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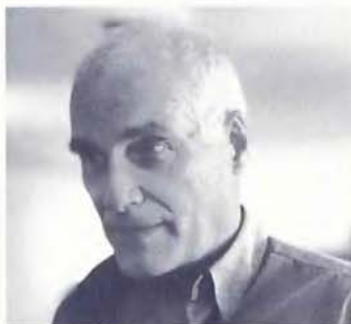
IT'S THE LATEST, biggest, bloodiest and most doomed front in the fucked war on drugs. According to best estimates, 90 percent of all cocaine comes from Colombia. The United States recently allocated \$1.3 billion—the bulk of it in military aid—to the Colombian government, which barely controls any part of the country. Such is the backdrop of *Colombia: Land of Death*, a grim travelog by director **Barbet Schroeder** (*Barfly*). While on location for his new film, *Our Lady of the Assassins*, Schroeder witnessed the thefts, deaths and paranoia that make the country the weirdest place on earth. His telltale diary is illustrated by **Fred Stonehouse**. Here's another hot-button issue: What comes after Dolly the sheep? *Cloning: Phase Two* by **Michael Parrish** goes into the lab to investigate whether it's possible to dupe humans. It's by turns a creepy and inspiring read.

Apes misbehaving: "They fall in love with you, and they're jealous and possessive. They'd start humping my leg and if I didn't pay attention to them they'd spit at me or throw shit at me." That's **Tim Burton** in this month's *Playboy Interview* by **Kristine McKenna**, talking about research for the most eagerly awaited movie of the summer, *Planet of the Apes*. Burton directs eccentric movies—*Beetlejuice*, *Batman*, *Sleepy Hollow*—that invariably turn into blockbusters. His secret? He makes kid movies for adults. Duchamp had it right: A urinal is a work of art. And that's all it will be if masculine identity keeps going down the drain. **Paul Krassner**, a wiz of a writer and author of *Psychedelic Trips for the Mind*, surveys the soggy terrain of the gender war's new battleground in *I Stand, Therefore I Am*. **John Biguenet** is an O. Henry Award winner and author of the acclaimed *Torturer's Apprentice*. We're pleased to introduce him to PLAYBOY readers with the short story *Motel*. It's about a guy trying to keep his shit together while beset by kids, wife and a succulent redhead. The artwork is by **Winston Smith**.

It's good to know women can put one another through the same pain they do men. *Life's a Bitch and So Is Dating* by **Katie Moran** is a heartfelt, feel-'em-up apologia from one woman to all men. **Belinda Carlisle** survived the Go-Go Eighties but, thankfully, her clothes didn't. Her nudes are by **Richard McLaren**. She and her band are back with a new CD, *God Bless the Go-Go's*, and a summer tour with the B52s. Bombshells away!

The influence of Chinese cinema has brought a fresh sense of action and romance to Hollywood, and no one embodies the spirit of the East better than the fastest man on earth, **Jet Li**. The bad guy in *Lethal Weapon 4*, Li stars in two new movies: *Kiss of the Dragon* and *The One*. For our profile this month, *Jet Fighter* (illustrated by **Charlie Powell**), **Matthew Polly** met Jet and conversed with him in Mandarin, the actor's native tongue. **Jon Bon Jovi** is zen. First—in the *Slippery When Wet*, big-hair days—he was cool. Then, when grunge hit, he was uncool. Now he's cool again. Through it all, he's been the same dude—another hard-rocking guy from the sizable Jersey talent pool. Read *20Q* with **Warren Kalbacker**.

Five big bats, five new looks for next season. In *Boys of Summer*, fashion by **Joseph De Acetis**, stars such as **Mike Piazza** and **Chipper Jones** sport the newest fall suits. *Shoot First* by **Stewart Wolpin** shows off the next generation of super camcorders that can record on DVD. Neat. And we really want to get a BMW Mini Cooper, the restyled version of the Sixties classic—and at \$17,000, we can. **Ken Gross** checked it out. Then there's Playmate **Jennifer Walcott** (shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**), who changes her address once a year. Who knows? Maybe next year it will be yours.



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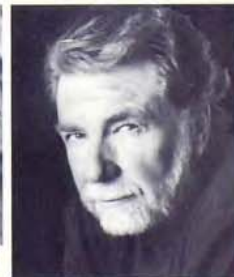
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cover story

She's the Go-Go girl whose bond emerged from Los Angeles' punk scene to crack the *Billboard* 100. Belindo Corlisle has come a long way since then. But time has only enhanced the woman who says she's already lived nine lives. Photographer Richard McLaren traveled to Thailand to shoot our cover. Our Rabbit comes out smelling like a flower.



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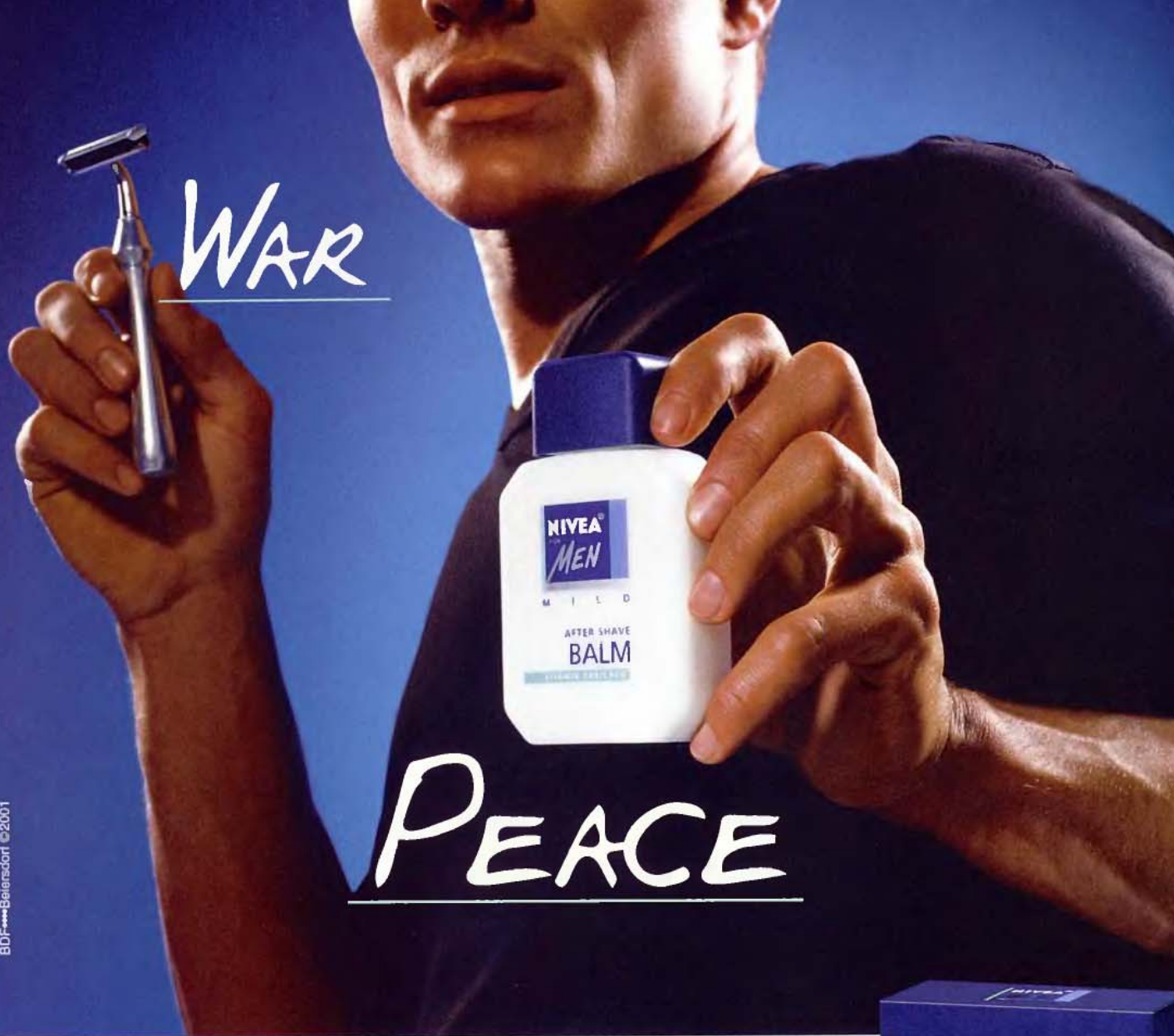
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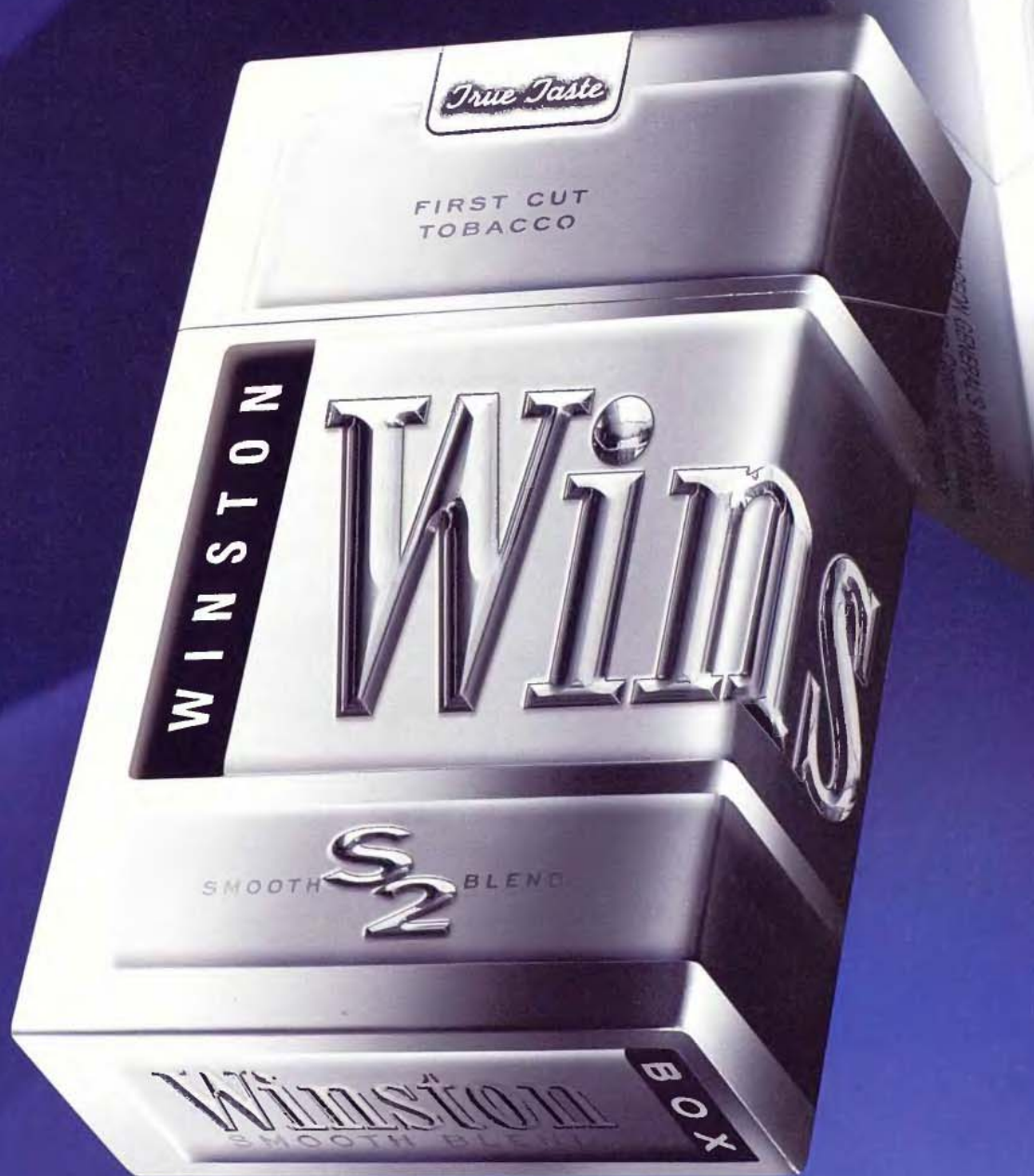
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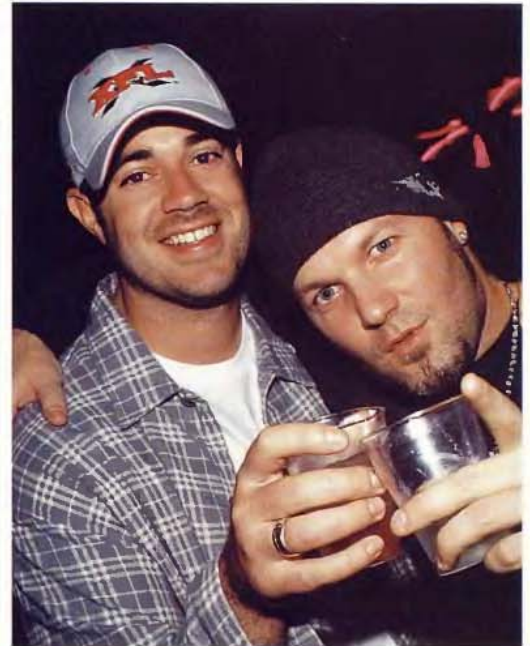
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

HEF'S 75TH BIRTHDAY BASH

Hef had nine beauties—Jennifer, Kim, Lindsey, Anka, Michelle, Tiffany, Tina, Stephanie and Regina—to help him celebrate his birthday weekend. MTV's Carson Daly and Biz-kit man Fred Durst raised their glasses to the birthday boy.



TV CARES

Our July cover girl, Pamela Anderson (here with Tommy Lee), presented Hef with a Ribbon of Hope Award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for Playboy's long-standing support in the battle against AIDS. Hef shared the award with TV writer and funnyman Bruce Vilanch.



OSCAR NIGHT PARTY

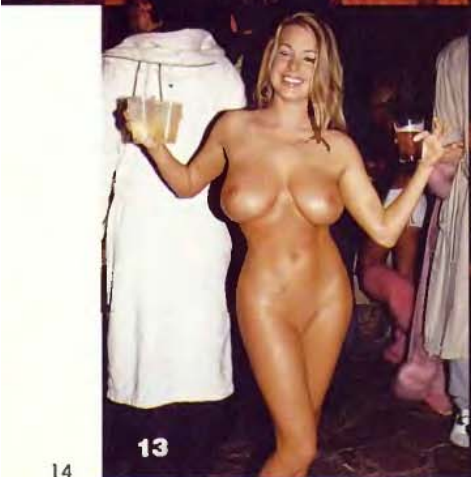
The *Vanity Fair* party was clearly the hot spot after the Academy Awards. Hef was there with his girls, along with Gabriel Byrne and Kim Cattrall. Playmate Lisa Dergan and *Pearl Harbor* director Michael Bay partied with Hef, too.



Hef's HAPPY 75TH!



What do you get the man who has everything? If you're Liz Hurley, you send him a singing telegram. If you're Pam Anderson, you give him a bottle of 1921 Château d'Yquem with a note saying, "Happy birthday, dearest Hef. This may be the only thing older and better than you. No way! Love, Pam." If you're young and beautiful, you show up in lingerie or less. (1) Hef gets a kick out of Fred Durst's *Happy Birthday* and a cake featuring his seven sweethearts. (2) Jenny McCarthy and John Asher ham it up. (3) Painted nude go-go dancers rock out. (4) Hef with his favorite girl next door, Mrs. H. (5) Hef and his girls. (6) Power couple Carson Daly and Tara Reid. (7) Michael Bay and Lisa Dergan with Laurie Wallace. (8) Thora Birch with Tina and Hef. (9) *Traffic*'s Steven Bauer and Judd Nelson. (10) Hef with Bill Maher, Brande Roderick and Stacy Kamano. (11) Christie Hefner hugs *PLAYBOY* artist LeRoy Neiman. (12) Stephanie Heinrich plays the skins. (13) Sydney Moon proves less is more. (14) Hef with Brian Crazer, who is planning a film on Hef's life. (15) David Boreanaz, Alyson Hannigan and Alexis Denisof. (16) Ron Jeremy gives Venice Adrien a lift. (17) Fred and Rod Stewart party on.



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BABBLING OVER BROOKE

Seeing Brooke Burke (*Wild On Brooke*, May) on the cover brought me back to the surprise and excitement of a childhood Christmas. Whatever it took to get Brooke to pose was worth it. You now have my permission to raise subscription prices.

Todd Kilzer
Madrid, Iowa

She's sexy yet demure, sultry and absolutely adorable. Brooke is an incredible all-in-one package.

Matthew Kenna
Toluca Lake, California

I'm amazed it took the media so long to discover Brooke. I have been saving her old Frederick's of Hollywood cat-



Brooke cooks.

alogs for years—even though I didn't know her name then. She is exotically beautiful and I wish her great success.

Jim Schild
Columbia, Illinois

Brooke Burke is mesmerizing as well as funny and entertaining. I'm always happy to see dark-haired, sultry brown-eyed beauties in PLAYBOY. The blonde thing gets a little old.

Mike Dennis
Bolingbrook, Illinois

NOT GREEN WITH ENVY

I can just imagine the negative mail you're getting about the Tom Green interview (May). He's childish. His stunts are stupid. Who cares what he says? But I have to tell you, I'm his age and I get a real chuckle out of watching him piss off authority figures. Everyone should cut the guy some slack.

John Woods
Denver, Colorado

Tom Green is like an annoying toddler who jumps around flailing his arms and making stupid faces to get attention. I challenge anyone to explain the allure of this guy. I only pray that audiences will soon tire of his look-at-me-I'm-peeing-in-the-punch routine.

Champ Duncan
Evansville, Indiana

One of PLAYBOY's cornerstones is the interview. With only 12 opportunities per year, I don't understand why you'd waste one on Tom Green. He's a textbook case of a pseudoc celebrity whose only talent is his ability to draw attention to himself.

David Kveragas
Newton Township, Pennsylvania

FRONT AND CENTERFOLD

Julia Schultz' sad story of orgasmic failure during two-person sex (*Centerfolds on Sex*, May) is far too common. She

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should read *5 Minutes to Orgasm Every Time You Make Love*, a book that empowers women to take charge of their orgasms.

Dr. David Bee
Loma Linda, California

This is PLAYBOY. We think a guy should take charge of a woman's orgasm.

I like Julia Schultz. She's smart and beautiful, but she has put herself in a negative light. She says she's bothered when strange men stare at her breasts. Meeting people who make you feel uneasy is part of being famous.

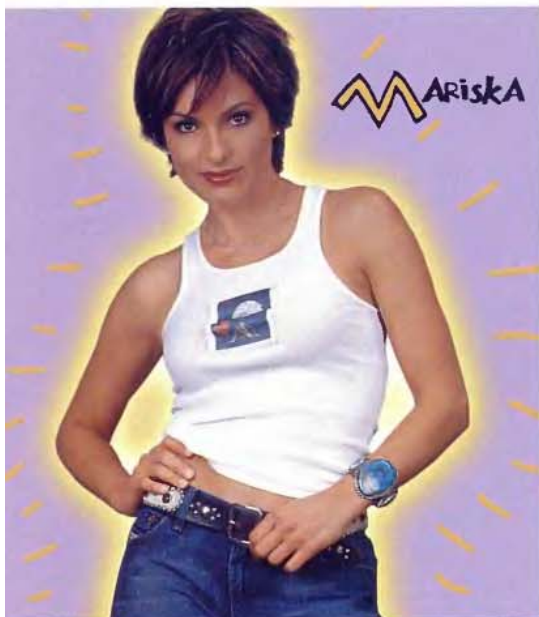
Brian Maki
Marquette, Michigan

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

Congratulations on a fabulous 20Q with Mariska Hargitay (May), daughter of sex goddess Jayne Mansfield and bodybuilder Mickey Hargitay. I once read that Mansfield had an IQ somewhere around 160, well above the genius level. Given Hargitay's cerebral take on her parents, her acting career, her life and actor Robert De Niro, it appears that quite a bit of mom has rubbed off on daughter. If only we could see Mariska in a pictorial, we'd know for certain how much of mom has rubbed off.

Mike Vinson
McMinnville, Tennessee

Like Mariska Hargitay, I'm the daughter of a model turned actress and a Mr.



A dash of popriko.

Universe. As a matter of fact, my father met Mariska's mother, Jayne Mansfield, when he lived in California. Mariska's interview touched a nerve in me. While she's a beautiful woman in her own right, she is not her mother. What she really needs is to be comfortable in her skin and secure in who she is.

Jennifer Warburton
Shirley, New York

Hargitay, a Hungarian, says her favorite food is Italian. I'm an Italian who's into Hungarian cuisine. Here's a great goulash recipe: 1 pound stew beef, ¼ cup chopped white onion, 3 tablespoons cooking oil, 1 diced turnip, 2 diced carrots, 1 diced parsnip, 1 teaspoon each paprika, caraway seeds and marjoram, 2 bay leaves, 1½ cups sherry and 1 tablespoon white flour. Brown the beef and onions in the oil, add all other ingredients except the flour. Cook, covered, on low heat for about an hour. Sprinkle the flour into the mixture to create a smooth gravy. Serves four. Yum.

Adriano Autore
Santa Ana, California

PAINT JOB

My husband ordered Paint the Town Red (*Potpourri*, February) for me, and all I can say is "Wow!" The package arrived at his office, so I knew nothing about it until Valentine's Day. When I saw the paint can, I couldn't understand what he was giving me, and I almost became angry because I thought he wasn't being romantic. Then I opened the can and everything was beautifully arranged. The lingerie was absolutely gorgeous. Our evening together was more than what I'd dreamed it would be, which reinforces my belief that PLAYBOY is a unique and romantic magazine for loving couples.

Joyce Otis
Pompano Beach, Florida

WHATEVER LOLA WANTS

Lola Corwin (*Temptation's Temptress*, May) really tempts me.

Aaron Frazier
Galesburg, Illinois

I've never written to PLAYBOY before, but Lola Corwin has prompted me to. Please continue to feature Asian American women.

Ryan Tamm
Belmont, California

I watched every episode of *Temptation Island* and I was shocked when Lola was voted off. Those guys made a poor decision. Thanks for evening the score.

Jeff Falzone
Fort Myers, Florida

JUST FACE IT

Your *May On the Scene* item about shaving products, "Saving Face," was great. Guys should know that brush shaving—when properly done—gives far superior results. My wife created a high-quality, all-natural shaving soap and I switched. Since then, I don't get as many six P.M. whisker-burn complaints.

Leo Sell
Dansville, Michigan

LEND US YOUR EARS

Twenty years ago, as a serviceman in the U.S. Marines, I spent a fantastic



Lovely Lola.

evening celebrating my 21st birthday at the London Playboy Club. I have photos from that night, but more important, I have the ears and (privately signed) tail of one of your wonderful Playboy Bunnies. It was the best birthday I've ever had, and a happy reminder that PLAYBOY is a part of my life.

Scott McKinley
Manchester, New Hampshire

We're not going to ask how you got her tail. Semper fi.

PANTY RAID

I am a 22-year-old happily married woman who loves to read your magazine. My husband hadn't picked up an issue in months until I made him read *19 Ways to Take Off Her Panties* (February). It turned me on so much that I thought he should read it, too. A few minutes later, he walked into the room where I was studying, with his pants undone and a big grin on his face. We'd love to see more articles like that one. Homework can always wait.

Debra Drury
Albany, Georgia

HE'S ACES

I've been a subscriber to PLAYBOY for more than 10 years, and I'm amazed at how many other men's magazines have copied your format. However, they don't have Asa Baber. His *Men* column will always be a PLAYBOY treasure.

Sean Hayes
Chicago, Illinois





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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

THE WEAK TO REMEMBER

It wasn't the psych-out style of Anne Robinson that caused *Weakest Link* to cool down on NBC, it was the psyche of the American audience. Over here, we like weak links. We find them useful, and even elect them president (wouldn't want somebody too smart for his own good running things, would we?). We're pleased that the French did so poorly in WWII—it's something to bring up when they get too snooty. And aren't all the states glad Mississippi is in the Union, making the rest of them look better? Just because something is a weak link doesn't mean it doesn't have some charm, some aptitude, some attraction. We like Zeppo Marx. President Carter did some good things. Iceberg lettuce is the weakest link among leafy greens, but it's mighty tasty on an egg salad sandwich. A group of weak links makes a strong list:

Jar Jar Binks: Loathing him distracted us from how bad the rest of *The Phantom Menace* was.

Tom Brokaw: Dude can't even pronounce his own name, yet he's kicked Dan Rather's ass more frequently than the guy who knew Kenneth.

Qatar: Kuwait was a rich weak link that cost us lives and



SEEDY PULP

Between the Great War and the Big One, after the heyday of dime novels and before the ascendance of paperbacks and comics, pulp magazines reigned supreme. They were driven by a simple formula—sex, action and adventure—that appealed directly to a young man's fantasies. In *The Classic Era of American Pulp Magazines* (Chicago Review Press) by Peter Haining, pulps return from the dead. The book is filled with artwork of the exquisite women who adorned the covers of such spicy pulps as *Stolen Sweets* and *Saucy Stories*. You'll want to read it in one sitting—a long day's journey into noir.



money, but Qatar was the little camel that could.

Ted Kennedy: The least of the brothers and still the best speaker in the Senate.

Mick Taylor: Exiled off Main Street. It hasn't been the same since.

Coriolanus: Heh heh—the Bard said anus.

Yasmine Bleeth: A *Baywatch* chick who didn't pose for PLAYBOY. Yet.

The Buffalo Bills: Four straight appearances, no Super Bowl wins. "Fran Tarkenton on the line for Jim Kelly."

Staten Island: Still part of Jersey, right?

Trent Dilfer: The Ravens ditched Dilfer, surely the weakest Super Bowl-winning QB, in the off-sea-

son. But where's Marino's ring?

George Lazenby: The weakest Bond still had enough strumpf to nail Diana Rigg.

The 1997 World Series (Marlins vs. Indians): So it snowed and few watched. Those who did saw some damn good games. *Hasta luego*, Jose Mesa.

The Greatest Show on Earth: Everyone agrees it is the worst movie to win best picture. But it has the Oscar and *High Noon* doesn't.

¡DEJAME VER TUS TETAS!

It's rough being a substitute teacher, as Dana Gibson can attest. During a stint teaching Spanish at St. Joseph High School in Orcutt, California, one of the

THREADBARE AND FANCY FREE

Justine Bateman, the most interesting thing about *Family Ties*, has given up acting. She stopped by our office to show us her new passion—fashion. Justine has created a wide range of women's dresses, sweaters and hats—all for the gal who likes to go out and be seen. The garment at left, a "spider sweater," has no thermal properties whatsoever. But, of course, that's not the point. See Justine's creations for yourself at justinebateman.com.



THE PLAYBOY MARGARITA MIXER TASTE TEST

Margarita mix	Overall rating on a scale of one to five*	Upside	Downside	Reminds you of	The morning after	Slogan we'd like to see
Daily's Green Demon	4.5	Increases your pucker power to 10 times its normal strength	Makes lips so salty kissing rarely lasts more than 10 seconds	The <i>Different Strokes</i> episode in which Dana Plato's hair turns green	After two ginger ales and two liters of water, you still won't have to pee	Challenge your immune system like it has never been challenged before
Jose Cuervo Perfect Strawberry	4.8	It's a chick magnet	Causes a vermilion margarita mustache in three out of 10 cases	Lipstick in surprising places	Your burps smell like air freshener	They should have drunk this at Jonestown
Sauza	4.8	Announces the end of siesta	Announces the end of siesta	Cliff diving	You'll say hello to Señor Wences	Let's give it up for the Zapatistas
Mr. & Mrs. T	1.4	Prompts roundtable discussion on the intelligence of Mrs. T	Less punch than a jab by Gandhi	Amoco bathrooms	You won't recognize the stranger in your bed	We pity the poor fool who drinks this
Holland House	3.1	Tartier than Britney Spears	Like Florida, it has way too much citrus	Cheap women in Cancun bars	Your heart beats in your head	Try this between your tulips



*Our cleaning crew left a note suggesting the best flavor was achieved when all five margaritas were mixed together.

kids told her the lesson was boring. Gibson livened things up by removing her shirt and proceeding to teach in a sports bra—for which she was promptly fired. "It didn't seem like a big deal," Gibson said, "but maybe something's totally wrong with me." Step into our photo studio, ma'am, and we'll let you know for sure.

PLAYFUL MATE

Count a sense of humor among March 2001 Playmate Miriam Gonzalez' plentiful assets. Recently, she was a celebrity mod-

erator for one of our oft-cited sites, top five.com. From numerous entries, Gonzalez compiled "The Top 15 Signs Your Neighbor Is a Playmate." Our favorites: "There are so many 13-year-olds mowing her lawn that it sounds like the Indy 500." "You get an angry phone call at two A.M. describing your barking dog as a real turnoff." "Your son: 'Come on, Dad, please let me camp out in the backyard.' You: 'Son, go home before your wife and kids start to wonder where you are.'" "You've spoken with her hundreds of times but still have no idea what color her eyes are—or if she even has any." "Her occupation is listed clearly as Playboy Playmate on the restraining or-

der she just took out against you." And the most telltale indication? "Her lawn is kept completely bare on the edges and trimmed neatly down the middle."

NETWHACKER

The latest chapter in Henry Hill's saga—documented in Nicholas Pileggi's remarkable book *Wiseguy* and Martin Scorsese's film *Goodfellas*—can be found at goodfellaHenry.com. Self-described as "the only real hit on the web," it offers tours of his old stomping grounds, top-10 murder techniques ("Brooklyn Fogger: plastic bag over the head") and corpse-disposal methods ("Coney Island



DISH OF THE MONTH

With wood-paneled walls decked out in cowboy art and fly-fishing gear, Roaring Fork looks more like it belongs in the Rocky Mountains than in Scottsdale, Arizona. Chef Robert McGrath does what he calls American Western cuisine—macho helpings of dishes like beef filet glazed with coffee-and-molasses "shellac." One of Roaring Fork's best sellers is this duo of grilled pork tenderloin and braised baby back ribs. McGrath cooks the ribs in a sauce made with lots of chilies and Dr Pepper. "The soft drink helps break down the meat," he says. McGrath goes in for heavy-duty sides like blue-cheese bread pudding. Drop into the bar during happy hour, when Buzzard's Breath back ribs, also cooked with Dr P, go for \$6. Warning: The bar may be packed out. Regulars love the beef jerky, the trail mix and killer cocktails like the Wrath of McGrath: Smirnoff 100-proof jalapeno-flavored vodka served straight up—ice cold but red hat.

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
OFFERED A
SHOT



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THE MONEY SHOT

Know when to hold them, know when to fold them. And the best place to learn how to impress friends down at the corner bar is Origami Underground (underground.zork.net). Here, in case you haven't guessed, is a neatly folded dollar-bill vagina. The instructions are simple but actually making the damn thing isn't. We tried repeatedly until we found a skilled woman who also knew origami. But since she gave the finished piece to us, we've been turning it upside down and sideways and we're still not positive which end is supposed to be up. One thing's for sure: Whenever we crumple it up, it snaps right back into shape.



Foot-Long: Make sure you have an in at the meat processing plant"). Hill, who ratted out his Lucchese family buddies and then had the balls to get kicked out of the witness protection program, thumbs his nose at his enemies. In his Mobster Shop you can buy an autographed *Goodfellas* movie poster—"Get yours before I get whacked." The best example of the precariousness of his predicament can be found in the "Threat of the Week" section. One of our favorite entries reads, "Dear Stoolie Cock-Sucker: I know exactly where to find you, you stinkin' hump, and I'm gonna ass-fuck you with one of your shitty posters before I bury a bullet in your ugly face."

NURSE WRETCHED

A worrisome indication of the quality of health care education in America can be found in an article written by nurse Francine H. in the Framingham State College student paper. In it, she denounces the practice of fellatio by asking, "If you went to a hot dog stand and you got a hot dog and then it fell on the ground and you got dirt on it, rocks and hair, would you pick it up, put it in the bun and stick it in your mouth? No." Apparently this woman needs to meet tidier gents.

THE TIP SHEET

Tobacco cow pies: An ex-prison administrator is accused of taking bribes for

sneaking tobacco to inmates—he smuggled bags of it inside cows' rectums.

Pee in your seats: ESPN Zone restaurants around the country installed television monitors above urinals for full water-sports action.

Feral Cheryl: An Australian doll that has dreadlocks, piercings and pubic hair. Wax kit sold separately.

Vehicle-mounted Active Denial System: The *Marine Corps Times* says the Marines have developed a weapon that disperses energy in the form of microwaves that can burn the skin of enemy soldiers. Or defrost a chicken from 100 meters.

ChromaFlair paint: A new futuristic auto finish that turns cars into chameleons. As you walk around the showroom and your angle of vision changes, so will the color of the car. But not the price.

The Strategy Group: President Bush's long-range planning council headed by Karl Rove takes its name from a *Saturday Night Live*-style send-up of the president's malapropisms.

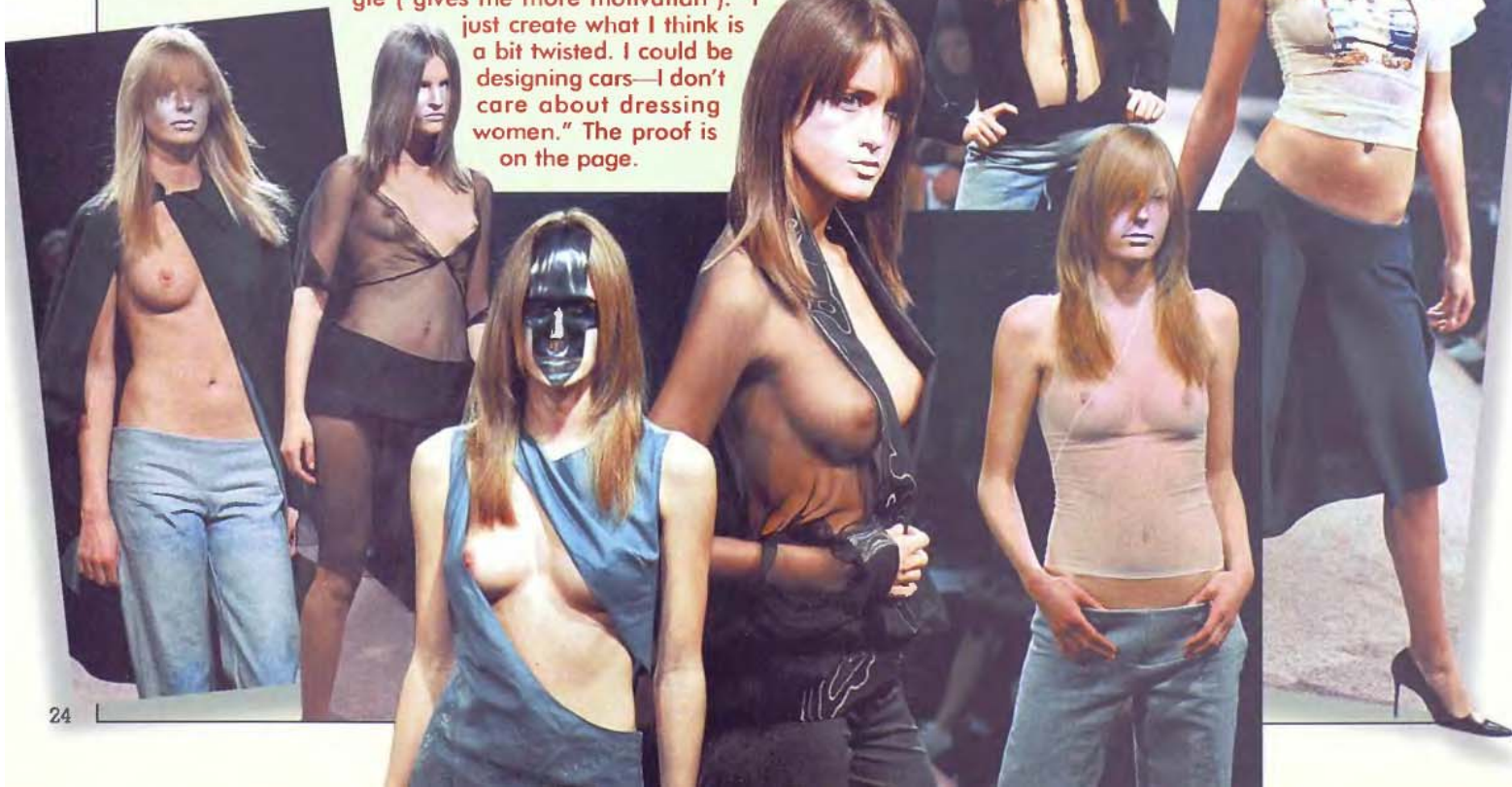


"Half of me is still a kid and half of me is a 60-year-old granny, making sure people have warm socks on and stuff." —Björk

WARREN'S PIECES

Warren Noronho's sudden arrival on the fashion scene is as unexpected as his designs. The 26-year-old Brit, loved by critics and buyers, rose to success with his first two shows. "I don't have a specific woman in mind when I design," says Noronho, who is straight and single ("gives me more motivation"). "I

just create what I think is a bit twisted. I could be designing cars—I don't care about dressing women." The proof is on the page.



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"He's still mad at me. He thinks I threw away all of his baseball cards. 'They'd be worth millions now.' I'm quoting him: 'Millions now.'"—BARBARA BUSH ON HER SON GEORGE W.

MUSICAL SHARES

Of total music sales in the U.S. last year, the percentage that was country music: 11. Percentage that was hip-hop: 13. Rock: 25.

WORK STOPPAGE

According to a survey by Accountemps, percentage of executives who spend more than an hour a day reading and sending e-mail: 57. Percentage who spend more than two hours: 20. More than three hours: 8.

GLOCK-AND-ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

According to a poll of 45,000 students in grades one through eight, percentage of girls who feel unsafe in school: 52. Percentage of boys who feel unsafe in school: 77. Percentage decrease in violent deaths in schools since 1992: 70.

URNINGS

Amount earned last year by James Dean: \$3 million. Amount earned by Marilyn Monroe: \$4 million. By Jerry Garcia: \$5 million. By Andy Warhol: \$8 million. By Bob Marley: \$10 million. By Theodore "Dr. Seuss" Geisel: \$17 million. By John Lennon and Charles Shultz: \$20 million. By Elvis: \$35 million.

GREY POOP ON

Proportion of Parisians who own dogs: 1 of 3. Amount of dog crap produced each day in the City of Light: 16 tons.

CURSE OF BAMBI

According to a seven-year study, number of West Virginia deer hunt-



FACT OF THE MONTH

The light saber Liam Neeson wielded in *Star Wars: Episode One* brought in a winning bid of \$54,000 in a Sotheby's HIV charity auction.

ers taken to the hospital for serious injuries caused by falling out of tree stands: 84.

PISSING YOUR LIFE AWAY

According to a report by the National Association for Continence, which studies bathroom behavior, the total amount of time an average American spends in the can per year: 2 weeks. Percentage who say they "read or ponder serious issues" there: 50. Percentage of men who say that they've made love there: 22.

BALLS OF IVY

The number of Ivy League players who have ever made it to the Pro Bowl: 12. Number from Yale: 4. From Harvard: 2.

LA CAGE AUX FILLES

The percentage increase in the rate of incarceration of women between 1980 and 1998: 516. The number of states with no laws barring sexual abuse or misconduct by male prison personnel: 5 (Alabama, Minnesota, Oregon, Vermont and Wisconsin).

CHILD'S PLAY

Number of adult members in the U.S. Chess Federation in 1990: 28,472. Number today: 27,073. Number of child members (under 14) in 1990: 3266. Number today: 35,196.

GRADE INFLATION

Percentage of adults who give their sex lives a grade of B: 13. A grade of A: 29. Of A-plus: 40.

ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE

According to a *Sales and Marketing Management* magazine survey, percentage of salespeople caught cheating on their expense reports whose fabrications included listing strip clubs as restaurants: 22. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

Vinnie's Tampon Case: Vinnie doesn't need it and neither do you, but your girlfriend may get a kick out of this gag gift from Blue Q, a Pittsfield, Massachusetts distributor. And it comes with charts, one called "Know Your Flow" and another titled "My Pals/Their Periods." Fresh.

HOG HEAVEN

Like a modern-day migration of the wildebeest, bikers numbering in the thousands head to Daytona Beach, Florida for an annual belly-bouncing powwow. Their presence does not go unnoticed by local naturalists, either. Here are some headlines that appeared on the front page of the *Daytona Beach News Journal Online* during this year's Bike Week festivities—headlines that clearly reveal one city's conflicted soul. *Wednesday:* Jeep Crash Traps Bikers; Bystanders Lift Vehicle Off Victims. Interstate 4 Traffic Accident Claims Wisconsin Biker's Life. *Thursday:* A Plea for Bikers to Wear Helmets. Motorcycle Officer Hit by Biker During Traffic Stop. Pet Superstore Adding Biker Wear for Four-Legged Friends. Police: Prescription Drugs Involved in Main Street Wreck. Sky Diver Crashes Into Woman at Bike Week

ARS LONGA

Leave it to the Germans to organize what the rest of the world happily treats as a sloppy passion. The new Erotic Museum in Berlin collects erotica from various cultures, like the ivory carving from Japan pictured here. Can't make the trip? Pick up a copy of its eponymous book (Parkstone Press) by Hans-Jürgen Döpp—you'll find everything but the gift shop and museum peep show. There are phallic monoliths from Bali, a flesh-flute player from Mexico and lots of German expressionist etchings of chicks with dicks. Much of the hot stuff is from—where else?—France. And if you think you are any freakier than your grandparents, check out Otto Rudolph Schatz' watercolor *Tit Fuck. Gesundheit!*



THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE ARE BASIC



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[coleslaw wrestling] Event. *Friday*: Woman Still Hospitalized After Being Hit by Sky Diver. Chief Urges Patience, Avoidance of Core Event Areas. Some Residential Streets Blocked to Bike Traffic. Noise Study Report Could Be Ready in 3-4 weeks. Stunt Motorcyclist Injured After Missing Landing Ramp. Bike Week at Full Entertainment Throttle. *Saturday*: Bikers Keep Emergency Rooms Busy. Consummate Film Biker Fonda Trips Into Town. *Sunday*: Five Stabbed in Fight. Dune Buggy on Tracks Hit by Train.



"You can do it on cruise ships, you can do it at home, so why shouldn't you be able to have relations on planes?"
—Richard Branson

Furry Plushie Page and its plushie lexicon. Having sex with toys is one thing, but talking about it is way over the top. Consider:

Biosexual: Someone who prefers to fuck biological partners.

Boink: Kinder, gentler, gender-neutral term for plush lovemaking.

Boinkable: Term applied to a plushie which is seemingly custom-made for

pleasuring. A talented plush.

Boink space: A place on a plushie that's pleasing to poke.

Carpet burn: What vigorous contact with a toy's rough fabric can give to a plushophile.

Meekometer: Meeko, the cute raccoon from *Pocahontas*, was made into a plush toy that has become the most popular stuffed critter in Plushiedom. It's also a standard unit of measurement that allows empiricists to convey the relative size of plushies. One Meekometer equals 20 inches.

Plushgasm: An orgasm elicited by making love with a plushie.

Scent boink: Becoming aroused or masturbating while smelling a plushie.

White fuzzies: Fiber-fill that adheres to one's penis after insertive sex.



SOUSED SORBET

From the Netherlands, a country where you can buy hashish over the counter, comes Frecky Ice. Only five percent alcohol, the frozen beverage is one more odd development to burble up from the rove world. The ice rods will be rolled out here in clubs and to promoters, so don't look for them in supermarkets or from your favorite bartender. Remember, real women drink tequila, or Red Bull and vodka.

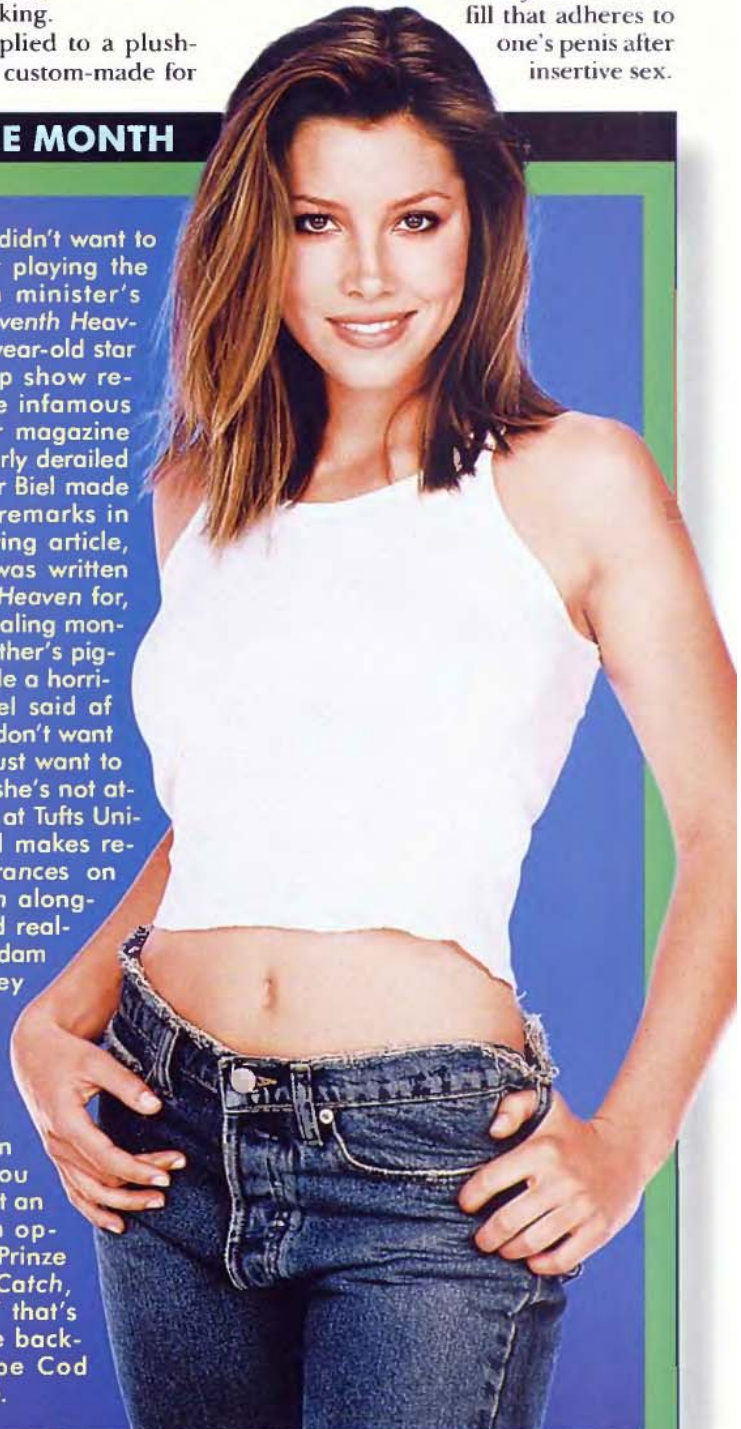
Exotic Dance Club Arrests. Locals Have a Love-Hate Relationship With Bike Week. *Monday*: Motorcycle Rider Dies in Crash-Marred Races. Motorcyclist Dies After Ramming SUV: Death Toll Sits at Five as Curtain Falls on Festivities. Bike Week Wraps Up Kinder, Gender Year.

THE OW OF POOH

Remember how as a child you wondered what your favorite stuffed animals did when the lights went out? Well, some adults know the answer, and it's not pretty. The world of plushophiles—fetishists with a thing for stuffed toys, a.k.a. plushies—has received occasional attention in the press. But we had no idea of how far this problem had spread until we heard about Fox Wolfie Galen's

BABE OF THE MONTH

JESSICA BIEL didn't want to be typecast for playing the squeaky-clean minister's daughter on *Seventh Heaven*, but the 19-year-old star of the WB's top show regrets doing the infamous seminude *Gear* magazine spread that nearly derailed her career. After Biel made foul-mouthed remarks in the accompanying article, her character was written out of *Seventh Heaven* for, of all things, stealing money from her brother's piggy bank. "I made a horrible choice," Biel said of the debacle. "I don't want that image—I just want to be me." When she's not attending college at Tufts University, Biel still makes recurring appearances on *Seventh Heaven* alongside her TV and real-life boyfriend, Adam LaVorgna. They met while filming *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, a comedy that followed Biel's movie debut in *Ulee's Gold*. You can see her next on the big screen opposite Freddie Prinze Jr. in *Summer Catch*, a "date movie" that's set against the backdrop of a Cape Cod baseball league.



By LEONARD MALTIN

The Princess and the Warrior (Sony Pictures Classics) is an infuriating film. Strangely compelling at times, drawn out, then downright silly, this fable will test the patience of many a moviegoer. Franka Potente, whom the director, Tom Tykwer, introduced to the world in *Run Lola Run*, plays a good-hearted nurse who is run over by a truck; the reckless young man (Benno Fürmann) who caused the accident also helps save her and thus becomes imbedded in her consciousness. When he later turns up at the asylum where she works, they begin an odd and tentative relationship. Tykwer sees his fable as a tribute to the power of love, and at times he conveys that feeling. But a series of odd, illogical and off-putting incidents and characters does everything possible to push us away. ❖❖

•
Hedwig and the Angry Inch (Fine Line) is a striking and enjoyable film that is doubly successful: as a first-rate adaptation

of the long-running off-Broadway show, and as a thorough rethinking of the material in cinematic terms. John Cameron Mitchell re-creates his starring role as Hedwig (born Hansel), an "international

who now ignores him and leaving most of his audiences perplexed. Mitchell adapted his stage text for the screen and directed the film, with music and lyrics by co-star Stephen Trask. The score is so good, and the staging of the key numbers so ingenious, that the wary viewer is won over, despite the odd premise of the piece. Mitchell gives a remarkable (and, considering how long he has played the role onstage, remarkably fresh) performance as the acerbic Hedwig. ❖❖❖



Potente: A misbegotten Princess.

ally ignored rock singer" whose botched sex-change operation and subsequent dumping by the boy-toy rock star he set on the road to success have left him dazed and embittered. He tours the U.S. with his band, playing in fourth-rate motel lounges, dogging the rock idol

•
These days, if a movie isn't edgy, it may not be acknowledged at all. *Green-fingers* (Samuel Goldwyn) has little if any edge. In fact, you might be tempted to call it nice, which is tantamount to a death sentence in today's market. But nice is exactly what it is: an upbeat British film inspired by the true story of inmates at a progressive prison who begin gardening and wind up competing at England's most prestigious flower show at Hampton Court. Clive Owen (who had the title role in *Croupier*) plays

I go to movie theaters in Los Angeles on a regular basis. It's easy to spot me: I'm the one running up the aisle to the lobby of the multiplex, desperately looking for someone—anyone—to tell that the film I'm trying to watch

IN AND OUT OF FOCUS

is out of focus.

There's a ritual to be observed. I've learned that no matter how blaring the noise, no matter how blurry the preview trailers are, those indignities are to be ignored; the sound and focus have been set for the feature film, and it doesn't pay to complain until the main titles come up. Then, and only then, can I see if I'm in for a decent presentation.

As often as not, I'm the only one complaining. No wonder theater owners seem to have no concern about giving the public its money's worth.

In olden days, it required only a couple of loudmouths to shout, "Focus!" or "Frame the picture!" to remedy these ills. Nowadays, those pleas fall on ears that aren't so much deaf as nonexistent. Most of the time, there is no human being at the projector.

The dodo bird has nothing on the professional movie projectionist. One of the last full-time union-carded specialists in Hollywood explained to me that he only works at his company's flagship theater on the night shift. That way, he can repair the damage done during the day by inexperienced theater staff who simply switch the machines on and off. Management figures that if anyone complains during a sparsely attended matinee, it's cheaper to pay them for their inconvenience with free passes than to hire union men to work all day.

What's more, the labor involved in screening a movie has been dramati-

cally reduced by the invention of the platter projector, which holds an entire film in one loop, eliminating the need for reel changeovers—formerly a projectionist's major task. The problem arises from having to set a fixed focus and sound level, which forces an audience to live with wild variations during the preshow. (The other problem is that films are subjected to more wear and tear than ever before; perhaps that's why even relatively new prints have distracting lines, scratches and splices.)

Acknowledging the need for quality control, Kodak launched a program called Screen Check several years ago, sending field representatives to theaters to make sure the equipment was properly maintained, enough light was being used, etc. The last time I saw the promotional trailer for this service at my neighborhood theater, it was projected out of focus. Honest. —L.M.

a loner who's drawn out of his shell by his crafty old roommate (David Kelly, co-star of *Waking Ned Devine*); together they embark on a most unlikely quest. Eventually, the doyenne of English gardens (Helen Mirren) is inspired to guide and even sponsor them. *Greenfingers* may not be gritty or terribly incisive, but it fits the definition of a feel-good film. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

If Hollywood had produced anything this year as clever or original as *The Crimson Rivers* (Tristar), I'd be a happier guy. This is a first-rate crime thriller, and if it were in English it would be a hit, along the lines of *Seven* and *Silence of the Lambs*. Because it's in French, it will be relegated to art houses and that's a shame; it deserves a bigger audience. The wonderful Jean Reno stars as the head of a special-investigations unit who travels to a wintry valley where a man has been tortured and killed. A series of clues leads Reno to believe the murderer wants him to follow a path—from one body to another. Meanwhile, a small-town cop (Vincent Cassel) investigates

the desecration of a young girl's grave, and eventually crosses paths with Reno. To reveal more would spoil a movie brimming with surprise. I have a feeling we'll be seeing an American version before long; take my advice and see the real thing first. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Jump Tomorrow (IFC) is a romantic comedy so slight, so small, that examining it feels like pinning down a butterfly: I fear I might tear its wings. But this debut feature from director Joel Hopkins shows great promise, and if it takes a while to win over the viewer, it's worth the effort. Newcomer Tunde Adebimpe plays an uptight office worker on his way to an arranged marriage with a woman from his native Nigeria. But a chance meeting with a luminous Latina (Natalia Verbeke) leads him astray. His newfound French friend, Gerard (Hippolyte Girardot), encourages him, because in his mind, love is all. Filmmaker Hopkins may be a miniaturist, but his film has genuine charm. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

SCENE STEALER



THORA BIRCH. FIRST NOTICED IN: *Purple People Eater*, at the age of six (following TV commercials at four and a half). **RECENTLY ACCLAIMED FOR:** *American Beauty*. **HOW SHE DESCRIBES HER CHARACTER IN TERRY ZWIGOFF'S UPCOMING GHOST WORLD:** "Enid is a zany, vivacious character who is on one track one minute, and on another five minutes later." **THE ADVANTAGE SHE HAS OVER ACTRESSES WHO HAVEN'T BEEN WORKING MOST OF THEIR LIVES:** "The only advantage it gives me is the awareness of how much there is yet to learn and do. I grew up in the industry and that's where I'm most comfortable." **ONE OF THE BEST MOVIES SHE EVER TURNED DOWN:** When I read the script for *American Pie*, I laughed my ass off—it was so funny, but there wasn't a particular character that I glommed on to, where I could see this being really fulfilling." **THE PART SHE COULD SEE HERSELF PLAYING YEARS FROM NOW:** "This is way down the line: the Ellen Burstyn part in *Requiem for a Dream*. Her performance in that was so powerful, so brilliant." **THE THING ABOUT ACTING THAT STILL TURNS HER ON:** "The work itself, being on the set, creating a character, pushing myself further each day, trying to take on challenges and roles that will make me work to become that other person." —L.M.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Angel Eyes (Listed only) Jennifer Lopez and Jim Caviezel turn in sincere performances in a predictable story about a cop and a loner who share a connection—but don't realize it, as they begin to fall in love. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

The Crimson Rivers (See review) Jean Reno and Vincent Cassel star in this creepy, unpredictable French crime thriller about two cops whose paths intersect while they track clues to what appears to be a serial killer. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Greenfingers (See review) Clive Owen (*Croupier*) stars in this pleasant comedy based on real-life British prisoners who made names for themselves as gardeners. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

Hedwig and the Angry Inch (See review) The off-Broadway musical about an obscure, self-loathing transvestite rock singer has been faithfully captured on film—but reinvented cinematically with considerable success. The song score is a standout. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Jump Tomorrow (See review) A small, independent film with definite charm, about an uptight office worker whose family-planned marriage is doomed once he falls for a charming Latin woman. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

Moulin Rouge (Listed only) Ewan McGregor and Nicole Kidman try to breathe life into their roles as star-crossed lovers, but they're smothered by Baz Luhrmann's grotesque carnival of a movie. The visuals are staggering, but you're not supposed to leave a musical movie whistling the production design. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

The Mummy Returns (Listed only) Bad writing is just one curse attributable to this lamebrained sequel. Brendan Fraser and Rachel Weisz deserve better, and so do we. $\mathcal{V}\frac{1}{2}$

Pearl Harbor (Listed only) A big, entertaining, sometimes silly Hollywood movie—better than we have any reason to expect from producer Jerry Bruckheimer and director Michael Bay. The central Pearl Harbor recreation is a knockout. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

The Princess and the Warrior (See review) Tom Tykwer, of *Run Lola Run* fame, has concocted a heavy-handed fable with *Lola* star Franka Potente as a nurse who is drawn to a strange young man. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

Time and Tide (Listed only) Hong Kong director Tsui Hark's latest advertises "you won't know who's shooting who," which is one of the problems: The action scenes are great, but this movie is just confusing. $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$

$\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Don't miss $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Worth a look
 $\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}\mathcal{V}$ Good show \mathcal{V} Forget it



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GUEST SHOT



"I love all those Seventies films like *The Exorcist*, *MASH*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Young Frankenstein*, *The Godfather* and *Love and Death*," says Dr. Drew Pinsky, host of *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*. "But I'll step out of that decade—in both directions—from Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* to *It's a Wonderful Life* to 2001 to *The Plover*. I prefer comedies to dramas, especially when in hotel rooms. At home, our movie-watching ritual is popcorn from Blockbuster, blankets, feet up, a fire.

Nowadays, our kids drive our movie choices, which are mostly Disney films. I was delighted when our daughter finally graduated to *Miss Congeniality*." —SUSAN KARLIN

CONCERT-ED EFFORTS

Grateful Dawg, a documentary with lots of concert footage exploring Jerry Garcia's bluegrass roots, gets limited release to theaters in August before it finds its way to video. Here are a few other "all access" movies about music.

Woodstock (1970): The 1969 concert for 500,000 that rocked the world. Look for the director's cut with added footage, including acts (Janis Joplin, for one) edited from the theatrical version.

The Last Waltz (1978): The first concert film by a major director—Martin Scorsese—using Hollywood production techniques. The Band's last gig is an all-star jam, but watch out for Neil Diamond's very cool appearance.

Gimme Shelter (1970): A fan is killed by Hell's Angels "security guards" at Altamont while the Rolling Stones play, fittingly, *Sympathy for the Devil*. Mick flinches, but the film never does. Rock at its most primal, unfortunately.

James Brown: Body Heat (1979): This is the show that put soul brother number one back on the charts. Get the *Sex Machine* another cape. On DVD only.

Jimi Hendrix at the Isle of Wight (1992): This 1970 show on the English island captures Jimi at his psychedelic height—a month later, he was dead. *Purple Haze* and *Fire* are missing, but most of the rest are here.

Ugh! A Music War (1981): Filmed at various venues in 1980, this rough-hewn film captures 30 groundbreaking punk and New Wave bands—the Police, the

Cramps, X, UB40, the Go-Go's, Devo, Oingo Boingo, even reclusive XTC—at their frenzied best. Check out the punk fashions in the audiences.

Elvis: '68 Comeback Special (1968): You haven't seen this? The King's first television special and first public performance in eight years finds him in fine voice and form in front of a very close live audience.

The T.A.M.I. Show (1964): The Teenage Awards Music International Show presented Chuck Berry, the Stones, the Beach Boys, Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Supremes, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Jan and Dean, Marvin Gaye, Lesley Gore and James Brown. It's only a kinescope (a tape from a TV monitor), but it rocks.

U2: Rattle and Hum (1988): This documentary follows the lads from Dublin across America as they ride high in the charts following the release of their breakout album, *The Joshua Tree*. Includes 11 songs not on the disc.

Stop Making Sense (1984): This one builds to a frenzy, thanks to head Talking Head David Byrne's inescapable musical hooks and artsy staging (Why the big suit? Why not?) and director Jonathan Demme's calculated pacing. One of the best concert films ever. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Steve McQueen, the Sixties paradigm of loner cool, was the inspiration for the recent independent hit *The Tao of Steve*. Those who wish to go back to the source will want the commentary-inclusive discs of both *The Sand Pebbles* (1966, Fox, \$25) and *The Magnificent Seven* (1960, MGM, \$20). In addition to wonderful transfers

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

Nothing can clear a roomful of women faster than the Three Stooges. There's something about Moe, Larry and Shemp (later Curly) and their approach to problem solving that most females just don't get. No matter, 12 of their freshmen features have been collected on DVD in *The Three Stooges: The Early Years* (American Home Treasures). The Stooges (the vaudeville term for second bananas) create mirth from eye gouging and other mayhem and foster a world of ethical chaos. Beavis and Butt-head have nyuk-nyuk-nyuking on these guys. —JOHN REZEK



and superior audio, the commentaries afford the McQueen-inclined a primer on the enigmatic icon's unique ch'i. "Steve McQueen clearly suffered, emotionally, in life," Candice Bergen cautiously observes early in the audio commentary track of *The Sand Pebbles*. Her impressions of him feel like a former student's recollections of a revered professor in need of a hug. *The Magnificent Seven* commentary includes memories from James Coburn. "There was a competitive nature about Steve that, phew, got a little bit overwhelming sometimes," Coburn notes at one point. McQueen comes across as an alpha male with that tender inner core the ladies love. Who isn't tao with that? —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	<i>The Pledge</i> (an ex-cop obsessively stalks a young girl's killer; Sean Penn directs Jack Nicholson to the benefit of all), <i>Pollock</i> (the dazzling, tortured life of abstract expressionist painter Jackson Pollock; Ed Harris directs himself brilliantly).
SUPERNATURAL	<i>Chocolat</i> (Juliette Binoche's confections cast liberating spells over French provincial tight-asses; sweet and sexy, if light), <i>The Gift</i> (deep-South psychic Cate Blanchett unwraps a local murder mystery; tense and spooky, if obvious).
ACTION	<i>Snatch</i> (director Guy Ritchie's <i>Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels</i> follow-up; <i>Clockwork Orange</i> via Damon Runyon?), <i>Essex Boys</i> (more Britfellas, with erstwhile <i>Patriot Games</i> heel Sean Bean as top thug; a few flashes, but no <i>Snatch</i>).
THE DARK SIDE	<i>Hannibal</i> (Hopkins remains a serenely urbane flesh eater in Ridley Scott's satisfying <i>Silence of the Lambs</i> sequel), <i>Querelle</i> (Fassbinder's fascinating final film mixes murder and a gay ménage à trois in a seaside brothel).

PATTY LOVELESS was born to make *Mountain Soul* (Epic), filled as it is with the kind of songs she heard growing up in Pikeville, Kentucky. Some are traditional (*Soul of Constant Sorrow*, *Rise Up Lazarus*) and some are classic bluegrass (Jack Clement's *Someone I Used to Know*, the three Stanley Brothers numbers). But even on the new ones, Loveless sounds like she has known them forever. Loveless has perhaps the most beautiful voice in contemporary Nashville. On her best numbers, she reaches new heights: Darrell Scott's *You'll Never Leave Harlan Alive* (which recounts the crushed hopes and tragic dreams of a coal miner), *Sorrowful Angels* (the story of an Appalachian Miss Havisham) and *Cheap Whiskey* (where she makes a pathetic drunk come to miserable life). This record defines Patty Loveless not as a commercial property, but as an inspired and inspiring artist.



Maal's *Missing You*.

—DAVE MARSH

Hedningarna has reissued its self-titled first album (NorthSide), and that's welcome news for those who love Nordic folk music. Recorded in 1989, when the band was a trio, this disc established them as a tremendous dance band, capable of building trance grooves using ancient instruments. In subsequent years they added vocalists and various electronic effects, but the stark beauty of these eerie tunes can still melt your igloo.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Now that music is dominated by rappers, female vocal groups and teen idols, is there room for a middle-aged Eighties icon? Twice in the Nineties Lionel Richie released music that was met with indifference. *Renaissance* (Def Jam), a collection that mixes youthful producers with his melodies, is Richie's bid for prominence. Much of *Renaissance* consists of well-produced dance numbers that, for all of their 21st century technical flourishes, sound like the Lionel Richie of old. More radical are the two versions of *Angel*, a European club hit. But it's the straight love songs—*Tender Heart*, *Don't You Ever Go Away* and *It May Be the Water*, and a ballad like *How Long*—that ground this set. Richie has always been a great vocal technician who can move a lyric through a melody with masterful control.

Those into Lionel Richie nostalgia because of his new CD should check out the recently reissued *The Commodores* (Motown). This 1977 album is a pivotal work. Much of it is composed of the bright funk that defined the band. The dance floor-worthy *Brick House*, featuring drummer Walter Orange's nasty vocals, is on it.

—NELSON GEORGE

Missing You (Palm) is a powerful new release by Baaba Maal, who is arguably Africa's finest vocalist. Recorded on a mobile unit in his village of Nbunk, Senegal, Maal's mellifluous vocals are supported by harps, lutes, vibes, drums and guitars. His reggae influences and melodic singing recall a slightly sweeter Bob Marley or Toots Hibbert. Maal's songs—which are tempered by Middle Eastern and Spanish influences—describe the travails and joys of father earth and mother Africa.

—VIC GARBARINI

Anglos generally don't do Latin well. So when singer-songwriter Kirsty MacColl returned to recording last year with *Tropical Brainstorm* (Instinct), few cared that no U.S. company picked it up. We were wrong. MacColl was always a solid, sophisticated performer who shared her folkie dad Ewan's nose for a lyric. But here she's wild, sexy, risky and funny. She stalks a fan; she has computer sex

with a guy in Amsterdam. The music isn't authentic and isn't supposed to be, but its fake-salsa lilt always puts it across. Tragically, MacColl died last December at the age of 41, hit by a speedboat while swimming in Mexico. This CD is filled with vitality. The fact that she was doing what she loved when the moment came only makes it worse.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Greg Trooper is a songwriter and performer who deserves about 12 times the attention he's received. He knows how to play rock against country and folk and position the pressures of adulthood against the longing for adolescent freedom. The result is *Straight Down Rain* (Eminent), with tracks like *Nothin' But You*, *Real Like That* and *Trampoline* that would fit in a tavern in his native New Jersey or a honky-tonk in his adopted Nashville and a million joints in between. There being no room for smart adult music on radio shouldn't prevent you from making room for this in your house.

—D.M.



Patty sings the blues.

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band: Live in New York City (Columbia) is a remarkable two-CD set, most of it culled from his recent HBO concert. Every one of his classics reveals new dimensions, and some (like *The River*) are completely reworked. Others, such as *Atlantic City*, are recorded with the E Street Band for the first time. The 50-ish Springsteen is simply astonishing. His songs about despair and struggle are transformed into celebrations. The CD contains six songs not on the HBO special, including renditions of *Jungleland* and *Born in the USA*. The guy from Jersey has proved again that rock and roll is not dead.

—V.G.

If you thought that *Nuggets: Original Artyfacts From the First Psychedelic Era* was the greatest of all boxed sets, as I did, you're going to have heart palpitations at the mere suggestion of *Nuggets II: Original Artyfacts From the British Empire and Beyond* (Rhino). Documenting the garage rock explosion of the Sixties outside the U.S., *Nuggets II* demonstrates that the invention of the fuzz pedal inspired

SOUND BITES

IKE TURNER'S TIME-TESTED TUNES

Beach Boys:
Good Vibrations

The Who: Who Are You

Crosby, Stills & Nash:
Suite: Judy Blue Eyes

Louis Jordan: Caldonia

Muddy Waters:
Hoochie Coochie Man

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT: The White House tried to sell President George W. Bush's budget by passing out the lyrics to the Stones' *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. The spokesman said it showed their "witty side." We see this bunch as more of a *19th Nervous Breakdown*.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for Marvin Gaye's daughter Nona playing opposite Will Smith in *Ali* and listen for her next CD. . . . Mark Wahlberg's comedy *Rock Star* will be out next month. Inspired by Judas Priest, it was formerly called *Metal God*. . . . Roy Charles' son will co-produce a film bio about his dad called *Unchain My Heart*. . . . Elvis' best movie is going to be a play. *Jailhouse Rock* will be seen first in LA this fall and then around the country. All the songs are intact. . . . Lil' Kim and the Roots' Tariq Trotter will star in the indie film *10029*, the zip code for East Harlem.

NEWSBREAKS: The Outkast clothing line will launch with menswear. Next year there'll be lines of women's and children's clothes, too. . . . With Tupac's latest CD selling like hotcakes and a play about his life produced in New York this past spring, his mother says all of the 150 tracks he left will eventually be released. Next up: another double CD this fall. . . . Come celebrate Louis Armstrong's centennial in New Orleans August 2 through 4. Stick around for Ellis Marsalis and his four talented sons along with Harry Connick Jr. to team up for an Armstrong tribute concert at the University of New Orleans. Call 504-299-7175 for more information. . . . The *Oxford American's* fifth double music issue just came out. The accompanying CD is a



must-have. . . . If you make it to the Rolling Rock Town Fair 2.0 in Latrobe, Pennsylvania in early August for Stone Temple Pilots, Incubus and the Deftones, you'll see a brand-new main stage similar to a turntable. It will allow one band to set up while another is playing, which means the music will be continual. . . . When you think of Chuck Leavell, you picture him at the piano with the Stones or reunited with the Allman Brothers for a tour, as he was this past spring. You probably don't think of him as a rock-and-roll tree farmer, but then you haven't read his book, *Forever Green* (Longstreet Press), about American forests. It comes with a solo piano CD, *Forever Blue*. . . . John Bonham's stainless steel drum kit went for \$15,000 at auction in London. . . . Madison Square Garden will host a Michael Jackson anniversary party in September with performances by Michael and his

brothers, Whitney, Britney, Shaggy and 'N Sync. . . . Andrew Morton, who wrote bios of Princess Di and Monica Lewinsky, will have his unauthorized Madonna book in stores this November. . . . The London musical about the Pet Shop Boys, *Closer to Heaven*, stars Paul Keating, who was the lead in *Tommy*. . . . If we lived in Italy, we could see David Bowie's *Dracula* miniseries. Maybe it will make its way to us. . . . We're not surprised that the Mormon Tabernacle Choir didn't appear at Ozzfest. Mormons were expected to share a 1340-acre site with the festival this past June in San Bernardino, California, but the concert was "completely incompatible with our celebration," said a Mormon spokeswoman. Praise the Lord.

—BARBARA NELLIS

young men around the world to beat riffs to death while rearranging their brain synapses with LSD. The quality is a little more uneven than it was on the original set, but the intended hilarity of the liner notes works and is indeed hilarious and highly informative. —C.Y.

Slug, of Minneapolis' Atmosphere, is the anti-Eminem. He's no do-gooder, but while he clearly comes out of the same nowhere culture, he's more interested in frustration and anxiety than rage. Lucy Ford (Rhymesayers, 2411 Hennepin Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55405) is one of the least grandiose rap albums ever. Listen up and you'll hang on every word. —R.C.

After 14 years and eight CDs of exhilarating Irish folk music, Cherish the Ladies decided it was time to mix it up with the other half of the human race on *The Girls Won't Leave the Boys Alone* (Windham Hill). The boys include stars from the folkie circuit: the Clancy Brothers, Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie and Eric Weissberg. Not that the Ladies are in need of any help. —C.Y.



Kirsty's Brainstorm.

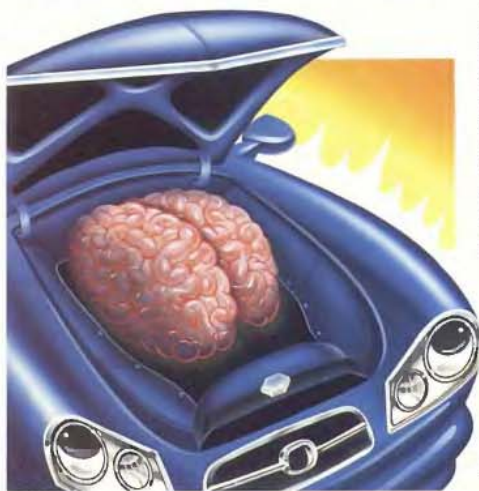
One of Nashville's original wild men, Billy Joe Shaver is single-handedly bringing back outlaw country on *The Earth Rolls On* (New West). The guitar at the end of *Evergreen Fields* blasts away at Lynyrd Skynyrd level, and the introduction to the title track is *Paint It Black*. But the CD's focus is Shaver's love for his wife, Brenda, and son, Eddy (who played that guitar solo), both of whom recently died. The boldest song is *Blood Is Thicker Than Water*, a father-and-son duet that never flinches in its depiction of consequences. The Shavers are philosophically contradictory, preaching Jesus and singing about sluts in the same tune. —D.M.

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Hedningarna <i>Hedningarna</i>	6	7	6	5	8
Patty Loveless <i>Mountain Soul</i>	7	7	7	10	7
Baaba Maal <i>Missing You</i>	9	8	8	8	7
Kirsty MacColl <i>Tropical Brainstorm</i>	8	8	9	6	8
Lionel Richie <i>Renaissance</i>	4	6	8	5	6

SMART CARS

The first graduating class of smart cars will be ready to roll out later this year. The brains inside them are courtesy of Microsoft Car.net (an operating system based on Windows CE for Automotive 3.0). Smart-car drivers will have access to Internet updates, entertainment (DVD movies or video games), real-time navigational features (GPS directions, city guides, etc.) and other road-trip tools. For working on the run, these automobiles will come equipped with advanced communication capabilities (hands-free cell phone access, e-mail and instant mes-



sages) and Palm Pilot functions. Microsoft's operating system also adds improved security. Should anyone attempt to open the door, the car dials the owner's cell phone. When the owner answers, the car stereo acts as a two-way speaker system, allowing communication with the person on the outside. If it's your buddy, you can open the door for him with the push of a button. If it's a thief, you can sound the alarm or call the police, or both. Best of all, most of these luxuries will work primarily with speech recognition designed for safe driving. Many Cadillac models are expected to ship with custom Car.net systems. By the end of the year, Microsoft coyly promises that "a very large German luxury manufacturer" will begin using Car.net-enhanced intelligence. —MARC SALTZMAN

NUON DVD

Our rule is simple: Any technology that can bring us closer to Elizabeth Hurley is worth checking out. With that in mind, we watched the recently released *Bedazzled* DVD, the first to offer features us-

ing Nuon technology. Developed by VM Labs, Nuon is a special chip built into a DVD player that enables all of the cool features we were promised by the DVD format. The 128-bit processor (compared with the 32-bit of an average DVD player) can perform roughly 1.5 billion commands per second, which allows users to access sound and picture controls onscreen during playback, take advantage of multiple camera angles and perform strobeflike screen captures. Our favorite feature: a powerful zoom control that can magnify any area of the screen up to 20 times. When used on the *Bedazzled* DVD during Brendan Fraser's basketball scene, the intense close-up reveals many of the seated spectators to be cardboard cutouts. We found it particularly useful for getting a good look at Hurley in her schoolgirl outfit. Nuon-enhanced DVD players can also play specially designed video games by connecting a game pad (included with most Nuon models and also sold separately). Although the available games aren't going to rival those for PlayStation 2, there are several fun titles such as *Ballistic*, *Monopoly*, *Myst* and *Merlin Racing*. Nuon DVD players from Toshiba and Samsung are already in stores for about \$250. And don't worry, *Bedazzled* and other Nuon DVDs will still play on regular DVD players. You'll just miss out on the special Hurley fashion show, one of the Nuon-only features.

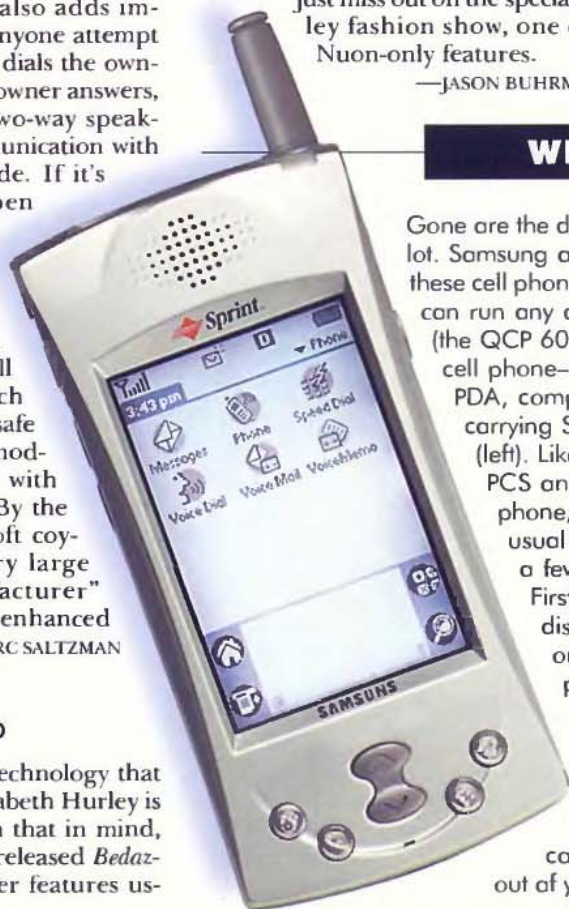
—JASON BUHRMESTER

Game of the Month



Just how sweet would it be to have a garageful of shiny new sports cars? Check out *Gran Turismo 3 A-Spec*. The new PlayStation 2 game by Sony comes loaded with more than 150 of the latest automobiles, including the Nissan Z, Mazda RX-8, Jaguar XJ220 and Lotus Elise. Take your favorite for a run on one of the game's 20 tracks (including Monte Carlo, Tokyo and a rally race, all new to the series) and race against computer opponents or a few buddies. But remember: Each handles according to real physics—even through pouring rain—so watch those tight turns. —M.S.

WILD THINGS



Gone are the days of schlepping both a cell phone and a Palm Pilot. Samsung and Kyocera have combined the two. And because these cell phone-PDA combos are powered by Palm software, they can run any available Palm applications. Kyocera's PDA phone (the QCP 6035 Smartphone) was the first to hit the streets. The cell phone-sized device flips open to reveal a fully functional PDA, complete with stylus (about \$500). Lately we've been carrying Samsung's new SPH-I300 wireless digital assistant (left). Like the Kyocera, Samsung's phone works with Sprint PCS and offers wireless Internet, voice dialing, speakerphone, eight MB memory, a built-in voice recorder and the usual lists of a PDA for about \$500. But Samsung adds a few features so far unseen in a PDA-phone combo. First, this sleek, silver device has an eight-bit full-color display. Second, it ditches the flip-style keypad for an onscreen touch pad with large numbers that you can press without a stylus. The SPH-I300 can even access PDA functions while you're on the phone. With the speakerphone or a headset, you'll be able to enter information, check your schedule and perform other tasks while you chat. Especially useful: a tiny LCD screen on the top of the unit so you can check the caller ID without digging the phone out of your shirt pocket. —JAMES OLIVER CURY

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

MAXIMUM SLEAZE

You can read *The National Enquirer* or *Star* for celebrity gossip, but for truly sleazy tales of drug consumption, scandalous affairs and ego-driven acts of idiocy, there's one place to go: popbitch.com. This London-based scandal sheet drips with juicy rumors. Though some of the stories turn out to be bogus, Popbitch has had its share of scoops. For example, it was the first to report on the name of Madonna's second child, Rocco. But we'll probably never find out the truth behind the recently reported Kate Moss incident. According to the site, during a fashion shoot in a "derelict house," the supermodel asked to use the toilet. "The assistant told her: 'Well, there

CUSTOM SHOES

Most shoe stores disappoint me. I don't like the styles or colors; the stripes and swooshes and flares look ridiculous. At customatix.com, I can design shoes the way I like them. You start by clicking on a blank shoe or boot, then you choose options like colors, materials and stitching. (Customatix says there are 3,420,833,472,000,000,300,000 combinations to choose from.) Once you are satisfied with your design, hit the order button. The average price runs \$80. Customatix builds your shoes and sends them to you. They're nice shoes, and nobody else will own the same pair.

MR. FIX-IT

Our bathroom faucet is dripping. My wife wants to call the plumber. "For a leaky faucet? Hell, I can do it myself." That night, I grab my toolbox, shut off the water under the sink and get started. But I can't figure out how to remove the faucet handle. Wife says, "I'm calling the plumber." I won't give up that easily. I go to Better Homes and Gardens' How-To Encyclopedia (bhg.com).

customatix.com
shoes designed by you

Welcome to customatix.com the only place in the world where you can completely design your own shoes using up to three billion trillion (that's over 3,420,833,472,000,000,300,000 per shoe!!!) combinations of colors, graphics, logos and materials. You design them. We build them: it's that simple.

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become a member so you can save your designs

new models

design a sk8 shoe design a running shoe design a boot

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home improvement encyclopedia

Click Here for a Guided Tour, then click on a section below

plumbing wiring carpentry decks

is a loo, but there's no door on it.' Kate is supposed to have replied: 'Well, how the fuck do I get in there, then?'"

SPEED-O-METER

How fast is your Internet connection? Find out by visiting the Bandwidth Meter at msn.zdnet.com/partners/msn/bandwidth/speedtest500.htm. I clocked in at 129.9kbps, which is a hair over the 128kbps connection I pay for. The nice thing about this site is the way it links to higher-speed services available in your area code. I found out that for \$10 more a month I can sign up for a service nearly four times as fast as my current connection. Two things hold me back: One, I have a yearlong contract with my current company, and, two, I've heard various horror stories from friends who have gone a month without service as a result of switching providers. For now, I'll stick with what I have.

READ
Write
then
PASS it
on

My Friend MAYA

BY NATALIA

www.100JOURNALS.COM

The line drawings and clear instructions are just what I need. The following morning, I pick up a new O-ring and seat washer at the hardware store. Total cost: \$1.16. I'm proud of myself. My wife is proud of me. Now she wants me to try moving the hot-water heater outside.

SPAM-FREE AND LOVING IT

Now that members of Congress are finally using e-mail, they've begun introducing legislation to prohibit spam. Like most attempts at prohibition, making spam illegal won't stop it. Spammers will just start sending junk e-mail from countries that don't have laws against spam. I'm not waiting for the governments of every country on earth to lock up the spammers responsible for the 50 or so spams I get each day. Instead, I'm using a technology-based solution that is available at *(concluded on page 162)*

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE GUM
DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS

©2008 The Pinkerton Tobacco Company



Go west, young man. Actually, go in any direction you like. But take a map and a compass. If you don't have one, all is not lost... even though you eventually could be. Look to the trees for guidance. The side with fewer branches is facing north. Ants build their homes on the side facing south. Now go deep, deep into the forest and find yourself.

UNDER AGE

OUR
POLICY.
OUR
PRACTICE

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Introducing Sequoia.
Twist-off lid: Air lock can.
Two unique flavors.

Not everyone understands it.
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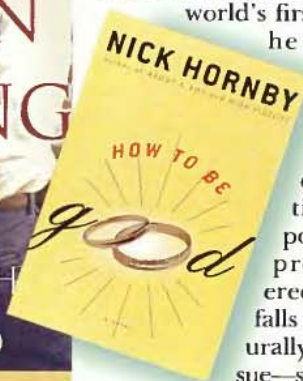
PREMIUM MOIST TOBACCO

LITERARY LOOSE CHANGE

Is change good? John Irving and Nick Hornby offer new novels with differing opinions. Irving's *The Fourth Hand* (Random House) gives change a thumbs-up. After an awkward and flat beginning, the sweetly comic novel clicks smartly into place, focusing on Patrick Wallingford, a schlock TV newscaster who needs to shake up his aimless life. His only claim to fame

is his missing left hand, eaten by a circus lion during an interview. Offered the opportunity to receive the world's first hand transplant, he eagerly accepts, even though the donor's widow demands visitation rights. Smart choice. She's beautiful and sexy and possesses a voice that prompts an instant erection. Wallingford falls wildly in love. Naturally, complications ensue—some hilarious, some poignant, some medical.

In *How to Be Good* (Riverhead Books), Brit author Nick Hornby (*About a Boy*, *High Fidelity*) shows his less antic, more acerbic feminine side with a narrator, Kate Carr, M.D., whose husband, David, is an overbearing loud. She yearns for change and unfortunately gets it. David falls under the spell of a loopy guru and embraces a new philosophy of selflessness and noble works. Being good isn't always better. —DICK LOCHTE



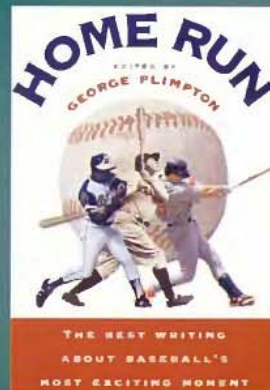
EIGHT MILES HIGH

For one year, anyone who entered the Los Angeles home of Dave Navarro, former guitarist for Jane's Addiction and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, had to step inside his photo booth. These photo strips, which include celebrities, strippers, prostitutes and even pizza deliverymen, appear in *Don't Try This at Home* (Regan). At times, Navarro was just a regular guy who got freaked out by Ouija boards and ex-girlfriends. But he was also a stereotypical rock star who received random blow jobs, possessed the skill to "fuck like he plays guitar" and developed a heroin habit. Soon the only people who entered his home were those he paid. The cops also visited once, found some drugs and then became enchanted with the photo booth. If only Robert Downey Jr. had been so lucky—they left the drugs but took along photo-strips. Navarro lived to tell the tale. Like *Behind the Music*, this book lets us watch rockers self-destruct. —PATTY LAMBERTI



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

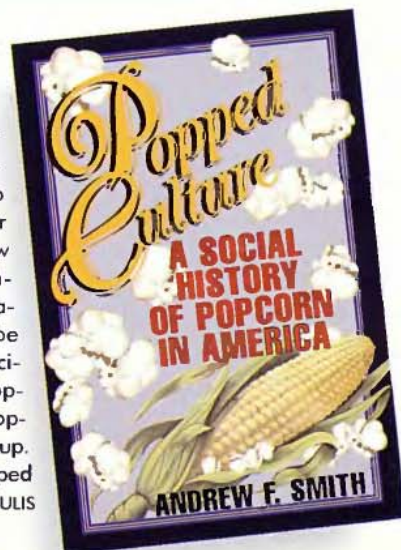
Publishers have filled coffee tables with evocative books on outlaw bikers and one-percenters, but the world can stand only so much tattoo and black leather. In *Fast Company* (Long Wind) Jon Kral and Condoce Barbot focus on a different sub-culture—the men who know how to ride. More than 100 photos capture the pogeonry of road racing, from the umbrella girls working the starting grid to the pit crews who polish and prepare the motorcycles to the fans who perform high kicks in a chorus line. The images are powerful and oddly silent: Instead of the sound and fury of machinery, you see concentration and isolation, all the rituals that precede the action. —JAMES R. PETERSEN



Oh, for the long ball. From Frank Boker to Mork McGwire, the home run has been the seminal play in American sports. *Home Run* (Horvest) is an anthology dedicated to the act of hitting a baseball over a wall. Editor George Plimpton covers the literary bases with Don DeLillo and Gregory Corso, and tosses in surprises about Sodaharu Oh and Josh Gibson. But the purest moments here come from the incomparable Red Smith, who writes about Bobby Thomson's and Reggie Jackson's fabled homers. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

ALL BUTTERED UP:

Next time you're in line for a large tub at the movies, consider that Americans devour 11 billion quarts of popcorn annually. That breaks down to about 44 quarts per person. For more flavorful trivia, see Andrew Smith's *Popped Culture* (Smithsonian Press), a history of our favorite snack. Connoisseurs will be fascinated with the authentic recipes, including Coney Island popcorn balls, popcorn pudding, popcorn biscuits and even popcorn soup. Just watch out for those unpopped kernels. —HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

I GAVE ONE of my friends the nickname RadFem because she's never heard a radical feminist argument she hasn't liked—which means that on issues of sexual politics, she will always parrot the party line (men are bad, women are good, end of story). As you might expect, RadFem and I have a few differences of opinion, but we remain semicongenial acquaintances and get together on occasion for lunch.

The last time that we met, RadFem was mired in what I call the Pay Gap Trap, convinced that men earn more than they should and that women are paying for it. As she so delicately put it, "You bastards steal money from us in the workplace every day. You stick us up in the alley and take one quarter of our cash and then act as if nothing has happened."

RadFem snarled and tossed a newspaper article at me.

The headline read **WOMEN STILL EARN LESS THAN MEN: PAY GAP STUDY SHOWS 76 CENTS VS. \$1**. The article began, "Despite economic prosperity over much of the past decade, a gender pay gap persists and finds women earning 76 cents for every dollar a man earns."

I could see I was in for a difficult day. Any discussion of wages that begins with the so-many-cents-to-the-dollar comparison isn't destined to go well. That phrase is a con, and you can guarantee that you are about to get clobbered.

"Is this the best you can do?" I said, yawning. I handed the article back to RadFem, stirred my coffee and waited for the deluge.

"You see that?" RadFem asked, pointing at the article. "Seventy-six cents to the dollar? That means I have to work 15 months to make what you make in 12 months. That means I didn't catch up to your earnings for 2000 until April 3, 2001."

"Yes, indeed," I said. "Good old Equal Pay Day, another shrewd invention of the political propagandists. Keep those feminist statistics coming."

"I don't like your attitude," RadFem huffed.

"You never have," I chuckled. "You and your buddies are still playing the victim card when it comes to talking about equal pay for men and women. But you're cooking the books and calling men crooks on false evidence."

RadFem glared at me. "So, Butthead, how much longer are men going to screw women by getting paid 25 percent more than we do—while we do most of the work?"

RadFem held a dollar bill between her forefingers and snapped it in my face. "When payday comes around, you get



THE PAY GAP TRAP

this entire dollar," she said. She tore off some of it. "But we only get this much."

"You're a copycat," I smiled. "I saw that trick last night on MSNBC. A female newscaster taped a dollar bill next to the word men. Then she took some scissors and cut off part of another dollar and pasted the remainder of it next to the word women. Sometimes, a picture tells a thousand slurs. That TV moment was designed to make women feel angry and men feel guilty."

"We've been on a 30-year guilt trip, and we're tired of it," I continued. "That bullshit 76-cents-versus-a-dollar argument may motivate your political base, but it is a misleading statistic, and you know it. You girls choose the numbers that suit your case, and then you present them as total truth."

"Do the math," RadFem yelled. "It works."

I took a deep breath and launched into it. "The math works only in the most simpleminded way. Your 76-cents-to-the-dollar figures are based solely on a comparison of the median incomes for men and women. But guess what? Those median incomes include people from all walks of life—manicurists as well as chief executives—and have nothing to do with whether people are receiving equal pay for equal work. You hear me, RadFem? You want to talk about pay equity, but the statistics you use do not answer questions of equity."

"You shouldn't be allowed to use the word equity," RadFem said. "You have no idea what it means."

I went on. "You don't account for differences between men and women in things like years in the workforce, time

taken off for pregnancy and child care, educational and training levels, levels of expertise, performance reviews—none of that. You're comparing apples and oranges."

"Baber—" she interrupted.

"One last point," I continued. "If women continue to choose lower-paying professions like teaching instead of fields like computer sciences and business, their pay levels will not go up. Consider the field of business administration, which pays big bucks to those who thrive in it. Guess what? Even today, female enrollment in the nation's top business schools makes up only 30 percent of the total. Why is that? Are you going to tell me women are locked out of business school? I don't think so. Clearly, women do not always follow the money like most guys do. That has a lot to do with why you are underpaid."

"So we are underpaid!" my feminist friend shouted. "You just admitted it, Baber!"

"Now we're getting somewhere," I yelled. "The fact is that we are all underpaid, men and women. That's the point you refuse to consider when you have a pity party for women and accuse us guys of oppression and unfairness. None of us likes to look at our histories, but we have all been conned by this culture over the last half-century. Think about it: It now takes two breadwinners to earn what one used to be able to earn. Taxes—federal, state, sales, etc.—take about half our money, and inflation eats up even more of it. I'm talking about both men and women. You think all these mothers and fathers want to leave their kids every morning? No way."

"When you crank in inflation, the median white-collar male who made \$19.24 an hour in 1997 was earning an increase of just *six cents an hour* over a similar worker in 1973. And again, adjusting for inflation, the median male worker in the 25-to-34 age group earned 13 percent *less* than that same worker would have earned in 1973. And between 1989 and 1997, entry-level wages for male college graduates declined by 6.5 percent, the second consecutive decade during which their starting pay declined."

"I don't believe a word of it," RadFem snorted.

"That's because you feminists never want men to look at their own financial problems—or for women to look at men's problems. But it's time for you to see what we're dealing with. The vast majority of men are not fat cats with golden bats. We get laid off. We lose money. Life is not a tire swing, no matter what Jimmy Buffett says. So let's get together and figure out what we can do, OK?"



Comfort Colada: Put on mittens. Chop ice from nearest Iceberg.
Blend with 1 1/2 oz. Southern Comfort, 1 oz. cream of coconut,
2 oz. pineapple juice, and garnish with cherry.
Share with new neighbors, the Eskimos.

**JUST DOING OUR PART
TO STOP GLOBAL WARMING.**

SoCo makes frozen drinks

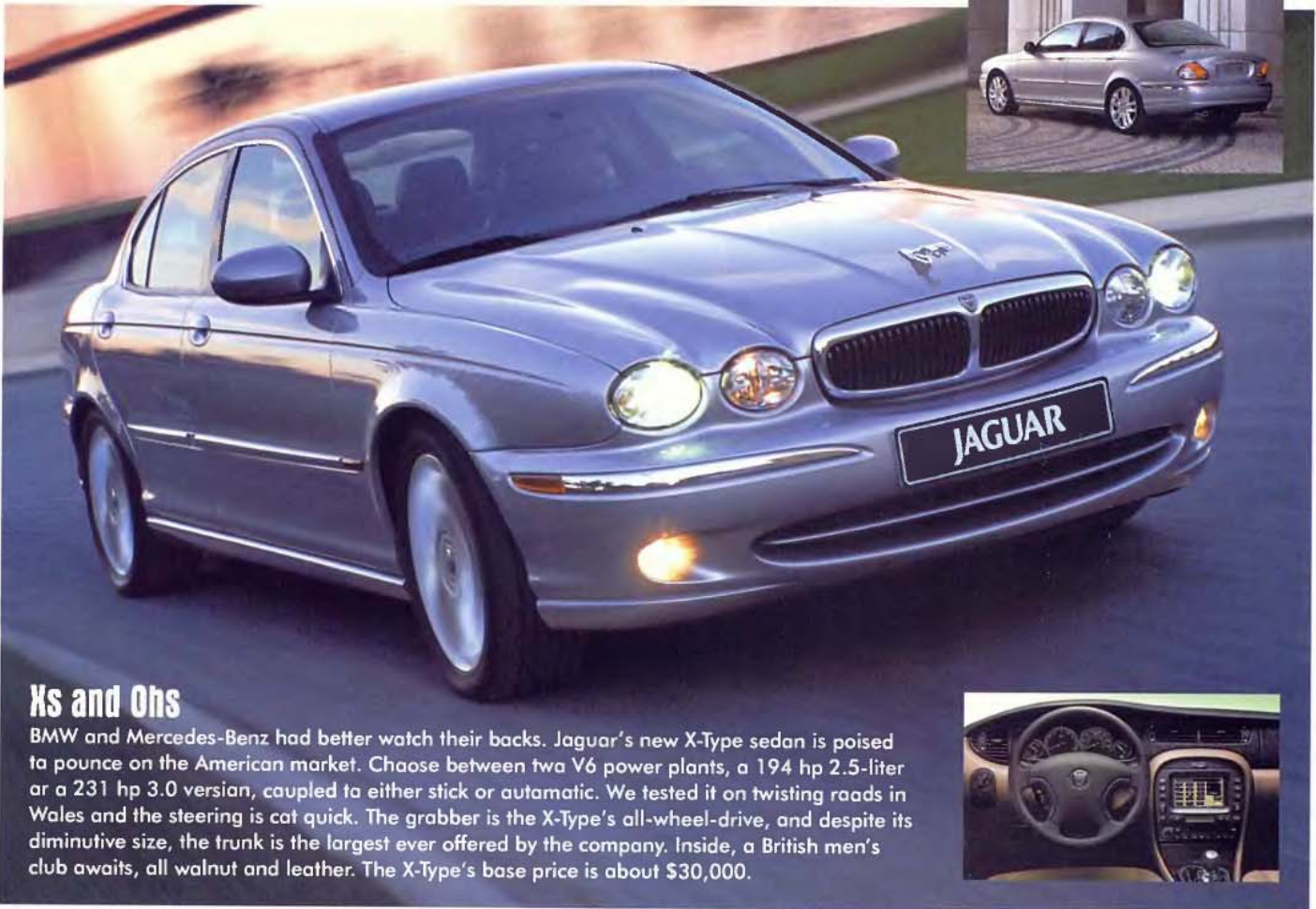
taste cool.

Know your comfort level. Drink responsibly. For more drink recipes, visit southerncomfort.com.

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. By Volume, Louisville, KY © 2001



MANTRACK hey...it's personal



Xs and Ohs

BMW and Mercedes-Benz had better watch their backs. Jaguar's new X-Type sedan is poised to pounce on the American market. Choose between two V6 power plants, a 194 hp 2.5-liter or a 231 hp 3.0 version, coupled to either stick or automatic. We tested it on twisting roads in Wales and the steering is cat quick. The grabber is the X-Type's all-wheel-drive, and despite its diminutive size, the trunk is the largest ever offered by the company. Inside, a British men's club awaits, all walnut and leather. The X-Type's base price is about \$30,000.

HOW TO ROLL A PEN OVER YOUR THUMB

(A) HOLD A PEN WITH INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGERS SPREAD WIDELY ON ONE SIDE, THUMB ON OTHER SIDE, AND CAP FACING DOWN.

(B) SLIDE INDEX FINGER OFF THE BACK AND USE MIDDLE FINGER TO TOSS CAP UP AND OVER THUMB.

(C) WHILE THE PEN ARCS OVER THUMB, KEEP INDEX FINGER POINTED OUT AND MIDDLE FINGER POINTED TOWARD YOUR PALM.

(D) CATCH THE PEN BETWEEN INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGERS. TAKE A BOW.

Ice Is Nice

Just in time for the dog days of summer comes Chilly, a motorless frozen-dessert maker that you don't have to crank. The stainless steel gizmo goes into your freezer overnight so the saline solution inside its airtight walls gets nice and cold. When you're ready to whip up a liter of ice cream, frozen yogurt or sorbet, just add the ingredients (recipes included) and about 30 minutes later—party! William Bounds, the manufacturer, says the Chilly is also ideal for preparing cold soups, sauces, dips and about anything else served chilled. The price: \$80. Chilly is available at gourmet retailers or go to wmboundsltd.com for more information.



MANTRACK

Be Like a Mogul

Maybe Owens Corning got the idea from Hef, who's been into the home-theater experience for years. The company is now offering the Visionaire FX Personal Entertainment Center, which comes with a video projection system, letterbox-format screen, Dolby Digital Surround sound, theater chairs, speaker



columns and acoustical panels, at a price that's less than the sticker on a new Lexus. Because several sizes are available, the Visionaire FX can be installed in an existing house or condo or one that's being built. The theater pictured here is the Connoisseur. The Sophisticate, which is a little more contemporary, is also available. For more info, go to owenscorning.com.



Seat of Power

We've all seen this chair in photos and on TV, but now Gunlocke, the manufacturer of the Oval Office Choir, has made it available to the public. There are three styles, priced at \$2300, \$2400 and \$2500. Nixon and Carter chose the Ergonomic, the cheapest model (wouldn't you know?), while Kennedy preferred the top-of-the-line American Classic. All have hardwood frames, brass hooded wheels and leather upholstery. Choose from 17 colors (black is definitely the most popular). Allow eight weeks for delivery.

Clothesline: The Lone Gunmen—Bruce Harwood, Dean Haglund and Tom Braidwood

Bruce Harwood, Dean Haglund and Tom Braidwood (pictured below, left to right) are a trio of computer-hacking conspiracy freaks from *The X-Files* who developed enough of a cult following as the Lone Gunmen to land their own series on Fox. So far, their celebrity hasn't gone to their wardrobes. Harwood, the most straitlaced



of the bunch, looks like a walking Dockers commercial. "Except I don't shop at Dockers," he says. "I also don't like clothes with brand names on them." Haglund says his look is "early Axl Rose.

I'll wear any T-shirt with a rock band on it and any brand of jeans except Gap boot cut." Braidwood's look can be defined in one word: Target. Hair products are another story. Haglund takes his shoulder-length tresses seriously: "Infusion 23 shampoo, with its leave-in conditioner as an afterthought, and Paul Mitchell products for those floky, dry days."

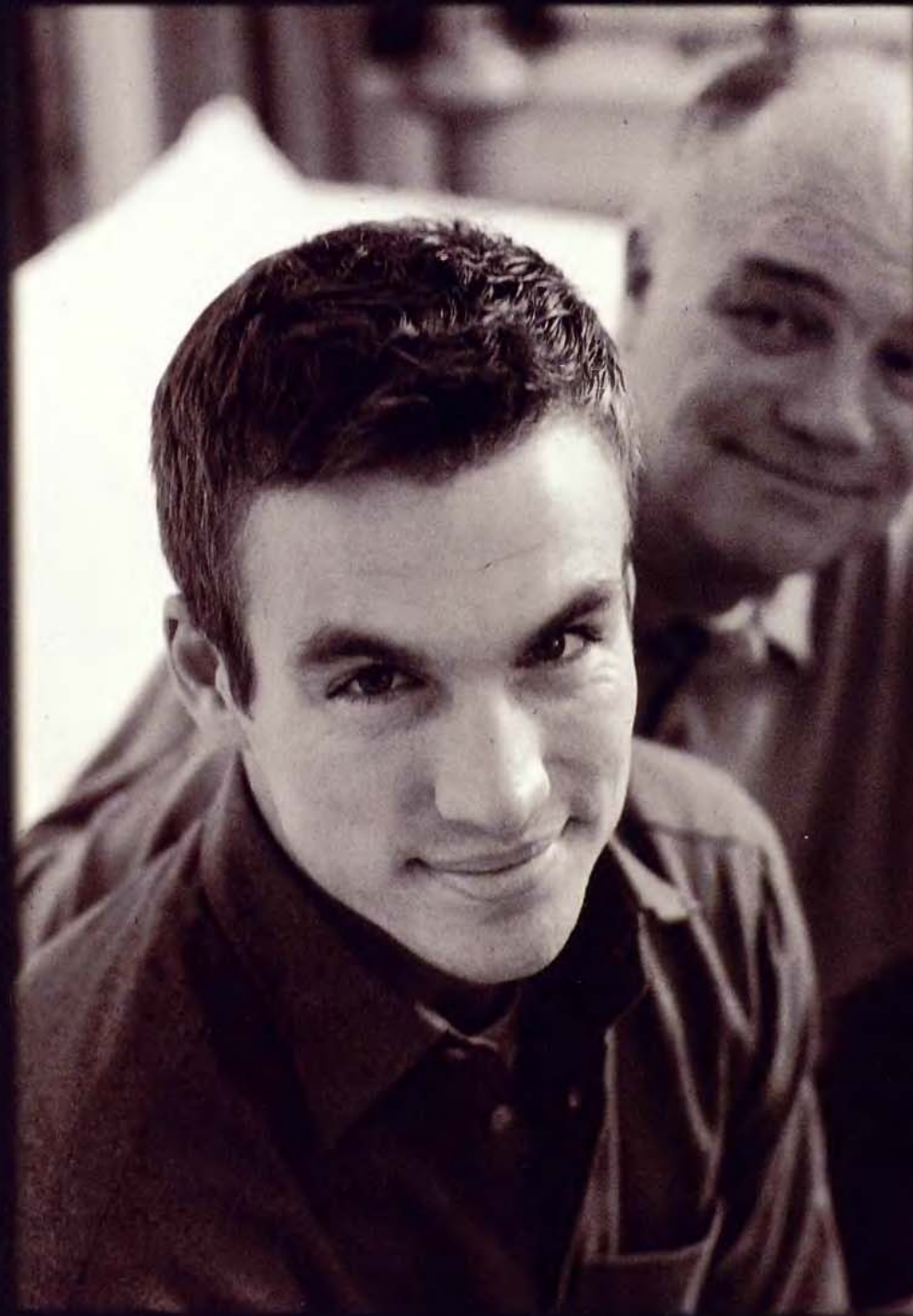
Guys Are Talking About . . .

Hangover cures. This one comes with the imprimatur of the Institute for Cellular Pharmacology. When taken two hours before consuming alcohol, prickly pear extract—from the fruit of a cactus—renders the user hangover free for up to three days. Or so claims Perfect Equation, the company that makes HPF Hangover Prevention Formula. A 10-capsule box is \$25. • **Military-inspired clothing.** Milan's latest fetish is moving west. For the real Wolf Pack commander look in time for fall, start working on your beard now (they're back; they're hot). Meanwhile, American designers are responding with tie-dye-type print shirts and crumple-ready jeans made with steel threads. • **Bottle boosters.** Fortified water—either vitamin enriched or oxygenated—is the new thirst quencher. For the farmer, there's Reebak Fitness Water and Gatorade's Propel; for the latter, try Serven Rich. • **The Freak.** A dry-hump dance popular among high schoolers that's spreading faster than it can be banned. Who do they think they are, grown-ups? • **The New Atkins Diet.** Ketosis is back. Getting down to summer keg weight is as easy as knocking out carbs and eating pratein and veggies all day. Steak. It's what's for breakfast. • **Bovine spongy farms.** Some of our favorite chewy candies and breath mints contain gelatin, which may or may not have come from British cows. Yikes! Is it safe? Hold the onions, just in case.

cocktails
with Yvonne
friday@8

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.

*Not everyone responds to Rogaine.
Individual results vary. Use only as directed.*

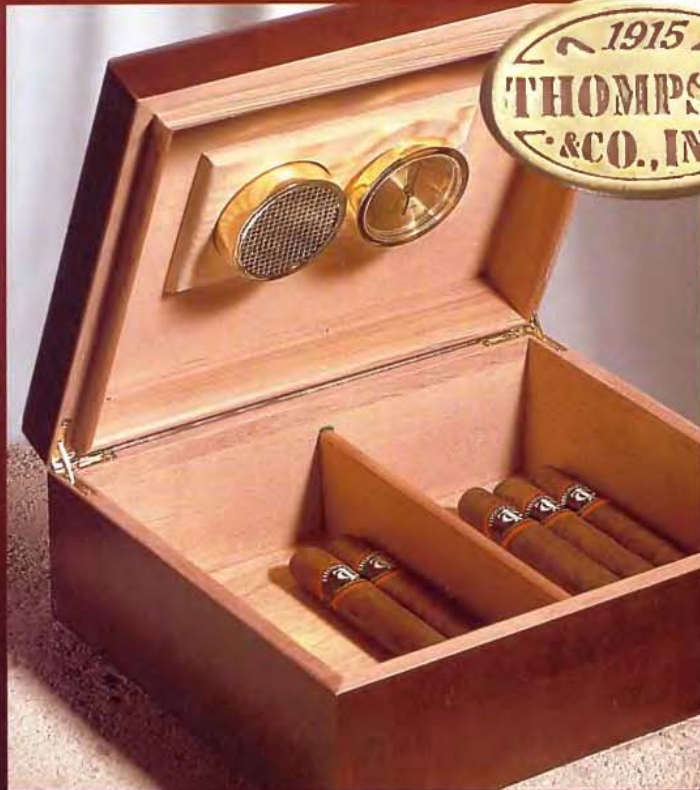
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At the low, low price of \$29.95 for a regular \$79 value, this really is quite an offer. I'm making it to introduce new customers to Thompson & Co., America's oldest mail-order company. Since 1915 our customers have enjoyed a rich variety of cigars and smokers' articles.

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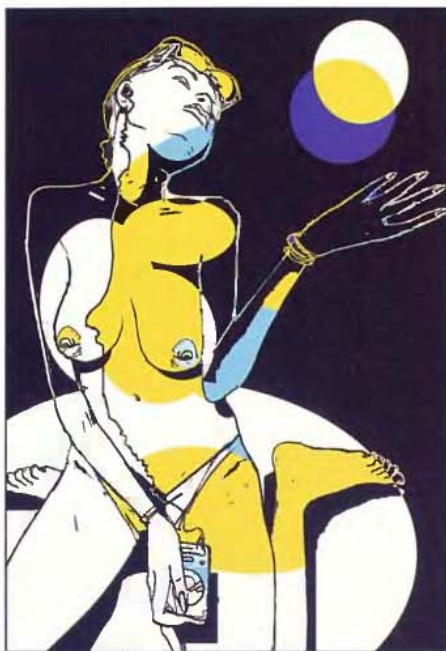
The Playboy Advisor

When I was younger, I attended a boarding school for girls. I'm now 21 and married to a great guy. My husband and I read PLAYBOY together in bed, and he suggested I write you. My roommate at school was a lesbian. We became good friends and, after a time, lovers. She led the way. It was mostly kissing at first, then fondling, shared masturbation and oral sex. There was one thing she taught me that I haven't seen or heard of since. She would have me suck her nipples to hardness, then, as I lay on my tummy, she would part my bum cheeks with her thumbs and (one at a time) press a stiffened nipple into my rectum. When she gave the word, I would begin a rhythmic clenching of my bum. It felt gorgeous, like I was sucking her into me, and she would masturbate me while bringing herself off on my leg. We took turns, but she always preferred "getting" the nipple to "giving" it. I enjoyed both roles. I've told my husband about it (no secrets, right?), and he loves the idea. And although he can't reciprocate with a swollen nipple, he more than compensates with his penis. Is this a common lesbian practice?—D.D., Kelowna, British Columbia

It's not common, but it's inventive. Where will the world's nipples go next? You were fortunate to have had such an adventurous lover. Now maybe it's time to put your husband on his tummy.

Long ago I learned that women who masturbate reach orgasm easier and more often. So I have given a vibrator or dildo to every girl I have dated. Now I'd like to mold a dildo from my own penis. Can you suggest ways to do it? Is there a kit I can buy?—D.S., Orlando, Florida

We wanted to cast our penis, but the cement truck never arrived. Yes, there are kits. Typically, you fill what looks like a Big Gulp cup with alginate, slide in your cock and balls and remain aroused for about five minutes. Once the alginate has hardened, carefully remove your frightened penis, pour wax or rubber into the hole, let it stiffen for about 24 hours and—presto—a backup unit, complete with veins. Here are a few places that sell molding kits (you may want to order extra alginate, as most guys don't get it right the first time): (1) The life sculptors at Art molds.com offer a standard kit for \$60. Phone 866-278-6653. (2) CastingWilly.com (800-798-3147) has varieties such as a version with a handle for \$85, or a \$395 bronze casting. (3) CloneYourBone.com sells \$30 wax molds that come with wicks so you can make candles. And who can't use penis soap-on-a-rope? Buy Match Your Snatch at the same time and save 10 bucks. Phone 808-667-4313. (4) For \$100, CreateAMate.com



provides an alginate kit with three chances to make an impression. Phone 516-431-2394. (5) Morning Wood Labs creates vinyl and silicone replicas, glow-in-the-dark models and a wireless vibrating version. You also can have a copy cast in chocolate or in any of 13 flavors of lollipop, so your partner can practice her technique. Visit morningwoodlabs.com or phone 877-665-3968.

I am 49, my husband is 46. We have been married only a few years, but we've known each other for most of our lives. The problem is that since the first days of our marriage, he has been looking at pornographic sites on the web. He accesses the sites whenever he can. If I leave the house to go grocery shopping, he's online. When I'm showering, he's online. He travels on business, and I know he looks at porn for hours in his hotel room. It's the first thing he does whenever he's alone for more than a few minutes. I have tried to be open-minded and curious. For a while, I even gave him blow jobs while he clicked away. But I'm concerned that he has become addicted to these sites. I think he might have trained his libido to respond to porn, and anything else falls short. That would include me. Weeks can go by without any physical contact between us. We sometimes watch adult movies while we have sex, and he has bought me vibrators to use while he masturbates. I'm beginning to think the toys are a way to get me off without actually having sex with me. Is this normal? The other day I woke from a nap and walked in on him, and he had his jeans unzipped. The moment he realized I was in the room,

he minimized the computer screen and acted embarrassed. I told him he didn't need to stop, but he did anyway. We talked about the notion that this activity might be more fun for him if he feels he's doing something forbidden. I'm feeling left out, unattractive, undesirable and sad. In every other way, we get along better than any couple I've ever met. I've suggested that he might have a problem with the frequency of his surfing, and that it's a poor substitute for interacting with a real woman in a real marriage. He says he's not addicted, that it's just a pleasant way to pass the time. What's your take on all this?—M.T., Ontario, California

Your husband has a major problem—his wife is unhappy. Something needs to change, but nothing will until he decides his marriage is more important than his mouse. You can't force him to stop surfing without making him resentful; he has to realize the damage his habit is doing. You may need to take drastic action, such as moving out, to get his attention. There's nothing wrong with surfing for porn, either alone or with your partner; but as you note, when your sex life with a real woman in a real marriage starts to suffer, it's time to put a stopwatch on it.

I have a dozen jazz and blues albums I would like to preserve by recording them on compact discs. I've heard there is software out there that can take out the pops and scratches. Can you help?—T.Y., Charlotte, North Carolina

Here's what we would do: First, plug your turntable into either the phono input jack of your receiver, or you can buy a phono pre-amplifier, then take the output and connect it to the stereo input jack of your computer. You should be able to hear the LP through your computer speakers. Now, using any standard sound-editing program, record each song as an AIFF file. You will need about 10 megabytes of hard drive space for each minute of music. Once you have saved the songs, you can either burn them onto a CD-R, or convert them to MP3 files, which will reduce each song to about a tenth of its AIFF size. You can fit about 650 minutes of MP3 music on a single CD, versus about 65 minutes in the AIFF format. To remove pops and scratches, you'll need to edit each file—but aren't the imperfections part of the charm? Keep in mind that CD-Rs that are handled regularly aren't designed to last for more than a few years, so make a copy for the archives.

My wife's left breast is larger than her right. This makes her feel self-conscious, so I searched online for photos of women with different-sized breasts to show her she's not abnormal. I found many,

and most are like my wife—the left breast seems larger. Is there a reason for this?—K.H., Melbourne, Florida

Many women have noticeably different breasts, just as many guys have noticeably different testicles. We can't say why the left breast more often seems larger, but a study of 598 women in Akron, Ohio confirmed your perception and "the generally accepted clinical impression of left-breast dominance." In 54 percent of the subjects measured by the Akron team, the left breast was larger, and in 46 percent, the right. In an earlier study of 248 women, however, the split was 50-50, so who knows? The researchers found only one woman among the 846 who had breasts of equal volume.

I grew up in a small town but recently moved to Chicago. I feel fairly unsophisticated. For example, I met a woman at a bar who told me she was into bondage. Does that mean she wants to be tied up or that she wants to tie me up? The women in Chicago seem much more confident and aggressive than those I knew growing up.—D.T., Chicago, Illinois

Tell us about it. Turn your back for a second around here and you'll find yourself handcuffed to the bed. When you see this woman again—if she doesn't find you first—ask if she's a top or a bottom. This will reveal your casual knowledge of the topic; Jay Wiseman's *Erotic Bondage Handbook* can provide a more thorough education. A top generally likes to control the sexual situation, though the control is a fantasy, since both partners can end the game at any time. As a top, she would tie you up and discipline you. If she's a bottom, she'll want you to take charge. Or she may enjoy playing either role.

My girlfriend of five years has been hinting that she would like to get married. I told her that sounds good to me except that I do not want to take a vow of monogamy. Although I have been faithful to this point, I certainly have been tempted. Vowing that I would never cheat would be a stretch. She has threatened to move on unless I can make a commitment. She says that if she can do it, I can do it. My feeling is that a vow of monogamy would be one more pressure to deal with in our relationship. I would appreciate any suggestions.—D.G., Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania

Are you kidding? Quit wasting her time.

Are there any good things to say about ecstasy? Does it benefit sick people the way marijuana does?—J.B., Knoxville, Tennessee

Before the drug was outlawed in the Eighties, some psychotherapists experimented with X on severely depressed patients. As you may know, it's a warm, energetic high, but it has dark lows, which is why you hear talk after rave weekends of "Suicide Tuesday" hangovers. Used regularly, ecstasy also may damage your libido. A survey of 768 young

adults in Italy and England found that those who had taken ecstasy more than 20 times were three times as likely as nonusers to report a loss of libido. This may be because the drug, over time, damages the neurons that regulate the production of mood-elevating serotonin. Ecstasy recently became more dangerous for another reason: Before May of this year, you had to sell at least 11,000 tablets to get five years in federal prison. It's now 800 tablets, which makes it a tougher sentence than for dealing the equivalent in cocaine.

This past winter, a reader wrote that his boss told him his necktie should have a dimple. I recently purchased a tool at dimpler.com that makes the dimple for you. It's called, simply, the Dimpler.—T.G., Valley Cottage, New York

Think ahead here. If you have a perfect dimple every time, when is she going to have a chance to fix your tie?

Cheryl Lavin, who writes a relationship column in the *Chicago Tribune*, has been asking her female readers to suggest things that guys should know about women. As someone who has dated a few men who should have known better, I thought I would share my favorite responses, in the hope they might educate your male readers: (1) We'll stop faking it when you stop asking us. (2) Don't compare our breasts with Pam Anderson's, especially since you have a shot at ours. (3) Don't count our shoes and we won't count your PLAYBOYS. (4) We are not nags, it's just that you never do it the first time. (5) If it itches, wash it. (6) Only the worst kind of a pig stares at other women when he's with us. We look at other men, but we do it discreetly.—G.T., Arlington Heights, Illinois

We read Lavin's columns, too, but we marked different items—namely, the more reasonable suggestions provided by men. Here is a sampling: (1) If you think you're fat, you probably are. (2) Don't rub the lamp if you don't want the genie to come out. (3) It is in neither your best interest nor ours to take any quiz together. (4) If something we said can be interpreted two ways, and one of the ways makes you sad or angry, we meant it the other way. (5) Our relationship is never going to be like it was the first two months we were dating. (6) We notice other women because we are men and we are alive.

I travel a lot for my job and earn a ton of frequent flier miles. Once everyone in my family has received their share of free tickets, I usually have enough miles left for a couple of tickets for myself. The problem is, when I'm on vacation I like to stay home and watch the grass grow. I've seen ads for outfits that say they buy reward tickets, but I don't know who I can trust. Could you recommend someone who would purchase my tickets?—J.H., Buffalo, New York

Airlines prohibit you from selling, buying or trading rewards, and if you're caught, they could freeze your account and void your miles. How would you get caught? Coupon brokers always keep your name and address on file, so when the airlines go after them in court and shut them down, there you are. If you're looking to unload miles, check out sites such as MilePoint.com, which allows you to spend points from Delta, Northwest, Continental, U.S. Airways, TWA, America West, Hilton and American Express for newspaper or magazine subscriptions (e.g., a year of *Baseball Weekly* for 1500 miles) or discounts at merchants such as Amazon, Barnes & Noble and Laptop Travel. Alternately, transfer your miles to Hilton's Honors program and spend them on nearly 100 products at Skymall. You'll need 60,000 to 70,000 miles from most programs to order a telescope, DVD player or digital camera; 395,000 miles will get you a 53-inch projection television, shipping and tax included.

My wife and I have threesomes with a friend of hers, but I am only allowed to watch. The friend has told me she wants me, but when I ask my wife, she says no way. Is this fair? The frustration of having to remain on the sidelines leaves me not only wanting her friend all the more but yearning to have sex with other women as well. I've tried the "gentle approach" but get no game. Help!—J.T., Dallas, Texas

That's rough. You need to attack this from a flank. Your wife's friend should bring up the idea privately with your wife, who will certainly suspect you encouraged the idea. But she may be more receptive to rounding up from two and a half to three if it's presented as a favor to a friend rather than an indulgence for her husband. You also could attempt to ease yourself into the situation. Volunteer to hold the vibrator. Or wait on the women as their slave (candles, wine, whatever they need). Or perhaps your wife would like her breasts kissed and fondled while she's receiving oral sex. If she says no to any or all of that, well, you're out of luck. Having sex with the friend or anyone else without her OK is trouble. One more bit of advice: Don't complain too loudly to your buddies about how you only get to watch.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the *Playboy Advisor*, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The *Advisor's* latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



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UP AGAINST THE WALL, SOCCER MOM

the supreme court rewrites the fourth amendment—again

It is not unconstitutional for a police officer to be a jerk." So said Justice Anthony Kennedy during oral arguments in the case of *Atwater vs. City of Lago Vista*.

Officer Bart Turek, the subject of the endorsement, certainly qualifies. In March 1997 he observed Gail Atwater driving a pickup at slow speed on a residential street in Lago Vista, Texas. Her three-year-old son and five-year-old daughter were standing on the front seat, unbuckled, peering out the window. The family was scanning the roadside for a toy lost on the way home from soccer practice.

Turek pulled Atwater over. As the officer approached the truck, he yelled something like "We've met before" and "You're going to jail." The charges: driving without a seat belt, failing to secure her children in seat belts, driving without a license and failing to provide proof of insurance. The officer poked his finger in Atwater's face and threatened to take her kids into custody. After a neighbor offered to look after the traumatized children, Turek handcuffed the soccer mom, pushed her into the backseat of his squad car and, without fastening her seat belt, drove her to jail.

Once in custody, Atwater was told to remove her shoes and jewelry, empty her pockets and pose for a mug shot. She spent an hour in jail before being taken before a judge to post bond. She later paid a \$50 fine.

Hey, you might say, Atwater was lucky to be alive. Had she been black and/or living in New York City, she might be dead. Instead, Atwater filed a civil rights suit, claiming that the arrest violated her Fourth Amendment right to "live free of pointless indignity and confinement." To be placed in custody for a crime that was punishable by a fine was excessive. She invoked English common law, an accepted body of precedent that seems to restrict the actions of police officers when making misdemeanor arrests. Constables could act without a warrant only in nonfelony cases "involv-

ing or tending toward violence."

Last April, the Supreme Court, by a 5-4 vote, sided with Officer Turek's right to be a jerk. While admitting that Atwater suffered "gratuitous humiliation" and "pointless indignity," the majority of the court was loath to burden police with a sensitivity toward individual rights, to require that they exercise reasonable care when dealing with the public.

Justice David Souter quibbled with Atwater's sense of common law. He cited commentaries that said English constables could "apprehend, take charge of and present for trial all persons who broke the laws, written or unwritten, against the King's peace or against the statutes of the realm."

Justice Souter would not

fleboards or any game of hazard or address, for money." So why not add soccer moms to that list?

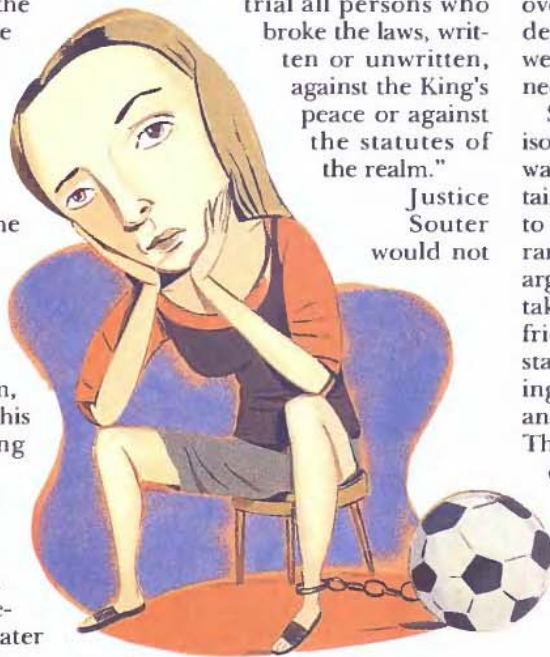
Gail Atwater argued that under the Fourth Amendment a person had the right to be free of unreasonable police attention. Surely officers ought to be able to judge between a minor offense and a felony, between "jailable" acts and "fine-only" acts. The court disagreed, saying it was too much to expect that an officer could "know the details of frequently complex penalty schemes." Even the simple rule "if in doubt, do not arrest" was too much: "Multiplied many times over, the costs to society of such underenforcement could easily outweigh the costs to defendants of being needlessly arrested and booked."

Souter claimed Atwater's was an isolated case. How much of a problem was this "out there?" The record contained a "dearth of horrors." Asked to provide "comparably foolish, warrantless misdemeanor arrests," those arguing the case cited a teenage girl taken into custody for eating french fries in a Washington, D.C. subway station, citizens arrested for littering, riding a bicycle without a bell and "walking as to create a hazard." There was, Souter concluded, no evidence of widespread abuse of minor-offense arrest authority.

Then, in an act of "administrative ease"—or simple arrogance—Souter worried that if the Court adopted Atwater's version of the Fourth Amendment, "every discretionary judgment in the field will be converted into an occasion for constitutional review." God forbid that protecting individual rights under the Constitution be too much trouble.

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, in a strongly worded dissent, chastised the majority: "Such unbounded discretion carries with it grave potential for abuse. Indeed, as the recent debate over racial profiling demonstrates all too clearly, a relatively minor traffic infraction may often serve as an excuse for stopping and harassing an individual."

Or sometimes worse.



AMANDA GLIFY

admit that the framers of the Constitution were in any way bothered by such abuse of power. He cited colonial laws that allowed local constables to arrest "all persons unnecessarily traveling on the Sabbath or Lord's Day," those guilty of drunkenness, profane swearing and Sabbath breaking, as well as "common prostitutes, fortune-tellers and other practitioners of crafty science" or those "playing cards, dice, billiards, bowls, shuf-

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

BATTLE

are these radio broadcasts indecent?

The Federal Communications Commission has been policing the nation's airwaves since 1934 to make sure no one says or does anything that the agency judges to violate the public morality. Federal law requires violators to be punished with fines and/or jail time.

For years, the FCC took action only against broadcasters who used any of the seven dirty words made famous by George Carlin. But in 1987 the agency expanded its criteria to include all varieties of indecency. It also created a "safe harbor" for children between six A.M. and 10 P.M., during which broadcasters would not be allowed to push any limits. (The safe harbor has always struck us as a little expansive—aren't children in school for many of those hours?) The message seems to be that the First Amendment can only be enjoyed to its full potential by night owls.

The FCC does not monitor individual broadcasts. Instead, its five commissioners respond to complaints. During the Eighties, when the religious right made decency a national crusade, the FCC was deluged with 20,000 complaints a year. An Indianapolis group calling itself Decency in Broadcasting once submitted 7000 pages of transcripts to make its point about a single radio program. Between November 1999 and this past April, the FCC had logged just 144 complaints, most simple one-page grievances. Clearly, indecency on the radio remains a serious concern only to a handful of whiners.

This past spring, the commission released a 28-page statement, available online at fcc.gov/eb, that sought to clarify its guidelines on what it considers actionable. "In determining whether material is patently offensive, the full context in which the material appeared is critically important," it stated. "It is not sufficient, for example, to know that explicit sexual terms or descriptions were used, just as it is not sufficient to know only that no such terms or descriptions were used. Explicit lan-

guage in the context of a bona fide newscast might not be patently offensive, while sexual innuendo that persists and is sufficiently clear to make the sexual meaning inescapable might be."

When it's assessing a complaint, the FCC considers: "(1) The explicitness or graphic nature of the description or depiction of sexual or excretory organs or activities; (2) whether the material dwells on or repeats at length descriptions of sexual or excretory organs or activities; (3) whether the material appears to pander or is used to titillate, or whether the material appears to have been presented for its shock value."

The statement includes numerous examples of radio broadcasts that the FCC has considered over the past 14 years. Judge each case for yourself (we've added a few additional selections from agency files) and see how your decision compares with the commission's ruling.

The Howard Stern Show, WYSP-FM, Philadelphia

"God, my testicles are, like, down to the floor. You could really have a party with these—use them like boccie balls."

"I mean, to go around porking other girls with vibrating rubber products."

"Have you ever had sex with an animal? Well, don't knock it. I was sodomized by Lamb Chop."

Decent? Indecent? The end of Western civilization? The FCC didn't fine Stern for these tidbits, which aired in 1987, but instead told him to tone it down (you know how that turned out). It noted for the record that Stern's show included "explicit references to masturbation, ejaculation, breast size, penis size, sexual intercourse, nudity, urination, oral-genital contact, erections, sodomy, bestiality, menstruation and testicles." It

also noted that the program "did not merely consist of an occasional off-color reference or expletive, but consisted of dwelling on sexual and excretory matters in a way that was patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium." After putting Stern on the air, WYSP jumped in the ratings from 16th to third place. Since then the nation's premiere shock jock and Infinity Broadcasting have racked up more than \$1 million in FCC fines, and Stern has become a national living treasure.

Uterus Guy, WQAM-AM, Miami

"I don't want to grow up, I'm a uterus guy. I want to spend a week or so right here between your thighs. Inhale your clam, with my head jammed by your quivering, crushing gams. No, I don't want to get up or get a towel dry, 'cause I wouldn't be a uterus guy. I don't want to get up, I'm a uterus guy and I know where to lick and chew exactly where you like. You'll have more fun when I make you come, with my nose between your thighs."

Decent? Indecent? Clever? Is this what they mean by identity politics? The FCC held that "the song's sexual import is lewd, inescapable and understandable." It also cited complaints

about other "patently offensive" material aired over five days in 1999 on WQAM's morning show, including a parody of *New York, New York* called *Let's Pork*. The station questioned the FCC's standard, arguing that sexual banter had become more accepted in light of the "discussions, analyses and jokes resulting from the sex scandal involving the president." The agency dismissed the appeal and

fined the station \$35,000. "In making the required determination of indecency, commissioners draw on their knowledge of the views of the average viewer or listener, as well as their general expertise in broadcast matters."

You Suck, KROQ-FM, Los Angeles

"I know you're really proud 'cause

Apparently free speech can be enjoyed only by night owls.

"Indecency" on the radio remains a serious concern to whiners.

STATION S

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

you think you're well hung, but I think it's time you learn how to use your tongue. You say you want things to be even and you want things to be fair, but you're afraid to get your teeth caught in my pubic hair. If you're lying there expecting me to suck your dick, you're going to have to give me more than just a token lick. Go down, baby, you suck, lick it hard and move your tongue around. If you're worried about babies, you can lower your risk by giving me that special cunnilingus kiss. You can jiggle your tongue on my clit. Don't worry about making me have an orgasm. You asshole, you shit. I know it's a real drag, to suck my cunt when I'm on the rag. You tell me it's gross to suck my yeast infection. How do you think I feel when I gag on your erection?"

Decent? Indecent? Gosh, those chick singers know how to turn a phrase? The FCC fined the station \$2000, saying the lyrics "graphically and explicitly describe sexual and excretory organs or activities." KROQ appealed, saying it had no record of which version of the song had been aired at about nine P.M. on the day in question—the raunchy one or an edited "safe" cut. After the complainant filed an affidavit at the FCC's request asserting she had heard the words pubic, dick, pussy and clit, the agency denied the appeal.

Host banter, *The Stevens and Pruett Show*, KLOL-FM, Houston

"The doctor was talking about size. The man complained earlier that he was so large it was ruining his marriage. Big is good if the guy knows how to use it. She is so big she could handle anything. Some of these guys, a very few of them, a handful is like two handfuls. Twelve inches, about the size of a beer can in diameter. So, could you handle something like that? It's actually ruined marriages. A big organ for a big cathedral. Somebody big is

just going to have to find somebody that's big."

Decent? Indecent? Wish you had the same problem? "While the licensee may have substituted innuendo and double entendre, unmistakable sexual references remain that render the sexual meaning of the innuendo inescapable." The FCC may be on to something: Oversize guys should just shut up. The agency also cited the show for a call-in segment in which listeners were invited to respond to the question, "What makes your heinie parts tingle?" One caller said, "When my husband gets down there and goes [*lips*

and Zagnuts and I knew it wouldn't be long before I blew my Milk Duds clear to Mars and gave her a taste of the old Milky Way. I said, 'Look, why don't you just take my Whatchamacallit and slip it up your Bit-o-Honey?' Oh, what a piece of Juicy Fruit she was, too. She screamed, 'Oh, Crackerjack. You're better than the Three Musketeers!' as I rammed my Ding Dong up her Rocky Road and into her Peanut Butter Cup. Well, I was giving it to her Good & Plenty, and all of a sudden, my Starburst. She started to grow a bit Chunky and, sure enough, nine months later, out popped a Baby Ruth."

Decent? Indecent? Inspired? According to the FCC, "The titillating and pandering nature of the song makes any thought of candy bars peripheral at best." The agency fined the station \$25,000 for twice airing the song on its morning show, and for playing a Monty Python ditty called *Sit on My Face*. The fine was later reduced to \$9200.

Blow Me, KMEL-FM, San Francisco

"Blow me, you hardly even know

me, just set yourself below me and blow me, tonight. A handy would certainly be dandy, but it's not enough to slow me, hey, you gotta blow me all night. When you pat your lips that way, I want you night and day, when you squeeze my balls so tight, I want to blow my love with all my might."

Decent? Indecent? The FCC said the song, which aired during the late afternoon *Rick Chase Show*, dwelled too much on descriptions of sexual organs and activities. The show presented the song as part of a segment in which Chase asked listeners, "What was the last thing you had in your mouth?" The station argued that the material, measured against the community standards of San Francisco, was not



noise].” Another said: “My boyfriend tried to put Hershey’s Kisses inside of me and tried to lick it out and it took forever for him to do it.” The agency fined the station \$33,750.

Candy Wrapper, KGB-FM, San Diego

“I whipped out my Whopper and whispered, ‘Hey, Sweet Tart, how’d you like to Crunch on my Big Hunk for a Million Dollar Bar?’ Well, she immediately went down on my Tootsie Roll and, you know, it was like pure Almond Joy. I couldn’t help but grab her delicious Mounds. This little Twix had the Red Hots. My Butterfinger went up her tight little Kit Kat, and she started to scream, ‘Oh Henry! Oh Henry!’ Soon she was fondling my Peter Paul

indecent. The FCC responded that it judges broadcasts using a "generic, nongeographic indecency standard." It fined the station \$25,000.

DJ punch line, KLOU-FM, St. Louis
"The wallet was found stuffed up the ass of a dead guy."

Decent? Indecent? Were they talking about *The Sopranos*? The FCC dismissed this complaint.

Real Deal Mike Neil Show, WWKX-FM, Woonsocket, Rhode Island

"Hey, douche bag—hey, what's up, fu(bleep)ck head? You his fuck (bleep) ho or what? You his fuck (bleep) bitch man, where you suck his dick every night? Suck some di(bleep)ck, make some money for Howard and pay your pimp, OK?"

Decent? Indecent? Is the censor having a seizure? The agency was not impressed with Neil's attempt at editing, which "merely resulted in a bleep in the middle of clearly recognizable words or, in some cases, after the word." It fined the station \$7000.

Conversation with female caller, Bubba the Love Sponge, WXTB-FM, Clearwater, Florida

"Are you participating in No Panties Thursday? (Yes, I am.) Could you take the phone and rub it on you, Chia Pet? (Oh, let me make sure nobody is around. OK, hang on a second. [Rubbing noise] OK, I did it.) That was really your little beaver? (That was mine.) Your what? (That was my little beaver.) Oh, I love when a girl says beaver. Will you say it again for me, honey, please? (It was my little beaver.) Will you say, 'Bubba, come get my beaver?' (Bubba, would you come get my little beaver?) Tell me that doesn't do something for you. That is pretty sexy. Bring the beaver. It will be with me. We got beaver chow. I can't wait. Will you say it for me one more time? (Say what?) 'My little beaver' or 'Bubba, come get my little beaver'? (OK, Bubba, come get my beaver.) Will you say, 'Bubba, come hit my beaver'? Will you say it? (Bubba, come hit my beaver.) That is pretty sexy, absolutely. Oh my God, beaver."

Decent? Indecent? Go, Bubba? The enduring genius of radio is that it leaves so much to the imagination. Does the FCC want jocks to go back to the golden days of yesteryear, when a

couple of coconut shells could create a horse? The FCC did not offer an explanation for why it thought this indecent, but it included three other complaints about *Bubba the Love Sponge* in its guidelines. The agency fined the station \$4000.

News broadcast, KPRL-AM/KDDB-FM, Paso Robles, California

"Oops, fucked that one up."

Decent? Indecent? Busted? The FCC noted the "isolated and accidental nature" of the incident and dismissed the complaint.

Morning-show promotion, WXQR-FM, Wilmington, North Carolina

"So then I dropped my pants and showed Stacy my penis. That was it. We were showing off our genitalia."

Decent? Indecent? The FCC let this one pass.

Announcer joke, KUPD-FM, Tempe, Arizona

"What's the best part of screwing an eight-year-old? Hearing the pelvis crack."

Decent? Indecent? Enough to make you drive off the road? "Although fleeting, the language clearly refers to sexual activity with a child and was found to be patently offensive." Can't disagree with that. The FCC fined the station \$2000.

DJ comment, KLBJ-FM, Austin, Texas

"Suck my dick, you fucking cunt."

Decent? Indecent? Is that the radio, or are the neighbors at it again? "Although fleeting, the material is explicit." The station was fined \$3000.

Guest on *The Lamont & Tonelli Show*, KSJO-FM, San Jose

"She should go up and down the shaft about five times, licking and sucking, and on the fifth swirl bring her tongue around the head before going back down."

"Show us how it's done."

"If this were a real penis, it would have a ridge, I would lick around the ridge like this."

[Laughter, comments such as, "Oh yeah, baby."]

"To do this right, you have to pay attention to the frenulum—it's very sensitive. If you're a guy and you're looking down at your penis, it's on the underside of the penis, there's a slight indentation, a groove that's really sensitive—just lick along the underside of that."

Decent? Indecent?

Hope your girlfriend is listening? The station defended the morning-show segment as a clinical discussion of oral sex. The FCC disagreed, saying the use of a prop and the host's laughter made the segment "pandering and titillating." The FCC fined the station \$7000. In contrast, the FCC let pass television shows by Oprah and Geraldo on

which sex experts inspired the masses in graphic detail. Clout is clout. Or is it that you can only talk about sex if you don't laugh?

***The Breakfast Club*, KSD-FM, St. Louis**

"I've got this Jessica Hahn interview here in *PLAYBOY*. I just want to read one little segment, the good part: 'Jim Bakker has managed to completely undress me and he's sitting on my chest. He's really pushing himself, I mean the guy was forcing himself. He put his penis in my mouth. I'm crying, tears are coming, and he is letting go. The guy came in my mouth. My neck hurts, my throat hurts, my head feels like it's going to explode, but he's frustrated and determined, determined enough that within minutes he's inside me and he's on top and he's holding my arms. He's just into this, he's inside me now. Saying, "When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep."' [On-air host makes sheep sounds.]

"Don't you ever come around here, Jim Bakker, or we're going to cut that thing off."

Decent? Indecent? Bakker deserves to have it cut off? There's a delicious irony here—you can praise the Lord and bilk the faithful, but as long as you nail secretaries only off the air, the FCC deems you decent. The station defended the broadcast as newsworthy banter about a public figure. The FCC ruled, "Although the program arguably concerned an incident that was at the time 'in the news,' the particular material broadcast was not only exceptionally explicit and vulgar, it was presented in

Is talking
about sex
on the radio
OK only if
you don't
laugh?

The FCC
judges
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"generic"
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a pandering manner." The FCC fined the station \$2000.

I Want to Be a Homosexual, KNON-FM, Dallas

"But if you really want to give me a blow job, I guess I'll let you, as long as you respect me in the morning. Suck it, baby. Oh yeah, suck it real good. Are you sure this is your first rim job? Stick it up your punk rock ass. You rub your little thing when you see phony dykes in *Penthouse* magazine. Call me a faggot, call me a butt-loving, fudge-packing queer. You rub your puny thing when you see something pass you on the street."

Decent? Indecent? Homophobic? The station said the punk song, which aired on a gay talk show, constituted "political speech aired in a good-faith attempt to present meaningful public affairs programming." It said the song was designed "to challenge those who would use such language to stigmatize members of the gay community." The commissioners weren't buying it. "We find unavailing the station's argument that, in essence, its duty to air public affairs programming required a midafternoon presentation of lyrics containing repeated, explicit and vulgar descriptions of sexual activities and organs." The station pleaded poverty, and the FCC reduced its initial \$12,500 fine to \$2000.

Penis Envy, WIOD-AM, Miami

"If I had a penis, I'd stretch it and stroke it and shove it at smarties. I'd stuff it in turkeys on Thanksgiving Day. If I had a penis, I'd run to my mother, comb out the hair and compare it to brother. I'd lance her, I'd knight her, my hands would indulge. Pants would seem tighter and buckle and bulge. A penis to plunder, a penis to push, 'cause one in the hand is worth one in the bush. A penis to love me, a penis to share, to pick up and play with when nobody's there. If I had a penis, I'd force it on females, I'd pee like a fountain. If I had a penis, I'd still be a girl, but I'd make much more money and conquer the world."

Decent? Indecent? Catchy tune you can't help but hum? The FCC found the song indecent, along with four others the station aired (including *Candy*

Wrapper). The lyrics may be funny, the agency said, but "humor is no more an absolute defense to indecency than is music." It fined WIOD \$2000 per song.

Bob and Tom Show, KROR-FM, Hastings, Nebraska

Male voice: "Felicia, your hair looks so shiny and manageable. Are you still shampooing with Head and Shoulders?" Felicia: "Gosh, Chick, I stopped using Head and Shoulders a long time ago. I mean, who grows hair on their shoulders?" Chick: "What are you using now?" Felicia: "Well, it's like Head and Shoulders only without all those additives. It's just called Head. Let's tell them about it, girls." Women singing: "If you're tired of old shampoo, just remember what I said, yeah, you'll feel better if you get some Head." Chick: "Wow. Where can I get Head?" Felicia: "Lots of places. You can stop by my place later and I'll be happy to give you some Head. [Laughter] In 15 minutes I'll have you shampooed, styled and blown dry." Chick: "Gee, you don't miss a lick, do you? Head sounds great,

get Head you're a lucky stiff."

Decent? Indecent? Hilarious? The station defended the segment, saying that "at worst, it could be considered to be in bad taste." The FCC ruled it indecent and fined the station \$7000.

Johnson and Tofte Morning Show, KKLZ-FM, Las Vegas

Male voice: "Hey, mister, tell us about anal sex." Male Two: [*Toy train whistle*] "Oh look, there's a chocolate train going round and round the candy track. Soon it will stop and a special passenger will get off." Female voice: "Oh, God." [*Song begins, sung by a female voice*] "The chocolate train rides on the candy track. The lollipop wheels go clickity, clickity, clack. The peppermint whistle goes toot-toot on the chocolate train. The little train is on its way to climb up Ice Cream Mountain. It takes on water for its trip from a great big soda fountain." [*Background female moans begin here, with panting and "Yes, oh God, yes, oh yes, yes, yes, yes, oh."*]

Decent? Indecent? Oddly arousing? The FCC ruled that this segment "con-

tains an explicit, unambiguous reference to anal sex and sexual sound effects that, in context, are pandering in nature." It fined KKLZ \$8000.

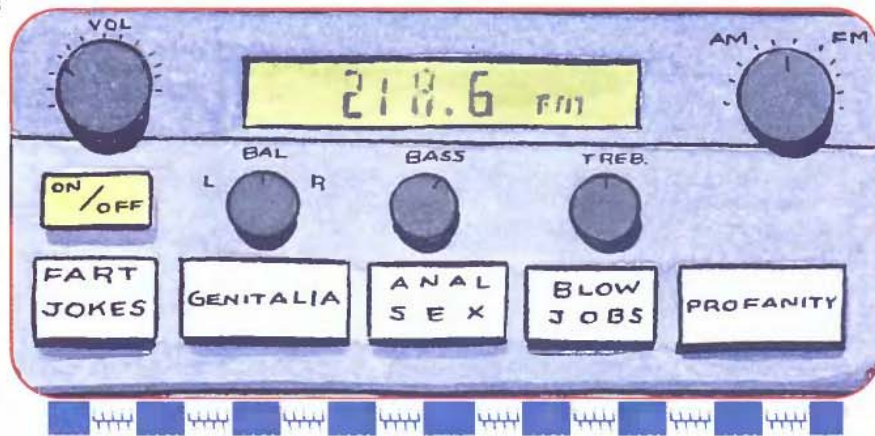
Morning Show, WYBB-FM, Folly Beach, South Carolina

"The hell I did. I drove, motherfucker. . . Uh-oh."

Decent? Indecent?

An innocent slip of the tongue? According to the FCC, the broadcast contained only "a fleeting and isolated utterance that, within the context of live and spontaneous programming, does not warrant a sanction." Around the same time, however, the agency fined the station \$2000 for this *Morning Show* exchange: "Maybe it's nine. (I don't know, and who really gives a crap?) Oh, oh. (No, we can say crap.) We can say crap? (Yeah.) Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap, crap. (That's right, just can't say shit.) Then we won't." WYBB argued that the FCC should also consider this exchange fleeting and isolated, but the agency ruled that "the language explicitly emphasizes and highlights scatological functions. Moreover, the language employed is patently offensive."

Everything clear now?



but is it expensive?" Felicia: "Not at all, Chick. My brother says there are places downtown where you can get Head for less than \$10." Chick: "Golly, at that price everyone should be getting Head." Male Two: "That's right, Chick, when you say Head, you've said a mouthful. Hi, I'm Dr. Raymond Fa-lot-ee-oh from Frig Them All Industries here to tell you why you should get Head. First, it lubricates each limp hair follicle, leaving an erect glistening shaft. Then the scalp's natural oils are sucked out of the root, leaving your hair soft, shiny and exhausted. Nothing does the job like Head." Male Three: "Can I get Head from my hairdresser Bruce?" Male Two: "Probably, but you might want to try your girlfriend first." Women again singing: "So ask and get some Head today, a little squirt goes a long, long way. When you

R E A D E R

WHAT LIES AHEAD

In the article "They're Back" (*The Playboy Forum*, May), James R. Petersen writes that, with the election of George W. Bush, the pro-censorship forces have returned to Washington. They're not really back. They never went away. Instead, they simply shifted their rhetoric to fit the times. In the early Nineties, they said that censorship was necessary to protect women, which they thought would please feminists. Today they say censorship is necessary to protect children.

It is important to keep in mind that they are not all members of the religious right, or the Republican Party. Politicians of all stripes supported the Communications Decency Act, the Child Online Protection Act and the Protection of Children From Sexual Predators Act. The Clinton and now Bush administrations' aggressive pursuit of porn and all the corresponding technological fixes—from V-chips to library filters to perhaps mandating online registration of content—are a danger to more than just those people looking for sexual material.

Joan Kennedy Taylor
Feminists for Free
Expression
New York, New York

Petersen notes 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. He also writes: "The insight was as true in the year 2000 as it was in 1996." That insight was very likely as true in 1796 as it was in 1996, and probably true, in only slightly altered form, for every campaigned election of the past 5000 years.

The problem facing sexually normal people in America today—people who like sex, who don't have to turn off the lights to do it, who like watching other people engage in sex and who are willing to experiment—is that they're at the mercy of those (usually religious) leaders who feel exactly the opposite.



"Most pets lick their owners in the form of kissing. I would not want someone to be charged because of an overaffectionate animal."
—Charles Morrow, a Democratic member of the Illinois House of Representatives, cracking wise during debate over a proposal to upgrade bestiality to a felony offense

"If animals initiate certain behaviors, I'd assume the human—and I think we've all been there—would say or do something to indicate that's not an acceptable behavior. If the animal is persistent, the bill is silent on whether we can charge the animal."
—Response from Republican Bill Black, who sponsored the bill

It's almost as if we normals are inmates in an asylum run by the crazies (i.e., the sex-negatives, the sexually neurotic, the sexually twisted—you know, the ones who make the laws).

The main problem is that the Judeo-Islamic-Christian world leaders have defined morality for the rest of us. They have assured us that morality is mainly about sex and that God doesn't like sex except in specified situations, performed in specified manners between specified partners. To them, anyone who feels differently is being influenced by Satan, or possibly Planned Parenthood founder Margaret Sanger.

The churches' attempt to link the sexual act so closely to their deities is

understandable: Control and direct a person's sexual impulses and you have gone a long way toward controlling and directing all other actions and decisions of that person. Want more church members? Tell the current ones that God says birth control and abortion are mortal sins. The result: multiplying flocks for many years to come—and women relegated to the role of staying home to be baby factories.

What's particularly sad is that many of the world's citizens have accepted, either explicitly or implicitly, the religious view of sex. Even my parents, atheists to a fault, practiced a Judeo-Christian sexual morality. It's not their fault—such a Pavlovian response has been drummed into the populace, for thousands of years, to the point that when you mention morality, most people think sex.

So it's hardly surprising that we now have an attorney general, the son and grandson of ministers, who won't dance because it's sexually arousing. In other words, he's ashamed to let anybody see him with a hard-on. Similarly, the customers of adult bookstores, porn videos in hand, have been shamed by this religious undercurrent from putting their mouths where their money is.

All signs suggest that it is going to be a tough fight for adult entertainment during the next four years—and likely longer, depending on how many Supreme Court justices George Bush manages to get on the bench.

Mark Kernes
Senior Editor
Adult Video News
Chatsworth, California

Yes, the agenda of the religious right is unacceptable when it comes to pornography. Government intrusiveness at any level is unacceptable. However, anything that the Bush administration may put us through in this one area will not make me yearn for the era of Bill Clinton, whose policies demonized firearms, drove manufacturing to the Third World and left us at the mercy of

R E S P O N S E

OPEC. I'll take my chances that the worst of Bush will be better than the best of Clinton.

David Sikorsky
Florence, Kentucky

ABSTINENCE EDUCATION

When the government tells schools to teach sex ed, many students learn only abstinence ("Pure Love Preposterous," *The Playboy Forum*, April). Like abortion, premarital sex is an individual choice. For that reason, sex ed should be bare bones. A male and a female have sex. What happens? That answer is provided by sex ed. This may be too simplistic for some, but by going that route, nobody's opinions matters.

Arthur Moon
Sedalia, Missouri

You may be on to something. Because abstinence-only education leaves so much to the imagination, at least four states (Alabama, California, Missouri and Oregon) require teachers to provide "medically accurate" information about sex. That means they can't pass along to students any of the favorite lies of the "just say no" crowd, such as that 70 percent of condoms fail (the actual figure is three percent, when they're used properly). Legislators in Illinois, Indiana and Maine introduced similar proposals without success. South Carolina attorney general Charlie Condon last year ordered teaching kits produced by the federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention removed from public schools. He claimed the kits violated state law by placing too much emphasis on contraception and too little on abstinence.

EARLY RELEASE

As with Amy Ralston, who wrote to *The Playboy Forum* in March, President Clinton also commuted my drug sentence. In 1991, I was convicted of cultivating 600 marijuana plants. Because I had two previous marijuana convictions, the judge sentenced me to a mandatory minimum of 24.5 years. I received another 2.5 years for failing to report for my sentence.

The judge wrote President Clinton on my behalf, voicing his opposition to the sentence. He told me that during his 25 years on the bench, he had never before written a similar letter.

This country no longer rehabilitates criminals; we warehouse them for decades at a time. A prison administrator once told me that when Congress took away any chance of parole under the

mandatory minimum system, it also removed prison officials' most effective rehabilitation and behavior management tool. They were left to deal with inmates who had no hope of getting out early, or sometimes at all, which left them with little to gain or lose. In the long run, society is punished too. Lengthy incarceration of nonviolent dealers is a huge financial burden. There also are irreversible costs to the many children left without parents.

I applaud Bill Clinton not only because he gave me back more than 20 years of my life, but because he stood up against mandatory minimums as

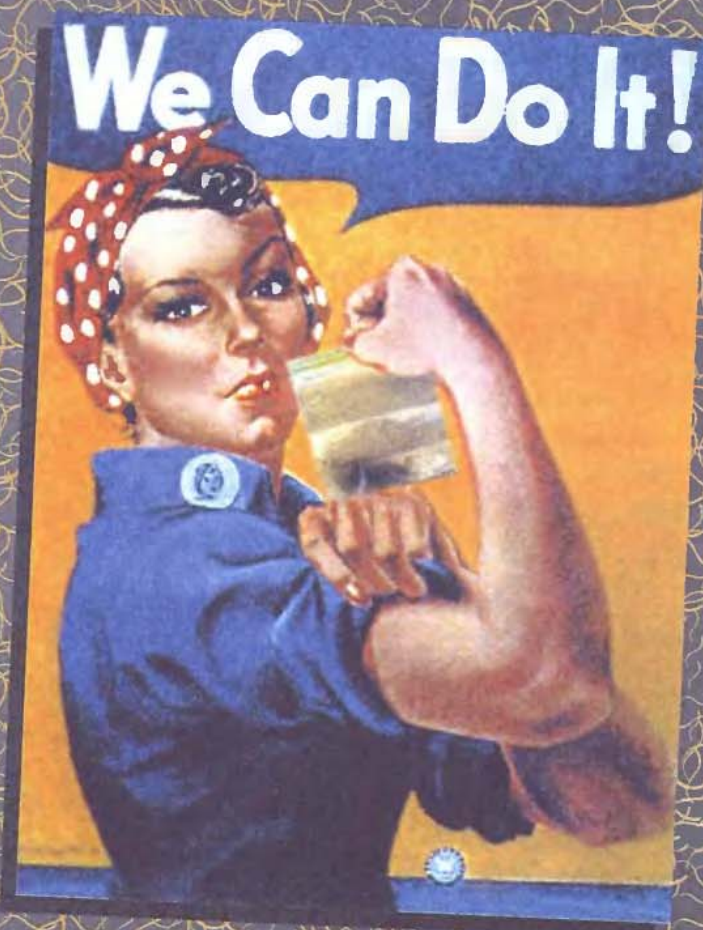
well. It's unfortunate more politicians won't do the same.

Peter Ninemire
Salina, Kansas

Clinton did the right thing in your case, but he didn't do as much as he could have. Thousands of other nonviolent inmates continue to serve draconian sentences.

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

FORUM F.Y.I.



Angered by President Bush's decision to ban funding for abortion counseling overseas, a San Francisco art student distributed this poster urging women to shave their pubic hair in protest. Her rallying cry: "No, Bush! It's not yours, it's mine!" Jackie Sumell hoped to collect 538 Baggies of hair—the number of certified votes by which Bush won Florida, plus one. She got 200, which she delivered to the steps of the Senate.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FOR HIS EYES ONLY

LOUISBURG, NORTH CAROLINA—A minister and her best friend opened a lingerie store, *Seek Ye First*, that caters to Christians. Emma Solomon, a 51-year-old pas-



tor at Shady Grove Baptist Church, says God inspired her to open the store; she also didn't like to drive to Raleigh to buy lingerie. The women recently added garter belts and thongs to their stock. "It's a blessing," said one customer. "When you go in there, you don't feel bad."

PENIS PAYBACK

WEST ISLIP, NEW YORK—Like many men in the U.S., William Stowell was circumcised as a newborn. Soon after he turned 18, the Air Force private filed suit against Good Samaritan Hospital and the doctor who performed the procedure, charging that the removal of his foreskin has denied him the pleasure of "natural, normal" sex. His lawyer argues that Stowell's mother was under the influence of painkillers when she signed the consent form.

RAPE BY PHONE

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY—Two years ago a man claiming to be a gynecologist phoned a 10-year-old girl and persuaded her to place her fingers in her vagina. The girl's mother traced the call, and authorities arrested James Maxwell. Prosecutors then took the unusual step of charging him with rape. They argue that the law

allows for the charge even if the assailant was not present and only gave the victim instructions.

CIVIL HEARING

TOLEDO—Rebecca Bisesi, who is deaf, wanted to attend a comedy show. The club said it would arrange for a signer but that Bisesi would have to pay the \$100 fee. Bisesi insisted that the club pay, citing a state law that prohibits businesses from discriminating against disabled customers. The owner refused, saying he couldn't afford to spend \$100 every time he sold a \$15 ticket to a deaf person. He instead offered Bisesi any seat she needed to be able to read lips, or free entrance for her signer. Bisesi complained to the Ohio Civil Rights Commission, which ruled against the club and sent the case to the state's attorney general.

BUTT BACK

AUGUSTA, MAINE—To reduce litter, a legislator has proposed adding a nickel deposit to each of the 2.2 billion cigarettes sold annually in the state. Smokers would retrieve their cash by taking the marked butts to redemption centers. The Bureau of Health opposes the idea, saying it wouldn't be sanitary.

THE ART OF POLITICS

NEW YORK—Mayor Rudy Giuliani revived his dormant Cultural Affairs Advisory Committee to recommend "decency standards" for city-funded museums. The 20 appointees include three artists, as well as the founder of the Guardian Angels, two campaign donors and the mayor's divorce lawyer. The decency subcommittee's chairman insists that "paintings are not going to be torn down off the walls" and that critics should "calm down."

LOS ANGELES—After 37 years of fighting smut, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors voted 3-2 to disband its Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. The panel had met only once in the past six years and had no staff or budget.

ONLINE EXPOSURE

SAN FRANCISCO—Several years ago anti-abortion activists began posting the home addresses, license plate numbers and other personal information about abortion providers online and on WANTED posters.

When a physician was murdered, his name would be crossed out. Planned Parenthood, four doctors and a Portland clinic sued and won \$107 million. In March, an appeals court overturned the verdict. "Defendants can only be held liable if they authorized, ratified or directly threatened violence," the court ruled. "Political speech may not be punished just because it makes it more likely that someone will be harmed at some unknown time in the future by an unrelated third party."

KIRKLAND, WASHINGTON—City officials asked a judge to shutter a website that lists the home addresses, phone numbers, Social Security numbers, criminal record docket numbers (if any) and salaries of its police officers. The site also lists data about officers in 14 other cities. Its creator, who obtained the data from public records, says he wants to hold police accountable. "The information we present here is information the police have at their disposal when they investigate us," he writes. Kirkland officials say the site puts officers in danger.

BANK BOX

BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA—Last year police arrested Regina Griffin for passing a phony prescription. During a strip search at the Beaver County Jail, guards found 91 cents in her pocket and \$2141 in her



vagina. A judge ordered police to seize the roll of bills, but the district attorney had trouble finding a bank that would accept the "contaminated" money. The bank that eventually did insisted the bills be wrapped in plastic; they were later destroyed.

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TIM BURTON

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

a candid conversation with the wildly inventive director about the weird appeal of charlton heston, the sexuality of apes and the benefits of being a high school loser

It's odd that director Tim Burton keeps finding himself at the helm of big-budget studio blockbusters, because he's really not the type. Trained as a fine artist and described as a shy, withdrawn loner, he has indie filmmaker written all over him.

The potential blockbuster on his slate is *Planet of the Apes*, a "re-imagination," as Burton says, of the 1968 science fiction classic about an astronaut who lands on an alien world where apes talk and humans are second-rate primates. This upside-down simian society should be familiar territory for Burton, who has spent close to a decade exploring themes of social maladjustment in unconventional characters such as *Batman*, *Edward Scissorhands*, *Beetlejuice* and the *Headless Horseman*.

Burton creates quirky movies that rake in tons of cash for the studios. And his method is deceptively simple: He makes children's movies for adults. Burton combines the visual sophistication and complex narrative nuances adults demand of movies with a child's love of spectacle and mystery. His debut film, 1985's *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*—which he directed at the age of 26—was made for \$6 million and grossed \$45 million. The 1988 follow-up, *Beetlejuice*, cost \$13 million and brought in \$80 million, and the following

year Burton broke box-office records with *Batman*. The film—along with Burton's sequel *Batman Returns*—became a billion-dollar business.

Born in Burbank, California in 1958, Burton grew up in a lower-middle-class neighborhood he'd prefer to forget. He's been out of touch for more than two decades with his family—younger brother Danny and their mother, Jean, who works in a gift shop. His father, Bill Burton, died last year. Tim spent most of his time drawing, daydreaming, watching B movies and poring over issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine. The loneliness and isolation Burton felt as a child—and his capacity to escape those feelings through fantasy—have influenced almost all his movies, which often deal with outsiders and estrangement.

Burton barely got through high school but on the basis of his obvious artistic gift was admitted into the animation program at the California Institute of the Arts, a school founded by Walt and Roy Disney in Valencia, California. Burton floundered there as well, when he discovered that animation isn't a good field for people who color outside the lines. But he was nonetheless hired by the Disney studio on the strength of his brief exercise in pencil-test animation, called

Stalk of the Celery Monster. Disney put him to work on its 1981 film *The Fox and the Hound*.

In his spare time Burton worked on a children's book that was an homage to his childhood hero Vincent Price. The following year, when Disney gave him \$60,000 to create something, he adapted it into a short film. The resulting six-minute film, *Vincent*, which he completed in 1982, and *Frankenweenie*, a short film made in 1984 about a young boy determined to revive his dead dog, launched Burton's career.

After Burton left Disney, writer Stephen King recommended *Frankenweenie* to a Warner Bros. executive, who screened it for Paul Reubens. Reubens, whose television series, *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, was hugely successful at the time, was looking for someone to direct him in his first film. Together, Burton and Reubens created a charming, visually captivating film. Contributing to the movie was composer Danny Elfman, whose quirky music subsequently became an essential companion to Burton's visuals. Elfman scored Burton's next film, the offbeat ghost comedy *Beetlejuice*, and followed that up with *Batman*. While he was in England shooting *Batman*, Burton met German



"I often ask myself why I do what I do, because I don't get the pleasure from it that other filmmakers seem to get. I'm not good at business. Constantly ringing cell phones don't bring out the best in me."



"Once you've made *Batman*, people want to charge you \$100,000 a month to rent you a house. I'm not getting a financial benefit out of *Batman*, and that's been one of the worst aspects of having done that film."



"I once got some kids to help me set up a bunch of debris and weird footprints in a park, and we convinced these other kids an alien ship had crashed. As a kid I was always able to get other kids to do things."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

painter Lena Gieseke, whom he married in February 1989.

Following the phenomenal success of *Batman*, Burton made *Edward Scissorhands*, a modest fairy tale starring Johnny Depp. One of Burton's most admired films and his most personal, it's the story of a misfit who has scissors instead of hands and can't get close to people without accidentally hurting them.

A subtly observed, intimate film, *Edward Scissorhands* gave Burton a chance to catch his breath before diving into *Batman Returns*. By the time that film was released to mixed reviews in 1992, Burton's marriage to Gieseke was over, and he'd fallen in love with model Lisa Marie.

Burton cast Lisa Marie in a supporting role in his 1994 film, *Ed Wood*, a tribute to the Fifties cult filmmaker often described as the worst director of all time. Lisa Marie also appears in Burton's three subsequent films: *Mars Attacks*, *Sleepy Hollow* and *Planet of the Apes*.

Although Burton assembled an amazing cast for *Mars Attacks* that included Glenn Close, Jack Nicholson and Annette Bening, the 1996 film was the most harshly reviewed of his career. *Sleepy Hollow* was praised for extraordinary art direction and broke the \$100 million mark (a first for a film starring Depp).

Burton lives with Lisa Marie in the Hollywood hills, but freelance journalist Kristine McKenna—whose last *Playboy* Interview was with John Malkovich—tracked him down in New York City, where the 43-year-old filmmaker was holed up in the Brill Building, racing to complete a cut of *Planet of the Apes*. McKenna reports being surprised by the man she met. "Tim Burton has a reputation for being noncommunicative and remote, but I didn't find him that way at all. Though he invariably showed up for our meetings dressed in black—he has a goth-grunge thing going in terms of sartorial style—he was forthcoming, relaxed and downright sunny.

"He's no slick glad-hander, and I imagine that he squirms a lot when he's in the studio boardroom. Talking with him, you can understand why those studio guys keep giving him the keys to the car. He really loves the things he loves, and when he talks about them he shows an enthusiasm that's contagious and charming."

PLAYBOY: Do you have to be a good liar to survive in the movie business?

BURTON: It's like being in the Army, in that you can't show people what you really think. I prefer not to think of myself as a liar and try to surround myself with people who can handle truth, but the truth is always subjective. In the movie business at the end of the day, it's all just people's opinions, because this isn't a precise science. Still, when you're making something you're like a shark maneuvering through all these opinions. Movies are an out-of-body experience. I'm always amused when certain money people enter the movie business expect-

ing truth, logic and a clear-cut return on their investment, because there's a surreal aspect to this entire undertaking that's impossible to control.

PLAYBOY: *Planet of the Apes* is a cult classic. How much license did you grant yourself to reinvent the story? For instance, the previous *Apes* movies all could be interpreted as cautionary tales about nuclear war.

BURTON: This one's a cautionary tale about trying to remake science fiction films from the late Sixties. Actually, we don't get into the nuclear thing too much because we weren't attempting to remake the original. The first *Apes* movie, directed by Franklin Schaffner, was such a classic that it wasn't ripe for remaking. The thing that may allow us to get away with this film is that we aren't trying to make it the same thing. Let's face it, you can't beat certain aspects of the original. They say you should try to remake only bad movies, and *Planet of the Apes* wasn't a bad movie. For many of us the film had a lot of impact, and for reasons I can't explain it was a weird idea that just clicked. I have done several

I was a huge Charlton Heston fan when I was growing up. Monster movies didn't scare me at all, but Heston's films really did.

films that involved elaborate makeup, but there's something really powerful in the simple premise of talking apes that's so eerie it's almost Shakespearean. Unfortunately, there were talking apes checking into the Beverly Wilshire and going shopping by the time the third *Apes* film came out in 1971. The apes dressed like car mechanics in the fourth and fifth films. We won't dwell on that though, because the first one was pretty great.

PLAYBOY: You can't talk about the original *Planet of the Apes* without mentioning Charlton Heston. What do you think of his work?

BURTON: I was a huge Charlton Heston fan when I was growing up—particularly during his *Planet of the Apes*, *Omega Man*, *Soylent Green* period—and he still fascinates me. Monster movies didn't scare me at all as a child, but Heston's films really did. Nobody ever mentions that *The Ten Commandments* is like a horror movie. Heston's character starts out like a normal guy and by the end of the film he's this weird zombie. There's tons of horrific imagery—it's like a monster movie and Heston has a presence in it

that's terrifying. Because he communicated a belief in what he was doing, he had this uncanny ability to make you believe whatever bullshit was going on, and in *Omega Man* he comes across as the most serious person who ever lived. Heston's like Vincent Price, who's an actor I love in a completely different way. Both of them seem tortured somehow, and there's something really personal about what they do on-screen.

PLAYBOY: The makeup for the original *Apes* movies consisted of rubber masks and *Star Trek*-type outfits. How have you improved on that?

BURTON: The problem is that if you strictly adhere to the basic premise and keep the apes naked and acting more like animals, it becomes another thing. We tried to get into ape behavior so it would feel like more than just people with ape masks on. The cast and crew spent a week at Ape School trying to get a feel for ape mannerisms. Some of what went on at Ape School was movement training, and some of it was interacting with live chimps. Being in Ape School was like flying on an airplane in that on some level everybody was terrified. There's an undercurrent of suppressed fear I feel on airplanes, and I sensed something similar at Ape School, which I think had to do with the fact that monkeys are completely unpredictable and intensely sexual.

PLAYBOY: Sexual?

BURTON: Yes. They fall in love with you, and they're jealous and possessive. They would start humping my leg, and if I didn't pay attention to them, they'd spit at me or throw shit at me. They'll grab you wherever. They're very interested in the inside of your nose and your mouth, and they try to groom you. They have an extra three feet to their reach, and they don't know their own strength. One day one of them jumped on me from a 10-foot platform and completely took me out. He was just playing, but it was like having an anvil thrown at you. I love animals, but with these monkeys I felt like I was gazing into the unknown. It's interesting that culturally we've come to regard them as cute, but they're capable of ripping you in half. They have an insane, psycho quality. One day I caught one of them staring at me and I thought, Man, if a human ever looked at me that way I'd run in the other direction. I felt like I was in some weird gay bar and some sleazy person was checking me out.

PLAYBOY: Bill Broyles wrote the screenplay for your *Planet of the Apes*. Then, at the 11th hour, you brought in the writing team of Lawrence Konner and Mark Rosenthal to rework the script. Why?

BURTON: I don't know why this is—it's something you should probably ask the studios about—but with all the big movies I've done, the scripts are never ready when it's time to shoot. Never. When I

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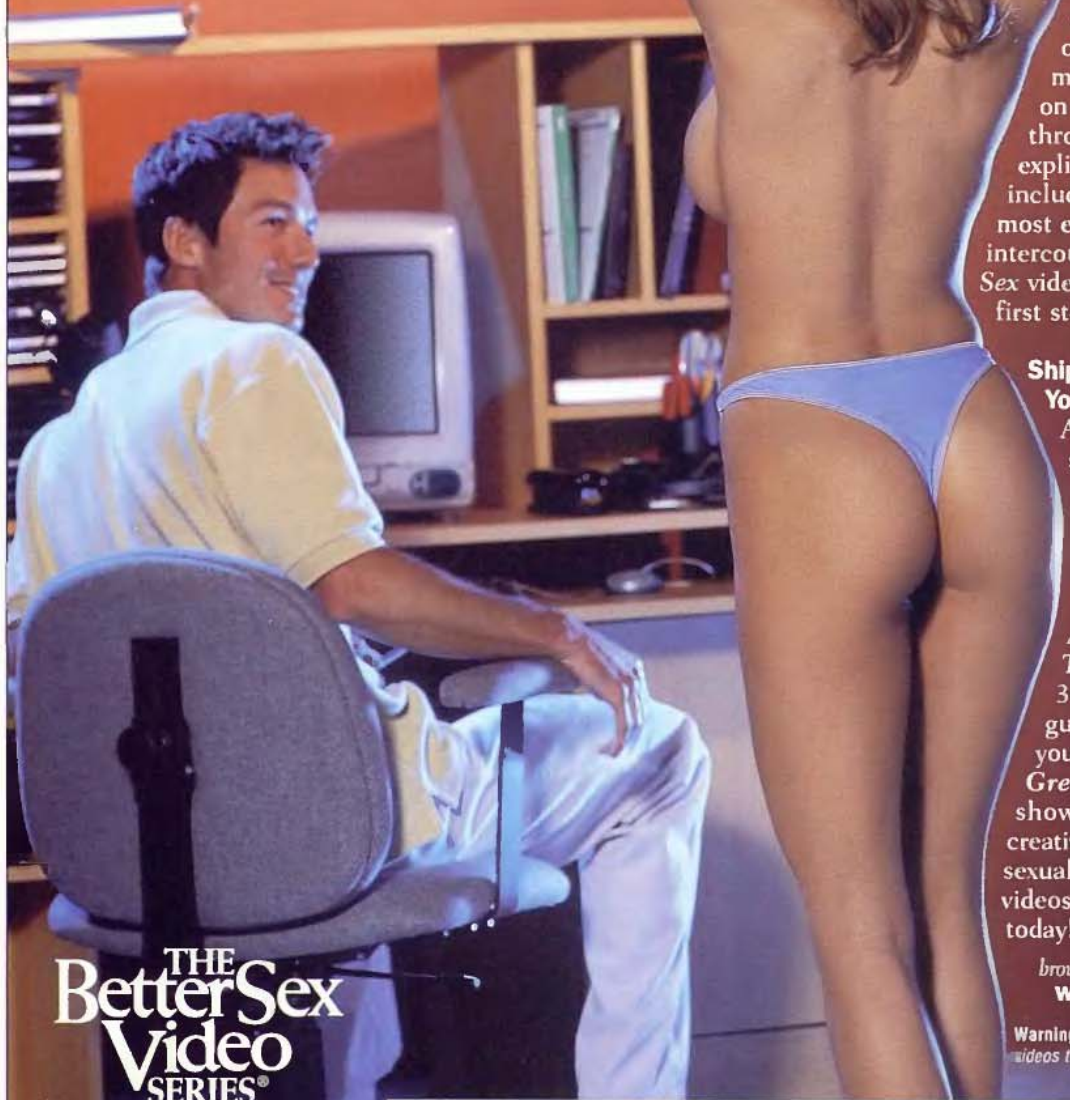
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came on board with the first *Batman* lots of people had been involved and loads of money had been sunk into the thing. I don't know why there's so much second-guessing in the movie business. I guess it's because people with a lot of money tend to be concerned about what might happen to their money, which is probably how they manage to accumulate it in the first place. But this is a funny business to be in if you want concrete answers. Movies are abstractions until they've been completed—and that's the beauty of them. So, I hear myself saying OK, we're going to start this film and we're going to get it into shape. I'm like Ed Wood—Mr. Optimistic. Bill Broyles had been working on the *Planet of the Apes* script for a long time before I got on it, and we worked with Bill for a while longer, but I think it was starting to drive him crazy. Sometimes you need a fresh perspective, and bringing in new writers is like going to a doctor for a second opinion. Larry Konner was on the set every day doing new pages as the shoot progressed, because dialogue that might sound good in a story conference isn't necessarily going to sound great when you get people in ape makeup saying it. Budget also played a role in the script rewrite. If we had adhered to Bill's script we'd still be shooting, and the film would have cost an extra \$200 million.

PLAYBOY: What made Mark Wahlberg right for the lead?

BURTON: Mark's a type of actor I really like. He's solid and there's not a lot of bullshit about him. When you're doing a film like this you need a person who can serve as an anchor, and Mark can do that. Before I met him people were telling me he had all this baggage involving music, Calvin Klein underwear ads and so on. But the guy's good, so people should give him a fucking break. You'll have an actor who never shows up on time on one film, then he's right there like an angel on the next one. It's all chemistry, so I don't pay too much attention to people's reputations.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had to fire an actor?

BURTON: No, partly because I'm not sure what good acting is. I straddle a fine line of knowing what's what. With *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* and *Beetlejuice* I was working with actors like Paul Reubens, Michael Keaton and Catherine O'Hara. They're so good at improvisation that most of those movies wound up being improvised. I get excited by actors who can surprise you. The point is, I don't always assume I know best, particularly when I'm working with a talent like Bill Murray, who was just great in *Ed Wood*. I love people I don't understand, and there's something deeply puzzling about Bill. Prior to shooting he prepared for his character by having all the hair on his body waxed, and believe me, it looked extremely painful. I love him and that

performance so much that I still day-dream about doing a music video of the scene of Bill with the mariachis.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sense if a movie is going to be a success?

BURTON: I'm always surprised by how movies do. With *Batman*, I thought it had a shot at making a modest profit. But ultimately I don't have any clue, because you're dealing with things that are organic. I'm like Ed Wood in that I go into every movie with the same mixture of optimism, enthusiasm and denial. You have to because you're devoting your time to it, so you get close to things and the movie becomes like one of your children. It may be ugly, but it's your child. Plus, there is no ultimate truth about the worth of a movie, and that's something I learned when *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* came out. It was on several lists as one of the worst films of 1985. Then when *Beetlejuice* came out in 1988, the same reviewers that gave *Pee-wee* minus 10 were talking about how great *Pee-wee* was and what a disappointment my new film *Beetlejuice* was. It's like high school the way critics trash you, then suddenly they're your best friend. I always think, Hey, you guys never talked to me in high school, so why start now?

PLAYBOY: Directing a movie on the scale of *Planet of the Apes* is like being a general in the army—it demands leadership skills. Where did you acquire those?

BURTON: Maybe all those endless hours spent watching movies where the Army attacks the giant insects taught me how to maneuver troops and destroy all monsters. As a kid I was always able to get other kids to do things. I once got some kids to help me set up a bunch of debris and weird footprints in a park, and we convinced these other kids an alien ship had crashed in Burbank. I would stage fake fights in the neighborhood so it looked like somebody was killing somebody, and I once convinced a kid that a killer had fallen into a neighbor's pool after they'd just cleaned it and doused it with acid and chlorine. I threw some clothes in there and told this kid the guy had dissolved.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've done a few big movies, do you feel like you know the drill? Is it getting easier?

BURTON: It's actually gotten harder. With the first *Batman* I was kind of flying below the radar, plus it was shot in England. I was eight hours away from the studio, the media and a lot of the pressure. At that point the pressures were just abstractions to me, but when the same things keep happening to you your tolerance goes down. I remember seeing people who looked like they were going to jump off a ledge and thinking, Gee, why is that person acting that way? After a few years you start climbing out on the ledge yourself. Working with a studio on a movie of this scale is an incredible journey because you don't have the op-

tion of not showing up. I plan to take a slightly deeper breath before I start the next movie, which will definitely be smaller.

PLAYBOY: You've spoken about the terror you felt when you arrived in England in 1988 and saw the 95 acres of *Batman* sets that filled Pinewood Studios. How did you get through that experience?

BURTON: Sometimes you get karmic lessons, and I guess that was one of mine. Throughout my life I'd never talked much or communicated well with people, and I think that's one of the reasons I like to draw and became an animator—you could show a picture instead of talking. Communicating with people was definitely one of the major challenges *Batman* presented. The first day of shooting I had an experience with Jack Palance that scared me to death—I literally saw white and left my body. It was the first shot and I figured we'd start simple with a shot of Jack Palance walking out of a bathroom. So he's in the bathroom and we're rolling camera, but when I call "action" nobody comes out. I say "cut" and walk over and say "OK, Mr. Palance, all you have to do is come out." So we start again, I say "action" and he still doesn't come out. I walk back over and say, "OK, Mr. Palance, all you've got to do is come out," and he starts breathing heavy and grabs me and screams, "Who are you to tell me what to do? I've done over a hundred movies!" I absolutely freaked out and one of the producers had to calm everybody down. I don't know what was going on in Palance's mind, and he apologized later, but it scared me to death. That movie was a trial by fire on every level, and Jack Nicholson really helped me get through it, simply by being who he is and supporting me. Having somebody like him on my side was so helpful. I'll never forget that—Jack's a good man that way. It's also incredibly fun to watch him work because he has such an amazing command of his skills. He can come up with different approaches to a scene time after time, and I'd find myself wanting to do extra takes just to see what he'd do.

PLAYBOY: What was your life like in 1989 when *Batman* was breaking box office records?

BURTON: It was so surreal it didn't really affect me. If there were dancing girls throwing money around I might have had a stronger feeling about it. Right after I finished *Batman* I went to make *Edward Scissorhands*, which we shot in a small town east of Tampa, Florida. When you're staying in a mosquito-infested condo in a third-rate golf resort and there's a plastic fish hanging on your wall, it's hard to feel like you're king of the world.

PLAYBOY: Unlike most directors, you're a recognizable personality. How do you like your celebrityhood?

BURTON: Being a so-called public figure

is a lot to adjust to and there are many layers to it. For instance, if somebody approaches me on the street and tells me he's been touched by something in one of my films, that makes me feel really good. On the other hand, when people come up and hand me scripts, I always want to say, "Hey, why are you handing me a script? Have you read any reviews of my films? Every reviewer says my scripts are terrible!" We live in a world where everyone's privacy is subject to invasion, but I like mystery in life. I prefer to look at people and wonder about them, as opposed to knowing every stupid detail about their lives. Of course I, too, occasionally have those nosy feelings of wanting to know everything, but they aren't feelings I'm proud of and I don't think they deserve to be satisfied. Before I started making movies I used to go sit in the mall and draw, and I've always loved observing people. But that's not something I can do anymore. I've come full circle—now I am the observed and must reside in my own Twilight Zone. If I do something like this interview or go out to a dinner, it leaves me completely exhausted. I know I'm being looked at and I don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a temper?

BURTON: Unfortunately I have a quicker temper than I used to. We went on location in Hawaii and everybody showed up for work in Hawaiian shirts, like they were on the Love Boat. Maybe it's because I was tired, but it really bothered me and I yelled, "We're not on vacation yet!" Hawaii has a strong current of primal energy, and the first time I went there I thought I was dying because I felt a way I'd never felt before. Then I learned that what I was feeling was relaxation.

PLAYBOY: What's the most widely held misconception about the lives of the famous?

BURTON: One is that we all hang out together. I once went to a dinner where it was all famous people, and all I can remember is how uncomfortable everybody was. It was a weird evening.

PLAYBOY: Is Hollywood a hard place to make friends?

BURTON: I've read things about myself

like, "Tim disappears on people," but I'm in a business where people disappear. I recently went to the doctor and the dentist, and I was surprised when they both told me that I hadn't seen either of them in a few years. I felt like I'd just seen them. Maybe as you get older the passage of time accelerates and the time machine gets put on full speed ahead. I've always felt like a friendly person, but I don't have that many friends, and I don't know if I can pin the blame for that on Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Which of your films has been the most personal and revealing of you?

BURTON: *Edward Scissorhands*, which was self-generated way back. Alan Arkin was so good in that film that it was scary, be-

couldn't quite define.

PLAYBOY: What's the most difficult step in filmmaking?

BURTON: I'm not good at business—in fact, I'm pretty bad at it. I'm a person who needs time to think and muse over things. Having a million things going on and constantly ringing cell phones don't bring out the best in me. The deal-making part seems to exist in a hermetically sealed world where people are prone to believe all kinds of crap, and I'm not comfortable in that environment and try not to spend too much time there. You feel at odds with yourself when you're making something, and if I'm looking out over a lake or at the ocean I often ask myself why I do what I do, because I don't get the pleasure from it that other filmmakers seem to get. The whole thing seems insurmountably difficult. I guess the thing that keeps me doing it is that I enjoy the people and I like the crew. They're not sitting around bullshitting in some boardroom, going over research about this or that—they're busting their asses to actually do something.

The most physical arduous part of the process is obviously the shoot itself, but that's also the best part, because there's movement. Emotionally you have to train like an athlete to shoot a big movie, and it's incredibly debilitating when the studio is still vacillating about giving the film a green light until you're halfway through shooting it—that really takes a lot

out of everybody. This film was shot in 80 days, which is the fastest shoot I've ever done.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your younger years. Did you do drugs in high school? You seem like the type.

BURTON: A little, but I've never done acid or anything like that. When I was a child, I felt like I was already really old, so I never had friends my own age and never had access to drugs. I wasn't in the loop of social or cultural peer pressure to do what everyone else was doing, and I even left high school a semester early. I don't know what was up with the school system that I was able to get out early, because I was a lousy student. In fact, I was completely unable to write anything

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cause he really reminded me of my dad. I feel very close to *The Nightmare Before Christmas* and *Ed Wood*, too.

PLAYBOY: Several critics have noted you avoid dealing with sexuality in your films. Do you avoid sex?

BURTON: I never thought of it that way—I consider Catwoman a sexual character, for instance. It's true, though, that I'm interested in manifestations of sexuality that are more subtle and difficult to define. Take Vincent Price. I always saw him as a heterosexual character, yet he was slightly ambiguous. That's one of the things that interested me about Ed Wood as well. He dressed in women's clothes but was neither gay nor heterosexual. He was something else that you

in my last year of high school because I'd gotten in a fight during a sporting event and broken my hand. When I left school early, people told me I was going to miss the best time of my life, but when I went back for the graduation ceremony, everybody looked like they'd just done life in prison.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents support your creativity?

BURTON: That's hard to say. My father actually liked to draw, but he didn't show that side of himself too much. He was an ex-baseball player, so I was kind of pushed into sports, though I was somewhat willing. I also played a musical instrument, and they tried to push me into the arts. The one thing they didn't push me into was drawing—and if they had, I probably wouldn't have gotten into it. My parents weren't particularly strict, but anyone who comes from suburbia can tell you that your parents don't have to be strict for you to feel strangled by that culture. We lived right by the Burbank airport and the planes flew so low that I could stick my ear right on the television set and turn it up as loud as it would go, and I still wouldn't be able to hear it. My parents tried to send me to church, but suburban religion is a bureaucratic setup where you're told things but you don't feel anything. I consider myself a spiritual person, but I don't place spirituality in any concrete form or place.

PLAYBOY: Is it true your parents blocked out the windows in your bedroom?

BURTON: Yeah, they covered them up for insulation, supposedly, and they put a little slit at the top of the covering so some light could get in. It was a suburban thing of keeping the heat in or something—they said the windows were letting in too much air. I thought, What the fuck? This is California for Christ's sake! That's probably why I've always related to Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote several stories revolving around the theme of being buried alive.

PLAYBOY: Would you characterize yourself as a rebellious kid?

BURTON: I was quietly rebellious. I never spent too much time in the principal's office, but my grandmother told me that before I could walk I was trying to crawl out the door. I just remember wanting to go. When I was 10 I went to live with my grandmother, and I lived with her until I got out of high school. My grandfather was dead by then. My dad understood my wanting to live with my grandmother, but my mom was really upset, which was kind of the reason I wanted to go. My grandmother gave me sanctuary and she really saved me. She made sure I had food and left me alone. I didn't hate my parents, but I just never felt socialized in that way. As a child I always had Italian friends. I didn't consciously do this, but I'd befriend these sweet, won-

derful Italian families who'd give me food and take me in. My parents were much more reserved—so much so, in fact, that until around 10 years ago I always flinched whenever anyone touched me. Looking back on it now, it's pretty clear to me that my parents were depressed, and I always felt a deep, dark unhappiness permeating the air in their house. My dad was a baseball player who got injured, and he must have been unhappy about that. I don't know what was up with my mom, but she seemed real depressed. It's kind of scary, but I don't know much about them. I realized that when I was in my early 20s, so I tried to ask them about their lives, but they didn't really want to tell me. One of the things I love about traveling is that you get to see other cultures where people relate to one another in an open way. It's so beautiful I almost start to cry thinking about it, because it's something I never had.

PLAYBOY: Are you in contact with your parents now?

BURTON: My dad died last year. He had been ill for a while, and I made some little attempts to communicate with him and have some kind of resolution. His death wasn't a huge sense of loss, because I'd been grieving the absence of a relationship with him my whole life.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to have children?

BURTON: I'm still so attuned to the feelings I had as a child that I think I've resisted it so far. I'm kind of a late bloomer, probably because there were a lot of issues I kept repressed for a long time. I don't know if I've really dealt with those things yet. It's like seasons, and I think you go through waves. You kind of think you've dealt with something, then you find yourself regressing into it.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but one likes to think that some things can be fully healed. For instance, you mentioned you no longer flinch when people touch you.

BURTON: Certain studio executives still make me flinch when they touch me. If I were kissed by Jon Peters again I might flinch.

PLAYBOY: Do you envision the day when you'll have worked through all the emotional and creative material generated by your childhood?

BURTON: Are you asking if I'm going to get tapped out? I don't know. Maybe that will happen and I'll revert to some kind of amoeba state. There is an element of catharsis to doing something creative—you can work out certain things and move on. So if you were able to make movies reasonably quickly, I guess they could work as some sort of therapy and you could use them to work through a lot of stuff. But the problem with movies, especially these kinds of movies, is that they take so long it's like a painful birth, a rough life and a bitter death, and the whole experience

winds up generating more psychological material.

PLAYBOY: Is the world a better place now than it was when you were a child?

BURTON: It's hard to say if things get worse as we get older or if they just seem worse. You read about people dying of leprosy at the age of 30 or having to have their fingers cut off, and you think obviously things are better now. Nonetheless, there's so much overstimulation now that I find myself longing for the time when you couldn't be contacted every second of the day by cell phone. I have one and admit there's a slight James Bond aspect to it that appeals to me, but I rarely use it and Lisa is the only person who has the number. Seeing two people sitting across from each other in a romantic restaurant having conversations on their cell phones with other people is so freakish. I find the Internet depressing, too, largely because so much of it is gossip. The Internet has amazing capabilities, but it also takes gossip, innuendo and the printed word and disseminates them at an incredibly rapid rate. It doesn't matter what's true because once it's out there gossip takes on a life of its own, and that's kind of evil. When somebody says something incorrect about an area of my life that is or was painful, that's not cool and it leaves me feeling as if I've been robbed.

PLAYBOY: Back when you were learning to draw, who were your favorites?

BURTON: Dr. Seuss was my favorite by far. His books are so beautiful and subversive, and they work on so many levels. Like any good folktale, Dr. Seuss' stories are timeless and they have cultural and sociological meaning that will always hold true. That work was so much of what he was, that I've always left it alone as far as trying to turn one of his books into a film. As far as the work that influenced me, I'm a child of television and I grew up on monster movies, *The Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits*. I still get a warm glow from a television set because for me it's always been the hearth, the parents, the womb and a friend, so I just like having it on. Now I mostly watch the movie channels and cooking shows like *Iron Chef*, but the main things I like are the soft waves of light and the sound a television gives off.

PLAYBOY: What about books?

BURTON: One of the problems of being part of the television generation is that I don't read much and it's not easy for me to read—in fact, in order to read a book I'd almost have to not do anything else. I spend a lot of time flying but I never read then. I can't do anything when I'm on a plane because the minute I start to focus on something there's turbulence, so I just stop everything and I sit there like my dog. I've tried drinking but that doesn't help. When you see a plane take off it just doesn't look like something that should be happening. The thing

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that drives me most crazy on planes is people who go up there and pull down the shade! As long as you're up there you might as well appreciate the view. You're in the heavens! You can see things! Why create more claustrophobia in a thing that's already a claustrophobic nightmare?

PLAYBOY: What made you fall in love with Lisa Marie?

BURTON: It was unexpected, which seems to be the way these things happen. I felt something on a level that was amazing to me, and I'll never forget it. It was kind of shocking, actually, because like a lot of people, I'd reached the point of believing it was never going to happen for me and that maybe I was expecting too much. Then I got this feeling that was bizarre and amazing—no matter what your intellectual mind tells you, when you experience a real feeling you know it, and it's a beautiful thing. It had additional meaning because it showed me I wasn't some kind of crazy monster incapable of having normal human feelings. I experienced a strong sense of connection the minute we met and it wasn't until later that I learned how much we had in common. Like me, she had left her parents' home at an early age, and the minute I saw her I sort of flashed on her as a young girl, as an old woman—I could see it all in her. It was like a weird special effect that felt really good and pure. She was someone I could share the things I do with, and I love working with her.

PLAYBOY: She's had small parts in several of your films; do you plan to cast her in a leading role?

BURTON: Oh yeah, I absolutely want to work with her in that way, but here's the problem. I've been trying to make kind of an independent movie since *Edward Scissorhands*, and I had to walk away from quite a few things to make that film. Once you've made a movie like *Batman*, people want to charge you \$100,000 a month to rent you a house, and you wind up penalized for being associated with something you're not actually getting much benefit from. I'm not getting a financial benefit from *Batman*, and that's been one of the worst aspects of having done that film. When I did *Ed Wood* nobody believed I would work for scale, and I felt like I was being looked upon as kind of an idiot for doing it. The point I'm making is that you have to find a way out and I don't know what that way is.

PLAYBOY: Was it a goal of yours to make big studio movies?

BURTON: No, and I've always felt it's been one of my saving graces that it wasn't. I've never had one goal I was obsessed with, and having known people who have, I can see it's just a way to set yourself up for failure.

PLAYBOY: Paul Reubens was a huge star

when you directed him in your first feature, *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, but he disappeared from public view for several years following his 1991 arrest for a sexual misadventure. Did the entertainment industry ostracize Reubens or was it his choice not to work?

BURTON: That episode with Paul seemed to mark the beginning of a new era of "let's tear people down." America has a history of tearing people down and then resurrecting them, and it's a sick ritual that's a complete waste of time and makes me deeply angry. If a mobster did things that people in the movie business do every day, he'd be killed. Paul is talented, resourceful and creative, so he survived, but that entire episode was a waste of his time.

PLAYBOY: What's the basis of the bond between you and Johnny Depp that enables you to work together so successfully?

BURTON: I realized something about Johnny when he played Edward Scissorhands, which is that he has baggage too. He looks a certain way, but who he is goes far beyond his appearance. There's a lot going on with Johnny. I think I respond to the fact that he's perceived a certain way but isn't really that way, and I also love that as an actor he doesn't care how he looks—he has a real freedom in that regard. We've done three films together—*Scissorhands* in 1990, *Ed Wood* in 1994, and *Sleepy Hollow* in 1999—and he's been completely different in all of them. I'm excited by the possibilities with Johnny.

PLAYBOY: Martin Landau won an Academy Award for his performance as Bela Lugosi in *Ed Wood*. What made you cast Landau as Lugosi?

BURTON: I knew he'd understand the part. Here's a guy who's done all this great stuff and worked with Hitchcock, but he was also on *Gilligan's Island* with the Harlem Globetrotters. I knew he'd relate to Bela Lugosi's ups and downs, and he did. I was thrilled when he won the Oscar, but I've never gone to the Academy Awards and can't even be around that stuff. I like to be working when that's going on. This year I was in Hawaii, and although we finished shooting the day before the Awards, I stayed there an extra day to miss them. Have you ever seen that cheesy movie from 1966, *The Oscar*? Unfortunately it's pretty close to the truth as far as what the Academy Awards are about. There's this weird current of politics and maneuvering that surrounds them. The whole thing feels like a high school popularity contest. Don't stand in line for hours to talk to Joan Rivers, then pretend you don't want to talk to her once you get up there.

PLAYBOY: That's one aspect of Hollywood that you don't like. How about doing publicity—like this interview?

BURTON: As far as promotion, I always

question the value of doing press to help make a movie a success, because I really don't have anything to say. I'm basically an idiot and I don't have any funny stories about the set, so what good am I? Still, the studios make you feel like you're neglecting the movie if you don't do press. Generally I don't like reading about myself, and if I see my name in print or I see my picture I don't get anything out of it. I don't hold it against the studios that they "encourage" me to go out and promote the film, because they're just doing what studios do. Still, I've always found it odd that I ended up in this situation because I don't know what a hit movie is. Movies like *Planet of the Apes* are basically businesses, and they involve words like franchise and saturation that make my skin crawl. This one will be heavily merchandised, but that's not something I have any control over. They ask my opinion, of course, but sometimes I feel like the film gets in the way of the merchandising. There were people over in Taiwan making *Planet of the Apes* swords before we'd even shot the thing, and the film is being aggressively presold. Personally, I don't want to know too much about a movie before I go see it. When I went to see a movie as a kid I would know a little about it beforehand, and I'd go enter a world that surprised me. These days you know how much it cost and it's been picked apart in the press before audiences have seen it. It takes the humanity, the magic and the surprise out of the experience, and that's sad.

PLAYBOY: Is the relationship between businesspeople and artists, writers, actors and directors an adversarial one?

BURTON: At the end of the day, those relationships feel adversarial. With movies, businesspeople give artists a lot of money to make things, and that's something I've never taken lightly. However, the thing they don't understand is that at the end of it all, they're asking me and everyone else on the film to put in incredibly long hours. We don't see our families, and regardless of how well everyone is being paid, we still need emotional support from the studio in order to do the job we're being paid to do. By the end of a lot of those meetings you feel bloodied, wounded and left for dead, and by the time you actually get down to making the movie, you feel like you've had the shit beat out of you and need to spend a few months recovering in a hospital.

PLAYBOY: Do you think businesspeople are threatened by creative types?

BURTON: Yes, I believe there is a subconscious jealousy that partly has to do with the fact that it's a very American thing to assume everybody else has it better than you do. People in independent film think people who get to make studio films have it easier, and if you work with

(concluded on page 140)

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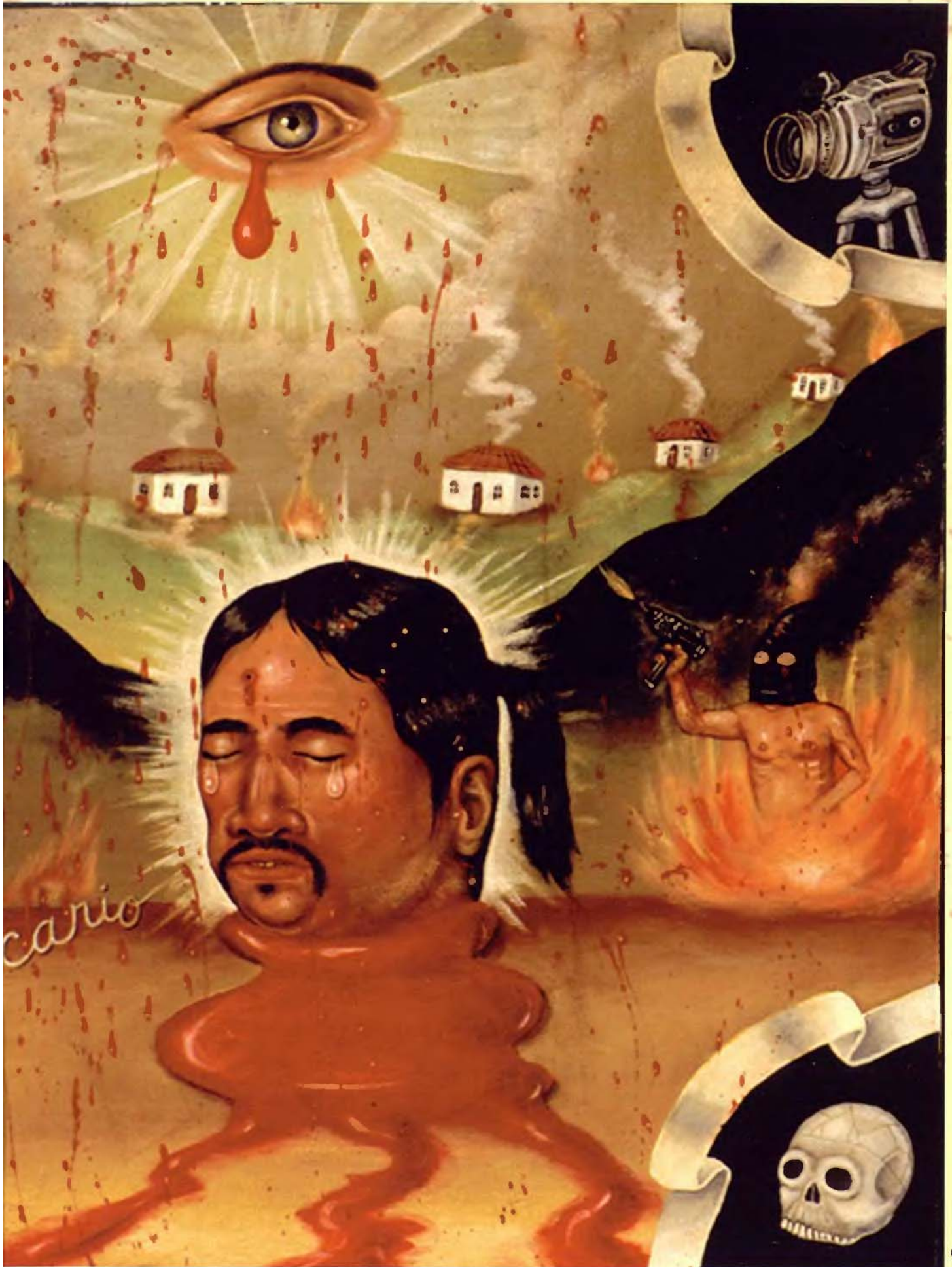
I lived from May to December 1999 in Medellín while we filmed *Our Lady of the Assassins*, which was shot in absolute secrecy. The city of eternal spring, the city where the kindness and courtesy of another time—that of my childhood in Bogotá—lives to this day. It's also a city obsessed with order and cleanliness, a city filled with energy and happiness. There is, of course, another facet to it that can be summed up in figures:

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- 95 percent of crimes go unpunished—many more than in the Wild West when it was still a lawless land.
- 15 deaths per day, 30 on weekends and holidays.

Everything is played out in the communes, poor neighborhoods created by "invasions." Rudimentary brick buildings, magnificent views onto the rest of the city. The police enter the communes only in cases of dire necessity, and then in droves. The paramilitary and the guerrillas dispute areas of influence by creating or taking control of certain gangs.

I've collected here in chronological order some e-mails—snapshots—I sent once or twice a week to Fernando Vallejo and several friends while on location. (I've left out those e-mails that relate





cario



just to the filming and concentrated instead on what I saw around me in Medellín.)

LITTLE JENNIFER'S BIRTHDAY

I have just understood why children start sniffing glue: It staves off hunger. They end up doing it all day long and die within three to four years. There's a party in the streets of Barrio Triste for little Jennifer, who looks 12 years old because she sniffs glue but is celebrating her 15th birthday. It's a Colombian tradition to celebrate one's coming of age with a party and dances, particularly a waltz with 15 successive partners. Those there to dance with her: a little boy sniffing glue, a young professional killer, a policeman, a man who'd had both his arms cut off when he'd fallen asleep drunk on the railroad tracks. Jennifer held on to the stumps, smiling absentmindedly. What a waltz! People gave her as a present a dress and a bag for her glue bottle made of the same cloth.

HOLDUP

Very first scouting. I'm filming with a small digital camera in Boston Park and at the house where Vallejo was born when I hear yelling behind me. It's my friend Eduardo screaming out a slew of insults: "motherfucker, gonorrhoea," etc. He runs and stops in the middle of the street, pretending to load his cellular phone as if it were a black gun. A young, well-dressed man had just stuck a 9mm semiautomatic pistol in Eduardo's stomach while grabbing Eduardo's cell phone out of his back pocket. Eduardo had ripped the phone out of his assailant's hands and was now pretending it was a gun! The young man takes a few steps toward me, people are starting to notice, he puts his right arm behind his back. He wants the camera. I finally see a chance to use my pepper spray. Holding the camera, my arms outstretched, I tell him to come and get it. He thinks it over, turns around and leaves. The thing is, I didn't see the gun. He must have thought he was dealing with two lunatics, that it was too risky. He didn't depart empty-handed—he'd still had enough time to steal our driver's gold chain while threatening her with the gun and telling her everything was going to be all right.

BOGOTÁ

There's a new paranoia here about taxi drivers mugging you like in Mexico City, sometimes with the help of fake cops. Avoiding the situation by calling a cab over the phone has not proved to be safe either; gangs intercept the radio messages and send one

of their own taxis instead. But that's not the worst of it: Sometimes an accomplice comes from out of the trunk, gun in hand, by swinging open a section of the backseat.

Just driving along the Septima, one of the main avenues, has become a dangerous adventure. Last night, on a stretch of road less than half a mile long, I counted seven large open sewers whose lids had been stolen. They'd been left like that without any indication—gaping open, waiting to destroy a car or kill a motorcyclist.

FATHER'S DAY

Today I met the mayor of Medellín. He's worried about a new armed gang of FARC dissidents operating in the Pilarica neighborhood and headed by a female doctor who is apparently out of control and bloodthirsty. Four policemen were seriously wounded last night by her gang.

While we were in the mayor's office, he found out that a policeman had died. A little later another phone call: A commando of 17 members of the La Terraza gang (from the Manrique neighborhood) has burst into the San José Hospital to free a terrorist and a very dangerous assassin who had been injured and brought there from the high-security prison.

Last Sunday, Father's Day, there were 34 deaths. That same day the opening of the Poetry Festival drew a larger crowd than any soccer match in the city's history ever had.

The casting's going very well—in just a few weeks we have already found two possible boys.

A DEAD MAN AT THE WHEEL

Last night I went to eat *patacón* (fried bananas) at a fast-food place near the Éxito. Leaving the house, I turned left. I stopped when I heard two gunshots and saw two well-dressed women running crouched like soldiers in a war movie, except in high heels. After waiting a moment I walked toward Laureles Park to see what had happened: There was an old car in the middle of the street with a motionless driver, and passersby coming out of their hiding places to approach the vehicle.

When I got back half an hour later, there was nothing left but a small pile of smashed glass from the windshield on the pavement, and I had the impression I'd made it all up.

ANOTHER CORPSE

Last night before dinner, today before lunch. At noon I was walking, like I do every day, with my friend Eduardo to go eat five minutes away from here. Yesterday he had gone to the morgue,

and at a red light he recognized the driver and van that picks up bodies. Sure enough, not too far away there was a very young man on the ground surrounded by curious onlookers and policemen.

When I get back less than half an hour later, I again think it was all a dream: No trace of blood, and children are playing right where the body had been.

An hour ago, an intense shoot-out and screaming in my street: Neighbors are firing at a bicycle thief. Without hitting him, I hope.

THE VIOLENTOLOGIST

I got back from Bogotá a day earlier than planned and the Vallejo family had taken advantage of our absence to put up in our house a French violentologist who was reading a paper at the university. Eduardo sounded the alarm when he realized the violentologist was a marked man who had received threatening letters from both the FARC and the paramilitary and that many of his Colombian disciples had been killed over the past few years. He himself had asked not to be lodged with the other professors in another apartment. We unfortunately had to ask him to leave immediately. We are here for months, while he is here for only a couple of days. And we speak French, just as he does. That would be enough to get us killed.

THE PRINCE

A few days ago I was having a drink at the Cafe Lebon by Lleras Park in the Poblado. I was chatting with my friend Aleja, a philosophy student who manages the bar one night out of two. A 30-year-old guy, very expensively dressed, tall, skinny, mustache, a scar on his cheek, dark-skinned, starts talking to me—he has a strong lower-class accent. He wanted to know where I was from and what I was doing in Medellín. I tried to cut our conversation as short as I could. He left to make a phone call (someone saw him). A few minutes later two black Mercedes arrive with seven scary thugs who take their seats on the terrace. The first guy comes back to talk to me again. He tells me that he's going to France next week and that one of his friends here lives in France and would like to take me out for a drink. He calls himself the Prince. I refuse and go sit on the terrace with two women—friends of mine who were there. They are soon bothered by the insistent stares of these mafiosos I had my back turned to. We decide to go to the Cafe Berlin, right next door, in their car. From the bar, Aleja is horror-stricken as she watches the eight guys
(continued on page 152)



D'Onofrio

"And pick up a pizza and an extra six-pack!"



GIRLS of BADA BING!



meet the unsung stars of the sopranos

Mobsters don't get paid vacations or 401(k) plans, but one fringe benefit of their jobs—at least on *The Sopranos* on HBO—is a congenial work environment. The members of North Jersey's pre-eminent mob family conduct their affairs from Club Bada Bing, where the amenities can be summed up in a simple phrase: All Nude All the Time. The club provides the perfect atmosphere when boss Tony has to confer with his executive staff or evaluate his cash position. The producers shoot Bing scenes at Satin Dolls in Lodi, New Jersey, where many of the lovely dancers have become celebrities from their exposure on the program. No wonder a watchword of the past season became "Don't Disrespect the Bing."

Above, appreciative television critics celebrate another outstanding performance from, left to right, Rosie Ciavolino, Justine Noelle, Marie Athanasiou and Electra. Top left, Rosie and Justine, and, top right, Luiza Liccini offer poor advertisements for the straight and narrow. Right, Luiza (left) and Kelly Madison Kole (right) dust Nadine Marcelletti for fingerprints. Left, our, uh, heroes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO





Counterclockwise from top: Justine examines Rosie; a pensive Marie; Electra pretends to eat Rosie's money; Nadine naps. Below, Justine and Marie show Rosie how they do a rubout.



Clockwise from top: Justine celebrates another Sopranos success by leading patrons in a rousing victory cheer; Luiza and Nadine discuss the RICO statutes; Justine and Rosie recall how Tony took care of stoolie Fabian Petrullo while taking Meadow to visit colleges; Kelly pats herself down. Below, Marie and Justine check Rosie for a wire.





Everyone likes a thin slice of prosciutto, but when we see the various charms of, clockwise from top left, Nadine, Marie, Kelly and Luiza, it's clear why so few Soprano family meetings are scheduled in the backroom of Satriale's



pork store anymore. Opposite, top: Sonia Ortega sees that Kelly is obviously packing heat. Below: Nadine and Luiza find themselves thinking about Big Pussy, may he rest in peace.

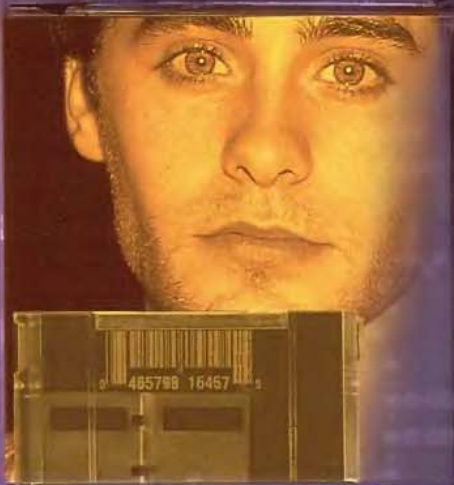
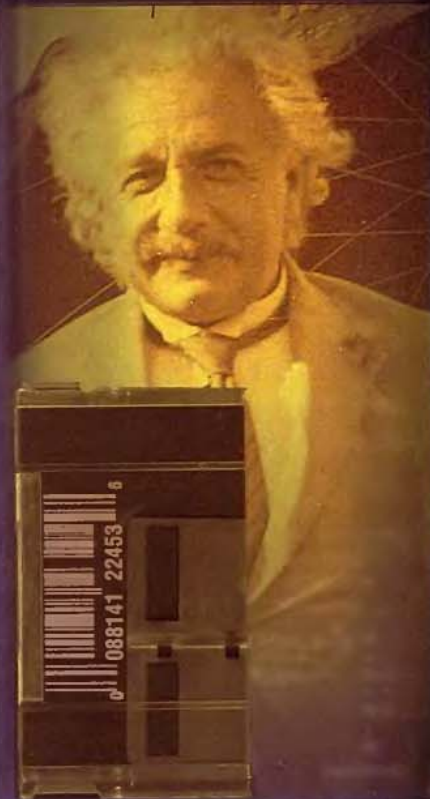




FOR VIDEO AND MORE, GO TO CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

CLOWNING:

PHASE 2

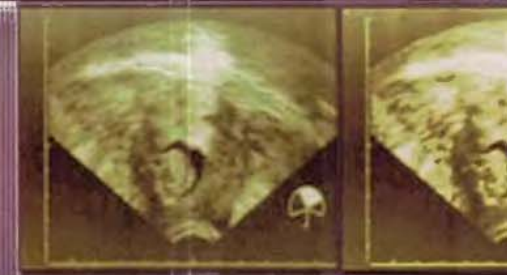
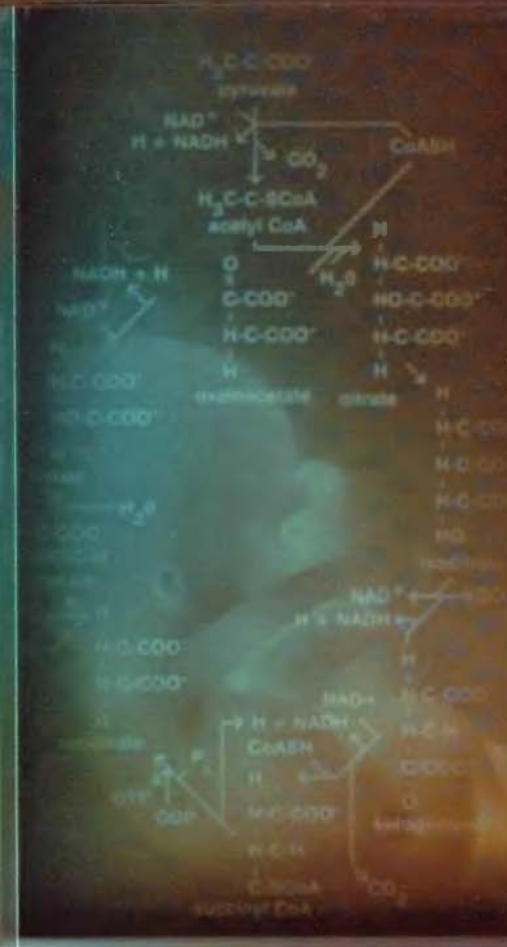


A HUMAN CLONE IS GOING TO STARTLE US ANY DAY. THE RUSH TO REPLICATE IS A SIDESHOW OF WARRING SCIENTISTS, LESBIAN ACTIVISTS, A UFO CULT AND A

20,000-YEAR-OLD WOOLLY MAMMOTH. AND DON'T FORGET THE ANGRY RELIGIOUS LEADERS AND POLITICIANS

SINGLE STRAND

HUMAN CLONES



ARTICLE BY MICHAEL PARRISH

To a geneticist, cloning is a beautifully simple process, if not completely understood. Deoxyribonucleic acid, the molecule in each cell that carries a being's (human or other) personal genetic inheritance, is combined with an egg cell stripped of its own DNA. When the process works, the resulting egg grows into an exact genetic replica of the creature that supplied the DNA.

Cloning is that simple—and the source of extraordinary hopes, fears, controversy and, likely, one day, billions of dollars for people who are paying attention to the research that is quietly going on in laboratories in various parts of the world. Inevitably, rumors ricochet around the Internet and appear as headlines. One of the most intriguing is that one of a number of international teams of researchers and investors, working in secret laboratories, will soon announce the birth of the first human clone.

Among animals, offspring have already been cloned from mice, sheep, pigs, goats, cows and gaur (an endangered Asian ox). A handful of biotech companies offer livestock ranchers the chance to clone their favorite milk cows. They also offer storage of a pet's tissue for future cloning, when, as seems certain, clones can be created for dogs, cats and other household companions. Extinct or endangered species, such as the gaur, are particularly appealing to some scientists. An Arizona geologist is defrosting the 20,000-year-old carcass of a woolly mammoth. He hopes to help clone the beast, known as the Jarkov Mammoth, if he can collect viable DNA.

But the concept of human cloning has not been calmly accepted. Squabbling persists among a witches' brew of advocates, fertility experts, rule-happy politicians, distressed religious leaders and cautious mainstream scientists. A reasonable consensus or perspective is hard to find. President George W. Bush and various congressional leaders, for example, unconditionally oppose human cloning as immoral and urge that it be banned in the U.S. Four states and at least 29 other countries already prohibit the procedure.

Meanwhile, the Food and Drug Administration, as well as most researchers with experience in cloning animals, believe we don't yet know enough to safely clone a human being. But these scientists regard a ban with considerable suspicion. As the controversy over ethical implications grows more heated, many of these scientists are lying low. Some fear losing federal or private funding if they are publicly associated with cloning research.

Nevertheless, cloning advocates push ahead. Demand for human clones is already significant, driven by an Internet underground of parents and would-be parents. Infertile couples may want to clone themselves—to keep the DNA in the family—instead of using sperm or eggs from donors. Some couples with a high risk of genetic disease want to clone a favorite relative or friend whose genetic foundation and even physical and mental characteristics they admire. A single parent could be exactly that—the sole parent. Some same-sex couples want the chance to have children who carry no outside donor's genetic blueprints. Some lesbian activists have praised human cloning as a way to be rid of that last scrap of dependence on men.

But the most emotional supporters are parents who want to clone a dead child. They don't want another child; they want the same beloved child they lost to disease or accident. Many speak of giving their dead offspring's excep-

tional personality, intelligence or athletic promise another chance at life. Clonaid, a company founded by the Raëlians, a Canadian UFO cult, claims that 200 couples or individuals have already agreed to pay as much as \$200,000 to have tissue cloned. Panos Zavos, who heads two fertility centers in Kentucky, has said 700 couples are interested. Lee Silver, a molecular biologist at Princeton, predicts that worldwide demand by parents who are willing to pay for cloning will override any government attempt to control reproductive technologies.

As for cloning's future, Silver notes that "American-style marketplace economics and personal liberty seem to be on the rise around the world." And cloning, he says, will be seen by parents as another way to make a better baby. He thinks that, someday, sex will be solely recreational, and reproduction will occur in the doctor's office. After all, parents now routinely make choices about their unborn progeny with fertility doctors. The Genetics and IVF Institute, a fertility clinic in Fairfax, Virginia, has offered parents gender selection of their kids since 1996.

The drumbeat of news recalls 1978, when the first child was born from an egg and sperm that were combined outside a woman's body. Some of the loudest critics predicted these "test-tube babies," conceived in "cold steel and glass," would be "psychological monstrosities." More than two decades later the forecast seems bizarre.

"We know what they turned out to be—children," says Gregory Stock, director of UCLA's Program on Medicine, Technology and Society. Cloning, says Stock, is just another step in the quest to improve on the "genetic lottery" of conventional reproduction. He and others believe the issue isn't whether humans should or should not be cloned. "To me," he says, "it's not whether it's going to happen. It's whether people are going to be able to use it. And what access they will have to it."

"Genetic enhancement is just an extension of what we do already," says Silver. "Once societies get over the notion that genetic enhancement is playing God, some—like the European countries—may offer it to all their citizens. They would consider this the fair thing to do." Otherwise, he fears, only the wealthy will have access to improved genes for their children. Over time, different classes of people would develop. He has dubbed them GenRich and Natural. Over hundreds of years, the two could become so different that they would essentially be separate species.

In *Remaking Eden: Cloning and Beyond in a Brave New World*, Silver sketches out just what genetic enhancement

could mean. Parents could give their kids the genes to fight off all known diseases, to be outstanding athletes, to excel in mathematics or business or to have the night vision of cats or the olfactory sensitivity of dogs. As overpopulation turns earthlings' gaze toward other worlds, parents could give their babies the specialized physiques—"lung-modified, thick-skinned, dark-green" bodies, for instance—that could allow them to survive as colonists on Mars.

HOW CLONING WORKS

With good old-fashioned sexual intercourse, a man's sperm wriggles into a woman's womb and penetrates the egg, and the genes from both are combined. But not all couples can carry out the full maneuver. One in 10 in their prime child-bearing years has trouble conceiving children.

More than 200 years ago, a Scottish physician made the first true procreative advance—human artificial insemination—by successfully depositing sperm from a man with a deformed penis into his wife's reproductive system. The technique is now so easy that a woman can impregnate herself with a turkey baster.

The next big breakthrough was the birth of Louise Joy Brown, the first "test-tube" baby. The egg and sperm that created her were combined in a glass petri dish. Then the embryo was implanted in her mother's uterus. The joyous conception was dubbed in vitro fertilization, or IVF. In vitro fertilization not only permits couples to conceive when their reproductive plumbing doesn't work, it also allows them to use the sperm or eggs of a donor if their own are defective. IVF has become commonplace—and a thriving business for fertility specialists. By one estimate, at least a million otherwise infertile couples worldwide have used IVF to produce happy, healthy, if fairly expensive, children.

IVF also makes cloning possible, because cloned fertilization must occur in a lab. In February 1997, Dolly, a six-month-old white-faced Scottish lamb, was introduced to the public. Other animals had been cloned; even other sheep had been cloned. But these had been done as identical twins are formed in nature, at the very first stages of the embryo's growth.

Dolly was the first mammal cloned from the cell of an adult animal—the popular conception of a clone. This meant that the distinct DNA of an adult human being could be intentionally duplicated in a new individual. You would know, more or less, what you were getting. The cells used to produce

(continued on page 144)



"I love watching newly wedded couples."

FIVE SWEET SWINGS, FIVE SWEET SUITS. GAME OVER

BOYS *of* SUMMER

Fashion By JOSEPH DE ACETIS

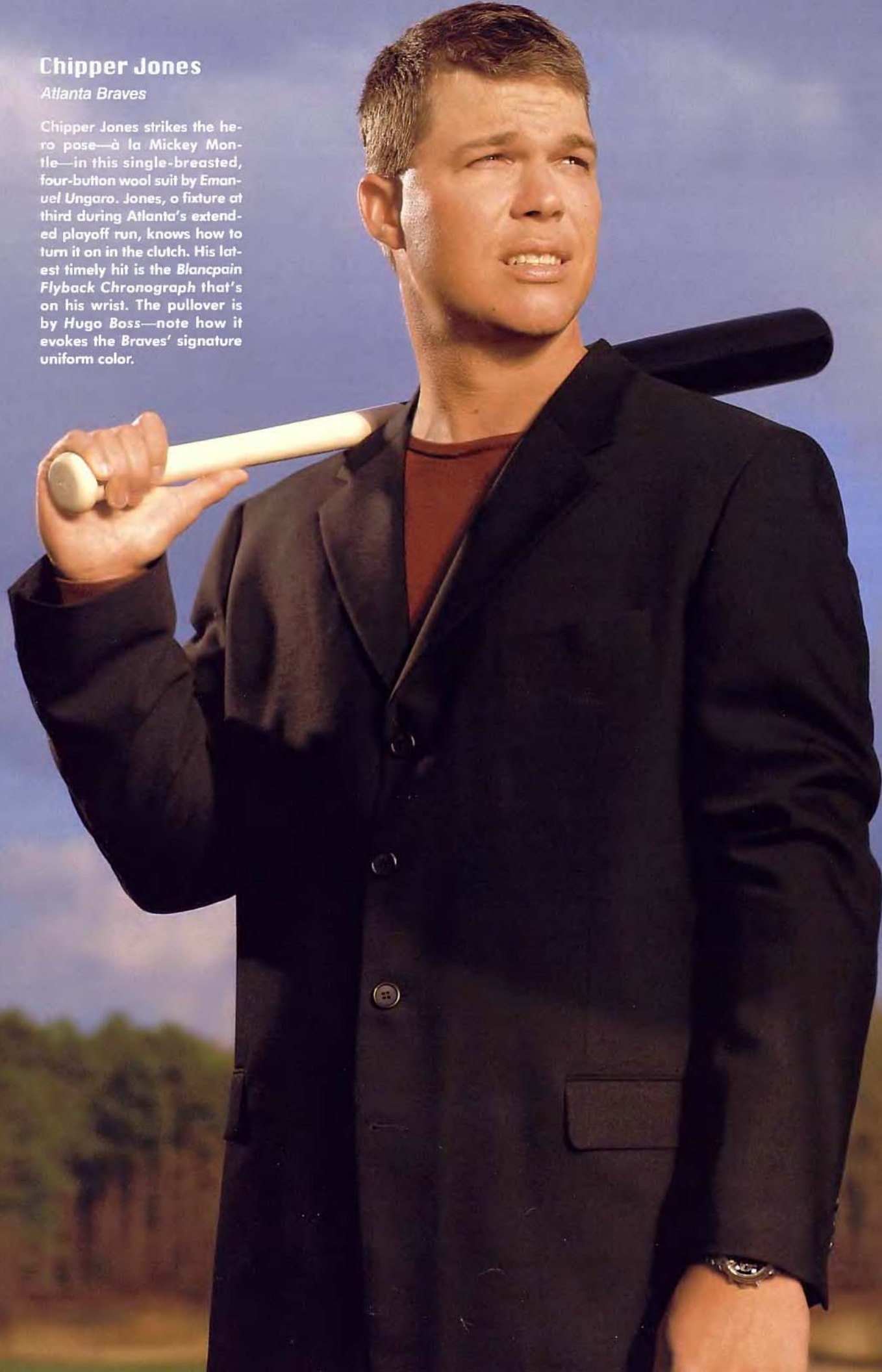
Football players will always look like football players. Basketball players can set trends for other six-foot-nine guys. But baseball players suit up well. Because designers are always thinking postseason, we asked some of the game's biggest bats to preview a few new fall classics. Dressing like Mr. October came easily to these guys. Chipper Jones has made it to the playoffs six times, Kenny Lofton five times, Mike Piazza four times, Brady Anderson twice and Gary Sheffield once (he made the most of it, winning it all with the Marlins). These guys also have the chests and shoulders to fill out a suit. Stats: The biggest jacket was a 50L (Piazza); the largest waist was 36 inches (our secret). In other words, your modern player is cut—the baseball beer gut has gone the way of the Ted Kluszewski jersey. Sure, the modern player will dive headfirst into second and think nothing of it. But he also knows how to clean up. And these guys are sophisticated. All of them are well versed in matters of style, whether they're talking about fine watches or designer labels. In fact, their personal tailors gave us so many measurements, we thought we were looking at the backs of their trading cards. It's a new game out there. So for your next appearance at the plate, try dressing like a heavy hitter.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

Chipper Jones

Atlanta Braves

Chipper Jones strikes the hero pose—à la Mickey Monfield—in this single-breasted, four-button wool suit by Emanuel Ungaro. Jones, a fixture at third during Atlanta's extended playoff run, knows how to turn it on in the clutch. His latest timely hit is the Blancpain Flyback Chronograph that's on his wrist. The pullover is by Hugo Boss—note how it evokes the Braves' signature uniform color.



Brady Anderson

Baltimore Orioles

Brady Anderson is an imposing figure at the plate, even in this chalk-stripe suit by *Paul Stuart*. (He likes his trousers long.) He wears a *Claiborne* shirt and a *Hickey-Freeman* tie. That's a *Torino* belt, and the loafers are by *Steve Madden*. While we laud Brady for his 50-home-run year, ladies love him for posing in *Sports Illustrated* for Women's swimsuit edition.



Kenny Lofton

Cleveland Indians

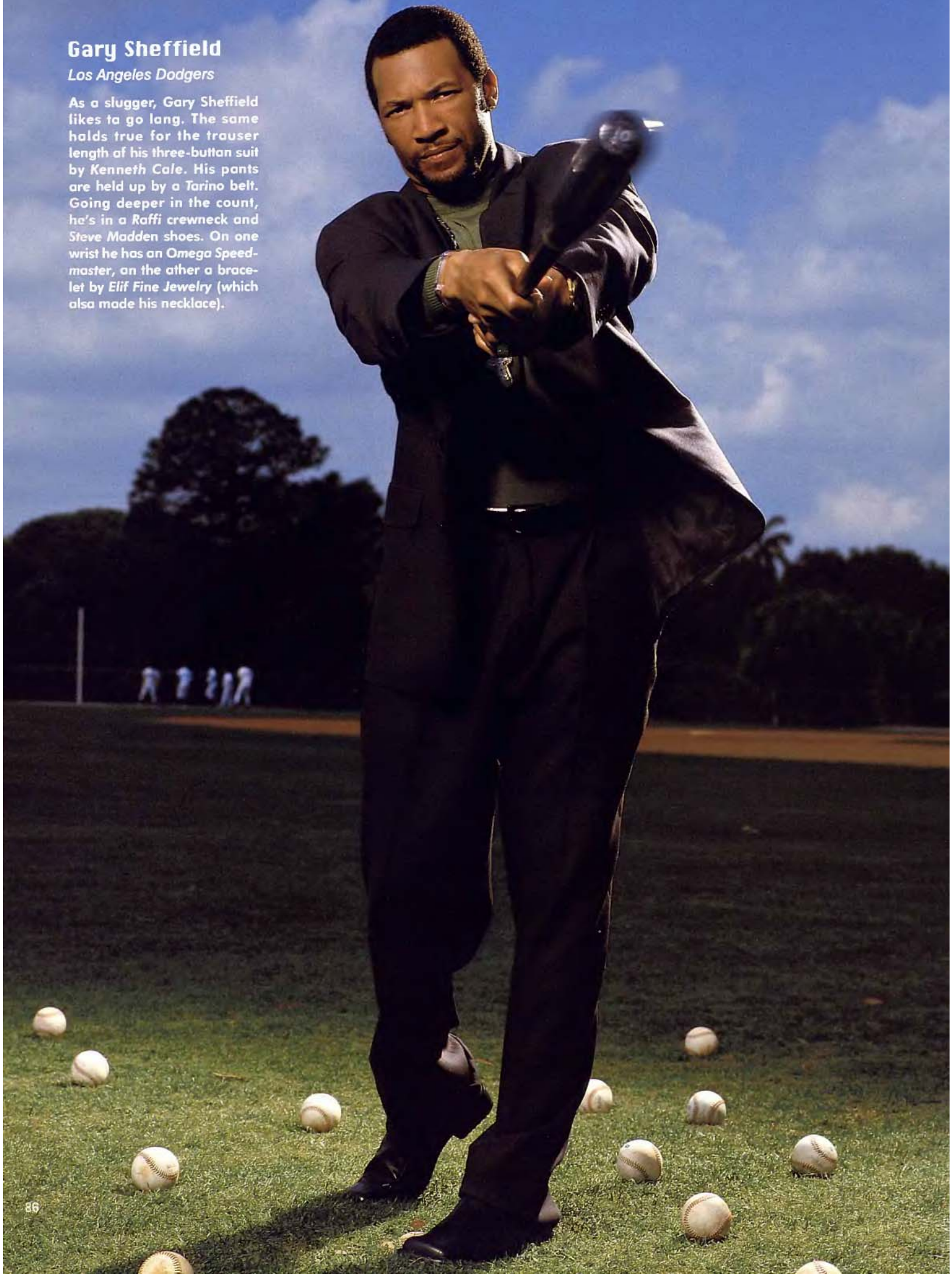
Foot speed and bat speed make Kenny Lofton one of the AL's sharpest leadoff hitters. Dressing well comes naturally, too. Here Kenny wears a three-button suit by Armani Collezioni (courtesy of Saks Fifth Avenue in Tampa). The shirt and tie are by Giorgio Armani and the belt is by Torino. His watch is a Rolex Yacht-Master. His ring is from Elif Fine Jewelry in Atlanta.



Gary Sheffield

Los Angeles Dodgers

As a slugger, Gary Sheffield likes to go long. The same holds true for the trouser length of his three-button suit by *Kenneth Cole*. His pants are held up by a *Tarino* belt. Going deeper in the count, he's in a *Raffi* crewneck and *Steve Madden* shoes. On one wrist he has an *Omega Speedmaster*, on the other a bracelet by *Elif Fine Jewelry* (which also made his necklace).



Mike Piazza

New York Mets

Mike Piazza brings on the thunder. The best Met stands tall in a three-button suit by Canali at Bergdorf Goodman as a storm front ripples his sleeves and lapels. It's what you'd expect from a guy who thrives in the tempestuous New York sports world. That's a Torino belt and a Hickey-Freeman shirt and tie (fastened, as befits baseball royalty, with a Windsor knot).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY DN PAGE 162





"Everything with him is sex, sex, sex! It's nice to finally find a man with his priorities straight!"

Centerfolds on SEX

Victoria Fuller



Making Love in Unusual Places: Once was in a men's bathroom with one stall at an LA club. We got caught. A man came in, and he could see that there were two people's feet under the door. When we were done, my boyfriend went out and sat at the table, and then I came out, looking a little disheveled. I was embarrassed, but I'm never going to see him again.

The second time, I went to France with my boyfriend for a PLAYBOY job. We went to the Eiffel Tower at four A.M. when no one was around and decided to do it against a column.

Victoria Fuller

kissing slow and womanly best

PLAYBOY: What kind of foreplay turns you on the most? **VICTORIA:** Slow kissing and touching under my clothes. **PLAYBOY:** Have you ever watched yourself make love in a mirror or on videotape? **VICTORIA:** Never on videotape, but in a mirror, yes. **PLAYBOY:** What is good oral sex? **VICTORIA:** When a man doesn't rush. A man has to know what he's doing. Oral sex is either great or awful. I've never had anything in between, nor have I ever had to tell a man what to do. **PLAYBOY:** Do you give as good as you get? **VICTORIA:** Yes. His body language tells me if it's working. I can hear it in his breathing and tell by the way he moves his hips if he's enjoying himself. **PLAYBOY:** What's the most erotic sexual fantasy you haven't yet fulfilled? **VICTORIA:** Doing it with a complete stranger. Meeting a stranger, not saying anything and going into a broom closet, coming out and going our separate ways. **PLAYBOY:** Have you ever kissed another woman? **VICTORIA:** Yes. I was curious about being with a woman. The girl I kissed was a beautiful model, and she made the first move. I was flattered. We were out at a club one night, and she talked about wanting to kiss me. I was so nervous. We went to the ladies' room, and she pulled me into the stall with her. She put her hands in my hair and started to French-kiss me. It was exciting, and it did lead to more. I enjoyed the moment, but it's not like lusting for a man.

SEE MORE OF VICTORIA FULLER IN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

motel

fiction

By John Biguenet

slippin' and slidin' with
red—that would be crime
enough for a married man

The first room the motel shows him, the carpet is sticky with black grease.

What happened here? Roy asks the boy with the key.

The boy says, Bob thinks the last people in here, they rebuilt an engine.

On the second floor?

Done it in one night, the boy shrugs.

The man shakes his head. No way my wife will let the kids stay in here.

The boy seems relieved. You should have seen this place the next morning. First thing we thought was somebody killed somebody. And the bathroom. It's bad in there. Real bad.

Four hundred miles of glare off the hood of the car has creased the man's eyes into throbbing slits. Got another room to show us?

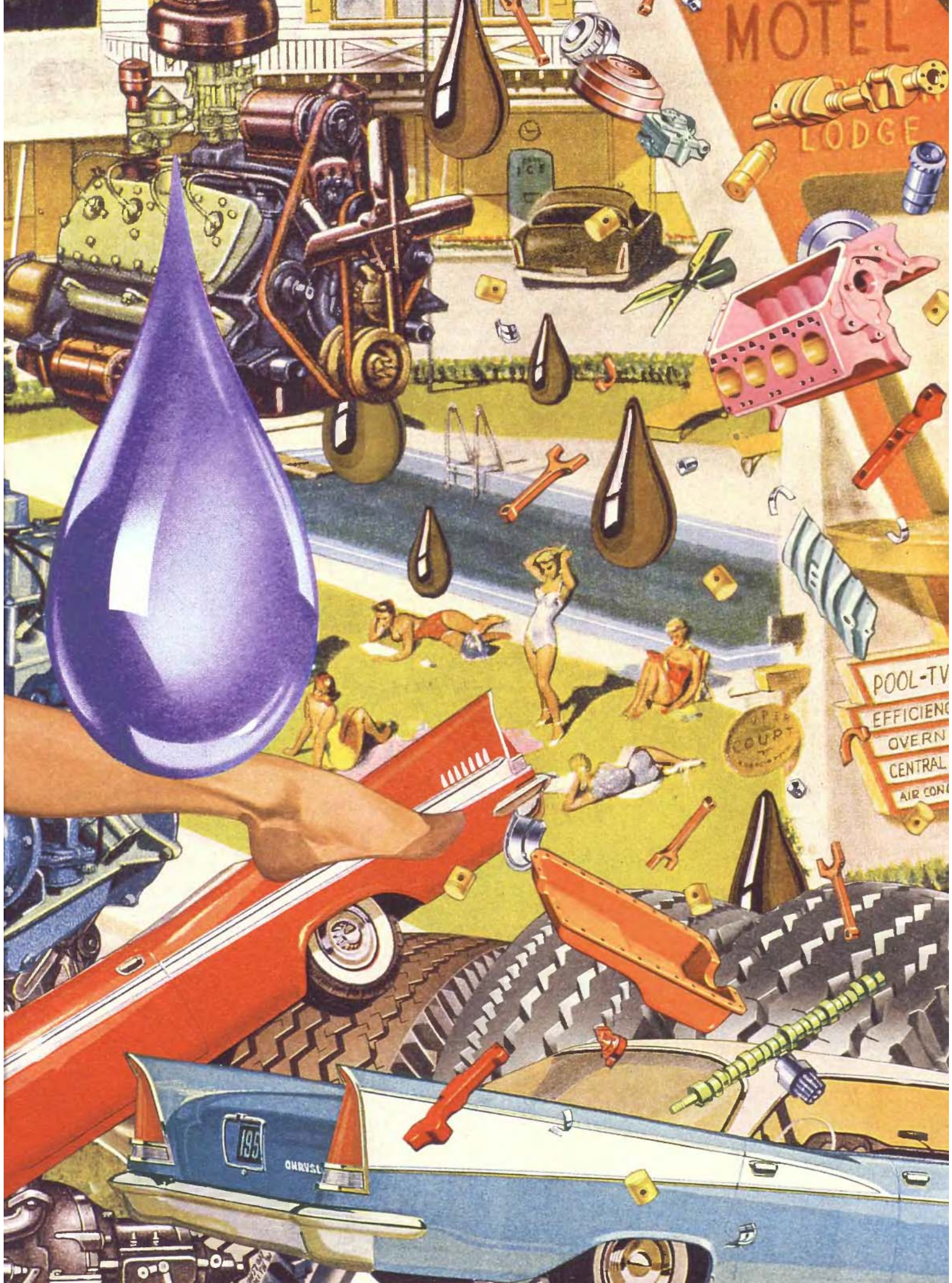
Let me call down.

When the boy picks up the phone to dial the office, Roy sees a black thumbprint in the cradle of the receiver. Bob, this is me, Calvin. The man says the room won't do. You want me to show him another one?

Even four feet away from the phone, Roy can hear Bob cursing the boy.

Well, 'cause of the oil all over





the place, I guess. The boy stands up straight. No, I never opened my mouth. He's the one saw it. I didn't say a word, I swear. The boy hangs up the phone like he's putting a snake back in its nest.

Well, Bob says we only got something on the other side—over away from the pool.

Roy figures it's got to be 30, 40 miles to the next motel, at least to the next cheap one. And they've been driving nine hours already.

When he gets back to the car, his youngest, Teri, is crying. Marilyn is telling Dwayne and Shonna to stop tormenting their sister.

Roy starts the car. No good, he says. We gotta go around back.

How bad could it be? Marilyn wants to know. It's right over the pool.

It's bad, he assures her as he backs out. Real bad.

The other room overlooks I-30. The gritty heat gusts off the interstate as they stand in the doorway.

Yeah, Roy tells the boy, much better. Let Bob know we'll take it. He leans over the balcony and waves his family up.

The kids have the TV screaming before he gets the first suitcase up the stairs. By the time Roy walks in with the junk from the backseat, Dwayne already has on his trunks, and both girls are in the bathroom changing.

Want a soft drink?

Marilyn looks at him like she's ready for a fight. Yeah, she says suspiciously, something with caffeine.

Diet?

Why? I look like I need it?

Roy knows better than to try to answer that one. He just checks if he has enough quarters.

The kids are sitting on the edge of the bed in their swimming suits watching cartoons when he gets back from the vending machine. Come on, Daddy, let's go.

He doesn't ask Marilyn if she wants to come. He just goes into the bathroom and puts on his trunks.

The pool is like every other one Roy's seen since they started this trip—lots of kids, half of them crying, the other half making them cry. Some women are bunched around a table, shouting at the meanest boys when it gets out of hand. One or two of the women don't look so bad, one in particular. Down at the deep end, a man in a recliner is having a beer.

Roy pulls a chair up to the guy. Got a kid in there? he asks, nodding toward the shallows.

Me? No way. The guy has long sideburns. His shirt's unbuttoned, but he's wearing jeans and boots.

Roy says, I got three of 'em. Then

he leans over. You get that beer somewhere around here?

The guy reaches down and draws up a rope tied to the leg of his recliner, a rope that snakes into the water. A six-pack pops over the edge of the pool and clatters along the blue concrete at the end of the wet line. The guy pulls two cans loose, then tosses the rest back into the pool like a stringer of fish threaded through the gills. One of the mothers, the pretty one, gives the men a look. Screw her, Roy thinks. Thanks, he tells the guy.

They sip their beers for a while, not saying much of anything.

Hot, huh?

Yeah, the guy says, hot.

Dwayne is holding his sisters under way too long, it seems to Roy. But before he can get out of his chair, the same woman who gave him the look is up and shouting at Dwayne to let them go. The cowed boy retreats as the girls, coughing water, stagger to the stairs. The woman is waiting for them with a towel. Oh, shit, Roy thinks, standing in front of his chair.

Behind him, he hears the guy's voice. That your boy?

Gotta go, he says.

The guy laughs. Yeah, guess you better.

Roy towers over Dwayne at the shallow end. You get your little behind out of that water right now, you hear me? He tries to make as big a show of it as he can. You go sit in that chair, and I don't want to see you move a muscle. Not a muscle.

Dwayne is defiant. Aw, we was just playing.

Now! Roy shouts, trying to get the woman's attention.

Teri is still crying, and her nose is running. Shonna's OK. She just wants to beat the crap out of her brother. But the woman has them both wrapped in a big towel and keeps patting them and cooing. She's even younger up close.

Roy kneels on one knee behind the girls, putting his arms around them. Thank you, ma'am. Dwayne can get a little rough sometimes.

Rough? She's furious. He nearly drowned these two little angels.

Yes, ma'am, it was good of you to step in the way you did.

Maybe it's none of my business—he can see the tears welling up in her green eyes—but you ought to keep a closer watch on your children. It just takes a split second.

Suddenly the woman is crying hard, and Roy understands. He couldn't explain how he knows if you asked him, but he knows just the same. This woman has lost a child. Somehow, somewhere, she lost one of her babies.

Ma'am, he says, ma'am, it's all right.

You saved these two little angels. I can't thank you enough.

He wishes he could touch her. But instead he tells his girls to give the lady a kiss.

The woman squeezes them so tight, Shonna turns around and looks at her father. He lifts his hand to signal her to keep quiet.

Then he picks up both girls in his arms, smiles and says, I bet these kids could use some dinner. The whole time, though, he's thinking, Jesus, this poor woman.

When they get back to the room, Marilyn is taking a bath. Come on, Mom, we're hungry, they shout through the door. But it's more than an hour before they're squeezed into a booth at a barbecue restaurant waiting for their spare-ribs and coleslaw. And it's another two hours after that until they lie at last beneath the shifting blue shadows cast by the television set, the kids in one bed slack-jawed and limp in exhausted sleep, Marilyn half awake beside Roy in the other.

Come on, Roy whispers, slipping his hand over hers.

Come on and what? she hisses, trying not to wake anyone.

You know, he insists. We haven't done nothing since we left home.

Marilyn's awake now. Are you crazy? With the kids in the next bed? She gives him a nasty little laugh.

We can go in the bathroom, Roy pleads.

You can go in the bathroom. I'm not breaking my back on that tile floor.

It's linoleum, he tries hopelessly.

She doesn't even answer.

He knows it's useless. Then the tub—we'll bring some pillows.

Get real.

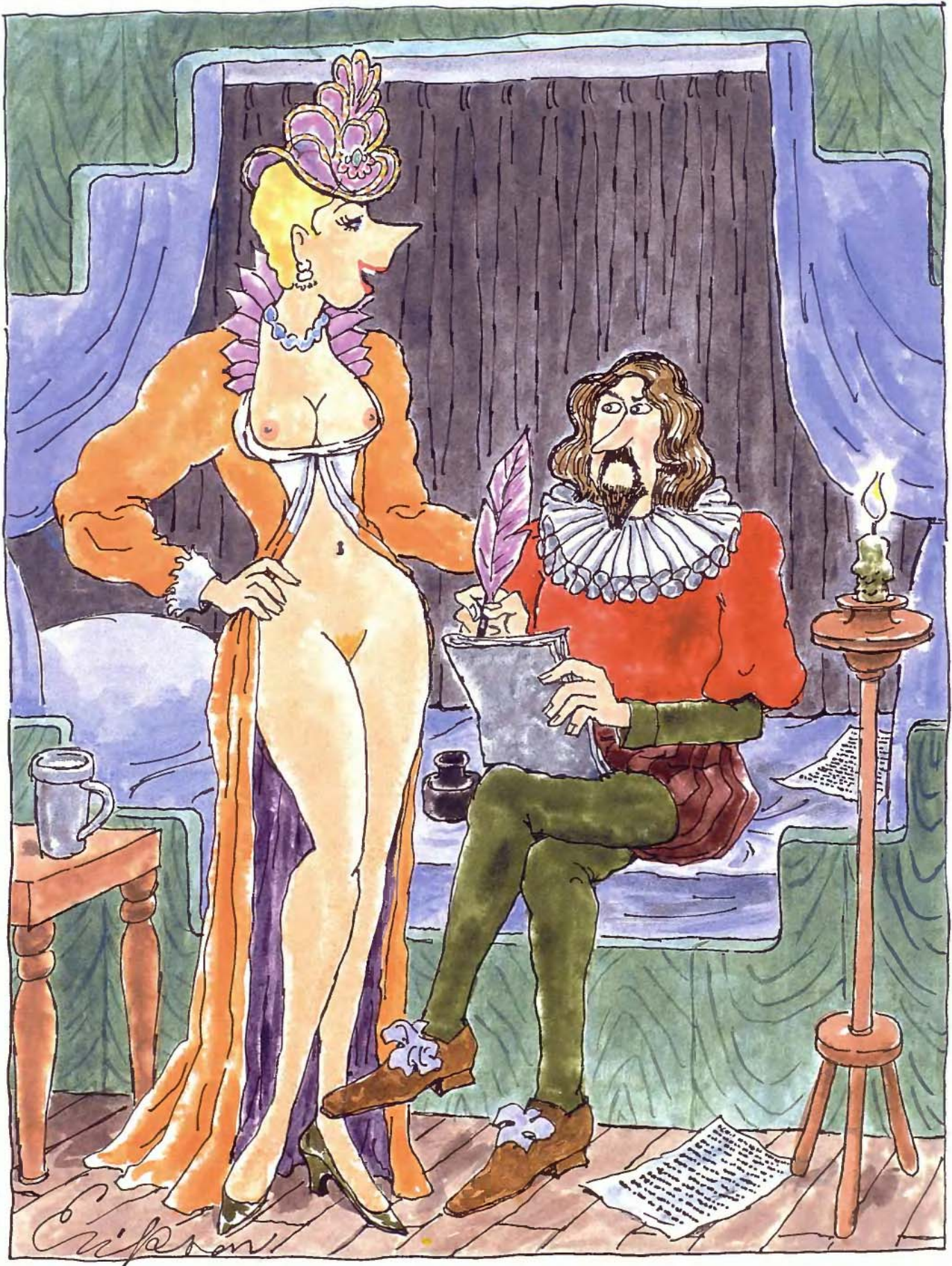
She turns onto her side, her back to him. He kisses her shoulder.

Propped up on his elbow, he hovers over her. And turn off the TV, she whispers without opening her eyes.

Sighing, Roy gets up to flick off the television and notices the alarm clock on the dresser. It says 9:50.

Some fucking vacation, he thinks. He sits in the chair by the window and puts on his pants and the shirt he wore to dinner. He can't find his socks in the dark, so he slips on his shoes without them. Checking his pocket for the keys, he slides the chain lock loose, clacks open the deadbolt and turns the knob. He holds his breath to hear if everyone is still asleep, then gently shuts the door behind him as he steps onto the balcony. Lighting up a cigarette, he leans on the railing and watches the interstate. The traffic is still heavy, big 18-wheelers highballing to Dallas, tankers heading for Memphis and a hundred

(continued on page 132)



"No more sonnets, Will. This time write me a check."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

miss august
likes being
on the move



KICKIN' IT



Jennifer would love to start her own lingerie label. "For Hef's birthday, I got some fabric and scanned a picture of him and the PLAYBOY Rabbit Head onto a pair of hotpants and a little top," she says. "I had a tailor put it all together and everyone loved it."



JENNIFER WALCOTT, who says she changes her address "at least once a year," is a nomad by nature. Currently a resident of Los Angeles, the 24-year-old Ohio native made her first cross-country jaunt five years ago. "I packed up my little purple convertible and no one believed I was

leaving," she says. "It was a really great experience growing up in Youngstown, Ohio. But I always felt like there was more out there. People in Ohio tend to settle for a simple kind of life, and I knew I wasn't that kind of girl." Miss August did "cotton-ball girl and craft service" work



Jennifer learned karate for self-defense and spends her free time doing yoga, at the target range, making pottery and water-skiing. "I'm afraid of big fish," she confesses. "I get on the skis, slap the water and shout, 'Hurry! Hurry!' to the boat driver because I'm afraid something is going to get me!"



on movie and television sets before relocating to Chicago for eight months to be near her dying grandmother. "She was my best friend, and I told her if I ever got married, it would be a fight between her and my sister to be my maid of honor," she says. "I felt I had to move back to the Midwest to be near her and to get grounded again."

Jennifer studied to be a beautician before her compassion for animals compelled her to volunteer at a veterinary clinic in Los Angeles. "It was hard on me," she says. "I would nurture squirrels back to health after they fell out of trees, and that was fine. But when I saw a cat with cancer on chemotherapy or abused animals, I couldn't deal with that." She has two Chihuahuas of her own, one named Ren and another named Ace ("because he's from Las Vegas").

After a neighbor got her on the guest list for Mansion parties, Jennifer busted out at Hef's Valentine's Day bash in an outfit impossible to ignore. "I was wearing a bikini top and a sarong, and I got off the tram and noticed that a lot of people weren't wearing lingerie," she says. "I felt humiliated and wanted to leave when some of them laughed at me, but I had a few cocktails and I was fine. Then Hef called me to his table and offered me my test shoot. I want to give 100 percent to PLAYBOY. Now, if a guy could give 100 percent to me, I'd be happy. I've had only five boyfriends my whole life and was never into casual dating. I like a guy who's in touch with his feminine side so he can come with me to get a manicure or his hair colored or something. It's nice to do things together—it's like having a girlfriend and a boyfriend in one package!"

A behind-the-scenes look at Jennifer Walcott's pictorial appears in the Playboy Cyber Club. Join at cyber.playboy.com.











MISS TEXAS

MISS TEXAS

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jennifer Walcott

BUST: 32C WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 05/08/77 BIRTHPLACE: Youngstown, Ohio

AMBITIONS: I'm a motivated person in life and business. I want to design my own lingerie line.

TURN-ONS: A man who has some style and a sense of humor and who knows how to live life.

TURNOFFS: People who are wasteful and not practical.

FAVORITE BOOK: Art of War By Sun Tzu

FAVORITE QUOTE: "Except for the point, the still point, there would be no dance and there is only the dance." - T.S. Eliot

FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Dave Matthews Band's Crash, Destiny's Child's Survivor, Madonna's Ray of Light, Marvin Gaye's Let's Get It On, Eminem's slim shady.



Bad hair, bad grades - High school



The farther west I moved, the lighter my hair got!



ME rockin' with Rod Stewart at Hef's 75th B-day



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why is the space between a woman's breasts and her hips called a waist?

Because another pair of tits could easily fit there.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman was shopping in a supermarket when she noticed a muscular young man bagging groceries. She went into his checkout line and asked him to help her carry out the bags. When they left the store, she whispered, "I have an itchy pussy."

He replied, "You'll have to point it out, lady. All those Japanese cars look alike to me."



The only cow in a small Polish town stopped producing milk. The townspeople could buy either a cow from Moscow for 2000 rubles or one from Minsk for 1000 rubles. They bought the cow from Minsk. She produced a lot of milk, so they decided to mate her with a bull. But whenever the bull came close to the cow, she moved away. After a few weeks, the people decided to ask their rabbi, who was wise in all matters, what to do. The rabbi nodded when he heard that the cow kept rebuffing the bull's advances. "Did you buy this cow from Minsk?" he asked.

The people were dumbfounded, since they had never mentioned the cow's origins. "How did you know we got the cow from Minsk?" one asked.

The rabbi replied, "My wife is from Minsk."

Colin Powell, Dick Cheney and George W. Bush were all captured in Iraq and sentenced to death by firing squad. Colin Powell was told to stand in front of the wall. Just before the firing squad was given the order to shoot, he yelled, "Earthquake!"

The squad took cover and Powell escaped over the wall. Dick Cheney took his turn and as the squad took aim, he yelled, "Tornado!"

The squad panicked and Cheney jumped over the wall. Then it was George W. Bush's turn. As the firing squad pointed their rifles at him, he considered how his colleagues had escaped and yelled, "Fire!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Russell Crowe and the Pope died on the same day. Due to a computer glitch, the Pope was sent to hell and Russell Crowe was sent to heaven. Within 24 hours, an angel noticed the error. On his way to heaven, the Pontiff passed by the handsome actor. The Pope said, "I'm so excited, Russell. I've always wanted to meet the Virgin Mary."

Crowe said, "Sorry, pops. You're a day late."

A woman visited her doctor for her annual exam. The doctor asked, "Are you and your husband sexually active?"

"Yes," the woman said. "We have verbal sex every day."

"Verbal sex? I think you mean oral sex," the doctor said.

"I mean verbal sex," the woman said. "Every morning my husband and I pass each other in the hall and say, 'Fuck you!'"

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde and a brunette were walking past a flower shop. Inside, the brunette's boyfriend was buying flowers. The brunette sighed and said, "My damn boyfriend is buying me flowers again."

The blonde said, "But don't you like getting flowers?"

The brunette said, "Oh, sure. I just don't feel like spending the next three days on my back with my legs in the air."

The blonde asked, "Don't you have a vase?"

Two cowboys were standing on the edge of a canyon, listening to the sound of war drums. "I don't like the sound of those drums," one cowboy said to the other.

An Indian voice called across the canyon, "He's not our usual drummer."

Two women were talking about their daughters' success in the big city. "My daughter lives in a penthouse apartment in New York City," one mother said. "She has furs and jewels and goes out to fancy restaurants every night."

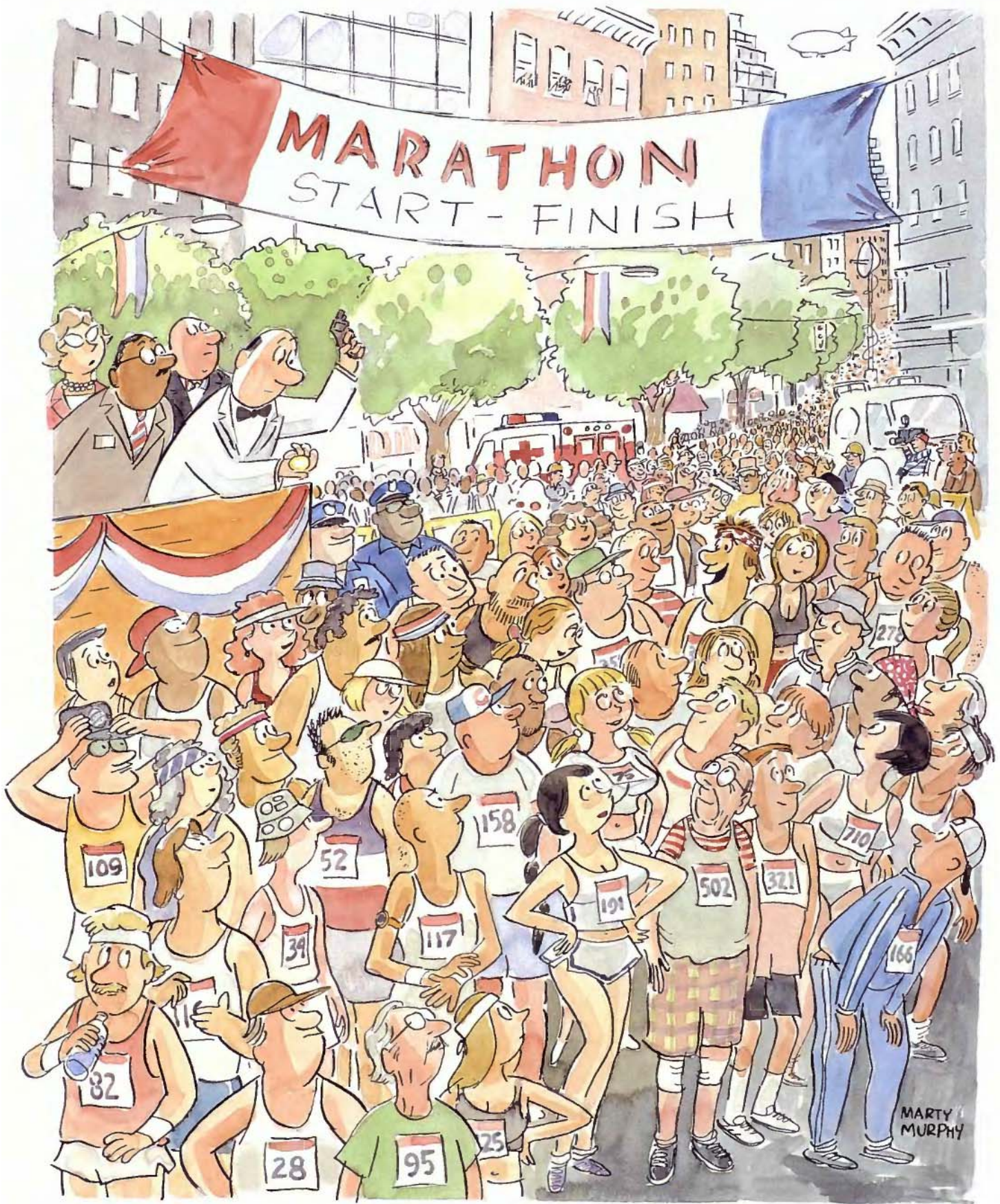
The other mother replied, "Yeah, my daughter's a slut, too."



A guy met a woman at a bar. Later, they went to her apartment. Within minutes of arriving, he took off her dress and removed his clothes, and they began making passionate love. He noticed, with some satisfaction, that with every thrust, her toes curled up. Just as he was congratulating himself on his prowess, she stopped him. "What's wrong? I thought you were enjoying yourself," he said.

"I'd enjoy it more," she said, "if you took off my pantyhose."

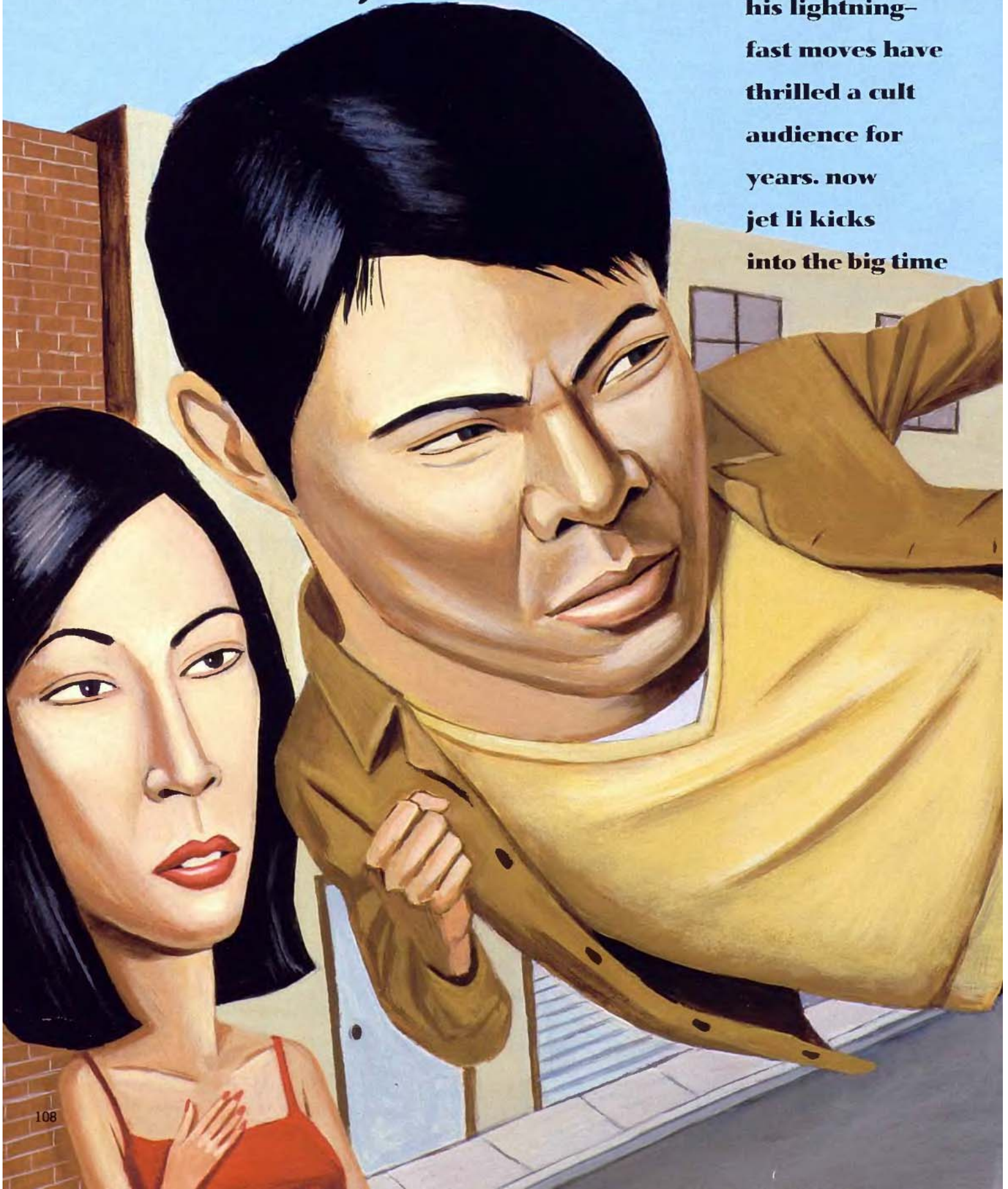
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"... Hold it a second! ... Somebody is standing on my penis! ... Just kidding!"

Jet fighter

**his lightning-
fast moves have
thrilled a cult
audience for
years. now
jet li kicks
into the big time**



Never mind what the calendar says: This is the year of the Dragon. The Chinese have American moviegoers wrapped around their nunchakus, and this year's Oscar wins were their flying kick to Hollywood's old guard. When it comes to blockbusters, the nimble guys with fists of fury beat all comers. China, of all places—a country associated with artistic repression, badly dubbed pseudophilosophical dialogue and dumb

kung-fu plots—has breathed life and romance back into mass-market movies and brought to American audiences a renewed reverence for screen magic. What fundamentally distinguishes Chinese cinema is speed. Instead of industrial light and magic, Chinese films depend on blood, sweat and skills. To make traditional martial arts movies, stars must master double

Playboy
Profile
By
Matthew
Polly

(continued on page 148)



MAD FOR

england's famous little car



Ringo Starr, Twiggy and Princess Margaret owned Mini Coopers. Mary Quant named the miniskirt after the car. In *The Italian Job*, Michael Caine and a team of stunt drivers tore up the streets and flew over the rooftops of Turin in a trio of red, white and blue models. More than 5.4 million Minis have been sold since 1959. Now BMW, which acquired the Mini brand several years ago, will bring a restyled version back to the States early in 2002. (Previous imports stopped in 1967.) The new Mini Cooper pictured here packs a 115 hp, 1.6-liter four-cylinder engine jointly developed with Chrysler. But while the new Mini Cooper is technically a German car, it will be built in Oxford, England, and—guess what?—its designer, Frank Stephenson, is an American. The first Minis were known for their *(text concluded on page 112)*

THE Mini

is once again running wild



Above: Who let the new Mini Cooper out? BMW. Can it make both a fashion and a performance statement as its Sixties predecessor did? We're betting yes. With its low roof (the car is only 4'7" high), thin pillars, modern lights and vestigial grille, everyone on the street recognized our prototype version as an updated Mini. Sizing up his creation, American designer Frank Stephenson says it's 18 inches longer and 14 inches wider than the original. Of course it has a backseat, but the legroom is minimal. (With its twin backseats folded down you can tote a surprising amount of luggage.) Base price is \$17,000, but if you want to make like Stirling Moss (who once owned a Mini Cooper), a 163 hp version will also be available early next year, for about \$20,000. The original, equipped with studded tires, was a perennial winner of the Monte Carlo Rally.



maneuverability, and in keeping with that tradition the new version boasts BMW-developed multilink rear suspension and powerful disc brakes. ABS is standard, as are 15-inch wheels. (Alloy 16-inch and 17-inch wheels are optional.) Traction control and high-power xenon headlights and automatic transmission are also available. (Five-speed manual trans is standard.) Despite its diminutive size (11'10" x 6'3"), the car is crash resistant and features door beams, six air bags and BMW's Advanced Head Protection system for front and rear. The Mini will hit 60 mph in just under nine seconds

styling, a 230 hp twin-cam V6 and a snazzy interior. On the highway, you get a jittery, two-Excedrin ride. —K.C.

PARKED IN DAVE'S GARAGE

Lexus SC 430: What's not to like in a V8 coupe that at the push of a button transforms itself into a convertible as fast as you can say "Toad lives"? The styling, amenities (including a climate control system that automatically adjusts to roadster mode or coupe) and acceleration (zero to 60 in six seconds) are all over the top. So is the price—about \$60,000.

Hyundai Sante Fe 4WD GLS: This little six-cylinder SUV is a good value at \$22,000, including antilock brakes, traction control and roof rack rails. Compare it with whatever a similarly equipped Liberty Limited goes for.



The Mini Cooper's interior is a contemporary version of the original's. From the easy-to-read center-position speedometer and steering column-mounted tach to the fat steering wheel, stubby shifter and leather bucket seats, there's an implicit message: This car is a blast to drive.

and has a top speed of about 125 mph. Base price is \$17,000. A Mini Cooper S version with 163 horses, hood scoop and other exterior changes will also be available, priced around \$20,000. Only select BMW dealers will offer either model. Check around. —KEN GROSS

OTHER ROADS. OTHER WHEELS

Jeep Liberty: So long, Cherokee. A 210 hp V6, independent front suspension, automatic and four-wheel-drive make the new Liberty Limited model a serious rock crawler. It's \$22,700 before options. The Sport, Jeep's base Liberty model with rear-wheel-drive, a four banger and manual trans, is \$16,450.

Isuzu Axiom: For about \$30,000 you get Mars Rover

Ford Focus SE Wagon: A crafty, four-cylinder alternative to a pint-size SUV. For about \$18,000 you get taut steering, automatic transmission, antilock brakes and side-impact air bags. Drive it cross-town, not cross-country.

Volvo V70 XC AWD Wagon: This surefooted Swede is rock solid, but \$40,000 is too much to pay for a car with terminal turbo lag. Audi, BMW and M-B wagons in this price range are more tempting.

Subaru Legacy Outback 3.0 AWD Wagon: A \$32,000 Subie? Yep, with a peppy six-cylinder engine and an interior that's more English men's club than Aussie alligator hauler. Buttons on the McIntosh audio system are too fussy for our taste and we found the bark of the remote-activated lock/unlock horn annoying. —DAVID STEVENS



"One last question. Would you be somewhat in favor of, seriously in favor of, or strongly in favor of us getting better acquainted?"

Life's a Bitch

AND SO IS DATING

A GUY CAN GET JERKED AROUND
WHEN HE FALLS FOR A GORGEOUS
WOMAN. AND SO CAN A GIRL

by katie moran

THE FIRST WORDS OUT of Jacki's mouth were, "I know I am the biggest bitch and you have every right never to speak to me again." She then began apologizing profusely for not returning my calls. She launched into a story about how she had been fighting with her boyfriend the whole weekend. Obviously the breakup process was not going well. At least not for me. It was clear that my Thursday night make-out session with her hadn't meant much.

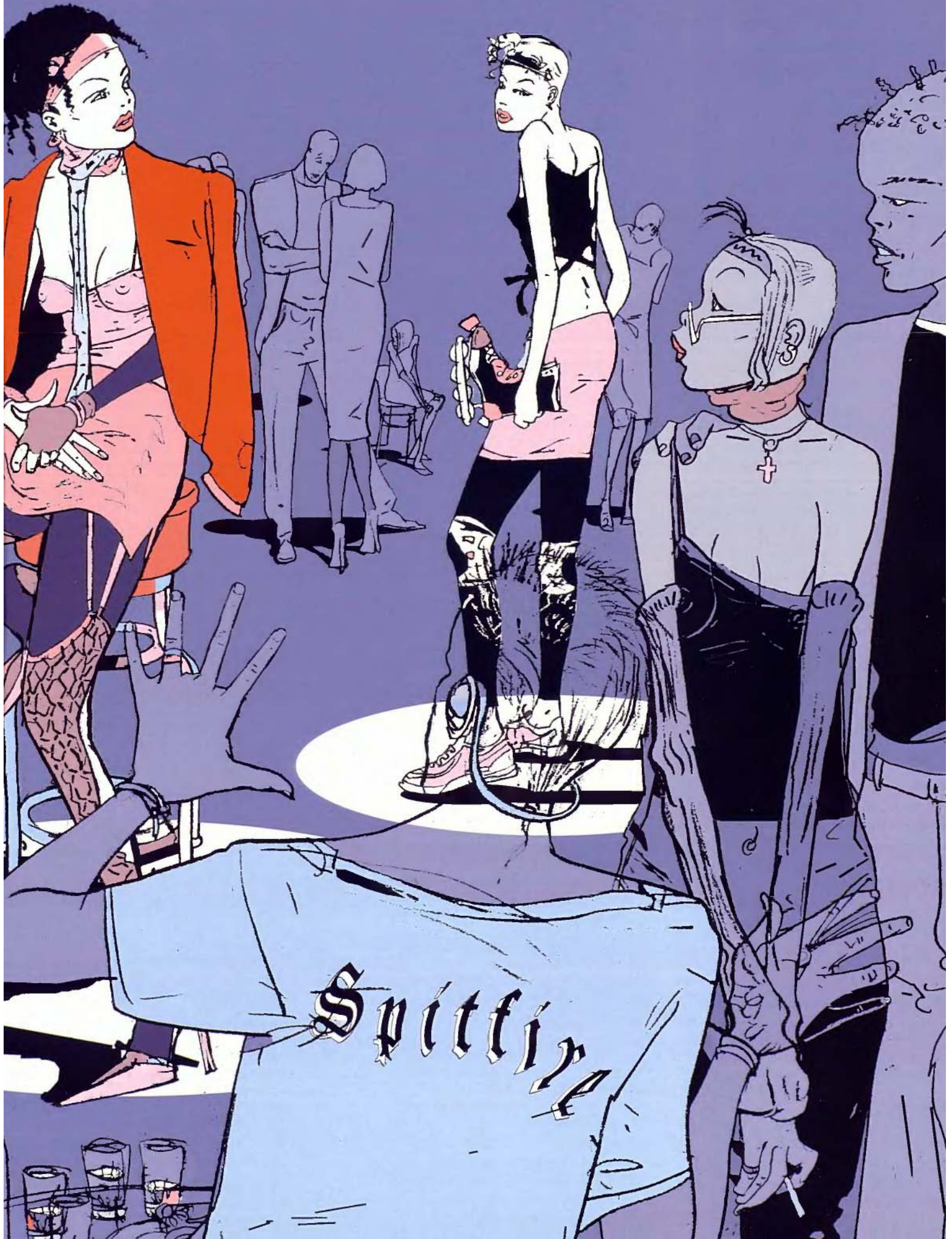
I listened to her complain about him for an hour. I gave her the benefit of the doubt and my forgiveness. She asked me to drive her to the airport in a few days—she was going home for Christmas. Being a complete sucker, I said yes. I wanted to see her, and I knew she was going through a tough breakup. I appreciated her honesty, though I would have preferred she had kept it to herself. Talk about excess baggage. I never realized how much garbage women bring into a new relationship. Feels like you're dating them, their bad habits, their exes and every tiny thing that happens to them each day. My first real experience of falling in love with a woman was not going well at all.

This story is dedicated to all the men out there who have been hurt by a woman. OK, virtually every guy in the world has been hurt by a woman, some to the point of devastation. On behalf of the fairer sex, I would like to apologize to all of you. I learned firsthand what you guys go through, and I am truly sorry.

I am a 24-year-old woman. I live in Los Angeles. I consider myself to be fun, cool and, *(continued on page 138)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI







Jon Bon Jovi

20Q

the jersey rocker sings out on diners, bar bands and the folks who toil in waste management

Jon Bon Jovi has been there and done that. Sure, fans last year could log on to the web and watch Bon Jovi, the band, recording its new album in real time. But the man himself fondly recalls when high technology meant reel-to-reel tape recorders: "You'd press RECORD and that was it. Then you'd go to a studio and work it out. Nowadays kids are computer literate, and they're able to produce more out of their bedrooms than we could produce in the garage."

Bon Jovi and Bon Jovi have done well since the days of their garage rehearsals. They had bar and club gigs, and world tours followed. The group has sold more than 80 million albums since its 1986 debut.

Bon Jovi became a major industry—and U.S. exporter—the old-fashioned way: The group wrote dozens of songs and played up to 250 concert dates each year.

Jon makes no apologies for the clothes or for his signature "hair band" mane of the Eighties. Why should he? He's the son of a U.S. Marine and a hairdresser, who was also a Marine. And he had the good fortune to be born in the small state that produces more than its share of chemicals, pharmaceuticals and rock-and-rollers: New Jersey.

One theory is that Bon Jovi's long run owes something to the fact that the band's members go their separate ways for a few years and then reunite with a slightly new take on their brand of blue-collar rock and roll. Or on their sartorial style.

Jon Bon Jovi has used his sabbaticals to study acting. He tested the waters, to good notices, in independent films. Recently he's had what he terms "modest parts" in features such as *U-571* and *Pay It Forward*.

Shortly before a recent tour, Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met the rocker at his Manhattan pied-à-terre—with its great view of New Jersey. "No Kurt Cobain-style angst for Bon Jovi," Kalbacker reports. "He genuinely delights in his family and the fruits of rock stardom, from his Robert A.M. Stern-designed New Jersey mansion to appearing on the Leno-Letterman circuit. He claims no special secret to his stamina, but I can't help wondering if the strong black cof-

fee he serves—he brews one cup at a time—doesn't have something to do with it."

1

PLAYBOY: Was getting into the music business all about rock and roll or mostly about chicks?

BON JOVI: It was obviously about the chicks. I was too small to play football and I went to an all-boys Catholic high school. It was the beginning of my sophomore year and I had really started to take music seriously. One of the religious brothers—they weren't priests—pulled me aside and said, "You're failing in practically everything and I think this guitar thing should become a hobby." I looked at this man. I'd just discovered women and I thought, This is the wrong place for me. The biggest thing on a Friday night would be to go to the girls' high school. All the girls would be on one side and all the guys would be on the other and you'd be making your move. Eventually I started to play those dances. Then you're bigger than life because everybody in the room is looking at you. Playing my own high school dance was even cooler than being quarterback. I was a rock star. I was 15. I'd made it.

2

PLAYBOY: You hail from Sayreville, New Jersey. That region of the state is sometimes referred to as Jersey's "chemical coast" because of the large number of refineries. Is there something in the water that helps produce rock-and-rollers?

BON JOVI: Sayreville was an industrialized city. It was a great upbringing. It was safe. It was very picket fence. It was ethnic, and it was a melting pot for music. You got to taste it right from high school and you knew how diverse it was going to be. There was the huge R&B influence of the horns. Bruce Springsteen and Southside Johnny were mak-

ing records. How could you not see that the Asbury Jukes were one of the great live bands? Asbury Park was magical because you could perform your original material at a time when cover bands were so successful. You'd make \$100 for the whole band, but you got to do your own thing. Another neat thing about the Asbury scene at that time was that John or Bruce would come in and play with anybody and everybody. I've got pictures of me playing with Bruce when I was 16 years old. That was before distinctly different styles of music developed according to where you were from and who you rooted for. We up-and-comers borrowed each other's amps. You'd plug in someone else's Strat. You would buy each other beer.

3

PLAYBOY: Describe the benefits of fetching coffee and cigarettes for the stars at New York's Power Station Studios.

BON JOVI: David Bowie told me to get him a Heineken. For \$50 a week, I was allowed to be a gofer. I'd run errands with the hope that in the middle of the night I would get to record. A dream opportunity would have been to watch other people do it. In all honesty I wasn't even in the system—I was a gofer. I remember getting yelled at by Diana Ross. I was sent to deliver something to her and the sign said DO NOT ENTER, and of course I did. I laughed when I walked out. That whole Miss Ross thing. Yeah, right. Here's my Rolling Stones story: I was getting out of a cab and paying with quarters and nickels and dimes. And this car pulled up behind the cab. Ron Galella, the paparazzi guy, jumped out of a Dumpster. He wanted to take pictures of the Stones. He's yelling, "Mick! Mick! Mick!" And Mick grabbed a couple of us and said, "This is my new band, the Frogs," and he took some pictures with us. He held the door for us, and we all walked into (continued on page 141)

I STAND,
THEREFORE I AM

one more wee battleground in the war between the sexes

As an adolescent I often masturbated in the bathroom with the aid of female fantasies, so it was quite logical that a great many of my dreams would include a coed bathroom as a locale. During the punk era, there were nightclubs that featured unisex bathrooms. And then the all-purpose bathroom in "Ally McBeal" empowered my original dreams to make their way into mainstream awareness. That's why I love the latest bizarre rumor to come out of Sweden. According to an article by Jasper Gerard in "The Spectator," young Swedish women are demanding that men use the lavatory in a strictly sedentary posture—that is, sitting down—not only for hygienic reasons, but also "because a man standing up to urinate is deemed to be triumphing in his masculinity and, by extension, degrading women. To micturate from the standing position is now viewed—among the more progressive Swedes—as the height of vulgarity and possibly suggestive of violence. Among the young, leftish intelligentsia there is also a view that to stand is a nasty macho gesture."

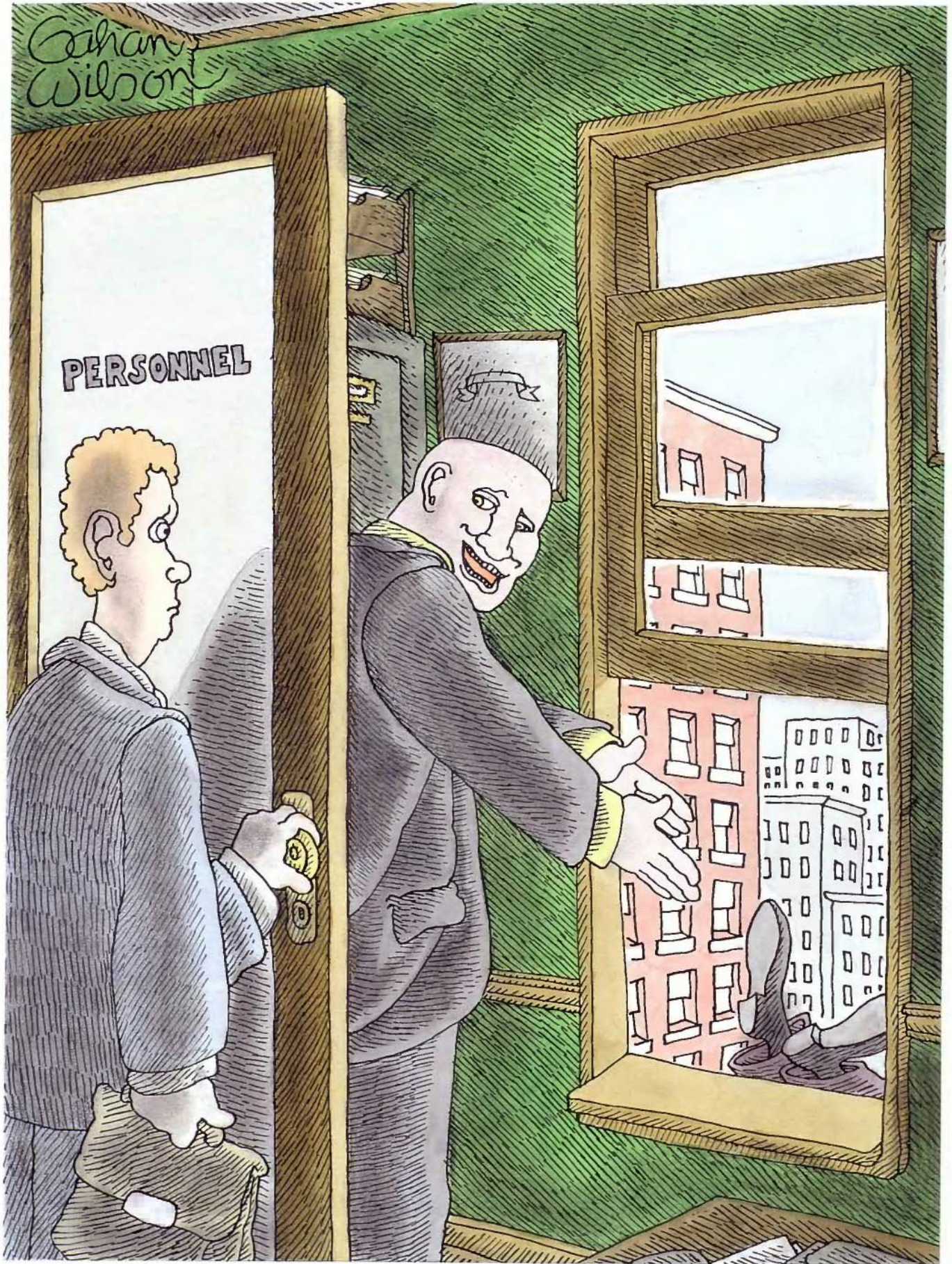
BY PAUL
KRASSNER

At Stockholm University, one feminist group hates urinals on the grounds that their basic construction is antiwoman. That group is not alone—a Swedish primary school has already eliminated the evil urinal before young male minds can be tainted. "It has long been one of the more imaginative examples of feminist paranoia," Gerard states, "that men engage in unacceptable, antiwomen practices while standing at the urinal."

But of course! Is there a man among us who doesn't use the restroom as a place to conspire with his fellow men? Isn't standing at a urinal the most logical place to strike up a friendly conversation? Isn't that why men frequently visit the men's room en masse, just like women? What the anti-urinal forces in Sweden lack in actual knowledge of male bathroom behavior (i.e., men look straight ahead, never glancing left or right, and never speak, even if spoken to) they make up for in imagination (men chatting it up while aiming for the deodorant cake, plotting elaborate conspiracies that women never know about).

"No, the answer is more subtle, according to a non-squatting Englishman," says Gerard. "It is not so much a function of female suspicion as of women's desire for absolute equality. Voting, fighting, learning and indeed yearning were all pastimes once denied women. So to achieve absolute equality, the Swedish sisters have stripped men of their remaining dignity and plunked them on the

(concluded on page 151)



"Some we keep, some we throw away."

Camcorders might be the sleekest technology available. An increasing number of filmmakers use digital camcorders to shoot their films. We know the backstory of the camcorder in *Blair Witch Project*. But established filmmakers are adopting digital video technology as well. Spike Lee used nearly a dozen different Mini Digital Video camcorders to film *Bamboozled*. So maybe all that separates you from Spike is about \$1000.

The best news about camcorders is that the format wars are over and MiniDV is the victor. The image produced on MiniDV is as crisp as that on a DVD—and twice as good as on VHS. Plus, the other camcorder formats are analog. That means each time you drag your 8mm or VHS-C footage through a copying or editing process, picture clarity and color depth are degraded in the translation. But not a pixel is lost when DV is digitally edited on a PC and laid back onto digital tape. Even if you eventually dub your edited DV production to VHS, you'll still end up with a better-looking production because your original images were immaculate.

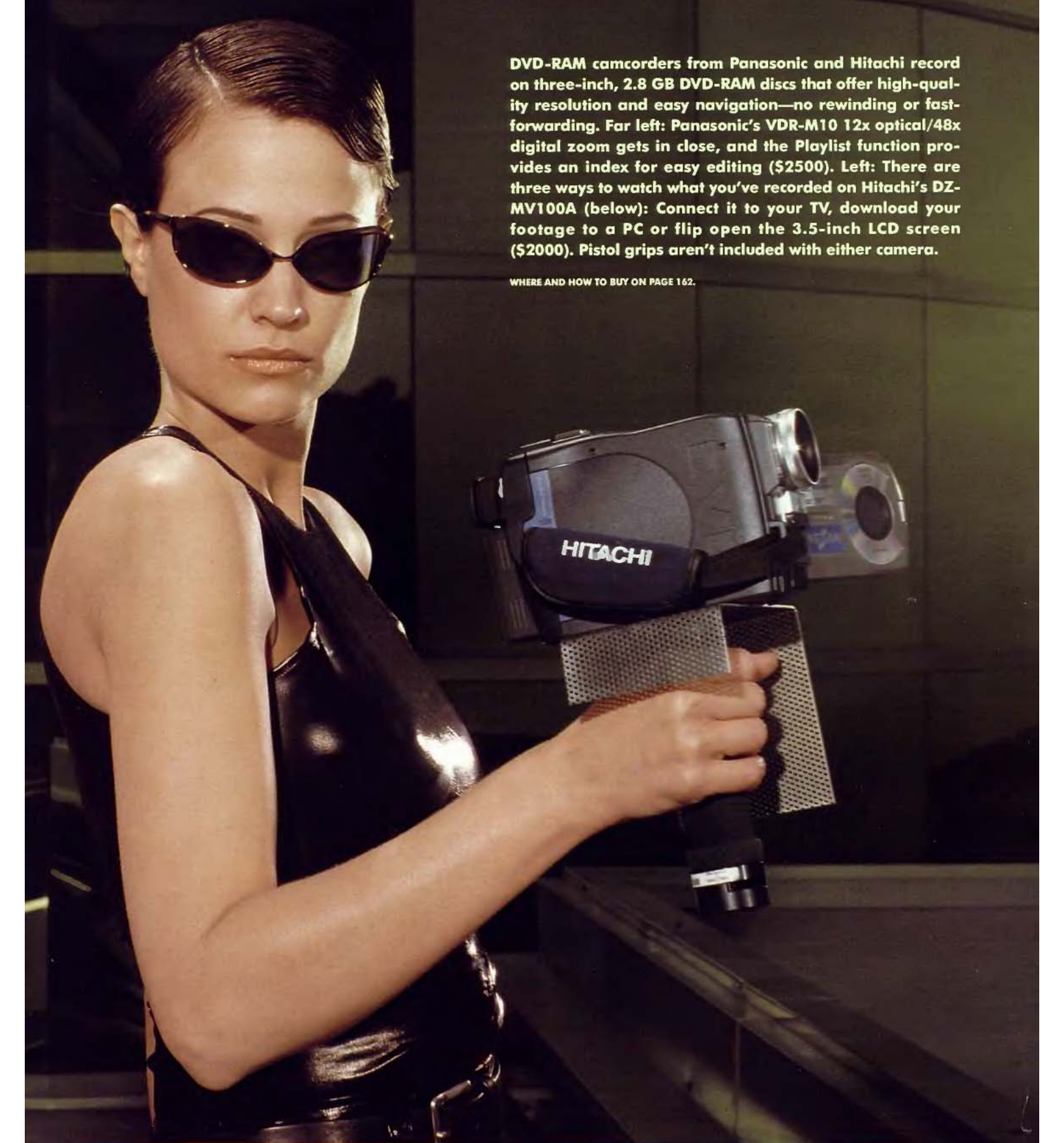
These days even the most basic DV camcorder has more features than many analog camcorders offer. Standard DV models include a two-inch to four-inch *(text concluded on page 122)*



SHOOT

WHEN IT COMES TO KILLER TECHNOLOGY,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR/aRT miX (the agency)

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing dark sunglasses and a black halter top, is holding a Hitachi camcorder. The camcorder is silver and black, with the word "HITACHI" printed in white on the side. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

DVD-RAM camcorders from Panasonic and Hitachi record on three-inch, 2.8 GB DVD-RAM discs that offer high-quality resolution and easy navigation—no rewinding or fast-forwarding. Far left: Panasonic's VDR-M10 12x optical/48x digital zoom gets in close, and the Playlist function provides an index for easy editing (\$2500). Left: There are three ways to watch what you've recorded on Hitachi's DZ-MV100A (below): Connect it to your TV, download your footage to a PC or flip open the 3.5-inch LCD screen (\$2000). Pistol grips aren't included with either camera.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

PIRATES

DIGITAL HAS WON THE DUEL

BY STEWART WOLPIN

color LCD screen, still photo capability and 200x-plus zoom. To clean up your project, DV camcorders come equipped with electronic, digital or optical image stabilization and preprogrammed modes and effects (such as black-and-white, wide-screen and night vision). Most important, these cameras include FireWire or i.Link, connections that allow you to control the camcorder while it is linked to your PC during editing.

GO SMALL

One of the things that makes MiniDV camcorders so cool is their size. Most are smaller and lighter than their analog predecessors.

JVC's GR-DVP3U (\$1700) comes in a rectangular case the size of a pair of Palm Pilots, and weighs 12 ounces. It's a high-resolution image sensor that produces what JVC calls "high band" digital video as well as digital still images. The DVP3U's innards contain definitive computer-based audiovisual technology: MP3 audio effects and the ability to record Internet-friendly MPEG4 video, which can be attached to e-mails. You can load MP3 files and the MPEG4 video, as well as digital stills, via the DVP3U's USB port and 8 MB SD flash memory card.

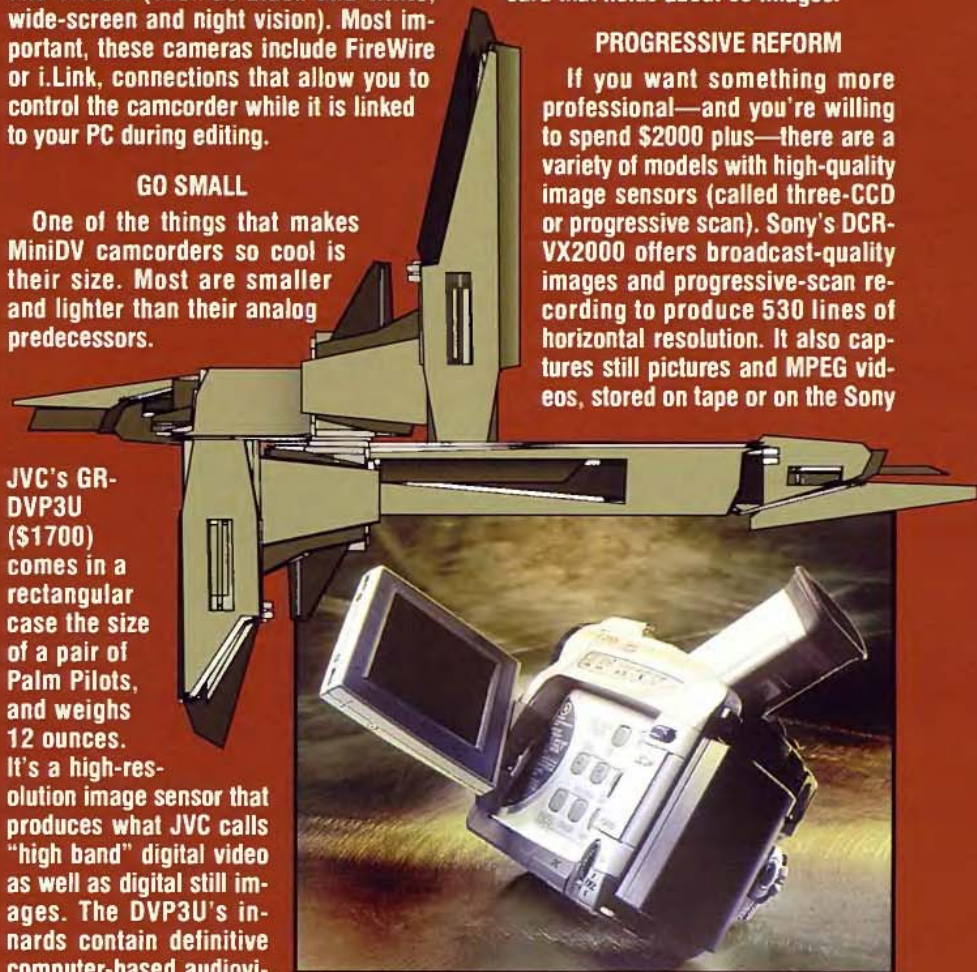
If you're simply looking for something to use on summer vacation, there are MiniDV models for less than \$1000 that don't skimp on features. One of the best is the Canon ZR30 MC (\$1000). This small, 19-ounce camera has all the standard equipment—a 2.5-inch LCD, electronic image stabilization, 10x optical and 200x digital zoom and an 8 MB MultiMediaCard that can store approximately 60 images.

What good is zooming in on a subject across the room if you can't hear what she's saying? The Sharp VL-WD650U (about \$1050) helps eliminate the problem with a zoom microphone that acts in conjunction with the 26x optical/780x

digital zoom lens. The more you zoom in on a subject, the better the subject's audio sounds. The VL-WD650U's other features include a three-inch LCD screen, a night vision mode and an 8 MB Smart Media card that holds about 65 images.

PROGRESSIVE REFORM

If you want something more professional—and you're willing to spend \$2000 plus—there are a variety of models with high-quality image sensors (called three-CCD or progressive scan). Sony's DCR-VX2000 offers broadcast-quality images and progressive-scan recording to produce 530 lines of horizontal resolution. It also captures still pictures and MPEG videos, stored on tape or on the Sony



Above: Canon packed a 2.5-inch LCD screen and 10x optical/200x digital zoom into its tiny, 19-ounce ZR30 MC (\$1000). Left, top to bottom: Sony's DCR-VX2000 offers optical picture stabilization to reduce shaky camera work (\$3200). Sharp's VL-WD650U (middle) uses a zoom mike to capture a subject's audio (about \$1050). Below that is JVC's GR-DVP3U, which records high-quality footage with 520 lines of horizontal resolution (\$1700).

Memory Stick flash memory card (included). Material is downloadable through a USB port.

THE NEXT GENERATION

As DVD players populate living rooms, it's logical that the next wave of camcorders be DVD-based. To date, there are two: the Hitachi DZ-MV100A (\$2000) and the Panasonic VDR-M10 (\$2500). Both use a dual-sided three-inch/2.8 GB DVD-RAM disc that can store up to two hours of digital video. To play the discs you'll need either a DVD-RAM-equipped PC or Panasonic's DMR-E10 (\$4000), the only non-PC based DVD-RAM recording deck.

Dori Madden



"I've gotta say, Mr. Oberholtzer, this has been the most moving experience of my life!"

belinda carlisle

is a go-go

who keeps

on going



Beauty and the Beat



God Bless the Go-Go's, featuring the hit song Unforgiven (co-written by Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day), is the first album in 17 years from this resilient rock band. Still keeping the beat for this tour are (pictured left, left to right) guitarist Charlotte Caffey, singer Belinda Carlisle, bassist Kathy Valentine, drummer Gina Schock and guitarist Jane Wiedlin.

Forget about the Australian outback and Jeff Probst: Belinda Carlisle is the original survivor. "I keep bouncing back from things," she says. "After the drugs and the ebb and tide of success in my life, I've had nine lives already." This cool cat's story, and one of the defining grrl-power moments, began more than 20 years ago in Los Angeles when Belinda and pal Jane Wiedlin formed an all-girl band called the Go-Go's. Inspired by the do-it-yourself attitude of Blondie and the Sex Pistols, the Go-Go's debuted in 1978 at a Hollywood punk club. In those days Belinda sported a green do and dressed in garbage bags, belting out raw versions of future hits. Their first album, *Beauty and the Beat*, fueled by the early Eighties anthems *We Got the Beat* and *Our Lips Are Sealed*, is a classic of the all-female rock canon. Two more albums with hit singles, *Vacation* and *Head Over Heels*, followed, but squabbles over royalties and various substance-abuse problems drove the girls apart in 1985. "I think women have a harder time getting along in a group than men do," Belinda says. "Maybe that's a sexist thing to say, but emotions can run more intensely with a group of girls."

Belinda enjoyed success as a solo artist, releasing six albums that included hits like *Mad About You*, *Heaven Is a Place on Earth* and *Circle in the Sand*. But the shots she took from the media for her weight fluctuations took their toll over the years and, ultimately, inspired the 42-year-old to pose for *PLAYBOY*. "It wasn't until the Go-Go's that my name was synonymous with plump, cute and chubby," she says. "One of the things I thought was appealing about the Go-Go's was that we weren't models—we were normal girls doing it on our own terms,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD MCLAREN



We all put our heads together to find an exotic location for this shoot," says Belinda. "I didn't want to be disrespectful of any nation's heritage or religion. Thailand is a sexy country, and I have been there quite a few times. I wanted to do something in keeping with the spirit of the Fifties pin-up, like a Vargas or a Bunny Yeager vibe. We combined that with a *Madame Butterfly* feel, because I wanted to do this as some kind of character."





and women loved that. Critics would say things like, 'Oh, she's been hitting too many deli trays,' or 'I wonder what drug she is doing to get thin.' I still find the whole thing completely offensive and believe this fed into my drug addiction. It wasn't until I moved to Europe and had my baby that this weight obsession left." Belinda lives in the south of France with her nine-year-old son, Duke, and her husband, Morgan Mason. "I was born and raised in California, but I don't want to grow old or raise my child there," she says. "The 1994 Northridge quake happened on Monday and we left that Friday." Earth shakes notwithstanding, Belinda says that she craves adventure, which currently includes getting her French residency, perfecting her French and completing her next solo album.

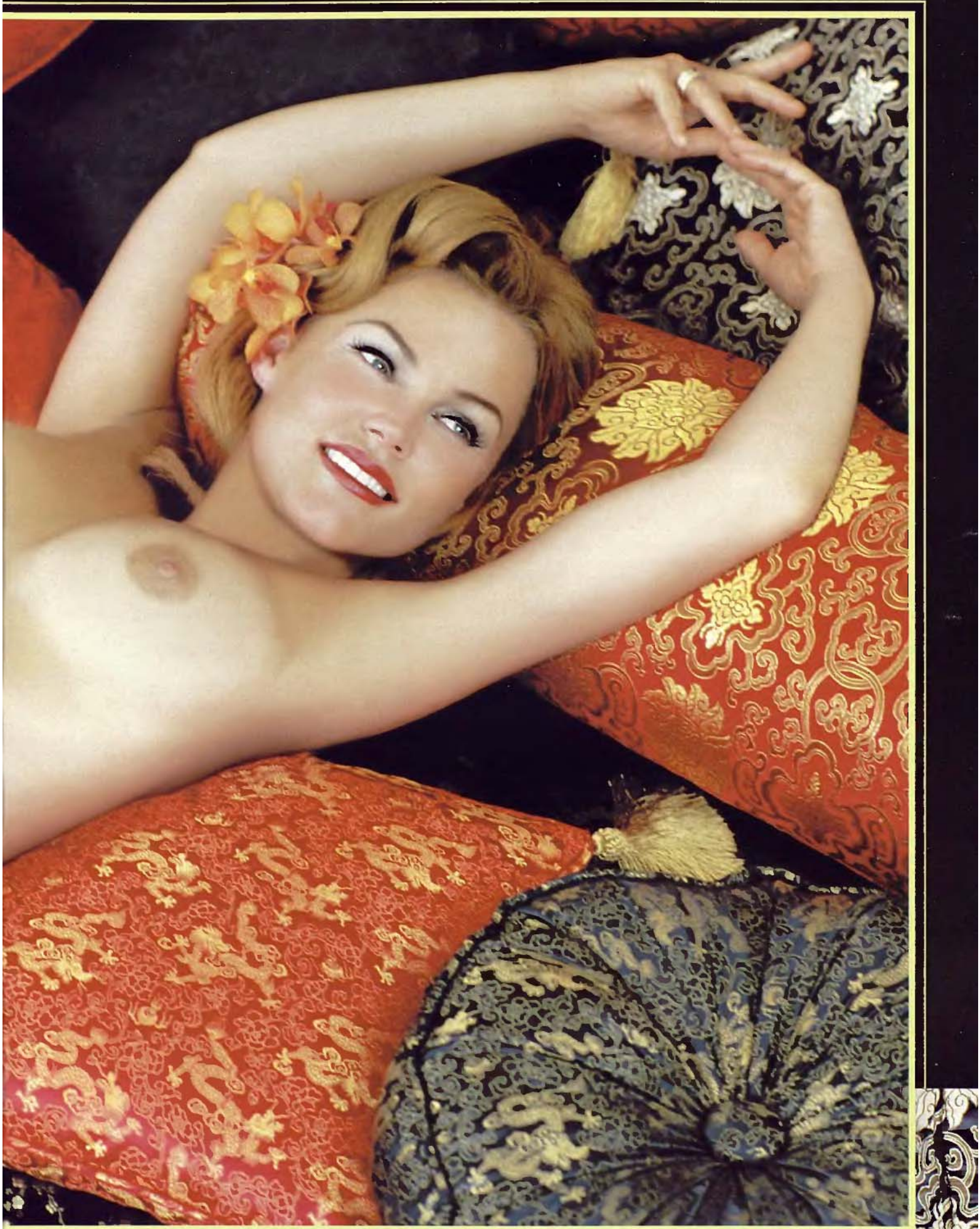
Although the Go-Go's reunited three times in the Nineties for tours, the girls didn't release a new album until this year's *God Bless the Go-Go's*. It features the single *Unforgiven*, a poignant autobiographical ballad called *Daisy Chain* and an anthem for full-figured women called *Throw Me a Curve*. The new disc is their most compelling work since *Beauty and the Beat*. Inspired by a slew of young fans catching New Wave's second tide, the Go-Go's will tour all summer. "I think we all look at it as closure," Belinda says. "We have separate lives and other interests, so it is more difficult for us to get together. We feel like we made a really good record, so everything else is gravy." The singer has come to terms with being labeled alternative with the Go-Go's. "I've been a Top 40 artist a long time and all of a sudden I'm something else, so I am sort of confused as to what I am. But that's fine—I like being confused. Go to a Go-Go's show and you'll see people in their 50s, people with Mohawks and eight-year-olds—a wide range. It goes way beyond any specific demographic."

Belinda says she has only one regret—an old homemade movie filmed backstage that now pops up online. "There is no sex in it at all—just a bunch of stupid coke ramblings, and it is boring," she says. "I regret that evening because a lot of people were hurt by that video. But I don't regret anything else in my life because even the negative things, as hideous as they were, were really important to go through. They made me what I am today, and I'm totally happy and comfortable with myself."

STYLING BY CHRIS BAKER
HAIR BY KEN PAVES FOR PROFILE
MAKEUP BY LUTZ WESSERMAN FOR ART miX (the agency)







motel

(continued from page 92)

little cars flashing between the trucks like funny-eyed fish at the bottom of the sea.

Roy's just noticed the june bugs swarming around the big lights above the parking lot when he hears someone cursing. He looks down and sees some men in an old Cadillac parked two over from his station wagon. Their windows are rolled down, and they are quarreling over something. Finally, one of them gets out of the backseat and slams the door. Roy hears what he tells the others as he walks away. Go fuck yourselves.

It's the guy from the pool, Roy realizes. He watches the man climb over an embankment at the edge of the lot and head for the lounge on the service road behind the motel.

The two others get out of the Cadillac and let themselves into one of the first-floor rooms. Roy can't see which room because he's backed away from the railing—no reason to get mixed up in their fight, he figures, dropping his cigarette under his heel.

He hesitates a moment. He knows he ought to go back in and get some sleep. But he doesn't do that. He follows the balcony to the stairs and, sticking to the shadows when he crosses the parking lot, scrambles up the embankment. It's already damp with dew, and when he slides to the gravel at the bottom of the little hill, he finds himself up against a fence. He hasn't scaled one since he was a teenager, but he gets himself over it with only a scratch or two. Crouching among the garbage cans behind the lounge, he catches his breath. What the hell am I doing?

Even with their battered lids on, the cans ooze a smell as thick and damp as the darkness, and threaded through the sour air is a syrupy sweetness he doesn't want to think about.

I can't stay here, Roy knows. Somebody will be coming out before long and see me. So he brushes himself off and finds the front door.

It's an old place with clocks and lamps on the paneled walls advertising beers like Regal and Jax that haven't been brewed in 20 years. The lights are so low he can't see what the black, gummy floor is made of. Roy crosses the room to the bar and looks around for the guy from the pool, but he's nowhere in sight. There's an old couple at a table with an empty pitcher between them. Over by the window, a woman keeps checking the parking lot, waiting for someone. Another woman is drinking a beer at the corner of the bar, eyeing Roy as he eases onto a stool and orders a draft.

You lose somebody, darlin'? It's the woman a few seats over.

Just a friend.

Use a replacement?

She's making him shy. I'm married,

he tells her.

Me too, darlin'.

You lose your husband?

Just mislaid him is all. She smiles. Till tomorrow.

Roy takes a closer look at her. She's a handsome woman, he thinks. He knows he'd like the way her shoulders would fit his hands.

She's still smiling. Any chance you mislaid your wife tonight, sweetheart?

It could happen, he realizes. It could happen real easy.

Her body is already rising, floating toward him.

Afraid not, he says a little too loud. I know right where she is.

Like a genie returning to its bottle, the woman sinks back onto her stool. It's a lucky man, she tells him, knows the bed his wife sleeps in.

He's still thinking about Marilyn asleep in their bed when the rest room door swings open and the guy from the pool staggers out, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

Hey, I know you, the guy says. He plops down beside Roy. So, your little girls dry out yet?

Oh, yeah, Roy says, they're fine.

I like that boy of yours, the guy mumbles, holding up a finger to the bartender for a beer.

Let me get this, Roy insists. I owe you one from this afternoon.

That's real white of you. Everything he says is slurred. Name's Thorne.

Pleasure to meet you, Thorne. I'm Roy.

So where you from, Roy?

Just outside Amarillo. How about you?

Hell, I don't know. I always tell people I'm from Toad Suck Ferry, you know, just to shit 'em, but truth be told I was born up the road in Arkadelphia. We was on the move all the time, though, so I don't know where the fuck I'm really from.

Your daddy in the military or something?

Or something. He sort of had the knack of making himself unwelcome wherever we went.

That's too bad.

Well, he finally found a place they don't ever want him to leave.

Near here?

Not far. Down in Louisiana. Angola—the penitentiary.

What did he do?

You mean, what did he get caught for? Armed robbery. A payroll job at a sugarcane processor one Friday afternoon. Daddy always says it should have been a real sweet deal. Thorne tries the beer the bartender has just set before him while he waits for the joke to sink in. Get it?

Who the shit is this guy? Roy thinks, trying to chuckle. Yeah, I get it.

But some little prick accountant pulls out this old pistol and shoots Daddy in the leg. You believe that?

So what did he do?

Do? What do you think? He hollered like a stuck pig. They said in court he was still yellin' his head off when the sheriff got there 10 minutes later.

He was in it alone?

Hell, no. But the boys he was workin' it with, they just fuckin' took off when the shootin' started. Sons a bitches.

That's a tough way to grow up.

Thorne turns a bleary eye toward Roy. For some, maybe. But there's a lot to learn, and the sooner you get started, the better. I'll tell you, if that were my boy you got, I'd have him at the basics already. There ain't no such thing as too young to get started.

Well, I'm a lineman for the utility, Roy smiles. Dwayne Henry can't even reach the first stirrup on a pole yet. And tell you the truth, I don't really want to see him shinnying up telephone poles all his life. Got the sun frying you like a strip of bacon all summer. Come winter, go up in a storm with the sleet in your face and power lines whippin' all over the damn place. Shit. I want him working inside somewhere, with a tie and a white shirt.

Thorne is nodding. Sure, everybody wants better for their kids. My daddy too. That's why he warned me off all that penny-ante bullshit. You know, stealin' cars and crap like that. I tell you what, he ever heard I was out breakin' into houses for TV sets or stereos, he'd take a strap to me from one end of town to the other. My daddy raised me right. Stores, banks, hijacking—fine, he'd say, that's a job fit for a man. But the juvenile delinquent shit? Thorne whistles. He always used to say if you gonna do it, then do it. You know?

Roy nods, afraid not to.

Thorne keeps drinking. You ever think, he wonders as he turns his head toward Roy, about gettin' into another line of work?

Work?

Easy work, low-risk kind of things. Like gas stations or convenience stores.

You mean open one?

Shit, no, Thorne laughs. I mean knock-in 'em over.

Rob them?

Yeah. If you just pay attention to what you're up to, there ain't nothin' to it. You get a little gas. Then one guy keeps it runnin' while the other goes in like he's gonna pay. You show the asshole your gun, he fills up a bag with money and you drive off to the next place. Do two or three a night in different spots, and you're talkin' about some real cash by the end of the week.

Roy realizes he's serious. But you don't even know me.

Hey, Roy, you're a family man. I seen that at the pool this afternoon. My daddy always says, Thorne, put your trust in a man with a family. He takes another sip. You know why?

A family man's reliable?

Thorne gives him a look like he's some kind of half-wit escaped from the state asylum. Hell, no. Daddy says they won't fuck with you 'cause they know you can always hunt down their family and kill 'em all if you have to.

Roy sinks lower on his stool. Yeah, I suppose your daddy is right about that.

Thorne smiles. Yes, sir, he's a smart one all right.

Roy stares into his beer, trying to figure out if he's supposed to say something else.

So what you think? Want to give it a try? You and me, we can split it right down the middle, anything we make, 60-40.

The words are out before he can stop them. You mean 50-50?

Thorne wheels on him and hisses through lips pressed so tight together they just about disappear. You fuckin' kiddin' me? My plan, my gun, and you want the same as me? He looks around like he needs something to hit Roy with. Why I ought to—

Hang on, Thorne. I was just trying to understand you. Yeah, sure you ought to get more than the other guy. Absolutely.

Thorne's face loosens a bit. All right, he growls through his teeth, all right.

It wouldn't be fair any other way.

That's what I told those fuckers I been runnin' with. But the two of 'em won't have it. Hell with 'em. I'll get myself a new partner. Somebody who ain't half crazy like Teddy.

Teddy? Roy knows he shouldn't be asking, but he can't figure out how to stop Thorne.

You know what that asshole did the last place we hit? Shot the goddamn clerk in the leg. Just like they done Daddy. And you know why?

Roy shakes his head.

'Cause they don't have no chocolate swirl left in the freezer. Now, what the fuck's chocolate swirl got to do with the job, that's what I want to know.

Roy watches Thorne's fists tighten, the veins tensing into swollen blue scars. You sure you should be telling me all this?

Thorne turns his head and smiles. Shit, Roy, I ain't got to worry. You're a family man, remember?

Oh, yeah, Roy nods, seeing how right Thorne's daddy is about that.

Listen, Thorne says, muffling his voice against his shoulder, you got a car, don't you? We could go give it a try right now. See if you like it. And even if you don't, you still \$60, \$70 ahead on the deal. What you say?

Roy knows he needs a reason, a good reason. I appreciate it, he says, I really do. But my wife'd never stand for it. Not for a minute. He takes a sip of his beer. And it's not for me. It's kind of you to offer, but it's not for me.

I mean, Thorne says, shaking his head, it just gets old runnin' with two assholes who haven't got half a brain be-

tween 'em. This morning J. Billy walks into our room with nothin' on but a swimmin' suit and a pair of boots. We're outlaws, goddamn it. You don't go runnin' around like that in public. Shit.

Yeah, you're right.

They're gonna get me caught, those two. Or worse.

Roy nods. He almost feels sorry for Thorne.

It didn't used to be like this.

You want another beer? Roy asks.

Nah, thanks. I ought to go see what those idiots are up to. Probably tryin' to break into a vending machine or something. Sure you don't want to give it a try? Wouldn't take 10 minutes.

He's lonely, Roy realizes. He's just

fuckin' lonely. I don't think so.

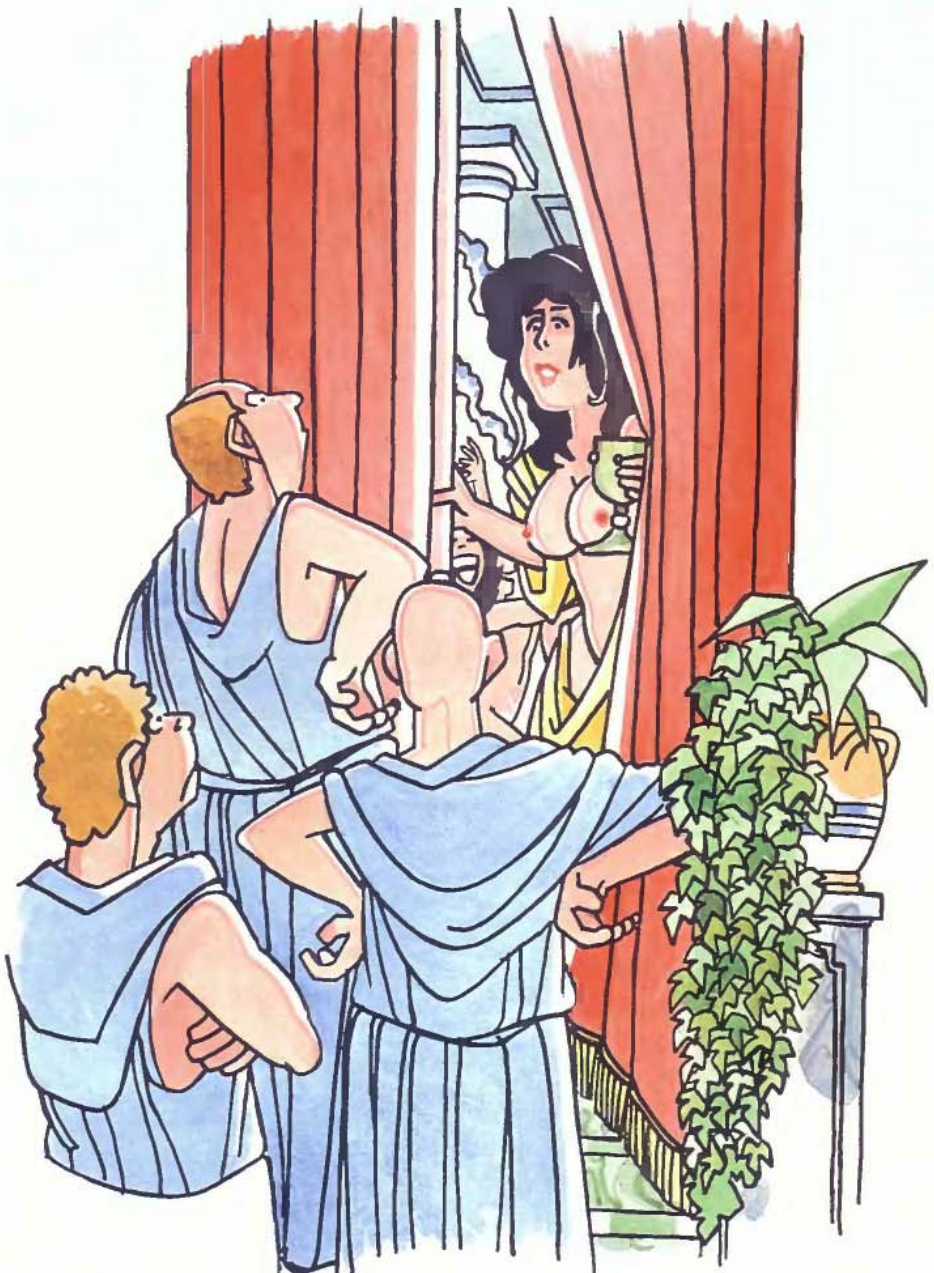
Thorne nods. You take care of that boy of yours, you hear?

And you take care, too, Roy says, sticking out his hand.

Standing, Thorne smiles and shakes his hand. Hey, he calls to the bartender, whatever my buddy here wants. He flips a 10 on the bar. Adios, amigo.

Roy stares at the mirror behind the bottles of liquor, watching the door ease shut after Thorne, and tells himself he ought to get back to his own room. He picks up the 10-dollar bill. For the first time he realizes it's more gray than green, the front of money. Whiskey, he says out loud to no one in particular.

Two whiskeys, he hears like an echo



—DAVE COVERLY—

"The orgy is running over. Caligula suggests that we reschedule the senate meeting for next week. . . ."

coming back to him.

The woman is still there.

You know, he says, not even looking at her. I think maybe I've lost the woman I love.

Easy to do, she says. Easiest thing in the world.

I'm only just realizing, he nods, still staring into the mirror.

Well, maybe I can help you find her, the woman offers, her voice half drunk and half dreamy as she sidles up beside him. The bartender pours two whiskeys. But you know, darling, I don't think she's in here. I mean, I been here, I don't know, two, three hours. Maybe we ought to look somewhere else.

Roy waits for her to figure it all out for them.

Maybe, she says, smiling a smile that makes Roy forget about everything he's supposed to remember, maybe we could have a look in one of those rooms over at the motel. She takes a sip of his whiskey. What do you think?

Yeah, Roy hears himself whispering in her ear, yeah.

She finishes off his drink.

You got a car, baby? she wonders as she stands up.

Not here, he admits, suddenly worried maybe that'll ruin everything.

But it doesn't make any difference to her. That's OK, she says twice, I got the Caddy.

She waits for him to drink the other whiskey. He throws it back the way cowboys do in the movies, in a single gulp. It flares as it goes down, searing him from the inside out.

Hang on a minute, he says to everybody at once, just one more drink.

An hour later, they are leaning against each other like they're in some slow-motion, three-legged race. The door of the bar seems far away, but they find it. Suddenly, they're outside in the parking lot, and it's dark and humid and if only the car wasn't a convertible and if only the top wasn't down, Roy is thinking. But then she fishes the keys out of her purse and dangles them in front of his face. They sound like a bell, like the little bell

they used to ring at Mass, he remembers, the little shiver of metal like a glass shattering against a stone floor, and it's as if he's been awakened from a dream. The only thing is, the dream's been his whole life up till now, he thinks, and this woman, she's the realest thing he's ever seen. She's a monster she's so real, and she wants him to drive.

He opens her door, and she gives him the smile again. How does she do that? he thinks, amazed. How do they all do that, the women? And he's lost, but he doesn't care. He wants it to happen. All of it.

He gets in the red car, the color of lipstick, old-fashioned lipstick. And the wheel is white, and the seats are white. Before he turns the key, he holds his breath for a moment. He slides his hands along the porcelain steering wheel like a kid pretending to drive. They don't have to go anywhere, he tells himself, they could stay right here. But he's already turned the key, he realizes, and the car is sliding over the gravel, the gravel that looks white as the upholstery under the floodlights on the roof of the bar.

He wishes it were far away, the motel. He'd like to drive this woman's car under the stars all the way to California, to Canada, to New York City. But they haven't gone a hundred yards and the sign is already flashing right over their heads: VACANCY.

Roy drives through the arch beside the office and parks in the dark—away from the bugs by the lights, he explains to the woman.

Peeking through the louvers on the office door, he sees the top of a bald head balanced on the arm of the sofa next to the desk. Bob, he thinks.

He turns the knob, but the door is locked. Roy rattles it till Bob sits up and rubs his face, as if he's not sure he's heard something. Roy tries tapping on the glass with the keys to the convertible.

Bob holds up a hand. He must have been asleep is all Roy can figure. But when the fat man finally unlocks the door, Roy sees he's been watching wres-

ting on television.

I was almost a pro, you know, Bob says, nodding at the TV. If it hadn't been for the knee. . . . He shakes his head at how it's all worked out.

I need another room, Roy says.

Bob recognizes him. You're awfully damn picky. What's wrong with the one you got?

Nothing. I just need an extra room, that's all.

Bob looks past him, to out where the car is parked. Where everybody always parks, it occurs to Roy.

I get it. He gives Roy a sly smile. You need an extra room.

Roy sees it in Bob's eyes. You can't fool me, his fat smirk says, you can't fool me about nothing.

Just give me the goddamn key.

Yeah, yeah. Bob is loving this. I guess you don't want your extra room too close to that other room you already got, huh? I think there's an empty one here on this side of the place.

He reaches under the desk and tosses a key onto the counter. It's a real nice room. You two'll love it.

Thanks, Roy says under his breath. Maybe Bob isn't such an asshole after all, he thinks.

He changes his mind when he slips the key into the lock on the second-floor room overlooking the pool. That's when he remembers the number, 218. Don't turn on the light, he whispers to the woman. He knows there's no going back.

Oh, you are a shy one, she whispers. The door closes behind them, and he can hear her smiling in the dark. Then it occurs to him he's got to get her on the bed before she takes off her shoes and her feet stick to the carpet. He catches her up in his arms like she's his bride and lays her on the bedspread.

She's lighter than he expects, and she likes it, being carried to the bed. You're sweet, she sighs, and pulls him down on top of her.

Jesus, we're drunk, he tells her, wanting to believe it.

He hasn't been with another woman



in a long time—since just after they were first married, Marilyn and him. What's your name? His voice is higher pitched than he wants it.

Red. Call me Red. Her voice is a whisper.

They can barely see each other in the dark room. He feels her rustling beneath him. I'm Roy.

He undresses her on the bed, doing his best not to let any clothes fall on the floor. And at first it works, making love to her the way he makes love to his wife—simple, gingerly. But it doesn't last long. She is so willing, he forgets all about what he was trying to do. Not that it matters. Red's so drunk there's no way he can keep her from slipping off the bed in a heap and him on top of her. And it really is funny, though she can't figure out what they're sliding around on, when their bodies get so slick with oil they can barely hang on to each other. She's hoarse from laughing in the dark, and it's too late for Roy to do anything about it. He's never known anything like it either, the drunken, sloppy joy of it. The bodies skim across each other, and there are flashes when Roy can make out the sheen on her flesh like some kind of honey she's been dipped in. And the more they roll around on the floor, the more they disappear into the darkness, the oil smudging their white bodies black like two pale ghosts fading into the night.

It's her scream that wakes him, and he's surprised, at first, that he knows right where he is. The light from the bathroom explains it all. Jesus, what time is it? he wonders, still on the floor. He tries to rub the grease off the face of his watch: 2:40 or so, it looks like. Shit, we fell asleep.

He stands in the bathroom door, and Red is still staring at the black woman in the mirror staring back at her. Her hair is matted with long, thick gobs of dirty brown gunk. Her hands are so damp with oil that every time she tries to wipe away a streak of grease, it spreads. Her dark, naked body glistens in the raw light of the fluorescent halo overhead.

But when she turns to Roy framed in the threshold, she bursts into laughter. You should see yourself, she hoots.

He cranes his neck so he can see for himself. He doesn't recognize the black face, the slick hair. She pulls him into the bathroom, and they stare at the couple in the mirror. They are covered in it, the oil. They turn around and look over their shoulders—on their backs it's even worse. What the fuck happened? Red wants to know.

Shit, I don't know, Roy stammers.

You think it'll come off?

Sure, sure it will. He discovers he's good at this lying thing.

She follows him out of the bathroom. When he flips on the light, Red gasps. Did we do this?

No way, there's no way we could have done this. He draws a finger across her belly and holds it up to examine, rubbing it against his thumb. This is motor oil, he exclaims.

You sure?

He tastes it. I don't know how it got here, but it sure as hell is motor oil. He needs all the authority he can muster. Feels like 20 weight 50. All purpose, he adds, nodding.

The woman kneels and touches the carpet. It's all over the place. She looks up at him. So now what do we do?

I think we take a bath.

In there? You better go take another look at that bathroom.

He pulls back the shower curtain. The tub is bad. Real bad. But at least there are plenty of towels and two or three tiny bars of soap in their wrappers. When he turns around, though, and sees how thick the grease is in her hair, how deep the oil has been massaged into her flesh, he realizes it's hopeless.

He sits down right there on the linoleum floor and would weep for what he's done—if only his tear ducts weren't plugged with oil.

But hers aren't, it turns out. When she sees him give up, black tears slither down her face, tremble and drop to her breasts. He's never been able to take that, tears running down a naked woman's body.

Hang on, Red, we're not done yet. He takes her hand and pulls her down, hugging her to stanch the tears. And while he's rocking her in his arms, he remembers the jar of cream he's got in the back of the station wagon, the one they use to clean up with on the job when they've been working on transformers.

Wait here, he tells her. I know what to do.

He doesn't bother with his drawers. He just pulls on his pants and throws his shirt over his shoulders. The grease holds the pants wherever it sticks to the fabric, the same for the shirt. He thinks he ought to be able to make it to the back parking lot without anyone seeing him, he tells Red. I mean, I'm camouflaged like some kind of commando.

You be careful, she warns. Anybody sees you, they'll think you're some kind of commando car thief or something.

It's late, and everyone's asleep behind dark windows. He shifts among the parked vans and cars with license plates from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee. Crouching behind the open tailgate of his station wagon, showing aside battered suitcases and toys, he fishes out the can of cream from the tire well. He returns the way he came, dodging from shadow to shadow, dashing across open spaces in his floppy shoes, until he is huffing in front of 218, tapping on the door with a black knuckle.

Red has all the lights on. The place glows with a golden luster.

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He peels off his clothes, and they retreat to the bathroom. Roy, kneeling before the naked woman, begins with her foot, urging the cream into her flesh. Off balance, she rests a hand on his shoulder. He likes her, he realizes, he likes her very much. Kneading her calf with the cream, spreading it beneath his large hand across her yielding thigh, the man imagines he is shaping her out of clay, this slick woman. Gathering her belly in his grip, he flicks a finger of the cleansing cream over her breasts, teasing her nipples. Then he pulls her slender blackened arms between his cupped hands.

Still on his knees, he turns her, working from her shoulders down her stained back. There is, in his hands, he senses, a tenderness he has never felt before, as they slide, thumbs together, along the gully of her spine, his fingers spreading like wings, opening. He slathers dollop after dollop of the cream between his hands and her flesh, along her hips and the wavering lines of her legs converging on the narrow ankles, just apart.

She turns again to face him and bends to kiss his black face. She takes the can from his hands and lathers his body in the thick cream. By the time she comes to his long calves, she on her knees behind him, he could love her, he decides.

They stand in the filthy tub beneath the feeble shower, scraping the oil-darkened cream from each other's bodies until the water eddies black around their feet. Then they bathe each other with the little bars of soap and swilling water.

But even after an hour of rubbing the cream into her flesh and her rubbing it into his, of bathing each other in running water, the yellow stains across their bodies linger like huge bruises. And nothing makes any difference on their feet.

What are you gonna tell your husband? Roy asks.

I don't know, Red sighs, shaking her head. Jaundice, I guess.

He tries again, washing her as she squats in the tub. Massaging the cream along her back, running his hand over the lather he's soaped across her little belly, scooping the water over her hair, he feels the realness of her thicken under his fingers. And when she stands over him, her flesh still yellow with stains, letting water fall from her hands on his face, on his chest, on his thighs, he can't help but think of the Baptists back home in the river. He doesn't struggle against the idea of it. Not that he believes it. But he sees, at last, sees what they are getting at.

I gotta go, he says.

Yeah, it's about time I found my husband, too.

They dress as well as they are able in their filthy clothes. As they are about to leave, Roy remembers the white seats of Red's Cadillac. He grabs the cleanest

towel that's left. You might need this, he offers.

Red hesitates, her hand on the door-knob. We don't know each other, she whispers in the dark room.

Yeah, Roy nods, we just met.

She pauses. The thing is, she says, my husband don't need to be found. It's my money, my car.

I don't get you.

I mean, you sure you want to find your wife?

She hears his hesitation.

You ever want to start over again, Roy—with everything? Fresh?

He tries to see Red in the dark. Sometimes it feels that way, he whispers.

Because you really are sweet.

You, too, he says.

She kisses him, differently than before.

He takes her by the shoulders and holds her off. But I got a family.

Kids? He feels her shrivel in his hands. They make all the difference, don't they?

Roy opens the door. It's time we got home.

Yeah, she says, a weariness suddenly rasping her voice.

She offers him a ride, but he thinks he'd better walk.

He lets himself into his other room, slides the chain lock back into place. He kicks off the sticky shoes, strips off his greasy pants and shirt, rolls them into a ball, and stuffs them into the plastic bag in the wastebasket. Flopping into the chair beside the window, he listens to the air conditioner, growling deep in its throat like a sleeping dog. He can smell the mold on its chilly breath. His family is sound asleep. What the fuck do I do now?

Roy peeks out the curtains. The parking lot is deserted. He pads into the bathroom, wearing nothing but his shorts, and shuts the door. In the mirror, he can see the yellow bruises tinged with darker borders all over his body like water stains on old wallpaper. Somehow or other, he'll find a way to explain it. He sees the tracks on the bathroom floor. The bottoms of his feet are still black with oil. He sits on the edge of the tub, trying to scrape the stain off his soles with emery boards from his wife's make-up kit. But most of it won't come off.

It's 4:12. He gets dressed, takes the bag of oily clothes outside and throws it away in a garbage can by the vending machines. He has another cigarette before he goes back in.

Already the interstate has more traffic than just a half hour ago. Behind every pair of lights, it occurs to him, leaning on the balcony railing, is somebody going somewhere. And here he is, on the edge of the highway, car keys in his pocket. Anything is possible, he thinks. Anything.

He wakes the kids first. Time to hit the road, he says.

Marilyn is confused. What time is it? she wants to know.

Time to hit the road, he says.

It doesn't take long to load the car. The kids are half-asleep. We'll eat when the sun comes up, he promises them.

Before he pulls the door shut, he makes sure he's got the keys to both rooms in his pocket. Let's go, he says, more certain than he's ever been about anything.

He backs the station wagon out and slowly circles the complex the long way back to the office. The vacancy sign is flashing overhead, but the door is locked. He looks in the window and can see Bob asleep on the sofa near the desk. Roy slips the keys to both rooms in the mail slot, gets in the car and waits to slam his door shut until they're on the service road back to the interstate.

But Roy doesn't take I-30 to Dallas like he had planned. Instead, he follows the markers and takes highway 71 to Fort Smith.

When the lights of Texarkana fade in his rearview mirror, he relaxes a little. It feels good in the dark, barreling along 71 like there's no tomorrow, the kids slumped in sleep across one another on top of the towels and blankets in the back of the station wagon, Marilyn groggily waking up to bitch at him for a while, then falling back asleep for another few miles.

Every now and then, Roy looks up from the rough grain of the concrete in the throw of his headlamps to check his rearview. Just before dawn, a car passes him outside of Acorn. He catches their faces in his lights when they pull back into his lane up ahead, a bunch of kids, drunk and on their way home, probably from drinking down in Mena.

Then, out of Marilyn's window, all of a sudden like it always does, the sky goes greasy with streaks of first light, brown and slick as burned butter sizzling in a skillet. He checks his mileage. Still another 50 miles or so to Fort Smith, he figures, where he can pick up I-40 to Oklahoma City and then all the way home to Amarillo. His foot eases the gas pedal closer to the floorboard, and he feels the sock stick to his foot.

He can do it, he knows, he can see it through, this life. He looks over his shoulder at Dwayne Henry and the girls. The lady was right, angels all of them. Then he puts his arm around Marilyn, and little by little she turns to him, leaning into him in her sleep, until suddenly she curls up on the seat, her head in his lap. He strokes her hair with one hand and steers with the other.

The radio is on real low, not much more than a buzz, tuned to a country station somewhere in North Texas, fading in and out, and all the songs about love, O love, O careless love.



Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females) were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works

as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advanced treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advanced stage IV on the

Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant

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Life's a Bitch

(continued from page 114)

most of all, nice. I am not perfect, but I have good friends and I've dated many great guys. I also like women. I'm slightly beyond the experimental phase. A few years back I did some stuff—OK, everything you can think of—with my best friend. Although both of us had boyfriends at the time, we occasionally messed around with each other. Also, a stripper once kindly sucked my breasts during a lap dance and an 18-year-old friend once stuck her tongue down my throat for a free beer at a fraternity party. The guy who dared us ended up giving us an entire six-pack. Thanks to these experiences, I am fascinated with the thought of a passionate, deep relationship with a woman.

Which brings me to my story. One evening my friend Michael mentioned that he had someone he wanted to set me up with. I was interested because I know he has impeccable taste in men. "What's he like?" I asked. Michael was nervous. He said he didn't want to offend me, but he had heard I swung both ways and wanted to set me up with a great girl. I was surprised but curious. "You mean, on a date?" I replied. I pic-

tured a girl in fatigues and a buzz cut with a cigarette dangling from the side of her mouth. I was scared. I like only beautiful women—ones who look like women. He reassured me this girl was gorgeous and feminine. She had broken up with her boyfriend and wanted to try something new. To be exact, she wanted to try something petite, blonde and fun. Yep, that's me.

Several weeks went by and I forgot about Michael's setup. He never mentioned the mystery girl again, so I was completely unsuspecting when I showed up at his birthday party two months later. I went to the party with my best friend, Natalia, a hot Austrian actress. (Yes, she's the one I messed with. Unfortunately, our situation became awkward and we went back to being just friends.) I tell her everything, including how Michael wanted to set me up.

At one point, I went outside with Natalia to smoke a cigarette. When I returned, Michael was standing next to a new female guest. Then they both turned around. She had a thin and flawless body. She wore black leather pants and her tight orange top stretched over large breasts. She was amazing. Could this be the girl? I wondered. Natalia must have sensed something because she

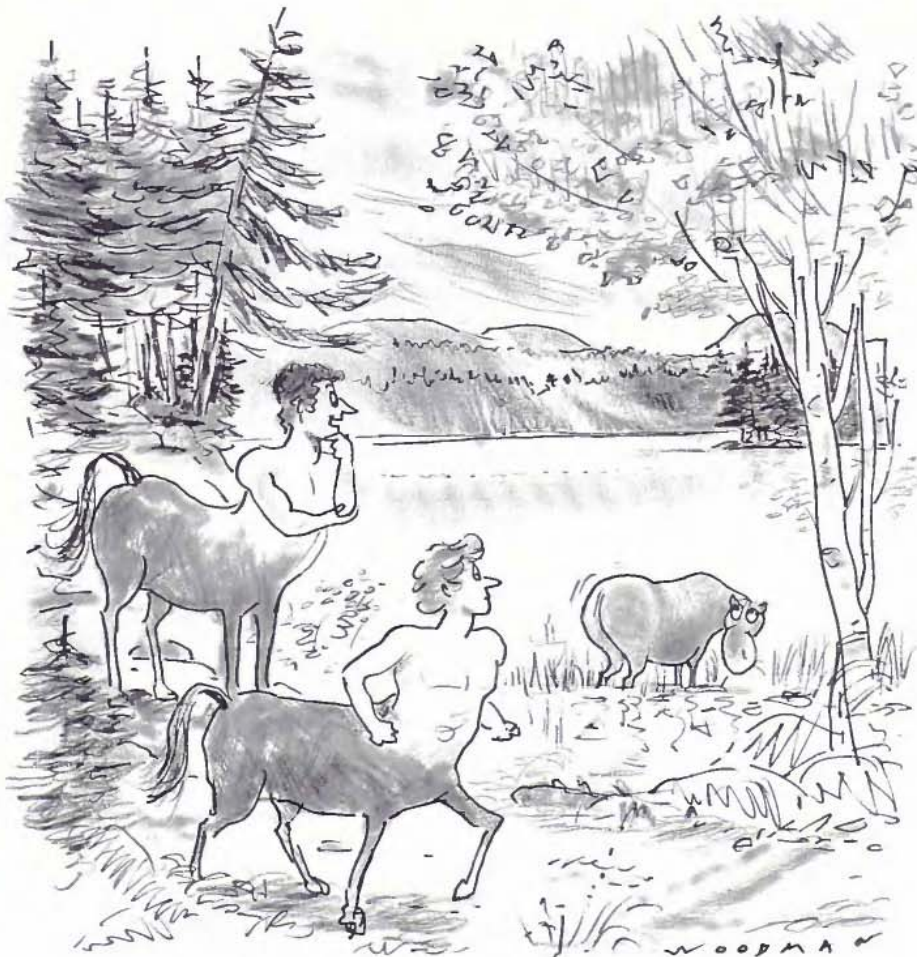
took off. Great. I was left to fend for myself.

Her name was Jacki. She was from the East Coast and in graduate school. She was Italian, like me, and she was a writer. If there is such a thing as love at first sight, this was it. I was so attracted to her, not just because of her distinct features and raspy voice—it was also the way she looked at me. She stared openly at my body and looked directly into my eyes. I felt like I was about to have an orgasm. No man has ever looked at me that way. Only a woman has the sultry, seductive—and ultimately destructive—bedroom eyes that Jacki flashed at me. Part of me felt like a piece of meat. No, all of me felt like a piece of meat, and almost all of me enjoyed it. I was hot for this girl. I didn't know if she was who Michael had in mind, and I didn't care. I wanted her. We ended up talking for two hours. She gave me her number and I gave her mine. She left before I did and I was flattered that she had spent the entire evening with me. I ran up to Michael and told him, "I don't know who you were setting me up with, but I want Jacki." He said, "You like her? She thinks you're amazing, too." She was the one, all right.

I went home that night with a geeky I-love-life feeling that I thought was reserved only for high school boys who have just gotten their first blow jobs. Sort of pathetic, I know, but I couldn't help it. I felt she was perfect for me. She eased all my qualms about getting involved with women. It had been only a few hours but already I wanted to see her again.

I thought the mature thing to do was to call her right away, instead of waiting a few days as some guys do. To get around the standard game playing, Saturday morning I left a message on her machine asking her to call me when she had a chance. Well, I guess she didn't have a chance until Wednesday morning, which is when she called. Talk about frustrating. (For the record, I have never waited more than a day to return a first phone call.) I knew I was being sensitive. We spoke again Wednesday night and realized we were going to the same Christmas party the next night. When I showed up, with about eight friends, I saw Jacki there with her roommate. Introductions all around. I teased her about being dressed like a snow queen because she was wearing a floor-length white coat. The coat was slightly open, revealing the cleavage of her perfect breasts and the skin of her flat stomach. I noticed something sparkle on her tongue—not one but two tongue rings. Oh, my. I thought that I was going to die right there on the floor.

I had a great time. I tended to my friends and she went back and forth between her roommate and me. Each time she left me, she would give me a deep, warm kiss. She still had that look in her



"Well, it's not her face that caught my eye."

eyes. As the night progressed, I busied myself dancing with my friends. She was across the room talking to people. She smiled at me and I smiled back. Then I noticed she had disappeared. My friends were ready to leave, but I wanted to find Jacki to say goodbye. To my utter amazement, she had already left. I couldn't believe it. What does this mean? I thought. Something I said? Something I did? Maybe something bad happened to her. I called her house. No answer. Was she just plain rude? My friends thought so. "What a freak show," they said. "Don't ever talk to that bitch again. You can get any pierced psycho in L.A." I was hurt.

Friday morning, I left Jacki a message to see if she had made it home—and to see if she was free on the weekend. She called me back at 11:30 Monday night. Now I knew she was insensitive. I was sure I didn't want to be friends with her. It was the type of thing my friends do to guys all the time. They act interested one minute, then shun them the next. Although I'm not one to feign interest, I have to admit that I am guilty of not returning guys' phone calls—but only after I've made it clear they have no chance.

Although I had agreed to take her to the airport, I decided to forget about Jacki and to move on. However, I had forgotten I was dealing with an expert in the art of the tease. A week went by. I came home from a great first date with a guy (who, by the way, treated me like a queen) and I saw the light on my phone flickering. Jacki had left me a message. She said she didn't need a ride to the airport—her so-called ex-boyfriend was taking her. She would call me from Florida. She said it twice. Suddenly, irrationally, my hopes went sky-high again. And it didn't hurt that the new guy called to tell me what a fantastic person I was and to tell me how much he enjoyed my company. If I'd had my pick, I would have gone with Jacki. I had a feeling I wasn't her first priority, but whatever she was doing to me was working. She was driving me up the wall.

Jacki called me when she was back in town—never from Florida. If a man had treated me that way, I would never speak to him again. But she left an apologetic message (she blamed her mom's cell phone or something) and somehow I was hooked. When I called her, we had a long conversation about her boyfriend (what else?), her mom and her stressful life. When she asked me to a movie I jumped at the chance.

I arrived at her apartment at nine o'clock. She was on the phone with her mom and barely greeted me, stressed out, as usual. I sat on her balcony for 10 minutes while she chain-smoked and chatted. Finally she hung up, sighed and railroaded me into a conversation about how she was fighting with her ex again. She was distracted and distant. Wow.

How did I get so lucky? I have a school-girl crush on this gorgeous woman who couldn't care less about me. The sparkle in her dark eyes was gone; she looked lost in her thoughts. On the way to the movie, she said she had to stop at her ex' to drop off a shirt. Oh, that's a real turn-on. I was actually on a date with a woman who decided to make a quick stop at her old boyfriend's house to drop off one of the 900 belongings of his that she had in her car. No man has ever pulled a stunt like that with me. Men can't let out an accidental burp without getting the boot.

How do men deal with this garbage? I was not going to stick around to find out. I searched my memory and realized I had put men through some fairly ridiculous situations. Karma had come back to bite me on my unsuspecting ass. I thought of all the times my friends and I had laughed about ignoring some guy who had sent flowers. Now guilt swept over me. Jacki had taken advantage of my feelings. I wasn't a challenge and never would be.

Guys, I'm sorry. It is not OK for women to misbehave and get away with it. And, ladies, please remember, behind every phone call and first date is a person with real feelings. I know I'm never going to forget it.

Now I'm seeing a guy who's awfully happy I'm not with Jacki. I've also had a few more experiences with women (and, yes, he knows). Still, when I'm with him, I sometimes close my eyes during sex and picture Jacki's breasts and her dark, yearning eyes. I hear her deep, seductive voice.

I want what everyone wants. I want to love and be loved. Until that happens, I'm all for a bit of fun. Sometimes I feel like a total dog and imagine being with anyone, anywhere. Other times I play out this fantasy where my dream girl and I go to the grocery store. We stop in the cereal section and I just have to grab her tits and slam her against the Lucky Charms and kiss her real hard. I want her to want it so badly she almost can't wait until we get home. Is that too much to ask? I want to hold her and have her hold me for what seems like forever and it's still not enough. But I don't have that. I have the toys (they're OK) and erotic sex—the hair pulling, the screaming, the making out on the couch for hours. I've got my guy friend. But I want the real deal. I want love.

Every bisexual woman is different. Some just want a little girl action on the side, a secret to tell their boyfriends. Some girls are just curious and never take it too far. And some are like me—real bisexual women who can fall in love with a man or a woman.

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People in Taiwan were making Planet of the Apes swords before we'd even shot the thing.

studios you long to do an independent film. And listen, if I were in an office all day being tortured and feeling the pressure of a board and all that stuff, I'd go crazy too. Some of those studio gigs are difficult, thankless jobs and I'd be shocked if there weren't feelings of jealousy.

PLAYBOY: Have your interests changed over the course of your life?

BURTON: It's kind of sad, but I still love monster movies. I can watch them any time, and when they're actually on TV, as opposed to being on a video or DVD, there's a weird energy they give off. Maybe it's because you know other people are watching it at the same time, so it becomes this odd kind of shared experience. Monster movies are part of an age-old tradition that includes fairy tales and fables, and that tradition is not going to disappear.

PLAYBOY: Who inspires you?

BURTON: Lisa inspires me, so that keeps a certain heartbeat going in my life. I was lucky enough to work with Vincent Price, who was also inspiring. While he was working on *Edward Scissorhands* I got an idea to do a documentary called *Conversations With Vincent* that he agreed to narrate and was completely cool about. I felt like he got what it was about, that it was more than just a tribute to him, and it meant a lot to me. It was about the internal life of a child and how adults tend

to overlook the fact that children are supremely intelligent in a unique way. They have instincts that should be taken seriously, and Vincent understood that. He was in his early 80s when we met, and it was great to meet someone so old who'd been through so much but was still so cool. The film has never been seen because it became a nightmare trying to get all the rights and clearances we needed. But it's not over yet. A little time has passed, and there are some great things in it—Vincent died in 1993, so it has some of his last footage. I haven't given up on it.

PLAYBOY: What are you incapable of being sensible about?

BURTON: I don't respond well to authority and have an aversion to anyone telling me what to do. Those kinds of seeds are planted early in life. I wasn't a good student, and I discovered in school that instead of reading an 800-page book, I could make a little Super-8 film and get by. I never wanted to do what people told me to do, and I've always tried to find my own way of doing things. As soon as somebody tells me what to do, my mind flip-flops to another place. To this day, when Sunday night rolls around, I get depressed because I feel like I have to go to school the next day, and if I walk onto any campus I feel that way. It's weird. Every month I get a let-

ter in the mail saying I'm getting kicked out of the Directors Guild of America, and that brings up those anti-authority feelings, too. I paid my dues! I guess I got caught up in some form-letter cycle when I forgot to pay my dues one month, but getting that letter immediately throws me back to high school or to Cal-Arts, where I was fighting with authorities every day about this, that or the other thing.

PLAYBOY: One would imagine that there aren't many authority figures ordering you around these days.

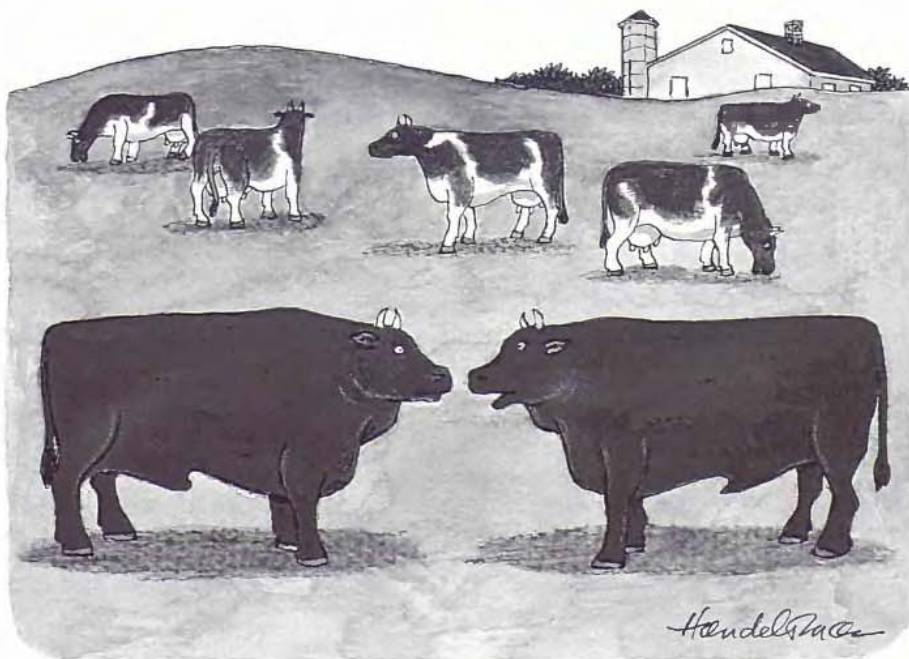
BURTON: It still happens. I remember going to the premiere for *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, and the security people didn't know who I was and refused to let me in. I still have a hard time getting on movie lots, and the studio guards always stop me. Scarily enough, I've been around long enough to see the studios change over five or six times, and when I drive onto the lots the guards always stop me, and I always have to ask the guard, "What's this studio called now?"

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you're pigeonholed as an oddball, eccentric director?

BURTON: School is your first taste of categorization and social hierarchies, and you don't have to do much to be put into a weird category. I felt very lonely in school, and *Edward Scissorhands* was based on the feelings of loneliness I experienced as a kid. I knew I wasn't a bad person and I didn't feel weird, yet that's how I was perceived. It was sad and it made me feel like I was crazy. I can remember walking around thinking, What's wrong with me? They tell me I'm weird so I guess I must be, but I don't feel weird. In retrospect, I can see that it was the people who had a strong quality of individuality who were ganged up on and treated like freaks, probably because people who don't have personal power like to torture those who have it.

PLAYBOY: If you could change anything about the way you were raised, what would it be?

BURTON: I wouldn't change anything, because the more pain you endure when you're young, the richer your adult life will be. I remember going to my 10-year high school reunion, and when I looked around the room it was obvious that the people who'd done the most with their lives were the ones who'd been troubled in school. People who were satisfied with themselves in high school and thought they had it all had stopped growing. Going to that reunion was a shock. The one good thing about having that kind of childhood is that it gives you time on your own. Because you're not popular you're not out socially, so you have time to think and to be quietly angry and emotional. And if you're lucky, you'll develop a creative outlet to exorcise those feelings.



"Most cows aren't mad, but I've met some who could benefit from a little psychotherapy."



Videos are a necessary evil, part of advertising a record. But it's all your cost and none of your profit.

the studio. Whenever I'd see Mick around the studio, he would encourage me. Fifteen years later we were playing the same stadiums and I wrote him a fan letter and explained the story. I asked Mick if we could open for him at Wembley Stadium. He said, "I ain't paying you." I told him I understood, and that all I wanted was a picture of us and the Stones. We opened for them for two nights.

4

PLAYBOY: Are those conscious parallels between your latest video, *Crush*, and the opening scenes of *Hard Day's Night*?

BON JOVI: The latest one is actually a play off *Run Lola Run*. You want to see us rip off *Hard Day's Night*, go back to the *Keep the Faith* record. It's blatant. We stole from the Beatles, we stole from everybody for videos—which is what you're supposed to do. Wayne Isham has directed the videos over the years and he and I are both movie buffs. Sometimes he's captured the essence of what the band is about and sometimes we've missed it. For the one we shot last Saturday and Sunday, I called Emilio Estevez and said, "Emil, I want you to reprise Billy the Kid in *Young Guns II*." We got Arnold Schwarzenegger to go into storage and pull out his *Terminator* costume. He showed up early on Sunday morning in the outfit, on the bike. Even the glasses and hair were perfect. And he was there early. So we had some fun. Lip-synching is the most pain-in-the-ass part of the business. As an actor, I don't get bored because every take of every scene is a performance, and I get to collaborate. On a video, I'm not singing, I'm mugging for the cameras. It's tedious, boring. It's miserable. The advantages of video are if the radio station in Los Angeles isn't playing my record, the only way a kid's going to get to hear my thing is to turn on the TV. So videos are a necessary evil, an important part of the advertising of a record. But it's all your cost and none of your profit.

5

PLAYBOY: We're sure you must know, as a hairdresser's son, the uses of mousse and gel. Which did you apply this morning?

BON JOVI: Grease. I didn't take a shower today. I got up too early. I didn't shave. I have a little baby beard, and the worst sideburns in the universe.

6

PLAYBOY: You've included the line "I did it my way" in recent lyrics. What did

Frank do that impressed you so much?

BON JOVI: Loyalty, fight and the clarity to know that he wasn't going to compromise who he was for the machine. Loyalty. It's when you walk through the front door of any Vegas casino with Sammy Davis and say, "If he doesn't sleep here, I don't sleep here." Fight is when you have no record deal, no movie contract, no nothing and your wife is out there trying to get you an opportunity to audition for a role, which happened to be in *From Here to Eternity*. He had the focus to rise out of the depths to own his own label, Reprise, at a time when nobody owned a record label. And everything he did after that. He helped get a president elected. Who's fucking cooler than Frank? Nobody. And they said about the guy, "Oh, the girls like him." "He can't sing anymore, he lost his record deal." "I don't want to put him in the movies, he's a singer." Guess what? He's Frank.

7

PLAYBOY: What does it take to become a "made man" in Bon Jovi?

BON JOVI: Impossible. It's hard to get in the inner circle. I let go of the bass player in 1994 and he's never been replaced. We have a bass player who's phenomenal—he's 10 times the player we let go. He's a great guy, but he's not an official member of the band. That's how hard it is to get in. We had one manager from 1983 to 1991. I let him go, and we didn't bring anybody else in. After 17 years of what it took to get to this level, it's pure. It's sacred to us. There's no replacing anyone who's been here a long time. You don't try to fill that hole. You try to just do without. I was the guy who didn't leave my record company when Universal bought it and everyone else left. That's just the way it is.

8

PLAYBOY: You were rebuffed on your first bid to appear on *The Sopranos*. Can we assume producer David Chase hasn't heard your last offer?

BON JOVI: David Chase said that I was too recognizable, that the guys in *Sopranos* would know me. They've referred to me in scripts, they've played the music on shows. I certainly would want a nice-size role, but only for a day. Groveling isn't out of the question. Payola is definitely not out of the question. I pitched them on one concept. In the first season Hesh, that gray-haired Jewish guy who was in the music business, and Tony's gang got involved to get rap guys to back off. I

pitched that I could be the guy—as a famous entertainer—an intermediary who resolves the situation in a way that made sense to all the parties in a music business way. But he chose not to even resolve that episode. What kind of watch does Chase like? Rolex? Cartier? Not a problem.

9

PLAYBOY: Have you ever received a favor from anyone in the waste disposal business?

BON JOVI: Have I gotten favors from people in the waste disposal business in my lifetime? Yes. Next question, please.

10

PLAYBOY: Diners are a fixture of the New Jersey landscape. Should Jon Bon Jovi leave a piece of french toast on his plate, how much would it fetch in an auction?

BON JOVI: If it's a good diner, you don't leave anything on the plate. The Roadside Diner right off the circle in Wall Township is a fabulous greasy spoon because it's such a cool-looking joint, one of the real silver-bullet diners. Taylor ham—a pork roll—is a Jersey fixture. Taylor ham with cheese on a hard roll is love. The big question is: ketchup or mustard? Everyone in north Jersey puts on mustard, everyone in the south, ketchup. I'm a mustard guy myself. A cherry Coke is wonderful with chipped ice. And, of course, there's meatloaf and mashed potatoes—that's a staple. Diners are made for Sunday mornings or the day after when you need grease to soak up everything you did the night before. Then you order breakfast and lunch at the same time. That's the greatest. It cures a hangover.

11

PLAYBOY: Do you and neighbors Bruce Springsteen and Chazz Palminteri get together to trade lawn maintenance tips? Is it the crabgrass or those brown patches from the salt air that give you the most trouble?

BON JOVI: We get brown patches. Springsteen has a farm in Colts Neck that should have its own area code, it's so big. None of us garden, though. We trade tips on architects and interior designers and cool places to buy antiques. At the flea markets in Paris you can get antiques for a 10th the price they are in Los Angeles and New York. We get together whenever everybody's around. We go to each other's kids' birthday parties or they come over and watch movies or sit in the pub at my place. I have a movie theater and a caretaker's house that we transformed into a funky old English pub. It has an antique bar, a jukebox, a pool table, pinball machines, a fireplace and darts. I bartend. I'm a mixologist. I make better cosmos than most bars. Vodka, a little splash of cranberry juice, 141

lime juice and triple sec. It's a baby martini. It's a girly martini. Springsteen is more tequila and beer.

12

PLAYBOY: Now that your acting career is moving beyond indie films, are you honing your storytelling skills to introduce movie clips on the late-night talk-show circuit?

BON JOVI: I'll tell you something more important than practicing how to make Jay laugh. I was standing behind the curtain and there are the publicists and the managers around me and everybody is nervous, because, apparently, actors are afraid to go up there and just talk. I'm not. This is what I've done my whole life. It's not a big deal to me. But before I went out, they have me standing there for two minutes, during a commercial break. The band is playing and I'm on the side of the stage going [sound of clearing throat]. I go out there still thinking I have to sing, and of course I don't, and the first thing I said to Jay was, "Christ, it's so nice to come and sit on your couch and not have to sing for my supper, because no matter where I am, no matter what I'm invited to, eventually I have to sing." This is so easy. These guys on movie sets think that life is hard, but they have no idea what a hard life is.

13

PLAYBOY: Harvey Keitel actually uttered the words "Holy Mary" in *U-571*. Did he go blue in the face trying to restrain the "motherfuckers" we've come to expect from him?

BON JOVI: I wasn't in that scene. He probably said "motherfuckers" and they just took the knife to it. Harvey's a method actor from the old school, which was a

great education for the younger guys and a novice like me. One of those guys said Harvey was a Marine. We're in makeup early one morning and I'm trying to find some way to bond with him. The first words out of me were that my father and mother were Marines. He says, "Say that again." I told him my father and mother were Marines. My mother was the first to go into the Marine Corps, my father met her and they got married. "Where did he go to boot camp?" "Parris Island." "I was there!" he says. "What troop? What year?" Oh, Jesus Christ, how do I know? "Call your father." It's four o'clock in the morning in New York, and he tells me to get on the phone. "Dad, I'm in a makeup chair with Harvey Keitel. He was a Marine. He wants to know what troop you were in." My father goes, "How the fuck do I know? Tell him who gives a shit." I say, "Harvey, he's trying to remember." Turns out Harvey was in a year earlier than my dad. At the end of the filming Harvey bought me an acting book, and inside he wrote, "To the son of a Marine: You're not half bad." Harvey is a class act.

14

PLAYBOY: Name your candidate for best actor in a crossover to rock and roll.

BON JOVI: Kevin Bacon takes it seriously and his band is actually very good. They can be taken seriously because they play and sing very well and they work hard on their writing. He's an amazing actor. So I give him all the credit in the world. He is persistent in his music, as I am in acting. It's difficult because everybody knows him as Kevin Bacon, the actor. I took Keanu Reeves to Australia for a few stadium shows, and he played the Forum with us in L.A. We don't usually

need support acts, but we wanted one there so I threw him the opportunity. I didn't hear him play one note in the half dozen shows he played with us because I'm usually warming up at that time.

15

PLAYBOY: What do aspiring rockers miss if they don't play in bars?

BON JOVI: They're missing the interaction, the participation and so much sweat. They're missing the idea of being thrown into a stew and having to hold their own against a stronger flavor. You're going to learn your craft in a bar where people aren't there to pay attention to you and you have to earn their respect. Fortunately for me, I was 16 but could pass for 18. When the drinking age went from 18 to 21, it hurt the kids coming up after us. If you're reading this *PLAYBOY*, you're certainly looking at the pictures. But if you're 16 and you want to get into a rock-and-roll band, you have to write songs. Being in a cover band if you're 16 will give you the education about chord progressions and lyrical content. Don't worry about fads and don't be swayed by this week's fashionable thing on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. These guys who meet for the first time in the producer's office the day they make it through Mickey Mouse Club auditions, whoa, that's a drag. I loved when we were a rock band and it was five guys against the world and we shared the same pound of pasta. Those are the great experiences that you have to look back on. Those are the great stories you tell.

16

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you've finally earned the respect of Southside Johnny, who just last month was playing bars in Asbury Park?

BON JOVI: I think I have his respect. I have his friendship. John and I have been friends for 20 years. I opened for John a lot. He produced demos of mine when I was still in high school. Instead of going to my prom, I opened for the Jukes. John once went on the road with us as the rhythm guitar player. He recently used my studio when I was away. I wrote him a note last night asking where should I send the check because he said such nice things on *Behind the Music*.

17

PLAYBOY: Rockers enter rehab. Rappers get indicted. What gives?

BON JOVI: Compared with rap music, rock is safe. That's just a fact. I don't know enough of the rappers. I don't know if they drink as much as the rock guys. Of all the rock guys I've known through the years, I don't remember any who carried guns around—except for Alec, our former bass player. He always had guns on



"It really is a remarkable likeness."

him, at a time when there was no rap music. So Al was ahead of his time.

18

PLAYBOY: You have a big following in Germany. What vibes do you get when you perform at the Nuremberg Zeppelin Air Field?

BON JOVI: You look up there and you can still see that great History Channel image of the swastika blowing up. They blew up the swastika but the building is still there. Hitler, for being such a lunatic, was a huge fan of architecture. He knew how important architecture was. We played the 20,000-seat Waldebuhne in Berlin. The acoustics are stellar. All the walls were curved so you couldn't get a shot off at Hitler. So you walk from the dressing area to the stage and you can't see five feet in front of you, because it's all going in circles. You have to know your way around. Gorgeous design and architecture.

19

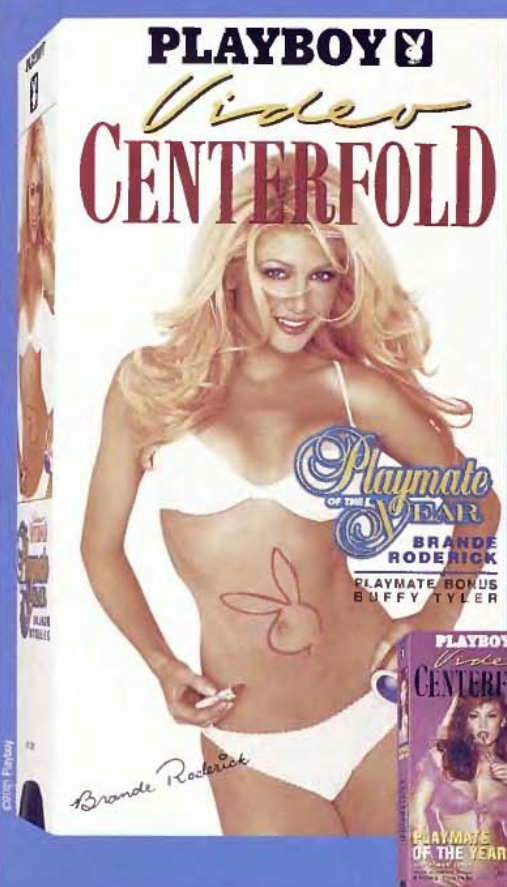
PLAYBOY: You dated your high school sweetheart, hung out with some starlets and wound up marrying your sweetheart. Is there a lesson there for all of us who've sowed our wild oats?

BON JOVI: The grass is always greener on the other side, no matter what the profession or girl. My wife and I had broken up for a short period in 1985. I dated Diane Lane for the blink of an eye. I went back to what I knew and what I felt to be safe. I went to her mother's house and stood out on the lawn and told her that I was home from the road and playing at the Meadowlands that night and I wanted her to be there when we got our gold record presentation. She fell for it. It sounds romantic and gushy, but it's true. I'll stand by her. I wouldn't trade her in.

20

PLAYBOY: How does a wealthy rock star raise kids who aren't spoiled brats?

BON JOVI: My kids are eight and six. They have no idea what I do for a living. My wife is socially conscious; she took them to the Million Mom March and told them what it was. She took them to the food bank and had them clean dishes. None of my music ever plays in the house. Should they come home from school and say, "You're Jon Bon Jovi," I'd say, "Who told you that? If it's your teacher, I'm going to talk to her." My kids' pictures have never been in the newspapers. I have this wonderful thing going with the paparazzi—with the exception of those Italian bastards. My kids have never had their pictures printed publicly and I've never whored them out to that. And they have to do chores to get a quarter.



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

CLONING (continued from page 80)

For \$50,000 Clonaid will store a beloved's cells if you want to bring their DNA back for another life cycle.

Dolly came from the mammary tissue of an adult ewe, which prompted one of the scientists to name the lamb after Dolly Parton.

Cloning is a labor-intensive, though not particularly exotic, procedure. After eggs are gathered from female donors, their nuclei are sucked out through a fine glass pipette. Other cells are taken from the individual being cloned—from a tiny snip of tissue from inside the mouth, for instance. If the individual is dead, properly preserved tissue sometimes can be used. If the individual has long been dead, as with the Jarkov Mammoth, DNA from marrow or other repositories could work, at least in theory. But no one has managed to produce a Jurassic Park—yet.

In the lab, each egg is fused with the nucleus of a cloner's cell and activated with a tiny electrical or chemical charge. If all goes well, the egg begins to multiply—becoming an embryo with only the genetic traits of the creature being cloned. The most promising embryos are implanted in surrogate mothers to be brought to birth.

Genetically, this makes the clone and the cloner identical twins, though born years, not moments, apart. To date a clone of the girl next door, you would have to wait for the clone to grow up. And, even then, she still wouldn't be exactly the same.

Identical twins have the same genetic information because they come from an embryo that split and became sepa-

rated in the womb after it was fertilized. But identical twins are never exact duplicates. Their fingerprints are different, for instance. Cloned calves and goats often don't have the same color patterns in their coats. In some cases twins can be strikingly different in temperament as well as in physical appearance. Chang and Eng Bunker, the original Siamese twins, were joined at the abdomen. But they were remarkably dissimilar. Eng was outgoing, while Chang was moody and alcoholic.

"The idea that a clone will be exactly like the person who donated the nucleus is completely ridiculous," says Jay Tischfield, chairman of the genetics department at Rutgers University. Each twin or clone is formed in its own way, beginning with each embryo's position in the womb and the exact composition of the amniotic fluid around it. In fact, because a clone would almost certainly be developed in the womb of a surrogate mother—not the womb the cloner was nurtured in—clones would be even more dissimilar than true identical twins. Finally, after birth, each clone or twin will have individual life experiences that make them even more distinct beings. This is why Ira Levin's book *The Boys From Brazil* was an entertaining yarn but a highly unscientific vision of a pack of identical boys cloned from Adolf Hitler.

FIRST, DO NO HARM

Deformities showed up in the early work on cloning—tadpoles with no heads or no bodies; two-headed salamanders. But in the mid-Eighties, more troubling abnormalities appeared—particularly in Texas, where a now-defunct biotech company, Grenada Genetics, had hoped to build a business cloning prize-cattle embryos. To improve their herds, beef ranchers routinely paid as much as \$1500 for the single embryo of a valuable cow. If expensive embryos could be cloned—the first goal was to produce 16 embryos from one—a lot of money could be made. W.R. Grace and Co., which then had a big cattle operation, backed the Grenada project.

But many of the cloned embryos were abnormal. Spontaneous abortions were common at all stages of the pregnancies but particularly near birth. Many calves that lived were oversize, even in the womb—a phenomenon that came to be known as large-offspring syndrome. Typical calves weigh 75 pounds at birth. Some cloned calves weighed 180 pounds. Also, the placenta connecting the fetus to the mother was abnormally large, leaving clones with distinctively big belly buttons. The calves often had enlarged, poorly working hearts and lungs. Many had diabetes. As many as 20 percent of those that made it to birth died soon after. Ranchers quickly shied away from spending big bucks on "freak" cattle, and the business died.



"Pam, Amy, Jessica, this is Stanley. Stanley doesn't feel comfortable with total nudity just yet."

Other clones have had different problems, many of which appear randomly and unpredictably—as if genes are being injured haphazardly during cloning. A lot of cloned mice have trouble developing properly. Some get mysteriously fat at the human equivalent of 30 years old. Dolly the sheep had to be put on a diet when her weight ballooned, though most researchers say Dolly seems physically sound. But MIT biologist Rudolf Jaenisch in March 2001 told members of the House Energy and Commerce Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, “There’s probably not a normal clone around. . . . Dolly, I believe, is not normal.”

All this is what scientists call the safety problem. Efficiency is another obstacle. Animal cloning is expensive because it is so laborious. Dolly started out with the cloning of 277 eggs. Twenty-nine continued to develop and were transferred to the wombs of 13 surrogate-mother ewes. Only Dolly’s surrogate got pregnant. With mice, animal cloning has had about a three percent success rate. And phenomenal numbers of embryos and fetuses have died along the way to each successful clone.

“We’re making progress,” reports Robert Lanza, vice president of Advanced Cell Technology, a Massachusetts biotech company working on human-health products that could be produced on a commercial scale from cloned animals. ACT produced Noah, the baby bull gaur, in January. Lanza notes that each cloned species has presented unique scientific puzzles, some more easily solved than others. While cloning cows and mice is still inefficient, Lanza says goats have been a big success. A cloned goat embryo becomes a healthy new kid more than 85 percent of the time.

Lanza agrees that large-offspring syndrome is still a problem with cows. But he says ACT is working around it. “At this point, we’ve cloned 40-plus cows, and except for placenta abnormalities, we don’t see defects,” Lanza says. “Out on the farm, no one would be able to distinguish them from normal, healthy animals.”

They do require special care, he admits. Because of their size, the calves are delivered early by cesarean section. Then, like all preemies, they get special handling until they can fend for themselves. “An animal that’s a little large isn’t really so bad,” says Lanza. “These are valuable animals.”

Infigen Inc., a Wisconsin biotech company, is cloning Lauduc Broker Mandy EX-95 2E, a champion Holstein. “This is one hell of a cow,” says Infigen spokesman Peter Steinerman. “The sheer quantity of milk this cow puts out is extraordinary.” A clone of Mandy, due in September, was sold in advance at auction for \$82,000 last fall at the World Dairy Expo in Madison, Wisconsin. The price

is believed to be the highest ever paid, worldwide, for an unborn calf. Normal daughters of Mandy have typically sold for about \$20,000. At the Expo, where the world’s cows compete for the “Oscars” of the dairy industry, Mandy made her appearance onstage ambling through an artificial fog bank to the music from 2001: *A Space Odyssey*.

INTO THE LOOKING GLASS

Human cloning seemed to take an especially serious first turn in 1978, the year of the test-tube baby and two years after *The Boys From Brazil* became a best-seller. Public debate was exploding over the implications of genetic manipulation. J.B. Lippincott published *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, by medical writer David Rorvik. The book purported to be the true story of how Rorvik had helped a millionaire—pseudonym Max—secretly clone himself. While ethicists lined up to denounce the abominable procedure, researchers flatly said the deed could not have been done. Four years later, to settle a lawsuit from an Oxford University embryologist mentioned in the book, Lippincott conceded it “now believes the story to be untrue.” Rorvik, who has always maintained the book was bona fide, today no longer answers questions about the story. And scientists are even more convinced that human cloning was then technically impossible.

Optimism is now the watchword in the flourishing human-fertility business. New techniques relentlessly emerge. Clients of the more than 370 U.S. fertility clinics are willing to go to great lengths to have a baby. The American Society for Reproductive Medicine, the industry’s professional trade group, opposes human cloning until it’s safe. But at least one longtime member is forging ahead.

The potential of human cloning “can’t be negated by a few dead cattle in Texas,” Zavos, the Kentucky fertility specialist, told the House subcommittee this past March. “There is a big difference between a cow and a woman.” Zavos retired earlier this year as a professor of reproductive physiology at the University of Kentucky.

Zavos is part of an international consortium led by Italian fertility specialist Severino Antinori. The team has announced that it will clone a human within the next two years at one of several secret labs around the world. Antinori, president of the Italian Society of Reproductive Medicine, is considered by many scientists to be the most experienced of the group. He is skilled in in vitro fertilization and is widely known for inducing pregnancy—using donated egg cells—in postmenopausal women. In 1994 he orchestrated the successful birth of a boy to a 63-year-old woman.

The consortium has been criticized by scientists who ask how it will prevent the abnormal offspring seen in other

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species. Zavos says the team has developed screening methods to catch defective embryos before they are inserted into surrogate mothers. The effort will be comparable to putting a man on the moon, Zavos proclaims, but "this consortium has no intention to step over dead bodies and deformed babies to develop this technology."

The other leading effort, at least publicly, is Clonaid, set up by the Raëlians, the Canadian techno-religious cult. As a practical matter, the Raëlians at least claim to have the needed funding for a first attempt, from a U.S. couple whose child died last year from a medical mistake. The anonymous couple is described by Clonaid's scientific director, Brigitte Boisselier, as Christian churchgoers "who want to give that genetic code a chance to live." The Raëlians also have another advantage in place—50 young women willing to bear embryos as surrogate mothers. They are also apparently willing to abort their fetuses if tests show abnormal development.

The Raëlians believe that all life-forms were created as a scientific experiment by the small, olive-skinned inhabitants of another planet. These beings, misunderstood here as gods, have dropped by in their UFOs over the past few thousand years to keep track of our progress. A French journalist, Claude Vorilhon, says he was confronted by one of these aliens in France in 1973. The visitor invited Vorilhon into his flying saucer, making him a prophet and renaming him Raël. Now the group, which bills itself as the world's largest nonprofit, UFO-related organization, with 55,000 members in 84 coun-

tries, is raising money to build an embassy to welcome the experimenters back to earth. The Raëlians would prefer to build their embassy in Israel, where, they say, much of the progeny of past sexual encounters between earthlings and the aliens now live. But Israel has so far declined. The Raëlians' request for unrestricted airspace over the embassy could be an issue.

Cloning is a central technology in Raëlian belief. In fact, the cult claims that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was accomplished by cloning. One Christ died and was buried and it was, according to the Raëlians, his clone who began to appear to disciples a short time later. Clonaid, based in the Bahamas, focuses its international marketing on infertile and homosexual couples. "Come and return to your country pregnant with the child of your dreams!" promises the website Clonaid.com. For \$50,000, In-suraclone, another Clonaid service, will store cells from your living child or "beloved person," in case that person dies unexpectedly and you want to bring their DNA back for another life cycle.

As to how Clonaid will prevent abnormal fetuses, Boisselier claims, "We know how to screen." She says that three unnamed scientists in a U.S. lab are working on the first clone. If legal restrictions force the project out of the country, Boisselier will press on. "If I have to finish on a boat in international waters, I will," she says.

No one really knows what's going on underground. An article in *Wired* magazine earlier this year recounted a reporter's experience with an anonymous

scientist—the Creator—whose effort is supported by a European businessman. The businessman kept tissue from his son's body after the boy died of disease.

Whether accomplished openly or in hiding, cloning a human is a formidable undertaking. "With the technology in its current primitive state," says Silver at Princeton, "it could take a lot of eggs and a lot of women."

Silver raps out the most optimistic scenario. Several hundred eggs would be needed merely for a first attempt. Treated with hormones, a donor can yield 20 eggs. They are typically paid \$5000 to provide these—or roughly \$100,000 in all. Cells from the doner are easy to come by, and are free.

After the eggs and donor's nuclei are prepared and fused, perhaps 10 percent would begin to divide, becoming embryos, says Silver. The yield is about 40 embryos. At this early stage, these 40 embryos would be observed as they divide and grow. Obvious abnormalities would be eliminated. This would likely winnow out half the candidates, leaving 20 promising embryos. With current technology, each surrogate mother can be implanted with three embryos—so at least seven women would have to be willing to accept the task.

One to three of those women would actually become pregnant "if they're lucky," says Silver. At the end of the second trimester, the pregnant surrogates would be carefully tested by amniocentesis and high-resolution ultrasound, again to detect abnormalities. At this point, at least 20 percent of the fetuses would likely be abnormal, says Silver, and would be aborted. The project might end up with a single baby who "could very well" be healthy.

Silver is highly skeptical of claims by the Raëlians that they have better ways to effectively screen abnormal embryos. Others are equally skeptical of these claims by the Zavos-Antinori consortium. Jonathan Hill dissected many of the abnormal Texas calves in his years as a Texas A&M veterinarian. He and virtually all other mainstream researchers argue that since the first road map to the human genome—listing 30,000 genes—has only recently been completed, "we don't know which genes have the problems yet. People who are involved in the animal work think cloning humans is premature, because we don't know what to expect."

Late-second-trimester tests could detect "most, but probably not all, abnormalities," says Silver. Some researchers ask how many women would care to bring a 15-pound baby to term; others joke that clones will be obvious at the beach—from their jumbo-sized navels.

THE UNSUNG PROMISE OF CLONING

Many of the researchers are irritated at rushed efforts to clone a human



CALDWELL

"My wife hates when I drag her to things like this."

because they could provoke badly crafted legal restrictions that could hobble research in stem cells and other areas. Gregory Stock, at UCLA, calls human cloning "kind of a sideshow."

Pet cloning is another matter. It may not change the world, but it could make a fortune for Genetic Savings and Clone of College Station, Texas. The company was founded by a good-humored bunch of biologists at Texas A&M after they agreed to clone a 14-year-old Border collie mix named Missy. Missy's unnamed owners put up \$3.7 million to fund the Missyplivity Project. The biologists found themselves besieged with inquiries from other pet owners and set up a company.

Like other biotech firms, they already do cows. Chief executive Lou Hawthorne says his researchers have a 50-50 chance of a cloned puppy by November. They are also hard at work on cats, horses and endangered species. Exceptionally talented guide and rescue dogs will be cloned at subsidized rates, as a public service. Hawthorne plans a horse race of clones in five years. Until a species can be cloned, the company will preserve the necessary cells for ranchers and pet owners. Cell harvesting and storage for a healthy dog costs \$895.

Hawthorne is a businessman, and he paid particularly close attention when marketing studies predicted that 1.5 percent of the owners of the 60 million "loved" dogs in the U.S. would be interested in cloning their pals. He was even more surprised at the stats on the nation's 40 million cats. "We thought cat owners lacked that certain obsessive je ne sais quoi that dog owners have. We were flat-out wrong."

At Advanced Cell Technology, scientists are also deep into cloning high-priced cows and other livestock. And in an agreement with the Spanish government, ACT is attempting to clone the extinct bucardo mountain goat, using tissue preserved before the last goat was killed by a falling tree in 2000. But cloning human cells and tissues—a field known as therapeutic cloning—and producing animal-created pharmaceuticals to be used in the human body, are their true focuses. The Holy Grail is a whole human replacement heart, cloned from the patient to avoid rejection.

"A lot of people think that you have a little baby with arms and legs and you're pulling it apart," says Lanza, who is in charge of medical and scientific development. "That's not the case. We are talking about a microscopic ball of cells."

That ball of cells in a petri dish can be engineered to produce tissue to patch a diseased heart, liver or kidney much as skin is now grown commercially for use on burn victims. "We have a whole dish of beating heart cells," says Lanza. ACT is also developing insulin-producing cells for diabetics and other cloned cells

to treat victims of Parkinson's and Alzheimer's diseases, multiple sclerosis, rheumatoid arthritis, juvenile diabetes, lupus and inflammatory bowel disease. The idea is not new: More than 10 years ago a man who had lost his pancreas was cured of the resulting diabetes with an infusion of engineered cells. But the tools are much improved. "We're now having success growing every part of the body," says Lanza.

The next goal is to clone whole replacement organs. Not only does this eliminate immune system rejection but it also solves the enormous problem of the health system's chronic shortage of donor organs for transplants. A researcher at Children's Hospital in Boston has already grown and transplanted an entire bladder into a dog. A liver could be relatively easy, a kidney would be more difficult and a heart is the toughest of all, says Lanza. A lesser application of ACT's work would be to clone hair follicles. "It's not one of the life-threatening diseases," Lanza admits, "but it would be of interest to a lot of people, including myself."

Infigen, home of Mandy's clone, is doing similar work. In 1997, the company created Gene, a Holstein bull, the first calf cloned from adult cells—as Dolly was the first such sheep. The company has cloned a prize Limousin bull, Cole First Down 46D, once one of the most "influential" bulls—as breeders describe it—in the business. Supplies of his expensive semen had dwindled since he was injured in 1996. But Infigen, too, has its eye on the human therapeutic market.

The company is breeding cows engineered to produce human proteins in their milk, key ingredients in pharmaceuticals that are often difficult to obtain. The American Red Cross, through a Dutch partner, hopes to use Infigen's research to produce proteins to help hemophiliacs control bleeding. Also if clotting factor were more readily available, bandages could be infused with it, to help manage traumatic injuries.

"You can see a farm of the future," says Steinerman of Infigen, "a pig stall with engineered pigs whose organs, tissues and cells would be used for human therapy. On the other side of the farm, you might have five or 100 dairy cows, each providing a therapeutic protein. One cow might ultimately provide \$300 million worth of a particular protein every year."

The pig-cloning research at Infigen is aimed at the human-organ replacement market. The idea is to create pigs whose organs are genetically compatible with humans. Is your liver giving out? Order a new one from the medical pig farm. Bad for the pig but good for you.



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Jet Li

(continued from page 109)

broadwords, nine-section whips, three-section staffs, tiger forks and rope darts—it's simply not possible to fake the deft use of these weapons. And the moves in kung-fu films are so fast that directors had to create new ways to film them—the lightning-fast fighting demanded a whole new look just to capture it. The poetically violent slow-motion ballet-of-bullets sequences that typify John Woo, Hong Kong's top director, began as a directorial response to physical actions so fast they couldn't otherwise be seen. Hollywood directors adopted this dreamlike Hong Kong style in *The Matrix*, the movie that first announced China had arrived, and *Charlie's Angels*, another Chinese-inflected movie. But now that Hollywood has adopted a comprehensive Eastern aesthetic, the need for real speed has set in. That's why a movie like *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* demanded Chinese actors. And that's why the hottest action star in Hollywood today is also the fastest man on earth, Jet Li. He is the incarnation of the speed, grace and romance of Chinese film: His *Once Upon a Time in China* (1991) is the definitive Eastern. He stole the show in his first Hollywood role, as the heavy in *Lethal Weapon 4*; his first Hollywood star vehicle, *Romeo Must Die*, cemented the relationship between kung-fu-obsessed hip-hop MCs and kung fu itself. This summer he has a doubleheader, with the July release of *Kiss of the Dragon* (produced by Luc Besson of *The Professional* and *La Femme Nikita* fame) followed this month by the sci-fi thriller *The One*.

The excitement of a Jet Li movie is rooted in physical technique—there is no substitute for decades of wushu training (wu means martial, shu means arts). Think our homegrown stars had it tough because they had to learn how to ride a horse and spin a dummy revolver? Try preparing for an Eastern: "I started to learn wushu when I was eight years old," says Jet. "For 10 years I practiced eight hours a day. After that I started to make movies and I kept practicing day in and day out. By 1997 I had seven places in my body that were broken." Richard Donner, the director of *Lethal Weapon 4*, says, "Jet is so fast that the film doesn't even catch him. We had to ask him to slow down." But now that Hollywood has so dramatically shifted Eastward, Jet no longer needs to use the brakes.

The screen impact of Jet Li's movies is often eclipsed by actual events surrounding them. His debut movie, *Shaolin Temple* (1982), saved the real Shaolin temple when the film became China's first home-made blockbuster and a hit all over Asia. Though the 1500-year-old Shaolin monastery had given birth to both Chan

came known in Japan and America) and wushu, Mao had considered the monastery a symbol of China's feudal past, and encouraged its destruction. "When I arrived, there was only the abbot, a cook and a doorman. It was totally impoverished," says Li. "But after the movie came out, a tremendous change occurred. The impact of the movie on the Chinese people was so huge that everyone—from three-year-old children to 70-year-old men—was proud of Chinese martial arts." Today the Shaolin temple has more than 10,000 young wushu students and is one of the biggest tourist draws in China.

The early chapters of the legend of Jet Li are no less remarkable. When he was just 11, he traveled to Washington, D.C. as part of the first cultural exchange between China and the U.S. He performed wushu for Henry Kissinger and President Richard Nixon on the White House lawn. Afterward, Nixon singled him out for praise and asked Jet whether he would like to be his bodyguard when he grew up. "I don't want to protect any one man," young Jet replied. "When I grow up, I want to defend a billion Chinese people."

Jet made the transition from mainland China to Hong Kong in 1990 and—beginning with *Once Upon a Time in China*—made two dozen movies there. (He also started to make better money: In the People's Republic he had been paid just \$750 for two years' work on *Shaolin Temple*, and subsequent projects were similarly compensated.) While Bruce Lee was ferocious and Jackie Chan funny, Jet Li developed a reputation for being something quite shocking in the kung-fu genre: a genuine character actor. Jet consistently subsumed himself into each role rather than bending it to his persona. Notable films from the period include *The Defender*, *My Father Is a Hero*, *Tai Chi Master*, *Fist of Legend* and *Black Mask*, as well as four sequels to *Once Upon a Time*.

PLAYBOY caught up with Jet Li as he finished work on *The One*. The interview was done in Mandarin Chinese. "I am glad to be interviewed by an American who can speak Chinese," Jet said. "I would not be able to express myself in depth otherwise. Many people don't understand my way of thinking."

PLAYBOY: You didn't start wushu training until you were eight years old. Four years later, you won China's national wushu competitions, beating masters who had studied for 10 or 20 years. How was that possible?

JET: From the viewpoint of Buddhism, I believe in reincarnation and karma. I believe I learned wushu before—in my past life. I must have brought something with me to this life. This didn't happen just to me. For instance, Mozart composed music at five years old. Many children can't even read at that age. How

could he possess such talent? Maybe his soul was nurtured in music in his past life. I probably have genes that allow me to learn things quickly, especially physical techniques. But I also learn the inner energy or feelings behind the movements. I think the reason I could win was because people could feel my punch was different from other people's punches—they could see the energy released from inside.

PLAYBOY: The director of *Lethal Weapon 4*, Richard Donner, says your techniques were so fast that Mel Gibson couldn't see your punches, and he had to memorize the fight scenes to know which way to throw his body.

JET: In general, those who have not learned martial arts use various mechanisms to make them appear fast. But when a martial artist achieves a certain level of skill, his techniques are extremely fast. When I worked with Mel Gibson, if I punched seven times, he saw maybe two.

PLAYBOY: Was the director afraid that you might hurt Mel?

JET: The director asked me not to hurt him. Actually, he asked me to guarantee that I would not hurt him—he was afraid he wouldn't be able to complete the movie if I injured him. I told him I could guarantee that. I have been practicing martial arts and making movies for so many years that I have complete control.

PLAYBOY: You've filmed more than 30 movies. *Lethal Weapon 4* was the first in which you played the bad guy. Were you worried?

JET: When you play a part in a movie, you have to think as if you are the character. No bad guy thinks of himself as the bad guy. He just thinks he is doing what he has to do.

PLAYBOY: That philosophy seems to have paid off.

JET: Yes, nearly everyone I have worked with has become my good friend. They know I am serious and persistent with my work. They also know I am not only an actor—I do a lot of work behind the scenes. For instance, originally my character in *Lethal Weapon 4* had only a couple of scenes. But I persuaded the director to add a few more. As a result, the character has more continuity throughout the movie. The producer, Joel Silver, and I worked well together, and that led to *Romeo Must Die*. Now we are collaborating on another film, *First King*.

PLAYBOY: *Romeo Must Die* was the first kung-fu movie to make an explicit connection with hip-hop. African Americans have always had a great appreciation of Hong Kong movies, and kung fu plays a big role for many rap musicians, like Wu-Tang Clan. Why do you think this is?

JET: I think it is related to American history and culture. I've been told by African American friends that in the Sixties and Seventies, black people didn't feel

they were part of mainstream American society. So when they saw Asians—another people with a little color in their faces—beating up white people on film, they felt they could identify with them. This is just what I've heard—I don't fully understand what people think in this society. I think nowadays American teenagers—both black and white—really like kung-fu movies.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that there is a lot of Mafia involvement in the Hong Kong film industry?

JET: In the early Nineties, after I made *Once Upon a Time in China*, Hong Kong had a resurgence of traditional martial arts movies. The trend was so prevalent that almost anyone could make money from it. Organized crime, seeing there was money involved, also started to make movies. Pretty soon the market got saturated. When there were no more profits to be made, organized crime left. Only the ones who really loved movies stayed.

PLAYBOY: Some people joke that Hollywood producers are more terrifying to work for than the Hong Kong triads. What do you think?

JET: [Laughs] I haven't worked with that many producers yet, so I don't really know their thinking. Based on my understanding of yin and yang, I believe there are probably two kinds of producers. One loves the story first and then he makes the movie. The other type estimates how much profit he can make first, then he makes the movie.

PLAYBOY: What is the biggest difference between making movies in Hong Kong and Hollywood?

JET: Making movies in Hong Kong is like a small family business. There are two brothers in the Hong Kong movie family. One says, "I want to make a movie." The other replies, "Why make this one?" The first brother replies, "Because this type of movie is popular now." And the other brother says, "OK." After two weeks, they begin to make the movie. In America, the family is huge. If you want to make a movie, you first ask if mother agrees, then father, then uncle, then grandmother, then grandfather, then brother-in-law, then siblings—you have to get everyone's consent. The preparation takes two years before you can actually start. In a big family you have to please everyone before you can do the things you want.

PLAYBOY: Your historical, costume-drama martial arts movies, like *Shaolin Temple* and *Once Upon a Time in China*, are generally considered much more successful than the ones set in modern times. Why is that?

JET: It is easier for me to show my strengths in traditional movies, like the ability to use traditional martial arts weapons. Also, not many people know how to fight with bagua, tai chi, xing yi or other traditional wushu styles. In modern mov-

ies, there are fighting scenes that a talented actor without a martial arts background can learn to do in three months. But in traditional movies, the audience can tell the difference.

PLAYBOY: A fight scene in a Hong Kong movie lasts 10 or 15 minutes and the movements are complicated. Can American audiences get used to this type of thing? Are the martial arts techniques you use in American movies the same as those you use in Hong Kong movies?

JET: Everybody used to think that flying scenes should be eliminated and fight scenes should not last too long; otherwise, American audiences would be turned off. But *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* changed all that. American audiences seem to be able to enjoy the flying scenes—regarding them as romantic—as well as long, noisy fight scenes. So I think the most important thing is how you set up the story for the audience. As for the techniques, there are some action movements which we in Asia think are out of style because we have done them so often, yet those are exactly what

American audiences want to see. The martial arts techniques in *The Matrix*, for example, are not new, but the feelings are very creative.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of *The Matrix*, why did you turn down a role in the sequel?

JET: *The Matrix* was successful without me in it, so I believe *Matrix 2* and *3* will also be successful—even if I am not in them. Why don't we give the audience more choices, more options? If you put me, Jackie Chan and Michelle Yeoh in *The Matrix* and spend 11 months to make it, by the time the movie is released it will be one and a half years later. And during this one and a half years, audiences won't have other movies to watch. This way, audiences can watch *Rush Hour 2* and *Kiss of the Dragon*, and they will still have *The Matrix* as well.

PLAYBOY: How is your new movie, *Kiss of the Dragon*, different from your other Hollywood films?

JET: Because *Romeo Must Die* was my first starring role in an American movie, I wasn't sure what kind of action or martial arts sequences the audiences would



"I agreed to watch one porno with him and now we only have sex on the pool table."

want to see. So we tried a little of everything: some practical, some funny, some with wires and special effects. People who had never seen any of my movies thought *Romeo Must Die* was good fun. But my hard-core fans—I like to use the Internet to learn directly what my fans think—did not like the humorous fight scenes or the wire tricks. In general, they'd like to see more movies like *Fist of Legend*: straight, no cable stuff, all full-size body fighting. This is not something that can be done by many actors—only those who really know martial arts. So I decided to make *Kiss of the Dragon* that way.

PLAYBOY: When you were a young man, you lived in Beijing, where there were rolling blackouts. Now you live in California, and there is a shortage of electricity. Wherever you go there seems to be a problem with electricity.

JET: [Laughs] It is a strange coincidence.

PLAYBOY: Based on your experience, how would you advise Californians to deal with the problem?

JET: When I was young, in the Seventies, there was not much economic progress in China as a result of the Cultural Revolution, so the electricity was not sufficient. Back then, the way we dealt with it was by rotating: Monday you don't have power, Tuesday I don't have power. Everybody was in the dark once a week. Here in California, hopefully, everybody will realize that even if you can afford it, you shouldn't overconsume electricity. If people are considerate of others, they will automatically cut down on usage.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever be interested in running for office? After all, you understand how to deal with blackouts.

JET: [Laughs] I have no interest in politics. If I'd had an interest, I could have become a politician when I was young. In China if you are successful professionally, the government likes to train you to become a leader of a department. Instead, I became interested in promoting wushu, and that's what I have been doing. In 1988, I found out that there was going to be a category of wushu in the Asian Sports Convention, to be held in Beijing in 1990, so I decided to leave China. At that point I felt my new mission was to bring wushu to the Olympics, so I endeavored to promote it through my movies. Many people from Hong Kong think I am out of style. "Why bother to promote wushu? Make money and be a star." But I am persistent: Wushu raised me. I've found out that if China hosts the Olympics in 2008, there is a possibility that wushu will be a category.

PLAYBOY: If this happens, will you be helping out?

JET: No. I don't want to be the one who collects the flowers; I want to be the one who plants the seeds. When they bloom, others can reap the harvest. I feel my next step is to share a message with everybody, through movies and TV, about how to live on the earth with other human beings, how to reduce the sufferings of life, how to understand the reality of the world. This is what motivates me the most right now; otherwise, I would have retired already. I wanted to

retire in 1997 to study Buddhism, but then I met my teacher. He said to me, "You can't become a monk, nor can you stop working." He made me realize that I should apply the methods I used in promoting wushu to bring a new message to people. So I began to study books of Buddhism and put aside my books of English. On my website (jet-li.com), I talk about yin and yang and how to help people understand one another. If the Chinese people try to understand American culture and American history, for example, there will be better communications. If Americans work to understand how the Chinese people think, they will realize that the Chinese are not a people looking to start fights with other countries.

PLAYBOY: So what you want most is to share what you have learned studying Buddhism?

JET: Yes. Though Buddhism is not the only means. There are many other religions, and they all have the same idea. I believe religions are like several famous universities. Although they use different methods to teach, they have the same goal: to tell you how to become a kind person, a loving person, how to use your selfless mind to care about others. Whether the end is heaven, hell or reincarnation is not the issue.

PLAYBOY: People worry that in the future the U.S. and China may become enemies. You have met many U.S. presidents—Nixon, Ford and Carter. If you had a chance to offer advice to President Bush about China, what would you tell him?

JET: No person, no family, no country is 100 percent perfect. China has many flaws, but it also has many strengths. Americans have to understand our history. Before Teng Hsiao-p'ing's reform, China was a closed country with some extreme policies. But it has undertaken dramatic changes in the past 20 years; its policies are very close to those of the Western world. It has accepted almost everything from the West, good and bad. There are only a few exceptions, like propaganda and one-party control. But you can't expect China to become just like the U.S. in such a short time. China's 5000-year history will not allow that to happen. Besides, with such a huge population, it will take many years for China gradually to become rich and strong. People have to be educated to understand laws and obey them. But if they don't have enough to eat, how can they care about laws and rights? China has made great progress, and it will continue to make great progress if the rest of the world will try to understand China's current situation and be patient. With mutual understanding and compassion, there will be peace.



"Wow, Senators! That's what I call a wonderful display of bipartisanship!"



KRASSNER

(continued from page 118)

potty." Young Swedish men comply, he says, out of a sense of justice. In other words, they don't feel it is right that they should have the sole advantage of a fire-and-forget physique. Does this sound like science fiction? Ironically, in the science-fiction film *Gattaca*, Ethan Hawke's character alters his identity, which includes changing from a left-hander to a right-hander. But his cover is blown when a bathroom monitor notices that he still urinates by holding his penis with his left hand. The crux of that movie depends on his standing at a urinal.

However, I discovered a flaw in this line of reasoning. Here is how I urinate, and I assume it's generally true of right-handed men who wear briefs. I unzip with my right hand. Pull open my fly with my left hand. Grab my underwear with my right hand, pulling it over my genitals and holding onto it while I urinate by holding my penis with my left hand.

But consider if there were no urinals. Imagine what would happen to the manufacturers of urinal accoutrements, such as those pastel marzipan deodorizers and the rubber bull's-eye pads with urine-draining holes and messages like: *The Star Wars Missile Missed Its Target! Will You?*

Lost to the culture forever would be

that unspoken ritual we men practice at urinals: leaving about six feet of space between the first person who's waiting to take a leak—say, after a movie—and the guy who's actually pissing, a ritual women experience only while waiting to use an ATM.

How would the new order affect random drug testing? What would happen with those men who have been pissing drug-free urine through a plastic tube? Or through a plastic penis in case the drug tester stands too close?

Even then, you have to be careful. In San Antonio, a man was caught using a fake penis while being tested for drugs by his parole officers. The telltale signs were the bleached-pink appearance of the penis and the fact that the urine came out in a sprinkler-like fashion. The giveaway came when he fumbled his organ and it fell to the floor.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Navy is planning to replace urinals on the surface fleet with unisex toilets. Paul Richter reported in the *Los Angeles Times* that it's considered "a way to make warships sweeter smelling and more comfortable for today's increasingly diverse crews." This commode is called the Stainless Sanitary Space System.

Within the next few years, the Navy will be moving full steam ahead—3000 heads (as the Navy still likes to call them) will be converted to ultramodern

stainless steel modular superbathrooms. With no crevices or seams, they'll be easy to clean and female friendly (which is good news to the 13 percent of the Navy who are women).

Sadly, urinals have enemies among men, too. Ultra-efficient naval experts look at a urinal and see an engineering disaster—urinals on ships use less water and therefore stink up the place much more than standard toilets. Then there is the ugly overspray problem. Nothing corrodes flooring and walls like a sailor with lousy aim. Mineral buildup often blocks plumbing, which is costly to fix or replace. Conversely, while our Navy spends \$561 million on unisex commodes, a less expensive South African invention takes a different tack by enabling women to urinate standing up.

The Eezeewe, described as "a reusable device with a shaped plastic cup and a length of pipe," has taken six years to develop and is already patented in 106 countries. Stephan Odendaal, managing director of Mouldmed, the company that invented the device, says it "will be invaluable for women who are traveling, hiking, camping, fishing, sailing, skiing or bedridden. Having a wee has never been so easy."

Just wait until the Swedes find out about that.



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COLOMBIA

(continued from page 70)

follow me intensely with their eyes. As soon as I get into my friend's car, they all get up at once and jump into their Mercedes. Aleja ran to the phone to warn all my friends, who desperately searched for me throughout the neighborhood with the help of the police before finding me an hour later, calmly seated in a dark corner of the Café Berlin. Without realizing it we had taken such an unexpected route to go so close by that no one could have followed us. Or else nobody was following us and the whole thing was an effect of the pervading paranoia.

MANRIQUE

Two scenes in the movie take place in Manrique, a neighborhood that, because of the La Terraza gang, has become one of the city's most dangerous. Papa Giovanni has organized protection for us so we can scout the neighborhood, but I realize immediately that even he is ill at ease. He introduces us to a 22-year-old gang boss, a survivor, slightly fat, crew cut, blue, unblinking eyes. He never, ever looks anyone in the eye. Very calm, his gestures measured. You get the feeling that he is staring at piles of corpses behind the person he is speaking to. He never smiles. Even Eduardo, who's very funny and who is used to this kind of character, can't make him laugh. There's another guy who laughs nervously all the time—the gang leader's henchman, a *sicario* (hired assassin), dark-skinned and full of tics. In veiled terms, always laughing, allusively, he brags about being bad, something about a chain saw. We wanted nothing to do with it, we wished we'd never met them, we want

them to forget they ever knew us.

We go all over the neighborhood. I discover another side to the gangster's personality: He tries to pick up all the girls by giving them orders—"You, come over here!"—or by complimenting them while making lewd noises. Sometimes the killer joins in. The girls, even very young ones, already know it's dangerous to react in the slightest way and keep walking. The gang boss seems extremely intelligent, asks the right questions. He must have graduated magna cum laude from crime school and gets involved only in major hits. In passing, he wants to know how much the film equipment we brought is worth.

We won't set foot in Manrique again and we won't ever ask Papa Giovanni to show us around another neighborhood that isn't his.

As a goodwill gesture at the end of the day we take them for fried chicken to Mario's, the fast-food place in front of Carlos Gardel's house. When it is time for the gang boss to get his wages he tells us in a terrifying tone: "I'm very curious to find out how much you think I'm worth." While Eduardo is writing the amount on a receipt, I say, "I think he's only putting down zeros." Phew! I've finally managed to make him laugh.

As we get ready to leave the restaurant the gang boss doubles back to replace the chairs at our table in perfect order, like a meticulous maniac, as if we had never been there.

THE BOMB

I have the awful feeling the country will once again be the focus of world media because of this booby-trapped car filled with 100 kilograms of dynamite that killed 12 people the day before yes-

terday. Though in fact we weren't in any danger, as the bomb was aimed at a military target we never even get close to. We take detours to avoid passing by police stations. The flower festival began yesterday. The bullring was empty for the bullfight—lack of advertising, bomb-related trauma—and the *rejoneador* (a bullfighter on horseback) couldn't fight: His horses were kidnapped yesterday on the Bogotá-Medellín highway.

THE FRENCHMAN FLEES IN PANIC

A hard blow today, certainly not the last, and I can't help laughing about it. My production manager, who had left for Paris for a few days, has just pulled out; he doesn't want to come back as planned—he was too scared here and didn't dare tell me. He gave me the key to his locker when he left. I have just opened it: practically empty, his treason was premeditated! From now on, I will be the only foreigner on the crew.

EXCHANGING MONEY

A weekly ordeal. The Banco Comercial has the best rate and anyone who has large sums of money to exchange goes there. You also always run into at least three motorcycles with suspicious-looking teenagers: clean-cut, American-style, baseball cap, short-sleeve shirt or jacket, blue jeans and sneakers. This often means "ready to kill," and there's also often a policeman who keeps watch over all this and asks them for their papers. We get a cab to drop us off, but it can't stop in front of the bank or next to it as the motorcycles do. It has to go around the block until we exit with the money, which Eduardo (who also has his gun) and I have split evenly between us.

The first person we see upon entering is a uniformed guard with his finger on the trigger of an enormous pistol. Further in we see another guard with a special deluxe shotgun, and finally, right at the back, next to the teller where we exchange the greenbacks, a mini-Uzi held by an utterly motionless guard, his jaws clenched. Like all the others, he has his finger on the trigger.

An endless wait while the cashier counts the piles of bills twice. Right next to us a long lineup for current accounts. Everyone's favorite pastime: to stare and to scrutinize every detail, every gesture of the few people lined up at the dollar exchange window.

When we exit, the tension mounts by a notch. Eduardo waits outside while I stand inside. We're never lucky enough to have our chauffeur (an ex-cop who borrowed a cab) come around at the right time. Again, we have to wait.

But the worst has yet to come. It happens when we drive off, the two of us looking intently out the rear window to spot any suspicious motorcycles. We also have to watch for cars, and then go



"I'll be late tonight, dear, the employee grievance committee is meeting."

through a maze of deserted streets to make sure no one is following us before emerging suddenly onto a highway and taking the next exit. But there are motorbikes everywhere. It's not surprising the French production manager left; he had to live through this at least twice. I'll be glad when we have a reliable local production company open an account, something strictly forbidden to foreigners to prevent money laundering.

ANDERSON BLUSHES

Eduardo can read people by observing little details. He is in the front seat of the car and feels a thief looking at his Nike watch. That's Anderson, sitting in the backseat beside me. Later, at the restaurant, he catches a glance again that lasted for a fraction of a second and tells him, gesturing as if he were taking off his watch: "You want it?" Anderson turns bright red. Very sexy.

TODO BIEN

Two serious problems the day before yesterday. We lost the most important, irreplaceable location—the apartment the film takes place in—and two bikers caught up to our driver and threw a crumpled paper ball into the car, a note that read: LOS PP'S QUEREMOS AL MONO TODO BIEN (the PPs want the foreigner, everything's all right). In Colombia receiving a note like this is often a death sentence. On the bright side, we think it's from a gang into extortion and not kidnapping. The dark side: It's only the beginning, something else could follow—like someone firing shots at the car or the house. Today we are meeting with one of the country's top security analysts, who suspects the chauffeur. We are waiting for the results of the writing samples. Anyway, without telling the security specialist (you really can't trust anyone), we have also established discreet contact with the police chief. Starting tomorrow he is lending us two cops armed to the teeth, dressed as civilians, who will follow me in their car as soon as I leave my new home, which will be a true fortress. Officially, I will keep living at the same address. I will never travel twice in a row in the same car; my drivers will also be security guards. On location, starting tomorrow for the outdoor rehearsals, there will always be an armored car ready to take me away.

BODYGUARDS

I don't enjoy my new life with bodyguards but I maintain my perspective on things; it seems I'm a level-seven risk (on a scale of 10). In any case it certainly impresses my young actor, Anderson, who spends his days and part of his nights with me. My bodyguards are two young policemen, no more than 24 years old. I am in permanent radio contact with them by means of a combination cellular phone, beeper and radio. If someone

suspicious like the Prince approaches and speaks to me, I press a little button and the whole security corps listens in on our conversation. My bodyguards carry guns, mini-Uzis and *changones* (sawed-off hunting rifles).

The first, Reinaldo, is short, dark-skinned and fat, and the other, Lisandro, is skinny, blond and good-looking.

Lisandro has decided to become my friend, and he's very forward. He even went so far as to ask me to lend him my apartment in New York. The day before yesterday he asked me if I like Antioquian food. Only a complete boor would have said no, so I said yes, and besides, I actually do. He then asked me if I wanted to have lunch at his place the following day. He insists I go alone, which has made me experience a horrible inner conflict and led me to think about it in four ways:

- (1) It's a trap—every kidnapping story involves a cop.
- (2) I have to go—it's the least I can do for someone I make follow my rhythm of no more than six hours' sleep per day.
- (3) I have no reason to feel obligated—he's the one who's exaggerating by putting me in this situation.
- (4) I'm naturally curious.

Number four eventually won out. A family atmosphere with a dash of paramilitarism. At least five statues of the Virgin. I now know all the technical details about the manufacture of homemade guerrilla bombs.

THE TRAGEDIES OF YOUNG ACTORS

Anderson hadn't told us about his recent problems with the law: He's wanted for kidnapping and armed assault. We try to soften up the judge. In one of the cases they'd taken a cabdriver hostage, but the taxi had an alarm system that paralyzed the vehicle after 15 minutes. Anderson and his friends found themselves in the countryside in the middle of the night with a mob of taxi drivers (all communicating through their radios) who were about to lynch them; they were saved by the police, who then filed charges against them.

EXECUTION

Papa Giovanni helps us enter the Diamante commune. Yesterday, just after we parted company, he was having a beer with his friend Olman who in the film was going to play the part of the Attacker. A man slowly passed behind Olman and shot him in the head. He left just as slowly. The bullet, which could've wounded Giovanni, didn't exit but it created a lump on Olman's forehead before he dropped dead onto the table. Giovanni is deeply grief stricken; he can't get over it.

SHOOTING POSTPONED

We were supposed to start shooting this Sunday. We had planned it a bit too

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tight as the cameras, delayed by Hurricane Floyd, only got here the day before yesterday. The plane was forced to land in New Jersey, and the whole cargo stood idle in hangars for five nights while the town was flooded.

When the plane arrived in Bogotá the papers weren't with the shipment that had been stored overnight in a hangar. The next day the 34 parcels were there but their weight didn't correspond.

When we opened the crates three of them were empty: The two cameras, the large high-definition monitor and all the lenses (the best ones, the ones hardest to find) had disappeared.

Almost \$200,000 worth. The insurance will reimburse only 80 percent of it. We might have to use part of the budget to cover the loss. We hope to be able to start next Sunday with lower-quality lenses.

On the bright side: We now have a bit more time to prepare. The mystery: Are the thieves American or Colombian, and what project will someday be filmed with the equipment?

DESECHABLES

An incredible scene last night in the Church of San Antonio: We had 50 *basuqueros* come in, the local equivalent, but much worse, of crackheads. Some people here call them *desechables*, or disposables, individuals you can throw away or kill, individuals you can do without. They're wild-eyed and uncontrollable, talking and playing nonstop like small children. They sort of took over and we adjusted.

Before the shoot the wardrobe manager was taking pictures for continuity.

One of the *basuqueros* appoints himself as their spokesperson to tell me they were scared, that they thought we were drawing up lists to have them killed.

Locking themselves in the confessional to sniff glue from plastic bags. Sprawled on the ground to smoke. Candles and incense smoke all around. The camera takes a bird's-eye shot of all this and ends up exiting through the main door to fly up along the facade.

Juan David, who plays Wilmar, came by to see us. He's very religious and cried out that we were all going to be excommunicated.

The church guard was worried that the priests, who had gone to bed at 9:30, would wake up and kick us out. Everything went well and we left the church cleaner than it had ever been. No one can believe what went on last night; it now seems it was nothing but a dream.

THE POWER OF REAL WEAPONS

After using very well made copies, I found out that using real guns puts my young actors into a trance. Their eyes shine, they're much more concentrated and play their roles much more seriously. This, of course, complicates the security issue but in some cases it's worth it. I sometimes even go so far as to let them carry guns though they're not visible in the scene.

MORGUE

Today the morgue, and to top it all off, not enough bodies to fill 17 tables. T-shirts, sneakers and jeans are placed over the bodies for identification.

I'm not at all troubled—it astonishes me—being there and arranging the

corpses as if they were extras. It only makes me feel like dancing and enjoying life more that same night.

POOL HALL SCENE

I found out just before shooting there that the pool hall I had chosen with the red walls and a Mary Help of Christians statue is actually an *oficina*, a place where you hire assassins. It is, according to my bodyguards, the best-known spot for this sort of transaction. And I'd asked the young regulars to be contacted as extras! A shoot that was supposed to be cut-and-dried ended up being very tense. We had to make certain that the boss or patrons wouldn't overhear any of the dialogue.

We were very lucky with the Dead Boy character. I didn't know when I hired this boy to play death personified that he had two tattoos: a skull on his right shoulder and a grim reaper on the left. He's in a rock band called the Erect Penises.

YESTERDAY

Last night two corpses were found on the first assistant's doorstep, five blocks away from here in the rich, quiet Laureles neighborhood where we all live. The owner of a car and a thief had shot each other to death.

Yesterday our accountant was assaulted upon his return from the bank with an envelope full of cash. Two gunslinging youngsters on a motorbike followed him from the bank and asked him to hand over the envelope. The accountant hesitated; they asked him if he wanted to die. It lasted all of two seconds in front of a dozen witnesses. They would've shot him without hesitation—it's one of their rules of conduct to maintain the level of danger and terror.

GUNSHOTS ON LA PLAYA

Looking for peace and quiet, we film violent street scenes early on Sunday mornings. In front of the Fine Arts Building there's a shoot-out between Alexis and two guys who lose control of their motorcycle. They crash against a car and, as they fly through the air, they get pelted with bullets before falling dead on the roof of the car. I always try to avoid firing blanks in scenes so we don't traumatize the population, who already hear enough gunshots every day. Sometimes, though, it's impossible to get good reactions from the extras without firing blanks. Such is the case for three shots that day. Soon after the first gunshots are fired, I see several people all dressed in white walking down La Playa Avenue where we're filming. I immediately know they're not extras. I've banned two colors in the film: white for technical videotaping reasons and orange for aesthetic ones (which makes us have to unscrew or cover in gray the horrible orange plastic trash cans that are



"I don't have any money. I'm a mullet."

hung throughout the city). For each take, we reload the revolvers and add blood, and when I turn around there are a few more people in white; they're all walking in the same direction without stopping, observing us strangely. We finally figure it out: They're peace marchers. Today, for the first time, in every city in the country, crowds of people in white are demonstrating that they're sick and tired of violence. A memorable date.

When I was a child here it was also a matter of colors: The "blues" and the "reds" were killing each other by the thousands. We had to twist my parrot's neck because it kept repeating: "I'm dressed in green but I'm a red [liberal]." We couldn't give him away or let him loose: He might have caused a massacre in any house he would have landed in.

A NEW STRATEGY

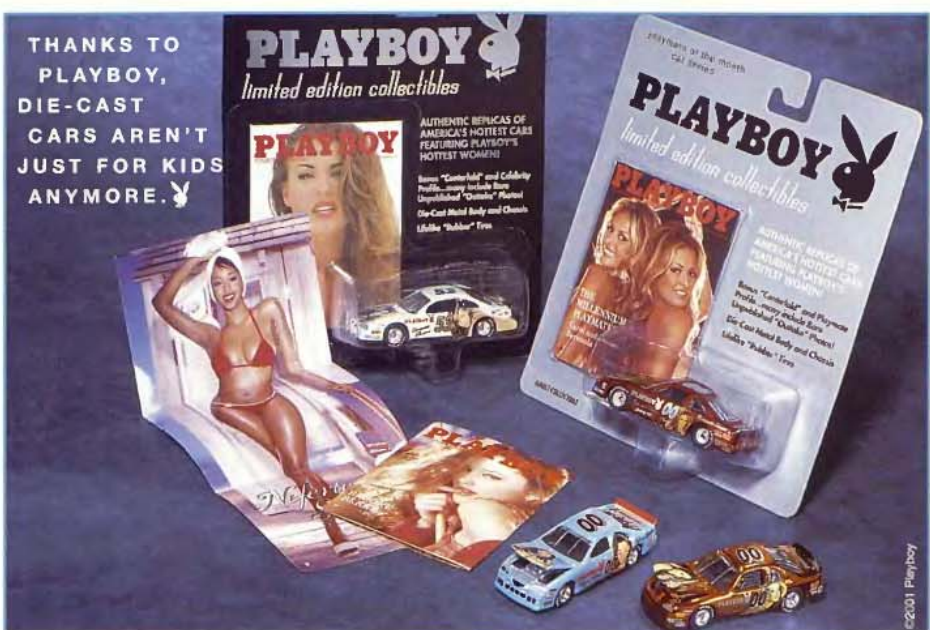
I found out last night from a police source that the guerrillas have put out a call for hostages in the criminal underground—they'll pay \$1000 cash for any foreigner. It's a new strategy to replace that of the *pecas milagrosas* (miraculous catches), which had fallen out of favor. A strategy similar to the one Pablo Escobar adopted eight years ago when he offered the same price for each murdered policeman. My bodyguards are nervous. They can't take it easy anymore.

Still, there was a miraculous catch the night before last on the road that joins the town of R. to the road to the airport. For once, the police tried to intervene: two dead among their ranks but only four people taken hostage.

The guerrillas are among us, in the city, and they're given a monthly salary (unemployment exceeds 20 percent). They steal vehicles, put on uniforms at the last minute, raise blockades, capture the hostages who interest them after having stripped others of any valuables. They find out who is of interest to them on the spot using computers linked to the Internet and take the selected hostages to some nearby place where other stolen vans wait to carry them off to mountainous areas in the jungle. In the best of cases, hostages are freed six to eight months later, after several payments have been made. One thing is certain: Taking into account that on every front things are getting worse, it would be impossible to make this film here a year from now. Unless there is a miracle, and peace takes hold overnight. Nobody believes that will happen. Anyone who can is thinking of settling abroad.

GOD'S INFAMY

That's what Fernando sees in the eyes of a small child sniffing glue. The child lost his mother two months before the filming of this scene. She sold *basuco* in Barrio Triste for 300 pesos a dose (25 cents). The gangs who control the trade decided to raise the price by 100 pesos



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HORSES BRANDED EIGHT

Yesterday we took a day's break to make up for the previous, sleepless night. So far it's been the only daylong break from filming that I haven't spent editing. I take advantage of the time off to take part in a great cavalcade on dream horses with 20 or so gentlemen from Antioquia. That is, in any case, what they perceive themselves to be, as well as cowboys from a time when barbed wire didn't exist, free and lawless but religious. All the horses were branded with an eight. They belonged to one of the Ochoa sisters and her husband, whom I got along with rather well, passing the *aguardiente* back and forth along the way. Two of the husband's brothers were killed by guerrillas, another kidnapped. He told me how he came to oppose the *paso fino* (special Colombian gait) because it isn't a gait a horse adopts naturally. According to him, it is an atrocity imposed by humans for their own comfort. He knew what he was talking about: Until a few years ago, he was the biggest breeder of Paso Fino horses in the world.

THE FAKE AIWA

We needed props, copies we could damage, an Aiwa sound system to throw out the window. It turns out prices are so low that it's three times cheaper to buy a real Aiwa sound system than to have a fake one made. A contraband Mont Blanc pen costs \$90 on the black market. The factory, the Mont Blanc headquarters, sold the same pen for \$120. Money laundering. I go buy my wine at this strange house bustling with people, a discreet family dwelling in a working-class neighborhood next to ours. People run to it day and night to buy all kinds of alcohol at rock-bottom prices. Another money-laundering scheme.

RIVERS OF BLOOD IN THE COMMUNES

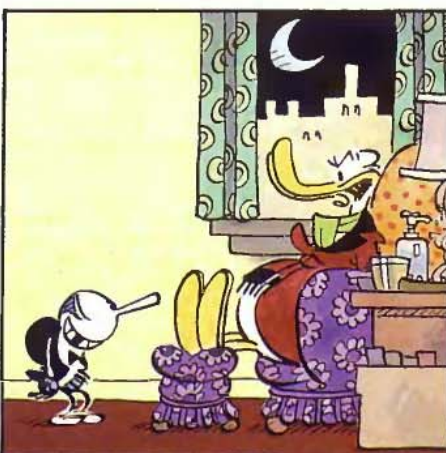
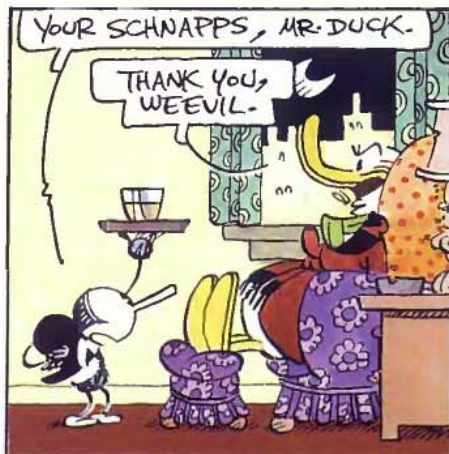
Today was a memorable day in the Diamante commune. The electricians' truck couldn't make it to the location we had arranged high up in the neighborhood to get a view from above the gigantic staircase. Lots of illegal cables—wired to steal electricity, though it's practically free in these neighborhoods—are hung so low across streets that a normal truck can't pass through.

All the high-definition recording and

transfer equipment is stored in the van, which is always followed by two guards on motorcycles wearing blue uniforms and bulletproof vests and carrying sub-machine guns. Today they were utterly terrified. With reason, said my jeans-clad bodyguards, for these men were irresistible to groups who would kill to get their weapons. Upon their arrival the men in blue could relax a bit as there were eight policemen dressed in olive drab and armed to the teeth, besides the five we are used to having with us. During the shoot, an old lady who was passing by told me that we were quite justified in having protection as there had been a lot of real blood spilled in the neighborhood and that it was a welcome change to see a little fake blood she wouldn't have to worry about.

The most impressive part of the scene was when we made it rain blood over the neighborhood. The special-effects crew evidently made too much and we all got stained, our skin and our clothes, with red ink that wouldn't come off for three days. A normal movie rain shower that, at midtake, starts coming down twice as hard and turns red. The sky, the earth, everything turns red and rivers of blood

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begin to flow everywhere. The *quebrada* (stream) turns red and all the children start screaming for people to come out and see.

If I had known, I would've taken a wide shot instead of the close-ups of feet walking down steps. The rivers of blood turn into a blood lagoon. It's my friend Luis Ospina's team that has the best shots for the "making of" documentary. He was up in a balcony.

Everyone was moved by the image and symbolism. Especially the lady who lives in the house whose front yard was transformed into blood headquarters. We mixed the water and the pigment in her yard. She'd lost two of her eight sons, one of them at the age of 18, the other at 22, in the gun battles that take place every night and that you can hear as distant echoes in the downtown area of the city down below. She said it must be a sad moment in the film. I told her she had guessed right.

THE SLEEPWALKING KILLERS

Rohypnol is a kind of sleeping pill that was banned in Europe and the U.S. five or 10 years ago. If you don't go to sleep after taking it you can still function but forget absolutely everything you've done. You can find it anywhere here on the black market, in large quantities and cheap. I don't know if Roche still manufactures them or if they're copies.

It's the assassins' favorite drug as it allows them to feel unperturbed before and during a "job" and to forget about it afterward. They call them Roches or roaches or *ruecas*.

HOLDUP

We have an account at the Banco Popular in Laureles, our neighborhood. Yesterday there was a holdup. Some young men asked the teller to open his till. He explained to them that the security system prevented him from doing so. They sprayed him with gasoline and since he still didn't open it they lit him on fire. He died from his burns. No mention of this in the newspapers.

THE ANGEL-FACED BODYGUARD IS NOT WHAT HE SEEMS

We hear he has connections with the paramilitary and, after a silly argument, he threatened to kill one of the crew members after the film was finished. The latter had to abandon ship—it was in his best interest. In order not to create a security breach one week before the end of the shoot, we've decided not to confront Leonardo, who, this morning, before I'd found out about his threats, made me promise not to refuse to be a witness at his wedding next June with a 17-year-old girl I met at the same time he did. I remember that, back then, I'd begged the future fiancée to be wary of men.

Impotence and anger in the face of injustice.

The atmosphere is stifling.

ANDERSON, THE KISS

Anderson coughs and spits all the time, very often out the window of the high-rise where we're shooting, raining gobs on passersby. A week ago he started spitting blood, something that worried

our main actor very much, as he has to shoot a scene in which he kisses Anderson on the mouth. The main actor demanded medical tests. It proved impossible to find Anderson to obtain saliva and mucus samples on three consecutive days as he is always out partying and never showing up at home. On one occasion he was two hours late for a scene.

After we managed to drag him to the hospital three days in a row (tuberculosis tests negative), I had to show him myself how to kiss Germán; I also had to set up a situation where, at the moment of shooting, the crew all bet some money to dare him to do his kiss properly. When he saw the bills pile up he got self-conscious and was forced to do the scene. He collected more than 200,000 pesos (\$100), which he then hid in the apartment. After smoking one of his enormous joints, he forgot where he'd stashed the money.

LAST DAY

Our last day of shooting. We were supposed to start at 10 A.M. on a set built in a warehouse. The entrance hall of the morgue. Nothing is ready: A door and some fluorescent lights are missing. We wait around, and finally at six P.M. the door arrives. It's too big. The lights have yet to be installed; we don't have a tall enough ladder on hand. We end up filming at nine P.M. with no fluorescent lights, only the regular film lights, a single complex shot. It's the last scene we're shooting as well as one of the film's last four scenes. We luckily never ran across these kinds of problems during the rest of the shoot. We just had to end it all on a slightly Colombian note. Overall, the crew I had the chance to work with was well up to international standards.

Emotions ran high when the champagne began to flow and things that had been left unsaid came out into the open: During the shoot, everyone had thought I was totally crazy to have tried to make this film. Now they would have to return to the hard reality of a country on the brink of disaster without ever being able to forget these past seven weeks. Neither will I. I don't think I will ever again take part in such an emotionally charged and dramatic shoot.

Driving home at two A.M. on the deserted highway, I hear three gunshots at the back of the vehicle: One of my giddy bodyguards is firing into the air.

Later he will try to justify this by saying a large car with six shady guys approached us at high speed and that he chased them away by firing. Eduardo is certain he didn't see a car. I'm not so sure. We'll never know. A typically Colombian experience: to become less sure how real what you see and hear is.

NORA'S SISTER

Nora's sister (Vallejo's sister-in-law) was assassinated by a pair of men on a



"This isn't my idea of a double date!"

motorbike last week. They first wounded her; she managed to escape, but they caught up with her two blocks away. She was 42, had always stuck to her principles and worked for the Envigado city administration. She was fighting against mob influence and had just been picked as a candidate for the elections in this municipality, which had been in the hands of Pablo Escobar for a long time. The citizens are asking Nora to take her place. She is now beginning to receive threatening phone calls. She no longer excludes the option of leaving the country with her family, something unthinkable a few months ago.

EIGHTEEN MUSICIANS' WAGES

The wonderful musicians at our closing-day party—most of them elderly men who live modestly and don't have bank accounts, sometimes months going by before they get booked for a show—were dealt a hard blow today. Their boss went to the bank to cash our check. He went home with the 18 musicians' wages and on his doorstep he was held up by several young men who had followed him.

CHRISTMAS

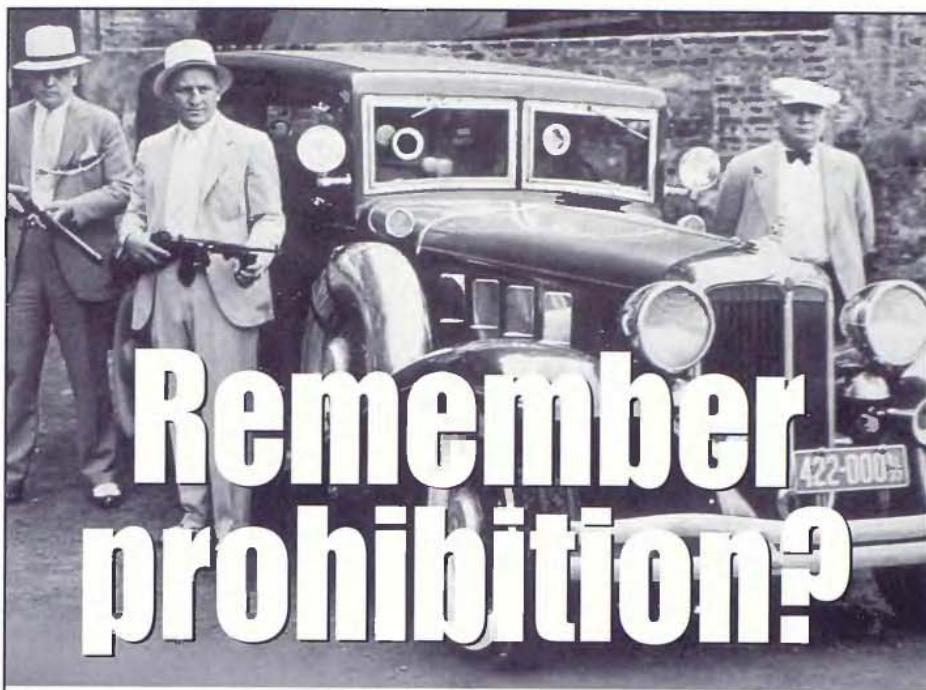
Christmas is coming and everyone in town is obsessed with one thing: offering a nice Christmas celebration to their families. At any cost. And so the closer we get to this fateful date, the more the crime rate will increase—to the point of doubling. It's a tradition.

What also changes with the coming of Christmas is the evening soundtrack. I had gotten used to hearing gunshots every night, whether nearby or in the distance. The gunshots now blend in with an orgy of firecrackers that increases with every passing day.

The lighting is also excessive. Already, over the past two weeks, thousands of multicolored bulbs have been strung up in all of the city's trees. I can't help thinking they might be the last lights we'll see for a long time. Over the past month the guerrillas have blown up 45 electrical towers. Only 10 have been rebuilt; the others are in places too dangerous to get to. We're on the brink of rationing or worse.

BARRIO TRISTE

I just had breakfast with Papa Giovanni, who tells me what's been going on in the neighborhood where he works as a mechanic. A war is being waged over the *huecos* (the holes where *basuco* is sold and consumed) between the Montaneros and the Caleños. The latter are from Cali; they're well organized and have already taken over the Campo Valdéz commune. Yesterday they went looking for one of the Montaneros in the depths of his hole and shot him six times in the chest. The man still managed to walk out onto the street normally, hail and get into a cab,



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Marijuana for medical use is prohibited under federal law and in 41 states. Doctors cannot prescribe marijuana to cancer, AIDS or MS patients, for example, who could benefit from its use. That's unconscionable.

But there is some good news. Across America, there are places where prohibition is being replaced with sensible, compassionate laws. In ten states, people are no longer arrested just for smoking marijuana. In nine states, doctors can recommend medical marijuana for patients in need.

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and ask to be driven to the hospital. He died en route.

These guys walk around armed on street corners, or go into bars and make themselves at home. Their favorite threat is: "Don't bug me" or "Does someone feel like bugging me?" Two days ago one of them really got angry when an empty cab refused to stop after he had tried insistently to hail it. Furious, in front of witnesses, he killed the driver. Shortly afterward, the back door of the taxi opened and a tiny man, the invisible passenger, got out of the car, scared senseless. Nobody said anything, and the incident was viewed as a settling of scores. One more. Over the past week there have been one or two murders per day, all within a few blocks of each other: what Giovanni calls the ravages of Christmas.

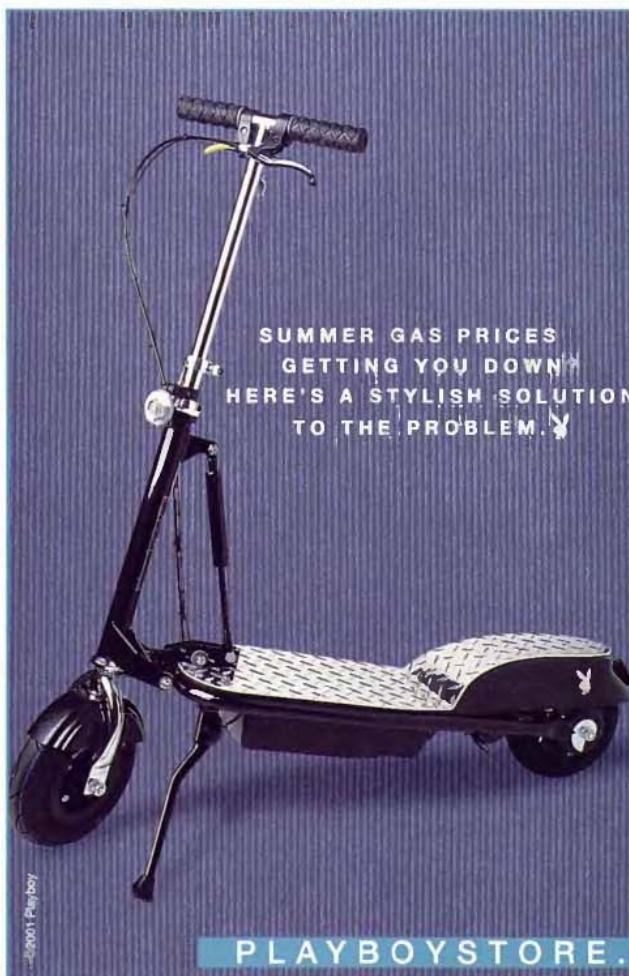
A SINGLE REGRET

Not to have had the time before I left to meet a ballsy woman, the transvestite who rules over the poshest brothel in town with an iron hand—the whorehouse where people from the mafia rub shoulders with policemen and government employees. A few months ago, during preproduction, I had managed to make an appointment to have tea with her. I was curious to meet someone who must have quite an exceptional personality to be able to survive at the core of such a dangerous world, knowing everyone's secrets. A character suitable for Fassbinder.

I'd been led down the secret hallway reserved for city hall employees and VIPs. It was directly opposite the main entrance, on the other side of the block, on a parallel street, and it opened onto a small, perfectly run-of-the-mill bar. At the far end, behind the bathrooms, a curtain covered the entrance to a maze that led to a reinforced door. There I was greeted by the chief of security, who asked me to follow him. Another maze, then through the kitchen before emerging in a room full of very young girls and disco music. It's five p.m. Madam is late; I'm asked to wait for her. I hear she's very busy—diversifying by launching a line of beauty products in Europe. She has several bodyguards. She usually comes in through the back entrance like I did.

The girls who pass by the main entrance often stop and hit a statue with a wooden spoon. It reminds me of something: Cali, 20 years ago. I walk over to get a closer look. It is indeed a seated Chinese Buddha. There's a hole in its fat stomach. A drunken mobster fired a bullet into it, I'm sure of it; it's something I'm familiar with. I check with the employees; it's exactly what I thought.

In Cali, 20 years ago, Eduardo and I had accompanied a friend of ours to a brothel and I'd discovered a strange ritual that I thought was one of a kind:



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The girls hit a good-luck Buddha to punish it when there weren't enough clients. It faced the wall and was forced to look endlessly at a bloody bullfighting painting under its nose. It had a hole in its fat stomach and was surrounded by various plaster replicas of Greek statues.

The clock soon strikes six. Madam has arrived, she's getting ready, she won't be long, but I have to leave for a casting meeting. I'll be back.

Yes, but when? In a few months it'll surely be more dangerous, and without proper bodyguards.

CHRISTMAS, YET

Cecilia takes care of the housecleaning and the cooking. She's religious and very proper. As she often has nothing to do, she reads books like *How to Know Your Son Is Taking Drugs*. Her son is eight years old.

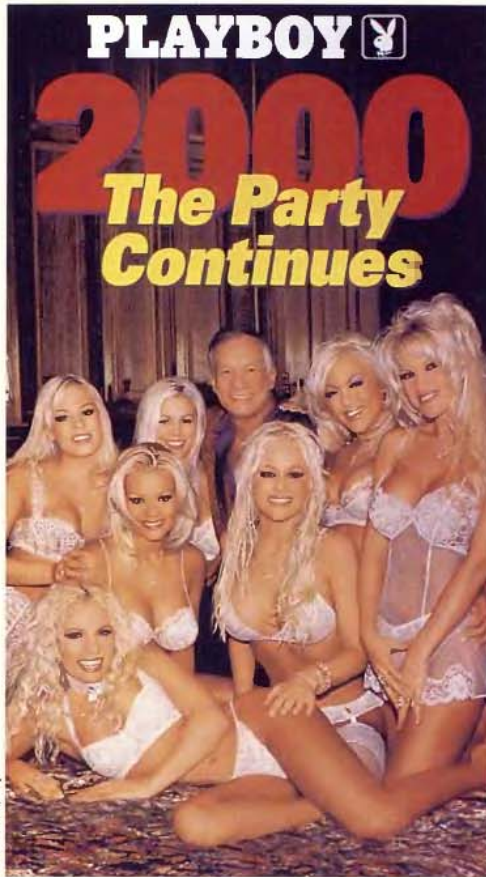
We need to drink a great deal of coffee while we're editing. Every time she brings us some she overhears some of the film's scenes. Shoot-outs and insults, naked men—not always the same ones—in bed or kissing each other on the mouth. Tirades against the pope; the next day against Simón Bolívar or in praise of Pablo Escobar as a great employer of the people. Then more shoot-outs, bodies and bad language. And then yesterday, to top it all off, two men in bed and one of them says: "Blessed be thou, Satan!" That's when I saw her look really concerned.

It's time to go do the rest of the editing somewhere else, before she starts telling the priests about it.

Our favorite pastime: trying to figure out her take on the film.

The editing room has a large balcony, like all the other rooms in my apartment. Right across the street there are two banks. Yesterday, Cecilia, who has plenty of time to look out the window, told us twice to come and see what was happening on the street. The first time it was a businessman getting into his white Trooper after having gone to the bank. Two young motorcyclists had grabbed an envelope from him. There was a visible commotion: All over the street people were talking about the incident, which had lasted only a few seconds. Three minutes later everything was back to normal. But the law of series is the only rule to live by here. I had just managed to cut another minute from the film, which is now one hour and 47 minutes long, when another distracting event took place: The same scenario, only this time it was about two nuns and a small suitcase that was stolen from them. Nothing stops the Christmas fever, not even religion.

Firecrackers keep exploding all night, every night.



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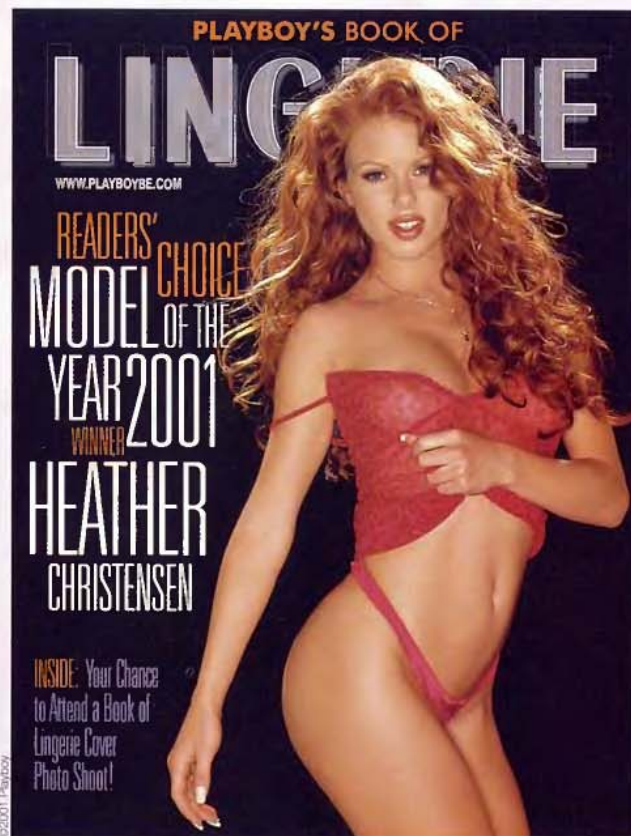
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



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 35, 41-42, 83-87, 120-122 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 35: "Smart Cars": Software by *Microsoft*, www.microsoft.com/automotive. "Nuon DVD": Technology by *VM Labs*, www.nuon.tv. DVD players: By *Toshiba Electronics*, 800-631-3811 or www.toshiba.com. By *Samsung Electronics*, 800-726-7864 or www.samsungelectronics.com. "Game of the Month": Software by *Sony*, 800-345-7669. "Wild Things": Personal digital assistants: By *Kyocera Wireless*, 800-349-4188 or www.kyocera-wireless.com. By *Samsung Electronics*, 800-726-7864 or www.samsungelectronics.com.

MANTRACK

Page 41: "Xs and Ohs": Car by *Jaguar*, jaguar.com. "Ice Is Nice": Desert maker by *William Bounds*, 800-473-0504 or www.wmboundsltd.com. Page 42: "Be Like a Mogul": Home theater by *Owens Corning*, Toledo, Ohio, 419-248-8000 or www.owenscorning.com. "Seat of Power": Chair from *New York First*, 800-581-7599 or newyorkfirst.com. "Guys Are Talking About": Hangover cures from *Perfect Equation*, 800-720-2970 or www.perfectequation.net.

BOYS OF SUMMER

Page 83: Suit by *Emanuel Ungaro*, 212-249-4090. Watch by *Blancpain*, www.blancpain.ch. Pullover by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Page 84: Suit by *Paul Stuart*, paulstuart.com. Shirt by *Clai-*

borne, lizclaiborne.com. Tie by *Hickey-Freeman*, hickeyfreeman.com. Belt by *Torino*, 800-932-9402. Loafers by *Steve Madden*, 800-SIR-MADD. Page 85: Suit by *Armani Collezioni* and shirt and tie by *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. Belt by *Torino*, 800-932-9402. Watch by *Rolex*, www.rolex.com. Ring by

Elif Fine Jewelry, Atlanta, 404-584-9773. Page 86: Suit by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. Belt by *Torino*, 800-932-9402. Crewneck by *Raffi*, 800-775-3454. Shoes by *Steve Madden*, 800-SIR-MADD. Watch by *Omega*, 800-456-5354. Bracelet and necklace by *Elif Fine Jewelry*, Atlanta, 404-584-9773. Page 87: Suit by *Canali*, at *Bergdorf Goodman*, NYC, 212-753-7300. Shirt and tie by *Hickey-Freeman*, hickeyfreeman.com. Belt by *Torino*, 800-932-9402.

SHOOT FIRST

Pages 120-122: Camcorders: By *Panasonic Electronics*, 800-211-7262 or www.panasonic.com. By *Hitachi Electronics*, 800-448-2244 or www.hitachi.com. By *Canon*, 800-828-4040 or www.usa.canon.com. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277 or www.sharpelectronics.com. By *JVC Company of America*, 800-252-5722 or www.jvc.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 167: "Hang 'Em High": Stereo systems: By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337 or www.pioneerelectronics.com. By *Fisher*, 818-998-7322, x433 or www.fisher.com. Plasma television by *Philips Electronics*, 800-531-0039. LCD television by *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277 or www.sharpelectronics.com.

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living online

(continued from page 36)

spamcop.net. Since signing up, I haven't received any spam. To use the spam-filtering service, you have to redirect your e-mail to a personal spamcop.net address. (There are instructions at the site that explain how to do this so you can keep your current e-mail address.) When the software comes across a message it suspects to be spam, that message won't be e-mailed to you. Instead, SpamCop sends a reply to the senders, asking them to click on a link that will release the e-mail so that it'll end up in your IN box. Since the "reply to" addresses on spams are always fakes, this trick effectively keeps the spam away. Once a sender replies, all his or her subsequent e-mail will pass through the filter without being held up. SpamCop charges 50 cents per megabyte of processed e-mail, and the company claims the average user can expect to pay about \$25 a year. That seems too low. At my current e-mail load, I figure I'll pay close to \$90 a year to use SpamCop, but it's worth every cent.

LEAVE THE LAPTOP AT HOME

I try not to carry a laptop when I travel. It's hard to lug, and when I'm abroad, it's not easy to get an Internet connection. If I need to check e-mail when away from home, I go to an Internet cafe. For a few bucks an hour, I can use a PC with a high-speed connection. I also get access to snacks and interesting locals. Net cafes.com lists more than 4000 Internet cafes in 148 countries. The searchable database has prices, hours, types of computers and equipment available, plus short descriptions of each place. The site also runs cybercafe-related news items that are worth checking out. For example, it reported that knife-wielding thieves were robbing late-night cybercafe customers in Malaysia. Lesson: In Kuala Lumpur, surf only when the sun is shining.

QUICK HITS

Check out rumors at purportal.com. Follow the adventures of 1000 diaries as they travel the world at 1000journals.com. The Pinball Pasture (lysator.liu.se/pinball/) has more than 2000 photos of pinball machine backplates. Watch and discuss TV commercials at adricit.com. (It's more fun than it sounds.) Download groovy screensavers that morph to the beat of MP3s at 55ware.com. Nerds don't need to be lonely. Read sex tips for geeks at tuxedo.org/~esr/writings/sextips. Online comics are getting better. My current favorite: "When I Am King," at demian5.com.

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder at livingonline@playboy.com.

PLAYMATE NEWS



SOAP STARS

During the past year, Kelly Monaco has lost her virginity, started medical school and discovered her mother is her aunt, her aunt is her mother and her delusional father isn't dead, as she'd thought. It's all happened on *Port Charles*, ABC's *General Hospital* spin-off, on which Kelly plays drama queen Livvie Locke. "It has been an intense, emotional time for me as an actor," Kelly says. Kelly's experience as a Playmate came in handy for her first soap opera sex scene, although she says filming it wasn't as sexy as it looks. "There's no full-on nudity on the set. You're wearing a

no full-on
nudity on
the set.
You're
wearing a



Star Biography
Kelly Monaco.



Angel Boris

G-string and pasties. The crew members aren't as used to nudity as the people at PLAYBOY. It's awkward." Her newfound fans have also taken her by surprise. "I didn't realize how many people live for soaps. They care about Livvie like she's a real person. People even write to me as Livvie: *Jack is so bad for you! Why don't you open your*

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- August 2: Miss September 1971
Crystal Smith
- August 11: Miss June 1967
Joey Gibson
- August 12: Miss January 1983
Lonny Chin
- August 22: Miss March 1998
Marliece Andrada
- August 31: Miss April 1969
Lorna Hopper

eyes." It's fun. I love it." Kelly isn't sure what the writers have in store for Livvie, but she has an idea: "She comes from a psychotic family. It would be fun to play a whacked-out Livvie." Angel Boris is also getting into soap operas; she recently signed a five-year deal with *General Hospital*. So how about a crossover episode in which

Kelly and Angel's characters get into a catfight, tear each other's clothes off, discover they're twins who were separated at birth and end up with amnesia? It has Daytime Emmy winner written all over it.

OSCAR INVASION



Pamela Anderson hangs out while new best friend Elizabeth Hurley stays covered; Jenny McCarthy plays dress-up for the paparazzi.

Expert head-turner Pamela Anderson created equal parts flashbulb flurry and media speculation when she arrived with Elizabeth Hurley at *Vanity Fair's* annual Oscars party. Inquiring minds wanted to know: Are they best friends? Are they dating? Is Liz going to guest-star on *V.I.P.*? Does Pam realize her shirt is 14 sizes too small? All we noticed was that two of Hollywood's most desirable bomb-

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

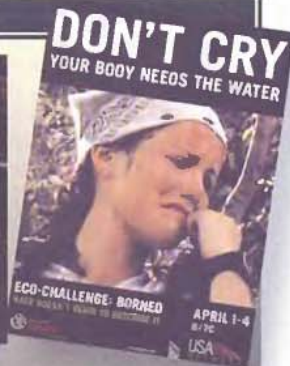
When we met Cathy Rowland, Miss August 1971, she was trying to launch a singing career. Today, Cathy is a recording star—sort of. "I'm a Foley artist, which means I create sound effects for films," Cathy told *Playboy.com*. "I do weird things like throw watermelons against the wall to make certain noises." There is also an erotic side to the job. "I'm the background girl on *Night Calls*," she says. "And in two forthcoming *Playboy* videos, I'm the one moaning when people are making love. Yes, I am a professional moaner!"



Cathy Rowland.

shells were having a blast creating a sexy photo op—so sexy, in fact, that we felt obligated to share it with you. Also wowing shutterbugs at the fete was actress Jenny McCarthy, our other favorite Centerfold turned red carpet pro.

X-TREME PUBLICITY



The X-Treme Team is everywhere. Clockwise from top left: Danelle Falto, LL Cool J, Daphnee Duploix and Jessica Lee at ESPN's Action Sports and Music Awards; Jennifer Lavaie; Jessica, Kalin Olson, Danelle and Jen, with *Survivor* mastermind Mark Burnett.



My Favorite Playmate By Martin Sheen



I met a Centerfold once. She was in *Apocalypse Now*. She was sweet. I think her name was Cyndi Wood. A blonde girl. She was one of the women who landed in the PLAYBOY helicopter. PLAYBOY sent a chopper into the jungle and there's a big scene where they do a show.



Cyndi Wood.

LOOSE LIPS

"To me, life is all about family. I have great kids. They are really nice human beings. They know I'm a Playmate and think it's cool. My youngest daughter is totally like me. She poses in front of the mirror. When I was a kid, I did the same thing." —Suzi Schott

"Men in Los Angeles are more about the surface than what's on the inside. They don't really care to get to know you as a person. The men here don't seem to be real. I'm sure there are nice men in LA somewhere, but they're not where I am." —Tino Bockroth

PLAYMATE NEWS

GIRL TALK

The coolest thing about working for PLAYBOY? Calling Playmate and Hawaiian Tropic model Kalin Olson just for the hell of it.

Q: Hey, Kalin. What's up?

A: I haven't been up to much because I'm pregnant. We're very excited. It happened at the right time.

Q: Who's we?

A: I've been with Pascal Trepanier for about two years. He plays for the Anaheim Mighty Ducks.

Q: Are you a hockey fan?

A: I didn't know anything about it until I met him. I love it now.

Q: So how did the two of you get together?

A: We were attracted to each other because we're both athletic. He loves that I model as well

as race with the X-Treme Team. Pascal and I train together.

Q: Are you glad to be out of the dating scene?

A: Definitely.

Q: How has being pregnant changed your life?

A: Working out is boring because I can't train as hard as I want. Other than that, I love it. I feel great.

Q: Will you ever do another Eco-Challenge race?

A: There's talk of doing it in 2002. As soon as I have the baby, I'll have to start training again. But I feel lucky. I'm so excited to be a mom.



TOMCATS' KITTENS

Ian Ziering and better half Nikki Schierler showed up at the premiere of *Tomcats* to support pal Julia Schultz, who plays Jerry O'Connell's girlfriend in the film. Don't be surprised when Julia is named Hollywood's next big thing: She has a lead role as Tabitha in the NBC sitcom *What Are You Thinking?* also starring Hank Azaria.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Jessica Lee, Kerissa Fare and Katie Lohmann (below) tried to outsmart the host on an episode of *Win Ben Stein's Money*. . . .



Jennifer Lavoie has applied for the cast of *Survivor 3*. . . . Victoria Silvstedt shows up in two movies: Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*, and *Bodyguards*, with



Money hungry with Ben Stein.

Cindy Crawford. . . . Lisa Dergan was featured in *Affluent Golfer* magazine. . . . Yes, that's Karen McDougal and Heather Kozar on Coors' Fourth of July posters. . . . Ola Ray, co-star of Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video, dishes on the BBC program *I Love the Eighties*. . . .

Are you smitten with the new PMOY? Then pick up *Playboy's Playmate Review*, which features



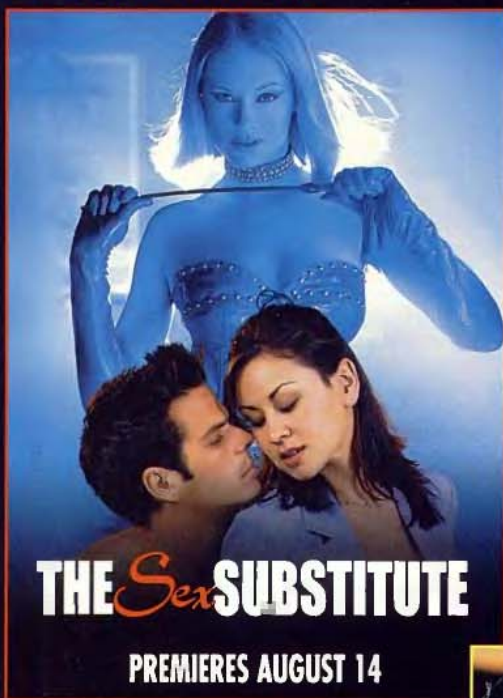
The year's best.

Brande Roderick. . . . Planter's Rum model Cara Michelle graces the covers of *Stuff* and *Arena*. . . . Who says you can't judge a book by its cover? Bebe Buell's *Rebel Heart* and Vicki (McCarty) Iovine's *Girlfriends' Guide to Getting Your Groove Back* look good to us.



Book 'em, Playmates.

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



THE *Sex* SUBSTITUTE

PREMIERES AUGUST 14

PLAYMATE HOSTS



Kimberley Stanfield
Miss July



Jennifer Walcott
Miss August

more than you ever imagined...

JULY 2001 PREMIERES

ADULT ALL STARS

Your favorite adult stars expose themselves in ways you might never expect as they tell all. July 27, 28, 30.

INSIDE ADULT LIVE

Get the inside scoop on the adult entertainment industry with Alisha Klass and her super hot guests. July 18, 20, 23, 25, 29.

NIGHT'S EDGE

Two female friends hit the parties and private clubs of Hollywood in search of the most erotic sexual experiences of their lives. July 23, 25, 28.

PLAYBOY'S GIRLS OF THE HARD ROCK

Here's your all-access pass to the amazing sights and rockin' sounds of this world-famous destination! July 26, 28, 31.

SEXY URBAN LEGENDS: LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Two titillating tales represent not so happy endings. July 22, 25, 27, 28.

AUGUST 2001 PREMIERES

411 SEXPOSE: SOLD SEX BOOT CAMP

Share the secrets for mastering your own pleasure points as our experts reveal their hands-on tricks for tripping their own wires. August 8, 14, 20, 22, 23, 29, 30.

ADULT STARS CLOSE UP: SIZZLING

Summer is about to push your libido to the boiling point as we present a show sizzling with insider revelations and professional moves. August 7, 9, 11, 15, 18, 24, 26.

BEST OF NIGHT CALLS: SEX SURVIVORS

Share in the season's sexiest calls and e-mails with the two beauties you'd choose to be stranded with on a deserted island. August 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 23, 25, 28.

NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: SEDUCTION BUNKER

These audacious amateurs take all the tools they need into this exotic enclave and, lucky for us, they brought a camera too. August 6, 8, 11, 14, 18, 19, 26, 30.

THE SEX SUBSTITUTE

Flower, from *Night Calls 411*, helps a fantasy come true for two men who are the city's hottest sex advisors. August 14, 16, 19, 24.

☐ All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.

ADULT MOVIES



DIRECTOR'S CUT

Our new *Director's Cut* brings you more unedited action than ever before!

Best of Stacy Valentine (Premieres July 7)

Private Fantasies 4 (Premieres July 14)

Brad Armstrong's Mirage (Premieres July 21)

The Puppeteer (Premieres July 28)

She's Getting Even (Premieres August 4)

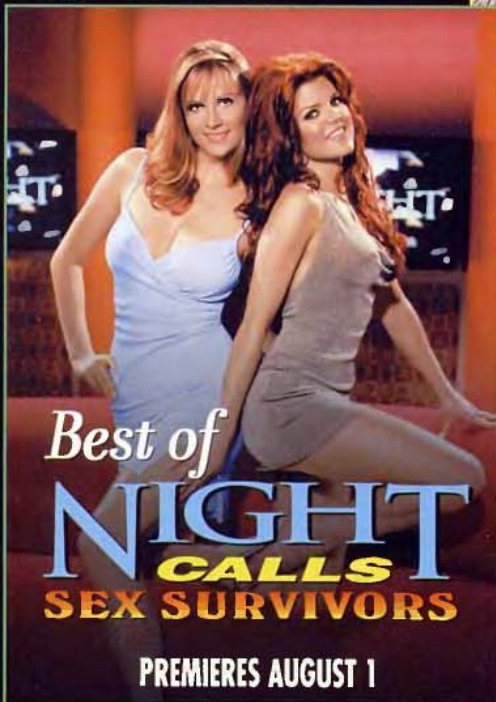
Edge Play (Premieres August 11)

Virtually Sexy (Premieres August 18)

Liquid Dreams (Premieres August 25)

Each movie encores on the following Friday.

ORIGINAL SERIES



Best of NIGHT CALLS SEX SURVIVORS

PREMIERES AUGUST 1

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PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

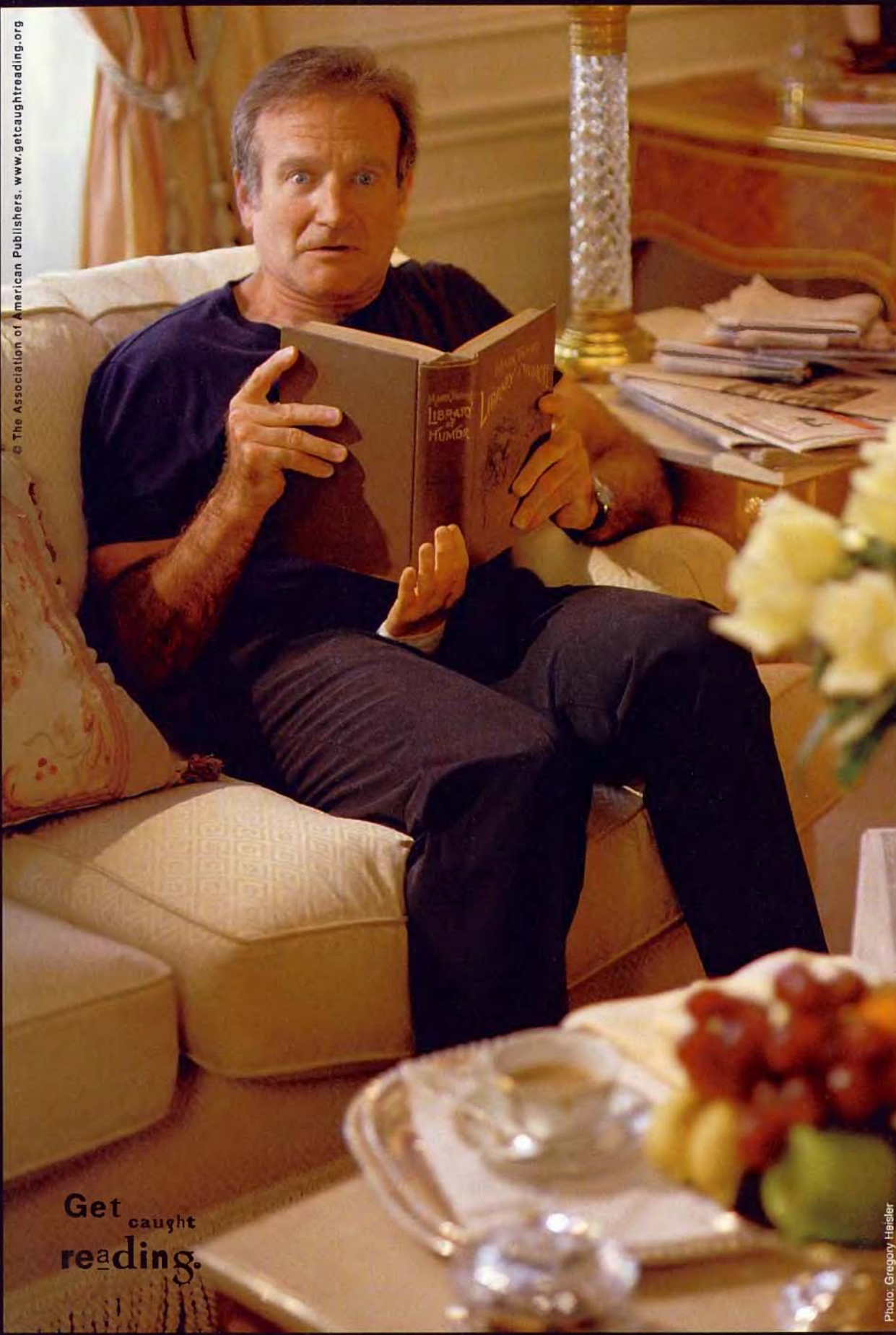
playboytv.com

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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Get caught reading.

Photo: Gregory Heisler

Robin Williams caught reading.

PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HANG 'EM HIGH

Getting crowded in your place, Mr. Hardcore Electronics Addict? Why sacrifice room for another new video game system when some of the latest stereos and TVs can be hung on the wall? Wave a hand in front of Pioneer's sleek new NS-33 stereo and the glass doors open, allowing access to the CD mechanism. A royal blue fluorescent display provides operation information. It's powered by two 20-watt speaker amplifiers and a 30-watt amp for the subwoofer. Fisher's Slim-2000 three-disc changer is built with three separate disc drives so CDs don't have to be shuffled for play. Install it in your bedroom and start the day with your

JAMES IMBROGNO



Though it can't help with all that clutter, a wall-mountable stereo will clear some work space on your desk. Left: Add on to the CD player and AM-FM tuner of Pioneer's NS-33 stereo by plugging another component into the auxiliary audio input (\$465). Below: So the stereo doesn't clash with the rest of the room, three sets of removable speaker covers (in blue, black and merlot) are included with Fisher's Slim-2000 (about \$300).



favorite tunes via SureWake, an alarm that increases the volume over a 20-second period. Plasma TVs are a great way to get a big-screen TV in a room without giving up living space. Philips' 42FD9932 has a 42" display but it's less than 6" deep. The antireflective screen coating reduces glare for better picture quality. Tuck Sharp's LC-10A2U TV under a kitchen cabinet so you won't miss any of the big game while you grab a beer. The 10" LCD TV can also be mounted on a wall or set atop a table.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.



Ditch that boxy TV for a wall-mountable model. Above left: Philips' plasma TV has a 42" screen and a 16:9 aspect ratio, used for widescreen movies (\$10,000). Left: Now you can watch cooking shows where they might actually help you—in your kitchen. Sharp's LC-10A2U 10" LCD TV produces a picture twice as bright as a conventional TV (\$1000). 167

Grapevine

It's the Dress, Stupid

JENNIFER LOPEZ, playing to her strengths, opted again to wow the Oscar crowd. Look for more—or less—of her in *Angel Eyes* and *Enough*.



OLIVIA WILKINSON/GETTY IMAGES



A Case for Lace

LEILA ANDICO had the lead in *Invasion of the Party Nerds II* and has been featured on *Baywatch*. But you may know her better as the spokes-model for Eddie Bauer.

PALL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Good Vibrations

New York's Radio City Music Hall tribute to BRIAN WILSON was filmed for a July TNT show. Everybody (including Aimee Mann and Paul Simon) turned up to sing. But it took another piano man, SIR ELTON, to get things rocking.





Why We Love Liz

ELIZABETH HURLEY has three movies out this year, *Dawg*, *Servicing Sara* and *Double Whammy*. She also has outfits like this one in her closet. How lucky for us.



Depp's Rep—Chameleon

From transvestite to coke king, from Shakespeare's rival Marlowe to the police inspector after Jack the Ripper, JOHNNY DEPP disappears into every role he takes. Is this his Bob Marley imitation?



A Bit of Britt

How does David Spade do it? You'll find BRITTANY DANIEL in his movie *Joe Dirt*. She was a *Dawson's Creek* regular for a while. Their loss, Spade's gain.

© MIRANDA SHEN CELEBRITY PHOTO

Stephanie's Back

Texan STEPHANIE NGUYEN is a Hawaiian now. When not modeling or appearing as eye candy on *Baywatch Hawaii*, Stephanie is out bodysurfing—beautifully.



© JIMMY CHANG

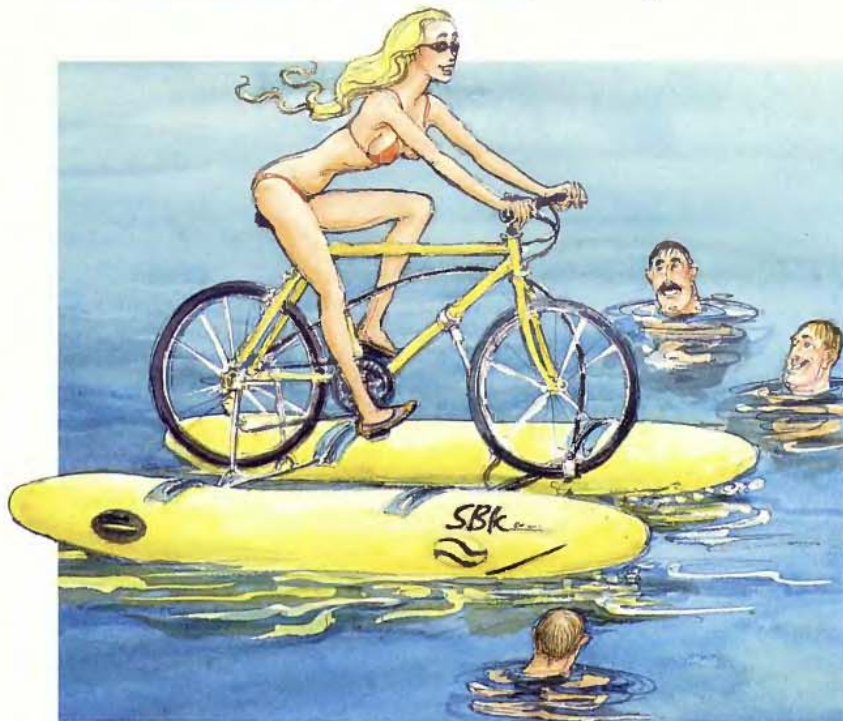


HIP TO UNDIES

Hippie Skivvies are the reincarnation of the kind of undies flower children wore in the Sixties—if they wore any undies at all. Camisoles, cropped camis, boy cuts, bikini panties, jammie bottoms and thongs (plus boxers and briefs for guys) have all been tie-dyed. Prices range from \$14 to \$28, and everything is made with a cotton blend. Check stores, call 877-544-5566 or go to hippieskivvies.com. The website also maintains a Skivvies Around the World section; you can contribute to it by sending a photograph of yourself (or, better yet, of your girlfriend) in Hippie Skivvies somewhere famous. (These well-traveled undies have made it to the Eiffel Tower and—would you believe it?—the South Pole.) We'll be watching. Peace.

THE GANG'S ALL BEER

As fans of Comedy Central's *Man Show* know, hosts Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla (pictured below with two Juggy girls) end each episode with a chant of "Ziggy socky, ziggy socky, hoy, hoy, hoy!" after which Kimmel, Carolla and the audience chug steins. Until recently, the brew on the show was unnamed, but now there's an official Ziggy Socky premium lager available for \$6 a six-pack. Check retailers before you hoy, hoy again.



AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT

Leave it to the Italians to create an inflatable pontoon-and-propulsion system that enables you to pedal to the beach and be out riding your bike on the water in about 15 minutes. The Shuttle-Bike kit weighs 24 pounds and includes a backpack. You also get a pump to inflate the pontoons. Shuttle-Bike USA, which imports the kit, claims the Shuttle-Bike is more stable than a kayak or a canoe. Price: about \$695. Check shuttlebikeusa.com or call 425-823-7763 for more information.

KILLER SPORTS

What better title for an anthology of baseball mysteries than *Murderers' Row*? The reference, of course, is to the fearsome foursome composed of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Tony Lazzeri and Bob Meusel in the 1927 New York Yankees' batting lineup. It's the first in a series of sports-mystery books edited by whodunit buff Otto Penzler. Next will be boxing. The price: \$24.95. New Millennium is the publisher.



EXPLOSIVE INDIA

The hardcover *Cock* isn't about what you think. *Cock* is the name given to boxes of Anglo Indian fireworks, and this book's pages splay out accordion-style to reveal Indian firework art in the form of elephant gods, bejeweled goddesses, cobras, tigers, Tarzan astride a giant eagle and even Samson with a lion in a headlock. All are used as marketing tools for pyrotechnic goodies ranging from sky rockets and pinwheels to sparklers and firecrackers. Price: \$45 boxed, from Tralgar Square at 800-423-4525.



SALOON SOCIETY

Pre-Prohibition saloons were a man's world of whiskey, pool, profanity and spittoons. The Volstead Act of 1919 closed these establishments, but you can revisit them in *Saloons, Bars and Cigar Stores*, a 336-page hardcover by Roger Kisingbury that contains more than 150 duotone and color images of such spots as McDonough's in San Francisco (above). Price is \$65, from Waldo and Van Winkle Publishers, 267 North El Molino Avenue, Pasadena, California 91101, or go to walovan@earthlink.net.



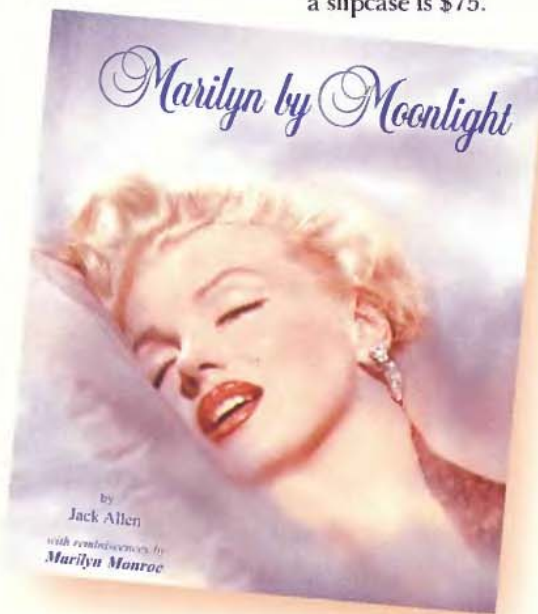
LET'S GET NAKED

The cheesecake artist Gil Elvgren got it right when he named his 1940 work of art pictured here *Perfection*. It's one of 14 images included in *Pin-Up Nudes*, which is part of the Collectors Press Artist Archives series. (In June *Potpourri* featured two other books in the series, *Seaside Sweethearts* and *Pirate and Gypsy Girls*.) All the ladies depicted in this softcover are naked as jaybirds, with no props coyly placed to hide their charms. That works for us. Price: \$11.95. Call Collectors Press at 800-423-1848 to order.



MOONLIGHT BECOMES HER

Marilyn by Moonlight is filled with rare photos that have been digitally restored to their original luster, and the text is taken from seldom-heard interviews in which Marilyn reminisces about her life. It was definitely a labor of love for the book's creator, Jack Allen, a movie historian who's marketing this classy hardcover online at marilynbymoonlight.com for \$49.95. A signed and numbered collector's edition in a slipcase is \$75.



DRIVING FORCE

Stirling Moss, Juan Manuel Fangio, Phil Hill, Enzo Ferrari—automotive journalist Denise McCluggage photographed them all. Now a collection of some of her best shots, *A Privileged View: Racing Cars and Their Drivers Circa 1960*, is available as a computer screensaver with more than 100 photos on the disc. (Pictured here is corner action at the Grand Prix of Mexico.) Screen Saver USA at 505-982-5767 sells *A Privileged View* for \$23.95. Other automotive CDs are also available. Ask about them.



Next Month



SASCHA



BLOODLETTING



NFL FORECAST



MISS SEPTEMBER

DALE EARNHARDT JR.—DID JUNIOR RACE TO NASCAR STARDOM IN SECONDS? CHICKS LOVE HIM. YOU WILL TOO. READ **KEVIN COOK'S** FAST AND FURIOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

SURVIVOR GIRL—SO SHE DIDN'T WIN THE MILLION DOLLARS. *SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK'S* JERRI MANTHEY SHOWS US THE REAL GOODS IN A WILD PICTORIAL

HEAVIER THAN HEAVEN: THE FALL OF KURT COBAIN—HEROIN, INSECURITY AND COURTNEY LOVE TRANSFORMED THE GRUNGE GREAT INTO A TABLOID HEADLINE. A GRIPPING ACCOUNT OF THE SINGER'S APOGEE AND COLLAPSE BY **CHARLES CROSS**

SURVIVING SURVIVAL—DO YOU WANT TO BUDDY UP TO JEFF PROBST—OR JUST SEE HOW YOU'D FARE IN THE AUSTRALIAN WILD? **ARMIN BROTT** BRAVES SNAKEBITES, HUNGER AND SHARP ROCKS TO DISCOVER WHAT THE TV SHOWS DON'T TELL YOU

STANLEY TUCCI—THE VERSATILE MARVEL FROM *BIG NIGHT*, *WINCHELL* AND—HIS LATEST—*BIG TROUBLE* ON WORKING FOR 75 BUCKS A DAY, THE JOY OF UNHAPPY ENDINGS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ITALIAN AMERICAN STEREOTYPES AND HOW TO GET LAID WITH A GREAT RISOTTO. A DELECTABLE 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

GROUP SEX, FOURTH FLOOR—THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR VISITS A SWINGERS' CONVENTION, WHERE HE FINDS VIXENS DIS-

GUISED AS SOCCER MOMS AND BLOW JOBS DOLED OUT LIKE CANDY. THE PROBLEM? HE FORGOT TO GET HIS WIFE'S OK TO JOIN IN. CONFESSIONAL BY **CHIP ROWE**

TONY "THE GOOSE" SIRAGUSA—THE BALTIMORE RAVENS' 340-POUND DEFENSIVE MONSTER THINKS MOST QBs ARE PUSSIES AND SPARES NONE OF HIS NFL ENEMIES IN A ROUGH AND RIOTOUS Q. AND A. WITH **MARK RIBOWSKY**

BLOOD TEST—HERE'S A GANGSTER PRECEPT: WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO ROB A STRIP CLUB, DO WHAT THE BOSS SAYS. TOO MANY QUESTIONS COULD GET YOU WHACKED. CHILLING FICTION BY **ANDREW VACHSS**

THE SOPHISTICATED APE—APES RULE THE PLANET, AND THEY'RE DRESSED TO KILL. WE SALUTE **TIM BURTON'S** HIGHLY ANTICIPATED SUMMER MOVIE WITH MILITARY-INSPIRED JACKETS, SUITS AND SHIRTS. FALL FASHION FORECAST BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

HIGH STEAKS—FROM STRIP TO SIRLOIN, FROM T-BONE TO TENDERLOIN, **JOHN MARIANI** KNOWS THE STEAKHOUSE FOR YOU. GENTLEMEN, SHARPEN YOUR KNIVES

PLUS: PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW, *VAMPIRELLA* COMIC MODEL **SASCHA KNOPF** VAMPS AND STRIPS, NAUGHTY CENTERFOLD **ECHO JOHNSON**, **DALENE KURTIS** BECOMES THE PERFECT PLAYMATE FOR FALL AND THOSE TERRIFIC FISHNET STOCKINGS COME BACK