

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 2001 • www.playboy.com

**DRIVING  
DESTINY  
DALE  
EARNHARDT  
JR.  
INTERVIEW**

**WE FIND SOME  
HOT GROUP SEX**

**2001 NFL  
PREVIEW  
WITH SPECIAL  
APPEARANCE  
FROM  
TONY  
SIRAGUSA**

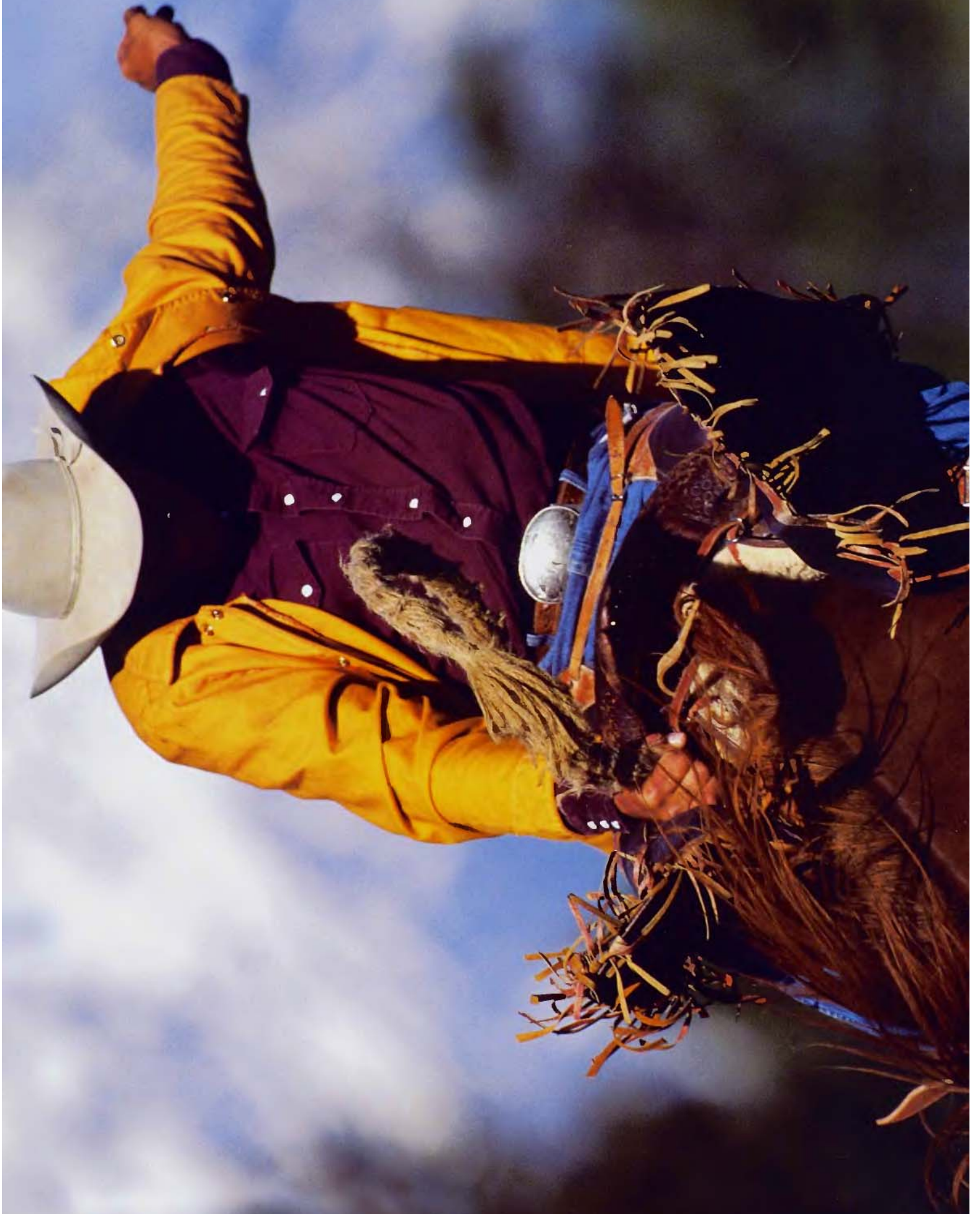
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JERRI  
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**KURT  
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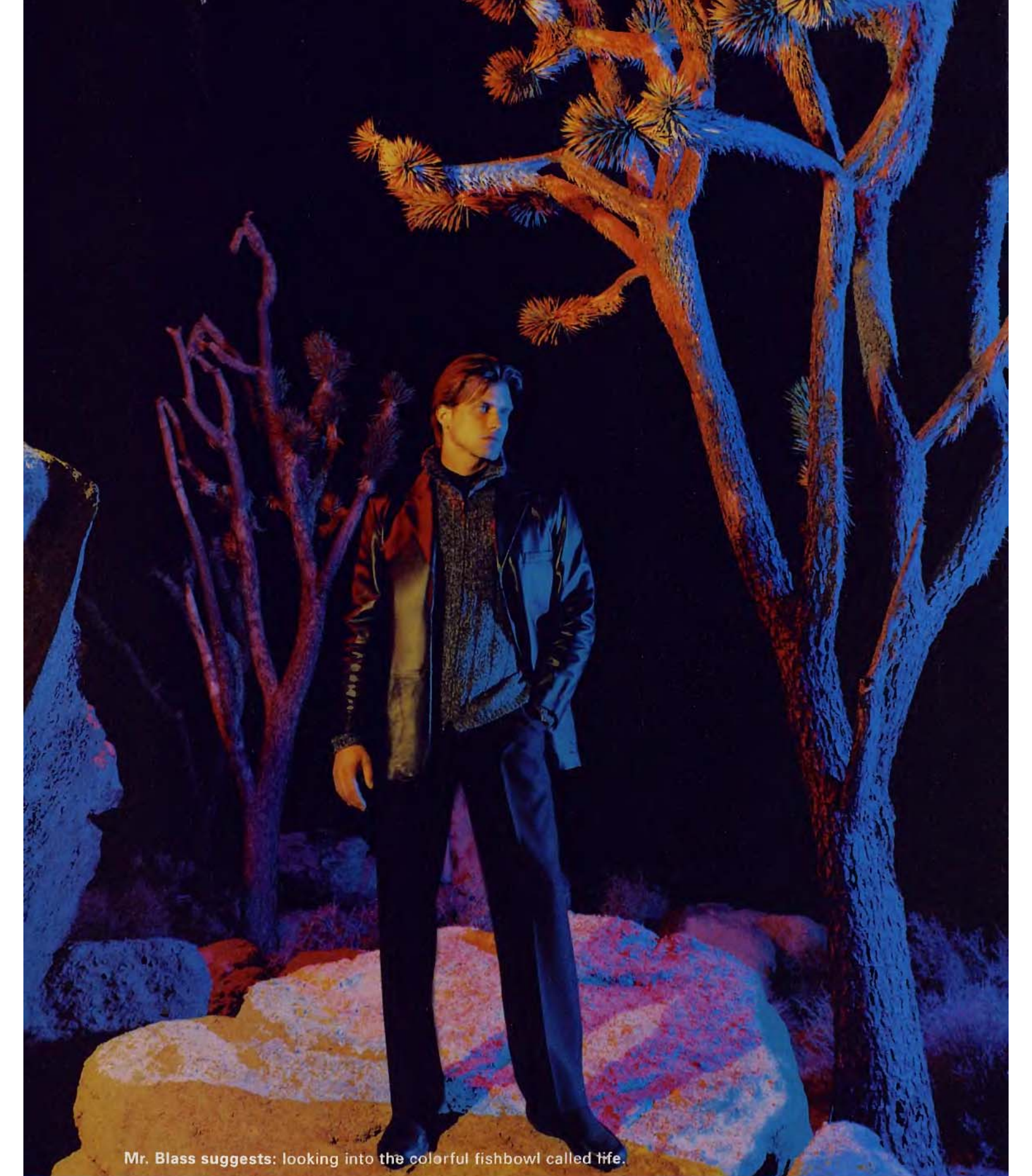
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Mr. Blass suggests: looking into the colorful fishbowl called life.

**BILL BLASS.**

Powerful design for men...



# Playbill

WHILE CONTESTANTS ON *Survivor: The Australian Outback* struggled with nature and one another, the dilemma for male viewers was much simpler. It came down to the age-old question: Ginger or Mary Ann? The woman who quickly rose to the top of our desert island list is our cover girl, **Jerri Manthey**, who tossed her blue bikini into a drawer for her primal, nude pictorial by **Army Freytag**. The tribe has spoken—and it sounds something like, “*Yeehaw!*” To prepare you for competing against the next set of castaways, our *Surviving Survival* package by **Armin Brott** (illustrated by **John Schmelzer**) is half handbook and half diary, gleaned from Brott’s experiences at wilderness school. Read it and thrill your next date.

Freudians call it Thanatos, the death drive—our urge to self-destruct. Ten years ago, Nirvana’s *Smells Like Teen Spirit* heralded an amazing musical revival, a creative period in pop that was far too brief. At the center of it all, Kurt Cobain was both iconoclast and icon. Eventually—and with the help of a Remington shotgun—the iconoclast won out. This month’s excerpt from *Heavier Than Heaven: The Fall of Kurt Cobain* (Hyperion) by **Charles R. Cross** is an intimate and profound retelling of Cobain’s dual romance with Courtney Love and heroin.

These days there is no fitting sobriquet for Timothy McVeigh that does not include the word villain. Or child killer. Barely an adult himself, the Oklahoma City bomber presented an inscrutable front. In a remarkable work of fiction, **Asa Baber** adopts the voice of McVeigh and cuts through his anti-government clichés. Even more chilling is that details in *Puzzle Man* regarding McVeigh’s attitude toward his execution—drafted before his death—turned out so accurate.

A thrill of Nascar is the expectation of wreckage and mayhem lurking around the next turn. No one knows that better than **Dale Earnhardt Jr.**, a chip off the old engine block. Since February 18, 2001, when Earnhardt Sr.—the Great Intimidator—died in a crash during the last lap of the Daytona 500, Junior has kept his foot on the gas and is now a contender for the Winston Cup. In this month’s *Playboy Interview* by **Kevin Cook**, Junior talks about his father’s wreck and steering clear of the wrong groupies. Football is a sport of speed and power. In the offseason it becomes a game of numbers that drives fans nuts. Don’t worry—**Rick Gosselin** will get you into the red zone with *Playboy’s Pro Football Forecast*. (The artwork is by **Charlie Powell**.) **Tony Siragusa**, the Ravens’ Super Bowl tackle and subject of a profile by **Mark Ribowsky**, is the size of two men, and he’s had enough adventures to fill the lives of three. More extreme living: *Group Sex, Fourth Floor*. Join Playboy Advisor **Chip Rowe** at a recent swingers’ convention. Incredibly enough, Chip is still married. We can’t get enough of **Sascha Knopf**. She had us panting heavier than Danny DeVito in this summer’s *What’s the Worst That Could Happen?* Thankfully, this abundantly exuberant starlet took pity on us and is now in a still but moving pictorial by **Marco Glaviano**.

**Stanley Tucci** is a character actor with character. In a satisfying *20 Questions* by **Warren Kalbacker**, Tucci eats the perfect Italian omelette, and between bites discusses the plight of Italian American actors and the nobility of a fine risotto. Then we up the ante with *High Steaks*, a grilling account of the best steakhouses in America by **John Mariani**. Don’t miss our wild and furry fashion feature, *The Sophisticated Ape* by **Joseph De Acetis**. And then there’s our advanced course on monkey love, *Centerfolds on Sex* by **Brenda Venus**. In this issue, **Echo Johnson** talks about her desire to make love to another woman while her man watches. Try getting that past the little lady, Mr. Rowe.



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# PLAYBOY

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## cover story

**POWER PLAY:** She's been dubbed *Survivor II's* she-devil in a blue bikini, but anyone who watched Jerri Monthey strut her stuff in the outback knows that while she didn't outplay or outwit all the players, she outshone the competition hands down. Photographer Arny Freytag shot our cover. As always, our Rabbit knows what's outré—and what's hip.



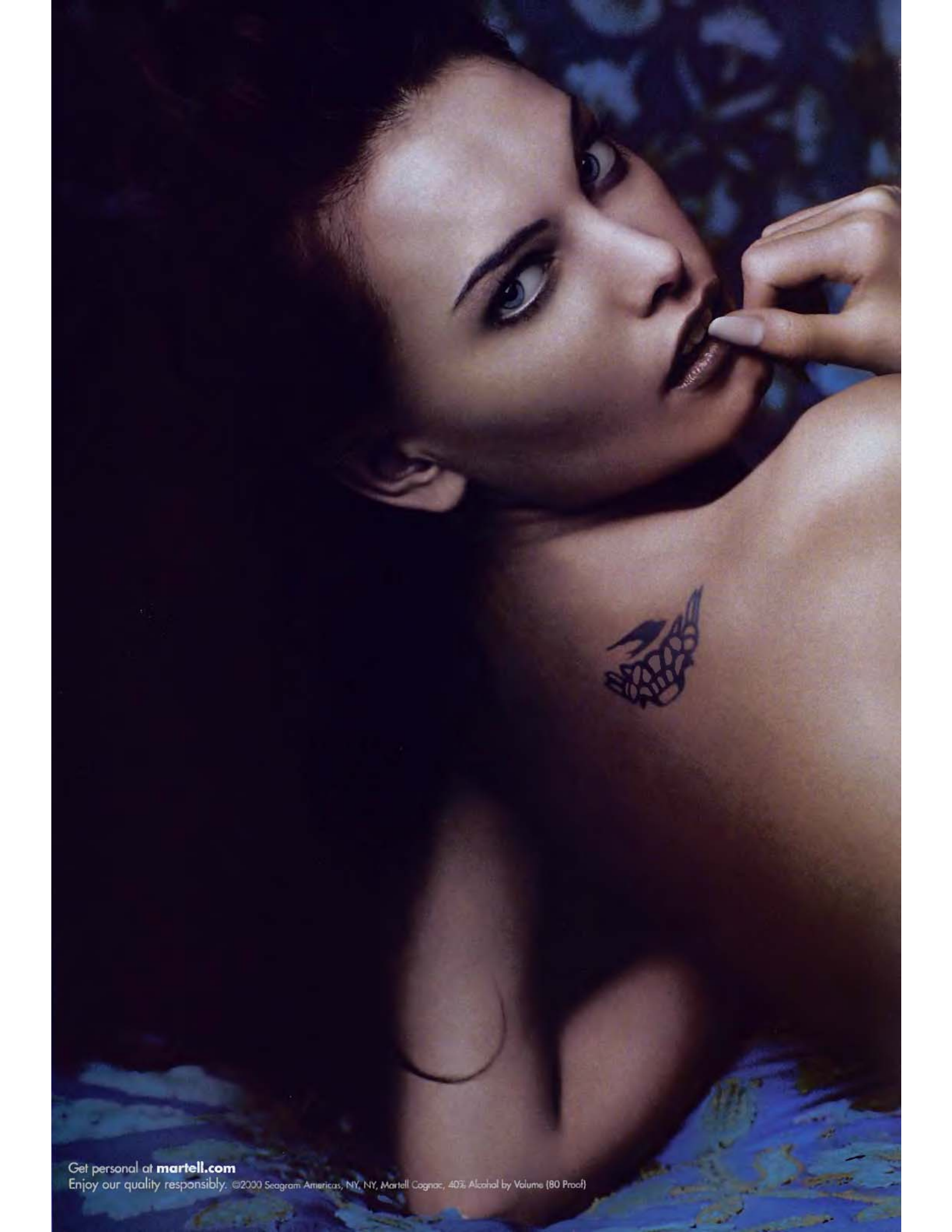




*i can't help  
it if i  
sometimes  
come on  
strong...*

*after all,  
I am  
French.*



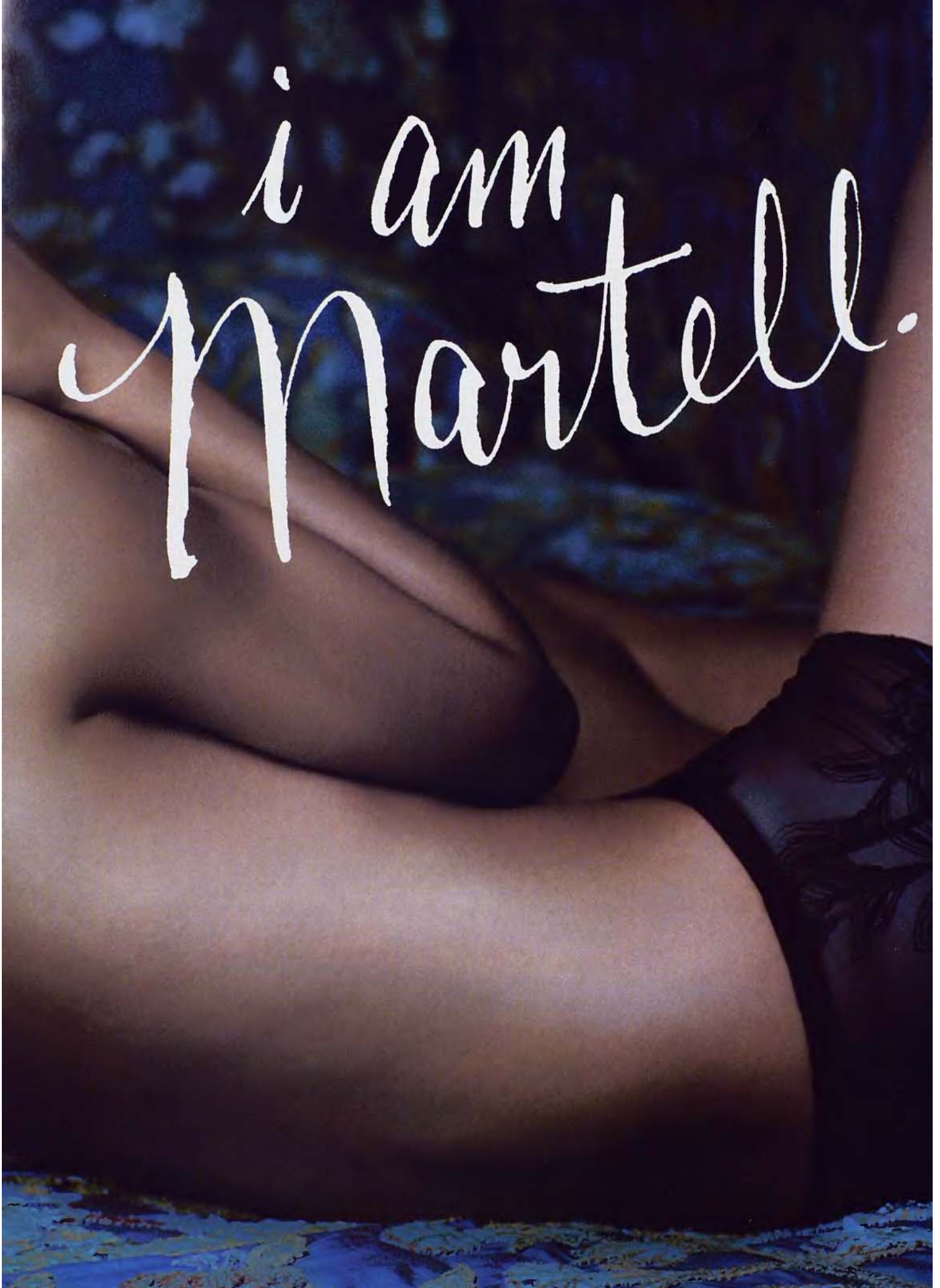


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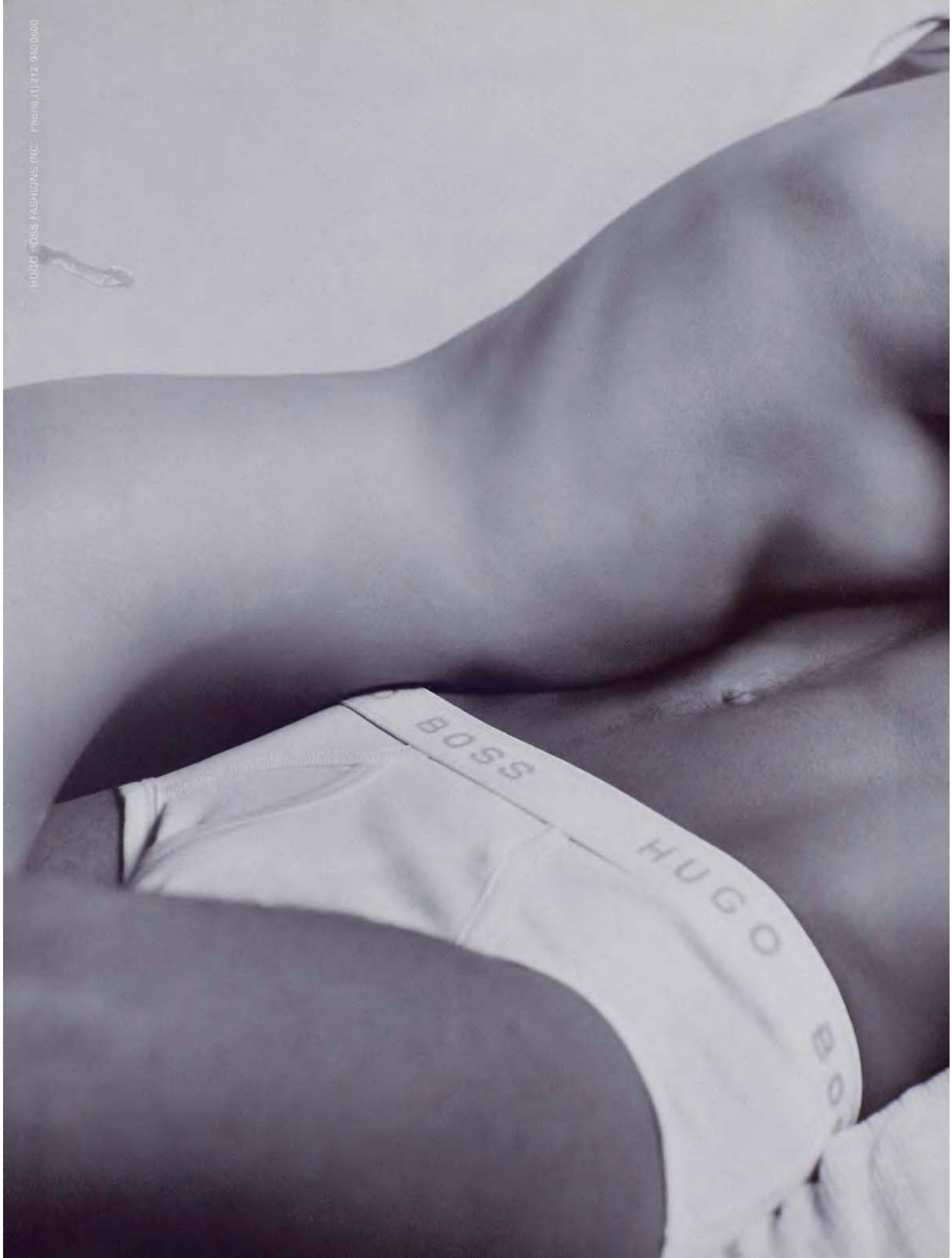
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# BRANDE'S BIG DAY

PLAYBOY

CHARLIE SHEEN  
Interview



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It was quite a celebration for PMOY Brande Roderick, with a press party at the Mansion and a fete at Skybar. (1) Hef with Brande. (2) Brande and Hef with the cast of *Just Shoot Me*, on which they appeared. (3) Hef with Regina, Tina, Stephanie, Dalene, Tiffany, Michelle and Kimberley. (4) Luann Lee with the Lakers' Jerry Buss and Lance Davis. (5) Brande digs the PMOY 2001 plates on her Porsche. (6) Carrie Stevens, Rick Pallack and Victoria Silvstedt. (7) Arist Olivia with Brande and her portrait—the first in a series of Playmate paintings to be sold. (8) Five decades of Playmates. (9) The Dahm triplets with friends. (10) Brande with Stacy Kamano and Krista Allen. (11) Luann and Jackie Sheen. (12) Hef with his girls at Skybar. (13) Jodi Ann Paterson congratulates Brande. (14) Angel Boris, Lisa Dergan and Daphnee Duplaix. (15) Brande with the PMOY Gibson that is being auctioned for the City of Hope.



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8



10



11



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# HOPPIN' at the MANSION



Celebrities, Centerfolds and their kids flock to the Mansion's annual Easter Egg Hunt. (1) Brande holds her ears while Hef announces the start of the hunt. There were more than 2000 eggs hidden on the property. (2) A kiss from Gene Simmons for Shannon Tweed. (3) Nikki Sixx and his kids. (4) Alison Reynolds with Playmate Laura Lyons' daughter, Lily Aldridge. (5) Hef with Tiffany, Stephanie and Kimberley in the petting zoo. (6) Tina Jordan and her daughter Tatiana look for eggs. (7) Pam Anderson, Tommy Lee and offspring. (8) Thora Birch and her brother. (9) The Kasem family. (10) Lorenzo Lamas, Shauna Sand and their children in the petting zoo. (11) Victoria Fuller looking for eggs in the redwood forest. (12) Jessica Paisley, Stacy Fuson and Brande Roderick. (13) Stacy Sanches and her family. (14) Tina turning in her eggs to be counted. (15) Greeting the goats in the petting zoo. (16) Gift baskets for the kids. (17) *Star Wars*' Mark Hamill and wife Marilou with the host.





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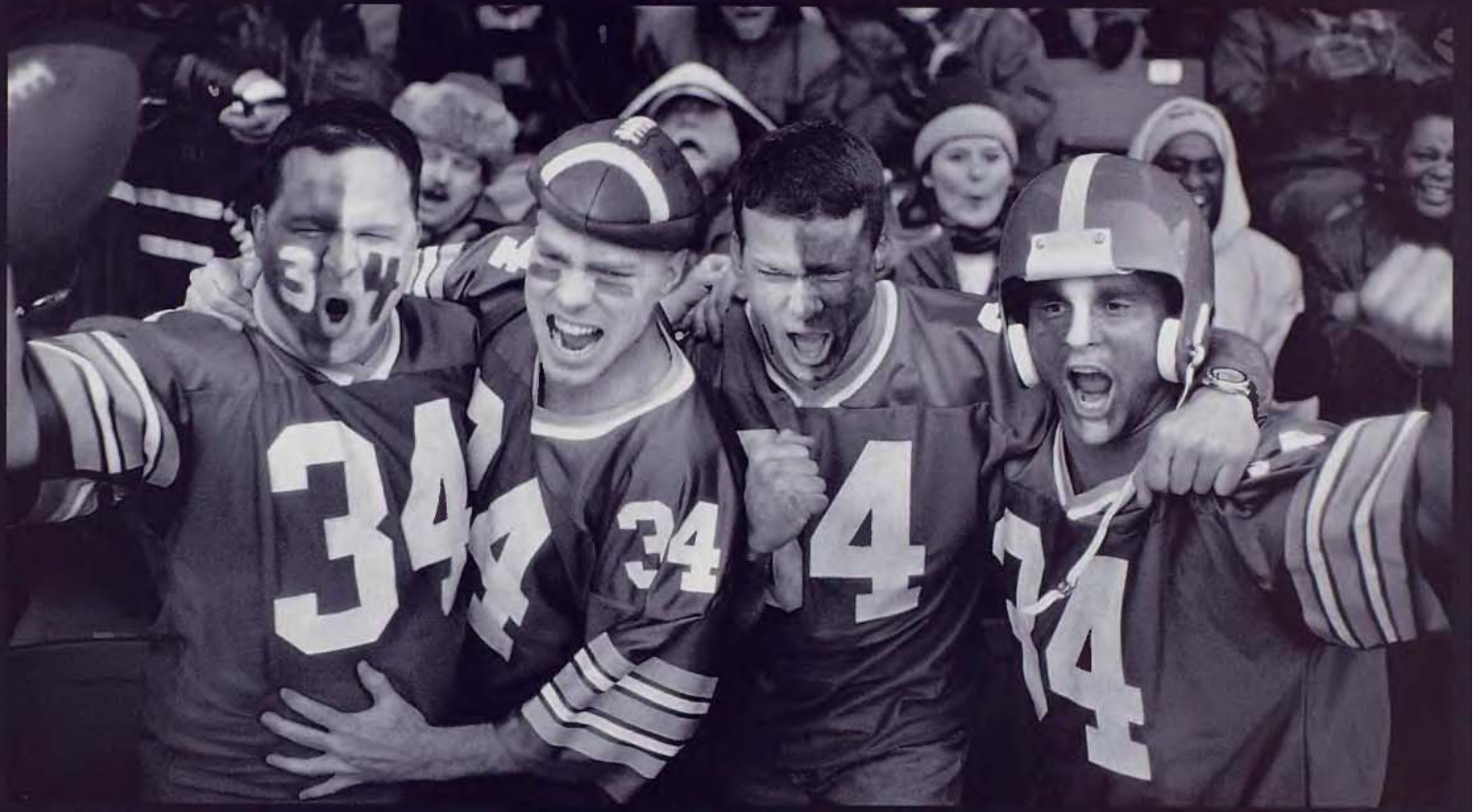
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# Dear Playboy



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## ULTRA SHEEN

The inscription on Charlie Sheen's tombstone should read I'VE DONE IT ALL AND I SURVIVED (*Playboy Interview*, June). I respect him for his strength and honesty, and I hope Robert Downey Jr. can help himself as well.

Grace DePaolo  
Coram, New York

Your Charlie Sheen interview may have saved my relationship. Justifying my interest in your magazine to my girlfriend hasn't been easy. She's a total nut when it comes to movie stars, though, and since you've interviewed Drew Barrymore and Ben Stiller, I now catch her reading PLAYBOY before I can get to it.

Jacob Jacob  
Houston, Texas

Sheen is just another Hollywood bad boy. He claims that he wants to focus on the present, but 90 percent of his interview is about his past exploits. Charlie used the best drugs and he slept with Hollywood's most famous madam's call girls. There are certainly more important things in the world to discuss than his rise from a self-proclaimed hell.

A. Smith  
Wilson, Wisconsin

## FOUR OF A KIND

When my copy of the June 2001 issue arrived with Brande Roderick on the

cover, for a second I thought you had accidentally sent the July 1964 issue. Thank you, Stephen Wayda, for the flashback to the first issue of PLAYBOY that I ever saw.

William Paradise  
New Rochelle, New York

Do I get a prize? As soon as I saw the June cover, I made a quick trip to my archives. Cynthia Maddox is the lipstick artist in exactly the same pose. Thirty-seven years later, Brande does it again.

J.L. Greenhow  
Regina, Saskatchewan

I can't believe it. Your June 2001 cover is a three-peat. The February 1979 issue also featured a model with a lipstick-bunny drawing around her navel, as did the July 1964 issue. Is there a story behind the similarities?

Robert Ehrie  
San Diego, California

Hey, you forgot August 1991: Our Rabbits multiply.

## HOLLYWOOD BABYLON

I thoroughly enjoyed *The Other Side of Mulholland* (June). I grew up in the San Fernando Valley and can relate to Hollywood's piranha-like morality. Stephen Randall's description of the landscape and attitudes is right on target.

David Jones  
Los Angeles, California



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# JIM BEAM



# REAL DEAL

## HIGH STAKES WEEKEND

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## A SHOT OF BRANDE

Three cheers for choosing Brande Roderick (June) as Playmate of the Year, and four more to Stephen Wayda for his incredible photography.

David Ip Fung Chun  
Markham, Ontario

Why did PLAYBOY go through the motions of a Playmate of the Year review and voting process when it was obvious that Hef was going to select Brande Roderick as PMOY? I have nothing against her. She is beautiful, but there were many deserving Playmates that should have been considered. I voted for Shannon Stewart. When Hef gets close to one of the girls, he should take himself out of the process.

Mike Dunlop  
Dallas, Texas

Finally, my pick for PMOY is the woman who won. Brande Roderick is a classic.

John Heinrich  
Waukesha, Wisconsin

I just wanted you to know how disappointed I am to see Brande Roderick chosen as PMOY. I don't think the other girls had a fair chance. Does this mean that next year Katie Lohmann will get it because she has dated Hef?

Mario Sarullo  
Palatine, Illinois

## THE NAKED TRUTH

When I first saw Naked News (*The News Flashers*, June) online, I wondered if I would ever get to see them up close. Thanks so much for giving more exposure to these talented ladies. It was worth the wait.

Todd Bittinger  
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for discovering what 6 million of us have known for months: Naked News is the best news show in the media. The show is intelligent and topical, but the use of natural women lends a credibility that puts it on par with the nightly news.

Chuck Thompson  
Sterling, Virginia

Not only do the gals on Naked News look better than Dan Rather, but they also provide a more rounded world news broadcast than Dan, Tom and Peter combined. They should be required watching for college students in the U.S.

Lorne Smith  
Claremont, California

## SOME LIKE IT HOT

Although Scott Turow is articulate in exploring the Marilyn Monroe phenomenon (*Forever Marilyn*, June), he does not celebrate her life and talent. Hundreds of actresses and models have attempted to copy Monroe's image and alluring

sex appeal, but no one has come close to capturing that "certain undefinable magic" (a Billy Wilder description). Her virtues far outweighed her vices. Please don't sell her short.

Gemma Sosnowsky  
Lancaster, United Kingdom

I love your *Forever Marilyn* pictorial. I'm a big fan and a collector of Marilyn Monroe memorabilia, and it's always a pleasure to see photos of her and know she's remembered. Hats off to Scott Turow for his tribute.

Calvin Jefferson  
Wichita, Kansas

Thank you for your MM profile. In a world of Britney Spears clones, it's nice to see the real sex goddess.

Bryan Birchfield  
Birmingham, Alabama

Turow on Marilyn doesn't compare with Hugh Hefner's Marilyn of January 1987. Not only did Hef provide more nostalgic insights into her life and career, but his tribute featured more-memorable photos as well.

Lino Aldana  
Irvine, California

## ACCIDENTAL DADS

I read *Who Owns Your Sperm* (June) with great interest. But one thing that is not mentioned is custody. I'll bet that some men would like to be the custodial parent. Unfortunately, the courts still feel that a woman is a better choice, regardless of her actions.

Jeff Bob  
Aloha, Oregon

## PORN PICKS

Like Richard Freeman, who wrote *Ten Great Porn DVDs* (June), I've seen thousands of hours of porn. My favorite is the classic *Deep Throat*, yet Freeman failed to include this famous and controversial film on his list.

Fritz Knauer  
Truckee, California

As a female reader, I have always enjoyed your magazine without much disagreement—until I read *Ten Great Porn DVDs*. You overlooked the reigning queen of porn, Jenna Jameson. I thought her best films—*Dream Quest*, *Flashpoint*, *Hell on Heels* and *The Kiss*—would have been included.

Belinda Fresquez  
Frankton, Indiana

*Freeman responds: Deep Throat belongs on a top 10 list—just not this one. As porn, it's bad. If I'd had room for 10 more, Jenna's Blue Movie would be there.*

## HEATHER PLAYS BALL

I have been a baseball fan since childhood, though my interest in the game has waned. But after seeing Heather



Home run girl.

Spytek (*Home Run Heather*, June) nude on a baseball field, I rediscovered my love for the game.

Ty Zuckerman  
Hackensack, New Jersey

Bruce Springsteen, the 2000 Stanley Cup champion Devils and now Heather Spytek. She's one more reason to love New Jersey.

Joe Evans  
Roselle Park, New Jersey

*You forget The Sopranos? What's up with that?*

Oh my goddess. That's what I have to say about Heather. She's one of the reasons I'm loyal to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*—and now she's a Playmate. She has my vote for PMOY 2002.

Darrell Robinson  
Waterloo, Iowa

You guys picked a winner in Heather. She's a knockout.

James Stewart  
Leighton, Alabama

## NO FUSS, NO MUSS

It was great to read Anka Radakovich's piece on what real women have to say about their sex lives (*City Girls: LA Style*, June), but I can't believe having messy sex during a period is even an issue anymore. I use an Instead, a disposable cup that holds back everything until you pull it out. I know men don't like to hear about this stuff, but if the women in their lives used one, they could have all the sex they wanted—no mess, no bother.

Jennifer Perryman  
Clinton, Iowa

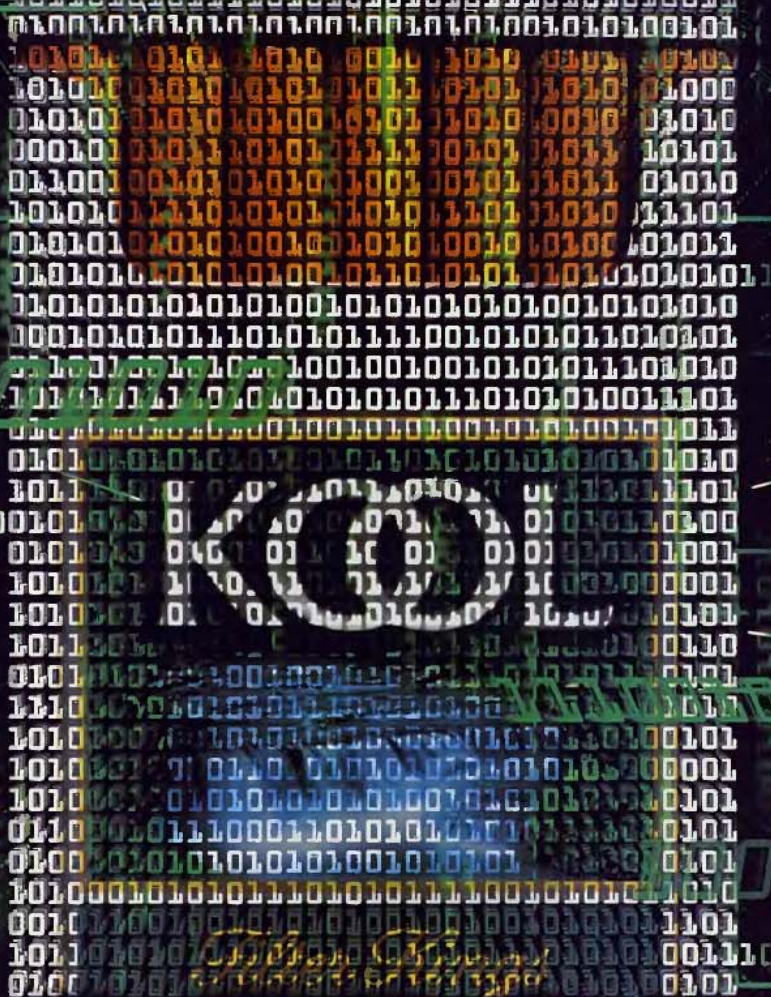




# MENTHOL



THE HOUSE OF MENTHOL



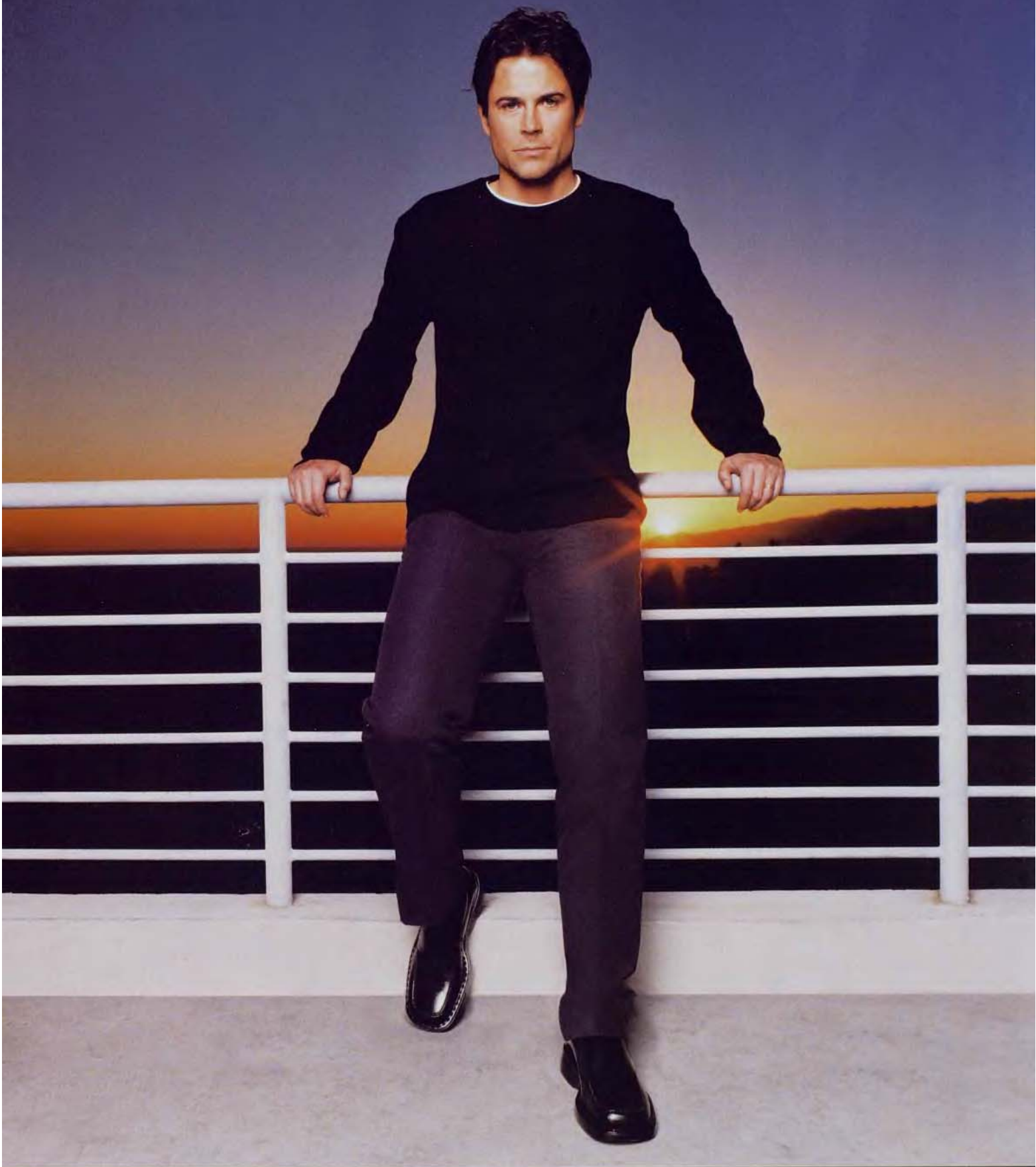
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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

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

### NO MORE BUMPING UGLIES

While we have never met a vagina we didn't like, women, apparently, are more particular. When we learned that Houston—famed gang-bangee of *The Houston 620*—was having her bat wings clipped, we figured it was another porno trick. Not so. Vaginal plastic surgery is a trend among women, and the source of most nipping and tucking is one Dr. David Matlock. He heads up the Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation Institute of Los Angeles. According to him, girls don't like their labia minora—the inner lips—to project beyond their labia majora, or outer lips. Though his laser treatments were designed to enhance sexual sensitivity, nearly half of his patients are after purely aesthetic changes. And they don't have any professional stake in their genitalia. "We get the full spectrum of patients," Dr. Matlock told us. "I do see patients who are nude models or showgirls, but that's definitely a minority." The Institute works on 10 to 12 women each week—at prices that range from \$3800 to \$8000 per procedure, and up to \$15,000 for combinations. "We want all of our patients to participate in their surgical design," he says. Matlock's women often bring in an issue of *PLAYBOY* and say, "I want it like that." His office files are packed with shots of stars the women wish to look like, such as Pamela Anderson, Chyna and Playmates Jaime Bergman, Shannon Stewart, Kerissa Fare, Irina Voronina and Kimberley Stanfield. "Laser vaginal rejuvenation automatically enhances the aesthetic appeal," says Matlock. "Patients will say 'Hey doc, my

### GLAD MAG

We sought out a copy of the Australian photo magazine *Not Only Black and White* with the best of intentions: to see the fabulous nude shots of CNN newsreader Andrea Thompson. We weren't disappointed, but we realized those photos are available on any number of websites. We were impressed by other features in the magazine—such as the Hans Fahrmeier portfolio from which this picture is taken. Work by Ellen Von Unwerth (who shot our Drew Barrymore pictorial) and layouts by Howard Schatz and Rafael Navarro are also worth applauding. We say, Well done, and thanks for watching.



labia are hanging apart' and we take care of that, too, as part of the procedure. So they'll say, 'Wow, the sex is great now—and it even looks pretty.'" He gave us the phone number of a young patient who just underwent the procedure and was experiencing phenomenal results. She

said she had an orgasm just describing the work to a friend. Now we talk to her every day—and we don't even know what her pony looks like.

### CORRECTIONS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

In April, the *Playboy* Advisor stated that for maximum pleasure, you should apply a teaspoon of lubricant to a dildo before placing it into your wife's ass. He actually meant to write a gallon of lubricant. We deeply regret the error.

Due to a transcription error, we reported May Playmate Tina Butler's measurements incorrectly. She does not have 46-inch hips, nor does she weigh 257 pounds. We regret these errors more than you know.

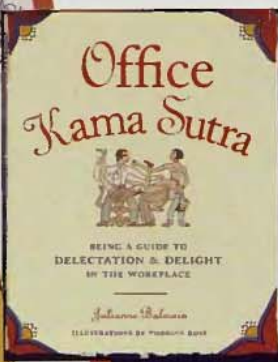
In August, we placed the headline *Busy Beavers* on a pictorial of girls from Oregon State University. Upon further reflection, we realize that the headline

### GONE IN 60 SECONDS

When it comes to female fancy, riding on a Harley is up there with rope climbing and galloping on horseback. And the two-stroke engine just got better, thanks to the Vibe-Rider. It's a bullet-shaped vibrator installed in the passenger pillion and connected to the throttle. As revs go up, so do the vibrator's oscillations. That means the stretch of road where you accelerate to get on the highway will be known as the getting-off ramp.







## THE DESK SET

The office affair is elevated by *Office Kama Sutra* (Chronicle), an entertaining book by the alarmingly cute Julianne Balmain. In energetic prose, she outlines positions such as “the determined mollusk pestered by a jellyfish with plenty of tentacles” (simpler than it sounds) and the practice of “polishing the mahogany”—congress on the conference room table.

perpetuates stereotypes

about beavers. We apologize.

We also apologize for the item *Milk for Your Pussy*.

In June the Advisor wrote that fedoras are making a comeback. This is grossly incorrect.

In March we reported that a model in *Choir Girls Gone Bad* enjoyed “walks on the beach.” In fact, she said that she enjoys “walks on a leash.” We will try to lis-

ten more carefully.

In August, we stated that college junior Mindy Collee attended a Mansion party and took off her top before jumping into the pool. In fact, she removed all her clothes. She also has a standing invite to return anytime, not just to the next party. Mindy—call us.

In November a PLAYBOY editor reported that he had attended a swingers' party and that, at numerous times during the evening, he enjoyed unsolicited blow

jobs from female attendees. In fact, the editor would like his wife to know that he made up the whole thing and that he's ready to come home.

In April the Advisor suggested that it would be a bad idea for a reader to attempt to get both of his ex-wives together for a threesome. Upon further reflection, the Advisor now agrees this sounds totally hot.

In the September issue we wrote that Mob enforcer Tony “The Muzzle” Provolone, recently released on a technicality, was a “low-level greaseball who has a small dick, wears bad suits and once paid his own mother for sex.” We're going to regret the error.

In a photo caption in May we stated that Hef and his seven girlfriends had just finished “partying upstairs.” In fact, they were getting ready to party downstairs. We regret that we weren't there.

Due to a translation error, in an item in June about Central America, we stated that the author had sex in Guatemala. In fact, he had sex in guacamole.



## PORN CZAR

VS.

## PORN STAR

	PORN CZAR	PORN STAR
<b>OFFICIAL TITLE</b>	Obscenity and pornography complaints ombudsman	Hootchie mama
<b>AGE</b>	41	Barely legal
<b>DAY JOB</b>	Spends hours scanning X-rated films and websites	Spends hours spreading legs for X-rated films and websites
<b>DENOMINATION</b>	Mormon	Sun worshiper
<b>LOST HER VIRGINITY</b>	Not yet	At the age of 12 in the backseat of an El Camino
<b>WORRIES ABOUT</b>	Utah's moral fiber	Breaking a Lee Press-On nail
<b>ABHORS</b>	Sex before marriage	Sex before getting a buzz on
<b>PREVIOUS CREDITS</b>	Prosecutor in West Valley City	Prostitute in Sin City
<b>EDUCATION</b>	Law degree from Brigham Young	High school dropout
<b>PRAYS FOR</b>	Sinners	Money shot
<b>BELT</b>	Chastity	Garter
<b>FAVORITE MISSIONARY</b>	Mother Teresa	Al Goldstein
<b>DREAM DATE</b>	Donny Osmond	Howard Stern



# ETERNITY

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## NOT JUST FOR BRUNCH

Cosmopolitons ore for sissies. If you want your taste buds to woke up, try the killer bloody maria from

Pipo, chef Doug Rodriguez' tapas bar near Union Square in New York City. "Sugary drinks screw up your palate for a savory course," he says. The boss of a bloody maria is mud, a mix made with horse-radish and chipotles. Pipo's bloody maria: In 12-ounce tumbler with ice, combine 2 heaping tea-spoons of mud and 1½ ounces Absolut Peppar. Then fill with V8 or tomato juice. Stir well. Garnish with lemon. Bloody maria mud: Place 2 cups prepared horse-radish, ¼ cup A1 sauce, ½ cup Worcestershire, 3 tablespoons Tabasco, 2 tablespoons celery salt, 1 tablespoon cracked black peppercorns, 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice and 2 tablespoons chipotle powder in medium bowl and whisk till smooth.



Tabasco, 2 tablespoons celery salt, 1 tablespoon cracked black peppercorns, 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice and 2 tablespoons chipotle powder in medium bowl and whisk till smooth.

### THE TIP SHEET

**S-Perfume:** A cologne designed for, and inspired by, surfers. It comes in cool vials that will fit in a Speedo.

**CrackBerry:** Nickname of the handheld, wireless e-mail tool the BlackBerry, which some users find addictive.

**Hanging some brain:** Getting caught in a bind when your bathing trunks ride a little too high on your thigh. You accidentally flash your friends with something vaguely familiar and disturbing, but indeterminate.

**Short in Suite:** The name of a special \$25,000 package deal at New York's Hotel Carlyle that includes Bobby Short coming up to your room to serenade you and yours.

**Oil spill olé!** Goodbye anal leakage, hello toxic seepage. Procter and Gamble has asked the Environmental Protection Agency to consider classifying a first-generation variant of olestra as an industrial chemical. It could be used to clean up toxic spills.

**Seinfeld's cupboard:** General Mills has a

website where cereal freaks can order a mix of their favorite brands in custom-packaged boxes. It's in the test-market phase, and no, they haven't screened for bong smokers.

**Windows on the World Complete Wine Course (Sterling) by Kevin Zraly:** Is to books what Robert Mondavi is to bottling. Noteworthy fact: Less than one percent of all wines are meant to be aged for more than five years.

**The black plague:** Thanks to a rainy spring, homeowners down south are beset by stachy—the mold *Stachybotrys chartarum*, source of many nasty ailments.

**Iron Butt Rally:** About 100 bikers plan to leave from Madison, Alabama this month and embark on a 12-day, 8400-mile trip around the country.

**Chivas 200 Charity Auction:** It's the 200th anniversary of Chivas Brothers. Go on the web and bid for such oddities as a Ron Wood painting, a chance to go ballooning with Richard Branson or an opportunity to knock around with a bunch of Mongolian nomads.

### WHO TO DO BEFORE YOU'RE 30

**The little sister:** You and her brother would tease her about her Holly Hobby oven. Now she's in college and is one fine cookie. Keep your secret safe from your friend—and make sure she does the same.

**The mom next door:** Why does the trim, sexy mother of a toddler want to mess with your unemployed ass? Shut up and get back to cleaning her pool.

**The lesbian:** Even vegetarians get a hankering for meat on the bone.

**The threesome:** A writhing, sweating,

stroking, grabbing free-for-all—so who cares if it ruins a relationship?

**The bad seed:** Short, dyed hair. Tattoos. Bad attitude. The lowest lows—and the type of unbelievable highs that can cut through your roommate's headphones.

**The au pair:** You'll learn how to say "sugar britches" in Finnish.

"I want to pet a whale. Though I don't think you can ever do that because with those whales, the boat can float into their mouths, so you can't get too close to them."

—Beyoncé Knowles of Destiny's Child



**The boss:** The ultimate power play.

**The co-worker:** Deny all rumors—only the elevator security camera knows for sure.

**The exercise fanatic:** Excellent for summertime rolls.

**The tall girl:** Offer to shave her legs. It will thrill you both.

**The short girl:** Like a tiny cork bobbing on the ocean.

**The dancer:** Capable of spreading her legs at a 180-degree angle, and wherever she lands, she sticks.

**The stripper:** On second thought, save her for your midlife crisis. You'll need something to look forward to.

## READ MY LIPS



The payoff for a night of talking your way into a girl's panties used to be pulling them down her legs. Now the fun starts sooner. Shown here are bikinis and thongs from [wlovefine.com](http://wlovefine.com), [pornstorclothing.com](http://pornstorclothing.com) and [wackyjac.com](http://wackyjac.com). We like the wok-and-roll versions of Chinatown signs from [wlovefine.com](http://wlovefine.com). Nothing beats a girl who says Fuk Mee Nao.



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# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I don't want to call it a drug—an herb is not a drug. It's good for stress, which is the biggest killer on the planet."—WILLIE NELSON ON MARIJUANA

### DRIP HOP

According to an NPD Group study, the percentage increase in American households with espresso machines between 1993 and 1999: 125.

### HOW WE KARI?

Number of copies sold of Wataru Tsurumi's *Complete Manual of Suicide*: 1.2 million.

### IDENTITY POLITICS

Number of racial combinations allowed for on 2000 census forms: 63.

### FLEX APPEAL

In a recent study, percentage of women who found the physique of male bodybuilders extremely repulsive: 94.

### THE MOMMY RETURNS

The percentage decline in overall health of husbands whose wives work more than 40 hours per week: up to 25. Percentage decline in overall health of wives whose husbands work more than 40 hours: 0.

### WALLET ENVY

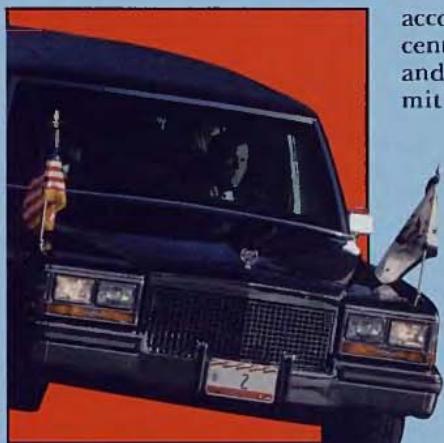
In online interviews conducted by Yankelovich Partners with 1275 millionaires, percentage who described themselves as wealthy rather than comfortable: 9.

### THE BOSTON CHOKER

According to a study of 30 metropolitan areas from 1971 to 1990, the percentage decrease in suicide and homicide rates in cities whose professional sports teams regularly made the playoffs: 6.

### SEPARATE NOT EQUAL

Percentage of married couples who have some of their money in separate



**FACT OF THE MONTH**  
Each month, 850 cars and limousines are retrofitted with armor plating and bulletproof glass.

accounts: 18. Percentage of women and men who admit to having secret money: 35. Average amount that women have salted away: \$500. Average amount men have cached: \$5000.

### RETURN TO SUBPOENA SENDER

Number of postal service employee grievances awaiting arbitration as of April 2000: 126,000. Annual cost of arbitration procedures: \$217 million.

### PUBLIC SERVICE BAN

In an exit poll by Voter News Service last November, percentage of respondents who said they would not want their child to be president: 66.

### KEYBOARD ROOMS

Average number of tech workers per 1000 residents in U.S.: 46. Number per 1000 in San Jose, California (the major metropolitan area with the most): 288. Number per 1000 in Cincinnati (the major metropolitan area with the least): 28.

### BAD HEIR DAY

Percentage of the U.S. population that receives some inheritance: 8. Percentage that receives more than \$100,000: 2.

### DIRTY MONEY

Of 68 U.S. bills collected around Dayton, Ohio, number free of bacterial contamination: 4.

### MUSEUM PIECES

Of 1885 National Guard helicopters, percent that can't take off because mechanics lack spare parts: 59.

### TACO BILL

Number of tortillas—not counting chips—consumed by Americans last year: 91 billion. Value of annual tortilla sales: \$4 billion. —BETTY SCHAAL

## MAMETGRAM

The new book *David Mamet in Conversation* (Michigan) assembles two dozen Q. and A.'s with the tempestuous playwright (including his 1995 *Playboy Interview*). One of our favorite lines comes from an early chat. When asked if success had changed him, Mamet replied, "No, I've always been an asshole, and I see no reason to change now."

## AIR OF EXCITEMENT

One man's office perk is another man's occupational hazard. The staffers at police headquarters in Caracas, Venezuela complain that their health is being affected by particulates in the office air. They say the source of the dust is a half-ton pile of seized cocaine awaiting dispensation. On the bright side, we assume the department's productivity is up and its doughnut bills way down.

## MARQUIS MARKS

In this month's *Sade*, French cinema's riposte to *Quills*, Gallic star Daniel Auteuil plays the Marquis de Sade as an unrepentant perv and accomplished seducer. We sat down with Auteuil to ask which of Sade's softer qualities might help entice modern chicks.

"Audacity. Thanks to



## PASSION BAIT

We have mentioned *Passion Bait*, a publication that features the latest in slinky lingerie, before. Last time, it was nicely packaged as a catalog featuring Janine Rose's skimpy designs worn by fabulous models and photographed by her husband, Stephen Rose. This time there's a story, *The Passion Bait*, by Richard Jonas, punctuated with pictures of beautiful women wearing Janine's underwear. We like the idea, and we've spent days flipping through it. Eventually, we may get around to reading the story.



# CAMEL

## FLAVORS

### OF THE

## EXOTIC



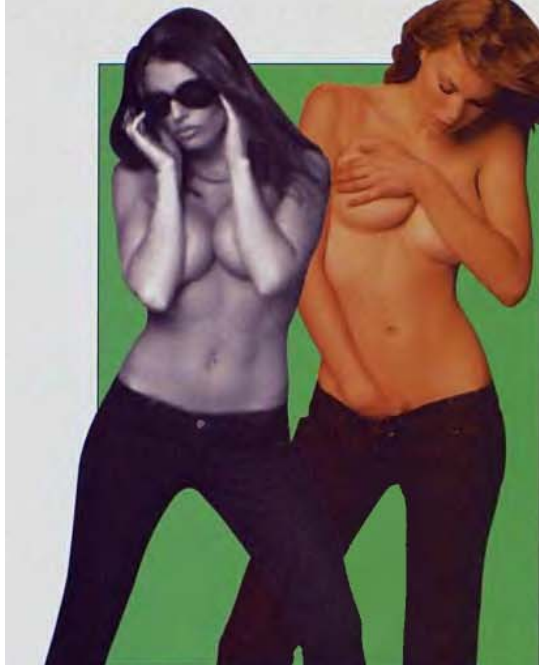
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## FLY GIRLS

Attention, guys with short fingers: Frankie B. jeans have completely readjusted our mental image of lapland. With a three-to-four-inch rise, the creations of Daniello Clorke have lowered the bar on hip-hugging waists. Thanks to her appeal among sweet young Los Angelenos like Nikko Costa (who cracked the charts with a rearview-sporting CD cover), the future promises even wider—and lower—exposure.

Sade's lack of inhibitions, it's all a game to him. His sexual freedom offers a sense of liberty to others.

"Desire. People don't want the body, they want the soul. Of course, as soon as you have the soul, you have the body, too.

"Reputation. A reputation makes you interesting. Sade is somebody upon whom people projected their fantasies.

"Independence. He acts old and content—as if he doesn't want anything. But this is also a means of seduction.

"Strength. Sade is strengthened by the fact that he doesn't need to ask much from anyone.

"Danger. Sade was definitely anti-establishment. He detested the bourgeoisie. His ideas were too radical for his epoch. Of course, these days he is suited for television."

Auteuil says you must tailor these elements to fit your personal style. "I didn't think, Sade, *c'est moi*. I used elements of my own personality." To judge his success, check out the sparks he generates with his breathtaking co-star (and off-screen paramour) Marianne Denicourt. The last sex scene is more than an eye-opener. Just make sure that when you get home from the theater you keep the butt plug out of your date's reach.

### WHAT'S NEU PUSSYCAT?

Music geeks are always going on about Seventies Krautrock, the spacey, mod-

ernist music that prefaced much of today's alternative music, both rock and electronic. Unfortunately, the best

Krautrock never made it outside Germany. But now Astralwerks has reissued the three classic albums by Neu, the coolest of all Krautrock bands. Brian Eno says: "There were three great beats in the Seventies: Fela Kuti's Afrobeat, James Brown's funk and Klaus Dinger's Neu-beat." David Bowie, Sonic Youth and Radiohead's Thom Yorke love Neu, and Stereolab has sustained a career imitating Neu's *Isi*, from *Neu! '75*, their third and final album. Blur's Damon Albarn sums up the appeal of these reissues: "When I listen to Neu, I think of a Germany where the autobahn is 1000 miles of golden

white sands and the sound systems hang in the banana trees—instead of speed traps and bratwurst." Sounds like Rocktoberfest to us.

### WE'RE QUICKER ON LIQUOR

When it comes to badinage, it's best to wait till the spirit moves you. Or make that spirits. At [enhancealcohol.com](http://enhancealcohol.com), a domain that lives up to its name, you'll find excellent quotes in praise of the grape. One of the best lines comes from our favorite scientist, Ben Franklin: "Wine is constant proof that God loves us and loves to see us happy." Which reminds us, it's time for happy hour.



"I wouldn't do nudity in films. To act with my clothes on is a performance. To act with my clothes off is a documentary."  
—Julia Roberts

## BABE OF THE MONTH



Angelica Bridges may be the busiest model turned actress in the Western Hemisphere. The former *Baywatch* heart-breaker busted her chops like a second Julianne Moore. Bridges was in six features this year, including *The Least Likely Candidate*, *Do It for Uncle Manny*, *Vegas C.O.D.* and this fall's *Last Will*, co-starring *ER*'s Goran Visnjic. After her 1996 breakthrough on *Days of Our Lives* and a year on *Baywatch*, this Missouri redhead turned heads in a Brut commercial. Then came stints on shows like *NYPD Blue*, *Cybill* and *That Seventies Show* as well as *Mystery Men*. She's done various endearing characters and animal sounds on radio commercials. Attentive readers will recognize her from *PLAYBOY*'s July fashion spread—and hope there will be more Angelica to be seen in future issues.



BY LUCINDA WILLIAMS' exacting standards, *Essence* (Lost Highway), her fifth album since 1979, came quickly—three years after *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*. Her critical renown has finally translated into an audience. Refusing to waste a word or melodic flourish, she mines the music of the South without compromise; her cracked drawl is all breath and yearning. Now in her late 40s, Williams packs a sexuality so intense you feel you'd best meet it halfway for safety's sake. Even so, the likes of *I Envy the Wind*, *Steal Your Love* and *Essence* might make you wonder if all that passion is worth the emotional cost. It is. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Tricky's burden is sudden greatness. His 1995 debut, *Maxinquaye*, was a landmark, the kind an artist can spend his entire life trying to live up to. That collection made him a huge star in the UK. Since then, Tricky has moved to the U.S. and made occasionally brilliant, often intentionally abrasive, music. His stage act reflected his desire to alienate. He'd often perform with his back to the audience. Now, *Blowback* (Hollywood) is a major return to his original innovative style of rap. The darkness is still there but it's mitigated by his use of melody. Light and dark are reflected in his new collaborators, the sweet-voiced alternative R&B stylist Ambersunshower (who sings on three tracks) and the aggressive dancehall MC Hawkman (who raps on six cuts). Tricky, who does spoken word in a low, monotonic rumble, employs other guests (including members of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ed Kowalczyk of Live and Cyndi Lauper) to offset his vocal limitations. Lauper's work on *Five Days* is probably her finest since her glory days. If you stopped listening to Tricky a few years back, it's time to check out the new, user-friendly model. —NELSON GEORGE

The Manic Street Preachers sound like a good-time Anglo rock band, with pop-oriented songs, searing guitars, punk beats with funk interludes, a little dissonance and wide-open harmonies. So why did they debut their new album, *Know Your Enemy* (Virgin America), at the Karl Marx Theater in Havana? Because scrawled across the surface of this not-quite-predictable music are lyrics about Elián González and Paul Robeson. It's these lyrics that give *Know Your Enemy* its distinction. Rock and roll made this skillfully contagious. —DAVE MARSH

Bon Jovi stood head and shoulders above all those other Eighties hair bands that sounded like cheesy copies of Van Halen. Bon Jovi wanted to be Springsteen lite with heavy guitars, and they had the hooks and heart to pull it off. With last year's multi-platinum comeback, *Crush*, they showed they still had the passion. Now, their first live album, *One Wild Night Live* (Island), offers up high-energy renditions of their hits and classics that surpass the studio originals in every way. —VIC GARBARINI



niuses from the hill country of Mississippi. The bluntly titled *Not the Same Old Blues Crap II* (Fat Possum) contains rarities and previously unreleased material by R.L. Burnside, Junior Kimbrough, Asie Payton and Paul Jones, among others. Each track seems hot-wired to the raw, mysterious ecstasy at the heart of the blues, which inspired better-known masters like Slim Harpo, Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. The blues is a kind of celebratory exorcism—a chance to shout troubles away rather than complain about them. —V.G.

Rock and roll isn't usually the medium to explain what's wrong with the World Trade Organization. But what's a punk band to do in a new millennium? Rebellious against school, parents and girlfriends just doesn't cut it anymore. If you're not complaining about corporate tyranny, you're not complaining about much at all. Pennywise complains about a whole lot of issues worth their abuse on *Land of the Free?* (Epitaph). Relentless, fast, tight and tuneful, Pennywise names names and demands you start kicking ass. As a generational call to arms, *Land* echoes the best of the Sixties protest music but with more specific targets. This is the soundtrack for the next time anarchists turn downtown Seattle into a mosh pit. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Bluegrass music has gone over the top with an homage to AC/DC. *A Hillbilly*



In its continual pursuit of musical excitement, David Byrne's Luaka Bop ventured out to Brooklyn to sign *Si Sé*, a trip-hop duo with a Hispanic flavor. Much of the credit goes to Carol C., the lead vocalist. Portishead, Morcheeba and Bebel Gilberto come to mind when you listen to her smart, knowing delivery. *My Sol*, *Cuando* and *Slip Away* are among the standouts. —N.G.

Cuba's Orlando Lopez is the nephew of expatriate bassist Israel Lopez, a.k.a. Cachao. But it's chops, not nepotism, that made him the bass player on every track so far released by the Buena Vista Social Club crew. And now *Cachaito* (Nonesuch) shows that Orlando has ideas of his own. Shot through with classical music, drum and bass, and lots of avant-friendly jazz, *Cachaito* leaves behind Buena Vista traditionalism. It's the most exciting new album tossed up by the current Cuban wave. —R.C.

Ronnie Lane, who died in 1997, was the overlooked but brilliant bass player for the Faces. *Live in Austin* (Sideburn), a 26-song collection of radio performances made while he lived in Texas, contains his greatest tunes—*Ooh La La*, *The Poacher*, *April Fool*, *Nowhere to Run*—performed with some of Austin's best. The triumph of Lane's spirit is made more poignant by the fact that he was severely disabled by multiple sclerosis. Will the use of *Ooh La La* in a car commercial reintroduce him to Americans? —D.M.

For the past decade, Fat Possum's Matthew Johnson has been on a crusade to record the lost tribe of juke joint ge-

## SOUND BITES

### JOSHUA REDMAN'S JAZZ CDs FOR BEGINNERS

- Miles Davis—*Kind of Blue*
- John Coltrane—*Ballads*
- Oscar Peterson Trio (with Clark Terry)—*Plus One*
- Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong—*Ella and Louis*
- Weather Report—*Heavy Weather*





**HE MADE THEM AN OFFER THEY COULDN'T REFUSE DEPARTMENT:** This past spring, during the height of *The Sopranos* season, **Jon Bon Jovi** switched places with his opening act at a benefit so that he could make it back to his hotel room to catch the show, explaining to the crowd, "I'm hooked." Yo, Jersey.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Puffy** or **P. Diddy** or **Sean Combs** is scheduled to play a death-row inmate in *Monster's Ball*, also starring **Halle Berry**, **Heath Ledger** and **Billy Bob Thornton**. . . . What is it with cops and J. Lo? **Jennifer Lopez** will play an FBI agent in *Tick Tock*. . . . **Eminem** will make an appearance in *The Wash*, **Snoop** and **Dr. Dre's** urban comedy about a busy car wash. . . . Another son of **Bob Marley**, **Ky-Mani Marley**, is in *Shottas* with **Wyclef Jean** and then moves on to make *One Love* with **Perry Henzell**, the director of the reggae classic *The Harder They Come*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **B.B. King** has recorded his first Christmas CD. . . . Concord Records launched its new Playboy Jazz label with *Blonde*, the soundtrack to the MM miniseries. . . . You can still catch the Wotapalava tour, brainchild of the **Pet Shop Boys' Neil Tennant**. It's a three-stage event featuring the **Boys**, **Soft Cell** and **Rufus Wainwright**, among others. . . . New Orleans' Jazz and Heritage Fest will air on Labor Day as a 10-hour special on the USA network. . . . **Rod Stewart**, who should know, thinks marriage vows ought to be renewed on a yearly basis. "People used to live only until they were 35. Now you could be with someone for

50 years." . . . Get a copy of **Garret Mathews'** collection *They Came to Play* (McGregor). The stories are about the early days of rock from 75 acts, including the **Ides of March**, the **Association** and **Fabian**. . . . **Iggy Pop** will tour the U.S. this fall to support his latest CD, *Beat 'em Up*. . . . MIT honored Napster's **Shawn Fanning** as e-person of the year. . . . **Gay Rosenthal**, creator of *Behind the Music*, is working on another pop documentary series for TNN, called *15 and Counting*. It will examine the lives of 26 people who had their



15 minutes. . . . **Michael Stipe** is writing *Plus One*, a fictional account of **R.E.M.'s** rise, for MTV. . . . **Paula Abdul** is developing a series for MTV based on her life, and choreographed by her. . . . **Sting's** live CD has different interpretations of

the songs you've heard him play in concert. . . . If you're going to be in Seattle, check out the Experience Music Projects' reggae exhibit, *Island Revolution: Jamaican Rhythm From Ska to Reggae 1956-1981*. . . . **Naughty by Nature** marks its tenth anniversary with a new CD this fall. . . . We knew there was something scientific about **Britney Spears'** physical attributes. The proof of that is a website set up by a grad student in physics at the University of Essex in England using Britney as an example in semiconductor physics. Designer **Carl Hepburn** said he wanted to demonstrate that physics has a fun side and that most of the images used of Spears "relate to physics in some way." —BARBARA NELLIS

**Tribute to AC/DC (DTR)** by Hayseed Dixie includes totally strung-out versions of the hits *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap*, *Hell's Bells* and *Highway to Hell*. Hayseed Dixie (made up of guitar, mandolin, fiddle and a brisk banjo) brings country credibility to *You Shook Me All Night Long* by deploying the blues shuffle and driving rhythm guitar that form the cornerstone of traditional bluegrass. The 10-track CD winds down with a reeling version of *Have a Drink on Me*. —DAVE HOEKSTRA



Clem Snide has evolved from punk into a vaguely country, somewhat acoustic, whimsically psychedelic band reminiscent of the Stones doing country back in the late Sixties. *The Ghost of Fashion* (spin-ART) is way too ironic or sarcastic or raw to appeal to a country audience. But an open-minded rock audience will find it charming and occasionally hilarious. Snide has just enough distance on its emotions for perspective, though not so much that it drifts off into meaningless wordplay. —C.Y.

Just for including the long-unavailable old-school classic *Zulu Nation Throwdown*, Afrika Bambaataa's *Looking for the Perfect Beat 1980-1985* (Tommy Boy) would be a recommended hip-hop buy. The other 10 tracks make it a must. —R.C.



The rediscovery of Mississippi John Hurt in the early Sixties helped spark a folk revival that's never ended. On *Avalon Blues: A Tribute to the Music of Mississippi John Hurt* (Vanguard), many of today's folkies cover his tunes to wonderful effect. If you love the sound of a well-picked steel-string acoustic guitar, this is heaven. But the extra appeal is how luminously Hurt shines through Chris Smither, Lucinda Williams, Steve Earle, Beck and Gillian Welch. Truly a worthy tribute. —C.Y.

## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Bon Jovi</b> <i>One Wild Night Live</i>	5	8	5	3	6
<b>Manic Street Preachers</b> <i>Know Your Enemy</i>	7	5	7	5	6
<b>Pennywise</b> <i>Land of the Free?</i>	6	7	8	8	8
<b>Tricky</b> <i>Blowback</i>	9	7	8	8	7
<b>Lucinda Williams</b> <i>Essence</i>	9	9	8	5	8



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## HOT DOGS! BEAM YOUR HOT DOGS!

Our second-favorite activity (after baiting the visiting team) at sporting events is shouting for another hot dog and having it hurled to us. However, the days of vendors roaming the stands may soon be gone. Stadium owners have already begun establishing wireless LANs to allow ordering through your PocketPC. Binocs, the system's developer, predicts that vending via LAN will soon deliver food, beverages, T-shirts and other merchandise to your seat. Users will be able to beam their order and credit card information to workers who prepare the food and deliver it to wherever you are. The first step toward handheld vending



is Binocs' Wireless RF binocular rental system. Cases attached under spectators' seats contain binoculars that can be rented for \$5. Fans interested in using the binoculars flag down a roving vendor or visit a Binocs booth situated on the concourse. Workers process the order and unlock the binocular case wirelessly. People who attend games regularly can also purchase rentals at a seasonal rate. So you don't "forget" to return them before leaving the stadium, each pair of binoculars is tethered to the seat. That way, Binocs won't have to charge the cost of replacing the 8x30 wide-angle, autofocus binoculars to your credit card. The system was launched at the First Union Center in Philadelphia and has since been installed at Denver's Coors Field and Madison Square Garden. Binocs is currently negotiating with 15 other venues and projects up to 20 installations in the U.S. by year's end. The proposal shouldn't be tough to sell, since Binocs installs the system for free, including the binocular cases, wireless LAN system and PC control boards. In the future, Binocs plans to equip suite-level seating with full-color wireless PDAs that will be capable of providing sports statistics, video, e-mail access, con-

cessions ordering and other e-commerce opportunities. Wireless ticket sales aren't far behind. —JASON BUHRMESTER

## RADAR LOVE

Attendees at this year's Super Bowl were the unknowing participants in a law enforcement experiment. Surveillance cameras took pictures of each person as he or she entered the gate and a computer compared the faces with a database of criminals. A similar system could be coming to a police car near you, but instead of scanning your face, it scans your license plate. Currently, police must call in license plate checks over the radio or enter them into an onboard laptop. Using new license plate recognition software from companies such as View Systems and AutoVu Technologies, the computer does all the work. A camera mounted behind the grille of the police car scans and records license plates, then searches for them in a database. If you have an outstanding ticket or your automobile has been reported stolen, an alert pops up on the screen inside the squad car. The software works even if the police car is moving, so it can scan the plates of parked cars and traffic. Cities such as San Diego are already testing the systems for parking enforcement. Privacy advocates are alarmed by the thought of law enforcement's using devices that scan anyone and everyone in a crowd or on a highway, but police officials counter that there is no expectation of privacy in a public setting. They say the paramount issue is safety. —LAZLOW

## Game of the Month



We're tired of saving the human race from invasion. So we welcome Sega's new Dreamcast game *Alienfront Online*, which lets us choose between serving our planet or invading it as the evil Triclops (a race of aliens). Control of the Triclops' armies gives players access to alien vehicles and weapons such as meteor showers and light swarms. When connected to Sega.net, players can face off online in four-on-four battles or work as a team. *Alienfront* is also the first Sega.net title to include in-game voice chat (via a microphone attachment), so you can talk to teammates or taunt enemies as you conquer Tokyo or Washington, D.C. —J.B.

## WILD THINGS

Portable electronics have always suffered the same setback—limited memory. DataPlay discs are a new digital storage medium capable of storing up to 500MB of data (such as music, video games, photos, movies and computer programs) on a disc about the size of a quarter. The company plans to sell them with prerecorded content (such as e-novels or CD-quality music) or as blanks so users can burn desired data onto them. The latter option will sell for \$5 to \$12 apiece, compared with IBM's 340MB Microdrive and Sony's 128MB Memory Stick, which both sell for about \$300 (they are rerecordable, whereas DataPlay discs are a one-time, write-only medium). More than 25 companies (including Samsung, Toshiba, EMI, Universal and Creative Technology) are developing DataPlay-compatible MP3 players, e-books, digital cameras, PDAs and portable video players. Both the discs and the devices should hit stores by the end of the year. —MARC SALTZMAN

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.





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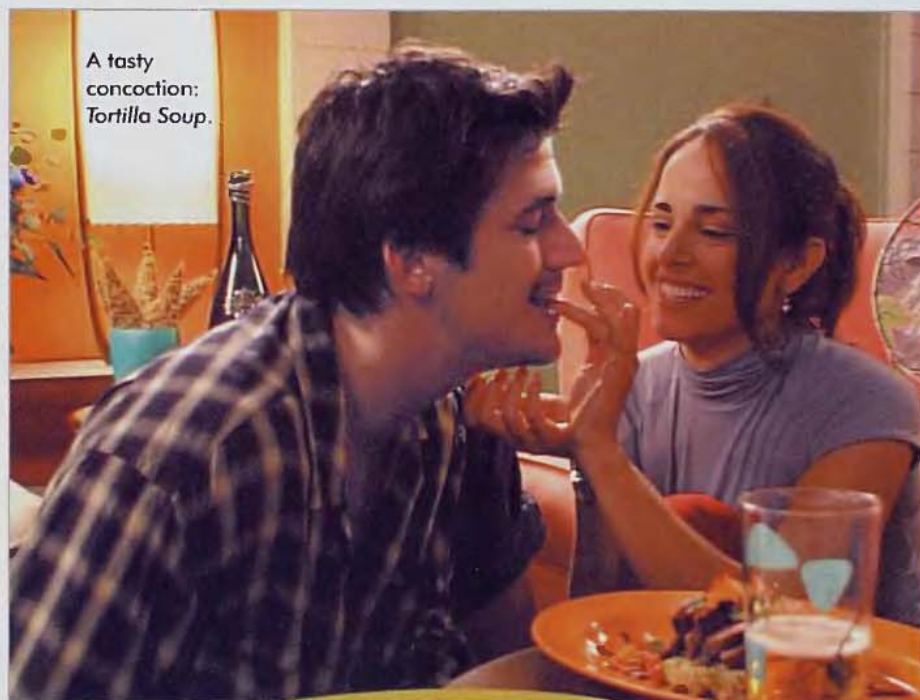
## By LEONARD MALTIN

CAN A FILM about alienation avoid alienating its audience? *Ghost World* (United Artists) takes on that challenge with mixed results. Terry Zwigoff's first fictional film shares concerns and sensibilities with his memorable documentaries *Louie Bluie* and *Crumb* (R. Crumb and his wife, Sophie, contributed artwork to this movie). It's based on a comic book by Daniel Clowes, which the author adapted with Zwigoff. Thora Birch stars as a high school graduate who is completely detached from the world around her. Her best friend (Scarlett Johansson) is the only one who seems to share her sardonic worldview. When Johansson gets a job, the girls drift apart, and Birch becomes obsessed with geeky Steve Buscemi, an older iconoclast who lives in a world of 78-rpm record collectors. Although Birch maintains an aloof attitude toward humankind, she is naive and vulnerable. Her dilemma becomes the movie's as well: She's a well-drawn character, but it's hard to care about someone who refuses to be cared about. There are many telling moments in *Ghost World*, but it's a difficult film to embrace. ♫

It may seem premature to stage a remake of Ang Lee's *Eat Drink Man Woman*, which is only seven years old, but executive producer Samuel Goldwyn Jr. has cannily transplanted the story from Hong Kong to Los Angeles and changed its ethnicity to Hispanic. The entertaining result, *Tortilla Soup* (Goldwyn), closely

follows the original but stands on its own quite well. Hector Elizondo plays the patriarch and master chef who tries to maintain close ties with his three grown daughters as their lives follow divergent paths. The movie is an especially good

ably broad as a flamboyant woman who sets her sights on Elizondo. Anyone who has a vivid recollection of the original film will find the contents familiar, to say the least, but *Tortilla Soup* is impossible to dislike. ♫



A tasty concoction: *Tortilla Soup*.

showcase for Jacqueline Obradors, Tamar Mello and the underrated Elizabeth Pena (who is cast against type as an unmarried schoolteacher who is still living at home). Paul Rodriguez is fun as the school athletic coach who's smitten with Pena, and Raquel Welch is agree-

Film editor turned director Eva Gardos explores her own dramatic life in *An American Rhapsody* (Paramount Classics), an earnest mixture of fact and fiction. After the 1956 revolution in Hungary, a book publisher and his wife (Tony

Sequels are not a new idea; Hollywood has long subscribed to the theory that nothing succeeds like success. But in the past, success was more a case of wishful thinking than a sure thing. The moviegoing public recog-

## MORE OF THE SAME

nized that sequels were rarely as good as the original pictures, and it behaved accordingly. (Remember *Jaws 2*? *Police Academy 3*? *Friday the 13th Part IV*?) Box-office returns seldom reached the amounts taken in by the earlier films, but executives convinced themselves that banking on a presold title was a safe investment.

When film buffs discuss this topic, the one title that always comes up is *The Godfather, Part II*. Francis Coppola and company managed to do the near impossible by making a sequel that many think is better than the film from

which it sprang. (When Billy Crystal and his cohorts were persuaded to make a follow-up to *City Slickers*, they created a character who chronically spouted dialogue from *The Godfather, Part II*, as an homage to the best sequel of all time.) But even Coppola was unable to make lightning strike a third time when he made the ill-advised *Part III*, 18 years after the original.

In recent years, the only film to approach *Godfatherhood* has been *Toy Story 2*, in which director John Lasseter and his Pixar team scored a bull's-eye—even poking fun at the fact that merchandisers missed the boat on the original *Toy Story*.

It was producer Joel Silver and director Richard Donner who decided to transform their action hit *Lethal Weapon* into what the industry now refers to as a franchise. They persuaded Mel Gibson and Danny Glover to reprise their starring roles three times, then

tried to top themselves with bigger stunts and action set pieces each time out. Audiences recognized that installments two, three and four were not cheaters and made each one a smash.

Those numbers may have led to the current trend: This summer we had *The Mummy Returns*, *Dr. Dolittle 2*, *Rush Hour 2*, *Scary Movie 2*, *Jurassic Park III* and *American Pie 2*, while parts two and three of *The Matrix* are now in production.

The claim that studios are just giving audiences what they want to see is a lot of baloney. No one voted for *Dr. Dolittle 2*. Customers take what they can get. And, if anyone's paying attention, the biggest hits every year are originals—the kinds of movies that set trends, make stars and inspire imitations. It doesn't take a genius to understand that without a steady stream of new material, where will tomorrow's sequels come from? —L.M.



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Goldwyn, Nastassja Kinski) pay a mercenary to smuggle them and their five-year-old daughter out of the country—but plans to also take along their infant go awry and she is left behind and raised by a loving couple who live on a farm outside of Budapest. At the age of six, she is flown to the U.S. to rejoin her family, now living in Arizona. Her parents have worked for this moment all along—but the girl, uprooted, yearns for the only mother and father she's ever known. The years do little to help her feeling of dislocation. By the time she reaches her teens (and now played by Scarlett Johansson), she rebels against her over-protective mother and realizes that she can only come to terms with her life by returning to Hungary. Perhaps it's the modest budget of the film, or the director's inexperience, but the crucial early scenes of the story are sterile and unconvincing, even though they were shot on location. When we move to the heroine's teenage years, the film comes into sharper focus, and the heightened struggles and

emotions between parent and child ring painfully true. **★★½**

It would be difficult to find a screen couple more engaging than Hugh Laurie and Joely Richardson in *Maybe Baby* (USA), so one is immediately drawn into their lives as we learn of their difficulty having a child. In a triumph of self-referential filmmaking, director Ben Elton makes his hero a British Broadcasting Corporation producer whose ambition is to write screenplays. He finally decides to write about what he knows: the pain and humor of a couple trying to make a baby. The only problem is that he can't tell his wife what he's doing—appropriating their day-to-day experiences for the sake of a movie. Moments of comic exaggeration are balanced against experiences that are plainly truthful. With brief but amusing contributions by Emma Thompson, Rowan Atkinson, Joanna Lumley and Dawn French, this modest British film calls on the best possible source of comedy and drama: real life. **★★★**

the heightened struggles and

## SCENE STEALER

**DENISE FAYE, NOW ON-SCREEN:** As the neighborhood temptress in *American Pie 2*. **WHY SHE'S SO HAPPY ABOUT THE MOVIE:** "All my scenes are with the boys—and, God bless them, I love them all. Everybody was respectful, and I felt comfortable." **HOW SHE'LL FEEL IF THIS FILM MAKES HER A SEX SYMBOL:** "I think I would feel pretty good, but let me say it wouldn't be the first time. I did the Broadway show *Chicago* and on billboards all over New York I'm wearing nothing but black fishnets, pieces of leather covering my breasts and a lace wrap on my hips. I'm a dancer as well as an actress, so I love using my body. I'm proud of it."

**HOW SHE CAME TO STRIP FOR JON BON JOVI:** "It was a beautiful project, a short film called *Destination Anywhere* that Whoopi Goldberg and Demi Moore did. I play a stripper, the Queen of New Orleans. They extracted this particular scene and turned it into a music video that was, apparently, too racy for MTV back in 1997. It did show up on MTV and VH1, but it got most of its play all around Europe. I have to say, I like it very much, and stripping for Bon Jovi was a pleasure."

**WHY SHE'S SO EXCITED ABOUT THE MOVIE VERSION OF CHICAGO:** "I'll be assisting the director, Rob Marshall. Before the Disney TV version of *Annie*, I had only been onstage or in front of the camera. I assisted Rob on *Annie*, and I was so proud and felt so creatively fulfilled. The chance of working with him again on anything is a thrill."

**SOMEONE WHOSE CAREER SHE ADMIRES:** "Sarah Jessica Parker, who does musicals, TV and movies—she has a career that I'd love, and she handles it so well. The more control you have of your vision, the better. Of course, it takes a certain notoriety to do that, but what a great thing to shoot for." —L.M.

—L.M.

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**A.I.** (Listed only) Haley Joel Osment stars as a sophisticated robot-boy in Steven Spielberg's misbegotten science fiction film that Stanley Kubrick planned to make. The result is an uneasy mix of Kubrick and Spielberg, and it just doesn't work. **★★**

**An American Rhapsody** (See review) A young girl is taken from the only parents she's ever known to join her real mother and father—Hungarian immigrants—in America. This uneven but heartfelt film finds its focus when the girl becomes a teenager, played by Scarlett Johansson. **★★½**

**The Closet** (Listed only) Daniel Auteuil and Gérard Depardieu star in the latest comedy from the master of French farce, director Francis Veber. It's a slight but knowing tale of a man who pretends to be gay in order to avoid being fired. **★★½**

**Ghost World** (See review) Thora Birch gives a strong performance as a teenager alienated from the world around her in this adaptation of Daniel Clowes' dark-tinged comic book, directed by Terry Zwigoff (*Crumb*). But its provocative ideas never gel into a cohesive movie. **★★**

**Maybe Baby** (See review) Hugh Laurie and Joely Richardson are struggling to have a baby—while he draws on their day-to-day experiences for a movie script. A charming and funny British comedy. **★★★**

**Rat Race** (Listed only) Whoopi Goldberg, Rowan Atkinson, Cuba Gooding Jr., Jon Lovitz and John Cleese lead a fine comic cast in an entertaining throwback to *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*, full of funny moments and sight gags. **★★★**

**Swordfish** (Listed only) John Travolta is in good form as a criminal mastermind, and there are some solid action set pieces (not to mention a glimpse of Halle Berry's breasts), but this slick concoction runs out of steam—and gets stupid. **★★½**

**Tortilla Soup** (See review) Hector Elizondo is a master chef and the father of three grown daughters in this entertaining remake of Ang Lee's *Eat Drink Man Woman*, reset in Los Angeles and rewritten for a Hispanic ensemble. **★★★**

**What's the Worst That Could Happen?** (Listed only) Martin Lawrence and Danny DeVito star in this mediocre comedy that makes hash of a funny concept from Donald E. Westlake's novel. John Leguizamo co-stars. **★★**

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





GUEST SHOT



"Favorite buddy movie? You mean, besides my own?" laughs Richard Donner, director of such contemporary buddy flicks as the *Lethal Weapon* series. "That would have to be the one where those guys drive the two truck-loads of nitroglycerin down in

South America—*The Wages of Fear*. William Friedkin remade it in the Seventies [and renamed it *Sorcerer*], but it was nothing like the original." —LAURENCE LERMAN

NOVEL IDEAS FOR MOVIES

Which is better, the book or the movie? We ask this because in September, Robert Ludlum's classic thriller *The Bourne Identity* will finally come to the screen, starring Matt Damon as the multilingual kung-fu expert amnesiac with microfilm implanted in his flesh. Matt Damon? The argument has started already.

**Rising Sun** (1993): In the book the Wesley Snipes character is a white guy, but, hey, no problem. In Michael Crichton's Japan-bashing novel, the killer is a Japanese executive. Not so in the movie.

**The Firm** (1993): Tom Cruise—so far so good—lands a \$100,000 job straight out of law school with a firm straight out of hell. The last half hour, including the final twist in the plot, does not exist in John Grisham's bestseller. Is it better? The jury is hung.

**Jaws** (1975): Peter Benchley's breezy pulp fiction would have sunk into oblivion if a wunderkind named Steven Spielberg hadn't directed Bruce the mechanical shark with such thrilling menace. The movie's better, no question.

**Even Cowgirls Get the Blues** (1993): It would be impossible to film Tom Robbins' wildly quirky, inimitable writing style, and director Gus Van Sant was wrong to try. He did get Sissy Hankshaw's (Uma Thurman) oversized thumbs right. They are some big thumbs.

**Myra Breckenridge** (1970): They called the book—about Myron's sex change operation to Myra—unfilmable. They were right. Author Gore Vidal disowned the movie; the film derailed director Michael Sarne's career.

**Naked Lunch** (1991): Beat writer William Burroughs' 1959 hallucinatory X-rated

take on the world was a daunting challenge. So director David Cronenberg, capable of his own weirdness, pasted four of Burroughs' books into a script, with an emphasis on talking roaches. Read the books.

**Steppenwolf** (1974): Herman Hesse's dense, brooding classic makes even less sense in Fred Haines' movie, despite Max von Sydow's performance as the philosophically imbalanced Harry Haller.

**Catch-22** (1970): Joseph Heller's brilliant, life-affirming farce is a great read today; mildly amusing movie is not aging well.

**Ulysses** (1954): Spartacus-like Kirk Douglas sets sail in a middling Italian production of Homer's seafaring epic. The Coen Bros.' *O Brother, Where Art Thou* did it better as a rural Depression-era comedy, and with better music.

**Ulysses** (1967): The daddy of all un-filmable books, James Joyce's modern novel fared poorly in this very Irish version, starring Milo O'Shea as Leopold Bloom. They're trying again next year, with Stephen Rea as Bloom. To paraphrase: No, no, no, no. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Among the major directors that came of Hollywood age in the Seventies (Francis Coppola, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese, et al.), Brian De Palma remains among the least critically beloved. David Thomson wrote: "De Palma has contempt for his characters and his audience alike, and I suspect that he despises even his own immaculate skill." Well, so what if De Palma does? At least he's given us a few dazzling landmarks, two of which recently arrived in widescreen Special Edition packaging from MGM: the 1976 horror gem *Carrie*, and the 1980 thrill-

**GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH**

As you're assembling your DVD library, consider the 13 films chosen by the Sundance Channel's Classic World Cinema From the Criterion Collection's inventory of restored landmark films. Sundance will broadcast these films over the summer, but look for the Sundance marker at your DVD store. The series includes *Wild Strawberries*, *L'Avventura*, *Knife in the Water*, *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* and *Cleo From 5 to 7*, as well as *Nights of Cabiria*, *Grand Illusion* and *Seven Samurai*. Think of these as the building blocks to a superb home video library. —JOHN REZEK

er *Dressed to Kill*. It features a "Slashing Dressed to Kill" segment that compares the X-, R- and G-rated versions of the film. Meanwhile, while fans of his hyperbolic *Scarface* (which is currently on DVD hiatus) will demur, *Carrie* may well be De Palma's best film. It is garnished here with documentaries of varying lengths—including longish pieces on the acting and visual effects, and Stephen King himself on the writing—plus a gallery of photos and a trailer. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
THRILLER	<i>Enemy at the Gates</i> (WWII's battle of Stalingrad, distilled to a sharpshooter face-off; tense and stylish, if politically aloof), <i>The Caveman's Valentine</i> (a disturbed Central Park denizen turns detective; Samuel L. Jackson actually makes it work).
COMEDY	Two low-key charmers: <i>The Dish</i> (1969: Moon-bound NASA needs a giant Aussie antenna to beam the giant leap back to Earth), <i>Blow Dry</i> (feuding British yokels unite for a coiffure competition; almost worth watching for the dos alone).
DRAMA	<i>Exit Wounds</i> (deep-dish renegade cop Steven Seagal takes his bite out of crime; satisfyingly dopey), <i>15 Minutes</i> (cops Robert De Niro and Ed Burns chase émigrés who peddle their snuff tapes to tabloid TV; slick and shallow).
ACTION	<i>The Mexican</i> (thugs hold Julia Roberts, lover boy Brad Pitt fetches the titular pistola and James Gandolfini steals the film), <i>3000 Miles to Graceland</i> (mock Elvises Kevin Costner and Kurt Russell rob a casino; more songs would have helped).



By MARK FRAUENFELDER

## HOW TO DODGE AUCTION SNIPERS

With an offer of \$480 and just a minute left in the auction, you check eBay to see if you're still high bidder on that new Sony DCR-TRV-120 Digital 8 video camera. Everything looks good, but at the last second, someone swoops in and gets it for \$485. How did that happen? Chances are good you've been outbid by snipeware, software designed to allow a bidder to wait until an auction's final seconds before placing a winning offer. Available at sites like [auctionstealer.com](http://auctionstealer.com), [esnipe.com](http://esnipe.com) and [isnipeit.com](http://isnipeit.com), these programs make it impossible for other bidders to respond before the final bell rings. While many auction users complain about sniping, eBay doesn't forbid it. In fact, you can bid on sniping software on eBay. If you don't want to fall prey to a sniper, you have two choices: Get some snipeware yourself (may the fastest program win) or use eBay's proxy bidding system, which allows you to prebid the maximum amount you're willing to pay. I prefer the second

## FIRST TWINS

George Bush told the press that he doesn't want the personal lives of his family members to be made public. Too bad. In the age of the Internet, there's no such thing as privacy, especially for public figures. Take [thefirsttwins.com](http://thefirsttwins.com), a news site that is dedicated to covering the activities of college students Jenna and Barbara Bush. Underage drinking! Busted boyfriend! Eluding the Secret Service! Austin police blotter! Christmas-day appendectomies! Photos galore! My favorite tidbit discusses the high scores the girls received when their pictures were posted on [hotornot.com](http://hotornot.com). The notoriously hard-to-please voters gave blonde Jenna a respectable 8.4, while brunette Barbara scored an amazing 9.0. Can a PLAYBOY pictorial be too far off?

## THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR

*The Sting* is one of my favorite films. When I saw it again recently, I wondered just how much \$10,000—the amount a couple of con men took from a gangster's henchman during the Great Depression—was worth today. It turns out there's a website that can answer the question.

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option, because in the end, it's the highest bid, not the final one, that wins the auction.

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**How Much is That?**  
Have you ever wondered what the value of a dollar was in 1895? Or what it cost to

According to How Much Is That Worth Today? ([eh.net/ehresources/](http://eh.net/ehresources/)), \$10,000 in 1933 had the same purchasing power as \$132,858 today. This online calculator can convert currency values from as far back as 1665 (when 10 grand was worth \$195,194). Just for the hell of it, I used the site to calculate today's value of 50 cents in 1953,

which was the price for the first issue of PLAYBOY. Answer: \$3.22, or about seven cents a page. (The first issue had 44 pages.) Compare that with PLAYBOY's current cover price of \$4.95 for 172 pages—less than three cents a page—and you'll have to agree you're getting a really good deal.

## USING (AND MISUSING) USENET

Usenet was started in 1979 as a way for people to start online discussion groups on a variety of different subjects. Though not officially part of the Internet, most Internet service providers allow their subscribers to read and post to the tens of thousands of different Usenet groups focused on humor, job listings, computer programming, erotica and music. Earlier this year, Google bought [deja.com](http://deja.com), an archive of millions of Usenet postings dating back to 1995. Before [deja.com](http://deja.com) was around, it was difficult to search for messages posted to Usenet groups. In fact, messages that were more than a few weeks old were usually deleted to save storage space, and people in those days expected their comments would soon vanish. But now that Google has created a lightning-fast method to search the 650 million messages in its archive ([groups.google.com](http://groups.google.com)), a new world of information has opened up, with consequent benefits and dangers. For example, you can enter the name or e-mail address of a person and easily find out what groups he has participated in or has been mentioned in. I imagine that employers will start to use the Usenet archive to screen potential employees. ("Hmm, looks like Smithers spends quite a bit of time in [alt.satanism.sex](http://alt.satanism.sex).") Just hope that anyone who uses the archive as a screening tool realizes that names and e-mail can be easily forged on Usenet.

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## QUICK HITS

Everything you ever wanted to know about the disease that turns your brain into Swiss cheese at [mad-cow.org](http://mad-cow.org). . . Get quick airport facts at [worldairportguide.com](http://worldairportguide.com). . . Free firewall for Windows users at [zonealarm.com](http://zonealarm.com). . . How color-blind are you? Take the tolerance test at: [tolerance.org/hidden\\_bias/index.html](http://tolerance.org/hidden_bias/index.html). . . Three things in life are certain: death, taxes and Kenny Rogers. [menwholooklikekennyrogers.com](http://menwholooklikekennyrogers.com) creates a giant gallery of Gambler look-alikes.

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





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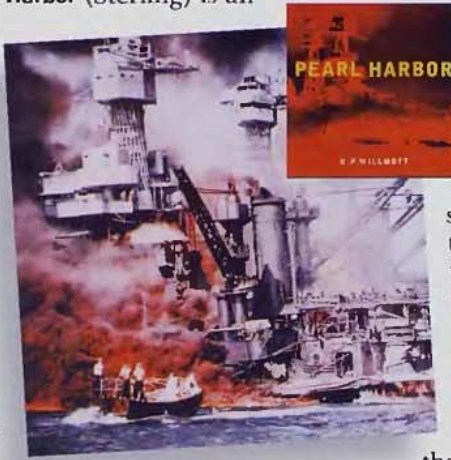
**THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW AFTER SHAVE BALM FROM NIVEA FOR MEN**



A DAY THAT LIVES IN INFAMY

If you've seen Jerry Bruckheimer's *Pearl Harbor* and want more, dive into naval historian H.P. Willmott's examination of that day in 1941. His *Pearl Harbor* (Sterling) is an unusual book, filled with fascinating photographs, diagrams, maps and illustrations that bring the destruction back to life. Why did the Japanese attack? Willmott says American racism and Japan's need for a defensive perimeter motivated the strike. Despite the apparent carnage, the damage was contained. The attack destroyed only three ships, while 15 other warships were put briefly out of commission. The maps and diagrams show how the bombing occurred, and the photos give it immediacy. Japan won the day, but Willmott underscores the folly of the attack: "Whatever the Japanese did at Pearl Harbor, the Americans would have reversed it by virtue of their massive and irresistible industrial and demographic advantage." The real soldiers and sailors had it all over Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett.

—JOHN D. THOMAS



THE MAGIC TOUCH

*Masturbation: The History of a Great Terror* (Palgrave) by Jean Stengers and Anne Van Neck would be required reading for the one college course we wish a university would offer—especially if practicing counted for extra credit. This scholarly book traces masturbation's troubled past, beginning when theologians misinterpreted two biblical passages to conclude that God condemned autoerotism. *Onania*, a pamphlet that hit the streets of London in 1715, claimed that those who pleased themselves risked suffering gonorrhea, impotence, ulcers, convulsions, epilepsy, consumption, meager jaws, puny legs and the always irritating Divine Retribution. Cures ranged from antimasturbatory devices (such as spiked penis rings) to surgical remedies (including infibulation—pulling the foreskin over the glans and piercing it with an iron ring). Nineteenth-century commentators claimed that the desire to masturbate was provoked by reading dictionaries or the story of Lot, and even by climbing trees. In the late 1800s, Queen Victoria's physician finally admitted that occasional masturbation was not physically harmful. Unlike former Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, he did not lose his job for saying so. The fear of masturbation persists: The last study mentioned here found that 10 percent of American students think masturbation is unhealthy.

—PATTY LAMBERTI



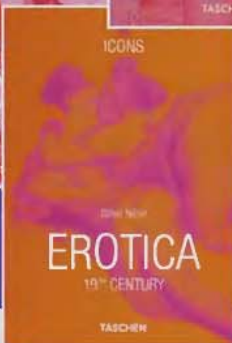
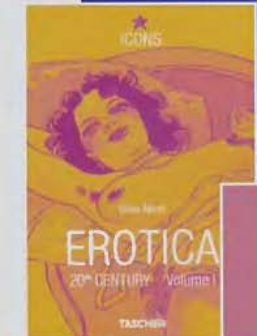
BROCK STEADMAN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Gloria Steinem used to argue that there was a difference between erotica and porn, between the stuff feminists liked and the stuff you kept under the mattress. The argument seems quaint today. The sexual revolution made the world safe for the sexually explicit. Damn the prudes. Erotica was for wimps. But with each new release from Vivid Video or from porn legend John "Buttman" Stagliano, we forget the richness of the past. *Erotica*, four volumes

from Taschen, redeems the term. Here are the works the world kept hidden, and you can see why. There's nothing like a rampant penis or a hungry cunt to change your worldview. Etchings that accompanied the memoirs of Casanova and the discourses of de Sade vie with sketches of Picasso and the ribald musings of Rowlandson. The volumes have a cast of thousands—randy priests, naughty nuns, lecherous aristocrats, lascivious servants, impassioned artists and models. Orgies, kinky sex, wet dreams and weird fantasies—they're all here.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



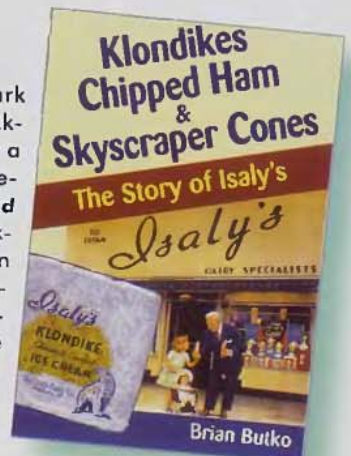
THE GREAT PRETENDER

Who was Emmett Miller? For starters, he was a major influence on Hank Williams, Merle Haggard and the Rolling Stones and paved the way for Western swing. More specifically, Miller was a performer who appeared in blackface and who, like Stephen Foster before him, appropriated black music and adapted it for white audiences. Nick Tosches (who has done first-rate books on Sonny Liston and Dean Martin) focuses his storytelling skills on this elusive but crucial figure. *Where Dead Voices Gather* (Little, Brown) is a compelling piece of musical archaeology.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR A KLONDIKE BAR?

You've seen the ads—people bark like dogs, ape monkeys, do backflips and daredevil jumps just for a taste of America's best-selling ice-cream bar. In *Klondikes, Chipped Ham and Skyscraper Cones* (Stackpole) pop culture historian Brian Butko traces the rise of the Klondike from one milk wagon to national chains. Dozens of vintage photos and ads make for a sweet reading treat.





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By ASA BABER

YOU HAVE probably not read *Bridget Jones' Diary*, the best-selling novel about contemporary women by Helen Fielding, but you might have seen the movie, starring Renée Zellweger. (Not that you went voluntarily. Your significant other wanted to see it, and you knew there would be hell to pay if you refused to take her.)

*Bridget Jones' Diary* is the story of a 30-something female who tries to balance her shaky self-image with the demands of dieting, shopping, working and dating. Women all over the world are enthralled by it. "That's me!" they shriek in self-recognition, "that's my life!"

Once again, men are left in the dust as women continue to hijack the culture and bore us to death with their fads. But I have good news for you, guys. The male equivalent of *Bridget Jones' Diary* has been found. And yes, it is I, your favorite *Men* columnist, who deserves the credit for this magnificent discovery.

Walking past a construction site recently in Chicago, I came upon a blue spiral notebook of incredible literary value. Titled *Joe Sixpack's Diary*, written in crayon with many endearing misspellings, artfully decorated with the remnants of crankcase oil and tobacco juice, *Joe Sixpack's Diary* reveals in exquisitely sensitive detail the life and times of an average American male. As I read it, I was awed, and I know you will be, too.

I can present only a small portion of what I'm talking about here, since I will be publishing the diary in its entirety soon and making many millions of dollars and appearing on *Oprah*. (For the record, I tried to find out who the author was, but the construction workers at the site did not seem to know or care.) So here we go, from *Joe Sixpack's Diary*:

*Sunday, January 1. Alcohol consumed last night: one case of beer, two bottles of tequila, a bottle of champagne at midnight. Cigars: four.*

The phone wakes me at noon. Dufo says he lost his watch at the party and his car was stolen. He wants a ride to the loading dock tomorrow. I tell him to meet me here. "No way I'm coming to Gary to get you," I say.

"Come on, Joe," he whines. "Ain't I your buddy and everything?"

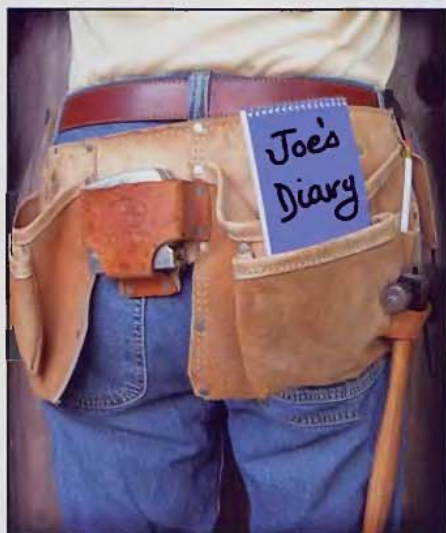
"You're my buddy and nothing," I say, laughing. "Remember when my hog busted at the Dells and you ditched me?"

"That was last week," he argues.

"Happy New Year, asshole," I yell as I slam down the phone.

"Who was that?" Marci mumbles. Except it isn't Marci.

"Who are you?" I ask. She is thin and has blonde hair and has SEMPER FI tattooed on her butt.



## JOE SIXPACK'S DIARY

"I'm Samantha," she groans. "You won me in the raffle." She tries to sit up. "Shit, I'm hungover."

"Where's Marci?" I ask her.

"Dufo won her," she says.

"That prick," I say.

"It's OK," Samantha says. "I'm his girlfriend. We just swapped."

I see the logic of it. "That's A-OK, then," I smile. We spend the day in the sack, watching bowl games on TV when we aren't busy. She smells like roses and soap and soft things.

*Thursday, February 3. On the job, hauling freight and furniture. Or, as I like to sing when I meet a new honey at her front door, "Let's cram and jam, I'm your moving man."*

Sarge tries to warn me. "Take the packing truck and get out of here," he whispers as I walk into the office from the loading dock. Do I take his advice? Not me. Not Joe Know-It-All. I need my morning cup of coffee, which turns out to cost me \$15,468.23.

"Mr. Sixpack?" I hear behind me.

"Yo," I say, pouring the sugar.

"I'm Agent Brooks from the IRS, and we need to talk."

"Well, how about that?" I ask, looking to make a break for it. But he's at the door. He is a wimpy dude, but he has a badge. "You sure I'm the guy you want?" I say, like it has to be a mistake.

"This is you, right?" He shows me my driver's license photo.

"Sure looks like me," I smile.

"Is there someplace we can talk about your repeated noncompliance with the federal tax code?"

"There's the packing room," I say.

"That will be fine," he nods.

"Do you smoke?" I ask.

"No, I don't."

"That's good," I say, grinning, "because we got a million cardboard boxes in there. One spark and she'll blow to hell, just like a grain elevator. Great way to go, don't you think?"

I talk like that the whole time, trying to scare him with my Charles Manson imitation, but he nails me.

*Friday, March 17. Mucho ganja consumed; also chocolate-chip cookies. Plus a subpoena from Gretchen and her lawyer, via Kimo, my dumbass dealer and the county's process server.*

When I'm not on the road, I get stoned every March 17. I may be mostly Polish, but my grandmother's name was O'Hair, and a priest once told me that I look Irish. So Happy Saint Pat's.

I don't ever haul weed, but I certainly know where to buy it. I smoke primo stuff, so as I lie on my couch in a fine purple haze on the far side of Peoria, I think the knock on the door is part of Dwight Yoakam's song.

"Joe! Joe!" I hear somebody calling like my trailer home is on fire.

"Fuck you!" I yell back, but I know who it is. I open the door and see Kimo, the happy Hawaiian, standing there in 10 layers of long johns with that stupid grin on his face.

Kimo smiles at the smoke pouring out like clouds of happy dust. "Pretty good shit I sold you, huh?" he asks.

"Maui Wowie," I agree. "The best."

He hands me the love letter. "Court date. Gretchen wants the trailer now. Says she wants you out soonest."

"You want a hit?" I ask him.

He looks around. "Sure," he smiles.

We smoke away as I bitch about ex-wives and Kimo almost listens.

*Tuesday, July 20. Busted flat in Baton Rouge. A tornado totals me and leaves me bankrupt. Then something saves me from myself and gives me a reason to live.*

Nobody's fault but mine. I think I'm king of the road, so I don't listen to the weather or my fellow truckers. I'm in Dixie, ready to rumble. "Look out, New Orleans, here comes Joe," I sing. And there goes Joe, who cannot keep his shiny side up as a twister roars over him like God's vacuum cleaner and tosses his 18-wheeler into a ditch like a Tonka toy.

Flat-ass broke except for a new credit card, I sign off on the state trooper's report and hitch a ride, only to meet my dancer sent from heaven, a little Cajun girl named Clarissa Lou. She shakes her bootie like a rabbit on speed and makes life worthwhile again, which proves my first and last commandment: "Pussy rules and pussy saves—and if that's not a good deal, I'll kiss your ass. Amen."





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*It was the 1800s and as frontiers go, none were rougher than Australia. The perfect spot, thought the British, to dump prisoners and ne'er-do-wells for which English society had no use. Thieves, murderers, rebels; they all found their place Down Under. And quite often, that place was the nearest pub.*

*Into such a climate arrived W.M. and E.M. Foster with the idea to brew a new kind of beer. Instead of traditional brewing methods, Foster's Lager would be bottom fermented for a beer that wasn't heavy or bitter, but remarkably light and crisp. And kept ice cold until the moment it came out of the tap.*



*Fortunately for the Foster brothers, Aussies took to this refreshing new style like sharks to water. And soon, Foster's Lager became a favorite not just in Australia, but a legendary beer the world over, winning awards and accolades along the way.*



*Of course, considering our past, you may want to forgo this chat, head down to your local pub and experience a pint of ice-cold Foster's Lager for yourself. Though, if there are any Aussies about, you may want to keep an eye on your change.*



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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## High Steppenwolf

The dust has barely settled from the road testing of Audi's new crossover vehicle, the Allroad, when look what's on the company's drawing board: Project Steppenwolf could herald the ultimate highway-and-byway bad boy. Even the name sounds nasty, and so is what's under the hood—a 225-horsepower V6 coupled to Audi's all-wheel-drive Quattro system and four-level air suspension. Top speed? "Well over 143 miles per hour," says Audi. The instrument panel is trimmed in shoe-sole leather, and the top is removable. Think positive. Audi's record with concept cars is good.

## 1 HOW TO PEEL AND CHOP GARLIC

TO SEPARATE INDIVIDUAL CLOVES, TAKE GARLIC BULB ROOT-SIDE-UP AND ROLL WITH THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.



2 TO REMOVE THE SKIN FROM CLOVES, CRUSH WITH THE FLAT SIDE OF A CHEF'S KNIFE.



3 SEPARATE SKIN, MASH GARLIC WITH THE SIDE OF THE BLADE AND THEN CHOP WITH THE KNIFE.



## In the Army Now

Swiss Army Brands, the company that brought you the Victorinox Original Swiss Army Knife with a jillion gizmos, has introduced a line of menswear that looks cool and also has a few tricks of its own. For example, the water-repellent Expedition parka (right) features a cell phone pocket and a portable-audio-system holder with an earphone cradle inside the collar (\$325). It's shown with a spun-cotton Swiss cross sweater (\$165). Other Swiss Army wearables include a shirt with a pocket for your penknife (\$185) and cargo pants with an inside-pocket key latch (\$85).





# MANTRACK



## The Great Outdoors

Browse through Enrica Stobile's *Open Air Living* and you'll be inspired to enjoy what's left of summer on a picnic (left), a veranda or even a rooftop "tor beach." But this hardcover is more than just a collection of gorgeous al fresco photos by shelter magazine photographer Christopher Droke. Outdoor furniture, lighting, dining and even working

(who says that you can't write the great American novel in the garden?) are celebrated in a way that's informative without being prissy. Come January, *Open Air Living* will be a welcome antidote to the post-holiday blahs. Price: \$27.50. Ryland Peters and Small is the publisher.

## The Scent of Class

Now that you have your body in buff shape, give it a treat. Gucci, Versace, Dunhill and Valentino have all lunched lines of men's cosmetics; some Hermès products are unisex.



There's a psychological lift that comes from buying something that costs a little more, but you're also paying for what you get—superior ingredients. Versace's Dreamer Hydratant Pour le Corps contains juniper, tobacco flowers, amber, iris roots, linen essence and artemisia. On the skin it's a soother and a moisturizer. Shown here, clockwise from top: Hermès Eau d'Oronge

cologne (about \$130), Very Valentino shampoo and shower gel (about \$22), Gucci Rush deodorant stick (about \$16), Hermès Eau d'Oronge Verte soap (about \$25), Versace's Dreamer Hydratant Pour le Corps (about \$29) and Alfred Dunhill Desire eau de toilette in a flask (about \$55).

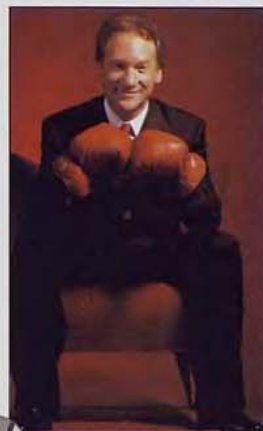


## Clothesline: Bob Costas and Bill Maher

When Bob Costas (left), NBC's sportsmeister, is on the air, he usually wears a suit or a sports coat by Hugo Boss, Alon Flusser or Joseph Abboud. Around the house he's in jeans and a sweater, T-shirt or denim shirt. Costas' favorite item of clothing is something you won't see on TV—a \$35 born jacket he bought

from J. Crew

about 12 years ago. "It will probably still be in my closet 20 years from now." Bill Maher (right), the outspoken host of ABC's *Politically Incorrect*, says he's a "huge clotheshorse" and is always looking for more. "I don't pay attention to stores or designer labels." He also likes women with closets full of clothes. "If I get married, my wife won't have to hit me up for a clothing budget, that's for sure."



## Guys Are Talking About . . .

**Skiing.** Last year, the hottest ski was a Salomon Scream 10 Pilot. This year's version, the Crossmax 10 Pilot (pictured here), is so in demand that you'll never find a pair come winter. Think exceptional grip and control, but don't think about buying a Crossmax 10 if you're a snow bunny. It's a serious ski. Price: about \$1200 a pair. • **Niagara for Men.** Good news, hairy guys. The "little blue battle" now has a male counterpart, Nice Energy, by the makers of Niagara. If it sexually turns on boys the way girls claim Niagara does for them, we'll take a case. It's rumored that the Niagara phenomenon is going Hollywood, and Julia Roberts may star in a flick titled Niagara. • **Space Brokers.** Space Adventures, a far-out travel broker in Virginia that helped Dennis Tito reach the International Space Station, sells zero-gravity experiences in Russia. Another firm, Space Island Group of California, is raising money for space stations and shuttles for tourists who can pop for missions.





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# The Playboy Advisor

**M**y wife told me that my erection appears larger on nights with a full moon. I didn't believe her, so she measured me every night for two months. And, sure enough, on nights just before, during and after a full moon, I was half an inch longer. Have you heard of this before? Does it have anything to do with the moon's gravitational pull?—R.J., New York, New York

*That's a new one. Does your pubic hair get thicker, too? We don't doubt your penis grew, but the only moon that has any influence on it is your wife's ass. You both expected it to be larger in the moonlight, which influenced how aroused you became when she prepared you and took measurements. That could easily account for that half inch. Under controlled conditions, there would be no difference. The moon does not move the blood or water in your body as it does the tides, and its gravitational pull is a function of its distance from the earth, not its phase. Nevertheless, your wife should continue to stroke and examine your erection every day.*

**I**'m sick of hearing people mock older guys who date or marry younger women, e.g., Michael Douglas, Jack Nicholson and even Hef. You'd think women would consider older men as more desirable. When a young woman mates with a younger man, it's a crapshoot. She cannot know whether he carries genes that will ensure her child a long life. When a woman mates with a man who has lived for many years, she is making an excellent biological bet. Why do you suppose there is such an irrational bias against these liaisons?—J.R., San Luis Obispo, California

*There's a bias because younger guys don't need the competition.*

**W**hen the valet at a restaurant in town returned my car, it had been driven more than 15 miles. How should I have handled the situation, and what can I do to prevent it in the future?—S.F., Hartford, Connecticut

*We assume you drive a sports car that valets find difficult to resist. Next time, quietly explain your concerns to the restaurant manager. If you suspect a hotshot valet may not head in a straight line to a parking spot, ask him to wait a moment while you record your odometer reading. Mention what a hassle it is to keep track of your mileage for business purposes. The fact that you'll have evidence of any joyriding should help him resist the temptation.*

**M**y wife and I bought a case of Spanish wine from the Toro region, dated 1997. We found the bouquet and flavor had



improved 24 hours after we uncorked it. However, white crystals formed on the wet end of each cork. What were they?—G.H., South Padre Island, Texas

*The crystals, sometimes called wine diamonds, are potassium acid tartrates. Grapes grown in cooler climates are higher in tartaric acids, and during the fermentation process, the acids crystallize in the vats. Because some wineries take extra steps to remove tartrates, many people take the appearance of diamonds as a sign that the wine has not been overly processed. Tartrates are tasteless and have no effect on the wine.*

**I**s there a way to tell if a woman is a virgin just by looking at her vagina?—J.N., Columbus, Ohio

*No. But if you're close enough to examine her vagina, she probably won't be a virgin for long.*

**R**ecently three detectives knocked on our door. My wife answered. They said they were investigating child porn on the Internet and asked to search our computer. They had my name and address, an old password and the last four digits of my credit card. My wife called me at work and asked if I had purchased child porn. Of course I hadn't, so she signed a release allowing the detectives to search. I subscribe to adult sites, and a few of them have contained nude photos of women who might pass for 17. Is that what caught the attention of the police?—R.R., Dallas, Texas

*It's hard to say what caught their attention; you may have joined a site that had a stash of questionable material. But first things first. Never let the police into your*

*home unless they have a warrant. And the moment you hear the words child porn, get a lawyer on the phone. You were lucky—the detectives might easily have found an image that they judged to be illegal. That's because possession of any sexually explicit image of a person who appears to be or is promoted as being 17 years or younger could be grounds for arrest, and prosecutors aren't known for their tender treatment of alleged perverts. If you plead guilty to avoid trial, you'll be branded a sex offender. If you're found not guilty, you remain an accused pedophile. If you come across photographs online that appear to depict minors, clear your browser cache and history immediately and report the site to [asacp.org](http://asacp.org).*

**M**y wife is sexually uptight and boring. She won't have sex more than twice a week, and she gives two-minute blow jobs that are so teathy and rough I wish I hadn't asked. During intercourse she just lies there and moans. I like these fuck sessions, and so does she, but it's not enough. I asked her if we could pick up another woman and have a threesome, and she went ballistic. I know that the only way I'm ever going to have interesting sex in my life is if I cheat. I've read your column for years and can predict what you're going to say: "Don't cheat on your wife. Just try to be more romantic and warm her up sexually." Please realize, my wife is an iceberg. I would rather die than hurt her, but warming her up sexually is as difficult as building a Club Med at the North Pole. I refuse to divorce her, so I can see only two things in my future. Either I'm going to be miserable, or I'm going to cheat. Any advice other than "bring home flowers" would be appreciated.—M.A., Phoenix, Arizona

*Your wife gives you oral sex when you ask for it, moans during sex and fucks you twice a week? She doesn't sound like any iceberg we know. You want better head? Lots of women give sizzling blow jobs. They have the same tools your wife has. Their skills are developed with the help of guys who have figured out how to share information without criticizing technique or performance. You don't say, "Stop using your teeth" or "Don't bite." You wait for a moment when it feels good, and you say, "That's great. You're killing me when you do it like that. I love it when you don't rush. I want to be here forever." When you fuck, be a master creator. Make sure she becomes wet, talk dirty, get visual. Stand her up in front of a mirror, bend her over something, buy her lingerie (if not flowers). Gently tongue her pussy for an hour. It does wonders. Rent an adult movie and give her the remote. Take note of which scenes she doesn't fast-forward through. Buy*



her a Hitachi Magic Wand and/or the Rabbit Pearl. Read erotic novels aloud in bed to give her ideas she can sleep on. And don't overdo any of it. A little patience will be part of a big payoff. As for the threesome, when the sex between you and your wife is so hot that the carpet could catch on fire, she may be more willing to show someone else your act. But be careful. A threesome can end up being threatening to you, not her, because when women find lovers who understand their bodies, there's no telling what might happen. As for cheating, not even Tony Soprano can make that work.

**P**lease, before I die, could you just once side with a male? The June issue has a letter from a reader who points out that many wives are "willing" to have sex, but nothing more. Your response was basically that when this happens, it's the husband's fault and he needs to get the wife motivated. You wouldn't dare give a female the same advice. I know you feel women are these perfect creatures and men are one small step above gorillas, but sometimes it ain't our fault, and it's not totally our responsibility to fix the problems in a relationship. It's a two-way street, and your advice is often unrealistic, narrow-minded and unhelpful. I ask only that you give men a fair shake.—D.J., Columbus, Ohio

*You must have hated our response to that last letter. Our mission in life is to make sex better for everyone. If you can light her fire, she will light yours. Our advice is unhelpful only to men who want us to say, "You're right, and she's wrong." OK, that's settled. Now what?*

**I** am 23 and I work with a girl who is 20. I'm unsure about her feelings for me. The other night I had a party and she asked for a tour of the house. As I was showing her my bedroom, she pushed down on my mattress with three fingers. Why did she do this? What does it mean?—P.S., Des Moines, Iowa

*If only it were that easy: "If a woman pushes down on a mattress with three fingers, she wants you." You can't gauge this woman's interest by some mysterious sign—you have to ask her out. Maybe she'd like to go mattress shopping.*

**D**o you know of anyone who makes a global positioning device that can be attached to a motorcycle? As anybody who has traveled in Mexico knows, most of the roads are not marked. Because my bike has a range of only 150 miles, I can't afford to get lost.—W.J., Wichita, Kansas

*Getting lost is half the fun, as long as it's not while you're headed home. Garmin, Magellan and Lowrance each make GPS devices that can be mounted on motorcycles (this summer BMW began offering a voice-command Garmin unit as an option on its K1200 bike). Most tracking devices come*

*equipped with base maps of North America, Central America and South America and the ability to upload additional maps from CD-ROMs. You'll be hard-pressed to find more detailed maps outside of those covering the U.S., Canada and Europe, but you can set waypoints on the Mexico base map to keep your bearings. Peter Jones, who runs an enthusiasts' website at [www.gpsriders.com](http://www.gpsriders.com), recommends reading reviews posted online by other cyclists and test-driving GPS units before you buy. His site includes links to vendors, as well as photos of the various ways cyclists have mounted their navigation systems.*

**I**'m a student at Kansas State University who enjoys mixing cocktails for my friends. I believe I have invented a couple of drinks. The first is the classic kiddie cocktail (7Up and grenadine) mixed with Bacardi Silver rum (how much is up to the drinker). I call it the Big Kiddie. The second is two parts berry wine cooler, one part pineapple-orange juice and one part vodka or rum. I call it the Tiffany and Company. Do these drinks exist, or have I discovered my claim to fame?—J.E., Manhattan, Kansas

*Your Big Kiddie resembles other basic rum drinks archived at the online database [webtender.com](http://webtender.com), including the red beard (spiced rum, coconut rum, grenadine and 7Up) and Malibu dreams (Malibu rum, grenadine and 7Up). You can submit your variation there, but come up with a better name. Also, no recipe should be open-ended. It's your job to determine what amount of alcohol balances the drink best. Your second effort isn't one recipe but two—"vodka or rum" is a fork in the road. And again, the name stinks. Creating cocktails is a delicate and serious business—don't take it lightly.*

**W**hen I wake up in the morning and my throat is phlegmy, it takes on a deep "love voice" that many women say they enjoy. If I set my mind to it, I can talk in the love voice at other times, e.g., when I go out at night. But if I lose concentration, I go back to my normal voice without realizing it. This deeper love voice gets a lot of attention in social settings, all of it positive. Is there any way for me to speak this way without trying to do so?—S.R., New Orleans, Louisiana

*Besides training with Barry White? Enjoy this "gift" for what it is: a party trick. Do you really want to attract the sort of women who are turned on by party tricks? Yeah, so do we. That's why we keep our Elvis voice in reserve for those special moments.*

**W**hat's up with wearing colored lenses while playing softball? Does that help, or is it just a fashion statement?—P.W., Denver, Colorado

*They're a functional fashion statement. Tinted lenses can make it easier to follow the ball in the grass, or against the sky. They're usually designed to be worn in response to weather conditions, although some are mar-*

*keted to specific sports, such as golf or tennis. When it's cloudy, yellow or orange works best. If there's some sun peeking through the clouds, try a rose hue. Gray is best for full sunlight. If you're fishing or boating, use polarized lenses to cut down on glare. A mountain biker who goes in and out of shadows should consider a high-contrast amber. With any sport sunglasses, look for shatter-proof polycarbonate that provides at least 400 nanometers of UV protection. Many manufacturers, including Zeal Optics (888-454-9325 or [zealoptics.com](http://zealoptics.com)) and Bollé (800-222-6553 or [bolle.com](http://bolle.com)), offer models with interchangeable lenses.*

**O**ne night about a month ago my new girlfriend and I got to talking about her previous partners. She told me her first lover had a huge penis but that the sex had been painful. My penis is 6.5 inches erect, and she has told me I'm a perfect fit. She also says I'm the first guy to get her off every time. The problem is, I can't stand the thought of her having been with someone so much bigger than I am. She has no clue this bothers me, but I once went soft inside her thinking about it. I keep wondering if she ever thinks her old boyfriend could "fit" her better now. She says I'm the best she's ever had, but she also says that size does matter. Help!—J.B., Atlanta, Georgia

*If you want to stay hard during sex and you're not bisexual, don't think about penises. You have a Goldilocks cock—not too small, not too big, but just right. That's a good place to be. Your penis will "fit" with a wider variety of women, most of whom are content with large enough. Only the first few inches of the vagina have nerve endings, and a woman's pleasure during intercourse comes as much from your penis girth (which helps stimulate her clitoris indirectly as you thrust) as length. While an extra-large penis might feel great to some women, just as many will find it uncomfortable. Besides, the vagina isn't a gaping cavern. Its walls stretch and tightly grasp whatever is inserted—nature doesn't discriminate. With your large-enough erection, you'll also enjoy things that big guys miss, such as being deep-throated. We mention all this because your girlfriend is trying to tell you something: She likes your cock because it's attached to you.*

*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](http://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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## THE SURRENDERED WIFE

— has your spouse finally decided to back off? —

**Y**ou have to wonder about the titles that she rejected. Was *I, Doormat* too blunt? *Twelve Steps to Stepford* too subtle? In any case, author Laura Doyle eventually settled on the perfect name for her unusual marriage manual: *The Surrendered Wife*. It has since sold more than 100,000 copies and become a mini movement.

What *The Rules* did for dating, *The Surrendered Wife* does for marriage: It reminds women of their place, which is to the right of and slightly behind the man. This is wonderful news for husbands who are insecure with the opposite sex. For the rest of us, and for women, it's actually not as bad as it sounds. But it's not great.

Like *The Rules* and *Fight Club*, *The Surrendered Wife* is meant to be kept secret by its practitioners. So if your other half seems oddly noncombative lately, this list of advice from the book will tell you what she's up to:

- Instead of criticizing your driving, she closes her eyes.
- If she accidentally criticizes you, she apologizes. A lot.
- When you offer your opinion, she responds, "Whatever you think."
- When you ask her advice, she answers, "That's a good question!"
- When you hurt her feelings, she says "Ouch" and leaves the room.
- Instead of saying she disagrees with you, she says, "I hear you."
- Instead of asking you to carry something, she says, "I need the help of a big, strong man."
- Instead of saying she wants to have sex, she squeezes your arm and says, "Oooh, you're strong" or announces that she's "feeling especially erotic today."

*The Surrendered Wife* (and the websites and Surrendered Circle discussion groups that have grown around it) is aimed at a certain type of woman. She nags her husband because she's sure nothing will get done if she doesn't. She buys his underwear because he'll never do it himself. She instructs him in every task because he always does it wrong. She rejects his gifts because he has no taste. By her



own account, the author once did all this and more in her marriage. Much of her advice is—or at least should be—welcome common sense. Treat your husband like an adult. Give him the benefit of the doubt. Express your opinions without belittling his. Instead of complaining, do something that will make you happy.

But surrendering goes beyond all that. Doyle seems to believe that controlling women are like AA-textbook alcoholics. A wife who says, "I'll just offer suggestions from time to time," or "I'll do the finances because I'm a math professor and he failed long division," is in denial.

To ensure a happy marriage, Doyle says, a wife must give up control in toto. She must never, ever ask her husband to help with the chores. She has to always be "in the mood" when he wants sex. If he's short-tempered, she needs to consider if she's being respectful enough. She may share her views in matters affecting them both—where to go on trips, whether the kids should be eating cookies for breakfast—but in the end, she must accept his position. In fact, if he happens to have a position about

something that affects only her, she should accept that, too.

Why would a woman behave this way? According to Doyle, the primal and spiritual state of surrender makes for a more intimate, harmonious marriage, and the wife feels more dignity, more pleasure, more relaxation. Doyle more or less guarantees that once a woman surrenders, her husband will start earning more money. People will ask if he's lost weight. He'll give her more gifts. The kids will be calmer. Surrendering isn't just the key to a happy marriage, it's a bona fide religious experience. "The more you admire your husband's magnificence and how everything about him is just as it should be, the more you will feel God's presence," Doyle explains. "Faith and intimacy with your husband is a manifestation of your faith and intimacy with God."

There is a flip side to this. Because surrendering can make everything right, if anything in the marriage is wrong, it's probably the wife's fault for not surrendering—as in Doyle's admonitions that "stingy husbands are a by-product of controlling wives," and "If your husband is short-tempered with the children, check to see if you've been respectful."

Doyle's premise, of course, is ludicrous. Most men (and women) prefer at least the illusion of an equal partnership, and surrendering sounds like a lazy way to avoid working at the relationship. If my wife one day announced, "I'd like you to give me a weekly allowance because I can't handle having an ATM card or a checkbook," my reaction would not be, "Thank you for letting me take care of you." Instead, I would ask, "Have you suffered a brain injury?" But if you think having a docile wife sounds sweet, beware this book's disturbing subtext. Doyle promises that when wives stop nagging and learn to drop hints, their husbands will rush to satisfy their desires. In that context, a "surrendered" wife isn't any less controlling than a combative one might be. She's just better at getting away with it.

By DANIEL RADOSH



# THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

what we learn from the history of murder

**T**he handwriting is impeccable, the sentences are short and to the point. For 60 years, from 1870 to 1930, Chicago bureaucrats entered the names and details of more than 11,000 "homicides and important events" into five notebooks.

*February 23, 1877. Anderson, Gris: Col'd waiter, shot in fight in saloon of Mathias Walsh, Clark and Van Buren, by John Keat, a junk dealer.*

*July 4, 1879. Anderson, Robert: 18 years old, killed with blow of baseball bat, 211 W. Polk St., by John McQuade, who escaped.*

*December 3, 1882. Allen, Bill, alias Joe Dehman: Notorious colored criminal and murderer of Clarence E. White, shot dead by Sergeant John Wheeler.*

So begin the ledgers of death. No one knows why the records were kept, or why the practice stopped in 1930. Dottie Hopkins of the Illinois State Archives carefully restored the fragile pages; now they are treasured by historians and devotees of homicide. Last fall the Northwestern University School of Law hosted a conference, "Learning From the Past, Living in the Present: Patterns in Chicago Homicides, 1870-1930."

The patterns are there. Prior to 1900, almost a quarter of Chicago homicides occurred in saloons. Men killed each other with guns, knives, black-jacks, brass knuckles, straight razors, bowling pins, hatchets, axes, billiard balls and cue sticks, bricks, stones, whipstocks, beer mallets and pails, meat cleavers, hair clippers, garden shears, shovels and fists. Men quarreled over cards, payment for drinks or undue attention paid to wives, daughters and girlfriends. For scholars trying to date the birth of America's gun culture, the archives are no help. Jeffrey Adler, associate professor of history and criminology at the University of Florida, examined the ledgers and says guns were used in 65 percent of the killings between 1870 and 1920. In the late 19th century the incidence of gun use in other cities was about 30 percent.

Like Cain and Abel, Chicagoans used whatever was at hand. The ledgers record this fight: *October 24, 1907. Anderson, Nelson: Cut to pieces by Metropolitan train. Dennis Scanlon held for manslaughter. Scanlon, who is blind, is alleged to have*

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

*pushed Anderson, who is also blind, from the station platform.*

There were quarrels that stemmed from pop culture: John Casey, 24, had his throat cut by his brother in an argument over a Graphophone. And there were murders motivated by the most ancient of cultures: In 1899 Peter Dykstra, age five, had his throat cut with a corn knife by his father, Abel Dykstra, who said, "The Lord demanded it as a sacrifice."

The ledger entries note bombs al-

who killed suspects allegedly trying to resist arrest or evade pursuit. A teenage boy, one of about six playing dice in a vacant store, was the victim of an "accidental discharge of gun in hand of Officer Charles Miller, who was exonerated by the coroner." George Fleming, age 22, was fatally stabbed on August 5, 1919 with "a bayonet attached to rifle in hands of Private Edgar Mohan of the Illinois Reserve Militia, on duty in riot zone." The ledgers also devote pages to policemen who were murdered in the line of duty, but none as violent as this: *October 3, 1903. Ahoy, George A.: Chief of police, Morgan Park, cut to death with knives by Negroes. Six arrests.*

The historians who attended the Northwestern conference looked for early signs of modern problems. A panel asked, "Has the proportion of spousal murders changed? What were the characteristics of domestic violence before it was called domestic violence?"

The ledgers rarely record ongoing abuse (save those cases where sons killed their fathers while defending their mothers). The more usual pattern was murder-suicide, endgames bereft of detail: *1903. Mrs. Emma Arutman: Throat cut with razor by husband who attempted suicide in same manner.* Or this one: *July 6, 1927. Goeschel, Elaine, age three: Throat slashed with butcher knife in the hands of her father, Wm. Goeschel, who during a violent domestic quarrel attempted to exterminate the whole family. His own attempt at suicide was not successful and on 7/21/27 he was held by the coroner.*

Husbands killed wives with swords, with fire, with guns and with poison, then took their own lives.

Adler summarized the killings with a paper titled "If We Can't Live in Peace, We Might as Well Die."

Women were also capable of homicide, though their choice of weapons was different. In entry after entry, we read variations of this: *June 10, 1917. Jaros, John, age 48: Shot to death at home, 4162 Ogden Ave., by his wife, Annie, who then committed suicide by gas asphyxiation, which also killed her two-year-old baby, Mamie.*

*November 10, 1915. Boedecker, Walter, age six: Found asphyxiated in bed with mother, Margaret, who had turned on gas with suicidal intent.*

**Men killed each other with guns, knives, razors, pails, black-jacks, shovels, fists and pool cues.**

legedly planted by the Industrial Workers of the World, scabs and strikebreakers felled by bullets and bricks, and innocent bystanders killed when labor disputes turned violent:

*July 9, 1894. Bach, Martha: Fatally shot, 61st St. and Western Ave. during railroad strike riot. Bullet fired at or by strikers.*

*February 16, 1903. Gates, Samuel: Commission merchant, died from assault committed Feb. 12 at freight house by union teamster, name unknown. Gates drove a wagon of Peter Fox Sons Co. to the depot for a case of eggs, and the man who assaulted him disputed his right to drive a team.*

The labor wars are far enough in the past that we have forgotten when Americans killed for jobs. To the modern eye the archives portray a world of armed shopkeepers willing to kill burglars and chicken thieves, of bartenders willing to kill over a disputed bill. Most were acquitted, as were the scores of police



The women who chose gas turned the domestic sphere into a still life. The sense of hopelessness permeates each page. Under the letter *U* are the unknown victims. The ledger lists the bodies of newborns found in trash cans, cement mixers, ash bins, toilets in department stores, infants strangled with ribbons, stabbed with hatpins, wrapped in newspaper, swaddled in gunnysacks, dismembered and burned. The entries are as shocking as those in today's headlines. By the Twenties, lawmakers had come up with a charge, "criminal neglect at birth," although offenders were seldom apprehended. Mothers did not just kill newborns. *Crawford, Elenore May, nine years, drowned in bathtub by her mother, who is thought to be insane.*

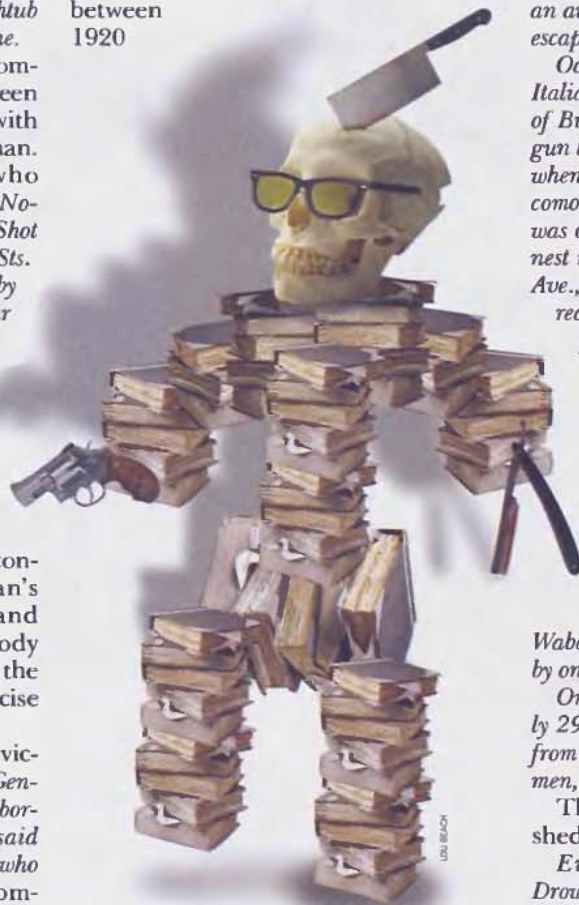
Some scholars say the domestic homicides were caused by tensions between the sexes, by men unable to deal with the emergence of the modern woman. There is evidence that women who sought new roles met resistance: *November 21, 1920. Smith, Earl, age 33: Shot to death in saloon at 60th and Halsted Sts. at 11 P.M. while dancing with a woman, by John Hunt who had, just half an hour previous, fatally shot Walter Meyers, whom he had found in company of this woman in another saloon.*

There are remarkably few examples of sexual homicide, what we know as rape-murder. Some scholars say this reflects a gentleman's agreement not to mention lurid details, but the records contain moments of horror. A woman's nude body—minus hands, feet and head—was found in a sewer. The body of a boy turns up—Bobby Franks, the victim of Leopold and Loeb's exercise in death.

Far more often, women were the victims of a specific act: *April 6, 1917. Genaro, Antonia, age 27: Died from an abortion at home, 902 Cambridge Ave., said abortion performed by Minnie Miller, who on 4/16 was held by the coroner.* Women died from "illegal operations" and "criminal abortions" performed by midwives, doctors and unknown parties. For decades, the entries end with the citation "No bill," indicating the abortionist was not prosecuted, that a grand jury had not held him or her liable for the death. At the turn of the century, abortionists advertised in Chicago papers. In 1904 the Chicago Medical Society established the Committee on Criminal Abortion. A year later the *Chicago Tribune* stopped accepting ads. By the Twenties, the ledger begins to record successful prosecutions against abortionists.

The ledgers chronicle the attempt by the justice system to deal with deaths that the public considered wrong but that did not fit the easy patterns of murder. Entries note a 1917 death that resulted from injection of drugs and a 1919 death caused by wood alcohol poisoning.

The ledgers also record all deaths inflicted by motorcycle and automobile, labeling them manslaughters. Rare at first, by 1920 vehicular fatalities were almost as common as homicides. Indeed, it took only two volumes to record every death from 1870 to 1920. It takes three volumes to list the deaths that occurred between 1920



and 1930. Part of this is accounted for by population: Between 1870 and 1930 Chicago grew from a city of 300,000 to a metropolis of 3.3 million. But a large part is attributable to America's reckless love of speed. In a disconcerting number of entries, the drivers left the scenes.

Flipping through the archives, one can follow the evolution of professional murder. An unknown gunman used a rifle with a silencer to kill a target, another assailant went around with a sawed-off shotgun, scattering victims to the wind. The automobile began to

appear in the entries as a weapon or site for homicide: Victims were pushed out of roaring vehicles, or shot and dumped. After Al Capone arrived in Chicago, drive-by shootings were almost common. The tommy gun makes its appearance in 1925 and achieves immortality in the entries for February 14, 1929:

*Schwimmer, Reinhardt, age 29: One of the seven Moran gangsters who were lined up facing a brick wall and mowed down with machine guns and shotguns at a garage at 2122 N. Clark St., at 10:40 A.M. When the killers left, two of them had their hands in the air and two followed, pointing the machine guns at their backs. They all got into an auto disguised as a police squad car and escaped.*

*October 23, 1930. Aiello, Joseph, age 39: Italian, married, gang leader and partner of Bugs Moran, was riddled with machine-gun bullets in front of 205 N. Kolmar Ave., when he left the home of Pasquale Prestigioso, alias Presto, to enter a cab. The fire was opened up on him from a machine-gun nest in a flat across the street, 202 Kolman Ave., and when he attempted to escape to the rear of the Presto home, he was felled from fire from a second nest.*

The ledgers also record lesser-known events. In July 1919, Chicago was swept with three days of riots that left 38 dead:

*Hardy, B.J. Fatally assaulted July 28th at 46th St. and Cottage Grove Ave. after being taken off a streetcar by a mob of white rioters.*

*Otterson, William, age 35: Fatally injured July 28 at 35th and Wabash Ave., when struck by a brick thrown by one of a mob of colored rioters.*

*Ordman, Berger, age 21: Fatally shot July 29 by Samuel Johnson, who fired a rifle from porch of his home into a mob of white men, fearing violence to himself and family.*

The incident that began this bloodshed is chilling:

*Eugene Williams, colored, age 17. Drowned at 29th St. Beach due to exhaustion on account of being unable to come to land due to throwing of stones during riot between whites and Negroes over use of said beach. This case was the direct cause of the race riots. George Stauber, one of the rioters who was accused of having thrown a stone which supposedly struck the deceased and caused his drowning, was indicted on charge of manslaughter. Acquitted.*

The scholars who met at Northwestern asked, "What do these cases tell us about the nature of homicide over time? Who kills whom under what circumstances, and what has changed?"

Perhaps more to the point: What hasn't changed?



## GODLESS TRIBUTE

Why do you refer to Madalyn Murray O'Hair as "America's Favorite Atheist" (*The Playboy Forum*, June)? She wasn't even atheism's favorite atheist. Contrary to opinion, O'Hair didn't speak for all atheists. She was little more than a career celebrity who treated the organization she founded, American Atheists, as her own fan club. Fat, ugly, loud and obnoxious, she was selected by religious organizations, politicians and the media as America's most visible atheist because she was such a bad example.

She ran her fiefdom in an arrogant and authoritarian manner. She took the time and money of many members before expelling them for such affronts as joining other atheist and free-thought organizations, distributing disapproved reading material and daring to criticize the way the group was run.

When O'Hair arrived on the scene, Americans United and the ACLU were the most effective organizations defending the separation of church and state. They still are, primarily because O'Hair fragmented the atheist cause. While the ACLU wins smaller cases to build legal precedent for larger victories, O'Hair's litigation strategy was to generate publicity and raise money. Most of her lawsuits were dismissed, which gave legal precedents for the religious opposition. It may take generations to make up the ground she lost.

John Rush  
Austin, Texas

I was on the board of directors of American Atheists for several years. Most atheists (and many nonatheists) would agree with O'Hair's critiques of religion. She had the courage to stand up for atheism at a time when it was even more unpopular than it is today. Unfortunately, her intelligence and wit were too often combined with crude language. And although I do not believe she set out to create or maintain a cult, that is exactly what American Atheists became. In 1991 American Atheists disbanded all its local chapters. Four former chapters formed the more



FOR THE RECORD

## POLITICAL PRAYER

"Pray for appropriate assignment of funding and for the administration and success of abstinence programs throughout the nation. Pray that the FDA's review of RU-486 will result in a reversal of the drug's approval. Pray that Congress will not be able to circumvent President Bush's latest action banning funding for overseas abortions. Pray for the elimination of the extra Planned Parenthood funding in the labor, health and human services appropriations bill."

—excerpt from the "Capitol Hill Prayer" recited weekly on Pat Robertson's television program, *The 700 Club*

democratic Atheist Alliance International ([atheistalliance.org](http://atheistalliance.org)) as the next logical step in the movement. Our "positive atheism" has attracted 25 groups so far and we have established friendships with atheists worldwide.

According to the *World Christian Encyclopedia*, atheists and the nonreligious made up 0.2 percent of the world's population in 1900. That group now accounts for about 20 percent. In addition, atheism is said to be growing in North America at a rate of about two percent annually—if true, that's faster growth than Christianity. Recent studies indicate that religious feelings are generated by our temporal lobes and other parts of our brains. "God" is inside our heads, not outside. The future belongs to science and atheism.

August Berkshire  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I had the privilege of attending the memorial service held by American Atheists for Madalyn O'Hair and her two children. The media dubbed her "the most hated woman in America," and she often played that image to her advantage in the public eye. But the people who knew her and were close to her, and who worked and struggled with her, portrayed a different person. I watched and listened as person after person at the memorial service told stories of her kindness, generosity and helpful nature. They told of a woman who always had a good word to say, and who was encouraging of others. She was tireless in her dedication to the causes for which she fought.

I appreciated Stephen Bates' piece for its honesty and fairness. It is unfortunate that certain people are seldom understood beyond the caricatures created of them by the media. We should all be so lucky as to have the power and courage to stand by our convictions the way she did.

Tim Avery  
Ohio State Director  
American Atheists  
Columbus, Ohio

O'Hair finally got her wish. She is now in a place where there are no crosses.

Dennis Ray  
Pasadena, Texas

## SEX IN COLLEGE

Having just completed my freshman year, I can attest that Susie Bright is right on when she says that most college students are clueless about sex ("Why Johnny Can't Screw," *The Playboy Forum*, June). I was forced into an "abstinence first" course in high school. Fortunately for us, the teacher knew better. He explained several methods of birth control and described STDs and how they are acquired. My mother was also willing to discuss sex and relationships with me, believing that no information about these subjects should be off-limits.

My friends weren't so lucky. I know people who believe masturbation is evil, others who have no clue how to



R E S P O N S E

use condoms, and “blow job queens” who service their boyfriends only to keep them around. It’s a shame that many adults my age learned most of what they know about sex on the playground. They don’t understand anything about their own erotic needs and desires. Blame should be placed on the conservatives who have pushed abstinence-only programs in our schools and on parents who aren’t willing to discuss sex with their teenagers. We’re raising a nation of sexual imbeciles.

Colin Seiler  
Grinnell, Iowa

SPERM WARS

Women who unfairly trick men into paying child support ought to be

punished, not rewarded (“Who Owns Your Sperm?” by Sam Jemielity, *The Playboy Forum*, June). The judicial system needs to realize that a child is better served by the absence of an unwilling parent than by his or her reluctant participation.

Brenda Shults  
The Colony, Texas

NAKED COPS

In your May issue you report that a sheriff’s deputy in Palm Beach, Florida had resigned and two others were suspended for posting videos and photos online that showed them having sex with their wives (“Naked Guns,” *Newsfront*). Thought you’d like to know that the city has fired the two men. A month

earlier, officials in North Port, Florida suspended an officer for three days without pay because his wife had posted nude photos of herself online to surprise him. Although the husband was not in the photos, the city suspended him for “conduct unbecoming an officer.” I think the sun is burning everyone’s brain cells down here.

Jack Ryan  
Miami, Florida

*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.*

This past winter, administrators at Mount Saint Mary’s College and Seminary in Emmitsburg, Maryland demanded that the faculty advisor to the student newspaper review each article and editorial before publication. When the advisor, **William Lawbaugh**, refused to censor his students, the provost withheld a portion of his salary. Administrators cut the paper’s funding, refused to pay the student editor’s salary and accused Lawbaugh and his editors of embezzlement. An audit proved the charges to be unfounded.

Lawbaugh’s devotion to protecting the free speech of his students in the face of personal economic hardship earned him a Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award, presented to deserving individuals each year since 1979 by the Playboy Foundation. The award includes a \$5000 prize.

**Mary Dana**, a teacher in Zeeland, Michigan, and **Nancy Zennie**, the mother of two school-age children, were unlikely protectors of the First Amendment. As the *Harry Potter* craze swept the nation, conservatives claimed the books contained satanic and antifamily themes. The Zeeland School District’s superintendent agreed and banned anyone from reading the books in class. He also required that parents grant

THE  
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AWARDS

permission for their children to check the books out of the library and ordered librarians not to order any future installments of the series.



In response, Dana and Zennie organized the first meeting of Muggles for Harry Potter, a group of students, teachers and parents. Six months later, the superintendent lifted his restrictions with the exception of classroom readings in

kindergarten through fifth grade.

Stage greats **Penn and Teller** earned an HMH Award for weaving social messages into their act. For example, in one routine, the team makes an American flag disappear and then reappear on fire as Penn explains the Supreme Court’s rulings on flag burning. **John Seigenthaler** received a lifetime achievement award for founding the First Amendment Center at Vanderbilt University, which has educated the public and journalists about freedom of expression for four decades. **Michael Kent Curtis** also was honored. He is the author of *Free Speech: The People’s Darling Privilege*, an examination of the relationship between the crusade against slavery and free speech in the 19th century.

The enemies of free expression always find new ways to silence citizens. The so-called SLAPPs (strategic lawsuits against public participation) have proliferated in recent years. Since 1991, **James Wheaton**, co-founder of the Oakland, California-based First Amendment Project, has defended citizens against lawsuits designed to deter them and others from speaking out. Activists have been “slapped” because they telephone officials, speak at town meetings, testify before legislative bodies and support boycotts.



## STRIPPERS UNITE!

## exotic dancers at the bargaining table

By MISS MARY ANN

**T**wo, four, six, eight, don't come here to masturbate!" sounds like something the Moral Majority chanted back in the Eighties outside a porn palace, but the slogan was our battle cry for fair treatment on the job. We had formed a picket line outside the Lusty Lady, a San Francisco nude theater that employed us as dancers, to demand better working conditions and to organize the nation's first successful strippers' union.

From the start, our relationship with management had been rocky, but when the boss fired a dancer and union supporter named Summer for allegedly "disrupting other employees," it sparked a war. We demanded Summer get her job back, and when management refused, the picket went up immediately. Even the theater's cashiers and janitors showed up to protest.

The Lusty Lady is not a strip club with a stage show and lap dancers working the audience. It's a peep show, a mirrored room of writhing naked women. The customers stand in individual

booths around the stage, separated from the dancers by glass windows. A quarter buys a 15-second glimpse of flesh before the shutters close. Most of our customers manage to come before they've spent five bucks. Budget masturbators can complete the task at hand for as little as 75 cents by jerking away in the dark, depositing another quarter only when their mental snapshot of us has dissipated.

The women who dance at the Lusty Lady—many of them single mothers or college students—prefer it to lap dancing (which pays much more than the maximum Lusty Lady rate of \$27 an hour) because there's no physical contact with the customers. You also never dance alone. You punch your time card, writhe away your four-hour shift

with three other nude women in the fishbowl and go home.

The reporters flocking to cover our organizing drive often had a difficult time understanding what we did as "work," but in my mind the job has always been defined by repetitive labor. Spot an open window, make eye contact, pout, wink, swivel hips, place a stiletto-clad foot on the sill to reveal an eyeeful of your two most marketable orifices, fondle tits, smack ass, stroke whatever pubic hair you haven't shaved off, repeat until the customer ejaculates,

see it? How many people would make money off of it? We heard rumors of our images showing up online or in porn videos.

We repeatedly asked the company to remove the one-way glass. Despite the no-camera policy, the theater insisted that unpaid porn stardom was an occupational hazard we had to accept. We felt strongly otherwise and got in touch with Local 790 of the Service Employees International Union, which agreed to take a chance on us.

As soon as we announced plans to organize, the company removed the one-way mirrors, but serious problems remained. For example, the club scheduled only one nonwhite dancer per shift, which limited their ability to earn money, and forced sick dancers to find shift replacements whose breast size and race matched theirs. If a like dancer wasn't available to pick up your shift, you had to come to work ill or take a stiff cut in pay for missing your shift. The company also had no written disciplinary policy for its employ-



PETER HILLARD

ees. A dancer could have her pay cut in half for missing a staff meeting, or she could be suspended for not "having fun." The managers who enforced these policies always did so with a smile, insisting we worked at the best strip joint in town because we got free hot chocolate and weren't required to suck the boss' dick.

We decided to go through with a National Labor Relations Board union election. If we voted to organize, federal law required the company to negotiate a contract. Predictably, the company resisted. Managers held mandatory meetings and told workers that a union would impose exorbitant dues (in reality, \$4 per week), that officials would "force" them to picket (workers always vote on whether to strike) and then move on to the next window. Peep shows are the fast food of the industry. We produce assembly-line orgasms.

Three of the 13 windows around the stage had one-way glass; the customers could see us, but we couldn't see them. For years, the Lusty Lady attracted amateur pornographers who videotaped and photographed us, usually without our knowledge and always without our consent or compensation. Absentminded cameramen would occasionally forget to cover the telltale "record" light. Whenever a dancer noticed a red pinpoint, her impulse would be to break through the glass and destroy the tape. Instead, she'd alert security. More often than not, the guy had slipped away, leaving the dancer to wonder: Where would the tape surface? Who would

see it? How many people would make money off of it? We heard rumors of our images showing up online or in porn videos.

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fine anyone who disagreed with the union's policies (we're not sure where they came up with that one). The company claimed a union would destroy the Lusty Lady "family," which was fine with us. In this family, we were the children. Before the vote, managers put two key union organizers on "final warning" for bogus infractions. Undeterred, we voted 57 to 15 to organize. We named our SEIU chapter the Exotic Dancers Union.

We spent the next seven months in negotiations. Management hired a law firm notorious for busting unions. Like a stripper who waits until the end of the song to wiggle out of her panties, company lawyers kept their client paying by teasing us with lengthy diatribes. They spent days insisting that dancers were sexually harassing one another by using the word pussy in the workplace, while ignoring our efforts to discuss substantial issues such as sick pay, holiday pay, health insurance, an end to discrimination against dancers based on their race (or hair color or breast size, for that matter) and the right to file formal grievances.

As the sessions wore on, the lawyers reminded us more of our customers. (The star of the company's legal team helped the imagery along by boasting to us, "An attorney is but a condom, protecting the prick who's screwing someone else.") We imagined the lawyers with their ties flung over their shoulders, the way we were accustomed to seeing their peers in the peep booths around the stage.

We resolved the "pussy" issue, but the company then began insisting it needed the right to fire any dancer who had been at the Lusty Lady for more than 18 months. Since customers supposedly wanted variety, management argued that it had a "legitimate business need" to fire dancers at will. The theater had arcane criteria to determine when a dancer should go. A "sultry stare" would suddenly become a "scornful glare." Routine pelvic grinding would transform from "interactive" one day to "repetitive" the next. Countless trees died to sustain the Lusty Lady's fetishistic obsession with documenting our job performances. It was a peep show, not a Broadway production. The theater knew we would never agree to language that would codify its right to fire veteran dancers, but the lawyers were trying to wear us down.

A few months into this routine, we staged a one-day job action. The Lusty Lady is the only place in town where a horny guy can see a live, gyrating,

three-dimensional pussy inches from his face for half the price of a doughnut. The two-bit show is the Lusty Lady's signature commodity. We still performed nude that day but we kept our thighs closed. The marquee outside said XXX; we made the show PG-13. Almost every dancer scheduled to perform took part, and frantic managers responded by firing Summer.

When we organized our picket, the theater locked us out and closed the show. Customers steered clear of the commotion, and most were openly supportive. Two days later, the company backed down, rehired Summer and began to cooperate. It quit talking about firing dancers and proposed a raise.

Ultimately, management didn't agree to all of our demands, but we ratified our first contract in 1997, and now we are negotiating our fourth. This time around, the company proposed a \$3-an-hour pay cut to offset hikes in its rent and management salaries. To protest, we spent a day wearing flip-flops instead of high heels and planned a sick-out for a busy Saturday night. The company got the message and dropped the proposal.

There will probably always be a siz-

able gap between profits and wages in our industry, but we like the flexible hours and the money, and now we have job security, sick pay, automatic raises and a guarantee the mirrored windows won't return. This from a company that initially never intended on reaching an agreement, in an industry infamous for regarding its workforce as disposable.

Our success sparked organizing campaigns at a second San Francisco club, as well as one in Philadelphia (where many customers are members of unions themselves and would never cross a picket line) and another in Anchorage. Four years after we won our union election, we hear from strippers all over the country who would like to organize. They're tired of being classified as independent contractors, which means having no benefits, paying "stage fees" to be allowed to work and being pressured to do more for less to reach income quotas. Watch your own neighborhood girlie show for signs of labor unrest; that sex kitten in your lap may be the next Norma Rae—in a G-string.

*Miss Mary Ann is a shop steward for the Exotic Dancers Union.*



## LABOR OF LOVE

When the performers at the Lusty Lady began making noises about a union, dancer Julia Query picked up her video camera. Working with filmmaker Vicky Funari, she created *Live Nude Girls Unite!*, an engaging first-person account that won the audience award for best documentary at the San Francisco International Film Festival. The film is just out on video and DVD (phone 800-229-8575) and premieres in August on Cinemax.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## DIRTY DEMO

LAKE SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI—Tom and Suzi Wahl operate a mail-order adult video business. They also conduct \$200 sex seminars with live demonstrations and



printed material. Last fall, two vice cops posed as a couple who wanted to learn more about sex before they married. With the Wahls' permission, the "couple" videotaped Suzi doing a striptease and the Wahls performing oral sex on each other while explaining their techniques. A jury convicted the Wahls of misdemeanor prostitution, and a judge fined each \$300. The prosecutor told the jury: "Any prostitute can walk into a courtroom and throw down a couple of books and say this is a seminar. That is not a defense."

## URINE TROUBLE

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—Police arrested Kenneth Curtis, owner of Privacy Protection Services, for violating a state law that bans the sale of urine to beat drug tests. Curtis argues that his business, which sells kits with tubing, heat packs and pouches of clean urine, is protected by the First Amendment. "The kits are not intended to defraud drug tests but to express free speech rights by rankling lawmakers and testers," he said. Following his arrest, police found 20 gallons of urine stored in milk jugs at his home.

CLEVELAND—Donald Milligan had an appointment with his probation officer. He suspected he would fail his drug test, so he

asked a friend to fill a plastic bottle with urine. Milligan then connected the bottle with tubing to a dildo, which he covered with makeup to match the color of his skin. The attentive officer foiled the scheme and demanded Milligan produce a legitimate sample, which tested positive for cocaine and opiates. The friend's urine also tested positive. A judge sent Milligan to prison for a year for violating his probation.

## CHRISTIAN BULLIES

PHILADELPHIA—The State College Area School District covered all the bases when it adopted a new antiharassment policy. The code prohibited students from engaging in "unwelcome verbal, written or physical conduct which offends, denigrates or belittles an individual" based on race, religion, national origin, gender, sexual orientation, disability, clothing, values, hobbies or social skills. A member of the state board of education sued, arguing that the policy violated the First Amendment. Specifically, he feared it might prevent two students under his care from speaking out against the "sinful nature and harmful effects of homosexuality." A federal appeals court ruled that the policy was too broad.

## BEFORE THE STORM

LOS ANGELES—Antiporn groups met privately with Attorney General John Ashcroft to press their case for a federal crackdown on the industry. But emboldened prosecutors in the city of sin have already targeted the producers of extreme porn. In April, prosecutors charged Adam Glasser, a.k.a. Seymour Butts, with misdemeanor obscenity for distributing a version of Tampa Tushy Fest that contains a fisting scene. He pleaded not guilty. In May, the LAPD raided the home and office of producer Jeff Steward, seizing copies of American Bukake 11, in which groups of men ejaculate on a single woman, and the pissing epic Liquid Gold 5.

## DUCK AND COVER

LAKE ALFRED, FLORIDA—Chuck Cole sells 500-pound replicas of Michelangelo's David. In April, a woman who owns a nearby barbershop spotted her two daughters pointing and giggling at a replica that had stood for nearly a year in front of Cole's store. She complained to the city manager, who told her Lake Alfred had no

law against nude statues. Nevertheless, a building inspector paid a "courtesy call" to Cole, who covered David with a makeshift diaper.

MADISON, WISCONSIN—When the State Bar of Wisconsin commissioned a sculpture of Lady Justice for its headquarters, an artist created a clay model in which the figure appeared topless. The bar invited feedback from its 80 employees. Ten objected, so the association instructed the artist to add a blouse.

NEW YORK—One of several new murals at Kennedy Airport includes a tiny figure of Jesus, apparently nude, on the cross. When the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights complained, the artist said she had intended to paint on a loincloth, "but I just forgot." Jesus' groin was flesh-colored but not anatomically correct.

## TITS UP!

LONDON—The British Ministry of Defense revealed that it has paid for breast enlargements for female soldiers since 1994, including four operations in the past year. An official said the operations are an inexpensive way of retaining soldiers who might otherwise resign because of depression over their small breasts. The ministry also said 10 soldiers had undergone liposuction and five received sex-



change operations (the National Health Service provides similar benefits to civilians). And in Australia, the Defense Force announced that female soldiers could have their breasts reduced at taxpayer expense but not enlarged.



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DALE EARNHARDT JR.

*a candid conversation with the son of the intimidator about life with dale sr., nascar drivers who cheat, racing's worst track and how fame changes everything*

*How tough is Dale Earnhardt Jr.? How tightly wound is Nascar's favorite son, the speed-burning scion of the great Intimidator himself?*

Well, hell, he'll be happy to tell you—once he wakes up.

Earnhardt Jr., often called Little E or just Junior, wears his fame as casually as his T-shirt and jeans. He loves his sleep, too, and after a night of partying he'll snooze through lunchtime, or nod off on his couch at the drop of a Budweiser baseball cap. Days of Thunder? More like days of slumber.

But strap Earnhardt into a 780-horsepower, quarter-million-dollar race car and he morphs into a different guy—a feared competitor who will run over you at 200 miles per hour. With the hair-trigger reflexes and brass balls he inherited from his dad, the seven-time Winston Cup champ, Earnhardt Jr. won two Winston Cup races in 2000 and earned more than \$2 million. This year he's among the sport's leaders in winnings and Winston Cup points. At 26 he is a crossover star, the first stock car hero to score with the MTV crowd. That means wealth, women and song for an ultraeligible bachelor who built a little party nook in his basement—a full-scale nightclub with a smoke machine, nuclear sound system and dance-floor space for 225 revelers.

Yes, it is definitely a blast to be Junior. But

it is also a damn heavy load. It always was, and then it became infinitely more complicated on February 18, 2001, when his father died in a crash on the last turn during the last lap of the Daytona 500. Since that day, Little E has done a lot of growing up. He has defended Sterling Marlin, the driver who bumped the Intimidator's famed black number three car moments before the crash. Dale Jr. has also taken on a larger role at Dale Earnhardt Inc., his father's multimillion-dollar company. And of course he has raced harder than ever, starting only eight days after Dale Sr.'s death, when he drove in the Dura Lube 400 and crashed on the first lap.

His surprising views on that wreck—and on topics that include speed, honor, fear and contraception—make this an extraordinary sports interview. But, then, Dale Earnhardt Jr. has never lived an ordinary life.

He was born on October 10, 1974, four and a half years before his dad's Winston Cup debut. In those days the elder Earnhardt wasn't the Intimidator to anybody but his family. Young Dale, whose parents divorced when he was three, grew up idolizing his father, a stern, even chilly figure who responded to Junior's boyhood mischief by sending him to military school.

Dale Sr. wasn't a full-time dad. He was busy building his legend—winning Rookie of the Year and Winston Cup titles back-to-

back, winning two Driver of the Year awards, winning 34 times at Daytona International Speedway, winning more than \$41 million for driving like a madman. How tough was the man in black? Once, when a crash sent another car flying and the 3000-pound vehicle landed on the Intimidator's car, he carried it piggyback to the finish line and won by a split second. As the Earnhardt legend grew, so did the Earnhardt fortune. Dale Sr. became a motor-sports mogul whose private fleet included a helicopter, a Learjet and another plane; his reported earnings in 1999 were \$26.5 million.

Dale Jr. took up stock car racing when he was 17, hoping to win a couple hundred bucks. He raced at dusty ovals all over the Carolinas, winning only three times in more than 100 tries. Then came 1996, when the Intimidator gave his 21-year-old son a car to drive in Nascar's Busch Series, the sport's top minor-league circuit. That's where Junior became a star. Zooming to Busch Series crowns in 1998 and 1999 (fans called him the Dominator), he earned a ride in the big show, the Winston Cup series, where the kid in the Bud-red number eight car won two races in his rookie year. Despite cooling off and finishing second in Rookie of the Year voting to Matt Kenseth, Junior was Nascar's biggest new star since Jeff Gordon.

Then came the 2001 Daytona 500, the



*"I had four speeding tickets by the time I was 18, but none since. Got those tickets from four different officers, and each one told me he gave my daddy his first ticket. It's their claim to fame, but they can't all be right."*



*"I know my father's seat belt broke. He had impact with the steering wheel. That means the belt had broken, or he couldn't have been that far forward. He had broken ribs, and that has to mean a broken belt."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HAROLD HINSON

*"You're safer in a race car, which will mash like an accordion all the way to the fire wall. A street vehicle doesn't have so many crash zones. The front will mash back only so far, then you take the rest of the blow."*



race that took his father's life and changed Junior's life forever. Young Dale has shown skill and courage at death-defying speeds ever since that cataclysmic day at Daytona.

We sent sportswriter Kevin Cook to North Carolina to see how the young man who has been called "the future of Nascar" is dealing with his past, present and future. Cook reports:

"From the Charlotte airport you take the Billy Graham Park and I-77 to Mooresville, North Carolina, where Main Street dozes in the shadow of a grain silo. Just down the road is the headquarters of Dale Earnhardt Inc., a sleek 108,000-square-foot complex that racing folks call the Garage Mahal. Across the road is a smaller palace: a little blue house with a swimming pool and a brown brick garage out back. This is Junior's house, a celebrity hangout nicknamed Junior's Place—the only North Carolina 'nightclub' worthy of an MTV special.

"Small and wiry, with a wispy red mustache and goatee, Dale Jr. yawned a lot at first. I think the guy needs more sleep. But when something sparks his interest or pisses him off, his eyes narrow and you feel the sharp focus he brings to his dangerous job. I suspect he loves to race but is starting to hate the complexities that fame—not just success, but being his father's son—adds to his life. He still seems a little overwhelmed at the thought of being the only living Dale Earnhardt."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's start fast. How does it feel when you hit a wall at 190 miles per hour?

**EARNHARDT:** It hurts! I blew a tire at California this year and thought, I am going to hit the wall. In that spot you're not in charge of the car. You're just sliding. You turn the wheel all the way left and nothing happens. You can't help tensing up, but at the moment you smack the wall, you have to go limp, relax all your muscles. If you put your arm out straight, you'll get a compound fracture in your forearm.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that instinct, or did you learn how to crash?

**EARNHARDT:** I'm ashamed to say that I've wrecked 10 or 15 times, enough to really know how.

**PLAYBOY:** How about after the crash?

**EARNHARDT:** You've done 15 to 50 feet of sliding, then smack! It stuns you for a second. You come off the wall and you're still moving, but you can't steer or slow down. Will you hit something else? Are you in oncoming traffic, with cars going 200 miles an hour? Once you get the car stopped, you're like this [touching his arms and legs]. Any sharp pains? If not, pull your window net down—that's the signal you're OK.

**PLAYBOY:** After your tire blew in this year's NAPA Auto Parts 500, was your radio still working?

**EARNHARDT:** I could hear my crew asking about the backup car. I ain't even stopped! Next thing I heard was, "Get the backup car out there, damn it!"

**PLAYBOY:** We have to talk about your father's crash. Late in this year's Daytona

500, your team was running one-two-three. It was Michael Waltrip, you and then your father in third. But Sterling Marlin was gaining. It was your dad's job to get in Marlin's way. Here's how one newspaper put it: "It appeared that Earnhardt was willing to wreck his own car to keep Marlin behind him." Is that true?

**EARNHARDT:** He didn't decide to wreck. Michael was leading the race. I was in second, so I was in the same situation as my father. You want to win, but it's your teammate up there. If you hold your position and he wins, the team wins.

**PLAYBOY:** In that spot, you take one for the team.

**EARNHARDT:** Right. That's what he was doing.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you thinking during that last lap?

**EARNHARDT:** That I want to win the Daytona 500. But if I try to pass Michael and then for some reason I don't win, I'd never hear the end of it from my father. "You fucked up," he'd say. "You should have stayed in line!"

**PLAYBOY:** After the race, with Marlin getting death threats from some Earnhardt

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*My dad was busting his ass and putting food on the table. I missed him bad sometimes, but when he was around it was great. We knew he loved us.*

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fans, you said that blaming Marlin for your father's death "is ridiculous and I will not tolerate that."

**EARNHARDT:** Sterling did nothing wrong. **PLAYBOY:** But he bumped the number three car.

**EARNHARDT:** That's not wrong. For a second, there was room for him to go under my father. My father moved down to close that hole, and Sterling wasn't of a mind to get out of the way, that's all. I spoke to him after. I said I will always be his friend. One day he may feel some guilt, I don't know. If he ever wants to talk to me, I'll talk.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you see the crash?

**EARNHARDT:** [Nodding] You're doing quick glances at the mirror—I saw smoke and cars at the wrong angles, cars crashing. Then the race ends and I'm excited. "Man, I finished second in the Daytona 500!" Even though he crashed, my father was going to be happy about that. I went looking for him, but he wasn't at the care center. Some cops took me to the hospital. I was about five minutes behind him. Never saw him. I'm sure I could have if I'd wanted to, but I didn't, not after I knew.

**PLAYBOY:** A week later you raced again, and crashed.

**EARNHARDT:** A guy just plowed into me. Zipped me right into the wall. Everyone talked about how it looked just like my dad's wreck. That was embarrassing.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do wrong?

**EARNHARDT:** Nothing. I got put into the wall.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why be embarrassed? Just because the crashes looked alike?

**EARNHARDT:** Yes. I was ashamed that I mocked my father.

**PLAYBOY:** At a press conference in May, you said you knew what really happened when your father crashed. "I know what the facts are," you said, but "I'm not going to tell." What is it that you know?

**EARNHARDT:** I know my father's seat belt broke.

**PLAYBOY:** That's what Nascar has been saying, but there was an emergency medical technician who claimed the belt was intact. How do you know he was wrong?

**EARNHARDT:** By my father's injuries. He had impact with the steering wheel. That means the belt had broken, or he couldn't have been that far forward. That's a long way—you could hit your chin on the wheel, maybe, but not your chest. He had broken ribs from the wheel, and that has to mean a broken belt.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people think you have some information that Nascar hasn't released.

**EARNHARDT:** No, it's from looking at the car and knowing what his injuries were—those things tell me what happened.

**PLAYBOY:** How has his death changed you?

**EARNHARDT:** It brings death closer. In this job your instinct is to block it out. Now it's always there. But you know what? I'm more determined to succeed. Before, I wanted to be a champion. Now I'm going to be a champion, I have to be a champion.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of your skill is inherited? Do you have better genes than other drivers?

**EARNHARDT:** Some of it's reaction time and peripheral vision. People say that my dad had eyes in the back of his head, and I'm good that way, too. My pulse rate's slower than average, like his was. But there's confidence, too. Just being around him, seeing him win all those races, gives me an edge over a guy whose father wasn't a driver. I'll go up against that guy, thinking I'm going to beat him because it's in my blood. Even if I didn't inherit my father's ability, that helps.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad won the IROC, the International Race of Champions, last year. There was a funny moment before the race: His car was directly behind yours in the grid, and he bumped you a couple of times.

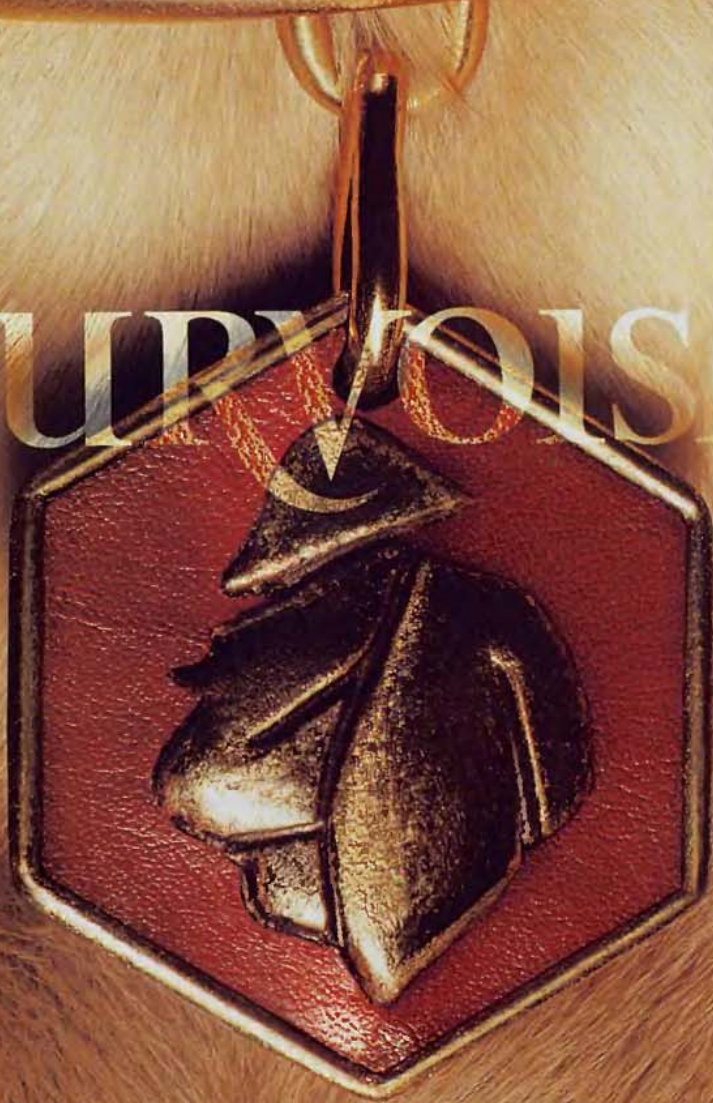
**EARNHARDT:** He was fucking with me. Like saying, "Hi, kid." I would have bumped him, but I qualified higher.

**PLAYBOY:** You crashed in that race. He went on to win, bumping Mark Martin



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and slipping past Martin on the last lap. Do you relish moments like that? Was that a classic?

**EARNHARDT:** Well, no. What he did that day—passing in the last corner—it's very brilliant, awesome and exciting. But there's nothing special about the move itself. It's a move that happened 150 times in the race. But he waited, and saved it for that last moment, and got a win out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad was the sport's most famous tough guy. Was he tough at home, too?

**EARNHARDT:** When I was about seven, he went out one day to cut down a tree. Climbed up with a chain saw to cut the limbs off. He's up there in a denim shirt, with gloves and boots and his sunglasses, sawing away. After about 15 minutes he comes down and his glove is torn. There's jagged skin on the back of his hand, and I can see down to the bone. He says, "Damn it." I'm like, "Daddy, you're cut bad. You need stitches." But he says it's OK. "Cut it when I first got up the tree, but I was already up there, so I stayed."

**PLAYBOY:** You were three years old when your parents divorced. At first you lived with your mother, Brenda, who was his second wife.

**EARNHARDT:** Until I was six. Then one morning I wake up and the kitchen's on fire. Something in the wiring. That house burned down, and I went to live with my dad.

**PLAYBOY:** Had he wanted custody before that?

**EARNHARDT:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** You lived with your father and Teresa, his third wife. They hired nannies to look after you.

**EARNHARDT:** That was weird, because a nanny is a stranger. They weren't bad, but they were strict. Nannies want to make a good impression on their employers, so they're tough on the kids.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you watch your father's races on TV?

**EARNHARDT:** I loved that. I would race my Matchbox cars on the floor while he was racing on TV. I didn't really miss him on those days. I did on the weekdays, though. I felt like when the race was over, he'd come home. But he was always working on his cars.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was your mother?

**EARNHARDT:** She married a fireman and moved to Virginia. We only saw her twice a year, so it was hard to keep a connection. Now she's down here again—my sister Kelley just had a baby, so our mama's back here to help.

**PLAYBOY:** It's hard to picture the Intimidator sitting you down for a talk about the birds and the bees.

**EARNHARDT:** We were on the way to a racetrack somewhere. I was 12, and I'd learned about sex in school, but he had some things to tell me. "Use a rubber," he said. He was adamant about that:

"Wear a rubber and don't get some girl pregnant. Don't get in that situation when you're just starting out in life." See, that's the trap he fell into. My brother Kerry, too.

**PLAYBOY:** They both got girlfriends pregnant and married young?

**EARNHARDT:** Yes. "So if you think you won't get a girl pregnant because you pull out in time," my father says, "well, one time you'll make a mistake." I was a little embarrassed, really. I didn't want to hear that from my daddy.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of boys at that age think, I wish I had that problem.

**EARNHARDT:** That's exactly how I felt. You're 12, you and your buddies are stealing PLAYBOYS, wondering if you'll ever get lucky enough to be with a girl.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take you?

**EARNHARDT:** About six years. The girl I lost my virginity to, I knew her all through high school. She was the second-best-looking girl in my class, and she flirted with me. We did that high school date deal, where you hold hands in the hall and go out for a couple of weeks, and then you break up over the telephone. She basically ruined me by dumping me, because I just wanted her more. Finally, after we're out of high school, I asked her out again. By then I was 18.

**PLAYBOY:** Still a virgin at 18?

**EARNHARDT:** Yes. And she tore me up in my trailer.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you follow your father's advice?

**EARNHARDT:** About the rubber? Yes, I did. We went at it again and again. It lasted 30 or 40 minutes. I thought I did pretty good. I'm still an endurance type, and if I fail the endurance test, I'm quick to get going again.

**PLAYBOY:** They call that a man's refractory period.

**EARNHARDT:** Mine's about three or four minutes. Got to use it while you can.

**PLAYBOY:** Here's the Wilt Chamberlain question: How many partners, career total?

**EARNHARDT:** Not so many. Fifteen to 20.

**PLAYBOY:** Would they call you a gentle lover or a rambunctious one?

**EARNHARDT:** In the middle, but more toward rambunctious. I'm careful who I'm with. A couple years ago, when I started seeing what a little success can do, I thought, Man, this could get to where girls are knocking on my door—and I'm gonna let 'em all in! But it doesn't work that way. I am real fucking scared of contracting a disease, for one thing. Or just making a mistake, like my dad talked about. I don't want a kid running around right now, because he wouldn't turn out right. He would be spoiled and ruined. He'd be a troublemaker.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in a relationship now?

**EARNHARDT:** Just got out of one. It's a hard thing—with the attention I've been getting, it's harder to know if somebody



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loves you for you. But the relationship thing is largely my fault. When I start dating someone it's awesome, but after a while I start resisting it. Two things I really enjoy are being with the guys and being by myself, but now there's less of both. When I race on weekends, the girl can't understand why I don't want her there. I could afford to take her, right? So if I don't, she resents me and I feel like a bastard.

**PLAYBOY:** Other than your birds-and-bees talk, did your dad give you advice about girls?

**EARNHARDT:** Not too much. This one girl was hot as hell, and I brought her around to meet him. Next day he says, "That girl smokes pot." I knew it was true, but I said, "No, she don't." He says, "I know she does, and I know where she gets it."

**PLAYBOY:** She wasn't the only one.

**EARNHARDT:** I tried this and that, just like everybody else in the fucking world. Smoking weed at a party. Trying mushrooms. It was fun.

**PLAYBOY:** What's Nascar's drug policy?

**EARNHARDT:** Nascar doesn't have a drug policy. If they find out that you're doing something—and they will find out—they have a fatherly way of handling it. Me, I figured out what was cool to do, and what wasn't cool, before I started driving in the big time.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you get the Intimidator for Father's Day?

**EARNHARDT:** A card, something like that. There wasn't that much going on between us.

**PLAYBOY:** He wasn't the world's warmest dad.

**EARNHARDT:** But he was busting his ass and putting food on the table. I missed him bad sometimes, but when he was around it was great. We'd always have a big time at Christmas. We knew he loved us. And, looking back, I think that if he had not been so adamant about his career, the Earnhardts wouldn't be as fortunate as we are now.

**PLAYBOY:** He packed you off to military school, though.

**EARNHARDT:** Well, I got kicked out of Christian school. Not for anything serious—a couple of fights, talking in class, sleeping in class—but it got me dismissed. So he and Teresa sent me to Oak Ridge Military Academy, here in North Carolina. Had to get up every morning at six when they blew the bugle. Shoes had to be gleaming, the buckles and buttons on your uniform, too. After school it was study from seven to nine, then run to brush your teeth and lights out.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you go home on weekends?

**EARNHARDT:** If you got too many demerits, you couldn't. And my dad was racing, so sometimes I wouldn't go home because he wasn't there. But I'm not complaining. Once it was over, I knew more than the guy up the street who hadn't

been to military school. I was more like an adult.

**PLAYBOY:** From there you went to Mooresville Senior High. You were Little E, son of the town's biggest hero—

**EARNHARDT:** But for some reason that worked against me. It wasn't cool to be Dale Earnhardt's son. I wasn't one of the preps or the fucking jocks. I was too small for football, so I played soccer my freshman year. Our soccer team went to the nationals every year, so the soccer guys were popular. But even when I was on the team, I wasn't one of them, couldn't be. Looking at them walking around in their polo shirts with their collars buttoned up—I thought they were a bunch of idiots.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do after school?

**EARNHARDT:** Shoveled shit. That was my job—get home from school, go straight to the horse barn and shovel it out. It's hard work, and you don't even want to think about the smell.

**PLAYBOY:** The Earnhardts still own horses, don't they?

**EARNHARDT:** We've got eight horses. One is a Clydesdale that Budweiser sent me, a badass big horse.

**PLAYBOY:** After high school you worked at your dad's auto dealership.

**EARNHARDT:** I did a lot of oil changes. Made \$16,000 a year. That was a job I liked—working with friends in the shop. We'd go to the same place for lunch every day and party at night. This went on a few years. I'd have parties in the double-wide trailer I lived in, and we'd get so damn rowdy we'd break the doors off. You would tackle a guy and push him through a door for the hell of it. I'd have to go buy new hinges and put my doors back on.

It was a normal life, as opposed to this. Now my life changes all the time. People come and go, and you worry about trust and loyalty.

**PLAYBOY:** Success doesn't simplify things, it complicates them.

**EARNHARDT:** That it does.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it worth it?

**EARNHARDT:** The racing is great. Drivers like to downplay the sheer speed of it. They always say, "Aw, it's just like driving around town." But it's really cool! It's like water skiing—the first time you water-ski you're yelling, "Slow down!" Then you get to liking it and you're hauling ass, cutting cones and yelling, "Faster!" I remember my first time driving at Talladega, the fastest big-ass track we run on. I'm 18 years old, going down the back straightaway. I ain't quite up to full speed, but I'm going fast enough to doubt I can make it around the corner without hitting the wall.

**PLAYBOY:** How fast?

**EARNHARDT:** Getting toward 195. So I'm looking at the corner way down there ahead of me, thinking, "No way can I turn that corner. But they say you go around Talladega wide open. You just

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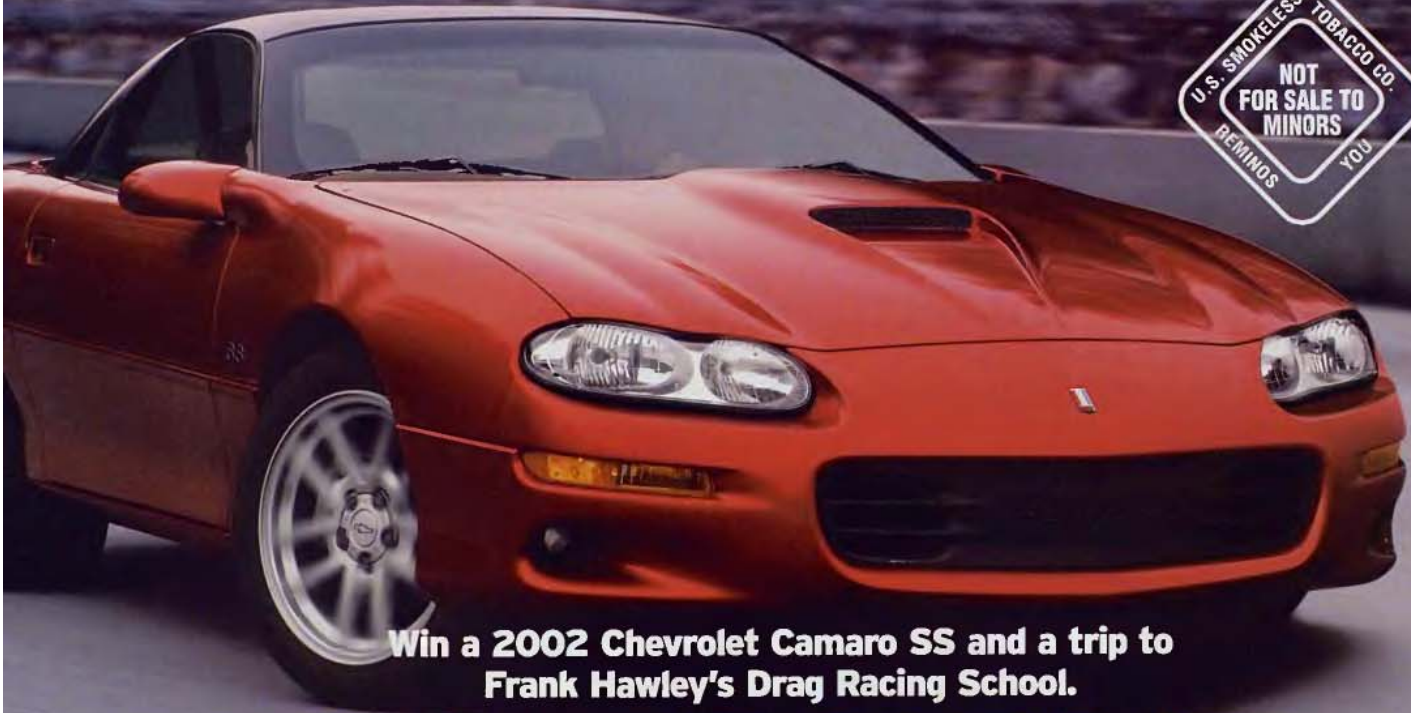
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hold her down and go. So I did, and turned that corner, and damn—it was great. The car sticks to the ground better than you'd think. It feels like a huge hand is pushing down on you. The faster you go, the more air you have pushing down, and the better the car sticks.

**PLAYBOY:** You'll use another car's draft to pull you along, too.

**EARNHARDT:** The air changes lots of things. My car might be turning great when I'm by myself, taking the corners fast, but if I get up behind somebody, I won't have that direct air on the nose of my car. I'm sharing part of his air, and now my front wheels want to slide. So I'll try to poke a headlight out, to get a little air on the nose. Then I can turn better.

**PLAYBOY:** When you're stalking another car, looking to pass, what are you looking at?

**EARNHARDT:** You're searching for flaws—mistakes that are repetitive. Maybe he's overdriving a corner, every corner, and you're handling better than him when you exit the corner.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you watching his tires? His bumper?

**EARNHARDT:** A lot of drivers do that, but I look at the left front tire. If he goes into a corner and he's turning it excessively, I know his car is tight. If he's turning that wheel more than I'm turning mine, he's tight. So if I push him—if I force the issue—I can make him move up the bank in a corner, out of my way.

**PLAYBOY:** Tight means what?

**EARNHARDT:** It means his front won't turn the way he wants. He's fighting it in the corners, and I can take advantage of that.

**PLAYBOY:** When do you make your move?

**EARNHARDT:** Soon. Maybe the next turn. Most tracks we run on, the corners are the same at both ends, so if he's doing that at one end, he'll do it at the other. That gives me four chances. Sooner or later, I'm gonna get by him.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't do it all by yourself. Nascar drivers often succeed by cooperating—at least for a few laps. How do you tell another driver, "Let's work together and pass these guys"?

**EARNHARDT:** You might put out a straight hand: "Let's go this way." It doesn't matter who the guy is. It's whoever the hell is in front of you or behind you.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you dissolve that relationship? There comes a point where you and he are running first and second, and now you're enemies.

**EARNHARDT:** That's right.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you signal, OK, we're not working together anymore—

**EARNHARDT:** You don't.

**PLAYBOY:** —and bump and pass the guy you've been working with?

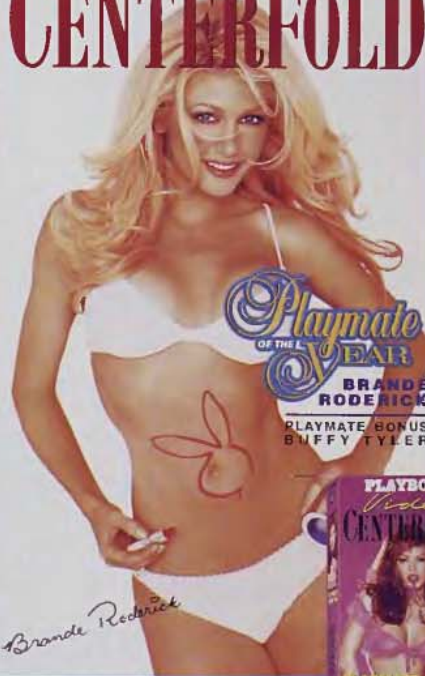
**EARNHARDT:** When you're ready.

**PLAYBOY:** And he's not.

**EARNHARDT:** [Grimacing] That is what it's all about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever get bored, bombing around racetracks?

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**EARNHARDT:** Actually, that can happen at Talladega. I've run two or three 500-mile Winston Cup races there, and three or four Busch races, and it's just so big you can entirely drop your guard—the whole back straightaway you're just holding the wheel straight for 15 or 20 seconds. Forever. So to go out there and race around by myself is boring as hell.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd rather be in traffic.

**EARNHARDT:** It's not boring. It's when there's almost a wreck, or when somebody gets up close in back of you and you almost lose control—that's when you remember how fast you're going.

**PLAYBOY:** A big track like Talladega poses other problems, too.

**EARNHARDT:** It sure does. After that long straight, if you don't go into the corner exactly right—if you miss by the slightest bit—you know you're screwed. You just messed up a lap that was an entire minute long, and now you've got to run another whole lap trying to make that time up.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of winning is driving talent, and how much is having a good car?

**EARNHARDT:** Depends on the track. At a small racetrack like Richmond, where handling is everything, it's almost all car. The guy who wins is no better than the guy in fifth place. He'll be pulling away and you say, "Damn, his car turns better than mine." You never say, "He's a better driver than me."

Five or six years ago it was more about the driver. Nowadays the cars are so close technologywise, so competitive, that you can't take an ill-handling car and force it into contention. Right now I'd say it's 75 percent car, 25 percent driver.

**PLAYBOY:** Do Nascar drivers and their crews cheat?

**EARNHARDT:** The cheating in Nascar is so good that a guy got caught during qualifying at Daytona, and I'm not sure what he did.

**PLAYBOY:** You're talking about Jerry Nadeau.

**EARNHARDT:** Guys will cut a little piece of a car in half, hollow it out and weld it back together. Other stuff is so technical it'd take a scientist to explain it.

**PLAYBOY:** The drivers and crews who get caught aren't punished much. They

are fined, but that's it.

**EARNHARDT:** Yeah, it's bullshit. If a guy's caught cheating after he wins a race, I'd take the win away.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been fined for cheating?

**EARNHARDT:** No, just fighting. One day Tony Stewart and I were banging around on the track—no more than what you see every week. So the message comes down: "Come to the Nascar trailer." It's like the principal's office. So me and Tony Eury, my crew chief, go up there, and here comes Stewart and his crew chief. Stewart and I were laughing, but his crew chief starts running his mouth. "You're a daddy's boy," he says. "You got everything handed to you." I

pissed, coming into my garage, saying, "What the hell were you thinking?" I said, "Dude, stay the hell away from me."

**PLAYBOY:** How close were you to fighting?

**EARNHARDT:** Oh, not very. I don't know if drivers really get that angry. I mean, when Rusty Wallace and Jeff Gordon got hot at each other recently, were they really going to punch each other? Not even close. I think national TV and the corporate involvement in Nascar have shined the thing up to where drivers are businesslike. They'll shake their fist and go, "What the fuck were you doing? Shit!" Then it's "OK, I gotta go home now—see ya!"

**PLAYBOY:** Does that hurt the sport?

**EARNHARDT:** No, because when you're strapped in that car, it's a heated fight. It's not "my sponsor's better than your sponsor," or "me and my fans against you and your fans." It's a one-on-one battle—a series of one-on-one battles with the guys you need to pass, through the entire race. But when the fight's over, a guy won't swing his fist at that other driver like he swung at him with his race car. He gets out of the car and he sees the crowd, the cameras. He's back to civilization again.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you hear the crowd?

**EARNHARDT:** Sometimes, and it charges me up. I want them to like me. Standing there for driver introductions before a race, I'll watch the other drivers walk across the stage, and listen to the fans' reactions. There will be 10,000 fans, and some guys

only get a couple of claps. Here's a guy competing at this level, risking everything, and nobody claps. And you know what? He doesn't care! He's just like, "Which way to my car?"

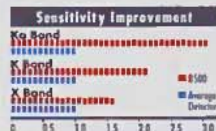
Jeff Gordon will walk across and there's a mix of cheers and boos. I'm thinking, Man, that would make me feel bad. I never want to get booed.

**PLAYBOY:** This year, many Nascar races have started with tributes to your father. Does that mess with your mind?

**EARNHARDT:** It's odd as hell. I'm glad people think that much of him, but right at that moment I'm ready to race. The crowd's hollering. I'm pumped. "And now, a moment of silence." And I might have a little memory, like a time we went

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deer hunting. Next thing it's "Gentlemen, start your engines," and I'm like, "Oh, shit."

**PLAYBOY:** Does a race wear you out more mentally or physically?

**EARNHARDT:** It wears out my neck. There's a headrest in the car, but when you're driving hard you are not laying your head back. You're right up on the wheel, leaning into the corner. It's like leaning into a strong wind all day. After a race my neck hurts, mostly on the left side.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your pain reliever?

**EARNHARDT:** Beer. If I'm sore after a race, I'll drink four or five beers and get in a good mood.

**PLAYBOY:** You earned \$515,000 for winning last year's Winston All-Star race. How much of that do you get to keep?

**EARNHARDT:** It's based on incentives. The higher I finish, the more I keep. If I win a race, I get 45 percent. For anything outside the top 10, it goes down to 30 percent.

**PLAYBOY:** You've crashed quite a bit on racetracks. Any adventures as a civilian driver?

**EARNHARDT:** I had four speeding tickets by the time I was 18, but none since. Got those four tickets from four different officers, and each one told me he gave my daddy his first speeding ticket. It's their claim to fame, but they can't all be right.

I also had a 1991 S-10 extended-cab pickup that I wrecked a bunch. Just kept flipping it over. I'd come to a 90-degree corner out in the country. There'd be signs with arrows pointing to the turn, and I'd take out three of those signs. Once I hit some ice and rolled that truck into a ditch.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel safe, crashing at only 50 or 60 miles an hour?

**EARNHARDT:** You're safer in a race car, which will mash like an accordion from the nose all the way to the fire wall. A street vehicle doesn't have so many crush zones. The front will mash back only so far, then it stops and forces you to take the rest of the blow.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your dad say when you flipped your truck?

**EARNHARDT:** I thought he'd be mad, but he laughed.

**PLAYBOY:** He has only been gone for a few months. Do you find yourself talking to him, wondering what he'd say?

**EARNHARDT:** Not out loud, but I'll think those things. For instance, I wanted a big old air compressor for the shop in my backyard. He said no, get a small one. Now, with him gone, I'll make that decision. That's a petty thing, but I still wonder if I could have talked him into it. Maybe I'll go through my whole life wondering stuff like that. It might get harder, too. Right now I can recall his demeanor, I can see him. Ten years from now it will be harder to know what he'd want us to do.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the Earnhardt em-

pire? Your stepmother, Teresa, has taken over much of the decision making. You told one reporter that you trust her even more than you trusted your father.

**EARNHARDT:** Financially, yes. He always joked that before he met Teresa, he owed the bank money. Afterward, the bank owed him.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of rich families fight over what they inherit.

**EARNHARDT:** The way I see it, Teresa is almost as responsible for what we have as Dad was. I sure didn't build it. They created it, and if she wants it, it's hers.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about how you got started in racing. You raced go-carts first.

**EARNHARDT:** I was only 12, and after about 10 races my dad said, "It's not safe. You're not doing that anymore." So I waited four years and then sold my go-cart for \$500. Took the money to a junkyard over in Kannapolis.

**PLAYBOY:** Kannapolis, birthplace of both Dale Earnhardts.

**EARNHARDT:** Bought a 1978 Monte Carlo for \$200. I spent the rest on parts and started building a race car.

**PLAYBOY:** Why a Monte Carlo?

**EARNHARDT:** Price. I'm looking at 10 acres of junk cars, and that's the cheapest one there. Remember, I'm 16 and don't know what the fuck I'm doing. I say, "Hey, what can I get for \$200? That one? All right, I'll make it work."

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you work on it?

**EARNHARDT:** Here in Mooresville, in my dad's garage. My half brother Kerry and me found a roll cage, fixed it up and put it on there.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a mechanic and a welder, too?

**EARNHARDT:** That was the hard part. We cut a hole in the floor of the car and mounted the cage to the chassis. The cage had to be wide enough to sit in and drive, but not so wide that we couldn't get the door back on. Then the seat goes in, and you have to mount it so it won't fly out if you run into something. Painted it, put a big number eight on it. That was hard work, but I learned to work on a car. My sister Kelley raced cars, too. I wound up building two cars for her, from the ground up, and one for my brother.

**PLAYBOY:** How fast was that Monte Carlo?

**EARNHARDT:** Somewhere around 140 on the flat, about 90 for a lap around the little tracks we ran on.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1994 you were the new kid on Nascar's Late Model Stock Car circuit, racing around little ovals from Concord, North Carolina, to Myrtle Beach and Florence, South Carolina, to Nashville, and you won only three races in 119 tries. What happened?

**EARNHARDT:** At each of those tracks there was one guy who dominated. He was the track champion, and he won every race. His car had the biggest motor. His carburetor was bigger. Maybe his tires were

greased up, and maybe the track's head inspector worked for the people who sponsored the guy. I mean, the cheating was blatant.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have been furious.

**EARNHARDT:** No, I loved the racing. I was having a blast.

**PLAYBOY:** Once you got the right ride, you dominated the Busch Series, then last year you won in Texas as a Winston Cup rookie. How did you react to that first victory?

**EARNHARDT:** It took a second to sink in, then I realized it. I sat there in the car and said, "Holy shit!"

**PLAYBOY:** You have mixed feelings about fame, don't you?

**EARNHARDT:** It's mostly cool. The Charlotte Hornets asked me to come to a playoff game, and they had a number eight jersey for me with my name on it. I talked in an interview about being a big Elvis Presley fan, and I started getting Elvis stuff in the mail. A police officer in New Hampshire sent me an Elvis autograph, just to be nice. My sponsor sends me cases and cases of free Budweiser—more than I can drink. I'm doing the *Playboy Interview*—this is cool shit a lot of drivers don't get, and I recognize that. A lot of circumstances had to fall into place for all this to happen. I mean, three years ago nobody knew or cared who I was. Now people drive past my house just to look at it. Some of them knock on the door, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Half of North Carolina knows where you live. Your house isn't exactly bristling with security.

**EARNHARDT:** I'm putting up a gate. And there's security across the road, at the company headquarters. They have a camera on my house, and they'll talk back and forth by radio: "There's a white female coming up the driveway." Another time I was watching TV and a couple of girls walked in my door and asked me out on a date, just like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Your groupies seem to travel in pairs.

**EARNHARDT:** They ain't supermodels, though. It's never the supermodel types who do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do your friends get jealous?

**EARNHARDT:** Not about that. It's more that they'll think I'm becoming an asshole. They'll say, "Let's go out with this guy." I'll say I don't know the guy, so I'm not riding with him. Because I have to be afraid. If something gets messed up, it's not his name they'll put in the paper, it's mine. So some guys may say, "He thinks he's too good for us," but it isn't that.

**PLAYBOY:** Bet you never thought you'd be image conscious.

**EARNHARDT:** Me and my friends used to party all the time, and my dad would get mad and say, "Quit that!" As I get older, I start to think about how I'm perceived.

(continued on page 174)





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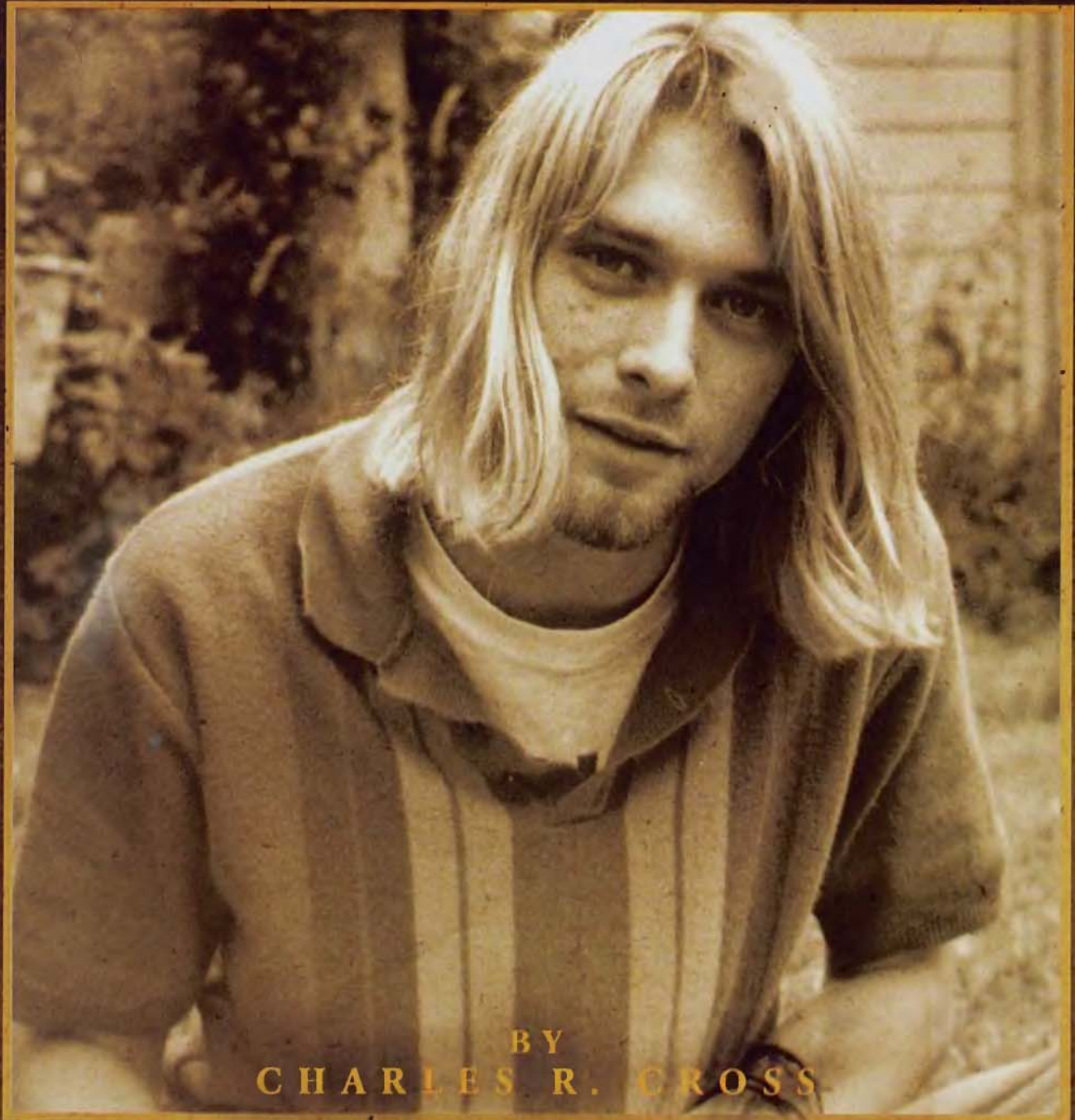
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# HEAVIER

than

# HEAVEN:

THE FALL OF KURT COBAIN



BY  
CHARLES R. CROSS



fame and fortune were not what he needed

The first time he saw heaven came hours after an entire generation fell in love with him. It was his first death, but it was only the earliest of many little deaths that followed. For the generation smitten, it was a powerful and binding devotion—the kind of love that, even as it begins, you know is ordained to break your heart.

It was January 12, 1992, a Sunday morning. The temperature in New York City would eventually rise to 45 degrees, but at seven A.M., in a small suite of the Omni Berkshire, it was near freezing. A window had been left open to air out the room, and the Manhattan morning had stolen all warmth. The room itself looked like a tempest had engulfed it; scattered on the floor were clumps of dresses, shirts and shoes. Toward the suite's double doors stood half a dozen serving trays, covered with the remnants of several days of room service meals. Half-eaten rolls and stale slices of cheese littered the tray tops. This was not the typical condition of a four-star hotel room—it was the result of someone's warning housekeeping to stay out of the room.

Asleep in the king-size bed was 27-year-old Courtney Love. Her long blonde hair spread out over the sheets



Opposite page: Kurt in his backyard in Olympia, Washington in 1989. This page, top: Kurt with his sister Kim on Christmas in 1989. At left: School days—Kurt's school portrait. Above: In Seattle, hanging with early bandmates Chad Channing and Jason Everman. Nirvana bassist Krist Novoselic was Kurt's boyhood pal. Below: Kurt's Olympia kitchen cabinets were plastered with magazine clippings. Lower left: Kurt's hand-written lyrics from 1988. "Hairspray Queen" didn't make it onto a CD until "Incesticide" in 1992.

And as the soft pret  
 And the flowers sing  
 Well be together one  
 I cant explain jus  
 living without you girl youll out  
 I can feel it I can hold it - I CA  
 I can cut it I can taste it - I  
 -late it Ah Ive been look  
 the same old - sticky boredom  
 things you wouldnt think it e  
 Repeat

Hairspray Queen

I WAS your mind - you were my ms  
 Your enemy you would mind - I





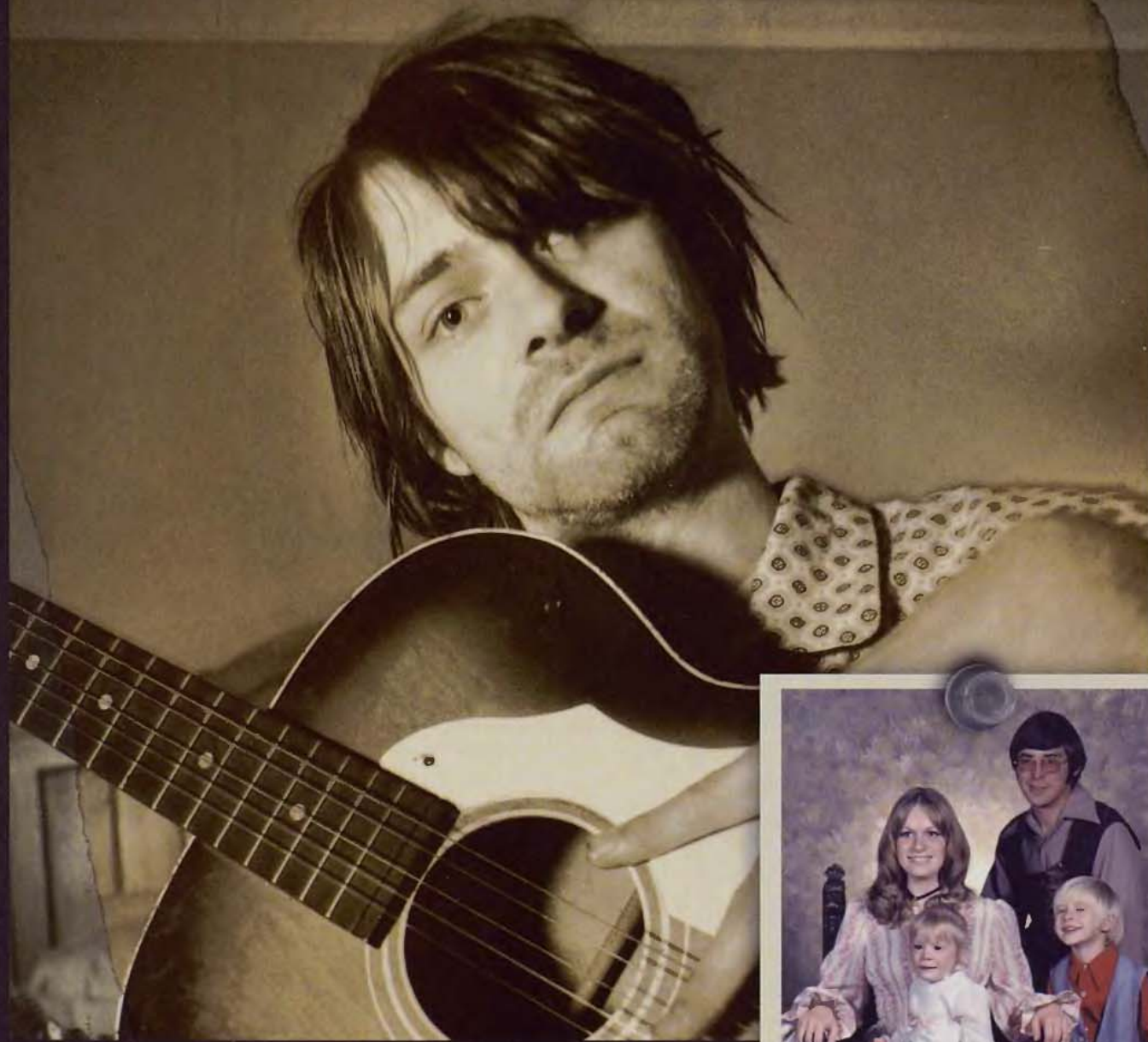
like the tresses of a character in a fairy tale. Next to her was an impression in the bedding, where a person had recently been. Like the opening scene of a film noir, there was a dead body in the room.

"I woke up at seven A.M. and he wasn't in the bed," remembered Love. "I've never been so scared."

Missing from the bed was 24-year-old Kurt Cobain. Hours earlier, Kurt and his band Nirvana had been the musical act on *Saturday Night Live*. Their appearance on the program proved to be an epochal moment in rock and roll, the first time a grunge

band had received live national television exposure. It was the same weekend that Nirvana's major-label debut, *Nevermind*, knocked Michael Jackson out of the number one spot on the *Billboard* charts. While it wasn't exactly overnight success—the band had been together for about four years—the manner in which Nirvana took the music industry by surprise was unparalleled. Virtual unknowns a year before, the band's *Smells Like Teen Spirit* was one of 1991's most recognizable songs, its opening guitar riff signifying the true start of Nineties rock.

And there had never been a rock star quite like Kurt Cobain. More antistar than celebrity, he refused to take a limo to NBC and brought a thrift-store sensibility to everything he did. For *Saturday Night Live*, he wore the same clothes he had worn for days: a pair of Converse tennis shoes, jeans with big holes at the knees, a T-shirt advertising an obscure band and a Mr. Rogers-style cardigan. He hadn't washed his hair for a week, but had dyed it with strawberry Kool-Aid, which made his blonde locks look matted with dried  
(text continued on page 82)







Opposite page: Kurt in Seattle in 1993. Inset: The Cobain family Christmas photo of parents Wendy and Don, sister Kim and Kurt in 1973. This page (clockwise from upper left): Kurt and Courtney Love strike a pose at a "Sassy" magazine photo shoot in 1992. Kurt at the Commodore Ballroom in Vancouver, BC, getting mauled by the mosh pit. Poster art for a February 1987 night at Legends in Tacoma, starring Nirvana, the Melvins and Machine. Kurt and Courtney mug for the camera in December 1992. Nirvana, Healing Explosion and Lush were on the 1988 bill at the Community World Theater in Tacoma. Nirvana as we know them—Krist Novoselic, Dave Grohl and Kurt Cobain (and a still-unidentified man)—posing with the MTV Video Music Award for 1993's Best Alternative Video.





blood. Never before had a performer on live television put so little care into his appearance or hygiene, or so it seemed.

Kurt was a complicated, contradictory misanthrope. What appeared at times to be an accidental revolution showed signs of careful orchestration. He professed in many interviews to detest the exposure he'd gotten on MTV, yet he would call his managers to complain when the network didn't play his videos often enough. He planned every musical or career direction, writing out ideas in his journals years before he was able to execute them. Yet, as soon as he was bestowed the honors he had sought, he acted as if they were a terrible inconvenience. He was a man of imposing will, yet he was equally driven by a powerful self-hatred. Even those who felt they knew him best knew him hardly at all, as that Sunday morning would attest.

After finishing *Saturday Night Live* and skipping the cast party, explaining that it was not his style, Kurt gave an interview to a radio journalist, which finished at four in the morning. His working day was finally over, and by any standard it had been an exceptionally successful one: He had headlined *Saturday Night Live* and seen his album hit number one, and Weird Al Yankovic had asked permission to do a parody of *Teen Spirit*. These events, taken together, marked the apogee of his short career, the kind of recognition most performers dream of. Growing up in a small town in Washington, he loved *Saturday Night Live*, and had bragged to his friends that one day he'd be a star. By January 1992, he was the most celebrated figure in music. After just his second album he was already being hailed as the greatest songwriter of his generation; only two years before he had tried to get a job cleaning dog kennels.

But in the predawn hours, Kurt felt neither celebration nor vindication. If anything, all the media attention had only served to increase his usual malaise. He was suffering from what he described as recurrent "burning nauseous" pain in his stomach, exacerbated by stress. Fame and success seemed only to make Kurt feel worse. Kurt and his fiancée, Courtney Love, were the most talked-about couple in rock and roll, though some of that talk was about drug abuse. He had hoped that recognition for his talent would cure the emotional pains that had marked his early life.

In his hotel room, in the early hours of the morning, Kurt had taken a plastic bag of heroin, fixed it and injected it into his arm. This in itself was not unusual, since Kurt had been doing heroin regularly, with Love joining him

in the months that they had been a couple. But on this particular night, as Love slept, Kurt had recklessly—or perhaps intentionally—used far more heroin than was safe. He slipped off the bed and landed facedown in a pile of clothes, looking like a haphazardly discarded corpse.

"It wasn't that he OD'd," Love recalled. "It was that he was *dead*. If I hadn't woken up at seven. I don't know, maybe I sensed it. It was so fucked. It was sick and psycho." Love frantically began a resuscitation effort that would become commonplace: She threw cold water on her fiancé, and punched him in the solar plexus to make his lungs move. When her first actions didn't get a response, she repeated the cycle like a paramedic working on a heart-attack victim. Finally,

**It would be four months before they saw each other again. Kurt must have wondered if it was real or just a drug-induced dream caused by too much syrup.**

after several minutes of effort, Courtney heard a gasp. Kurt was breathing again. She continued to revive him by splashing water on his face and moving his limbs. Within a few minutes, he was sitting up, talking and, though still very stoned, wearing a self-possessed smirk, almost as if he were proud of his feat. It was his first near-death overdose. It had come on the day he had become a star.

In the course of one day, Kurt was born in the public eye, died in the privacy of his own darkness and was resurrected. It was an extraordinary feat, implausible and almost impossible, but the same could be said for so much of his life.

Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love first locked eyes in early January 1990, and within minutes they were tussling on

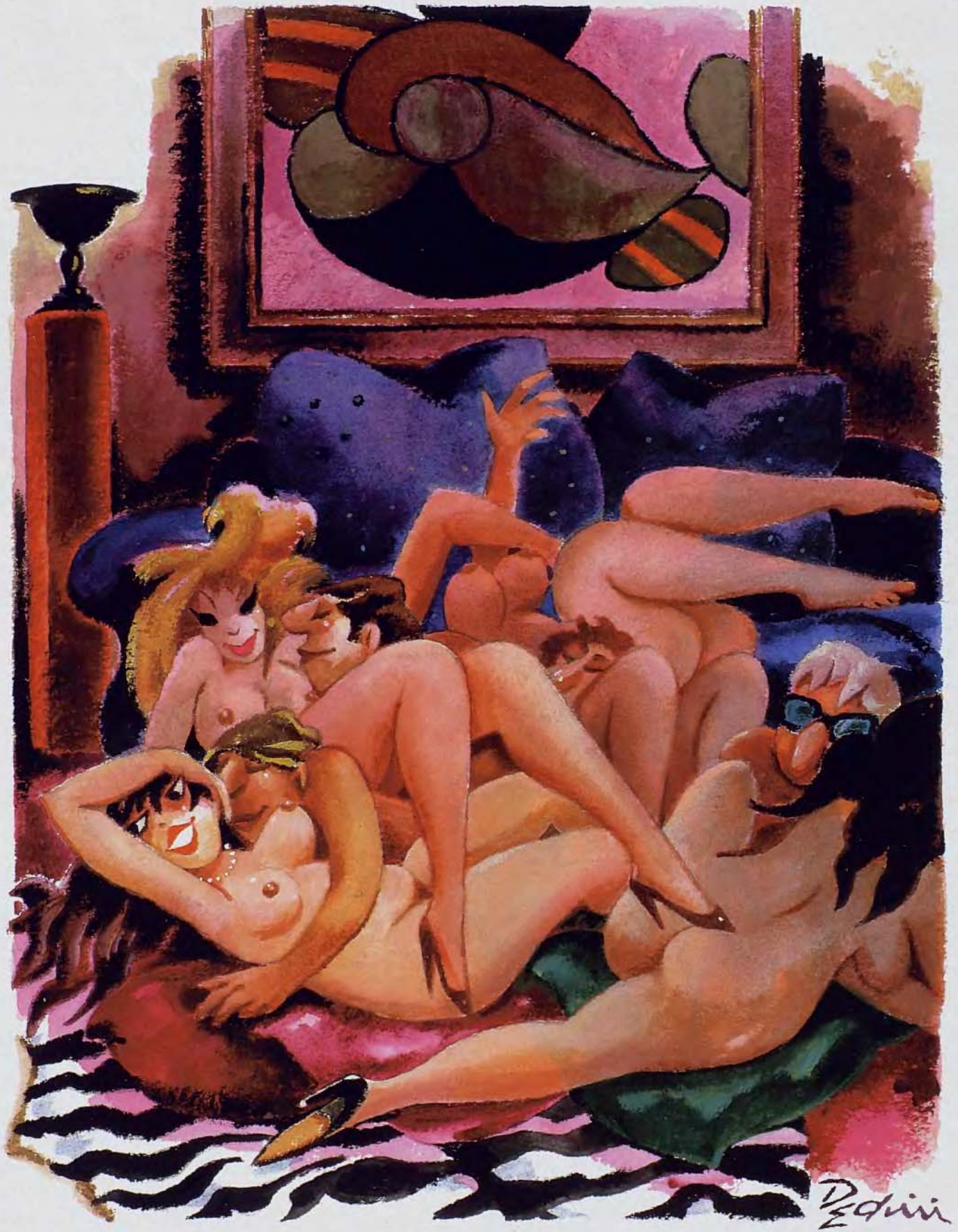
the floor. The setting was the Satyricon, a dim nightclub in Portland, Oregon. Kurt was there for a Nirvana gig; Courtney had come to the show with a friend who was dating a member of the opening band, the wonderfully named Oily Bloodmen. Already an infamous character in Portland, Love was holding court in a booth when she saw Kurt walk by. Courtney was wearing a red polka-dot dress. "You've got Dave Pirner damage," she said to him, meaning the remark to sound like a small insult, but also a flirt. Kurt did look a little like Pirner, lead singer of Soul Asylum, as his hair had grown long and tangled—he washed it just once a week, and then only with bar soap. Kurt responded with a flirt of his own: He grabbed Courtney and then wrestled her to the ground. "It was in front of the jukebox," Courtney remembered, "which was playing my favorite Living Colour song. There was beer on the floor." She was glad her comment had gotten his attention, but she hadn't expected to be pinned to the floor by this little waif of a boy. For his part, Kurt hadn't counted on his opponent being quite so tough: Without his junior high school wrestling experience, she might have won the tussle. But the roll on the floor was all in jest, and he pulled her up with his hands and gave her a peace offering—a sticker of Chim-Chim, the *Speed Racer* monkey he had made his mascot.

As Kurt later told Michael Azerrad, author of the Nirvana biography *Come as You Are*, he had an immediate attraction to Courtney: "I thought she looked like Nancy Spungen. She looked like a classic punk-rock chick." The connection between Kurt and Courtney was sexual: Wrestling was a thing of Kurt's and an opponent as worthy as Courtney was a major turn-on.

They parted that night, but Courtney followed Nirvana's career the way a pitcher in the American League follows the exploits of a National League player. She read Nirvana's clips in the rock press, and she put the Chim-Chim sticker on her suitcase. She remained unconvinced about the band, however, because their early material was too metal for her. Like most rock critics at the time, she preferred Mudhoney, and after listening to *Love Buzz* in a record store, she passed on buying the single. When she later saw the band in concert she was struck by their strange physical appearance: "Krist was really, really big," she observed, "and he dwarfed Kurt to the point where you couldn't see how cute Kurt was because he looked like a tiny boy."

Her opinion of Nirvana, and the tiny boy, changed entirely when she heard  
(continued on page 158)





*"I was just thinking back to when I had my very first kiss."*







# SASCHA

she doesn't shy away from life's opportunities

**S**ascha Knopf took some knocks to become an actress. "When I was 10, I went to see an agent who told me I was too ethnic looking," she says. "She made me think I was ugly and weird, so I didn't pursue acting until college." The Long Island native graduated from high school early and attained a drama degree from NYU, but it was her exotic German Russian looks that got her a gig as the *Vampirella* comic book cover girl. "The fans loved me because I learned about Vampirella and was really into it," Sascha says. Her first movie role, in a cheapie called *Blazin'*, was a different learning experience altogether. "The lead actor couldn't act and we had absolutely no chemistry," she admits. So who has the goods to ignite the screen with her? "Johnny Depp," she says. "There wouldn't be any acting

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO









involved—you might have to worry about it being pornographic!” Sascha continued busting her chops in independent fare such as *The Trade*, the *Sopranos*-esque *Wannabes* and the cult film *Blackmale*. “I find it more exciting to work on indie films because people are hungrier,” Sascha says. Now she is breaking into big studio movies with a role opposite Danny DeVito and Martin Lawrence in this summer’s *What’s the Worst That Could Happen?* and a fantasy-figure turn in the Farrelly Brothers’ *Shallow Hal*.

When she’s not auditioning or working out, you can find Sascha at home with the two guys in her life—her adopted Bronx alley cats, Bill and Ted. Mister Right, her high school sweetheart, got away years ago, so she tells us she tries extra hard these days to make an impression. “These photographs were shot in February, when it was freezing cold,” she says. “There were about 20 guys on the street watching, but I didn’t care. I’m a bit of an exhibitionist.” Sascha, who can also carry a tune, wants someday to cut an album that’s sort of “pop, but folky at the same time.” For now, though, she’s all about acting. “I’ve been through a lot in my life,” she confesses. “You need to draw on life experience to portray real people. And that’s something I know I can do.”

Sascha plays a conniving pin-up who wants media tycoon Danny DeVito to set her up with a gig as a newscaster in this summer’s *What’s the Worst That Could Happen?*





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# SURVIVING SURVIVAL



## TIPS ON STAYING ALIVE IN THE EVER-POPULAR WILDERNESS



**S**URVIVOR has done more than get big ratings and make an unlikely star out of Jeff Probst. It's given viewers plenty to fantasize about. There's the million-dollar prize, of course. The chance to share a lean-to with Colleen or Elisabeth. And there's that odd-looking Pontiac Aztec that seems more commonplace in the Outback than it does on any American street.

But there's another fantasy, the one where you wonder if you could eat a rat for dinner, slay a wild boar, discern edible plants from poisonous ones or build a fire without your trusty Zippo. Forget immunity challenges—the big question is this: Could you really hold out half as long as Amber or Rudy or Rodger? Or would you be Sonja or Debb, voted off before you even had a chance to experience your first pang of hunger?

**HOW LONG WOULD YOU LAST IF YOU SUDDENLY FOUND YOURSELF FAR, FAR AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION, WITHOUT A BACKPACK, SLEEPING BAG, TENT, STOVE, FOOD OR WATER?** One thing's for sure: Unless you're getting help from a major television network, you'll need to have some basic skills, like how to make a fire without matches, build a shelter, find water, use a map, recognize edible and medicinal plants, and set traps and snares.

Programs that teach these skills have surged in popularity since "Survivor." Today, whether you're training to win a million dollars on TV, going through a midlife crisis or just looking for a physical challenge, it's easy to put your money—and your body—where your imagination has gone before.

The Boulder Outdoor Survival School has taught survival skills for more than 30 years. I signed up for one of their courses in the deserts of Utah. I learned the basics about shelter, fire and finding water. But there were other important lessons as well. If you think you have what it takes to endure a survival course, here are a few tips to help you through.

by ARMIN BROTT



### PUMP IRON BEFORE YOU GO.

People on these courses range in age from their early 20s to the mid-50s, and average around 35. You don't have to be an athlete, but survival courses, like real-life survival situations, can require a lot of hiking—sometimes at high altitudes and sometimes over rough and steep terrain. The better shape you're in, the farther you'll go.



### HAVE EXTRA PIZZA NOW.

To give students an idea of how jarring it can be to suddenly find yourself stranded, BOSS courses start with a few hours of orientation, getting participants acquainted with the instructors and other people in the class. Then we headed out with only a fanny pack containing a cup, bottle of water treatment tablets, knife and jacket. We didn't eat for 48 hours and the only beverage on the menu was some rank river water. After those first two days we got small rations—mostly oats, powdered milk, peanuts, dried beans and raisins—and by the end of the trip most of us had tightened our belts by a few notches. Apparently we had it pretty easy, though. I talked with some guys who had just finished a two-week hunter-gatherer course where they got no rations. On their second night the students tracked down, killed, cooked and ate a skunk for dinner. Life doesn't get any better than that.



### CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SWALLOW.

Yes, there were a few times I had to liberate the tadpoles from water I'd scooped up from a puddle. The truth is, brown, silty and even inhabited water is better than none at all if you're thirsty and not absolutely sure where your next drink will come from. (Live critters are actually a good sign. They tell you the water's not poisonous.) Dehydration isn't fun. Symptoms start with headaches and low energy and go downhill from there. Three people on the trip vomited—one of them for two straight days until he was so weak he could barely walk. Whatever your water's like, though, be absolutely sure to purify or properly filter anything you drink, even if it comes from a crystal-clear mountain stream. Swallowing an occasional amphibian or getting sand between your teeth shouldn't inflict any serious damage. But giardia, campylobacter, cryptosporidium and other intestinal parasites will. If you have any doubt about whether you did it right or if the water looks particularly suspicious, do it again. I found this out the hard way. Even after treating every drop I drank during the whole trip, a week after I got home my intestines went crazy and I couldn't stop belching, farting and producing the most amazingly foul-smelling, explosive bowel movements. I finally got tested and, sure enough, it was giardia. If you plan to rough it in the wilderness, it's in your best interest to get a prescription for Flagyl, the giardia-treating antibiotic, just in case.







## ALWAYS WEAR YOUR BOOTS.

After one particularly grueling day of hiking in the desert, we stopped alongside a riverbank for a lesson on making tools out of rocks. I took off my boots to soak my feet in the water. When I was done, I started practicing what we'd been taught. I was skeptical about being able to make anything that would actually cut, but that was before I smacked two rocks together and chipped off a razor-sharp piece that hit me in the foot, nearly cutting off a toe. While the instructors worked to stop the bleeding, I pocketed the chip and used it the next day to carve a spoon out of tree bark.



## BURLY GUYS ARE WARMER THAN SKINNY ONES.

A few hours after sunset on our first night out, we stopped walking and our instructors gathered us around, said goodnight and disappeared. It was incredibly cold and it didn't take us long to figure out that without blankets, sleeping bags or tents, we could keep from freezing to death only by grabbing hold of someone we'd met a few hours before and snuggling as tightly as possible. This would be a great opportunity to get to know the female students a little better. But the cruel truth is that, while it's not as fun, a big guy is going to keep you warmer than a small woman. If you're ever in this situation, try to get an inside spot, between two other people. If you're on the outside, your butt or your chest will get awfully cold.



## TRY TO STAY CALM.

I was tramping around in the brush along the bed of a stream looking for a perfect piece of willow to make a bow (doesn't that sound romantic?) when I felt a sharp jab in my

calf. I looked down and saw that instead of the thorn I'd been expecting, a snake had latched on to my leg and wasn't letting go. I kicked him off and walked as slowly as I could (running pumps venom through your body faster) back to our instructors. Based on my description of the snake and the fact that I was still alive, they decided it was most likely a nonpoisonous bull snake and not a rattler. That made me feel better, but not much.



## MAKING FIRE WITHOUT A MATCH IS A LOT HARDER THAN IT LOOKS.

You start by making a small bundle of fine, easy-to-burn tinder. Then you use a bow to twist an upright spindle back and forth against a horizontal base until you get a tiny coal, which you then transfer to the tinder bundle and hope it catches. It sounds simple enough, but getting the base and spindle right can take hours of whittling and shaping. Producing a coal also requires an exhausting amount of work. After I spent days on my spindle and base, I decided to give it a

try. I bowed myself faint for five minutes and finally produced a promising coal. I must have done a particularly effective job on the tinder because while I was cupping it lovingly in my hands and gently blowing on the coal, the tinder burst into flames, scaring the crap out of me. I was so shocked I dropped the whole thing, showering myself with embers and burning several holes in my clothes.



## NATURE IS NOT YOUR TOILET.

Taking a leak or a dump alongside a riverbed or stream may seem like a good idea at the time. The water helps keep the smell down and you can wash your hands when you're done. But since you could end up drinking from that same stream, you might wish you'd pulled down your shorts someplace else.



The field courses at BOSS come in seven-, 14- and 28-day versions. Skills courses, which are less physically demanding,

cover such traditional wilderness know-how as food smoking, hunting tools, clothing and fire. And the two-week-long hunter-gatherer courses may actually teach more than you really want to know—unless you happen to have a great recipe for skunk.





# GROUP SEX,



# 4th FLOOR

WHEN SWINGERS THROW A PARTY, EVERYONE COMES



**T**he guy had barely started telling me how he got into the lifestyle when his wife, who was kneeling on the bed, began to fondle the breasts of a Hispanic woman sitting nearby. A tall blonde slipped between us to make out with the wife, leaving the Hispanic woman happily between them, caressing whatever flesh she could reach. Silent voyeurs shuffled into position like extras from *Cafe Flesh*. Nursing his drink,



the husband continued talking, oblivious, until I stopped him. "Man, your wife. . . ." He glanced at the tangle of bodies, then smiled and shrugged—a been-there, done-that shrug. "I'll see her later," he said.

Welcome to the orgy, circa 2001.

I had been invited, as the Playboy Advisor, to be the dinner speaker at a swingers' convention held at an airport hotel in Chicago. Four hundred (continued on page 154)

By CHIP ROWE

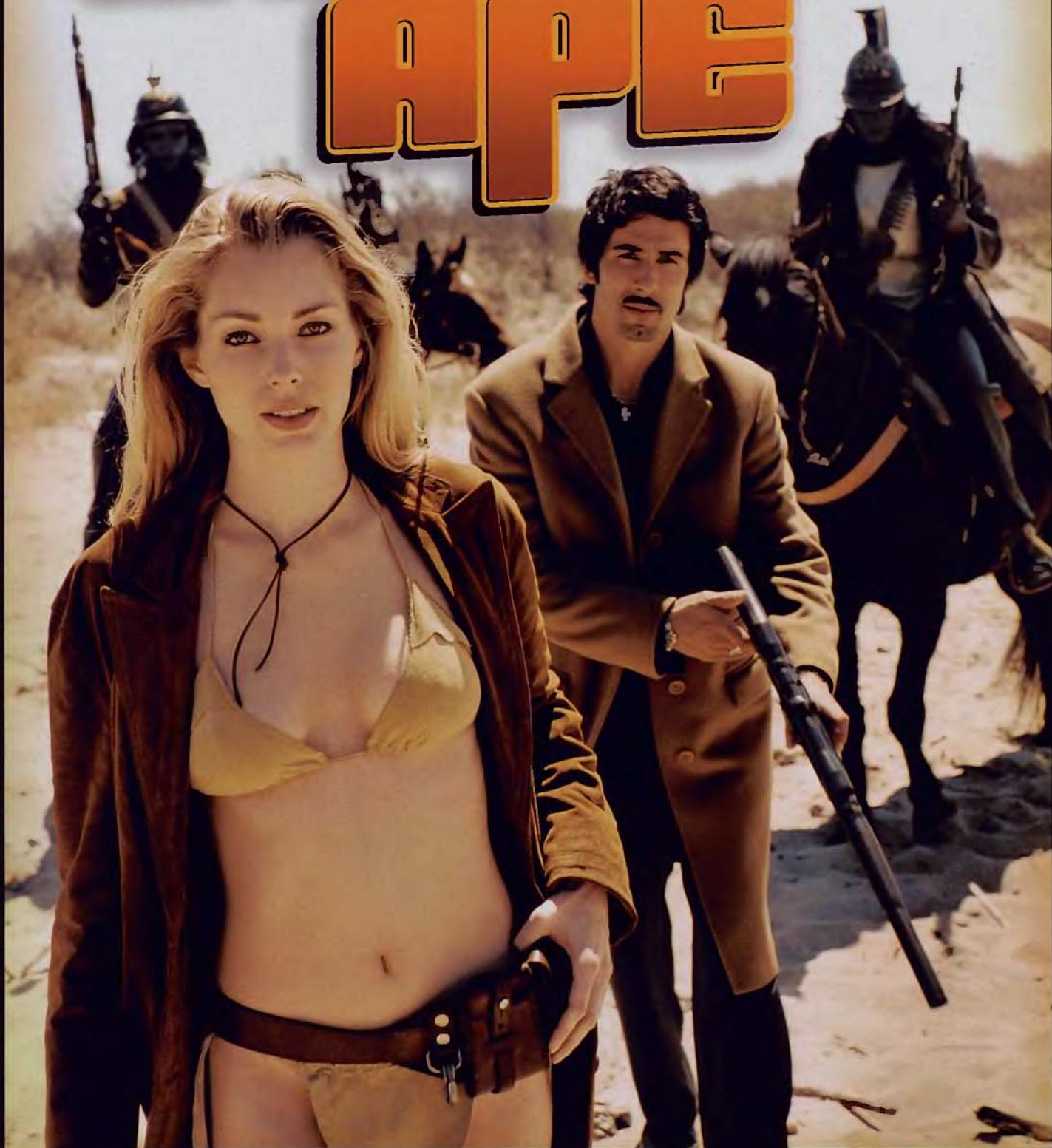




*"Are you trying to tell your psychiatrist what his patients need?"*



# THE SOPHISTICATED APE




**WALKING UPRIGHT NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD**

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST 2001  
presents

fashion by **Joseph De Acetis** produced by **Joe Dolce** photography by **Antoine Verglas**



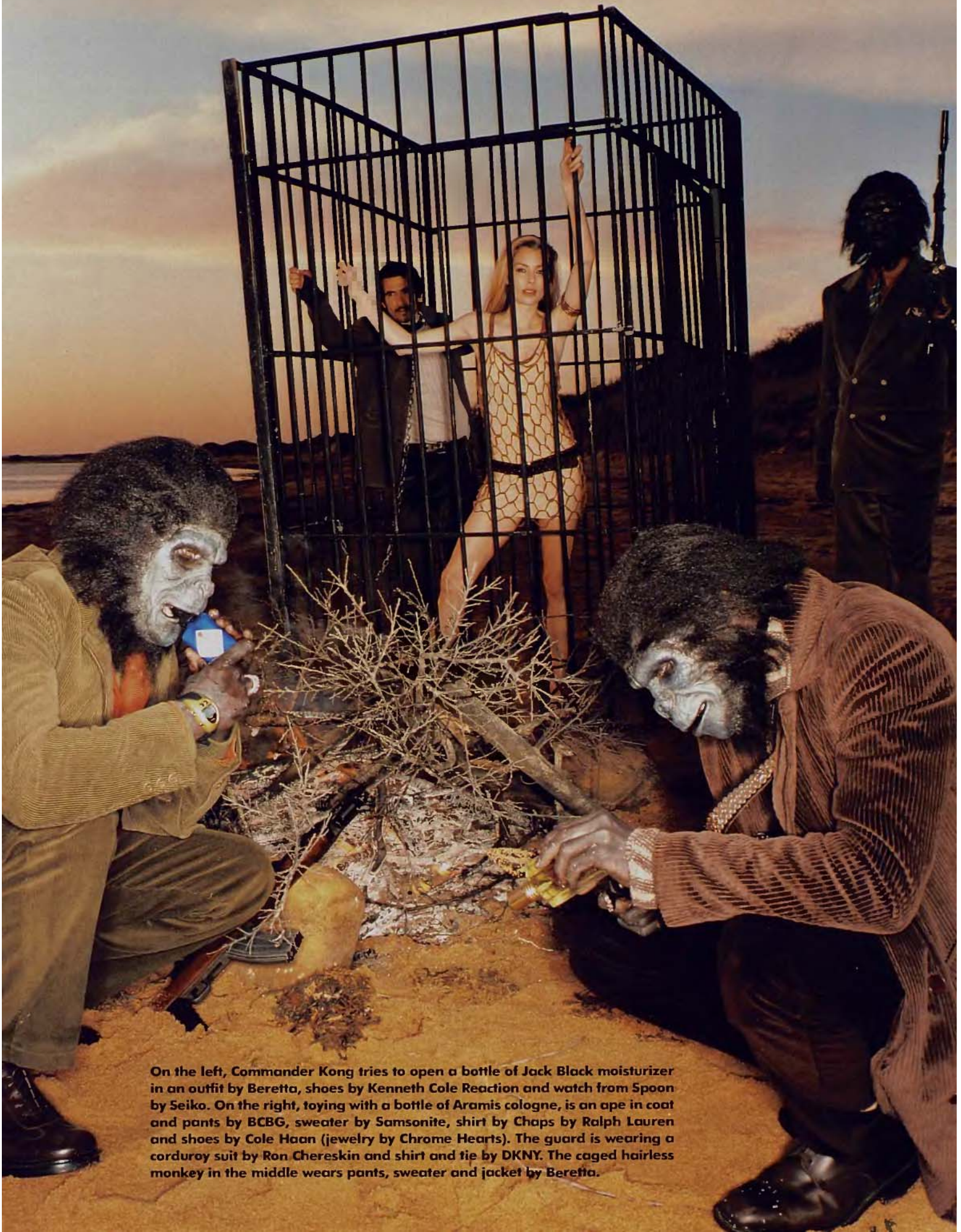


Opposite page: The human is in a Joseph Abboud outfit and Zodiac watch. His captors are wearing Diesel sweaters, Beretta pants and DKNY coats. This page: The net chimp's pants, jacket and boots are by Sean John, turtle-neck from Chaps by Ralph Lauren and gloves by Olympia. His pal is in Sean John jeans and sweater, Beretta vest and Gravis boots. Our man's pants are by Avirex, shoes by Gravis and two jackets by Chaps by Ralph Lauren.

**D**arwinism ignores one developmental reality: True evolution starts and ends at the mall.

On the planet of fashionable apes, fall is the time to break out the big guns—and a little martial flair. In fashion circles, the buzzword is military. That doesn't necessarily mean everything has epaulets and brass. Instead, it reflects a rugged, functional quality—even when it comes to suits. Thick corduroys, heavy velvets, tactical watches, chunky jewelry—there's nothing wimpy about this stuff. You can beat hard on these clothes and they'll hold up. Cargo pants were just the tip of the iceberg. Things have evolved—and devolved—in an appropriately masculine way. We may even decide to throw away our razors.





On the left, Commander Kong tries to open a bottle of Jack Black moisturizer in an outfit by Beretta, shoes by Kenneth Cole Reaction and watch from Spoon by Seiko. On the right, toying with a bottle of Aramis cologne, is an ape in coat and pants by BCBG, sweater by Samsonite, shirt by Chaps by Ralph Lauren and shoes by Cole Haan (jewelry by Chrome Hearts). The guard is wearing a corduroy suit by Ron Chereskin and shirt and tie by DKNY. The caged hairless monkey in the middle wears pants, sweater and jacket by Beretta.

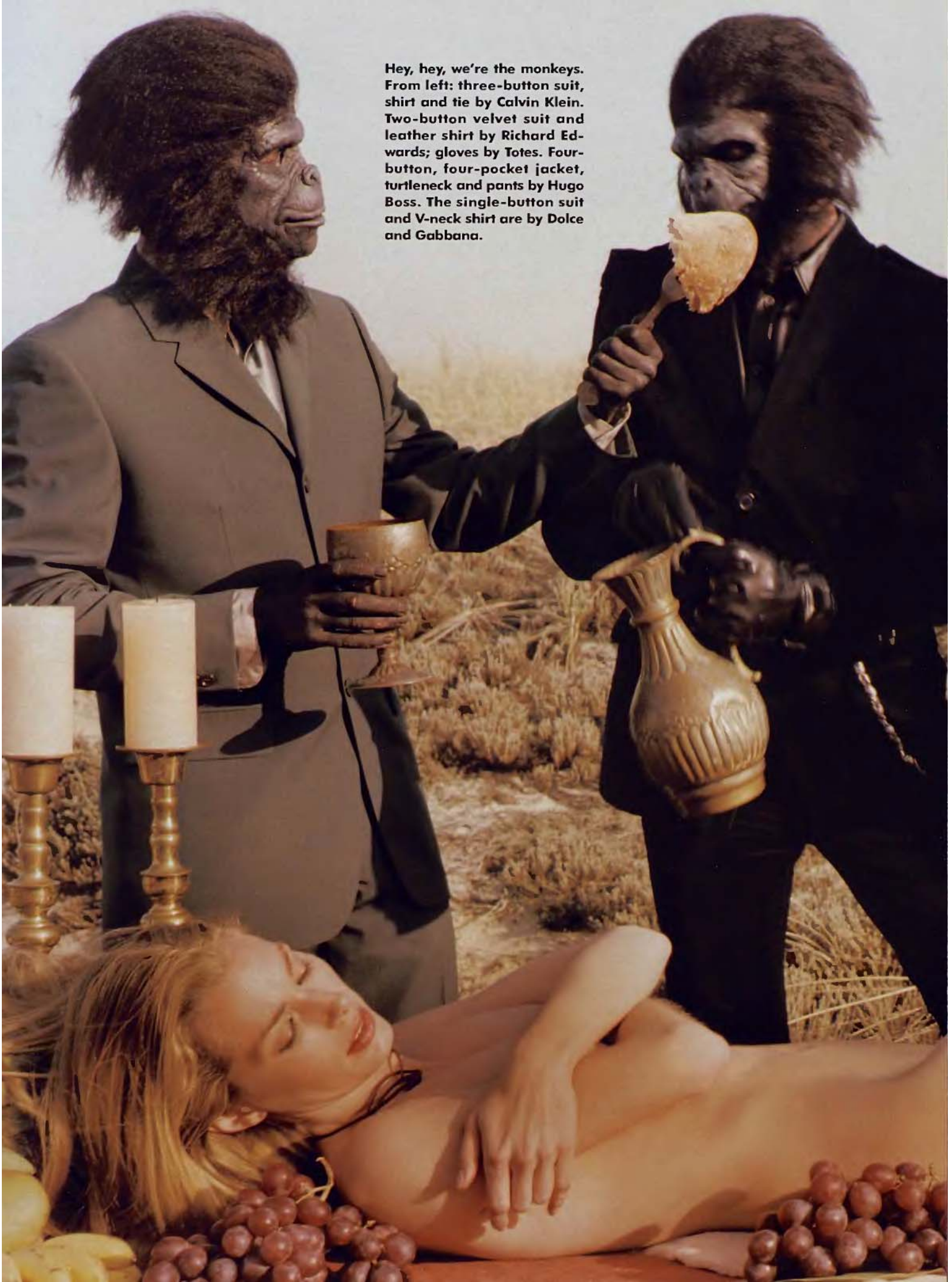


**Gorilla warfare:** The marauders wear leather jackets by Francis HENDY, leather pants by Samsonite, belts by Diesel and boots by Skechers (vintage chapeau by Kaiser Wilhelm). Pulling off the uniquely human pose of insouciance demands a pair of pants, T-shirt, belt, boots and coats, all by Diesel.





Hey, hey, we're the monkeys. From left: three-button suit, shirt and tie by Calvin Klein. Two-button velvet suit and leather shirt by Richard Edwards; gloves by Totes. Four-button, four-pocket jacket, turtleneck and pants by Hugo Boss. The single-button suit and V-neck shirt are by Dolce and Gabbana.











It's bedtime for Bonzo, but he ain't sleeping. He's about to climb out of a two-button satin suit and satin shirt by BCBG/Max Azria (shoes by Sean John). When it comes to impressing girls, the missing link is a sharp suit—and a cohesive look, with intoxicating autumn colors that designers call wine and cognac but look like maroon and gold to us Neanderthals. Inset: The running man is in shirt, cargo pants and anorak by Victorinox Swiss Army and boots by Hugo Boss. You can't get more military than Swiss Army. But the appeal of military-influenced gear is utilitarianism—extra pockets stow items for an escape run.











*Dream*

*Weaver*

## STOCKINGS GIVE SEX APPEAL A LEG UP



When women sheathe their legs in stockings, something magical takes place. Legs become more than just legs. We watch them cross a room, one silk-encased beauty after another, and lose our trains of thought. We notice that fishnets are making a comeback, and we say "Welcome." We listen to the fluid rustling sound of one leg crossing the other, and it affects our hearing for the rest of the day. Women should know that wearing stockings—especially those with no apparent utility—should not be taken lightly. They can run the rest of us ragged.



# PUZZLE MAN

## WHEN A SOLDIER DIES WITH HIS SECRETS

**I** am not crazy, no matter what people say. I have valid reasons for everything I did, and I am at peace. My complete story will never be told, but when my heart is stopped by Uncle Sam's pharmaceuticals, my spirit will ascend like a white balloon over the Wabash River and fly up to heaven. God will welcome me into his house, saying, "Well done, my good and faithful servant. You followed your beliefs and acted on them. You have been a steadfast patriot to your cause, and I hereby place you at my right hand."

Life isn't so difficult here, but I do face a few problems. Especially when I try to sleep, because the children always appear in my dreams and ask me to play with them. They have Tonka toys and coloring books and Nerf balls, and they pull me toward the puzzle that lies scattered on the big table in the day care center.

That puzzle bothers them a lot. They want to complete it. They circle around it and ask me for help. "What is it supposed to be?" they ask me. They laugh and push the pieces of the puzzle around on the table and look at me with hopeful eyes. And at that moment in my dreams, I know these children are alive and at play in the fields of eternity. Their

**FICTION BY ASA BABER**

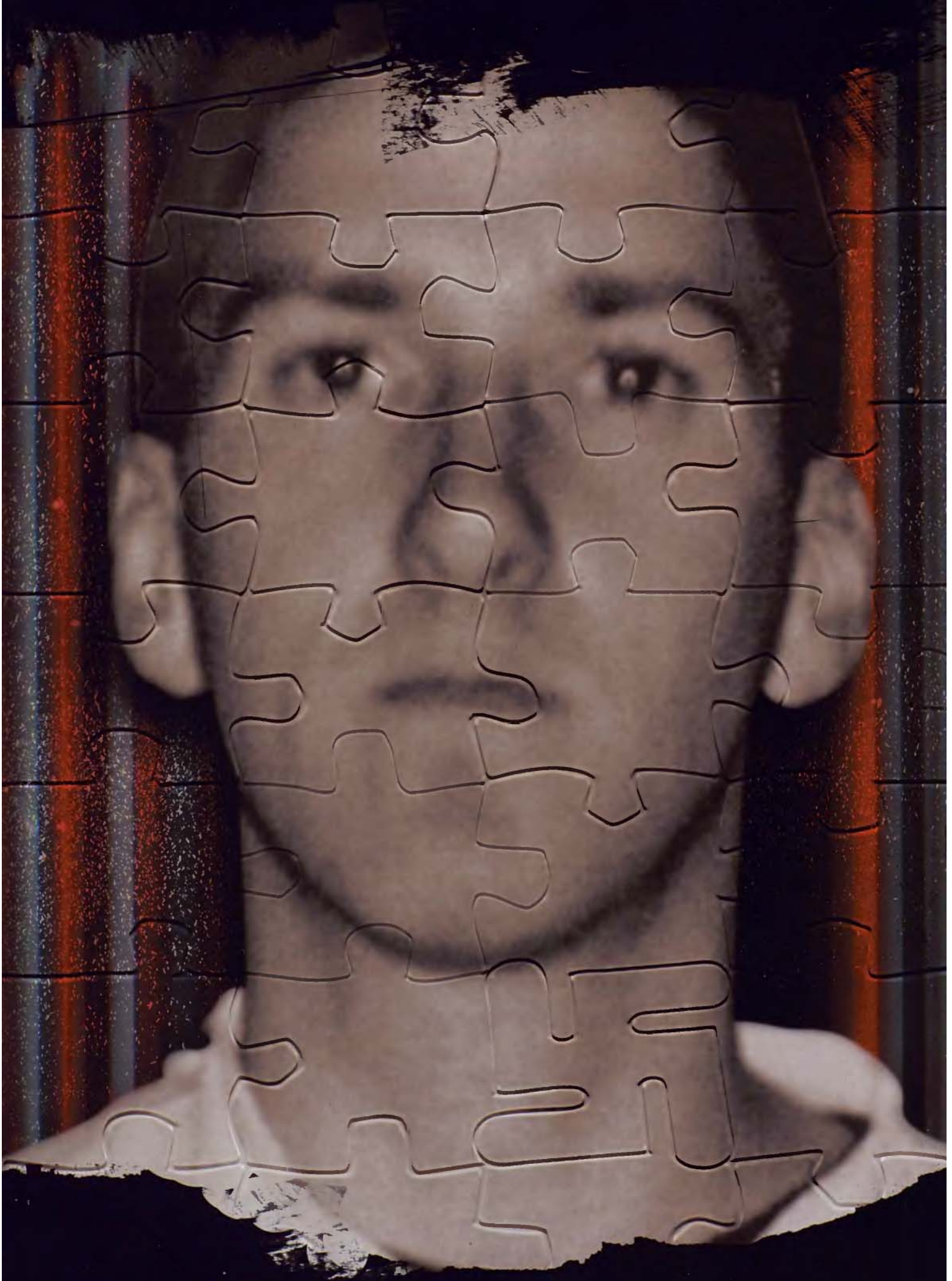






*"Have you noticed that Duke hasn't been begging at the table lately?"*







deaths are not final. They have simply traveled beyond us, and I will join them soon.

I cannot tell the children they will never finish the puzzle. Never. Because I hold the piece that is the key to it, and I will never let it go. No one outside of a limited circle of privileged people will decipher this puzzle without this piece. Only a chosen few know the entire story, and they are not talking, either. Silence suits us all.

Truth to tell, Uncle Sam and I are perpetrating a hoax on the world. I am loyal to my cause and will silently go to my death and implicate no one. I will not talk about the Holy City or my Aryan Nation brothers or the coming destruction of my country or the masses of mud people who infiltrate our borders and who will soon overwhelm us with poverty and disease. I will not talk about the training I received or the reading I did or the comrades I joined in the organization that saved me and gave me a purpose.

I claim that I built the bomb myself, delivered it myself, chose my target at random and am sorry there were deaths, including those of the children. I try to clarify that I did not call the children "collateral damage," as has been claimed, but I will not make too big a point of it, either. I want to appear professional at all times, including my final moments. I will die an honorable death, and I will be remembered. Meanwhile, Uncle Sam plays his part in the hoax by denouncing me—and only me—while urging his minions to execute me as soon as possible. It is not in his interest to say a word about the totality of the matter, either. That's our deal, Uncle Sam's and mine. He keeps his secrets and I keep mine, and the puzzle will remain unassembled forever.

In my dreams, I want to help the children complete the puzzle so they can comprehend why I did what I had to do. I believe they would forgive me if I could explain things to them. They would understand that I sacrificed them for the greater good. "Kids," I would tell them, "I obliterated a highly secret government task force that morning. It was my specific target. It could not have been destroyed as effectively in any other time or place. I had one shot at it, and I took it. I want you to understand. I am giving you my piece of the puzzle. The entire task force was meeting there at nine o'clock that morning. You happened to be there in the day care center at nine A.M. as well. You became expendable commodities in a supersecret war. The task force was pursuing me and my people, tracking us down like wolves in the night, and it was kill or be killed. Secret government personnel, secret files and

secret computers went up in smoke. We are safer now because of it. We earned more time for ourselves. Mission accomplished." Those are some of the things I will tell the children when I meet them. Then I will take out my five-string banjo and put on my clown makeup and we will sing songs together forever. They will love me, and I will love them, and we will be a happy family.

In my dreams, I can see the government goons with their mirrored glasses and black suits and steel-toed shoes standing in the back of the day care center. They are watching me at all times. They have the dust of Waco in their throats and the blood of Ruby Ridge on their hands. They betray their own country to the Russians for diamonds and silver and then feel free to kill any American citizens they choose.

You talk about my killing children and despise me for it. Remember David Koresh and his children? Remember Randy Weaver and his son? Uncle Sam's goons track and assassinate children, don't they? They will stop at nothing, which is why we will stop at nothing.

The nights here are not easy. Sleep comes, but it is fitful. Almost every night a huge iron rat, big as a whale, walks into my dreams. He frightens the children in the day care center. They scramble like puppies and try to hide behind me. I shield them as best I can.

"Come on, wise guy," the rat goads me. He sounds like W.C. Fields. He stands up on his hind legs and takes a swipe at the ceiling with his metal claws. Sparks spit and fly as he rakes the walls. The children are captivated by his fireworks.

"Come on, you noble sentry on the wall of freedom," the rat says mockingly. "Tell the public what you know. Save your ass. You're a private in the army of iniquity. You didn't make that bomb alone. You never knew about that special task force until the Brotherhood told you—and they got it from their Kraut sources. What is their connection with forces in Germany? No one's talking about that, are they? *Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles*, right? Sing it like you used to sing it with your Aryan colleagues in the meeting halls and around the campfires. Belt it out, baby!"

The rat stops talking for a minute, his eyes shining like spotlights. "Your target was classified as genuine Top Secret Cosmic," he says, laughing. "He got it somehow, didn't he? He's the miracle man, not you. Think about it: Oklahoma City! You would never have looked there for your enemies. How innocuous a town did Uncle Sam choose for that task force's headquarters? A joint FBI-CIA Antiterrorist

Task Force in Okieland, set to run right up your ass and eliminate you. Who would ever expect such a powerful task force to be installed there? Nobody! That's the point. Oklahoma City as an antiterrorist center? No way! Maybe New York City or Los Angeles or Miami, but not Oklahoma City." Suddenly, a stream of homemade napalm hurls out of the rat's huge mouth. It ignites in flames as he strikes the ceiling one last time. Everything explodes around me. I am disassembled. It is not a good dream.

One of Uncle Sam's shrinks always asks me whether my service during Desert Storm ever bothered me. "Why would it bother me?" I respond.

I like talking with him. It helps pass the time. And I am more trained for interrogation than he is, although he doesn't know it.

"I meant the killing," he says. "Did the killing bother you?"

"I didn't see that much killing."

"What about the man you killed?"

I smile. "You mean my favorite Iraqi?"

"Yes," he nods.

"It was a good shot. It took his head off. He was wearing a uniform. It was a war. I saw him and I shot him. End of story."

"But how did it make you feel?"

I lean forward in my orange jumpsuit and smile like a shit-eating dog. "It made me feel good," I say. "It made me feel like I was saving lives, like I was worth something. I had a mission. I fulfilled it. That's what life's all about."

"Do you feel the same way about the bombing?"

I lean back in my chair. He brings us here whenever we talk by whatever route he can. I understand. It is his job. He has been tasked to learn what I know, why I chose that building in that particular city. It's his mission.

Uncle Sam also needs to know: Was my target chosen strictly by chance? Or am I privy to a secret so classified that only a handful of people knew about it? And if I am, who leaked such precious intelligence? Who is the source? How could I, a simple country boy if ever there were one, know what was in that building at that time?

"I was just doing a job," I say finally. "I wanted any government building I could find. It was a symbol, you know? That place was as good as any other."

"You were protesting government power?"

"I was protesting government power misapplied."

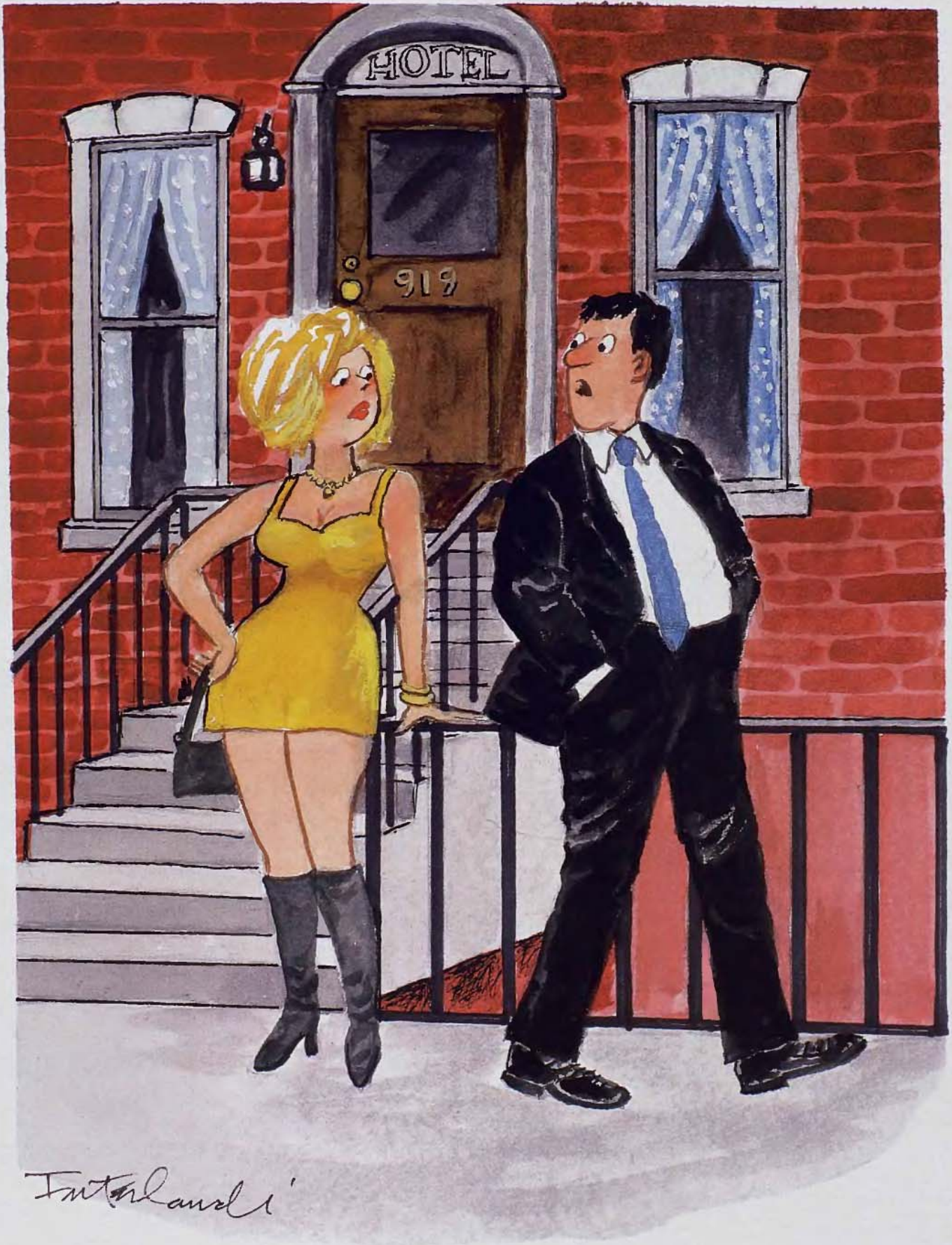
"Anything else?"

"No," I say.

This is my cover story, and I stick with it in every one of my interviews: I am a lone antigovernment nut who

(continued on page 163)





*"Well, if that's the going price, I'll just keep on going."*







# DALENE

IT'S NO ACCIDENT  
THAT MISS SEPTEMBER  
IS PURSUING AN  
ACTING CAREER

**D**ALENE KURTIS arrived in Los Angeles with a bang, but not the type she expected. Shortly before her photo shoot, the 23-year-old Apple Valley, California native found herself in a seven-car pileup on the freeway. "My car was totaled and my life flashed before my eyes," she says. "Ever since then I've been really grateful for the good things in my life." Dalene was driving home that day for her parents' anniversary in Bakersfield, California, where she grew up. "Being an only child made me a stronger person, but I definitely want at least two kids someday," she says.

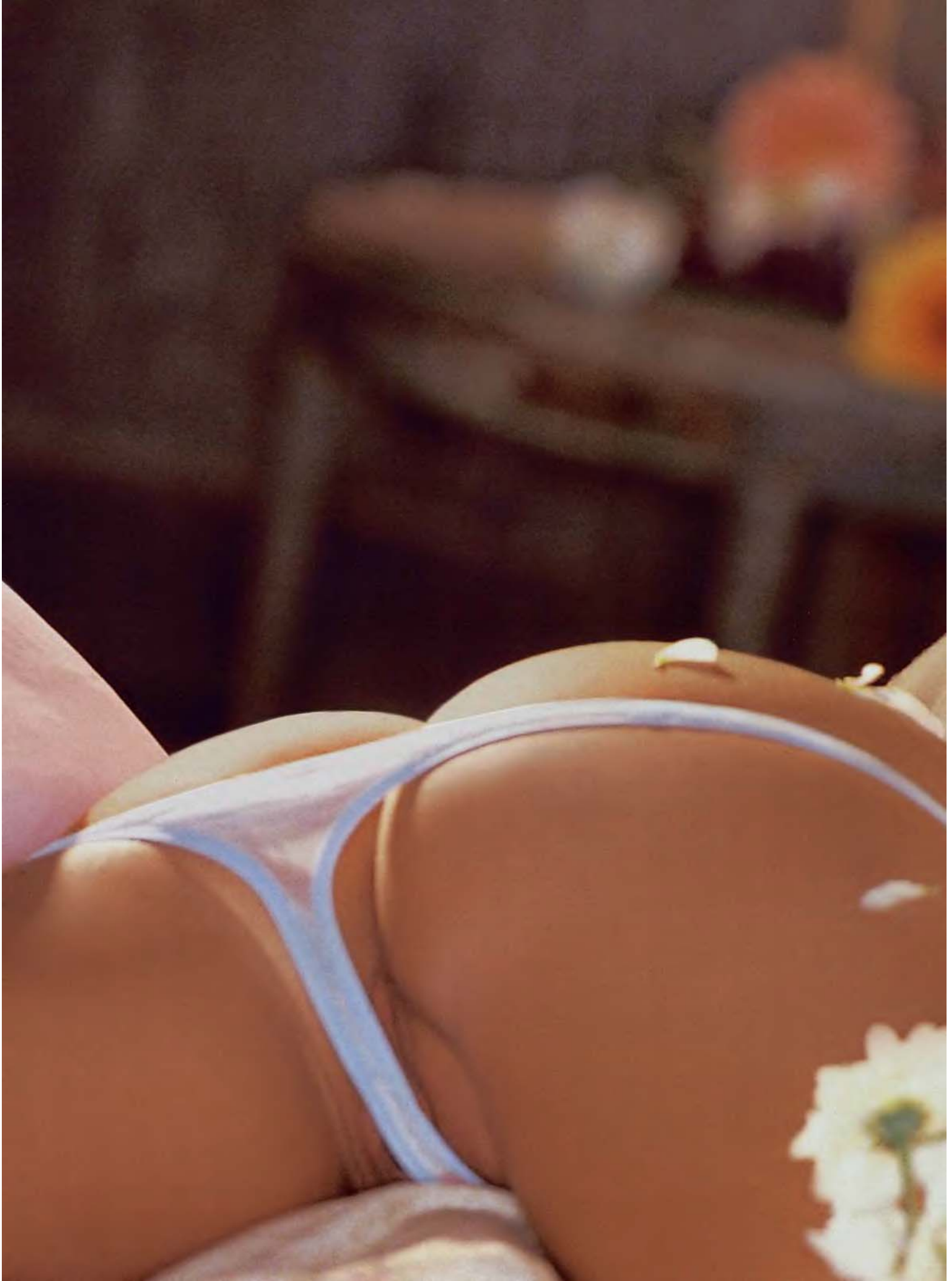
After graduating from high school and attending business college, Miss September worked for three years at an insurance agency before she tried modeling. A state semifinalist for both Hawaiian Tropic and Venus Swimwear, she moved to Los Angeles and worked as a Budweiser girl and landed other modeling gigs. She met Hef at a Playboy party in February. She says that she reminded him of Doris Day, and when you take another look at her sweet, fresh-faced good looks, Hef makes a persuasive point. She started seeing him soon after, joining his party posse at clubs such as Las Palmas, Barfly and Deep. She moved into the Mansion in May and this is, she says with a bit of wonder in her voice, the happiest time of her life.

Dalene has dreamed of being a Playmate since she was 14, and she felt the tug of Hollywood from an early age as well. "It's hard for me to think I'm actually going to be in PLAYBOY, because I'm so critical of myself," she says. It should come as no surprise that she is addicted to working out when she isn't taking acting classes. "I'm a Scorpio, so I'm trustworthy, honest and determined. I've made some good choices recently and I want to keep that momentum going." One look into her glistening green eyes and you know she will.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN WAYDA































AN EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION OF O'LEENE KURTIS PHOTOS AND VIDEOS  
APPEARS IN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB. GO TO [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).





MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Dale Hunter*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Dalene Kurtis  
BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35  
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 11-12-77 BIRTHPLACE: Apple Valley, CA

AMBITIONS: To be successful in commercials, print modeling and acting.

TURN-ONS: Nice smile, tan skin and, most of all, good sense of humor and personality.

TURNOFFS: Bad hygiene, cocky attitude and a hairy chest.

MY FAVORITE COLOR: Pink.

WHAT I MISS MOST ABOUT HOME: My mom and dad. :)

AN ACTRESS I ADMIRE: Julia Roberts.

MY FAVORITE MOVIES: Pretty Woman, The Green Mile, Splash, Pearl Harbor.

THE BEST TV SHOW IS: Sex and the City.

THREE THINGS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Cell phone, anything with sugar and my friends and family.



I hate the 80s!



me and my cat, Elmo. :)



me and michelle at Bar fly in LA.





Dalene's trip to the Cannes Film Festival with Hef and his six other girlfriends was her first trip outside the country. "We gave interviews and did a lot of shopping and sightseeing. I was disappointed that we didn't get to walk down the red carpet for a film premiere because we were told it would be too distracting," she says. "So we went out to a really nice restaurant in Nice and then went clubbing, and we still made the front page of all the newspapers!" Miss September is adjusting to all the attention. "I'm a private person, so it's kind of weird," she says. "But I'm happy where I am right now. Hef is a very loving mon, and I love him to death."





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Every time the man next door headed toward Robinson's house, Robinson knew he was coming to borrow something. "He won't get away with it this time," Robinson remarked to his wife. "Watch this."

"I wonder if you'll be using your power saw this morning," the neighbor said.

"Gee, I'm awfully sorry," Robinson replied. "But the fact of the matter is, I'll be using it all day."

"In that case," the neighbor said, "mind if I borrow your golf clubs?"



Three guys were discussing what part of a woman's body they enjoyed admiring most. "I like to look at a woman's breasts," the first guy said.

The second guy said, "I like to look at a woman's ass."

The third man said, "I prefer to see the top of her head."

What differentiates a Kentucky hotel from those in other states?

When you call the front desk and say, "I've gotta leak in my sink," the clerk says, "Go ahead."

A man walked into a bar and ordered three gin and tonics. Every day, he returned at the same time and placed the same order. After a week, the bartender said, "Sir, if you don't mind my asking, why do you always order three drinks?"

"Well," he said. "I just moved here from Toledo, and each of my two brothers told me, 'When you get there, have a drink for me.'"

A month later, the man ordered two drinks instead of three. The bartender asked, "I don't want to pry, but did something happen to one of your brothers?"

"No, why do you ask?" the man said.

The bartender said, "Because you're only having two drinks."

The man answered, "That's because I quit drinking."

An executive was confused by a bill he had received, so he asked his secretary for some mathematical help. "If I were to give you \$20,000, minus 14 percent, how much would you take off?" he asked.

The secretary replied, "Everything but my earrings."

How did Dolly Parton get two black eyes?  
She went jogging.

A man walked into a drugstore and asked to speak with a male pharmacist. The woman behind the counter informed him that she and her sister were the only pharmacists. The man shrugged and agreed to share his problem. "This is a bit embarrassing," he said. "I have a permanent erection. I was wondering what you could give me for it?"

The female pharmacist said, "Just a minute. I'll go talk to my sister."

When she returned, she said, "The best we can do is one third ownership in the store and \$3000 a month in living expenses."

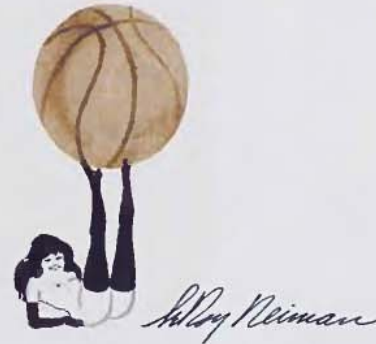
For their first date, Joe took Rose to a carnival. When he asked her what she wanted to do first, Rose answered, "Get weighed."

So they went to the carnie who guesses people's weight. The man looked at Rose and said, "120 pounds."

Rose stepped on the scale and weighed in at less than 120, so she collected a prize. Then they went on the roller coaster. When the ride was finished, Joe asked what she wanted to do next. "Get weighed," she said.

So they went back to the carnie working the scale, and he guessed her weight correctly. Then they went for a ride on the merry-go-round. Afterward, Joe asked Rose what she wanted to do next. "Get weighed," she said.

Joe decided that this girl was really weird, so he dropped her off at home and didn't even kiss her goodnight. Rose's roommate was still awake and asked how the date went. "Wousy," Rose replied.



**E-JOKE OF THE MONTH:** A man was wandering around the supermarket calling out, "Crisco, Crisco!"

A store clerk approached him and said, "The Crisco is in aisle five."

"Thanks, but I'm not looking for Crisco," replied the man. "I'm trying to find my wife."

"Her name is Crisco?" the clerk asked.

"Only in public," the man explained. "At home, I call her Lardass."

What should a guy do when his girlfriend forgets to take her birth control pill?

Give her a good tongue-lashing.

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





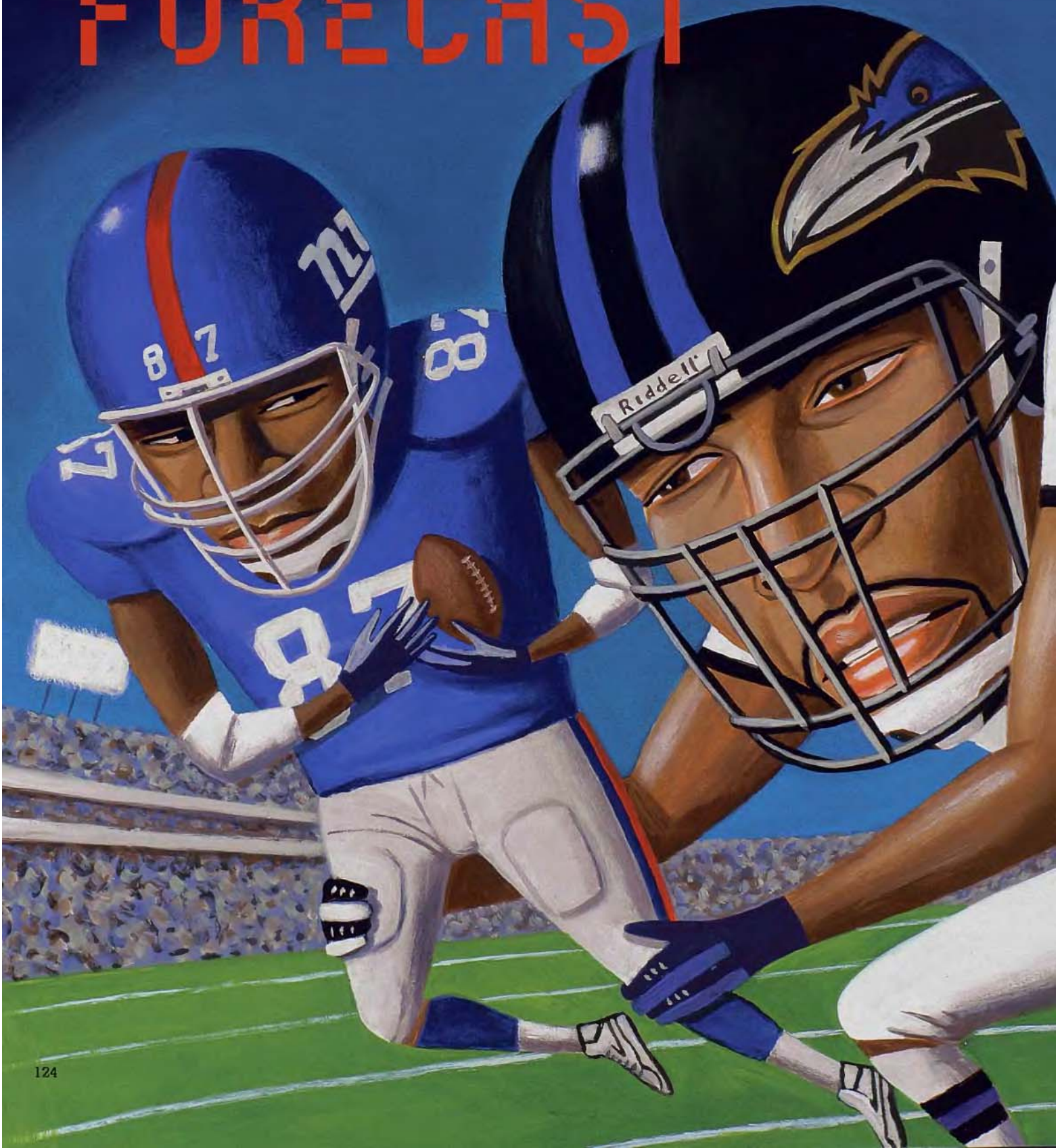
*"Please, Ernie—not on a bad hair day!"*



PLAYBOY'S

in the nfl, dynasties are dead and surprises reign. now that's excitement

# PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST





**sports By Rick Gosselin** In 2000 Mark Fields finally became the Pro Bowl defender the New Orleans Saints always thought he could be. Fields tackled runners, sacked quarterbacks and swatted away passes on one of the NFL's best defenses. The Saints stunned the NFC West by winning their first division title in nine years. Fields was selected to the first Pro Bowl of his six-year career. His reward? The Saints cut him from the roster in the offseason. Welcome to the new NFL, where your pay stub is more im-

portant than your ability. Fields was scheduled to become the second-highest-paid linebacker in the NFL in 2001 at \$5.1 million. In a salary-cap world where teams must carve up \$67.4 million among 53 players, Fields priced himself off the Saints. He was not alone. Levon Kirkland was set to become the highest-paid linebacker in the NFL this season at \$5.4 million. So the Pittsburgh Steelers released him. John Randle was scheduled to become the league's highest-paid defensive end this season at \$7.7 million. The

Ravens linebacker Ray Lewis ran roughshod over the Giants, busting up their ground game and sending Kerry Collins flying.



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLIE POWELL



# PLAYBOY'S PICKS

## NFC EAST

Philadelphia .....	11-5	Washington .....	6-10
NY Giants* .....	10-6	Dallas .....	4-12
Arizona .....	8-8		

## NFC CENTRAL

Tampa Bay .....	12-4	Detroit .....	7-9
Green Bay* .....	10-6	Chicago .....	5-11
Minnesota .....	9-7		

## NFC WEST

St. Louis .....	12-4	Atlanta .....	5-11
New Orleans* .....	10-6	Carolina .....	3-13
San Francisco .....	8-8		

## AFC EAST

NY Jets .....	11-5	New England .....	7-9
Indianapolis* .....	10-6	Buffalo .....	4-12
Miami .....	9-7		

## AFC CENTRAL

Baltimore .....	13-3	Jacksonville .....	7-9
Tennessee* .....	11-5	Cincinnati .....	4-12
Pittsburgh .....	9-7	Cleveland .....	3-13

## AFC WEST

Denver .....	11-5	Kansas City .....	6-10
Seattle* .....	10-6	San Diego .....	4-12
Oakland .....	9-7		

**AFC champion: Baltimore**  
**NFC champion: Tampa Bay**

**SUPER BOWL CHAMPION:**  
**BALTIMORE**

Minnesota Vikings let him go. The San Francisco 49ers told Jerry Rice, the game's greatest and highest-paid receiver, he was free to leave rather than pay him his \$4.5 million salary in 2001.

Free agency had been a rallying cry among NFL players for almost three decades. They finally achieved it in negotiations with NFL owners in 1993, but the trade-off was a salary cap. Now a player can sell his services to the highest bidder, but the more money he earns, the less likely he is to see the end of his contract.

"Everybody wants to get paid as much as he can," Vikings coach Dennis Green said. "But the salary cap is like a pie. Some guys want my share and your share. We're all becoming more and more aware that the pie can only be sliced so many ways."

The Cowboys were scheduled to pay future Hall of Fame quarterback Troy Aikman a \$7 million bonus on March 8. They cut him rather than pay it, even though Dallas didn't have another NFL-caliber quarterback on the roster at the time. Elvis Grbac was one of only three quarterbacks to pass for 4000 yards last season on the way to his first Pro Bowl. But instead of paying Grbac a \$10 million bonus due him in March, the Kansas City Chiefs released him.

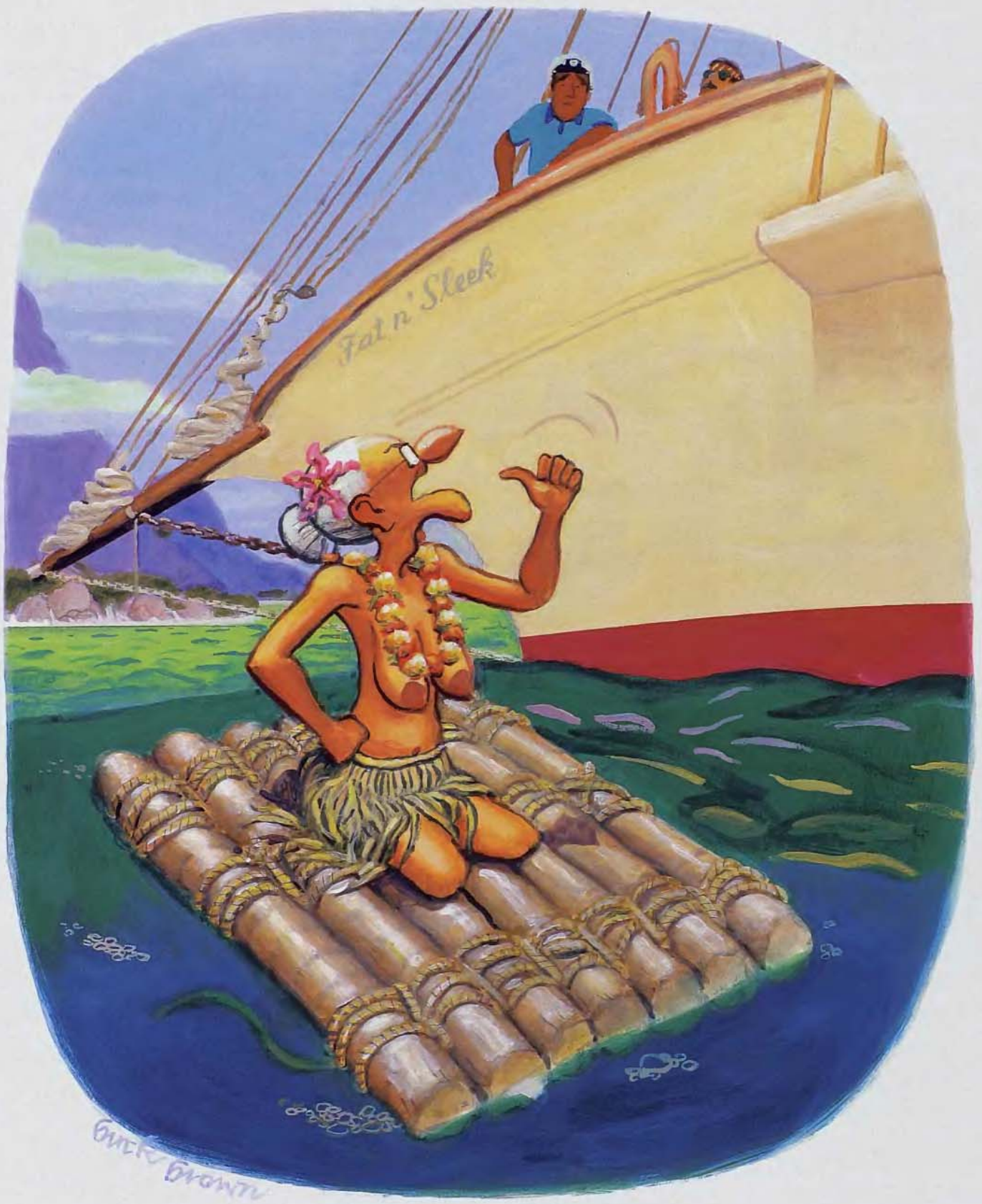
The best players in the NFL start. But more than 60 of them became salary-cap casualties this offseason. That's the equivalent of three NFL starting lineups. Buffalo nose tackle Ted Washington joined Fields and Grbac as incumbent Pro Bowlers who got the axe. Recent Pro Bowlers Steve Beuerlein, Larry Centers, Doug Flutie, Tre Johnson, Cortez Kennedy, Leon Searcy, Todd Steussie, Dana Stubblefield and Erik Williams also were sent packing. Never before has the league endured so much turnover at the top of its pay scale.

The combination of free agency and a salary cap creates a constant flow of players from team to team, which prevents any one club from stockpiling all the stars the way the Yankees have done in baseball or the Lakers in basketball. So dynasties are dead in the NFL; parity is alive. "It's tough on coaches, tough on fans, tough on players," Steelers coach Bill Cowher said. "But you have to look at the big picture. Look at what other leagues are going through right now. This system has put us in a very healthy [financial] situation relative to other professional leagues."

"The past four Super Bowl teams—Baltimore and the New York Giants, St. Louis and Tennessee—weren't in the playoffs the year before. So there's a lot of excitement that every team takes

*(continued on page 138)*





*"They kicked me off the island—again!"*



# The Goose

tony siragusa has some tough love for the nfl, wimpy quarterbacks,  
women who work and president bush

By Mark Ribowsky

**T**ony "the Goose" Siragusa proves there is room in the pantheon of American sex symbols for the full-figured man. Siragusa, all 340 pounds of him, is our standard of football manhood because he plays down and dirty with pulverizing effectiveness and because he isn't skinny, ripped, pretty or humble. Also because when he's not living for football, the Baltimore Ravens' right defensive tackle lives for all-you-can-eat buffets, mud wrestling contests and bar stools.

The Goose is a beautiful slob with a coal-dust football sensibility out of the Fifties. He's not merely the bedrock of the Ravens but also much of the team's personality, which is a good thing since the team's best player is a baleful linebacker with a plea-bargain conviction for obstructing justice in a double-murder investigation. The fact is, Siragusa is as much in his element on Friday nights as he is on Sunday afternoons. That is when he hosts a magnificently chaotic radio show from the Barn, a Baltimore sports bar, mingling with Ravens fans dressed in push-up bras and purple bikini bottoms, as well as strippers who come and dance "the Goose" with him. As he is wont to say, "Can't get no better than that."

Siragusa is an engaging sod off field, but in the trench warfare of the NFL he is nobody's idea of a good time. Because of Siragusa's bulk, relentless drive and surprisingly quick feet, teams normally throw two or even three blockers at him. Siragusa sucks up the punishment, stacks up blockers, turns back ballcarriers, harries quarterbacks and makes everyone else on the defensive side of the ball better. Last season, the Ravens held their opponents to record lows in rushing yardage (60.6 per game) and points (10.3 per game). The reason? The logjam inside freed the

Ravens' linebackers to attack the ball like rottweilers. In the AFC championship game, the Oakland Raiders came in rushing for 154 yards a game, tops in the league, and mustered all of 24 against the Ravens. Final score: 16-3, Baltimore. At the Super Bowl, the New York Giants conceded the trenches, rushing for only 66 yards. To tip off any defense that you'll be throwing is generally a bad idea; tipping off the Ravens is suicide. Final score: 34-7.

Last season also produced a classic Goose moment. Early in a game against the Tennessee Titans, Siragusa collided helmet-to-helmet with fullback Lorenzo Neal and lay motionless on the turf, feeling nothing in his arms and legs. At the hospital, he was told his spinal cord was bruised and that he should chill out in bed for a while. Then he regained feeling and was out the door and back to the stadium, where he reentered the game in the second half. But, then, Siragusa seems to defy the laws of science, including gravity. At 34, he walks pigeon-toed, both knees having been ravaged. One knee has no anterior cruciate ligament, the other is held together by a ligament from a cadaver. Siragusa only shrugs. As he sees it, the three great pleasures in life occur at a dining table, in a bedroom and on a football field, and you have to stand up for only one of them.

The Goose, whose game hasn't changed a crumb since he began his career in 1990 as a walk-on free agent with the Indianapolis Colts, is amused by the attention that he gets these days. But it comes with a price. In the second quarter of the AFC championship game, Siragusa crashed into the backfield and plopped onto Raiders quarterback Rich Gannon, pressing him to the turf just as Gannon released the ball. The hit separated Gannon's shoulder, drove him out of the game for a (continued on page 160)







# high steaks

WE'VE UPPED THE ANTE  
ON BEEF BY PICKING THE  
12 BEST STEAKHOUSES IN  
AMERICA. WHAT A DEAL

by John Mariani

**S**teak is not a subject men take lightly. In *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, John Wayne orders Lee Marvin to pick up a slab of beef dropped on the steakhouse floor. "That's my steak, Valance," growls the Duke, putting his hand on his pistol. "You pick it up," Marvin snarls back. Not every man would die over a slab of beef, but great steaks and the clubby confines in which the best ones are served are the sources of endless martini-fueled debates. Who has the best meat? Who prepares the crispiest hash browns, the ripest tomato salad or the creamiest cheesecake? The national steakhouse chains—such as Morton's, Ruth's Chris, the Palm and Smith and Wollensky—thrive because patrons appreciate the consistency of the food, drinks and decor. But even as these temples of high-priced beef proliferate, the independent steakhouses still stand out for their particular style, hospitality and fare. Here are our choices for America's top 12, along with a side order of runners-up that are also definitely worth *(continued on page 164)*











*"Quite an impressive résumé, Miss Simmons!"*



# Centerfolds ON SEX



she wants the  
pleasure to build

**SEIZE THE MOMENT:** I like having sex on the spur of the moment in a place I wouldn't normally have sex, like on a boat, or on a picnic in the woods, or on the beach. Or after leaving a strip club. I start unzipping his pants in the car, and we end up making love there.

**TALK IS CHEAP, BUT FUN:** I feel comfortable talking dirty now, though I wasn't that comfortable before. It really depends on the guy. If he's comfortable with it, and you're comfortable with him, then it can

be erotic. Being more in touch with my sexuality makes it come more easily now.

**ON MY SEXUAL TO-DO LIST:** One thing I've never done in bed, but would be willing to try, is another woman. Women are beautiful. When I look at other women, I can see why men love them so much. The way they smell, the way their skin feels is so sensual. I've thought about having sex with other women. That's something that would be really erotic—two women together in front of a boyfriend or husband.

## Echo Johnson

**MY IDEA OF A FUN DATE:** I really like going to a strip club. I think it's great foreplay. And, of course, it's exciting to watch my man watch the strippers. I also love getting a lap dance and watching the dancers. There's something that's so erotic about it. I pick up pointers.

**WHAT I'LL DO FOR MY MAN:** I enjoy fulfilling his fantasies. I take notice of what he wants. I take care of my body so he will have something sensual and sexy to look at. Sometimes I buy sexy lingerie. Then I go home and set the mood—candles, sexy music, a bubble bath, dinner. I wear the new lingerie for him. While wearing it, I do a striptease. I do it the way he loves it. I get excited. When I turn myself on, I'm turning him on, too. I like to see the fire in his eyes.

*Echo J. Johnson*





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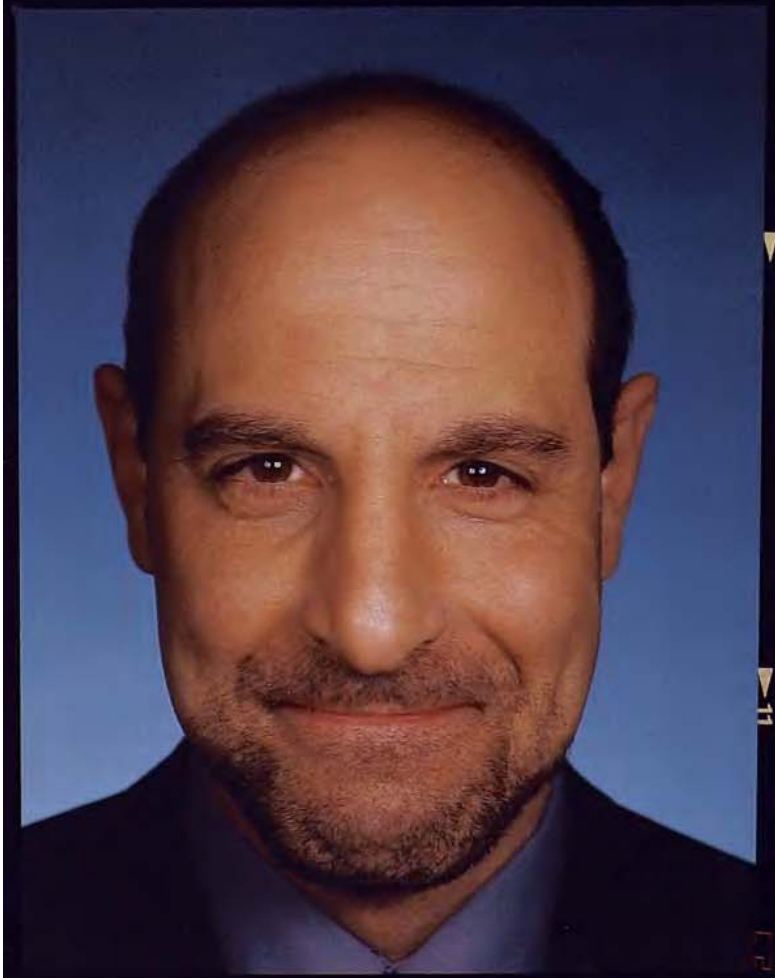
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5



# Stanley Tucci

the actor and filmmaker sings out on the sopranos, seamed stockings and the sexual power of risotto

**S**tanley Tucci suggests an omelette, Italian-style. The eggs are cooked with olive oil and served with a loaf of bread. It's the "morning after" breakfast he prepared in his movie *Big Night*. Tucci is also forthcoming about his recipe for artistic success: Earn enough money acting in big-budget movies to finance his own films, where happy endings aren't guaranteed. The protagonist brothers of *Big Night* face an empty restaurant at the end of the film. Tucci refused a distributor's plea to add a scene showing reservations pouring in. A meat-and-potatoes clientele will not be enticed by *Big Night*'s authentic Italian cuisine. Period.

Tucci paid his dues in the kitchen and on the stage. He worked in restaurants while he studied drama in college. And he worked in restaurants while he built an acting career in New York, where he found parts in plays by Shakespeare, Molière and O'Neill. His first film and TV appearances, however, were heavy on underworld types. Tucci is up front about his distaste for scumbag roles, especially mafiosi, but he turned in some high-profile portrayals of lowlifes: gangster Lucky Luciano in *Billy Bathgate* and Richard Cross in the television series *Murder One*.

He plotted an end run around the bad guys, though. The tension between culinary art and commerce is examined in *Big Night*, which he co-wrote and co-directed. The movie has achieved cult status among those who fancy films starring Italian favorites such as risotto and timpano. (Yes, he has appeared with his mother and father on a television cooking show.) He followed with *The Impostors*, a farce set aboard a Thirties ocean liner (filmed Thirties-style on an elaborate stage set built in an old New York bakery), and *Joe Gould's Secret*, a dark story of a writer's relationship with an eccentric denizen of Greenwich Village. Tucci lures such A-list actors as Woody Allen, Susan Sarandon, Steve Martin and Isabella Rossellini for his own projects. And directors of independent films, such as *Edward Burns* (*Sidewalks of New York*), know they can sign Tucci for peanuts if the role is good.

What Tucci calls his "bigger movies" in-

clude *Midsummer Night's Dream* (with Michelle Pfeiffer and Calista Flockhart) and Woody Allen's *Deconstructing Harry*. His portrayal of the motormouth gossip columnist in the television bio *Winchell* garnered him an Emmy and a Golden Globe. And Tucci still investigates the dark side. Last spring he donned an S.S. uniform to portray Adolf Eichmann opposite Kenneth Branagh as Reinhard Heydrich in HBO's *Conspiracy*, a drama about the 1942 Wannsee Conference, where Nazi officials planned the extermination of the Jews. He's currently appearing in *Big Trouble* with Tim Allen and Rene Russo.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacher met Tucci one morning in lower Manhattan and the two talked over plates of scrambled eggs and cups of strong coffee and tea. "I'd heard that Tucci is a connoisseur of bygone Manhattan, so the cobblestone streets and vintage architecture seemed the perfect setting for a conversation. And I quickly learned the man's taste for retro extends to dress as well. He apologized for not wearing a sports jacket."

## 1

PLAYBOY: Is Italian culture mankind's last best hope?

TUCCI: Yes, but not the obsession with cell phones. Italians have a way of enjoying life more than any other culture—living to eat as opposed to eating to live. Art and design are incredibly important. It's very interesting: The birthrate in Italy is practically zero right now. People aren't interested in having kids anymore. American culture has it a bit backward. We're so puritanical and trying to become more so. We're so rigid and work-obsessed and speed-obsessed. We're adolescents. You can't smoke a cigarette every now and again. All of a sudden everybody is a Shaker and they don't want you to have sex. John Ashcroft not dancing? What the fuck is that? It's so sad to me. Europeans laugh at us, and rightly so. Irony is disappearing from our cul-

ture, any sense of ambiguity, any sense of gray. We want it to be black-and-white. Italians don't think that way. My good friend Gianni Scappin, a chef who wrote a cookbook with my parents, says at the end of every sentence, "Well, it depends." And he's right. It does depend. But I'm so disturbed. I'm moving to Paris where you can have a cocktail and see a sculpture of a naked woman.

## 2

PLAYBOY: You've played Lucky Luciano and other underworld types, yet struggled against becoming a made man in the world of mob actors. Is Stanley Tucci a guy who has mastered the art of refusing a certain kind of offer?

TUCCI: You have to work. For a while, that was all that was accessible to me. Intermittently there would be something different—a cop, say—but I had to struggle with it for a long time. Eventually I got to the point where I could start turning them down. In every script I've read for years, there have been these terrible stereotypes. A lot of times the Italian guy is meaner or dumber or badder than the whiter gangster, and that's the only way people see Italian Americans. One of the reasons my cousin and I wrote *Big Night* is that we wanted to portray Italian Americans in a positive way, to give people other images of them. I'm going to play Frank Nitti for Sam Mendes in his movie *The Road to Perdition*. It'll be the first time I've done this in almost a decade. Although the Italian guy in the movie is the bad guy, it's all about Irish gangsters and how Italian gangsters fit into that milieu. In this case, it's not some stereotype. The character is a complex person.

## 3

PLAYBOY: We've noticed the large number of Italian (continued on page 150)



# GLOBAL COOLING

hot electronics for a summer's-end splurge



Clockwise from above: Terapin's CD audio-video recorder burns 74 minutes of video on blank CD-recordables and CD-rewritables to create video CDs, discs playable in most DVD players and PCs. The recorder can convert input off the TV or from a camcorder or VCR (\$500). NEC's Versa DayLite features the new Transmeta Crusoe processor, which operates up to eight hours on a single charge. Because it uses lightweight lithium batteries, the Versa DayLite weighs only 3.3 pounds and is 1.2 inches thick when closed (about \$2500). The body of Fujifilm's FinePix 6800 digital camera was designed by F.A. Porsche, of Porsche 911 fame. The 3.3 megapixel camera can store up to 33 still images, capture 160 seconds of AVI video and record up to 60 minutes of audio (\$900). Handspring's thinnest Visor yet is cased in metal for





a sharp look in your shirt pocket. The Visor Edge is less than half an inch thick, includes 8MB RAM and comes in three colors: red, blue and silver (\$400). We paired it with Avery's new DoubleClick, which houses both a pen and a PDA stylus (\$6). Sharper Image's talking tire gauge digitally announces the PSI so you don't overinflate (\$30). Next to it is the ICD-MS1 voice recorder from Sony. When users connect it to a PC, they can download their dictation to the included software, which automatically creates a text transcription (about \$300). Sanyo's SCP-5000 is the first cell phone with a 256-color screen. Download pictures from your PC and the phone will display a caller's photo with his name on the caller ID (\$500). The Duo-64 by Digisette is a portable MP3 player complete with headphones and control buttons. Without the headphones, the cassette-shaped device can be used in any boom box or car cassette deck for MP3 playback (\$230).



# NFL FORECAST (continued from page 126)

*Despite the hits to their roster, don't ever rule out the Vikings. Green knows how to play this game.*

into training camp. I don't know if other sports can say that about their teams. This system is good for our game."

## NFC EAST

To succeed in the NFL as a coach, you must understand football. But to succeed in the NFC East, you must understand history.

Dave McGinnis aced his first history test as head coach of the **Arizona Cardinals** this past April. The Cardinals had the second overall pick of the NFL draft and a pressing need at defensive tackle. But McGinnis passed up a slew of talented tacklers to take the best (and biggest) blocker on the draft board, Leonard Davis.

To win in the East, you must win the battles up front. The Cowboys were the NFL's team of the decade in the Nineties in large part because of a blocking front that featured five Pro Bowlers: tackles Mark Tuinei and Erik Williams, guards Larry Allen and Nate Newton and center Mark Stepnoski. The Redskins won two Super Bowls and dominated the division during the Eighties because of the Hogs on their offensive line.

McGinnis hopes Davis can be the final brick in a wall that gives the Cardinals the division's dominant blocking front this fall. Earlier in the offseason, the Cardinals shelled out \$18 million to sign Pete Kendall, the best guard in free agency.

Kendall and Davis join a line that already includes a recent first-round draft pick at left tackle (L.J. Shelton), a second-round pick at right tackle (Anthony Clement) and a center who started in the 2000 Super Bowl for the St. Louis Rams (Mike Gruttadauria).

"It's still a big man's game," said McGinnis, who fought many a losing battle with those Dallas big men as defensive coordinator for the Cardinals from 1996 to 1999. Few are bigger than the big men the Cardinals can line up. Davis goes 6'6", 370 pounds. Clement goes 6'7", 351 and Shelton 6'6", 360. Davis will slide from his left tackle spot in college to right guard in the NFL, and the Cardinals will average 6'6", 335 pounds across their blocking front.

Everything else appears to be in place for the Cardinals on offense. They have three 1000-yard receivers in David Boston, Rob Moore and Frank Sanders and a recent first-round draft pick at running back (Thomas Jones in 2000).

Jake Plummer remains at quarterback, but his career has been slowed by injuries. The Cardinals have been unable to protect him, and he has missed a dozen games in his four seasons with a variety of injuries. With this offensive line, Plummer ought to have three seconds to find a receiver and Jones should see openings bigger than man-hole covers.

"The people you're building around need a launching pad for success," McGinnis said. "That's what we're trying to do with this line."

With a last-place schedule, Arizona might be a candidate to vault from worst-to-first this season. If the Cardinals can block on the field as well as it appears they can, they could follow in the footsteps of Baltimore and St. Louis as overnight playoff contenders.

But the **Philadelphia Eagles** will be standing in the way. They have the best collection of young talent in the NFC East, maybe in the entire NFL. This team resembles the 1991 Dallas Cowboys on the verge of greatness.

The Eagles were surprising contenders in the East and first-round playoff victors in 2000 despite playing most of the season without their best offensive weapon, running back Duce Staley. He ranked in the NFL's top 10 in rushing before suffering a season-ending foot injury in the fifth game. Now he's back and looking to return to his 1999 form, when he rushed for 1273 yards.

Donovan McNabb matured as a quarterback in Staley's absence, earning a Pro Bowl berth in his first full season as a starter. All this offense lacked was a go-to receiver, and the Eagles think they've found him in Freddie Mitchell, their number one draft pick last April. He caught 68 passes for 1314 yards at UCLA last season.

Philadelphia returns a top 10 defense. Add it all up, and the Eagles are the preseason favorite in the East. But the defending NFC champion **New York Giants** aren't far behind.

The Giants are basic and physical on offense and defense. They pound the ball on the ground on offense with Tiki Barber and Ron Dayne, then pound away up front on defense with linemen Michael Strahan, Keith Hamilton and Cornelius Griffin.

The weakness last season was pass defense, where Jason Sehorn and Dave Thomas both struggled in the Super Bowl. But the Giants selected corner-

backs with their first two draft picks, taking Will Allen in the first round and Will Peterson in the third. The pass coverage also will benefit from an improved pass rush. The Giants signed away end Kenny Holmes in free agency from the NFL's number one-rated defense at Tennessee.

Last December the **Washington Redskins** fired Norv Turner with a 7-6 record, then fell out of the playoff chase under interim coach Terry Robiskie. Now it's Marty Schottenheimer's turn to try to satisfy owner Dan Snyder. But Snyder's failed bid to buy a championship in 2000 left the salary cap a mess in 2001. Eight starters are gone, and Deion Sanders went off to play baseball in the summer.

Troy Aikman retired, officially ending the **Dallas Cowboys'** dynasty. Emmitt Smith resumes the pursuit of Walter Payton's NFL rushing record this fall, but he's at least two years away. And the Cowboys as a team are about five years away.

## NFC CENTRAL

The **Minnesota Vikings** aren't the best team of the NFL's salary-cap era, but they are certainly among the most resilient.

The Vikings still haven't captured a Super Bowl under Dennis Green, but they have 72 victories, three division titles and six playoff berths in the seven seasons since the league strapped on the salary cap. Only Green Bay has won more games in the NFL, only Dallas has more division titles in the NFC and no one has gone to the playoffs more often than the Vikings.

Credit Green with grasping the concept of the salary cap quicker than his peers.

"The bottom line is, you can't keep all your players," Green said. "So you have to have a plan and stick to it. Developing players is a big part of our plan."

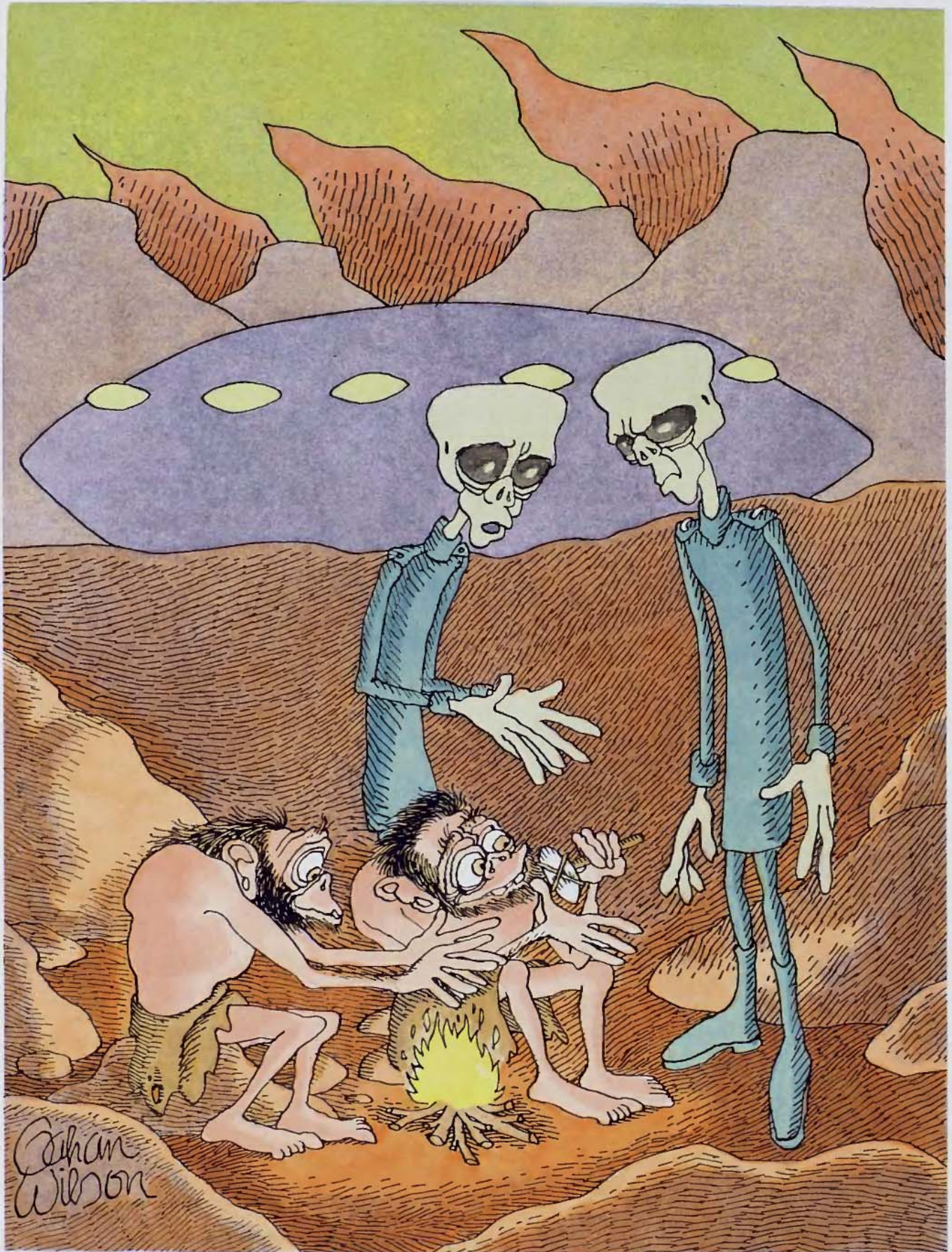
The strategy starts in April. The Vikings don't draft collegians for the sake of drafting them. They draft collegians to play them. Since 1994, 31 Minnesota draft picks have started for the Vikings. Five have gone on to Pro Bowls.

The Vikings took a couple of huge hits after the 1999 season when Pro Bowl center Jeff Christy and quarterback Jeff George left in free agency. But Green plugged in draft picks Matt Birk and Daunte Culpepper to replace Christy and George. Surprisingly, Minnesota became a better team, wresting the NFC Central title away from Tampa Bay. Both Birk, a sixth-round pick in 1998, and Culpepper, a first-round-er in 1999, became novice Pro Bowlers.

The Vikings could have overpaid to

*(continued on page 167)*





*"What possible harm can come to this planet from teaching these miserable creatures how to use fire and simple tools?"*









# SURVIVOR

grit and wit made jerri  
a star of the outback

**T**he Australian outback show might have been a snooze-inducing lovefest without Jerri Manthey. Being dubbed “the widely reviled she-devil in a blue bikini” and “an icy dominatrix whose name became synonymous with the word bitch” didn’t bother this 30-year-old survivor. “The word bitch is looked on as a negative title,” she says. “It would be nice if we came up with a better word for an aggressive, proactive, independent woman. If I were a man on that show, I’d be a hero.” Jerri caught heat on *Survivor: The Australian Outback* for accusing Kel Gleason of chewing on contraband beef jerky and for haranguing gourmet chef Keith Farnie for botching the rice. “Keith came rushing up to me recently and gave me a big hug and told me that he’s coming out with a second cookbook, called *Yes, I Can Cook Rice*—and he is dedicating it to me,” she says. “*Survivor* is really about

















surviving social situations and judgments from people who don't know you. I felt very lonely during the course of the game because I didn't really have anyone I could relate to. I'm not the kind of person who sits around and waits for someone else to take charge."

Jerri was an Army brat born in Germany, where her father was stationed. She "played every sport imaginable" and started her high school's theater club. The nomadic survivor lived in Alabama, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Florida before launching her professional acting career and moving to Los Angeles. Jerri, who started acting when she was nine, drew upon her 10 years' experience as a bartender in a successful play she wrote called *Beautiful Chaos*. The recognition following *Survivor* allowed her to hang up her bar towel for















good. "I still have the blue bikini I wore on the show, but it's torn up and not wearable anymore," she says. "It's in a drawer and officially retired." She took a role as a gold digger chasing a wealthy old man in the Los Angeles play *Lady Macbeth Gets a Divorce*, appeared as herself on the soap *The Young and the Restless* and got to see her episode of *Blind Date* re-air. Happily single, Jerri is looking for her equal. "Any man who is afraid of what he saw on *Survivor* is not a man I want to be with," she says. "I'm ahead of the game because guys already know what I look like when I wake up in the morning."

When she's not auditioning for new roles, Jerri finds inner peace communing with nature. "I'm very earthy," she says. "I posed for *PLAYBOY* to show my strength as a woman and to take a stand. People are threatened by women who have power. It's time to stop feeling threatened by it and learn to strive to be that way."





# Stanley Tucci (continued from page 135)

*In LA, everybody has a script. How is that possible? It's impossible, but they do. It gets a little tedious.*

delicatessens and bakeries in North Jersey that display photographs of *Sopranos* cast members. What is it with small-business owners and wiseguys?

TUCCI: It's so unfortunate. *The Sopranos* is a very good show, but it has set the cause back quite a few years. It's so insulting at this point. How many people auditioned for *The Sopranos*? Thirty thousand? It's depressing. Italian Americans don't have a great history of getting together, but for some reason they'll get 30,000 people to go audition to play gangsters. I don't understand it. Why is this so important to them? Movies like *The Godfather*, *Goodfellas* and *Mean Streets* are brilliant films. And you go back to earlier films in the Thirties, like *Scarface*. The impact of those films was huge. All anybody ever wants to do is try to make something like them. We can't get away from the Italian American as this person. It's not like Italians haven't assimilated in society, and it's not as though there are a lot of Italian Americans in the Mafia. The number is minimal. Moreover, the other mafias—like the Russians—are much more powerful.

4

PLAYBOY: You've sported a fedora in several roles and looked quite comfortable. Do you think men would do well to don sophisticated headgear?

TUCCI: I do. It keeps your head warm. But fedoras are always too big for me. I like something a little smaller. There was a fellow on the train this morning who was dressed a lot like Joseph Mitchell. He had on a nice overcoat and tweed jacket, shirt and tie and a nice little hat. And he looked fabulous. To me you have to have the right outfit. But you can't wear a hat the way I'm dressed right now. You'd look silly, like Joseph Beuys, the German artist who always wore a fedora and a white shirt and a vest and a pair of jeans. And the problem is there's no hatchback. So what do you do with your hat?

5

PLAYBOY: You earned rave reviews for your portrayal of Wall Street shark Hunter Lasky on the short-lived TV series *Bull*. Did your work on the show enable you to predict the collapse in tech stocks?

TUCCI: No. I know very little about that world, but I'm glad it looked like I did.

I didn't prep for that role, because there was no way I could understand all that. I went in. I read the scripts. And then I pretended I was that fella. Really. I don't even handle my own finances. My wife handles all the money and she's brilliant at it. After we met, she went back to Columbia to get her master's in social work. She took an economics class and the teacher told her she should think about being an economist because she had a talent for it. But she had no interest.

6

PLAYBOY: You were paid less than \$100 per day for your work as a husband straying into a gay affair in the film *Daytrippers*. If word gets out that you're willing to act for that kind of money, won't you be deluged with scripts from aspiring directors?

TUCCI: That whole movie was made for \$60,000. I was paid \$75 a day. I just did an Eddie Burns movie for scale. I think it's \$1000 a week. Eddie made that movie for something like \$1 million and shot it in 17 days. I went in and worked for six days. One of my movies was made for \$4.3 million and the two others for \$8 million and \$7 million. With that kind of money, you can't afford to pay anybody. If you start to negotiate everybody's fees, you end up with a \$20 million movie. I couldn't make my own movies, and no one would ever hire me to do a small movie. I don't want that. You want to be able to do a movie if you see something that's interesting.

7

PLAYBOY: We're sure you have visited Hollywood. How do you find the air out there?

TUCCI: I like the air in New York. Last winter was the best winter we've had in years—cold and snowy, as it should be. Hollywood is all about one thing. It's boring to talk about the same thing all the time. Everybody has a script. How is that possible? It's impossible, but they do. It gets a little tedious. I like a city you can walk around in. I don't like to drive a car all the time.

8

PLAYBOY: You're a regular at film festivals. What's the etiquette? Are you on your best behavior? Do you plot strategy?

TUCCI: I love film festivals. I've had good experiences with the films I've brought to them. *Big Night* did well at Sundance and then we brought it to Deauville. *Imposters* was at Toronto and Cannes. *Joe Gould's Secret* was at Sundance. I try to enjoy myself as much as possible. But if people aren't liking your film, it's probably best to get on a plane and go home quickly. I'm a huge proponent of Sundance. I went to the lab this year and worked as an advisor. The people who run Sundance really are doing it for the right reasons—to nurture independent filmmakers and give them as many opportunities as possible. I met a guy there with whom I was supposed to work as an advisor. He'd made a beautiful short film of his script, and I said to him, "I want to produce this film." Sundance set up all the meetings to help this guy get his movie made. Now, whether someone will make the film or not, we don't know. But the original intention has not been lost. A festival can make all the difference in the world for a little movie. It also gives you an opportunity as a filmmaker to have the press see your work. Cannes is like a three-ring circus. It's insanity. You've never seen so many people in your life. People go there and set up an office to try to sell their films—all different kinds of films. It's mayhem, but it's fun. You sit on the beach and drink wine and get a limo and go somewhere. It's a gas for a few days.

9

PLAYBOY: Chefs and actors. Don't both professions dangle the possibility of stardom and frequently offer the reality of underappreciation?

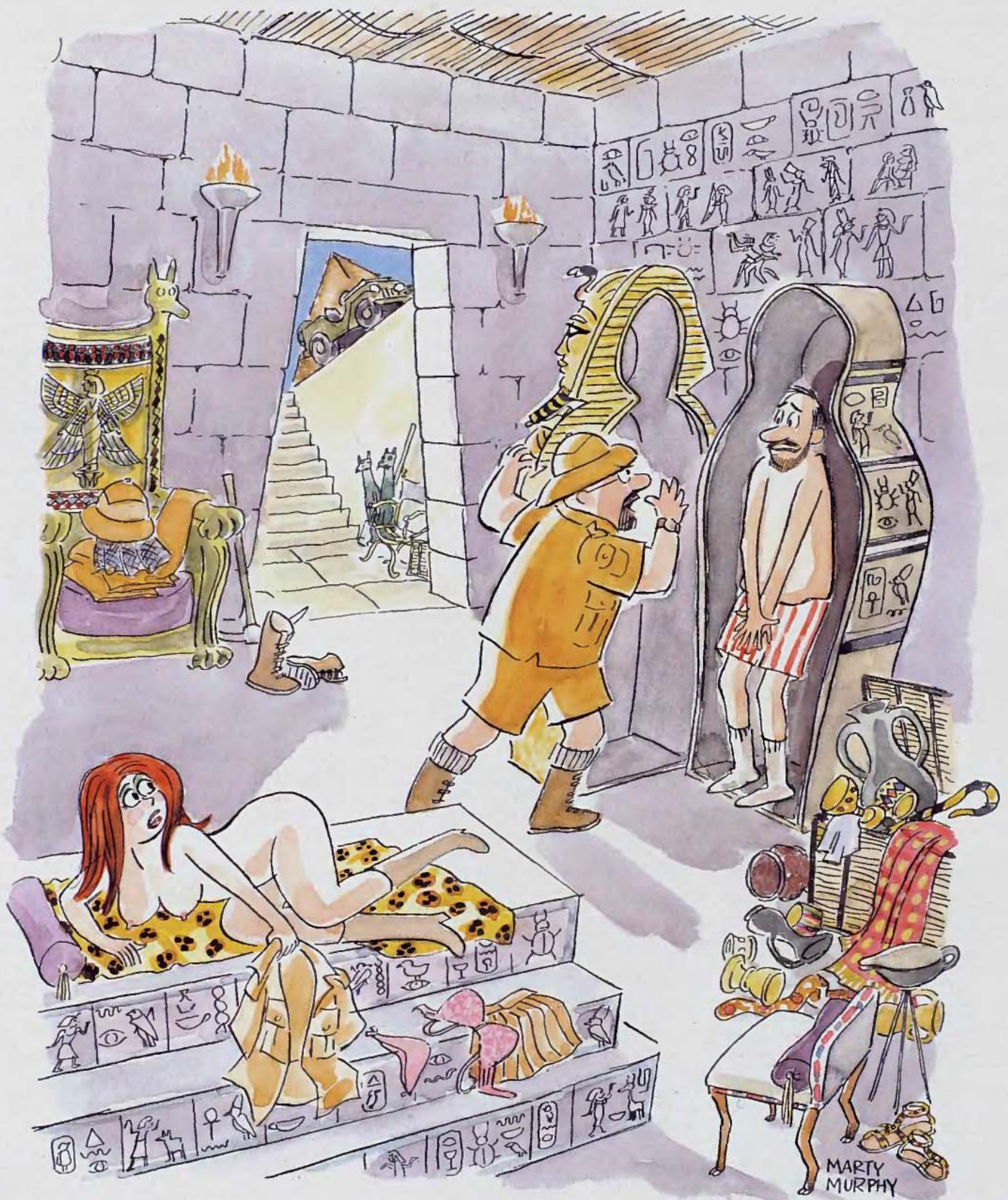
TUCCI: There is definitely a similarity. In writing *Big Night*, I wanted to make it about an artist and a chef. I didn't want to make it about an actor. And a painter would have been too rarified. All the arts are the same. A great chef is an artist, and one who is underappreciated. It's just as painful as the painter who dies and isn't recognized. The chef can't be posthumously recognized because all his food has been eaten or has spoiled, and his recipes live on only if he chose to write them down. A restaurant is like a theater. Backstage is the kitchen and the dining room; the front of the house is where you come out and perform.

10

PLAYBOY: A gentleman we know was presented with a risotto cookbook by his wife. What are the implications for that marriage?

TUCCI: That guy had better make a whole lot of stock and get a pair of





*"You, Dr. Karas! . . . My trusted assistant anthropologist!"*



comfortable shoes, because he's going to be standing in front of that stove for a long time. There's something very sweet about that gift. It's quite romantic. Food is very sexual. Risotto is a delicate dish. It has to be cooked slowly and has tremendous variety. It's endless what you can do with it. Sunday I made risotto with mushrooms and zucchini. My wife and I just made it up. A woman who enjoys eating is incredibly attractive. I can't bear women who go, "No, well I..." It's so unsexy.

## 11

PLAYBOY: You've acted with Calista Flockhart in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and starred with Isabella Rossellini in two of your own films. Do both actresses have healthy appetites?

TUCCI: I never ate with Calista. Isabella is a good eater, I know that [laughter]. The first time I met her, we went to her house and she actually made risotto. When our babies were born, my wife and I had lunch with her and we went to a restaurant and she had pasta and wine. She's a good eater.

## 12

PLAYBOY: We assume the signature dish in *Big Night*, *timpano*, a drum-shaped crust filled with pasta, is only to be at-

tempted by serious, well-trained cooks. Can the writer, director and star of *Big Night* offer a recipe for the rest of us?

TUCCI: You should have some knowledge of cooking when you do a *timpano*. It's going to take a long time and you may fail at first. But don't be afraid to try it, because the experience of making it is so much fun, and if you have the right people together, it's worth it. My suggestion: Make a frittata. I made one just the other day. Heat some regular or extra-virgin olive oil, put three eggs in a bowl, whip them up, add whatever you want. I add a little parsley, basil, mushrooms. But sauté the mushrooms first. Sometimes I just lay the eggs in the pan and put in a little goat cheese and after it has cooked a little, I flip it over and that's that. Or you can add manchego, a Spanish sheep's milk cheese, which is my new favorite cheese. It's great.

## 13

PLAYBOY: Is Sunday dinner an important occasion for the Tucci family?

TUCCI: In fact, I just made a big Sunday dinner for the first time in a long time. With my hectic schedule lately and the babies and everything, it had faded away. But it will all come back again. I like to watch the Food Network when I'm exercising. Mario Batali made what

looked like an incredible dish with quail wrapped in prosciutto, with a little balsamic vinegar. That's what I made. With risotto on the side. It was fantastic.

## 14

PLAYBOY: A food critic for a major newspaper claims she would have awarded Paradiso, the fictional restaurant in *Big Night*, "three, possibly four, stars." Do you have your toque ready if the acting gig ever goes south?

TUCCI: That's nice, but she wouldn't have if she'd tasted the food we were eating. It was awful. We tried with the catering, but we didn't have a lot of money and the food we were eating during the filming was atrocious. It had no seasoning because it goes bad quickly if it's seasoned and it has to sit around for a long time. When you're sitting in a hot room for 13 hours a day and you're under those hot lights, who wants to eat? No one's hungry. So we had spit buckets. Actors would eat the food and go "yum yum" and then "cut!" And yuck!

## 15

PLAYBOY: You're frank about your enthusiasm for the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. Aren't those seamed stockings actresses wear in your films a wonderful evocation of those decades?

TUCCI: I'll tell you the truth. There's something there. The whole ethic of being more elegant makes a woman very sexy. There's something about getting dressed in all that stuff. The French say that it's much sexier to watch a woman get dressed than to watch her get undressed. I agree. I believe it's so sexy, especially if there are stockings she has to put on.

## 16

PLAYBOY: Do you believe a Fifties vintage Cadillac, resplendent with tail fins, is the summit of automotive design?

TUCCI: We used it in *Big Night* as a symbol for everything people thought was the summit. For me, it is not. Some of those old Porsches from the Sixties were so beautifully sculpted, beautifully rounded and sort of compact. I do not covet automobiles, but I have to say that the Avanti, designed by Raymond Loewy, is a fascinating car. Gorgeous car. I don't own one. I wish.

## 17

PLAYBOY: Some cities have sought to pass ordinances prohibiting actors from smoking onstage in order to protect audiences from secondhand smoke. As an actor who enjoys tobacco now and then, how do you feel about this development?

TUCCI: No more Noel Coward plays. Actors still smoke, and thank God it's alive and well. I was just working in England and we know all the British actors are



"Yes, I suppose I would describe myself as a member of the viewing public. Or are we talking about television?"



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still smoking. There were 16 in the cast and I think everybody smoked except for two. Soon they'll stop us from drinking onstage too. Then you can't do Shakespeare. And no dancing!

18

PLAYBOY: Last year you played Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Shakespeare has had other recent successes as a screenwriter. Do you think Hollywood's green-lighting the Bard's scripts will make high school sophomores into fans?

TUCCI: Definitely. It's wonderful. But you have to be careful not to go too far, to pander too much. Or put people in a movie who may not be able to act Shakespeare, like some kid from a TV show who can't act. So you have to know what character you're playing and what sounds would be appropriate. You don't have to speak with a British accent, but you can change your sounds to what is appropriate. The way I'm speaking right now is standard American English. My "r's" are a little harder but you can level those out. Instead of a flat "a" you can make it broader. It's not that hard to do, but you have to be trained. The point is to make the language clear.

19

PLAYBOY: There's a scene in *Joe Gould's Secret* where the characters search for a

long-lost manuscript in the rubble of a building demolition site. Is it true that Stanley Tucci has done a bit of urban archeology after construction crews have quit for the day?

TUCCI: I used to go out at night and go into the Dumpsters when people were renovating apartments. I'd see what I could find, because it was all sculptural to me. I remember finding this length of pipe and creating a track-lighting fixture for my two-room apartment—which had very high ceilings. What I did was hang the pipe by airplane cable from one end of the living room to the other. One time I found big chunks of porcelain from an old bathtub. They were absolutely beautiful and I made a very nice little table out of them. Joe Mitchell's daughter Nora gave me one of those star fixtures they put on exterior walls to support old buildings. Mitchell had a collection of those. She also gave me two silver spoons he used to collect from hotels that no longer exist.

20

PLAYBOY: Are you and Patrick Stewart conspiring to make baldness not just tolerable but downright sexy?

TUCCI: I have not talked with him, but let's hope that's the result of whatever we're doing.



## GROUP SEX

(continued from page 92)

couples—mostly Midwesterners, but some from as far away as Hawaii—paid \$600 each to attend the weekend, and about 200 came to dinner. That's a respectable 50 percent turnout among people who could otherwise be having sex. I wasn't surprised by the numbers—there are an estimated 3 million swingers in North America—but it still felt odd to be surrounded by people so openly enthusiastic about—and comfortable with—sex. No one here had questions; they were answering them. Who are these people? More important, what fuels their interest in this curio from the Seventies that somehow negotiated AIDS and Meese and middle age? In a time when you can arrange almost anything you desire online, a swingers' convention seems almost quaint.

Glancing around the room, I saw ordinary folk: aunts, uncles, neighbors, co-workers. Not mine, but somebody's. Imagine walking through O'Hare Airport, corralling the first 400 straight couples you pass, and placing them in a room for a bacchanal. One of the cutest women I met was Sharon, in her early 30s, who had been assigned with her husband, Dave, to greet newbies. I don't remember Dave too well, but Sharon turned out to be a vixen disguised as a PTA mom. She explained that the security guards posted at the entrances weren't swingers themselves, but they were regulars. Sharon and her friends lusted after one guard in particular, and she pointed him out. Then she mentioned casually but triumphantly how she had blown him the previous night.

"The others were upset, because I got him first," she said. "But it was easy. I asked when he got off duty. He told me, 'One A.M.' So I said, 'You're getting off at 1:10, too.'"

Dave smiled at the story. I was beside myself with lust. I couldn't help thinking that if Sharon would blow a guard, surely she'd have sex with the guy who spoke at dinner. But I was in a boat without an oar: That morning, like so many other mornings, I had forgotten to ask my wife if I could fuck other women.

That's the problem for most guys who wish they could become swingers: You have to convince your girlfriend or wife, and she's not playing. Without a date who's ready to ride, you won't get through the door. Most couples I spoke with said they had been married at least 10 years before the topic came up—long enough to know they had a solid relationship, and also long enough to be bored to extremes. Plus, many of the wives are bisexual, which eases the transition (if the men are bisexual, they keep it to themselves). One woman told me how, after her divorce, she began to explore. She met a nice guy and, when





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things began to get serious, sat him down for a heart-to-heart. "I told him, 'I'm bisexual, I like to go to swing parties and I want us to have sex with other people.' I was so afraid he was going to leave." I asked the guy, now her husband, what his reaction had been. He said, "Thank you, God."

After talking with Sharon, I was ready to play the unreluctant voyeur. Because I didn't have a date, I couldn't visit the fourth-floor orgy rooms without an escort. Ron, a club owner who organized the weekend with his wife, Sue, asked a guard—another guard—to take me upstairs. We exited the elevator and turned to the right, toward a suite filled with bondage equipment. Inside, a couple took advantage of a large wooden X. The guy—a heavysset biker with a long white beard—stood behind his old lady, who faced the wall. He slapped her ass so hard it shook. She moaned with pleasure. Eventually he released and hugged her, and I could see them telling each other, "I love you." I couldn't dispute that. Stephen, who supervised the room, was eager to introduce me to two lesbians, one of whom was wearing a Canadian Mountie uniform, a fetish we discussed for some time. The women said they were both tops, meaning they prefer to be in control during sex. I asked how they worked that out. "We find a bottom," the Mountie said, matter-of-factly. That turned me on almost as much as Sharon had, but I wasn't sure which one to ask for a number.

My escort had disappeared, so I headed toward the other end of the hall on my own. Along the way, many couples

opened their doors to allow passersby a peek. (At one point I turned my head briefly and came away with this image: a supine white woman, her head at the edge of the bed, deep-throating a burly black man as he balanced himself over the gulf between the mattress and the dresser.) The party rooms intended for general audiences were situated on opposite sides of the hall. On the left, smoking. On the right, nonsmoking. Swingers filled the corridor, socializing. A few men and women greeted each other with deep kisses and quick gropes—what elsewhere would be a casual hug. A woman loosened my tie. One guy wearing nothing but a Speedo with little hearts on it approached potential partners good-naturedly to ask, "Want to see my heart-on?" All swingers have a little Vegas in them.

When Sue arrived on her rounds, an old friend delighted her by dropping to his knees and burying his head under her skirt. Another guy who looked vaguely familiar told me that he once had been arrested for selling PLAYBOY. It turns out he had been nabbed in my small hometown; I was about 14 at the time. He went on to buy an old motel in the area, add waterbeds and ceiling mirrors to every room, stock the lounge with gag gifts and X-rated greeting cards and get busted more than 30 times on every morals charge, zoning law and sign ordinance on the books. I was surprised to see him, but Ron later told me that spotting familiar faces isn't unusual. That very weekend, a woman and her husband had bumped into her mother and her mother's boyfriend. The cou-

ples retreated to the hotel bar to sort things out. Ron said that almost every large lifestyle gathering leads to surprise encounters between doctors and patients, lawyers and clients, teachers and students.

Inside the nonsmoking suite, the beds had been pushed into a row against a wall. At first glance the room resembled any Saturday night party. The lights had been dimmed and people stood talking and nursing drinks. A few danced or made out. But then, as people stepped this way or that, you spotted a wife on her knees, licking her husband's balls, or a couple fucking against the wall, or a man penetrating his wife (I assumed) as she knelt over a chair. Television monitors displayed silent porn; the room had its own soundtrack of music, moans and the low buzz of voices. At the center of the room, a woman climbed aboard a demo-model bungee swing as her partner struggled to pull his cock from his jeans. Through the doorway into the next room, a lamp burned like a spotlight on a pair of women who were sitting on a dresser with their knees spread, fingering themselves. Behind me, through another door, a pile of retired Americans pleased each other on twin double beds. I caught the eye of a white-haired, barrel-chested man as his lover of the moment, whose ass was as wide as his pillow, fellated him. He winked.

I soaked in the aura of the room for an hour or two—I wasn't checking my watch—before stepping back into the hall for some air. It was almost two in the morning, and the party was still heating up. As the women who passed by introduced themselves, I was surprised at the number among this "average" crowd who I wanted to fuck—women who, had I seen them on the street, I would not have glanced at twice. The longer I spent talking with them, the more desirable they became. These women loved sex, they wanted sex, they didn't mind talking about it and they were wearing lingerie. More than once, while laughing with some uninhibited housewife or accountant or crossing guard, I found myself thinking, Sleeping with her would be a blast.

That was my humble lesson for the evening. Besides the variety it offers, the lifestyle is appealing because it gives you a chance to fuck your friends. At dinner, Ron and Sue and two other couples had swapped tales of exchanges among them like my parents and their homies discuss trips to Florida. "Remember that time—was it at your house or ours?—when the wives all seemed to disappear?" Ron asked. "I walked around and found these three in the back room. They wouldn't let me join in! They made me just sit there and watch." The women laughed at the memory.



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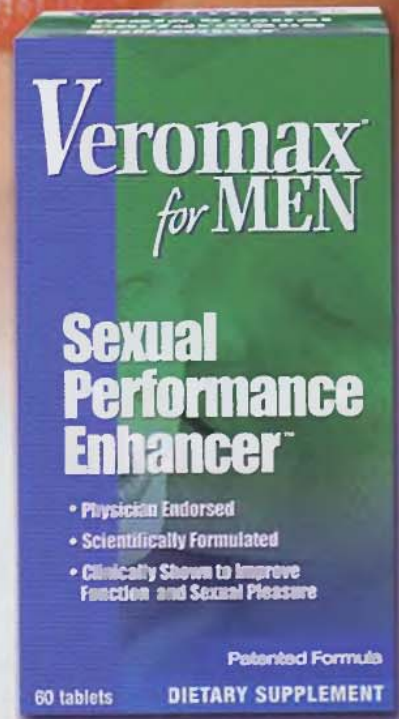


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# KURT COBAIN

(continued from page 82)

*Smith was near the greenhouse: "I saw this body lying there on the floor. I thought it was a mannequin."*

the single *Sliver* in October 1990. "I bought *Sliver* at Bleecker Bob's," Courtney recalled. "When I played it, I was like, 'Oh my God—I missed this!'" On the B side was *Dive*, which became her favorite Nirvana song. "It is so sexy and strange and haunting," she noted. "I thought it was genius."

After Love's friend Jennifer Finch became involved with Dave Grohl, Nirvana and Kurt became a frequent topic of their girl talk. They nicknamed Kurt "Pixie meat," both because of his dimin-

utive size, and because of Kurt's worship of the Pixies. Courtney confessed to Grohl she had a crush on Kurt, and when Dave told her Kurt was suddenly single, Courtney sent Kurt a gift meant to move their wrestling match to a different arena. It was a heart-shaped box filled with a tiny porcelain doll, dried roses, a miniature teacup and sea shells. Before sending it she rubbed her perfume on it like a magical charm. When the fragrant box arrived in Olympia, it was the best-smelling thing in the Pear

Street apartment, though this distinction wasn't difficult to achieve. Kurt was impressed with the doll; he collected dolls, and by 1990 they were one of the many media he used for his art projects. He would repaint their faces and glue human hair on their heads. The resulting creatures were both beautiful and grotesque, looking as much like child corpses as they did dolls.

Kurt and Courtney met for the second time in May 1991 during a concert at the Palladium in Los Angeles. Kurt was backstage drinking cough syrup straight from the bottle. In a bit of fate, Courtney opened her purse and displayed her own stash of drugs, which were more powerful. They wrestled to the ground again, but this time it was more a grope than a physical challenge. The vibe, according to those who witnessed it, was sexual. When Kurt let her up, the tension lessened and they talked shop. Courtney was quick to brag that her band, Hole, had finished recording *Pretty on the Inside*, with Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth co-producing. Kurt talked about his own album, which was still in production. Kurt was usually meek when meeting someone, but in his efforts to impress Courtney, he pulled out all the stops. As Kurt soon discovered, very few people could gain a verbal advantage over Love. She knew far more about the music business than he did, and Hole's career was accelerating as quickly as Nirvana's.

In their conversation, Kurt disclosed that he was staying at the Oakwood. Courtney told him she lived nearby. She wrote down her phone number on a bar napkin, and told him to call her sometime. She was earnestly flirting and he was flirting back.

Breaking every rule of dating, he called her later, sounding like the desperate, broken-hearted loser in *Swingers*. "There was a lot of noise in the background," Courtney recalled. Kurt pretended he was phoning only because he wanted to discover where she got her cough syrup. But what he really wanted was to talk to her more. And, as Kurt found out, Courtney could talk.

They talked for almost an hour and it was a conversation Kurt would remember for weeks. Though he was typically direct and short-tempered on the telephone, there were individuals who could occasionally bring out the conversationalist in him, and Courtney was one of those. He found himself able to say things to her over the phone he'd been unable to tell her in person just a few hours earlier. They talked about producers, critics, Sonic Youth, guitar playing, cough syrup brands and songwriting. She switched from subject to subject the way someone flicks the channels on a remote control. When Kurt described the conversation to his friend Ian Dickson, he began by declaring, "I have met the



Dean Yeagle

*"I was wondering, sir—what first attracted you to a career in art?"*



coolest girl in the whole world." As Dickson and his other friends began to complain, "Kurt would not stop talking about her. It was 'Courtney says this,' and 'Courtney says that.'" It would be four months before they would see each other again, but during that time, Kurt recalled their conversation and must have wondered whether it was real or just a drug-induced dream caused by too much syrup.

Early Friday, April 8, 1994 electrician Gary Smith arrived at 171 Lake Washington Boulevard, Cobain and Love's Seattle home. Smith and other workers had been at the house that week, installing a new security system. Police stopped by twice and told workers to alert them if Kurt arrived. He had been missing for days. At 8:40 Friday, Smith was near the greenhouse and glanced inside. "I saw this body lying there on the floor," he later told a newspaper. "I thought it was a mannequin. Then I noticed it had blood in the right ear. I saw a shotgun laying across his chest, pointing up at his chin." Smith called a dispatcher to call 911. His firm's dispatcher took it upon himself to tip off radio station KXXR. "Hey, you guys are going to owe me some pretty good Pink Floyd tickets for this," he told DJ Marty Reimer. Police confirmed that the body of a young male had been found at Cobain's house, and KXXR aired the story. Although early police reports did not identify the deceased, initial speculation was centered on Kurt.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, Courtney became a patient at Exodus Recovery, a drug treatment center, having checked in on Thursday afternoon. Earlier that day, she had been arrested after police had arrived at her "vomit-and-blood-splattered" hotel room and found a syringe, a blank prescription pad and a small packet they believed to be heroin (it turned out to be Hindu good-luck ashes). After being released on \$10,000 bail, Courtney checked herself in for inpatient treatment.

Friday morning, her lawyer arrived at Exodus. When Courtney saw the lawyer's expression, she knew the news without having to hear it. The two looked at each other for several moments in silence until Courtney finally uttered a one-word question: "How?"

It was the last time their bodies would be together. She stroked his face, spoke to him and clipped a lock of his hair. She would store it in the heart-shaped box she had given him three years ago. Finally, she climbed on top of his body, straddling him, put her head on his chest and wailed, "Why? Why? Why?"



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



# Tony Siragusa (continued from page 128)

*They should call that the puss slide. Everybody in the stadium should start yelling, "Puss! Puss! Puss!"*

spell and severely limited his play the rest of the game. Clean hit, said the officials, none of whom threw a flag. Dirty hit, said the NFL later, after reviewing game film; it fined Siragusa \$10,000. Bullshit, said Siragusa, who appealed the fine and lost and is still pissed about it. He's also pissed about other things the league has done lately because he takes them personally. Hell, if he didn't know better, Siragusa told writer Mark Ribowsky, he might begin to think that the NFL doesn't like him.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you hit Rich Gannon?

SIRAGUSA: What people don't understand is that I had a compound fracture in a finger on my left hand. It was totally broken and all twisted around, but I played with it throughout the playoffs and the Super Bowl. When I came up on Gannon and tipped the ball, I was actually trying to turn and get my hand back down so I wouldn't land on it. They said that I drove my shoulder into him and bounced on him, which is bullshit. All I did was fall on him.

PLAYBOY: And knocked him out of the game.

SIRAGUSA: Listen, I'll pay \$10,000 any

day to get a quarterback out of a game. That's what they tell us to do. My whole career coaches have told me, "Hit the quarterback! Hit the motherfucker as hard as you can!" But then you do and you get fined. God, there's such a pussy factor in the NFL now.

PLAYBOY: Are all quarterbacks pussies?

SIRAGUSA: The majority of them are. Like when they run and they're going to get hit and they run out of bounds or slide down. You're a total puss to do that. They should call that the puss slide. Everybody in the stadium should start yelling, "Puss! Puss! Puss!" But the NFL watches out for them. They have a Big Daddy in the head office. No, make that a Big Mommy. They hide behind Big Mommy. Some offensive linemen are pussies, too, just not as many. There's a difference between a puss and a punk. A puss is a wimp. A punk is a guy who thinks he's a man but is really a puss. That's the case with a lot of offensive linemen.

PLAYBOY: What is the biggest problem with the league?

SIRAGUSA: When I came into this league, there were a lot of personalities, guys who expressed themselves. The league didn't worry if your uniform was on right or if your socks were pulled up. Now it will actually fine you \$7500 if your socks don't cover all of your skin, or if your shirt isn't tucked in or if the league patch isn't in the right place. It's like we have to be the Hitler Youth. Everyone's so uptight. Over the winter, each player on our team got to keep the Lombardi Trophy for three days. And they did not want to part with this trophy, man. It was like they thought I was going to crap on it. That's not even practical. It's not like it's a bowl, like that hockey thing.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with it?

SIRAGUSA: I had it on display in my restaurant in Pine Brook, New Jersey for a couple of days and then I had it in a parade in my hometown of Kenilworth. Now, that was a thrill. Kenilworth is two miles wide, everybody there is a working man—plumbers, carpenters, truck drivers. All of my friends I went to high school with are still my best friends. And this is in the heart of Giants country. We had all these creeps come in screaming, "The Ravens suck!" Well, you know what? I brought the trophy back to Jersey because we beat the piss out of them.

PLAYBOY: You had those guys beat before the game even began, didn't you?

SIRAGUSA: When you come out and you have a Ron Dayne, who will run over anybody, and you play him for one play in the Super Bowl, do you think we're getting a little bit of respect? It doesn't matter who we face. Pick any team. You see that fear on their faces. Because they know they just can't run on us. We have two guys in the middle, me and Sam Adams, who tie up three people. I don't



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care what you do. You're not going to block both of us. That means you have a linebacker running around free. Put a tight end on a linebacker? OK, then who's going to stop our ends, who both go 150 miles an hour? Besides, after 11 years I can smell the ball. I don't have to see it to know where it is.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of those punk-offensive linemen you spoke about?

SIRAGUSA: The cheap-shot artists who try to hurt you by going for your knee. [Cincinnati Bengals guard] Matt O'Dwyer is one. The former right tackle of the Cowboys, the old guy, Erik Williams. The Raiders as a team are known for it. Denver is full of them. What these guys don't understand is that, with offensive guys, you know where they're going to be at all times. And with our defense, it's going to happen that we'll get an interception. And when that happens, you better keep your head on a swivel because I'm coming after your knees.

PLAYBOY: Besides these guys, do you truly hate anybody in football?

SIRAGUSA: Bill Tobin [former Colts director of operations]. He's a dick. I can't believe anyone ever thought that guy knows about football. He always tried to get me out of the lineup. They had only signed me because I told Ron Meyer, who was the coach, that I could snap the ball long—even though I never snapped a ball in my life. I got in when another guy got hurt, and they could never get me out, as much as they wanted to. Then Ted Marchibroda comes in as head coach and takes us to the AFC championship game, and a year later, Tobin fires him so he can bring in his old buddy Lindy Infante, who is not an NFL head coach—he's a coordinator at best. Ted was our heart, our core. You don't mess with that. And the players didn't want to play. You can't when the front office shows you they don't want to win. And they were always on me about my weight and there was no reason to stay, so I left. It's the best thing I ever did.

PLAYBOY: Your father died when he was 48. How did that affect your life?

SIRAGUSA: My dad was a tough man who worked his ass off for his family. When I was at Pitt, I got an earring. I came home one weekend and he saw it and ripped it right out of my ear. The hardest thing for me was that he died in my arms. I was home from Pitt another time and he had a heart attack at our home. I tried to give him CPR but he was gone. I will never get that out of my head. The worst thing is that my father never got to do all the things he wanted to do. He was always searching. He drove a cement truck, but he also worked for General Dynamics and designed parts for the Trident submarine. And he played guitar in a rock-and-roll band, the Rock-atoes. I saw them play in Atlantic City once with Chuck Berry, man. They were huge. And now I have that same burning



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desire in my gut to do as much as I can before the expiration date on my head comes up. I've gone wild boar hunting, I've gone deep-sea diving, I've dived with sharks, I've gone up in little rickety planes and done rollovers.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you have a death wish.

SIRAGUSA: Hell, I think I'm going to live to be 100. But I've also told my wife that whenever my number is up, I want an open bar at my funeral and I want them to put a smile on my face and bury me in a pair of old jeans and a sweatshirt with a keg and a sign that says NO REGRETS. NONE AT ALL.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once take a deer you bagged into the locker room?

SIRAGUSA: Just the head. Because my teammates didn't believe I killed one. So I put the thing's head in a bag and took it to practice. I mean, don't ever doubt me. They also didn't believe I killed 40 snow geese. I took all the heads and put one in each of their lockers, oozing blood and brains and everything. They were all grossed out, but they'll never doubt me again.

PLAYBOY: Does winning a Super Bowl make a man horny?

SIRAGUSA: If you're asking if I had sex that night, of course I did. That was a hell of a day. That morning, my wife told me she was pregnant with our third kid. I'll tell you one thing, winning a Super Bowl makes you better-looking. I'm much better-looking to a lot of people today than I was last year at this time.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to your wife?

SIRAGUSA: Her ass. I'm an ass man and my wife was a gymnast, so she has an unbelievable ass. It's great being married to a gymnast. She bounces around, does a couple of flips and lands on me.

PLAYBOY: What kind of women do you like?

SIRAGUSA: The ones who have killer bodies and minds to go with them. A lot of women are shallow and have nothing to say, like cheerleaders.

That's what's great about porn. You can look at women with killer bodies and no minds and not have to listen to them talk. Smart women are great, they can do anything, but they should never put a career before raising a family. Don't have kids and go to work. Stay home.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Bush?

SIRAGUSA: Oh, I love bush. I'd do anything for a good bush. Actually, I would have voted for Bush, if I'd voted, but Bill Clinton's my man because he don't give a shit what anybody thinks of him. Ray Lewis is like that, too. That's the best way to be. That's when you accomplish the most. If you worry about what people think, you'll never do a goddamn thing in your life. In the end, pissing people off gets you a lot further.

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## PUZZLE MAN

(continued from page 106)

rode into Oklahoma City like a wandering minstrel, my truck packed with fertilizer and oil and fuses, and I unwittingly dismantled one of Uncle Sam's most important units in my clumsy fashion by choosing the first place that looked good to me.

The shrink and I amuse each other. It is like a chess match. He moves, I move, we play the game. He believes he is compiling a psychological profile that will eventually tell them everything Uncle Sam needs to know about me. So I let them have their profile, because I have greater things to protect than my psyche.

"You're on a mission from God, then?" the shrink asks in that soft voice he likes to use when he is trying to con me.

"You could say that," I smile.

He pauses. "So it's a religious thing?"

"Not exactly."

"You protested. You blew up a building and killed a lot of innocent people, many children included. What have you gained?"

I always give him the same answer, and it always baffles him. "I gained world enough, and time," I say.

The shrink flinches in confusion, but he cannot hear my interior laughter. His thoughts collide as he tries to figure out if I stumbled on that phrase or if I have actually read it. What are the limits of my knowledge, and how can he chart them? Is he talking to a smart man or a fool? How can a geek who knows how to fieldstrip a .50 caliber machine gun quote an English poet who has been dead for 323 years? And how could a homer like me have access to the most highly classified information Uncle Sam possesses?

He shifts gears. "Yesterday, you said something about a lifeboat."

"I did," I nod.

"I don't think I understood it, exactly."

"I said the world is a lifeboat."

"And the problem is?"

"It's filling up."

"Filling up with?"

"People."

"Good people? Bad people?"

"Good, bad, it doesn't matter. Just too many people: black, brown, red and yellow people. All of whom need food and water and land and air."

"And that's bad?"

"It is for us white people," I say.

"For me, too?"

"You're white, aren't you?"

"But I'm Jewish," he says.

"No problem," I laugh.

"Are you sure?"

I blow right past that one. "Where will your children be in 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040? Where will your descendants be in the year 3000? Will they be in the lifeboat? Or will they have been pushed out



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of it by then?"

"You are saying the earth's resources are finite and there is not enough to go around?"

"Roger that," I say, smiling.

"And white people forget that fact?"

"Most of them. Most white people want to be liked. White Americans, especially. They want to let everyone into the lifeboat. But our sentimentality is killing us."

"So the next war will be a racial war?"

"The next war is already here," I say.

That stops him for a minute. His voice gets even softer and he strokes his beard.

"And you are a soldier in that war?"

"That happiness is mine."

"How does that make you feel?"

What can I tell him? That I am tired of that question and I wish shrinks would think of another one? That I wish the children would leave me alone at night and let me sleep? That World War III is taking place right here, right now, under our noses, and only a few people recognize it? That the rat sits like a monster in my cell every night and threatens to smother me if I move?

"How does it make me feel? It makes me feel like Ishmael," I say.

He winces again. "Meaning?"

"That I alone have escaped to tell you."

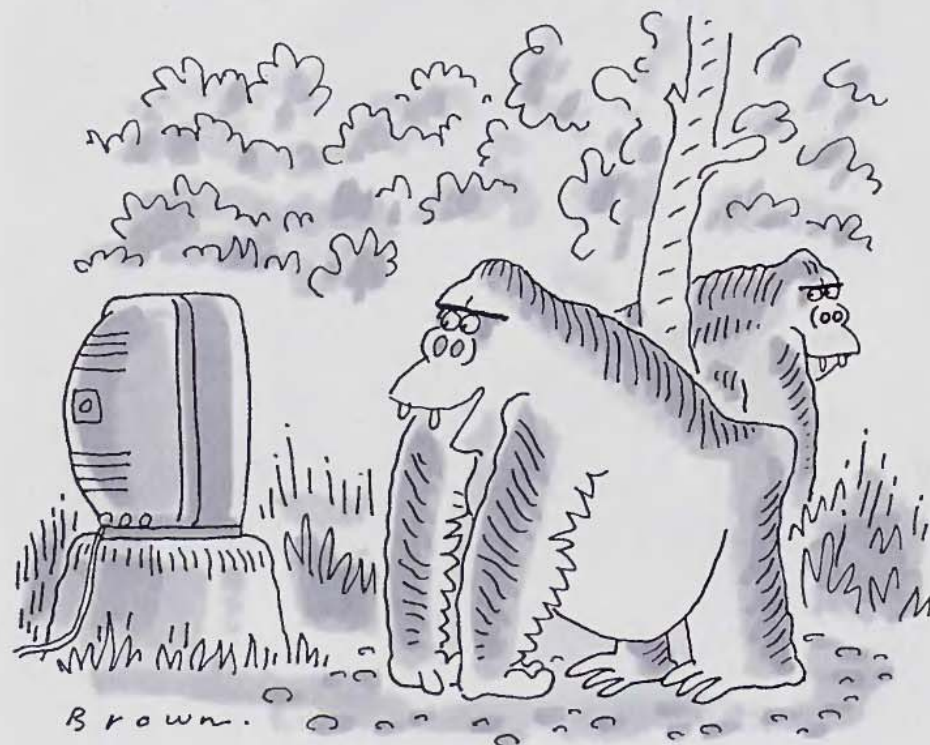
Confusing him makes my day. "Take that one back to the feds and see how it complicates my profile," I want to say to him. "You have a blue-collar boy here who has read a few things. How do you

like them apples?" But there is so much I cannot tell him: That each race needs to live with its own kind exclusively. That the white race will soon be extinct. That I have been prepped and trained for my role in this struggle. That my allegiance now is to the Aryan Nation and the Aryan Brotherhood, not Amerika. That if I had not been captured on this mission and had escaped intact, he was going to promote me and send me to Germany for a vacation. That there are plans among certain groups at the highest levels of the world to counter the degradation of our racial purity. That I am not crazy, and my name will one day be listed on a Wall of Honor, and the children of the future will read about me and salute my image and the world will never forget me.

Be advised: My death will be noble. Whether you are in the execution chamber or watching on closed circuit, stay focused on my face as I die. It will be impassive, peaceful, a puzzlement, and the secrets I take with me to my grave are proof enough of how victorious and valuable my life has been.

"Who's winning? Uncle Sam or the Aryan Brotherhood?" the shrink always asks me as the guards handcuff me to take me back to my cell. It is a polite little joke between us.

"That's for us to know and Uncle Sam to find out," I smile. Enigmatically, of course.



"Hon, come quick! Your Aunt Shirley and Uncle Bob are mating on the Discovery Channel."

## high steaks

(continued from page 130)

a try. Grab a steak knife and a fork and get ready to chow down.

AL BIERNAT'S  
DALLAS

Al Biernat buys the best beef, serves the coldest cocktails and stocks one of the best wine cellars in Texas. But his secret of success in Dallas' tough market is his own affability. He is a gentleman, greeting everyone who comes through the door and showing them to their tables in a bright, pillared dining room filled with color and sunlight. Biernat's "cowboy cut" 24-ounce ribeye is the steak to order. If you're taking a night off from beef, chef Andres Bautista's pan-seared sea bass with lobster risotto, potato-crusting grouper with grilled jumbo prawns, and caramelized salmon with roasted asparagus and eggplant are delicious alternatives. Go once, and Al will remember your favorite drink and cut of meat for next time.

BERN'S STEAKHOUSE  
TAMPA

Bern's is easily the most over-the-top restaurant in America. Opened in 1956 by Bern and Gert Laxer as a hole-in-the-wall eatery, it has expanded to become a multilevel, 320-seat tribute to American beef. Tiffany lamps, jukeboxes, TV monitors in the booths, a wine list thicker than the Tampa phone book, a fresh-fish tank and even an organic farm are part of the mix. But it all starts with Bern's superlative beef—six different cuts exactly broiled to eight degrees of doneness. Martini lovers take note: Vermouth is measured by eyedropper, so your silver bullet will be as dry as you wish.

CHICAGO CHOP HOUSE  
CHICAGO

Steakhouses are major topics of debate in Chicago, a city that has plenty of contenders. Nonetheless, the aptly named Chicago Chop House, located Near North in a handsome three-story townhouse decorated with more than 1400 historic photos, is our choice for the Windy City's best beef restaurant. Owner John Pontarelli gets his prime, corn-fed Nebraska and Iowa beef from Chicago suppliers, and one of the specialties here is a prime rib roasted slowly for five hours, then charbroiled to give additional flavor. The T-bone is the top cut, the broiled Lake Superior whitefish is a fine alternative, and the crowd hobnobs happily with pols and celebs during both lunch and dinner.

DICKIE BRENNAN'S STEAKHOUSE  
NEW ORLEANS

Those who are familiar with Commander's Palace, Mr. B's Bistro, Bacco and the Palace Cafe know that the Brennan



family, which owns these establishments, doesn't skimp on ingredients or portions and that everything they serve gets the creole touch. So here in this subterranean dining room decked out with swords and rifles, the strip steaks aren't grilled or broiled—they're slapped onto red-hot cast-iron skillets and seared to give them a delicious crust. Sip a Sazerac cocktail in the masculine bar up front, then order fried oysters, a robust Rhône wine and a thick porterhouse. Or try the mixed grill of andouille sausage, filet mignon, chicken and pork tenderloin served with two sauces and lyonnaise potatoes on the side. A bananas Foster bread pudding with a rum-raisin crème anglaise and a snifter of Maker's Mark bourbon is the perfect capper.

EL GAUCHO  
SEATTLE

The original El Gaucho was a swank Fifties supper club. The new El Gaucho is fancier and is packed nightly with Microsoft millionaires (there are still a few around) and a singles crowd that comes as much for the dating opportunities as for the superlative food. The dining room and bar are big and loud (several intimate rooms are also available) and the waiters are adept at tableside salad tossing and meat carving, which adds to the fun. The menu states that El Gaucho's steaks are "hand selected" dry-

aged Angus prime. They're delicious, but the diabolically hot "wicked shrimp" is also an essential.

THE GRILL AT THE FAIRMONT  
SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS  
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

Settle yourself in a grand dining room with mission furniture, burnished wood panels and a black granite fireplace overlooking the grounds of the Tournament Players Golf Club. Order the dry-aged (24 days) California sirloin, a bowl of seven-onion soup and a banana-chocolate hexagon with chocolate shavings and caramel and strawberry sauces. Who cares if your golf game wasn't up to par? If you're in the mood for lobster, it's available both steamed and baked.

THE GRILL ON THE ALLEY  
BEVERLY HILLS

You wouldn't expect Beverly Hills to have one of the country's best cophouses, but the Grill hasn't had an empty seat since it opened back in 1984. This is a place for power lunch and power dinner—just a bread roll's throw from the William Morris and Creative Artists agencies. Its clientele are the guys who run and bankroll the movie studios, along with macho stars out to prove their carnivorous mettle over slabs of beef (especially the porterhouse), lamb and veal. Other must-tries include the

Cobb salad, the Dungeness crab Louis and the rice pudding. Few Calista Flockhart types dine here.

GRILL 23 AND BAR  
BOSTON

The place is elegant (jackets and ties are requested), with Corinthian columns, sculpted ceiling, marble-and-wood floor and mahogany walls. It's the legacy of the 75-year-old Salada Tea Building that Grill 23 has occupied since 1983. But this is also one of the most convivial restaurants in Beantown—it was voted the best American restaurant in *Boston* magazine. Start with a platter of chilled New England shellfish, or soft-shell crabs crusted with pumpkin seeds, then move to the main event—a Delmonico steak (a huge, boned rib roast) or filet mignon, with sides of hash browns, creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese with truffles. Don't overlook the wine list, which is rich in great Bordeaux, Burgundies and California reds.

JESS AND JIM'S  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Jess and Jim's, situated 45 minutes by car from downtown Kansas City, sounds exactly like what it is—the quintessential Midwestern steakhouse. It's right next to the railroad tracks, the meat hangs proudly in the window, the wait for a table can seem interminable and the



Paulette Myers,  
May 2001  
Cyber Girl  
of the Month

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# SIDE ORDERS for STEAK LOVERS

**AL'S RESTAURANT:** 1200 N. First St., St. Louis, 314-421-6399. Since 1925 Al's has been a St. Louis institution, very comfortable, always dependable and kept that way by the restaurant's veteran steakmaster Al Barroni. Great wine list.

**BALLY'S STEAKHOUSE:** Bally's Las Vegas, 3645 Las Vegas Blvd. S., Las Vegas, 702-967-4111. If you long for the old Vegas, this indigenous steakhouse is where to find it. Go for the tomato Beefeater soup laced with gin and flamed tableside, the magnificent Caesar salad and the bone-in cut of prime rib.

**BEN BENSON'S STEAKHOUSE:** 123 W. 52nd, NYC, 212-581-8888. Ben Benson has never met a guest he didn't want to turn into a regular. His personality matches the care and attention shown every dish, from the nonpareil sirloins to the humongous five-pound lobsters.

**BRYANT AND COOPER STEAKHOUSE:** 2 Middle Neck Rd., Roslyn, NY, 516-627-7270. Take one look at Bryant and Cooper's owners—Gillis, Dean and George Poll—and you'll know that you're going to eat large. These are huge guys who look like they wrestle their own steers. B&C's great beef gives even Peter Luger in Brooklyn a run for its money.

**CARL'S CHOP HOUSE:** 3020 Grand River Ave., Detroit, 313-833-0700. Carl is long gone, but Frank Passalacqua has kept this Thirties beef house beloved in red-meat Motown. A delicious relish tray, soup and salad are included in the price of your steak.

**CHOPS:** 70 W. Paces Ferry Rd. NW, Atlanta, 404-262-2675. Very masculine, glamorous, shadowy and swank, Chops is the place to impress a woman who shares your passion for beef and red wine.

**CLUB GENE AND GEORGETTI:** 500 N. Franklin, Chicago, 312-527-3718. Forget the Italian food, be prepared for a wait, don't be insulted if they stick you upstairs and don't expect any amusing banter from the waiters. You come here for the broiled T-bone, the shrimp de Jonghe and the garbage salad. You'll leave happy.

**THE FORGE:** 432 Arthur Godfrey

Rd., Miami Beach, 305-538-8533. Kitschy in the most outrageous Miami Beach style, with acres of stained glass and nude sculpture, the Forge has a lot more on its menu than steaks. But if you don't have one here, it will be a mistake. Our recommendation: the one-pound "supersteak" accompanied by a red from one of the world's greatest wine lists.

**HARRIS':** 2100 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, 415-673-1888. San Francisco is not a steak lover's town, but Ann Harris guarantees the corn-fed steaks will be among the finest you'll ever taste. There's nothing wrong with the creamed spinach, either.

**HY'S STEAKHOUSE:** Waikiki Park Heights, 2440 Kuhio Ave., Honolulu, 808-922-5555. No tiki artifacts here. Hy's looks and feels like a classic steakhouse and delivers on the plate. The special is the Only—a 13-ounce New York strip basted in Hy's special steak sauce. Good rack of lamb, too.

**MICHAEL JORDAN'S THE STEAKHOUSE NYC:** Grand Central Terminal, 23 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC, 212-655-2300. Michael Jordan may not drop by much, but that's his loss. A fabulous setting overlooks Grand Central's Great Hall. It's matched by first-rate New York strip steaks, garlic bread with gorgonzola fondue, and Michael's delicious macaroni and cheese.

**PRIME RIB:** 2020 K St. NW, Washington, DC, 202-466-8811. A brass-trimmed backdrop gives the dining room a somber cast, but the prime rib and steaks make this the best beef restaurant in the capital.

**STRIP HOUSE:** 13 E. 12th, NYC, 212-328-0000. The red walls and vintage photos of strippers from the Thirties and Forties enhance the excellence of a steakhouse menu that includes potato cakes cooked in goose fat and terrific desserts.

**VALLONE'S:** 2811 Kirby Dr., Houston, 713-526-2811. Anybody who is anybody in Houston makes sure to be seen at Vallone's on a regular basis, both to maintain his social status and to keep his blood red. The beef is exceptional, and the seafood is just as excellent.

desserts are minimal. You come here for great steaks. The cuts to order are the 25-ounce KC Playboy strip (named after a Calvin Trillin article on the restaurant that we ran in 1972) or the 30-ounce porterhouse, with side orders of twice-baked potatoes or cottage fries. Jess and Jim's may not seem to change, but it has. About five years ago the owner, Mike VanNoy, began serving wine by the bottle. Any decade now he may get into tiramisu.

## PAPPAS BROS. STEAKHOUSE HOUSTON

To some, Pappas Bros. is the perfect Texas steakhouse. It's big. It's friendly. It has dark wood, roomy leather booths with phones, a chef's counter where you can watch the cooking, a cigar lounge, a 1500-bottle wine cellar and a great bar with an impressive array of cognacs and single-malt scotches. When sports celebrities are in town, you'll find them parked here. Add to that delicious crab cakes, a fiery turtle gumbo, the crunchiest onion rings in Texas, a two-and-a-half-inch-thick filet mignon and the Moon Pie, a chocolate-marshmallow dessert, followed by brandy, and cigars from the restaurant's extensive humidor. Now that's a steakhouse. More good news for beef lovers: Pappas has just opened a branch in Dallas.

## PETER LUGER STEAKHOUSE BROOKLYN

The Williamsburg section of Brooklyn isn't the toniest of New York neighborhoods, and Luger's isn't the classiest place you'll ever eat in. Its turn-of-the-century Teutonic decor is pure kitsch (Luger's opened in 1887). Some of the waiters seem almost as old as the restaurant, reservations aren't taken all that seriously and the wine list is something of a joke. So why go to Luger's? Because even its fiercest competitors pronounce Luger's porterhouse the best piece of beef in America. Luger's serves it sliced for two, three or more, angled on the plate in such a way that the sizzling juices gather to be spooned onto the meat. Don't miss it.

## PRIME STEAKHOUSE LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas is surely the world capital of steakhouses, but none can compare with Prime, the Bellagio Hotel and Casino's glamorous dining room that's overseen by chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten. The beef lives up to the restaurant's name, and the menu goes way beyond the formulaic, with six different mustards, potatoes served 11 ways and five sauces with which to grace that great meat. There's been no stinting on the wine list either, which makes the high rollers who dine here happy.





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**No Purchase Necessary.** The following promotion is intended for playing in the United States only and valid only for continued according to U.S. law. You must be a legal U.S. resident, 21 years of age or older and must have had internet access as of June 17, 2001. If you are not in California and where you live.

1. To enter, go to [www.michalob.com](http://www.michalob.com) or [www.playbox.com](http://www.playbox.com) and follow the online instructions to complete and submit an official online entry form. Sweepstakes begins 12:01 a.m. Central Time (CT) on July 1, 2001 and all entries must be received by 11:59 p.m. CT on November 30, 2001. No other method of entry is acceptable. Prizes described herein are subject to the promotion time period. See Rule #3 for details regarding the three entry deadlines. By participating in this sweepstakes, participants agree to be bound by the Official Rules of this sweepstakes and all decisions of the judging organization.

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3. The winner will be selected by a random drawing to be held on or about the following drawing dates: September 3, 2001, November 3, 2001, and December 3, 2001 from among all eligible entries received by an independent judging agency, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. To be eligible for the September 3, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on July 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on August 31, 2001. To be eligible for the November 3, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on September 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on October 31, 2001. To be eligible for the December 3, 2001 drawing, your entry must be received between 12:01 a.m. CT on November 1, 2001 and 11:59 p.m. CT on November 30, 2001. Entries received by personal mailings will not be carried over to subsequent drawings. Winners will be notified by mail. Winners may not substitute or transfer prize but sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with a prize of equal or greater value. Limit one prize per household.

4. All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. Winners will be required to complete, sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability and publicly release within 10 days of prize notification. Winner's travel companion must be at least 21 years of age and will be required to complete, sign and return a liability and publicly release prior to receiving travel documents. In the event of non-compliance with these conditions, prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Any prize notification or prize related to the Sponsor or its agents as described herein will require an affidavit and the sending of that prize to an alternate winner.

5. Employees and immediate families and employees of The Group, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, wholesale distributors, and individual retail licensees are ineligible. This sweepstakes is sold in California and where prohibited by law, and subject to federal, state and local regulations. Taxes of any kind are solely the responsibility of the winner.

6. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name, voice, biographical information and likeness for purposes of advertising and promotion without further compensation or all media use benefit or benefit discovered until such time and on the basis of the written release or approval as permitted by law.

7. Prize 1(a): Trip for two to the Playboy New Year's Eve Party at the Playboy Mansion (in Los Angeles, CA) on December 31, 2001. Trip includes round-trip fourth air transportation from gateway city nearest winner's home to Los Angeles, CA, and two (2) nights double-occupancy hotel accommodations from and including group transportation to and from the party. Winner and spouse also have the opportunity to escort a Playboy Playmate to the party (subject to availability). Travel Dates: December 30, 2000-January 1, 2001. If winner cannot take trip as specified, prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. Travel companion must be at least 21 years of age and must be accompanied by winner, guardian, or other person not specified herein are solely winner's responsibility. Approximate Retail Value (ARV) \$5,498 each. Total ARV of all prizes \$16,494.

8. By accepting a prize, winner and travel companion agree to release and hold The Group harmless from any and all losses, damages, rights, claims and actions of any kind resulting from acceptance, possession or use of any prize, including without limitation, transportation, injuries, death and property damage. By participating in this sweepstakes, participant agrees to be bound by all the Official Rules of this sweepstakes.

9. For a list of winners, send your name and complete address on a 3" x 5" card and mail in an envelope to: Michalob Light Playbox Triple Platinum Sweepstakes, Winner List, P.O. Box 34911, Young America, MN 55558-3001. Requests must be received by February 4, 2002. Winner's names will also be posted on [www.michalob.com](http://www.michalob.com) after February 14, 2001.

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## NFL FORECAST

(continued from page 138)

keep Christy and George. They also could have overpaid in recent off-seasons to keep defensive starters Dwayne Washington, Derrick Alexander, Corey Fuller and Duane Clemons. But Green chose to let them all leave in free agency.

"The teams that have had tremendous cap problems are the ones that at certain stages tried to keep all of their players," Green said. "They kept pushing that money out, and that's going to get you."

Like it's gotten San Francisco, Dallas and Jacksonville. But the Vikings trek merrily along, retooling the roster, re-loading with draft picks and winning all the while.

This season the Vikings said goodbye to NFC rushing champ Robert Smith, veteran Pro Bowl tackle John Randle (on defense) and Todd Steussie (on offense) and defensive leader Dwayne Rudd. Smith retired, Randle and Steussie were released as salary-cap casualties and Rudd departed in free agency.

Green will promote young players from within to fill their spots. You may not know the names of Doug Chapman, Michael Bennett, Fred Robbins, Willie Howard, Brad Badger and Antonio Wilson yet, but you should by the end of the season.

"We're going to miss Robert Smith," Green said. "But we're supposed to know our business, know our team. We feel a certain way about Doug Chapman. It doesn't matter what anybody else thinks about him. When we lost Jeff Christy, it didn't matter what anyone else thought about Matt Birk. What mattered is how we felt about him. All that matters is how you feel about your own players—and we feel good about ours."

So don't rule out the Vikings in 2001 despite the hits to their roster. Don't ever rule out the Vikings. Green knows how to play this game.

So do the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. When Bucs coach Tony Dungy surveyed the ruins of his 2000 season—failure to repeat as NFC Central champion, failure to earn a repeat trip to the NFC title game, failure to win a single playoff game—he saw a need on his roster for big bodies and big plays. He needed a quarterback to get the ball to Keyshawn Johnson, a left tackle to protect that quarterback and an outside speed rusher to help Warren Sapp inside. Dungy filled all three vacancies with elite players, and now the Bucs loom among the favorites in both the division and conference. The Bucs traded up in the first round for the best left tackle in the 2001 draft, Florida's Kenyatta Walker. Dungy found his other two answers in free agency, signing veteran Pro Bowlers Brad Johnson at quarterback and Simeon Rice at defensive end.

"The quarterback is going to be the



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key," Dungy said. "If he does what we think he can do, we should be very good."

Mike Sherman went 9-7 in his first season as head coach of the Green Bay Packers. Having Brett Favre at quarterback accelerates any rebuilding process. Green Bay needed speed on the flank and in the pass rush, and GM Ron Wolf provided both in his final draft for the Packers. First-round pick Jamal Reynolds is the pass rusher and second-rounder Robert Ferguson the pass catcher. How quickly they hit the field could determine how quickly the Packers return to postseason play.

The Detroit Lions hired a new president (Matt Millen) and a new coach (Marty Mornhinweg). Both are schooled in the 49ers ways, Millen as a player and Mornhinweg as a coach. What the Lions

could really use is a 49ers-schooled quarterback, somebody like Joe Montana or Steve Young.

The Chicago Bears have rushed for only 10 touchdowns in the past two seasons. Walter Payton once played here? Neither the Bears nor quarterback Cade McNown stand a chance until coach Dick Jauron develops a running game.

NFC WEST

The ram horns on the St. Louis helmet are a symbol of both pride and embarrassment—offensive pride, defensive embarrassment.

In 2000 the St. Louis Rams unleashed one of the most prolific offenses the NFL had ever seen, scoring 540 points. Only two teams in league history have scored more. Unfortunately for first-year coach Mike Martz, his defense was almost as

giving as his offense was taking. St. Louis allowed an NFL-high 471 points—229 more than the Rams gave up under Dick Vermeil in 1999 on the way to an NFL championship. Cross-state rival Kansas City hung a humiliating 54 points on the Rams in October, and the season sped downhill from there. Only once did St. Louis hold the opposition under 20 points all season, and the Rams lost that December game to Carolina, 16-3. Consider this: Only three teams ever allowed as many as 300 points and still won a Super Bowl—much less 400, much less 471. So Martz had to find a way to shave at least 172 points off his defense to legitimize another run at a championship in 2001. Hint: You can't do it by merely tinkering.

So Martz blew it up. He fired coaches and most of his starters on defense. Tackle D'Marco Farr, linebacker Todd Collins and safety Keith Lyle were cut. He traded end Kevin Carter and let linebacker Mike Jones and cornerback Todd Lyght leave in free agency.

Martz hired Lovie Smith away from the Tampa Bay staff to implement the Buccaneer defensive scheme. He signed away safety Kim Herring in free agency from the NFL champion Baltimore Ravens to replace Lyle. He signed Pro Bowl linebacker Mark Fields to replace Collins, and Smith brought Don Davis with him from Tampa Bay to replace Jones. Then Martz acquired veteran Pro Bowl cornerback Aeneas Williams in a trade with Arizona to replace Lyght.

With three first-round picks last April, the Rams drafted defensive tackles Damione Lewis and Ryan Pickett and safety Adam Archuleta. Martz also found Tommy Polley, the best outside linebacker in the draft, in the second round. Lewis and Archuleta could walk in as rookie starters, and Pickett and Polley figure to play extensively. So everything is new on defense—players, coaches, scheme. Where there is new, there is hope.

"I know we let some good players out of here," Martz said. "But we had to make the changes we felt were necessary to give us a chance. This is what I feel comfortable with from a player and staff standpoint. We've addressed the attitude and speed of the defense. I'm extremely excited, because I know we can be very good on that side of the ball."

The Rams already know they are going to be very good on the other side of the ball. They line up the last two NFL MVPs on offense, quarterback Kurt Warner (1999) and halfback Marshall Faulk (2000).

There's potential for the Rams to be better on offense in 2001 than they were in 2000. St. Louis led the NFL in yards and points despite playing five and a half games without Warner (out with a broken finger). Sixteen games from Warner in 2001 could jeopardize the NFL scoring record of 556 points set by the 1998



"Next week I will be issuing a memo concerning stricter guidelines for casual-dress day."





Stacy Valentine

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Alexa



Minnesota Vikings.

But it's not how many points the Rams score in 2001 that will dictate their fate. It's how many they allow.

The New Orleans Saints have no such defensive concerns. They have a top 10 defense anchored by one of the best lines in football. The Saints led the NFL in sacks with 66, and tackle La'Roi Glover was the league's individual leader with 17. Ends Darren Howard and Joe Johnson also were in double figures. Defense allowed the Saints to win the NFC West and become a playoff contender in 2000.

But the Saints will need more offense in 2001 to take that step from playoff contenders to Super Bowl contenders. Quarterback Aaron Brooks has started only seven career games, five in the regular season and two in the playoffs, and remains a question mark. But he has an offensive line that includes three first-round draft picks, a 1000-yard rusher (Ricky Williams) and a Pro Bowl receiver (Joe Horn) to ease his load.

The San Francisco 49ers built a defense overnight—drafting, developing and starting seven rookies in 2000. The rapid development of high draft picks Julian Peterson, John Engelberger, Ahmed Plummer and Jason Webster allowed the 49ers to become competitive on that side of the ball. Two more rookies join their number in 2001, defensive end Andre Carter and outside linebacker Jamie Winborn. Offense isn't a problem with Pro Bowl quarterback Jeff Garcia.

The Atlanta Falcons traded up for the first overall pick of the 2001 draft and used it on quarterback Michael Vick. But he left two years of eligibility on the table at Virginia Tech and could be two years away from the field in Atlanta. The Falcons sorely need running back Jamal Anderson to return to his 1998 form, when he led the NFC in rushing with 1846 yards. A knee injury ended his 1999 season after two games and continued to hamper him in 2000.

The Carolina Panthers were a 7-9 team a year ago with Hall of Famer Reggie White on defense and 3700-yard passer Steve Beuerlein on offense. Neither one is back this season. The Panthers won't intimidate anyone in 2001 with Jay Williams lining up at White's end spot and Jeff Lewis at Beuerlein's quarterback spot.

### AFC EAST

The New York Jets have not been to a Super Bowl since the Sixties and have won only one division title since those AFL days. The Jets didn't need a head coach—they needed a miracle worker. Which made Herman Edwards the perfect hire.

The NFL already has witnessed one "Miracle of the Meadowlands," and Edwards performed it. He was playing defensive back for the Philadelphia Eagles in a 1978 game against the New York

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Giants. The Giants had the ball and the lead in the final minute, but instead of having quarterback Joe Pisarcik take a knee, the Giants inexplicably tried handing the ball off to Larry Csonka. The exchange was botched, Edwards scooped the bouncing football off the turf and raced 26 yards for the winning touchdown with 20 seconds remaining.

His NFL career took him from Philadelphia to Los Angeles and Atlanta as a player, then on to Kansas City and Tampa Bay as a coach before this triumphant return to the Meadowlands 23 years later as a first-time head coach.

"It's a long shot becoming a head coach in this league, much less a head coach in a building where you've made a play like that," Edwards said. "What are the odds? What are the odds of scoring a touchdown like that? You never know your fate. I guess I was just meant to wear green."

There were even stronger omens. The first time Edwards lined up as a starter in the NFL was in the Meadowlands against the Jets in the 1977 preseason. His first NFL interception came on a Joe Namath pass a month later in the regular season.

Edwards will coach a better team than the one he faced at the Meadowlands in 1977. Those Jets finished 3-11. These Jets are coming off a 9-7 season, but a December collapse cost them a playoff berth. After New York lost its final three

games, Al Groh resigned as coach to become the head man at the University of Virginia.

That opened the door for Edwards, who inherits a team that has posted a 29-19 record over the past three years and reached an AFC title game. Quarterback Vinny Testaverde and running back Curtis Martin give the Jets two elite players on offense, and former first-round draft picks John Abraham, Shaun Ellis and Marvin Jones provide the base for a dominating defensive front seven.

The Jets missed Keyshawn Johnson and his playmaking ability on the flank last season. But new general manager Terry Bradway took steps to address that power outage by claiming fleet All-American wide receiver Santana Moss from Miami with his first draft pick last April. "We have a chance," Edwards said. "We have a good nucleus and some good young players. With a little luck and maybe a miracle play here and there, we're in the playoffs."

The team the Jets need to overcome offensively is the Indianapolis Colts. Defensively, it's the Miami Dolphins. The Colts have assembled an offensive juggernaut that rivals the vaunted Triplets that won three Super Bowls in Dallas. The Cowboys were the NFL's Team of the Decade in the Nineties with Troy Aikman throwing the ball, Michael Irvin catching it and Emmitt Smith running it.

The Colts counter with Peyton Man-

ning at quarterback, Edgerrin James at running back and Marvin Harrison at wide receiver. That cast finished among the NFL leaders in yards and points—and Indianapolis should be even better this season with the addition of number one draft pick Reggie Wayne, the wide receiver who lined up across from Moss at Miami.

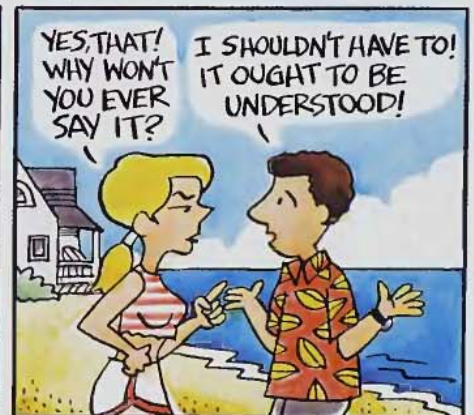
But that doesn't fix the defense, which finished in the bottom third of the league. Indianapolis used its number two draft pick on safety Idrees Bashir and signed defensive tackle Christian Peter away from the New York Giants in free agency. But where's Bubba Smith when you really need him?

The Miami Dolphins play enough defense for the entire division. The Dolphins have premiere tacklers at all three levels: Tim Bowens and Jason Taylor up front, Zach Thomas at linebacker and Sam Madison and Patrick Surtain at cornerback. Miami continued to load up on that side of the ball by using its top draft pick on a defensive reserve, nickel cornerback Jamar Fletcher.

But the Dolphins went as far as they could offensively last season with journeymen Jay Fiedler at quarterback and Lamar Smith at running back. It wasn't far enough. Both Fiedler and Smith are back this year, and coach Dave Wannstedt has made marginal upgrades at wide receiver with free agents James McKnight and Dedric Ward.

## Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON





The **New England Patriots** cling to the hope that a franchise quarterback like Drew Bledsoe can take them to a Super Bowl. But the Patriots can't run the ball: They finished 26th in the NFL last season. The cavalry didn't arrive in the offseason with reinforcements.

The **Buffalo Bills** continue to take a beating from the salary cap. Last year they parted ways with legends Bruce Smith, Thurman Thomas and Andre Reed. This offseason they said goodbye to quarterback Doug Flutie and Pro Bowl defensive tackle Ted Washington. Marcellus Wiley, the club's best young defensive lineman, also left in free agency. The Bills have a new general manager (Tom Donahoe) and coach (Gregg Williams) to take on this massive rebuilding project.

#### AFC CENTRAL

The **Baltimore Ravens** may be the best team in the NFL, but they aren't the team head coach Brian Billick wants them to be.

The Ravens won their first Super Bowl in 2000 because they fielded one of the great defenses in history. Baltimore allowed a record-low 165 points for a 16-game season and became even stingier in the postseason, giving up only one offensive touchdown in four games.

The Ravens were ultraconservative on offense, taking the ball away from quarterback Trent Dilfer and giving it to halfback Jamal Lewis. The offensive philosophy was simple—don't screw it up for the defense.

But that's not Billick. He was hired by the Ravens for his offensive expertise. He called the plays for the 1998 Minnesota Vikings, who set an NFL record by scoring 556 points. Billick wants the team to win its games 35-7, not 10-7. Frankly, he couldn't see himself holding his breath offensively for another season in Baltimore.

"To think we could go back and win it again the way we did last year would be ambitious at best," Billick said. "To make your defense go out and break the all-time scoring record is a lot to ask."

So the Ravens became bigger and more powerful on offense by signing free agent Leon Searcy, one of the game's elite right tackles. The team became faster and more versatile by using its number one draft pick on Arizona State's Todd Heap, college football's best tight end last year. Most important, Baltimore became more explosive by signing Pro Bowl quarterback Elvis Grbac in free agency. Billick again takes the ball out of the shaky hands of Dilfer, who didn't complete more than nine passes in any of Baltimore's three AFC playoff victories, and puts it in the steady hands of Grbac. He finished third in the NFL in passing yards (4169) and fourth in touchdowns (28) at Kansas City this past season.

"We think he can be the missing link for us," Billick said. "This is the first time, really, since I've been in the NFL that I have a guy I get to be with for a while. I've never had that. You look at Mike Holmgren with Brett Favre and Mike Shanahan with John Elway and think, Wouldn't it be nice to have that continuity year after year? It has to begin with the quarterback. I hope this is the guy." Everything else remains in place for a Baltimore repeat. The Ravens took only marginal hits in free agency, losing center Jeff Mitchell and safety Kim Herring. All five Pro Bowlers are back, including Defensive Player of the Year Ray Lewis.

But the best team in the NFL wasn't even the best team in the AFC Central a year ago. The **Tennessee Titans** won the division with a 13-3 record, forcing the 12-4 Ravens to take a wild-card route to the Super Bowl. As good as the Baltimore defense was a year ago, the Titans were better. It was Tennessee that led the NFL in defense, not the Ravens. The Titans allowed just 238 yards per game, nine fewer than the Ravens.

That Tennessee defense should be even better this season with the acquisi-

tion of end Kevin Carter, the NFL sack leader at St. Louis in 1999. The offense will improve with the return of lead receiver Kevin Dyson, who spent the final 14 weeks of the season on injured reserve with a knee injury.

Kordell Stewart has again resurrected his career with the **Pittsburgh Steelers**, giving coach Bill Cowher hope that his team is no longer a quarterback away. Stewart lost the job to Kent Graham last preseason but came off the bench twice during the season and wound up winning seven of his 11 starts. He again ran with authority, rushing for seven touchdowns, and made strides as a passer, completing better than 50 percent of his throws with more touchdowns (11) than interceptions (8).

The Steelers gave their top 10 defense an injection of youth with draft picks Casey Hampton at tackle and Kendrell Bell at linebacker.

The **Jacksonville Jaguars** don't need new bodies, just healthy ones. The Jaguars crashed from 14 victories in 1999 to seven in 2000 because they couldn't keep their best players on the field. Their 22 starters missed a combined 76 games because of injuries last season. At



*"I realize commitment is somewhere down the road, so at this point just get my name right."*



21 games, the Super Bowl-winning Ravens missed fewer than a third of that. Pro Bowl running back Fred Taylor finished sixth in the NFL in rushing with 1399 yards despite missing three games. He now has 3354 yards in his three NFL seasons even though he has missed 10 games with injuries. Too bad the Jaguars can't keep him healthy.

There are 31 head-coaching jobs in the NFL, and Dick LeBeau has the worst one. He coaches the Cincinnati Bengals, who haven't been to the playoffs since 1990. He's the fourth Bengals head coach in the past 11 years. To attain job security, LeBeau needs Akili Smith to become a franchise quarterback. Smith has quality weapons in Peter Warrick, Darnay Scott and Chad Johnson.

The Cleveland Browns are on their second head coach in three years. After winning only five games in two seasons, Chris Palmer was fired and replaced by Butch Davis. Davis restored the University of Miami program to prominence in

the late Nineties. But he may have left behind better players on campus. He cautions overzealous Cleveland fans not to expect miracles.

"We were 3-13 for a reason," Davis said. "You can't fix everything overnight. We'll fix what we can."

## AFC WEST

The Baltimore Ravens are back to defend a Super Bowl championship. So is Dick Vermeil.

When last we left Vermeil, he was standing at midfield of the Georgia Dome, holding the Lombardi Trophy aloft as he was being showered with confetti. It was January 2000 and his St. Louis Rams had just defeated the Tennessee Titans to win the first Super Bowl in franchise history.

Vermeil retired from coaching after that victory, turning the Rams over to his top assistant, Mike Martz. St. Louis failed to defend that title last season, and now it's Vermeil's turn to see if he can

fare better than his old team in his personal Super Bowl defense.

Vermeil is back in the NFL without ever leaving the Show-Me State. He has moved from the eastern edge of Missouri to the western edge, from St. Louis to Kansas City, from NFC to AFC.

"When I left, I never said I didn't enjoy coaching," Vermeil said. "I said I was going to go out a winner, and I was going to go home and be with my family. But when I got home, I missed it. I missed being the leader, I missed the game, I missed the people in the game."

Then Carl Peterson called. He's the president of the Kansas City Chiefs and a Vermeil confidant. He had coached under Vermeil at UCLA in the early Seventies, then followed Vermeil to the NFL, where he served as an assistant coach and later personnel director of the Philadelphia Eagles.

Three consecutive nonplayoff seasons are unacceptable in Kansas City. That hadn't happened since the Eighties. So after the Chiefs lost six of their last eight games to finish 7-9 under Gunther Cunningham, Peterson phoned his mentor, friend and possible coaching solution. "I had no intention of coming back," Vermeil said. "I told Carl I wasn't interested, and I wasn't. He said he wanted to come see me and I told him you can come if you want, but you're wasting your time. He came and persuaded me to come back. I talked to my wife about it and she missed it, too. She said, 'Let's go do it for at least three more years.'"

The Chiefs haven't been to a Super Bowl since 1970. An even greater challenge awaits Vermeil—no coach has ever taken three different franchises to a Super Bowl. Vermeil has taken the Eagles (1980) and Rams. Bill Parcells, Dan Reeves and Don Shula also have taken two franchises apiece.

Vermeil feels he could be closer with the Chiefs than he was when he arrived at Philadelphia in 1976 or St. Louis in 1997. He reached the Super Bowl in his fifth season with the Eagles and in the third with the Rams.

"I believe this is a good football team," Vermeil said. "How good, I don't know. But I believe we have enough players. I think this team could compete favorably with the division I just left. But I don't know what it's like playing in this division."

Vermeil has some St. Louis-type weapons to work with. Tony Gonzalez is the NFL's best tight end and Derrick Alexander is a 1300-yard wide receiver. Vermeil also brought along a triggerman from St. Louis, trading a first-round draft pick to the Rams for backup quarterback Trent Green.

"If you don't have a quarterback, it's hard to make plays," Vermeil said. "I've seen Trent do it. He can get the ball into the hands of people who make plays."

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the Denver Broncos to 11 victories in 2000, club owner Pat Bowlen rewarded his Pro Bowl quarterback with a new \$40 million contract. Expectations for the team are considerably higher this season with a healthier Griese and Terrell Davis. The two offensive catalysts missed a combined 17 games this past year with injuries, Griese with shoulder problems and Davis with ankle and lingering knee problems. Davis ran for 2000 yards in 1998.

The Oakland Raiders have the NFL's best ground game. Tyrone Wheatley and Napoleon Kaufman gave the AFC West champions a formidable 1-2 punch at tailback in 2000, and that position should be even stronger in 2001. Kaufman retired and the Raiders replaced him with Charlie Garner, who rushed for 1142 yards across the bay for the 49ers last season. Wheatley was a 1046-yard rusher in 2000.

But keep an eye on the Seattle Seahawks this season. Mike Holmgren inherited an overpaid, underachieving team when he took over as head coach in

1999, and it's taken him three offseasons to clean up his salary cap and roster. He has used four number one picks on offense the past two drafts, selecting running back Shaun Alexander, wide receiver Koren Robinson and blockers Chris McIntosh and Steve Hutchinson. He also traded for quarterback Matt Hasselbeck in the spring. Offense won for Holmgren in Green Bay, and it can win for him again in Seattle. "I'm comfortable with the makeup of this team, these type of players," Holmgren said. "But the quarterback has to play. It all boils down to that."

The San Diego Chargers were the worst team in the NFL last season. So they brought in a new general manager (John Butler) and a new offensive coordinator (Norv Turner), plus the best quarterback (Drew Brees) and running back (LaDainian Tomlinson) in college football. The Chargers are still a bad team—but they are now a bad team with some hope.



## DALE EARNHARDT JR.

(continued from page 76)

People come out of the woodwork, and they may not have the best intentions. I'm just trying to keep watch.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned playing computer games. You're a pretty big gamer, aren't you?

**EARNHARDT:** I am. I play for fun, but one time it helped me on the track. I had never raced at Watkins Glen, but then I drove it in a computer game and it was like having a map to a maze. The game was accurate down to the shift points on the track—the places where you shift gears—within about 25 feet. So when I pulled out on the racetrack, it was like déjà vu. "Ooh, this is weird. I can do this!" I came out of turn one in second gear and shifted into third just before the next bend, exactly like the game. A fast lap on that track is a minute and 13 seconds. Without the game it would have taken me hours of practice laps to run under 1:20, but my first lap was under 1:20. Within two hours I got down to 1:16. That game cut my learning curve in half.

**PLAYBOY:** Have other drivers tried that?

**EARNHARDT:** It's not common practice. Don't tell them.

**PLAYBOY:** What other video games do you play? Tomb Raider?

**EARNHARDT:** No, not that crap! Fictional games don't appeal to me. I like what's real. If it's a war game, it needs to be a battle that really happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you shop on the Web?

**EARNHARDT:** I saw an ad at Auto Trader.com and bought a 1969 Corvette. I sent a buddy to Miami to look at it, and this Vette was a badass ride. It had everything I wanted except side exhaust, and we put that on.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get a discount when the seller found out who wanted his car?

**EARNHARDT:** No, he pushed the price up. I paid about \$40,000.

**PLAYBOY:** What else is out there in your driveway?

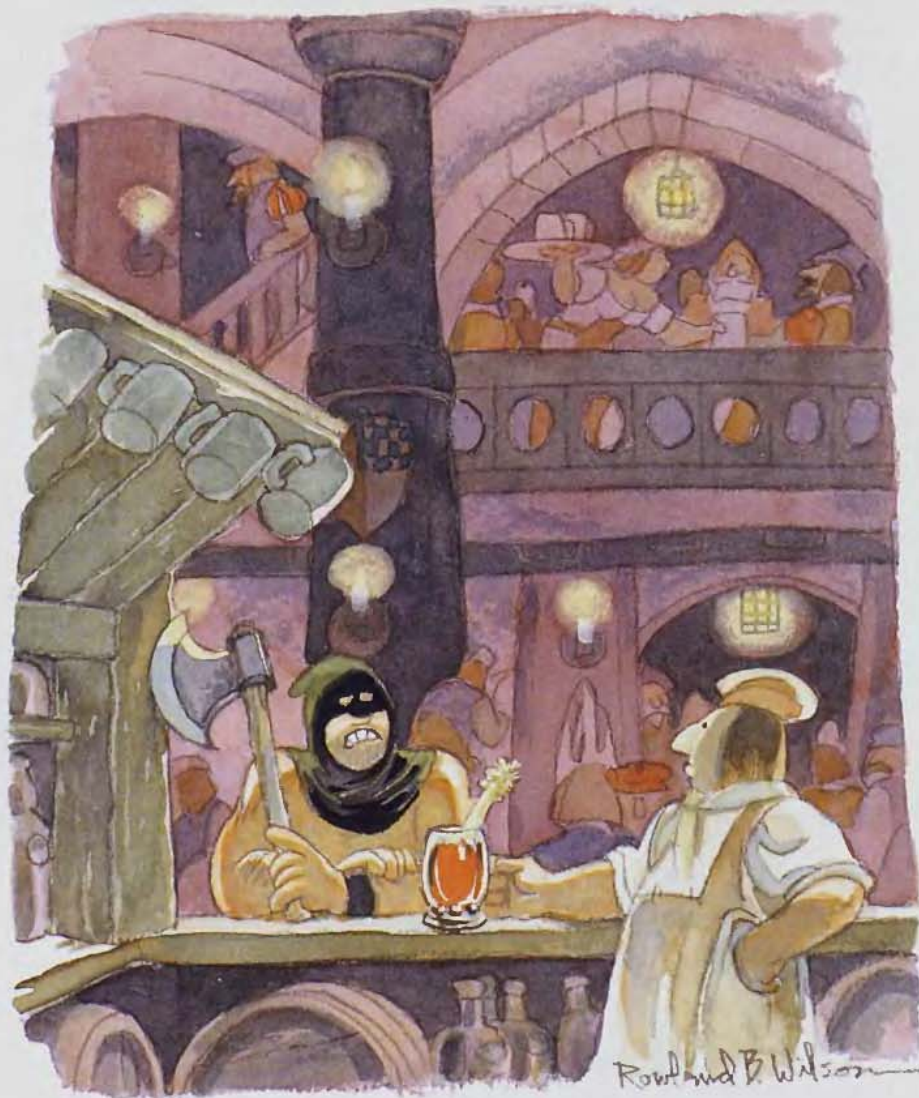
**EARNHARDT:** I've got that Corvette, a new Camaro, two more Vettes on the way, and a 1971 Corvette that's being worked on. But all I really drive is my big old red pickup with the rattles and dings. Don't have to worry about that one. If something happens, I don't even fix it.

**PLAYBOY:** Suppose somebody wants to soup up his car. What's one thing he can do under the hood to make the car go faster?

**EARNHARDT:** Almost every car built today has a computer, and every one of those computers has a chip in it that keeps the horsepower down. Change it and you'll run faster.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do I get a new chip?

**EARNHARDT:** At the dealership. People with Corvettes, Camaros, even pickup trucks are always talking about their



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**PLAYBOY:** Do you tinker with computers at home?

**EARNHARDT:** I can install modems, memory and graphic cards—anything but the motherboard. When we put a big sound system in the basement, I bought a computer and rigged it so we can mix and play songs through the computer.

**PLAYBOY:** Guys all over the country figure you're partying every night in Junior's Place, probably with two or three Nascar groupies at a time.

**EARNHARDT:** That'd be cool, but I haven't been that fortunate. About all I can say along those lines is that I once had a time in my race car trailer. This was when I was running late-model cars, and we had a gooseneck trailer to haul my car around the Carolinas. Well, this girl was about to move away, and we wouldn't have many more chances, so one night when I was out there working on my car, she stopped by. I had a buddy with me. We gave him a case of beer and told him to keep watch. But not on us.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's do some quick question and answer. Which drivers do you hate to see in your rearview on the last lap?

**EARNHARDT:** Jeff Gordon, Rusty Wallace, Bobby Labonte.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the next generation? Ten years from now, who'll be winning the Nascar races that you don't win?

**EARNHARDT:** Matt Kenseth is going to be good. He has serious talent. Elliot Sadler, too. And the guy who has been driving my father's car this year, Kevin Har-

vick, is very good. He's brash; I like that.

**PLAYBOY:** What's Nascar's worst track?

**EARNHARDT:** Darlington. It's old. It's egg-shaped. It's full of seashells. They use crushed rock and seashells in the asphalt mix. It's so coarse you get an awesome grip for four or five laps, but then your tires wear off and you're just sliding around, trying not to hit something. Go out on that track and rub your hand on it—it'll actually cut you.

**PLAYBOY:** Which is more fun to drive, a Busch Series car or a Winston Cup car?

**EARNHARDT:** The Busch car is lighter, with a little shorter wheelbase, so it handles better. It's easier to drive when it handles good, and you can still get it in and out of the turns on the days when you're wrestling it. When a Winston Cup car isn't handling, you'll slam on the brakes in a corner and it doesn't want to turn. It just wants to roll over.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any vehicle that you wouldn't drive?

**EARNHARDT:** A monster truck. They intimidate me. I know somebody who drove one of those things and wound up with a broken back.

**PLAYBOY:** Last year *Sports Illustrated* asked Nascar insiders to name the dirtiest driver. Your father won in a landslide. "He'd wreck his own mom," one crew member said. But would he have wrecked his son?

**EARNHARDT:** No, he wouldn't. He might move me out of the way, but I'd keep running and finish second.

**PLAYBOY:** People call you Dale, Dale Jr., Junior and Little E. What do you prefer?

**EARNHARDT:** Call me Junior.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been doing some writ-

ing for Nascar.com. Is this your contemplative side coming out?

**EARNHARDT:** Come on. I sit at home and pull something out of my ass once a month, and if it sucks no one'll tell me it sucks.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote a column about your dad. He didn't think it sucked.

**EARNHARDT:** Well, I loved him, didn't I? Since he died, people have tried to make it sound more theatrical, but we were pretty much like any other father and son. He was hard to talk to, but that was just him. I wrote that thing and thought he should hear it first. He was sitting upstairs in his office. "I've been writing this online column for Nascar," I said, and I read it to him. I'm halfway through, and he gets out of his chair and walks over to me. I thought he was mad. But he says, "Man, I knew how you felt, but that really puts it in perspective." And since he died, that's something I think about a lot. He knew how I felt. He knew how I loved him.

**PLAYBOY:** Nascar doesn't retire numbers. Should that policy change? Should your father's number three be retired?

**EARNHARDT:** No. I might want it one day, or my son might.

**PLAYBOY:** Your son?

**EARNHARDT:** Yes, I want a son.

**PLAYBOY:** Dale Earnhardt III?

**EARNHARDT:** I think I may call him Ralph Lee Earnhardt.

**PLAYBOY:** Ralph Earnhardt was your grandfather. He was a stock car champ in the Fifties, the first Nascar star in the family.

**EARNHARDT:** Now all I have to do is find his mom.

**PLAYBOY:** Suppose you do, and in four years you're 30 with a wife and a toddler. Will that change your view of your job? Will you worry more? Drivers always say they're aware of the risks, but nobody ever quits racing because the risks are too high.

**EARNHARDT:** Are you sure about that? I mean, I don't want to start talking out of my ass, but I think that's a big factor when drivers hang it up. They're probably thinking, I've got a wife, I've got kids, I've had a good career. I should quit before—

**PLAYBOY:** Do you wish your father had thought that way?

**EARNHARDT:** No, because he was still winning. Most drivers retire because they're at the bottom of the barrel. They're just hanging on, making fools of themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Daytona 500—February 2020. You're 45 years old. Are you still out there racing?

**EARNHARDT:** Only if I can still win.

**PLAYBOY:** So you won't be one of those guys who hangs on too long?

**EARNHARDT:** No way. Not me. Of course, all of them probably used to say that, didn't they?





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# PLAYMATE NEWS



## AMAZON WOMAN

Petra Verkaik spent a week in the Amazon rain forest and all we got was a lousy T-shirt. Anyway, here is her report on the jungle: "As soon as we arrived, we were greeted by mon-



keys," she says. "They were so cute I wanted to smuggle one home in my suitcase. We stayed at the Ariau Towers, which are built on stilts. After dinner the first night, we took a bottle of tequila on a crocodile hunt and blasted *Welcome to the Jungle* by Guns n' Roses. On the second day, we hiked through the jungle, saw poisonous frogs, spiders and ants and learned survival skills. As soon as I bit into a grub, which tasted like coconut pudding, I knew I

## LOOSE LIPS

"Shooting the pictures is like creating art. But then the magazine comes out and you go, 'Ahh! There's my ass blown up!'"

—Alicia Rickter

"Nichole Van Croft is so fun. She's also the biggest pig. She mentioned in her pictorial that she's a slob. She was not lying."

—Lauren Hill

"I once fell into the Grotto and bruised my knee. High heels do not work well in there."

—Christina Ferguson

would make it on *Survivor*. The rest of the group was freaking out. The water around us was covered with gorgeous pink flowers, yet it was full of piranhas. We decided to go fishing, which entails beating a stick with meat on the end of it into the water as though it were a struggling animal. As soon as you feel a nibble, you yank as hard as you can. I caught a big piranha. My brother caught four. We got some incredible pictures. How could we not?"

## GIRLS AND DOLLS

Forget about autographed photos. The latest craze in Centerfold collectibles is snagging a limited-edition Playmate figurine. Jaime Bergman fans are salivating over the dolls made to look like B.J. Cummings, her character on Howard Stern's gross-out series, *Son of the Beach*. Playmate of the Year aficionados line up to score replicas of Karen McDougal and Victoria Silvstedt. The dolls, created by Living Toyz, stand 14 inches tall and are frighteningly lifelike, down to the wardrobes the gals wore



## 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"I've always felt I was the typical girl next door," says Miss September 1966 Dianne Chandler,



Dianne Chandler.

whose Playmate pictorial, called *Illini Eyeful*, depicted her life as a 19-year-old drama major at the University of Illinois (Hef's alma mater). "I'm still proud to be a Playmate," Dianne said recently during a Playboy Cyber Club chat. "The Playboy Philosophy on which the magazine was built is still relevant. The Playmates are lovelier than ever. If I had it to do all over again, I would—in a heartbeat."

in their pictorials. In 2002, look for a second edition of the figurines, including Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller in an authentic reproduction of a Bunny costume.

## SUMMER'S SCRAPBOOK



Summer Alice—who stars in Rolfe Kanefsky's teen comedy *Pretty Caal* and in *The Scorpion King*, the third feature in the *Mummy* series—is always camera ready. Above, left to right: Chilling at the Adidas launch party for Kabe Bryant's basketball shoe, turning heads with Heather Kazar at a Bad Boy bash and making hearts sing at the 2001 Grammys.





**My Favorite Playmate**  
By A.J. Langer



Marilyn Monroe. She is the sexiest. That's the way a woman's body is supposed to look. I also love Ola Ray from Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video and Donna D'Errico, who used to be on *Baywatch*. I did a *Baywatch* guest stint that scarred me for life. I'm flat-chested, so they taped me from one side to the other and put me

in a padded bikini. After a 19-hour workday, I took the tape off and my skin came off with it. I'm not kidding. I had scars. I'm not a fake-boob chick. They've got to be real.

Early Marilyn.



**GIRL TALK**

Did you know that Miss July 1999 Jennifer Rovero has four screenplays in the works? We caught the fledgling writer between drafts.

Q: What are your screenplays about?  
A: One is my life story, which includes drag queens and the gay and lesbian scene. I want to write, produce and direct. I know what I like and I want to see it my way. I write in restau-

**SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT**



HIV-positive Rebekka Armstrong is dedicated to raising money and awareness for HIV and AIDS. She volunteers three days a week at AIM Healthcare Foundation, lectures at universities and promotes Los Angeles' AIDS Healthcare Foundation. Above left: Looking good with Hef at a TV Cares benefit. Above right: AHF's annual report.

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

rants, bars, clubs, anywhere. I put my ideas on cocktail napkins.

Q: You were naked—except for a painted-on costume—at the Mansion Halloween party. Talk about ballsy.

A: It didn't bother me. I wore my big red boots, so I felt dressed. I was like, "Here I am in all my glory!"

Q: Do you find it hard to remain humble in Hollywood?

A: I don't think I've gone Hollywood. Living in Los Angeles has made me smarter. It's my campus.

Q: What is it like when you go out with your roommates, Nicole Lenz and Paris Hilton?

A: I guess I must look sort of bitchy, because guys hardly ever hit on me. I'm good at getting the guys off of the girls.



**PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS**

- September 2: Miss May 1996  
Shauna Sand
- September 6: Miss March 1974  
Pamela Zinszer
- September 13: Miss May 1966  
Dolly Read
- September 16: Miss January 1982  
Kimberly McArthur
- September 25: Miss February 1973  
Cyndi Wood

**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**



Didn't a hookup between larger-than-life stars Pamela Anderson and Kid Rock seem inevitable? They've been spotted together everywhere, from VH1's

*Divas Live* (pictured)

to the Kentucky Derby. According to Michael Musto's column in *The Village Voice*, Kid has written a new song about Tommy Lee's attempts to win back Pamela. Her life story is running on the program *Headliners and Legends*



Pom and her Kid.

on MSNBC. . . . Nikki Schieler fights with Matthew Perry in the film *Servicing Sarah*. . . . Artist Bryan Haynes, who has created images for Disney and Nike,

learn more on Ruth's playboy.com personal page. . . . Cara Michelle, Laura Cover and Natalia Sokolova (below) hung out with singer Reggie Benjamin at the Grammy Awards. You may have heard that Cara has gotten married, but don't worry—it's only on the HBO series *Mind of the Married Man*, a male version of *Sex and the City*.



Baby Ruth.

Grammy girls.







NY WORLD'S FAIR 64

MONTANA 78 J

JCK-DNLS  
6 COLORADO 56

OCT TEXAS 59  
BLK-LBL

IOWA 1940  
JDNH20

JAN CALIFORNIA 67  
JCK-RKS

JAN. MISSOURI 55  
MR JACK

LAND OF LINCOLN  
OLD-NO7 T B  
JUN ILLINOIS 87

M H ARIZ. 73  
BLK-JCK  
GRAND CANYON STATE

TENN 65  
POP-361

ALASKA 68  
FRND O JD

# FRIENDS OF JACK ARE EASY TO SPOT.

JACK DANIEL'S  TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 • Placed in the National Register of Historic Places.

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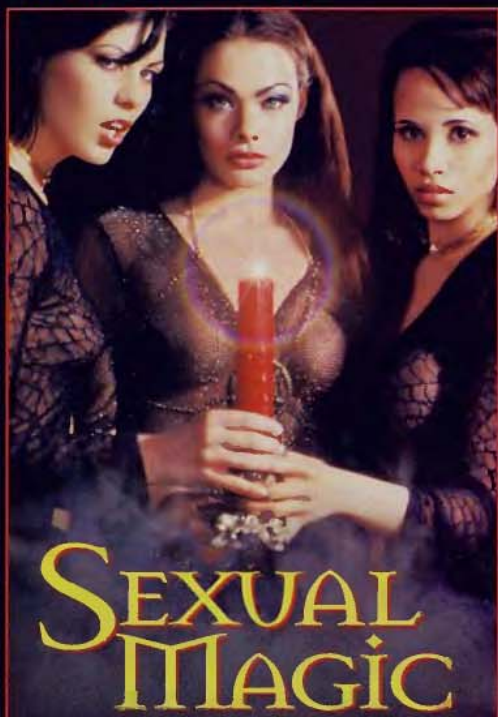




PLAYBOY ORIGINAL

PLAYMATE HOSTS

more  
than you  
ever  
imagined...



# SEXUAL MAGIC

PREMIERES SEPTEMBER 11



Jennifer Walcott  
Miss August



Dalene Kurtis  
Miss September

## ADULT MOVIES

### AUGUST 2001 PREMIERES

#### HOLLYWOOD'S HIDDEN LIVES

When a couple pose as newlyweds so they can rent a Malibu guest house, they fall victim to the sexual fetishes of the property owners. August 23, 30.

#### NIGHT CALLS UK

Spend some time with lovelies Emma and Jodie as they reveal what the proper lads of Britain are doing across the pond to satisfy their birds. August 22, 25, 27, 29.

#### PLAYBOY'S DARK JUSTICE: VOLUME 16

Is this a world of nonsense here beyond the looking glass, or is Lacy finally learning the true beginnings of her alter ego, Justina? August 26, 29, 30.

#### SEX COURT: BREAST DEFENSE

Our litigants need not worry as our judicious Julie makes her decision based on hands-on inspection of the evidence. August 17, 19, 22, 23, 25, 30.

#### WORLD OF PLAYBOY: DALENE KURTIS

Breathe in the crisp fall air and the warm, soothing tones of Miss September. August 16, 18, 23, 27, 29.

### SEPTEMBER 2001 PREMIERES

#### BEST OF SEXCETERA

Tune in to our "Best of" as our undercover sex reporters blow the lid off any preconceived notions you have about sex. September 6, 8, 11, 14, 20, 23, 26.

#### NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: GET BARE IF YOU DARE

Drop those duds, set up the camera, and start living it — and working it — like an exotic dancer. September 17, 19, 22, 25, 27, 28.

#### PLAYBOY'S SEXY GIRLS NEXT DOOR: COME ON OVER

Playboy took the liberty of traveling town to town in search of girls with stars in their eyes and dreams of winning a role in a Hollywood video. September 14, 17, 20, 24, 27, 29.

#### PLAYBOY'S STRIPSEARCH: WEST COAST BABES

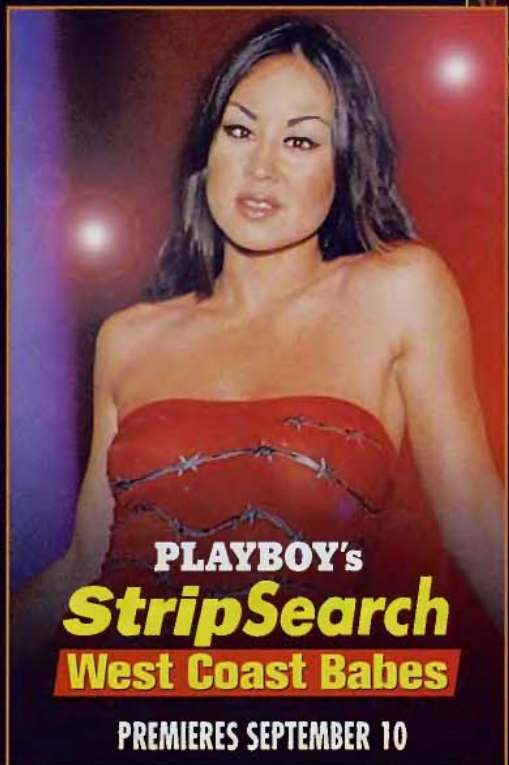
Join Crystal Knight, Flower and a cast of sun-kissed beauties as our camera crew uncovers sizzling runway acts from the Pacific coast's most exclusive clubs. September 10, 12, 15, 18, 23, 26.

#### SEXUAL MAGIC

After moving in with four beautiful women, Nina's idyllic life is shattered when she discovers they are a coven of witches. September 11, 17, 19, 26.

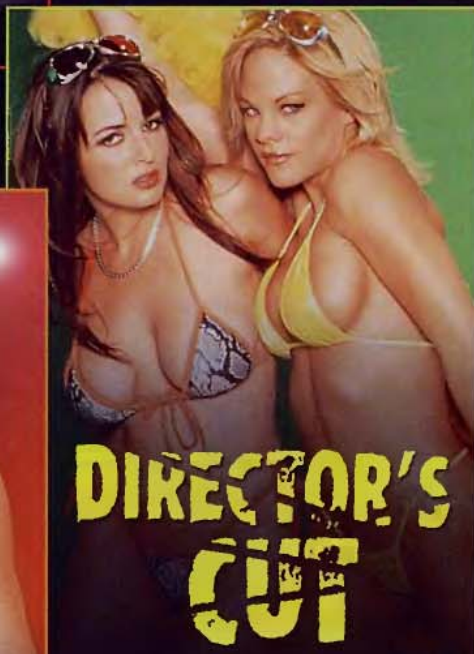
☐ All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.

## ORIGINAL SERIES



# PLAYBOY'S StripSearch West Coast Babes

PREMIERES SEPTEMBER 10



# DIRECTOR'S CUT

Our Director's Cut movies  
bring you more action  
than ever before!

**She's Getting Even** (Premieres August 4)

**Edge Play** (Premieres August 11)

**Virtually Sexy** (Premieres August 18)

**Liquid Dreams** (Premieres August 25)

**Riviera 3** (Premieres September 1)

**Wicked Chances** (Premieres September 8)

**Icon** (Premieres September 15)

**Sandlewood** (Premieres September 22)

**The Hot Spot** (Premieres September 29)

Each movie encloses on the following Friday.

erotic  
entertainment  
at its best



PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

[playboytv.com](http://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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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### CONTROL FREAKS

**W**ith the pile of remote controls needed to operate your home electronics, there isn't room to put your feet up on the coffee table. One way to reduce your collection of controllers is to switch to a programmable remote that can learn your entire system. Philips' Pronto Pro TSU6000 has a full-color screen and is preloaded with codes, allowing it to master your home theater setup in seconds. But don't use this one as a beer coaster; the price is \$1000. Users of Gemini's PROMote log on to the company's website and select the components they would like the remote to learn. The necessary codes are then beamed into the PROMote's infrared scanners through flashing light bars on the computer monitor. Some remotes are so smart they don't even need you to operate them. Proton's SRC-2000 has 12 built-in timers that can be set to start the big game just before you walk through the door.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

JAMES IMBROGNO



Left: Proton's SRC-2000 remote uses touch-screen buttons to control up to 10 devices and features seven rubber buttons for frequently used functions (\$110). Keep it fully charged by storing it in an optional base station (\$90, not pictured). Below: When connected to a PC, the touchscreen of Philips' Pronto Pro can be customized with channel icons, pictures of your stereo components or other graphics by using the included software (\$1000).



Left, left to right: The MX-500 by Universal Remote Control can learn up to 530 functions from your original remote and beam them to another MX-500 (about \$200). Yamaha's RAV2000 connects to your PC and uses the company's RAVedit software to program complex commands, resize buttons and add other personal touches (\$500). To program Gemini's PROMote, select the proper components on the company's website and point the remote at your computer monitor. The site then stores your selections in case you accidentally erase the remote's memory (about \$50).





## We See You, Christina

CHRISTINA LINEHAN has appeared in *Playboy's Newsstand Specials*, on calendars, in Miller beer promotions and on *Baywatch Hawaii*.



## Jill's a Thrill

After playing Jackie Kennedy on TV, JILL HENNESSY has gone back to work with the police, this time in *Exit Wounds*, an action-thriller about crooked cops. Call it law and disorder.



## Kiss Me, I'm Irish

With *Gotta Tell You*, Dublin native SAMANTHA MUMBA hit the charts, the Disney Channel and the concert stage (alongside 'N Sync). Now you can see her on the big screen in *The Time Machine*.

## Inclined to Recline

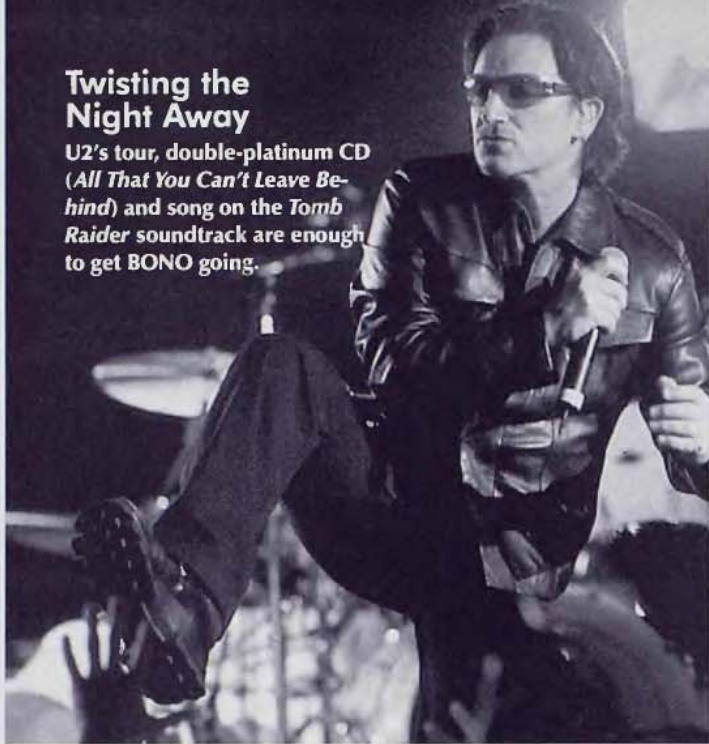
ERIN ALLEN has been seen on *Jag*, *Silk Stalkings*, *Baywatch* and TV commercials, and she models. We caught her stretched to the limit.





## Twisting the Night Away

U2's tour, double-platinum CD (*All That You Can't Leave Behind*) and song on the *Tomb Raider* soundtrack are enough to get BONO going.



PAUL MATYKA/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## A Rose Is a Rose

You'll find Australian CHANTA ROSE on video in *Bare Naked All Natural Beauties*, on cable in *Extreme Close Up* and Playboy TV's *Sex for Sale* and here, letting her hair down.



© HIGH FRAZEE, JR.



RICHARD D'AMICO/OUTLINE PICTURES

## Nouveau Ricci

The four movies CHRISTINA RICCI has coming out—*Miranda*, *Adrenalin*, *All Over the Guy* and *Pumpkin*—cover her full range. Thriller, action, romantic comedy and drama; in short, she can do it all, including fill a sweater.



# Potpourri

## GREAT HEADGEAR

Whether you come on like Arnold Schwarzenegger or Pauly Shore, the Recon Wrap will toughen your image. Designed for soldiers, the tubular head garment made of a polyester microfiber that won't unravel can be worn seven ways—such as a sweatband, balaclava, neck gaiter or Sahara style (pictured). The price: \$19.95, in desert camouflage, woodland camouflage, olive drab or black. Call 877-BESTMADE or go to [specopsbrand.com](http://specopsbrand.com).



BOB SHERIDAN

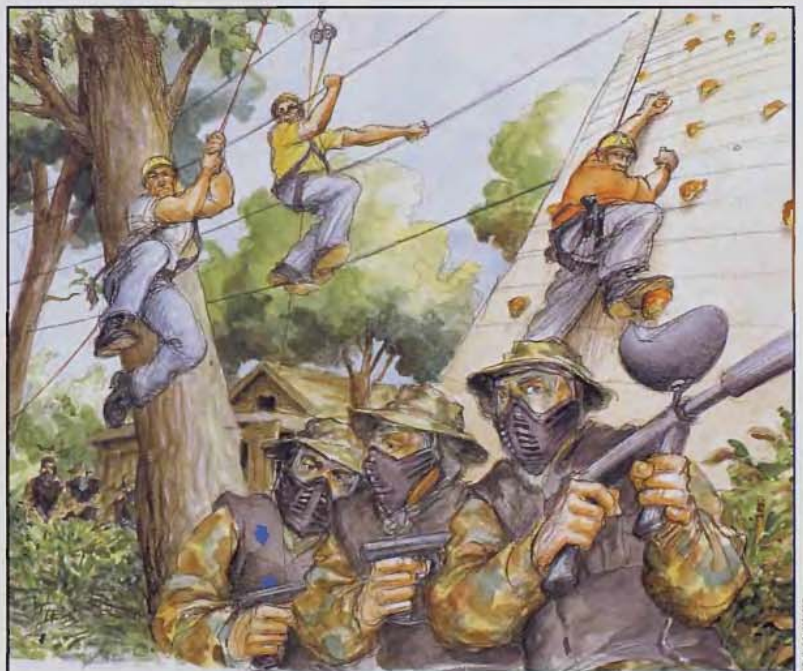
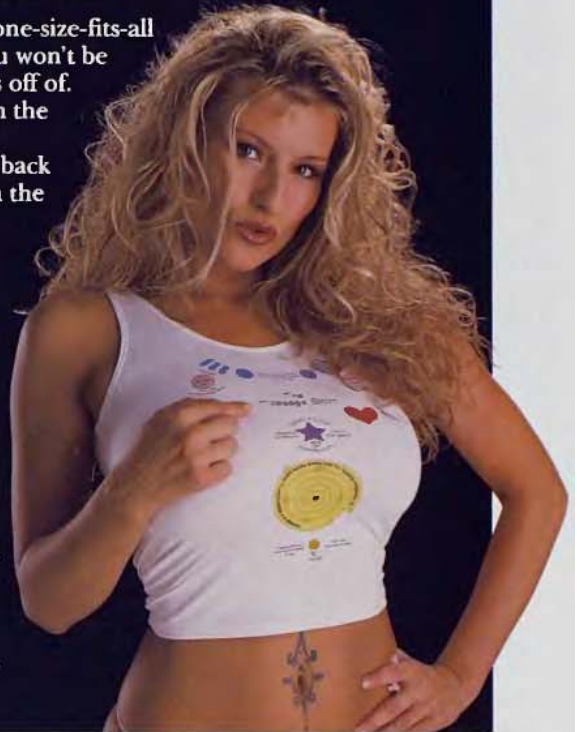
## MMM . . . BROWSING

Homer J. Simpson is "reporting for duty" in the form of an animatronic Dot Pal that plugs into the USB port of your computer. Misspell a word and Homer says "Doh." Read e-mail and hear him respond with "Oh, cruel fate. Why do you mock me?" He has about 100 responses to various tasks and can remember personal info such as birthdays. Price: \$50, in electronics stores. There's mail in your in-box. Whoo-hoo!



## RUBBING THE RIGHT WAY

The Massage Shirt is a one-size-fits-all stretch tank top that you won't be able to keep your hands off of. All those little images on the shirt show acupressure points on the front and back of the body. That star in the middle of our model's chest, for example, is where you massage to balance her emotions and calm her spirit (a steady hand is required). Several spots on the back of the shirt indicate where to press for increased sexual stamina. We love giving back rubs. The shirt costs \$29, and you get a booklet that explains more about acupressure. Call Basic Knead at 310-479-9750 or visit [basicknead.com](http://basicknead.com).



JOHN SCHRELLER

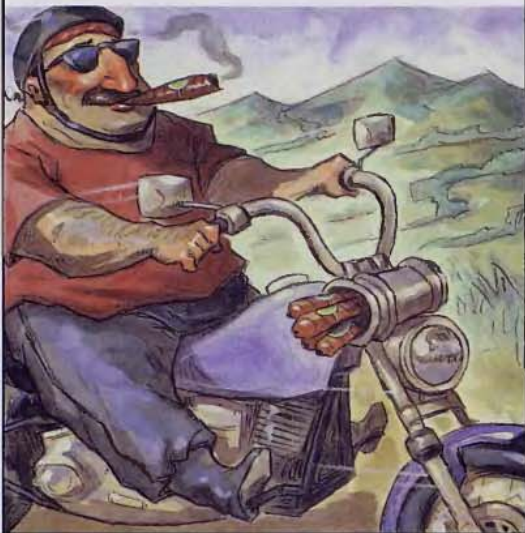
## SECRET AGENT CAMP

Paintball combat, vehicle assaults, wall scaling, hostage rescue and a lot more wannabe-warrior tricks are taught by Navy Seals and other military personnel at the Pali Mountain Secret Agent Training Camp near Lake Arrowhead in California. If you can't afford a weekend course (\$900 and up), half-, full- and two-day sessions are available for less (prices include all meals and lodging). If you are the kind of soldier who'd rather not bunk in four-to-a-room barracks, the camp will lodge you at a nearby hotel. Early morning calisthenics are optional. Call 866-SPYTRAINING or check [secretagentcamp.com](http://secretagentcamp.com). Female warriors are welcome, too.



## HOG HUMIDORS

For cigar-loving cyclists who want to light up while smoking down the road, there's LuxusDesign of Switzerland's humidor for bikes. Attach the chrome-plated tube to the handlebar or highway bar of a big twin and you have a stash for up to six 7" cheroots with a maximum ring gauge of 50. A humidity regulator keeps the cigars fresh. The price for the humidor is \$895—and, of course, the gizmo has a cap.



DARREN THOMPSON

## BALI HAI, MAY CALL YOU

Grass-skirted maidens and angry-looking idols are synonymous with the bachelor-in-paradise fantasy of escaping to Hawaii or the South Pacific. But Schiffer Publishing's *Hula Dancers and Tiki Gods* takes the images one step further. It's a celebration of and price guide to hundreds of girl and god tchotchkes, from velvet paintings to ceramic mugs. Call 610-593-1777 to order for \$39.95.



## HOW FRENCH

The Hôtel Costes in Paris is a mecca for many of the city's fashion, music and film heavy hitters. It also is one of the few hotels in the world with its own DJ. Stéphane Pompougnac's mixes of bossa nova, jazz and lounge tracks are so popular they've been recorded as CDs. (He plays everything from Shirley Bassey to Rinôçérôse.) We can almost smell the Gauloises. Volumes one through three of the Hôtel Costes series are available in select record stores and from amazon.com. Check its website for prices.



JOHN O'BRIEN

## THAT OLD BAR MAGIC

Want to learn how to get a bill out from under a glass without moving the glass, create the illusion of a "flaming hand" without incinerating yourself or pick up a beer bottle with only one straw? Order a spiral-bound copy of *101 Bar Tricks* by SideShow Pete for \$13.50 from J. Peter Moldenhauer, P.O. Box 14054, Columbus, Ohio 43214. Check out sideshowpete.com for more challenges. You'll have to buy the book for the solutions.

## DEVILISHLY GOOD BOOK

Don't put away the hammock yet. Bartle Bull, the author of two epic African adventures, *The White Rhino Hotel* and *A Cafe on the Nile*, has brought back professional hunter Anton Ryder in *The Devil's Oasis*. Ryder is now a desert commando hell-bent on destroying Nazi air bases in North Africa in 1942. His son, Wellington, is also having a devil of a time going up against Rommel's Afrika Korps. Fortunately, he's aided by the French Foreign Legion. It's high adventure at its best, written by a man who is a member of the Royal Geographical Society. Price: \$25. Caroll & Graf is the publisher.



JOHN O'BRIEN



# Next Month



THE GREAT SEC



COLLEGE FICTION



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



MISS OCTOBER

**THE WEST WING**—POLLS SHOW THAT IF PRESIDENT BARTLET WERE REAL, HE WOULD HAVE WON THE ELECTION. **DAVID SHEFF** DROPS BY THE SET OF **AARON SORKIN'S** HIT FOR TALK ABOUT TUNED-IN POLITICOS, CAST MEMBERS WHO'VE KICKED DRUGS AND **ALLISON JANNEY** AS THE THINKING MAN'S PIN-UP. A WIDE-RANGING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH THE CAST AND CREATORS

**GIRLS OF THE SEC**—THEY LIVE IN YOUR DORMS. THEY SIT BEHIND YOU IN CLASS. WHEN PLAYBOY COMES TO TOWN, THEY THROW THEIR CLOTHES OUT THE WINDOW. A PREDICTABLY FABULOUS PICTORIAL

**COLLEGE SPORTS IN CRISIS**—JOCKS MAKE BIG MONEY FOR THEIR SCHOOLS AND GET CARS, SEXUAL PERKS AND PASSING GRADES. TOO BAD A LOT OF THEM CAN'T READ OR WRITE. FINALLY, REFORM IS AFOOT. FORMER STUDENT ATHLETE **ERIN ZAMMETT** REPORTS

**THE FOUR-YEAR ROAD TRIP**—**ALISON LUNDRGREN'S** WILD RIDE WITH THE **NADAS**—THE BEST COLLEGE BAND YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF—INCLUDES SUPERGROUPIES, DRUNKEN HECKLERS, ALL-NIGHT PARTIES AND SHOTGUNNED BEERS. DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE A ROCK STAR?

**PIGSKIN PREVIEW**—COLLEGE FOOTBALL HAS NEVER BEEN SO MONSTROUS—PLAYBOY'S OFFENSIVE LINE AVERAGES 323 POUNDS. CHECK IN ON ALL THE ACTION WITH OUR INFALLIBLE FORECAST. SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

**THE BUZZ FROM ABROAD**—THERE ARE MORE THAN 5000 FOREIGN-STUDY PROGRAMS. WANT THE DOPE ON SCHOOLS? HANGOUTS? BARS AND BEACHES? WE'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK. TAKE NOTES

**MARG HELGENBERGER**—*CSI'S* STRIPPER TURNED INVESTIGATOR ON GREAT KNOCKERS, G SPOTS, LINGERIE, RAUCOUS LOVE SCENES AND WHAT GEORGE CLOONEY HAS THAT YOU DON'T. 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**FISHBOY**—ALONE IN NEBRASKA. NO FAMILY, NO GIRLFRIEND, NO ONE WHO KNOWS HIM BY NAME. IF ONLY HE LIVED IN A TANK WITH CORAL AND FAKE PLANTS. STORY BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **MATT MCINTOSH**

**BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHION**—YOUR CUTE STUDY PARTNER NEED NOT KNOW ABOUT THAT *LICK IT, SLAM IT, SUCK IT* T-SHIRT IN YOUR COLLECTION. DRESS TO IMPRESS WHETHER YOU'RE HITTING THE BOOKS OR PARTYING

**CLASS ACTION**—TURN YOUR DORM ROOM INTO A KICK-ASS CRIB. WE HAVE ALL YOU NEED, FROM A PLAYBOY BARSTOOL AND GYM BAG COOLER TO A LAMINATOR AND A CRACK-YOU-UP ALARM CLOCK

**PLUS:** HOW TO HOST A POKER PARTY, ARTIST **OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS** SALUTES **ELVIRA**, CENTERFOLD **STEPHANIE HEINRICH** IS A HALLOWEEN TREAT AND TRACK-STAR STRIPPER **LEILANI RIOS** GOES THE DISTANCE