patterson. And there's pitching on the way with Joey Nation, Carlos Zambrano, Ben Christensen and Will Ohman. Expect Sosa to be traded, but expect the seats in Wrigley to remain filled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

San Francisco had 97 wins, the most in the majors last year. The Giants also had the best record in baseball in the second half, but they couldn't buy a break in the postseason. After J.T. Snow's three-run pinch-hit homer off Armando Benitez tied the second game of the Mets series,



C. Barisotti

"Ah, and just when I was about to be overwhelmed by the terrible angst of the misunderstood modern American male."

the Giants managed only two runs in the next 23 innings. Their season ended, appropriately, with Barry Bonds making the final out. There's plenty to like about the Giants. MVP Jeff Kent (.334, 33 HRs, 125 RBI) keeps getting better. Even at the age of 36, Bonds (49 HRs, 1.128 on-base percentage plus slugging) is one of the five best players in the game. Who led NL shortstops the past two years in home runs and runs batted in? Rich Aurilia. With his help, the Giants had the best defense in the NL. The starting rotation is reliable but lacks an ace. Shawn Estes (15-6, 4.26) had the most support of any pitcher in the majors last season. Livan Hernandez (17-11, 3.75) is getting better. The bullpen is sterling, with Felix Rodriguez and Robb Nen the league's best one-two punch. The Giants have had to tighten their belts after funding Pac Bell Park, which keeps them from pursuing costly free agents. They lost Ellis Burks (who signed with Cleveland) and Bill Mueller (traded to the Cubs) and signed Eric Davis and Shawn Dunston. Armando Rios appears ready for right field, if his elbow is OK. Pedro Feliz (33 HRs in AAA) will compete with veteran Russ Davis for the third base job. This team is old, but Dusty Baker seems to prefer it that way. The Giants need big years from Hernandez and Russ Ortiz, but they could go a long way.

Last year Los Angeles' \$98 million payroll resulted in 86 wins, a second-place finish and a pink slip for manager Davey Johnson. Pitching and defense win in Chavez Ravine, but the Dodgers—who haven't made the playoffs in 10 of the past 12 seasons—didn't have enough of either. They were the NL's second-worst defensive team. Their number four and number five starters went 11-26 with a 6.28 ERA. So Rupert Murdoch dropped \$22.5 million on a three-year contract for Andy Ashby and \$55 million to re-sign Darren Dreifort for five years. Los Angeles' \$50 million starting rotation (Kevin Brown, Chan Ho Park, Dreifort, Ashby, Eric Gagne, Ramon Martinez and Carlos Perez) will have to do better than last year's 4.28 ERA. The once-vaunted farm system is virtually barren, and huge salary commitments limit the Dodgers' options. GM Kevin Malone succeeded in unloading a part of his platinum outfield. (Devon White, 38, went to the Brews for Marquis Grissom.) Burgeoning star Adrian Beltre had an appendectomy over the winter and has had a difficult recovery. Usually reliable Eric Karros hit just .232 with six home runs after the break. Shortstop Alex Cora, who led the Puerto Rican Winter League in home runs, should do better than last year's .238 average. The catching will be thin with Paul LoDuca and Chad Kreuter. Closer Jeff Shaw, who had his worst year since 1995, may be



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

near retirement. Gary Sheffield is coming off a career year (43 homers and .643 slugging), but he won't be a Dodger for long after sparring with Dodger boss Bob Daly this spring. Shawn Green will have to pick up the offensive pace. New manager Jim Tracy, a Felipe Alou protégé, must keep Malone off his back. If the defense improves and a couple of the youngsters surprise, the Dodgers could make a run at the wild card.

Former broadcaster Bob Brenly will have his hands full this season as Arizona's manager. The Diamondbacks were even with the Giants on July 26, when they acquired Curt Schilling from Philadelphia. But Schilling never gave the D-Backs the boost they expected: They went 29-32 the rest of the way and ended in third place. Arizona is a bit long in the tooth. Matt Williams, Jay Bell, Steve Finley and Luis Gonzalez are all in their mid-30s. Newcomers Mark Grace and Reggie Sanders don't signal a youth movement, either. In 1999 Arizona led the NL in runs scored; last year it was tenth. Randy Johnson (19-7, 2.64 ERA) can't win three straight Cy Youngs, can he? To top it off, the D-Backs eliminated 15 front office positions last fall to save money—the franchise reportedly lost \$45

million—and ten players agreed to defer parts of their contract. This doesn't shape up to be a good year for Arizona.

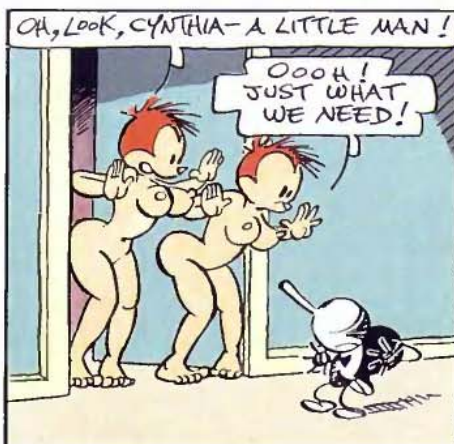
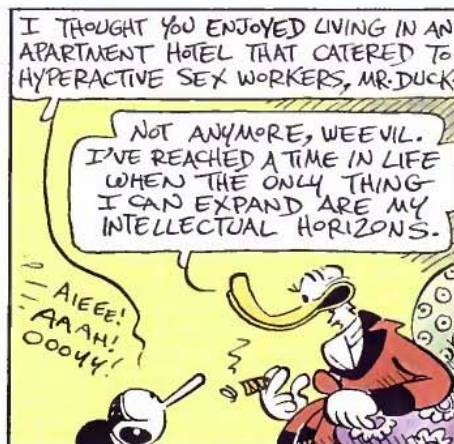
General manager Dan O'Dowd overhauled the Rockies in 2000 to emphasize speed and defense. It turned out to be a partial success, because Colorado finished 82-80. If not for a 7-22 July, they would have been in the division race. Imagine a Rockies team 13th in the NL in homers and fourth in stolen bases. What's next—pitching? Ultimately, the key for the Rox will be to win on the road (last year they were 34-47). The Rockies don't do well in pitchers' parks out West, posting a 61-102 all-time record in California. That's where hired guns Mike Hampton and Denny Neagle should help. With Hampton, Neagle, Ron Villone and Brian Bohanon, Colorado has the majors' first four-lefty rotation since the 1981 Yankees. Mike Myers (the best setup man in the game last year), Gabe White (11-2, 2.17 ERA) and closer Jose Jimenez give Colorado its best pen ever. Pity Todd Helton—a lifetime .334 hitter who gets no respect. His offensive stats are helium-based, but he still hit .353 on the road. The Rockies need Larry Walker to play in more than 87 games; if he's healthy they can be the

league's most improved team. Colorado is moving in the right direction.

The good news is that the Padres lost only 86 games. The bad news is that, in a tough division, that's only good enough for last place. There isn't much positive to be said about the Pads. Phil Nevin hit .301 with 31 homers. Trevor Hoffman had 43 saves. Woody Williams came back strong and rookie pitcher Adam Eaton went 7-4 in 22 starts. After some unseemly posturing, the team re-signed Tony Gwynn. Sean Burroughs—the much-heralded 20-year-old third base prospect—may play in San Diego this year. On the downside, pitcher Matt Clement, who has been frequently mentioned in trade rumors, lost 17 games and led the majors in wild pitches and walks allowed. San Diego led the majors in errors. And the outfield hit only 45 home runs. General manager Kevin Towers seems determined to trade Nevin. How long can the Padres stick with Ruben Rivera (.208, 57 RBI) in center? San Diego needs to shake things up. The new stadium, still delayed by legal wrangling, remains in limbo.

Who'll win the World Series and the Cy Young? Vote at Playboy.com/sports.

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GIN!

(continued from page 118)

floral and citrus overtones, it's complex enough to drink straight.

Save your vermouth for Mercury, one of the lightest new premium gins. Distilled in England, 94 proof Mercury has a slightly woody flavor when warm, but chilling it brings out floral overtones along with hints of licorice and lime. Mercury's muted flavors go well with smoked almonds or oysters.

You'll find similar lightness but more complexity in Quintessential, a 90 proof English gin. Most people simply call it Q, after the letter on the bottle. Q is distilled five times, and it even goes through five charcoal filterings, such as with vodka. The result is a pungent gin with lime, almonds, licorice, coriander and just a hint of juniper.

If there were an award for most botanicals in a single product, Citadelle, an 88 proof French gin, would win. Citadelle's 230-year-old formula calls for 19 herbs and spices, among them Moroccan coriander and Indian cardamom. (Citadelle is one of a few gins that use cardamom.) Blending all the botanicals together, one batch at a time, Citadelle emerges with a clean, sharp, almost tingling taste. This is one gin you should pour frosty thick, right from the freezer.

Although gin has no geographic loyalties (as does Scotch), one of the newest distillations, Van Gogh, comes from Holland, the spirit's original source. Ten botanicals give the 94 proof product a light, salty-sweet character. Van Gogh's bottle is as distinctive as its contents. A clear window in the frosted glass lets you peer through the gin to the back of the container, where there's an illustration of an Amsterdam canal with Van Gogh's painting *Starry Night* overhead. As you rotate the bottle, more houses appear along the canal in a two-dimensional panorama.

Damrak, another Dutch gin, comes in a glass bottle reminiscent of an antique crock with a porcelain stopper secured by an old-fashioned wire clasp. Taking its name from Amsterdam's Damrak harbor, this 83.6 proof spirit is made from a 300-year-old recipe that calls for 17 botanicals and five distillations. The result is a gin that's both dry and fruity, with just a hint of bitter spice. This makes Damrak ideal for tonic drinks and gimlets. Or try it chilled, poured over a sugar cube that's been given a squirt of Angostura bitters.

BORN IN THE USA

America has boarded the premium-gin bandwagon with two distinctive new products—Junipero and Hamptons. The former is created in San Francisco by Anchor Distilling, the company responsible for Anchor Steam beer. It's a 98.6 proof pot-stilled gin that has all

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ZIP

the characteristics of a perfect date: lean yet voluptuous, with a touch of spice. Among its 12 "secret" spices and herbs one can identify coriander, nuts and juniper, and citrus, cinnamon and fennel are probably added, too.

Minnesota is the birthplace of Hamp-ton, a corn-based 94 proof gin. The corn, coupled with an infusion of oranges and lemons, gives this quadruple-distilled gin a fresh, sweet flavor that's ideal on the rocks. Hamp-ton's roly-poly green bottle with its pimienta-red stopper is too handsome to throw away. Save it as a carafe for olive oil.

PERFECT TEN

BRASSERIE, NEW YORK

2 ounces Tanqueray No. Ten gin
 ½ ounce Patron Citrónge orange liqueur
 ¼ ounce lemon juice
 ¼ ounce (long splash) Campari
 Orange peel
 Shake all ingredients except orange peel and serve in chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with orange peel.

CHARTINI

RED CAT, NEW YORK

2 ounces Hendrick's gin
 ½ ounce aged Green Chartreuse
 ¼ ounce freshly squeezed lemon juice
 ¼ ounce simple syrup
 Lemon twist
 Shake all ingredients except lemon twist and serve in chilled martini glass. Garnish with lemon twist.

BLUE CAFE MARTINI
 LOLA'S, WEST HOLLYWOOD

2 ounces De Kuyper Blueberry Schnapps
 1 ounce gin
 ¼ ounce blue curaçao
 ¼ ounce simple syrup
 Fresh blueberries

Originally made with Bombay Sapphire, though Junipero works well too. Pour everything but blueberries into shaker with ice cubes, shake and pour into chilled martini glass. Garnish with berries.

The Blue Cafe Martini was created by master mixologist William Conklin.

DOUBLE DIRTY MARTINI

WAVERLEYS BAR AND RESTAURANT, NEWPORT HARBOR HOTEL & MARINA, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

2½ ounces Dirty Olive gin
 ½ ounce olive juice
 Cocktail onion
 Lemon twist

Pour gin and juice in martini shaker with cubed ice. Shake vigorously, then strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with cocktail onion and lemon twist.

NORTH POLE

1 ounce Old Raj gin
 ½ ounce Luxardo maraschino cherry liqueur
 ½ ounce lemon juice
 1 egg white
 Whipped cream
 Combine all ingredients except the

whipped cream in cocktail shaker filled with ice cubes. Shake vigorously and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Top with whipped cream.

POGO STICK

2 ounces Old Raj gin
 ¼ ounce frozen pineapple-grapefruit juice concentrate
 ½ scoop shaved ice
 Mint sprig
 Rock candy stick

Combine gin, juice concentrate and shaved ice in electric mixer. Blend well, then pour into footed iced tea glass. Add 3 or 4 ice cubes and decorate with mint and rock candy.

GREEN EYES MARTINI

2 ounces Hamp-ton gin
 ½ ounce curaçao
 ¼ ounce crème de menthe
 Mint sprig
 Mix gin, curaçao and crème de menthe in cocktail shaker filled with crushed ice. Shake and pour into chilled martini glass. Garnish with mint.

GIN MARTINI ROYAL

2 ounces Hamp-ton gin
 ½ ounce extra dry vermouth
 ½ ounce crème de cassis
 Stir all ingredients in shaker filled with ice. Strain into chilled martini glass.

BRONX COCKTAIL
 EASTSIDE WEST, SAN FRANCISCO

2 ounces Van Gogh gin
 ½ ounce sweet vermouth
 ¼ ounce dry vermouth
 1 ounce orange juice
 Maraschino or brandied cherry
 Pour all ingredients except cherry into shaker, shake until freezing and strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with cherry.

This version of the Bronx cocktail was created by bar manager John Mars.

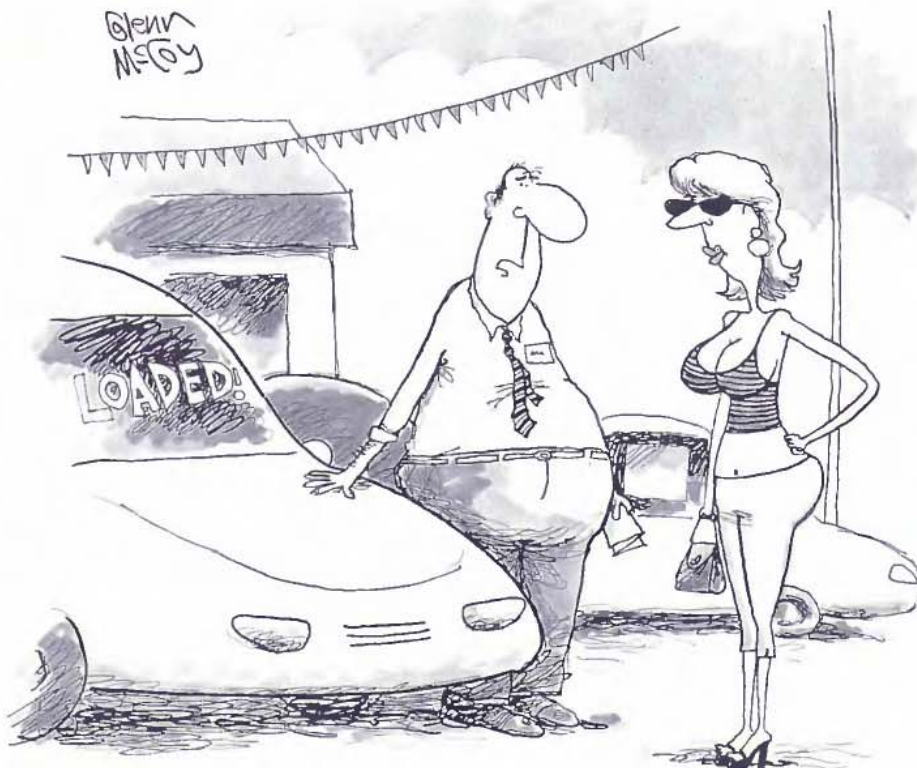
SMOKY MARTINI

M BAR, MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL, MIAMI

2 ounces gin
 ¼ ounce Lagavulin 16-year-old single malt scotch
 Maraschino cherry
 Plymouth gin works well, as its thick consistency can stand up to the Lagavulin. Shake everything but the cherry in a cocktail shaker with ice, strain into chilled martini glass. Add cherry to cut the smokiness of the scotch.

DAMRAK COSMOPOLITAN

2 ounces Damrak gin
 ½ ounce triple sec
 ¼ ounce cranberry juice
 Dash of fresh lime juice
 Orange zest
 Give all ingredients a thorough shaking with ice and pour through strainer into chilled martini glass.



"And it comes with driver's side fun bags—uh, air bags."



PLAYMATE NEWS



WANT TO PLAY WITH PAM?

At last, there's a way to get your hands on Pamela Anderson. Thanks to Eruptor Entertainment (eruptor.com) and Pam TV (pamtv.com), even guys who aren't famous can have fun with PortaPam, a new Palm Pilot game that features a sexy cartoon



Will the animated Pamela Anderson survive Tinseltown? Click on eruptor.com to try your luck with PortaPam, a downloadable Palm Pilot game. "It's exciting to be the first personality to be digitally animated for wireless distribution," says Pamela.

Pamela trying to prevail in Hollywood. Users (acting as Pamela's managers) must usher her to her favorite places—the beach, the gym, the set, the shower, the bedroom and a nightclub, where she raises the roof to let off steam. Players must also protect her from pesky paparazzi and try to

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- May 1: Miss June 1989
Tawnni Cable
- May 2: Miss March 1997
Jennifer Miriam
- May 13: Miss April 1965
Sue Williams
- May 14: Miss February 1970
Linda Forsythe
- May 29: Miss September 1969
Shay Knuth

help her win the coveted "Oscar." According to PortaPam's creators, a girl has to eat too: "Pamela needs to be fed the right amount of pizza and smoothies, not too much nor too little, or the tabloids will pick up on it."

High maintenance? You bet. But Pam fanatics don't mind. Says Rachael Narins, a representative for Eruptor Entertainment: "In four days, the game has been downloaded more than 50,000 times."

ANNA NICOLE SMITH, ON SPENDING \$6.7 MILLION:
"It's very expensive to be me. It's terrible the things I have to do."

NERIAH'S NEW GIG

Cheers to Neriah Davis, St. Pauli Girl's 2001 spokesmodel. In addition to getting as much "fun-loving" German beer as she wants, Miss March 1994 will travel the world while spreading the St. Pauli Girl word. Check out stpauligirl.com for photos and more information. You may have also spotted Neriah posing in *Muscular Development* magazine, modeling lingerie on encounters.com and performing a skit with Chuck Norris on *The Tonight*



35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Dolly Read was spotted by our lensman Pompeo Posar during a Bunny training stint at the Chicago Playboy Club. "He asked if I would consider becoming a Playmate, and I thought it was a smashing good idea," the British Bunny said then. Soon after she posed for us, Miss May 1966 went to Hollywood and



Hello Dolly!

landed an audition for *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. "I was broke, driving up Pico Boulevard in an awful brown Dodge Dart, when I saw a billboard that said, "Hello Dolly!" she recalls. "I knew then I was going to get the job." She also got the guy: *Laugh-In* co-host turned husband Dick Martin.

Show With Jay Leno. Busy girl! "I just signed with a great new publicist," Neriah says. "I am thankful everything is going well."

SIMPLY SIMPSON

"I dig culture," says Suzi Simpson, whose Playboy.com personal page includes a gallery of Suzi portraits, each available for purchase. "Artists came up to me all the time and say, 'Can I paint you?' I'm always like, sure!" Shown here are two of Suzi's favorites, by Carlos Cartagena and Julien Aklei. "I make jewelry, decorate homes, cook and appreciate fine art," Suzi says. "As a jack-of-many-trades but master of none, I'm honored to work with such great artists. They are the Picassos of tomorrow—I suggest that you get one of their pieces while you can."



© CARLOS CARTAGENA



My Favorite Playmate By Ron Lester



"My favorite Centerfold is 1999 Playmate of the Year Heather Kozar. She's a caring, fun-loving person. We have some of the same likes and dislikes. Our ambition: to be happy, healthy and successful.

Turnoffs: waiting in lines, unappreciative people, no sense of humor and tan lines!"



CARRIE'S REDEMPTION

Hookers with hearts of gold are Hollywood staples: Think Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*, Elisabeth Shue in *Leaving Las Vegas* and now Carrie Stevens in the action-

thriller *Redemption*. "I play Tara, a woman who can do anything she puts her mind to," says Carrie (pictured with David DeFalco, her on-screen pimp). "Unfortunately, she gets caught up with the wrong people." The flick also features Don "the Dragon" Wilson and Chris Penn.



THE PRICE AIN'T RIGHT

For 29 years, *Price Is Right* model Janice Pennington showcased fabulous prizes and listened to Bob Barker quiz the contestants who had come on down.

But on December 13, Janice made her last appearance as a scantily clad Barker Beauty. The reason? She was let go (along with co-star Kathleen Bradley) by the program's new owner, Pearson Television. "It's been a great run," Pennington told *US*



MODEL FIRED FROM PRICE IS RIGHT AFTER 29 YEARS

After 29 years on the iconic game show, Janice Pennington, 52, has been fired from her position as a Barker Beauty. Pennington, who has been on the show since 1972, was one of the most popular models on the show. She was replaced by Kathleen Bradley, 31, who has been on the show since 1972. Pennington's departure was announced on December 13, 2006. She was one of the most popular models on the show, and her departure was a surprise to many fans. Pennington has been on the show for 34 years, and she has won several prizes. She has also appeared in several movies and TV shows. Pennington is a former Miss America and Miss USA. She is also a former model for several major fashion brands. Pennington is currently living in Las Vegas, Nevada. She is married and has two children. She is still active in the entertainment industry and is planning to continue to work on the show.

PLAYMATE NEWS

Weekly. "The way that it happened was so abrupt. I was stunned." Pennington will, however, give longtime fans some lovely parting gifts: a forthcoming tell-all autobiography and a line of self-esteem-enhancing dolls for girls.

GIRL TALK

In the movie *Tomcats*, Julia Schultz holds her own with young Hollywood's Jaime Pressly and Shannon Elizabeth. We caught up with her in Las Vegas at the Napte convention, where she was promoting the TV pilot *Who Wants to Date a Hooters Girl?*

Q: Were you a Hooters girl?
A: No! Never. Before posing for *PLAYBOY*, I worked as a receptionist at Supercuts.

Q: So, what is the premise of the show?

A: It's from the creators of *Singled Out* and *Baywatch*. We start with 100 guys, narrow the number down to six, then to three, then to one. It's three rounds of guys making asses of themselves. It's a fun, high-energy show.



Julia Schultz.

Q: Weren't you also in a pilot with Antonio Sabato Jr.?

A: Yes, it's called *Lean Angle*. It's about street bike racing in Europe. If it gets picked up, I'll move to Europe.

Q: Enough about work. How's your love life?

A: It's great. I went through a phase when I was single and going out non-stop. Then I ran into an old friend at a nightclub in San Diego, and we've been inseparable.

HAWAII 6-2

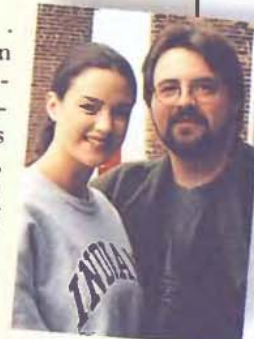
Miss December 2000 Cara Michelle is the tallest Playmate ever, at 6'2". She displaced Miss September 1972 Susan Miller, who is 6'1". Also, Cara was born in Hawaii, now the state with the most Playmates born there per capita. Which states have not yet had a Playmate born within their borders? Alaska, Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa, Maine, South Dakota and Vermont.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

What really goes down behind the velvet ropes? Check out *Guest List Only*, an independent documentary about LA nightlife that features several Centerfold scenesters, including Nicole Lenz and PMOYs Heather Kozar and Jodi Ann Pater-son. . . .

When Jodi Ann isn't club hopping, she's co-hosting ESPN2's boxing satire, *Thunderbox*, with hip-hop chief Master P. Marlicee Andrada, Daphnee Duplaix and Neri-



ah Davis also show up. . . . Cheers go to Donna D'Erri-

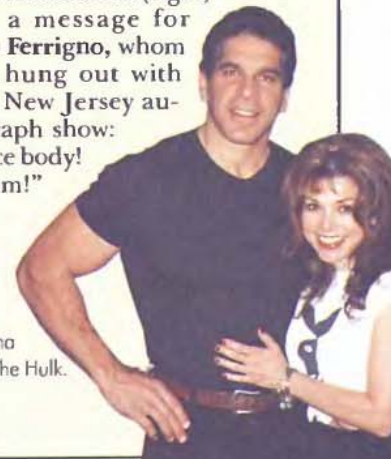
co, who gave birth to daughter Frankie-Jean Mary Sixx. Dad Nikki Sixx quipped: "She was two weeks late—just like a woman!" . . . Tiffany Taylor hung with director Kevin (*Chasing Amy*, *Dogma*) Smith at *Vulgarthon 2000*. . . . No

Tiffany and Kevin at Vulgarthon.



Cramming for pamtv.com.

stranger to taking it off, Angela Little appeared on *Strip Mall*. . . . Later, Angie filmed a bit for Pam Anderson's pamtv.com with model Jill Terashita, Jessica Lee and Ava Fabian (above). . . . Helena Antonaccio (right) has a message for Lou Ferrigno, whom she hung out with at a New Jersey autograph show: "Nice body! Mmm!"



Helena with the Hulk.

FEAR and flying (continued from page 130)

Airport security is a stupid idea. It's there for only one reason: to make white people feel safe.

use to kill a guy. You could probably beat a guy to death with the Sunday *New York Times*, couldn't you? Suppose you just have really big hands. Couldn't you strangle a flight attendant? Shit, you could probably strangle two of them, one with each hand. That is, if you were lucky enough to catch 'em in that little kitchen area. Just before they break out the fuckin' peanuts. But you could get the job done. If you really cared enough.

So why is it they allow a man with big, powerful hands to get on board an airplane? I'll tell you why. They know he's not a security risk, because he's already answered the three big questions. Question number one:

"Did you pack your bags yourself?"

"No, Carrot Top packed my bags. He and Martha Stewart and Florence Henderson came over to the house last night, fixed me a lovely lobster Newburg, gave me a full body massage with sacred oils from India, performed a four-way around-the-world and then packed my bags. Next question."

"Have your bags been in your possession the whole time?"

"No. Usually the night before I travel—just as the moon is rising—I place my suitcases out on the street corner and leave them there, unattended, for several hours. Just for good luck. Next question."

"Has any unknown person asked you to take anything on board?"

"Well, what exactly is an 'unknown person'? Surely everyone is known to someone. In fact, just this morning, Kareem and Youssef Ali ben Gabba seemed to know each other quite well. They kept joking about which one of my suitcases was the heaviest."

And that's another thing they don't like at the airport. Jokes. You can't joke about a bomb. Well, why is it just jokes? What about a riddle? How about a limerick? How about a bomb anecdote? You know, no punch line, just a really cute story. Or suppose you intended the remark not as a joke but as an ironic musing? Are they prepared to make that distinction? I think not! And besides, who's to say what's funny?

Airport security is a stupid idea. It's a waste of money and it's there for only one reason: to make white people feel safe. That's all it's for. To provide a feeling, an illusion, of safety in order to placate the middle class. The authorities know they can't make airplanes safe; too many people have access. You'll notice that drug smugglers don't seem to have a lot of trouble getting their little pack-

ages on board, do they? No. And God bless them, too.

And by the way, an airplane flight shouldn't be completely safe. You need a little danger in your life. Take a fuckin' chance, will ya? What are you gonna do, play with your prick for another 30 years? Are you gonna read *People* and eat at Wendy's till the end of time? Take a fuckin' chance!

Besides, even if they made all of the airplanes completely safe, the terrorists would simply start bombing other places that are crowded: pawnshops, crack houses, titty bars and gang bangs. You know, entertainment venues. The odds of your being killed by a terrorist are practically zero. So I say, relax and enjoy the show.

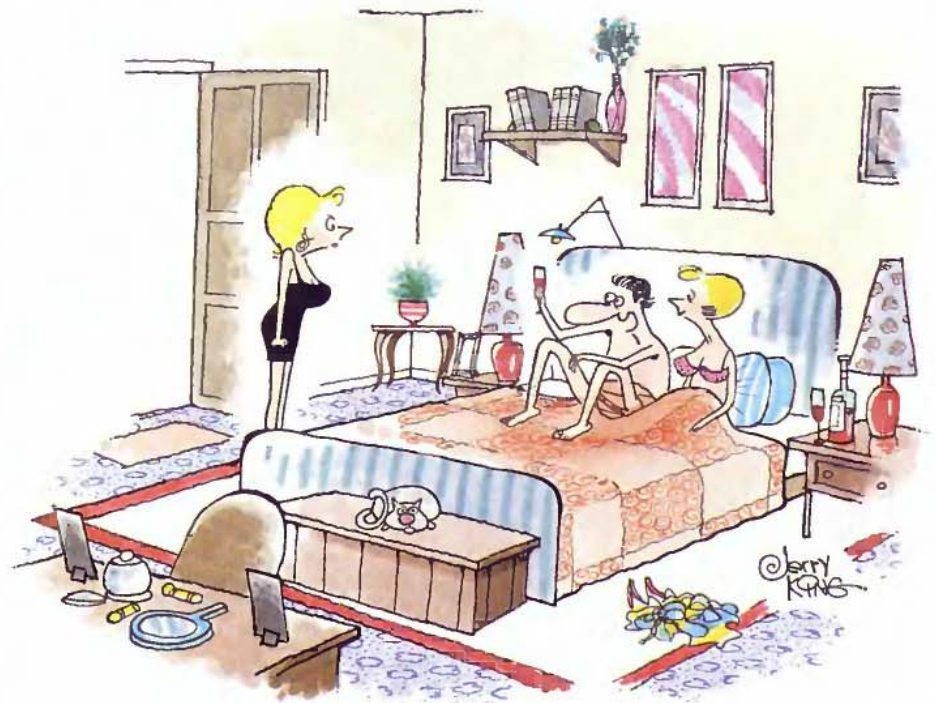
You have to be realistic about terrorism. Ya gotta be a realist: Certain groups of people—Muslim fundamentalists, Christian fundamentalists, Jewish fundamentalists, and just plain guys from Montana—are going to continue to make life in this country very interesting for a long, long time. That's the reality. Angry men in combat fatigues talking to God on a two-way radio and muttering incoherent slogans about freedom are eventually going to provide us with a great deal of entertainment.

Especially after your stupid fuckin' economy collapses all around you, and the terrorists come out of the woodwork. And you'll have anthrax in the water supply and sarin gas in the air conditioners; there'll be chemical and biological suitcase bombs in every city, and I say, "Relax, enjoy it! Enjoy the show! Take a fuckin' chance. Put a little fun in your life."

To me, terrorism is exciting. I think the very idea that someone might set off a bomb in Macy's and kill several hundred people is exciting and stimulating, and I see it as a form of entertainment!

But I also know most Americans are soft, frightened, unimaginative people who have no idea there's such a thing as dangerous fun. And they certainly don't recognize good entertainment when they see it. I have always been willing to put myself at great personal risk for the sake of entertainment. And I've always been willing to put you at great personal risk for the same reason.

As far as I'm concerned, all of this airport security—the cameras, the questions, the screening, the searches—is just one more way of reducing your liberty and reminding you that they can fuck with you any time they want, as long as you're willing to put up with it. Which means, of course, any time they want. Because that's the way Americans are now. They're always willing to trade away a little of their freedom for the feeling—the illusion—of security.



"Good news, dear! You can put to rest your fear about your mother and me not getting along."

SPECIAL PROGRAM



2001 Playmate of the Year
Party Special
PREMIERES MAY 1

PLAYMATE HOSTS

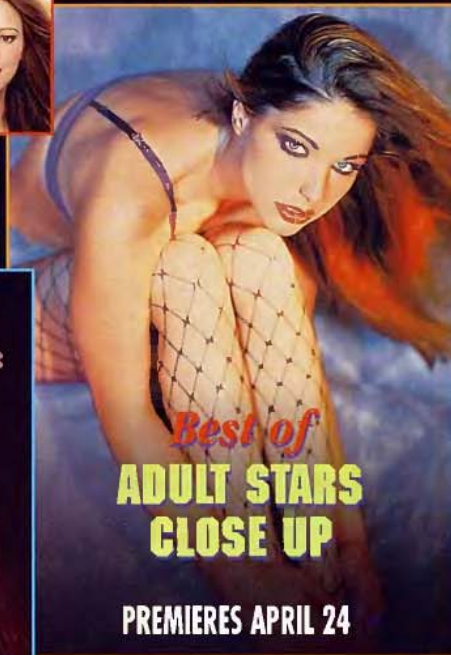


Katie Lohmann
Miss April



Crista Nicole
Miss May

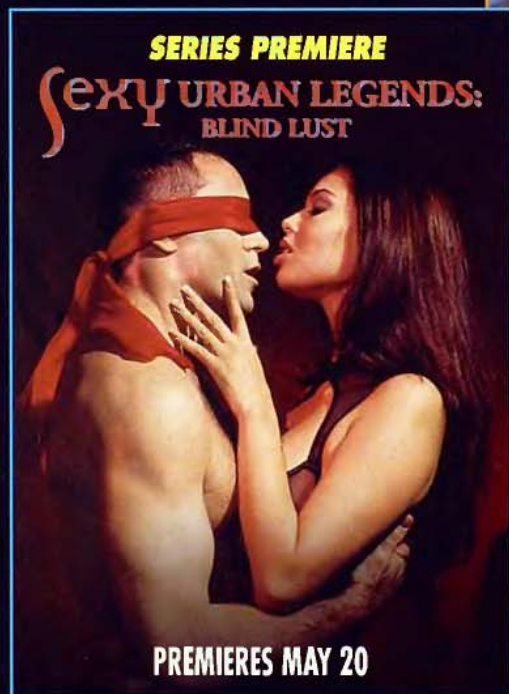
SPECIAL PROGRAM



Best of
**ADULT STARS
CLOSE UP**

PREMIERES APRIL 24

ORIGINAL SERIES



SERIES PREMIERE
**Sexy URBAN LEGENDS:
BLIND LUST**

PREMIERES MAY 20

ADULT MOVIE



Secret
Paris
PREMIERES APRIL 28



DARK
ANGELS
PREMIERES MAY 5

more
than you
ever
imagined...

APRIL 2001 PREMIERES

ANDREW BLAKE'S SECRET PARIS

Follow six French ladies whose lives were purely private - until now.
April 28.

INSIDE ADULT LIVE

Tune in for unstoppable excitement that will have you coming back for more.
April 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30.

NIGHT CALLS 411 LIVE

Brave callers ask erotic questions to the ladies of leisure and late night.
April 25, 27, 30.

NIGHT CALLS LIVE

Sexy hostesses Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath stay in touch with their wild sides.
April 18, 20, 23.

PLAYBOY'S DARK JUSTICE VOLUME 11

When the cops get in her way, a sexy crime fighter shows them who's the boss.
April 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.

MAY 2001 PREMIERES

2001 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR PARTY SPECIAL

Playboy TV gets you in on one of the sexiest and most celebrated bashes of the year! May 1, 4, 6, 13, 19, 22, 31.

INSIDE ADULT LIVE

Super adult stars share the inside buzz during the newest talk show to hit the circuit. May 2, 6, 7, 9, 16, 19, 21, 23.

NIC ANDREWS' DARK ANGELS

A sexy woman wakes up to her worst nightmare. May 5, 11.

SEXCETERA

Jazzed journalists discover arousing truths from a wild bunch of fresh women.
May 28, 30.

SEXY URBAN LEGENDS: BLIND LUST

Get catapulted into a world of hide and seek along with a group of gorgeous thrill seekers. May 20, 22, 24, 26, 30.

All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.



PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

playboytv.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, DISH Network, EXPRESSVU or STAR CHOICE dealer.

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erotic
entertainment
at its best

PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SAVING FACE

If you shave every morning, do it right. A sterling silver safety razor that costs as much as a color TV starts your day with panache. (The one pictured here takes a Gillette Mach 3 blade.) Or for more heft, try the Vision, a German-made double-edged stainless-steel razor by Merkur. It's built like a Mercedes-Benz. Lathering up with a badger-bristle brush and lavender, mandarin orange or avocado oil soap in

JAMES IMBROGNO

Limes skin food and Nautica's aftershave gel (it comes in a tube that you can hang in the shower). If you sport whiskers, trim them with a pair of Corrado's supersharp mustache and beard scissors, which comes in a fitted case.

—DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON



Near left, left to right: Latitude Longitude aftershave gel by Nautica (\$22). Moves aftershave by Adidas (\$17). Jaipur Homme eau de parfum by Boucheron (\$125). Lucky You shave cream by Lucky Brand (\$13). Extract of Limes skin food by Geo F. Trumper (\$52.50). Arlington preshave by Dr. Harris and Co. (about \$50).



a bowl is a pleasant alternative to a palm full of aerosol foam. To put your best face forward, buy a two-sided mirror with magnification. You'll be surprised at how many whiskers you're missing. Braun's rechargeable model 7570 Syncro shaver is cordless and self-cleaning. It also features a digital display that alerts you to the number of minutes left on the charge (50 is max). There are face lotions and potions galore. We've selected some of the best, including Dr. Harris and Co.'s Arlington preshave ("a classic English fragrance for gentlemen"), Geo F. Trumper's West Indian Extract of

Above left: A John Hardy sterling silver safety razor that's handcrafted in Java (\$280) and a Vision by Merkur razor, for double-edged blades (\$150). Braun model 7570 Syncro System rechargeable shaver (\$200). Above: Sterling silver shaving bowl by John Hardy (\$980) holds a lavender shave soap refill by E Shave (\$15). Speert double-sided mirror (\$72). Badger-bristle shaving brush by Simpson and John Bull (\$470). Mustache and beard scissors by Corrado (\$100).

Grapevine

Strings Attached

Beach babe KERI DAWKINS models swimsuits, making her gig as an extra on *Baywatch* a no-brainer. When she's not brushing the sand off, Keri designs websites. We have her in our sights, too.



© SPICE CHATTAO

Mama Mia, Téa

Did motherhood enhance TÉA LEONI's assets? Look for her in *Jurassic Park III* and next year in *Intolerable Cruelty*, and decide for yourself.



© JAMES SMAL / GALLERIA LTD

Fine Crystal Seen Here

On her CD *Morena*, diva-in-waiting CRYSTAL SIERRA delivers Latin beats with a hip-hop style. She has rap guest stars Swizz Beatz and the Ruff Ryders' Cross put a stamp of approval on it. Looking this good doesn't hurt, either.



© JEFFREY MATTIOLI

Hooray for Hollywood

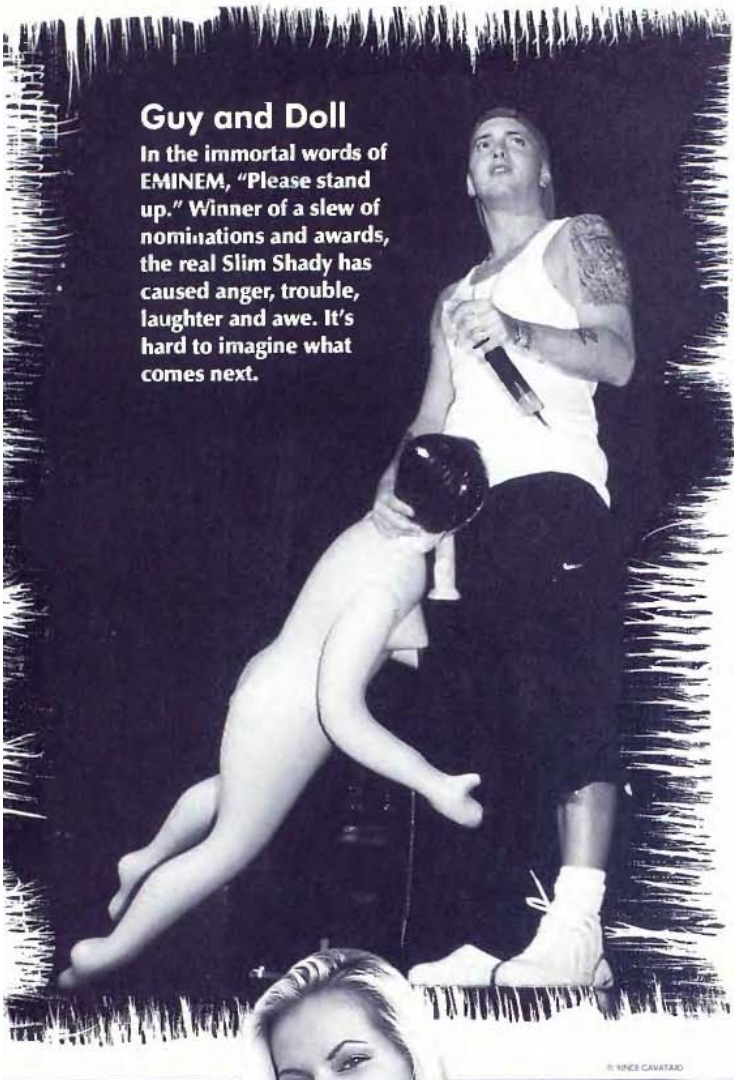
When ANNABELLA SCIORRA and ROSIE PEREZ get buffed up for a party, it's see or be seen. They both appeared in *King of the Jungle* last year. Look for Rosie in the TV miniseries *Widows* and in *Riding in Cars With Boys*.



© BOB D'AMICO / PHOTOFEST

Guy and Doll

In the immortal words of EMINEM, "Please stand up." Winner of a slew of nominations and awards, the real Slim Shady has caused anger, trouble, laughter and awe. It's hard to imagine what comes next.



© MEX CANATAO

Tanya Revealed

TANYA ALMAAS has appeared in movies and on such TV shows as *Baywatch Hawaii*. She's also modeled for a series of calendars and product promotions, naturally.



© STEVE TORRES

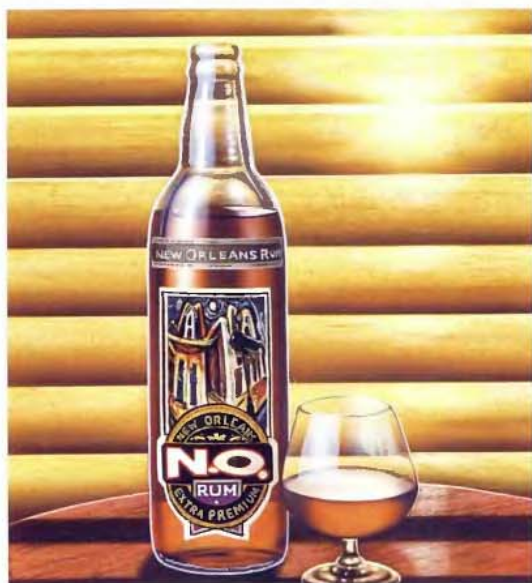


Angel Cheesecake

Surfer ANGEL ANDERSON has worked on *Pacific Blue* and *Baywatch Hawaii*, and you'll catch her next in the movie extravaganza *Pearl Harbor*.

RUM, LOUISIANA STYLE

It figures that America's premiere party town would be home to the only premium rum distillery in the States. New Orleans rum comes from Louisiana molasses that's distilled in a special way and then aged more than two years in used bourbon barrels. The result is a single-barrel rum at a reasonable price—about \$15 a bottle. (A white rum is also available.) Check liquor stores or call Celebration Distillation at 504-945-9400 for more information.



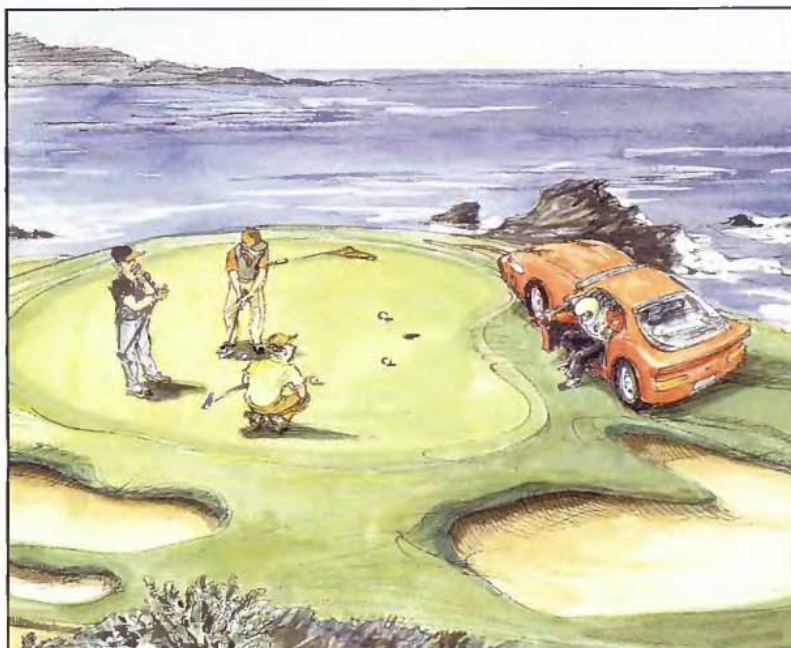
JOHN G. BERRY

GET THE POINT

Dart games such as 301 become even more complicated after a few rounds of drinks. To clear your mind Intromark Inc. has created the Way Out Watch, a wrist calculator that indicates what numbers to aim for in order to reach a score of zero. It also tells the time and date, and functions as a stopwatch and an alarm. You should win back its \$50 price fast. Call 800-851-6030 to order.

THE NAKED TRUTH

For this shot, the model held up a fishnet found on the beach. The use of sunlight and a prop is just one of the tricks in *Classic Nude Photography*, a \$29.95 softcover by Peter and Alice Gowland. (If Peter's name sounds familiar it's because he's shot a number of PLAYBOY Centerfolds.) Pin-up aficionados will recognize Diane Webber as one of the models. Check photo shops or call the publisher, Amherst Media, at 800-622-3278.



JOHN G. BERRY

ULTIMATE FANTASY

What beats sending your tee shot down the center of the fairway at Pebble Beach? How about driving a Formula race car at speeds that would get you arrested on the open road? The Car and Golf Club combines two great passions, golf and driving fast, for a double-barreled getaway. On the links, you'll receive personalized instruction while playing Pebble Beach, the American Club or the PGA National. Trackside, you're booked for a day of driving lessons at Laguna Seca, Road America or Moroso. Lodging and fine dining are included in the price, which ranges from \$6000 to \$7000 per person for three days. Call 561-559-8395.

GUY GARDENING

A miniature train runs through Roger Clarkson's California garden, and Nova Scotian Howard Dill grows thousand-pound pumpkins. In *A Man's Garden*, Warren Schultz proves that guys who'd rather pull weeds than watch a hockey game definitely aren't pantywaists. There are plenty of pictures for inspiration. Price: \$40 (Houghton Mifflin). Check your local bookstore.



THE SEA, THE SEA

If Sterling's *A Home by the Sea* doesn't persuade you to swap the city for a bathing suit, sandals and sunscreen, nothing will. Liz Seymour's invitation to escape the rat race is more than just a coffee-table collection of oceanside digs. Construction and location, romantic dinners, decorating tips, picnics and much more are discussed. The only things missing are excuses for returning to town. The price: \$29.95, in bookstores.



CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?

From Joshua Piven and David Borgenicht, the doomsday boys who wrote *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook*, comes *The Worst-Case Scenario Travel Handbook*. Need to escape from a car hanging over a cliff? See page 78. Piranha-infested rivers, sandstorms, scorpion stings and even foiling a UFO abduction are addressed, along with strategies for upgrades in hotels and airports, emergency phrases ("Help!" is "socorro" in Spanish, "au secours" in French, "hilfe" in German and "tasukete" in Japanese) and much more. Price: \$14.95, at bookstores. Chronicle is the publisher.



POP CULTURE

Mexican Coca-Cola is sweeter than what's sold Stateside, and Dutch Coke has less carbonation. They're just two of the hundreds of esoteric soft drinks available from popsoda.com (sold as single bottles, or in six-packs or cases). Jeff Guarino, owner of Pop the Soda Shop in Scottsdale, Arizona, is the guy behind the enterprise. Ever hear of Willie's Hemp Root Beer? You have now. Pop \$32 for a case. Call 877-POP-SODA with questions.

EVERYBODY'S DREAM GIRL

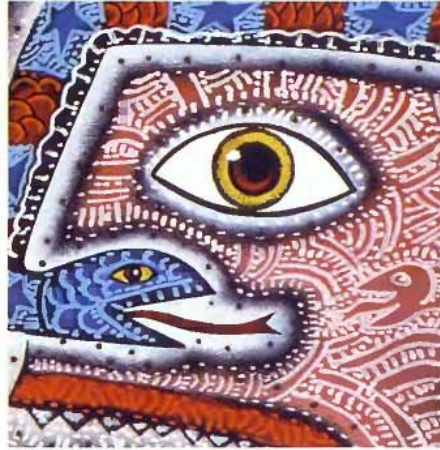
Little Annie Fanny is back in *PLAYBOY*, and her early adventures are collected in the softcover *Playboy's Little Annie Fanny Volume I: 1962-1970* (Dark Horse Comics). The swinging Sixties, civil rights, James Bond, the Rat Pack, marijuana, the Beatles—you name it, it's satirized in the book's saucy 224 pages. There's even a section on the origins of Annie, with unfinished storyboards created by Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder. (One Hugh M. Hefner edited the book.) The second volume in the series is due out in September, according to Dark Horse. Price: \$24.95, in bookstores. Gloryosky!



Next Month



WHO'S THE PMOY?



MULHOLLAND



HOLLYWOOD HIT MAN



NAKED NEWS

MARILYN MONROE—A PRESIDENT, A SLUGGER AND A PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING PLAYWRIGHT LOVED HER. ON WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN HER 75TH BIRTHDAY, WE TOAST THE LEGEND WHO APPEARED ON PLAYBOY'S FIRST COVER

CHARLIE SHEEN—HOLLYWOOD'S CLEAN-AND-SOBER COMEBACK KID SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON GETTING FINGERED BY HEIDI FLEISS, BRAWLING WITH BROTHER EMILIO AND SLEEPING WITH 5000 WOMEN. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSIN**

VIRUSES—THEY'RE MICROSCOPIC AND MYSTERIOUS, AND THEY COULD KILL MILLIONS. **MICHAEL PARRISH** EXPLAINS HOW GLOBALIZATION AND INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM HAVE TURNED SOME OF THE OLDEST LIVING ORGANISMS INTO THE NEWEST THREATS. YOUR SKIN WILL CRAWL

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—THE CLASS OF 2000 BEGAN WITH TWINS AND ENDED WITH THE TALLEST CENTERFOLD EVER. IT WASN'T EASY TO CHOOSE A FAVORITE. ONE HINT: SHE LOOKS GREAT NAKED

JERRY BRUCKHEIMER—HE HAS A FLAIR FOR TESTOSTERONE FLICKS (*TOP GUN*, *BEVERLY HILLS COP*, *GONE IN 60 SECONDS*). HE'S HOLLYWOOD'S HIT MAN, AND **STEVE POND** GOT HIM TO TALK ABOUT THE BIZARRE DEATH OF PARTNER DON SIMPSON, WORKING WITH CRUISE AND CAGE AND HIS NEW MOVIE, *PEARL HARBOR*. A HIGH-OCTANE PLAYBOY PROFILE

THE OTHER SIDE OF MULHOLLAND—WHEN A TV WRITER AND HIS GIRLFRIEND LAND A BIG STUDIO DEAL, THEIR LIVES

START SPINNING HILARIOUSLY OUT OF CONTROL. FICTION BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

CITY GIRLS, LOS ANGELES STYLE—AFTER A COUPLE OF MARGARITAS, **ANKA RADAKOVICH** AND FRIENDS SIT DOWN TO DISCUSS SEX. ON THEIR MINDS: PICKUP LINES, TALKING DIRTY, MASTURBATION, ORAL SEX, ORGASMS. GOT YOUR ATTENTION?

EDWARD BURNS—THE IRISH-CATHOLIC AUTEUR WHO PARLAYED A TV GOFER GIG INTO A DREAMWORKS MOVIE DEAL TALKS ABOUT THE LEAN YEARS, WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WITH LAUREN HOLLY AND HOW ROBERT REDFORD TURNED HIM INTO THE SUNDANCE KID. 20Q BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

TEN GREAT PORN FILMS—TIRED OF LOOK-ALIKE COVERS? OUR TRIPLE-X MAVEN NAMES THE TOP 10 ON DVD OR VIDEO. BY **RICHARD FREEMAN**

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX—**JESSICA LEE** OPENS UP ABOUT GOING DOWN, KISSING WOMEN AND WHICH BODY PART IS TOO TICKLISH TO TOUCH

SUMMER GETAWAY—WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING THIS SEASON, WE HAVE THE CLOTHES TO KEEP YOU COOL. THINK SHORTS, SANDALS, LIGHTWEIGHT HOODIES AND SURF STYLES. FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

PLUS: DADS AND GRADS, BADASS TRUCKS, OUR FAVORITE STARLET (HER NAME'S SCARLET), PLAYMATE **HEATHER SPYTEK** AND A VERY SEXY SITE, **NAKEDNEWS.COM**