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2003

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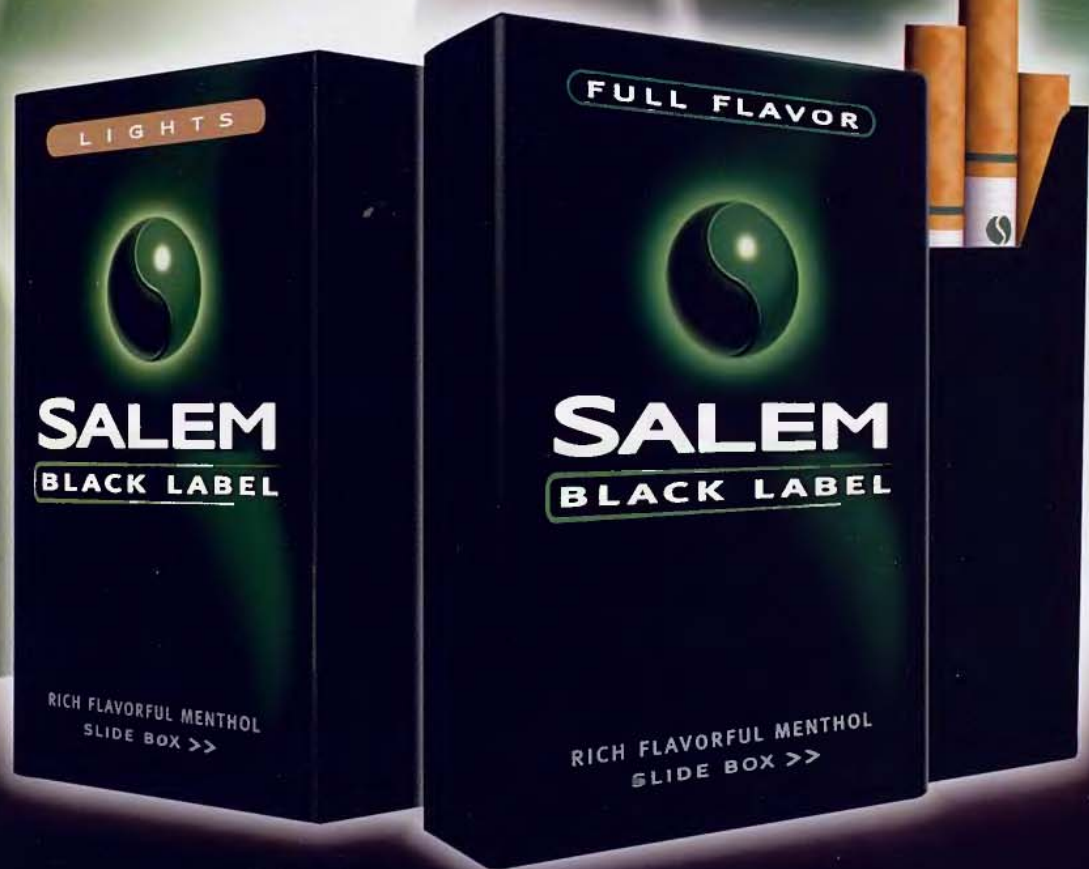
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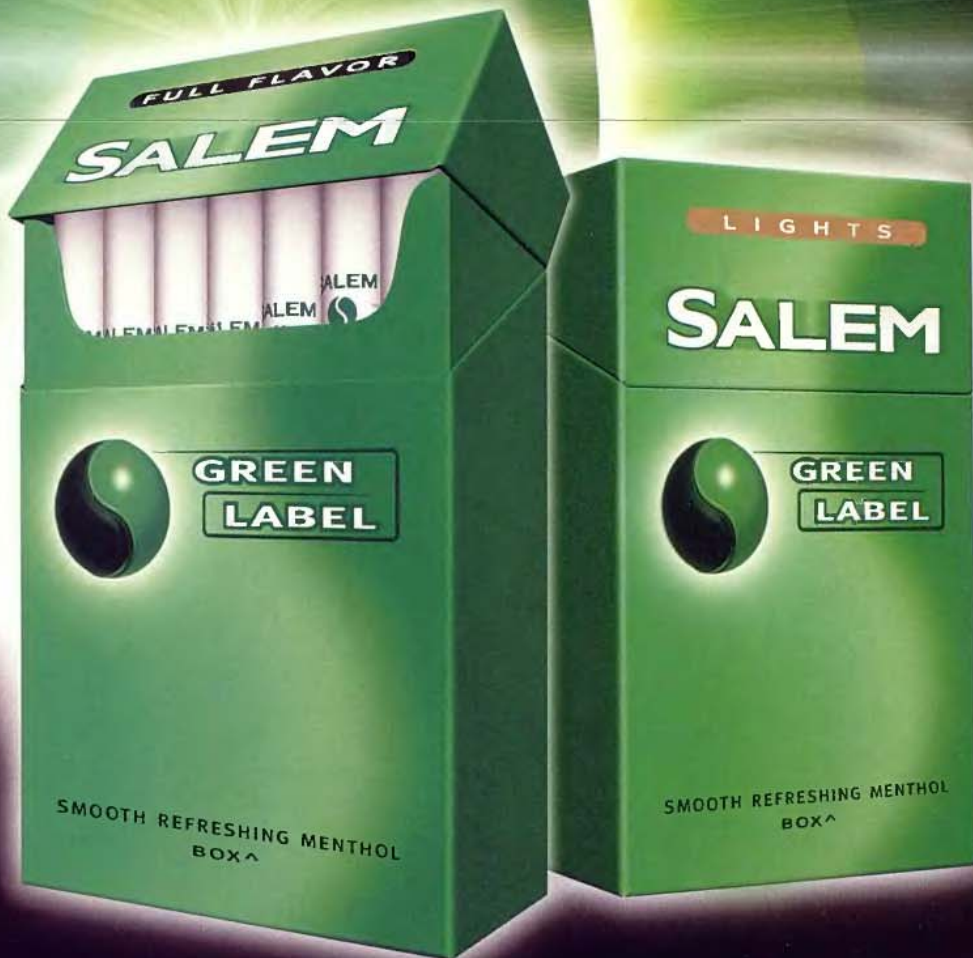
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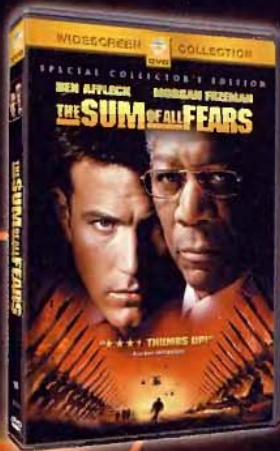
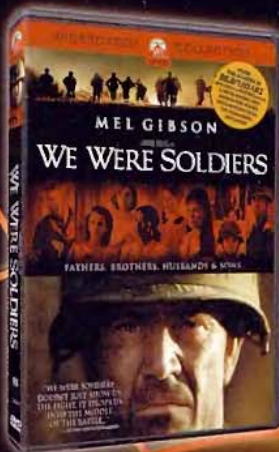


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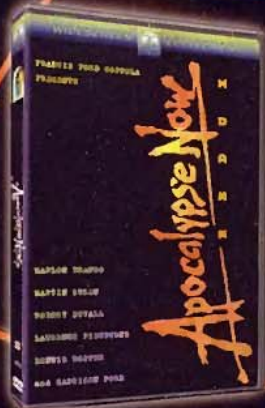
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Playbill

SINCE SEPTEMBER 11, debate has raged about the vulnerability of our nation's nuclear power plants to terrorist attack. New York's Indian Point plant has been the subject of particular concern, since 20 million people live within a 50-mile radius of the aging facility. In *The China Syndrome 2003*, **Rene Chun** reports that security at America's nuclear plants is frighteningly lax—and getting worse. While we're supposed to comfort ourselves with the knowledge that a plane may not be able to break through the thickest portion of a reactor's protective walls, Indian Point insiders have come forward to reveal shocking security lapses that make devastating terrorist attacks a real possibility. (The art is by **Malcolm Tarlofsky**.)

For a meltdown of a different sort, we give you **Torrie Wilson**, the WWE's grappling goddess. In her pile-driving pictorial, shot by **Arny Freytag**, she is out of the ring and out of her clothes. She shows us her softer side, but you still may feel as though you've been body-slammed. And that's a good thing.

Herb Ritts died late last year after spending a lifetime photographing some of the world's most beautiful women in a signature style that made them even more memorable. Photography Director **Gary Cole** pays tribute to this luminary lensman by assembling a portfolio of supermodels Ritts shot for *PLAYBOY* over the years. Join us in taking another look at his iconic portraits of **Cindy Crawford**, **Elle Macpherson** and **Brigitte Nielsen**. Thanks, Herb.

You might think all-night group-sex bacchanalia went the way of the Roman Empire—or at least Plato's Retreat—but there is a new orgy scene emerging among the hip and beautiful. And it's being driven by young, sexually adventurous women. The only problem: An invitation is hard to come by if you don't have the right password (and bank account). Our spy, **Tanya Corrin**, slipped past the gatekeepers at the *Velvet Rope Orgy* to give us an account of all the moans, groans and secret rituals. The rich really are different, even when it comes to their orgies. In *Appropriate Sex*, by **Steve Almond**, it's springtime on campus, and the girls in their flimsy tops inflame a college professor. When one of his students writes a story about horses and horniness, everyone gets a burr under their saddle, and it makes for an unstable situation. (Art by **Istvan Banyai**.)

In our baseball preview, *The Perfect Game*, **Allen St. John** tells us who's on first—not to mention second and third. He chews up all the off-season roster changes and then spits out this year's pennant and World Series matchups. Along the way he gets all the dirt from some of the game's biggest stars, including **Jason Giambi**, **Barry Zito** and **Curt Schilling**.

We went after a heavy hitter of the Hollywood sort and sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** to throw a couple of curves at **Billy Bob Thornton** in this month's *Playboy Interview*. Thornton is famous for error-free performances in such films as *Monster's Ball* and *The Man Who Wasn't There*. He's equally well known for wearing a vial of Angelina Jolie's blood around his neck, harboring a deep fear of antique furniture and turning his personal life into a tabloid editor's dream. We call him on his oddball antics and find out just where he stands with his ex.

From a notorious Hollywood wolf to television's beautiful fox: *CSI*'s **Jorja Fox** answers *20Q* by **Robert Crane**. The crime-scene investigator who most fires up our Bunsen burner talks about gross-outs on the set, how to have fun with a fart machine and the most disgusting smells in the lab.

Playmate **Laurie Fetter** (shot by **George Georgiou**) is a Cubs fan who, like all Cubs fans every spring, is filled with hope. Let's all remember to savor that feeling.



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TARLOFSKY



FREYTAG AND WILSON



CORRIN



ALMOND



BANYAI



ST. JOHN



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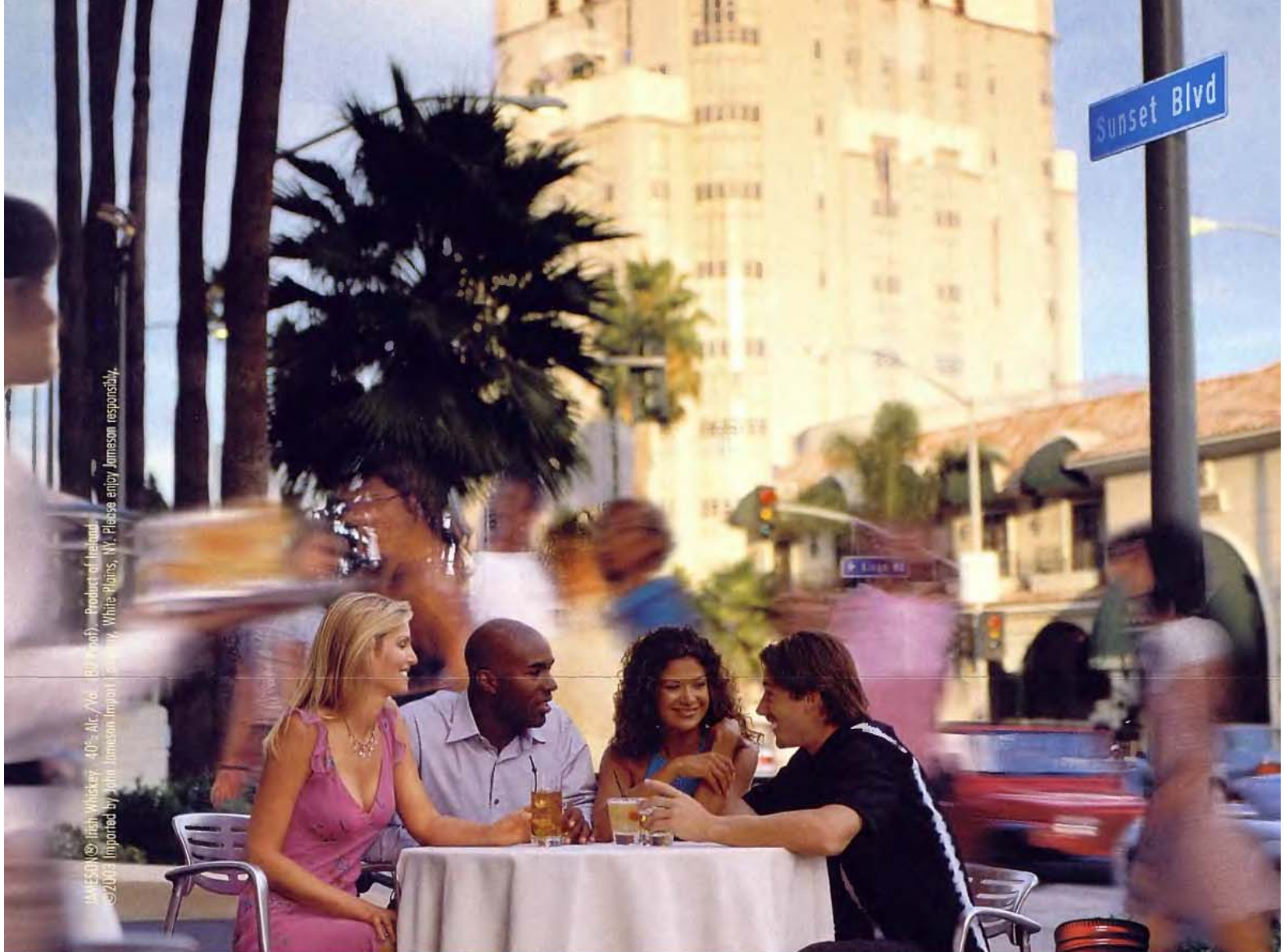


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PLAYBOY

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A terrorist attack on New York's Indian Point nuclear power plant could poison 20 million people. So the facility must have fail-safe security, right? Wrong.

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Give your gold card a workout with the world's most expensive cocktails.

BY RAY FOLEY

80 THE VELVET ROPE ORGY

Group sex used to mean sweaty fat guys and greasy steam tables. Now it means superexclusive parties for beautiful people and bi-curious babes. Consider this your invitation. BY TANYA CORRIN

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Our annual baseball preview swings for the fences with enough aces, extra bases and pennant races to make even a Yankees fan happy. Get your rotisserie tips now—or get roasted later. BY ALLEN ST. JOHN

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The latest sport touring motorcycles offer a lot more than wind in your hair. Hit the highway with our tricked-out, two-wheeled test-drives. BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

121 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: DAPHNEE LYNN DUPLAIX

Daphnee likes her butt buffed—hey, it beats rubbing Buddha any day.

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The star of TV's CSI wants to share a few things about the number one hit show—especially the disturbing smells. BY ROBERT CRANE

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Horny motorists are attempting to merge drive time with their sex drives. For proof, check out these actual DMV-rejected vanity plates.

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Springtime on campus is tough for a popular professor—girls wear next to nothing, class devolves into a discussion of sexuality and horses, and office hours attract a teacher's pet. BY STEVE ALMOND

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Billy Bob is the best actor to come out of Arkansas since Bill Clinton. Now the Sling Blade guy is on his own again after a messy breakup with Angelina Jolie. In a no-bull Playboy Interview, Billy Bob talks about hallucinating to the Honeymooners, steering clear of Komodo dragons and eating orange food.

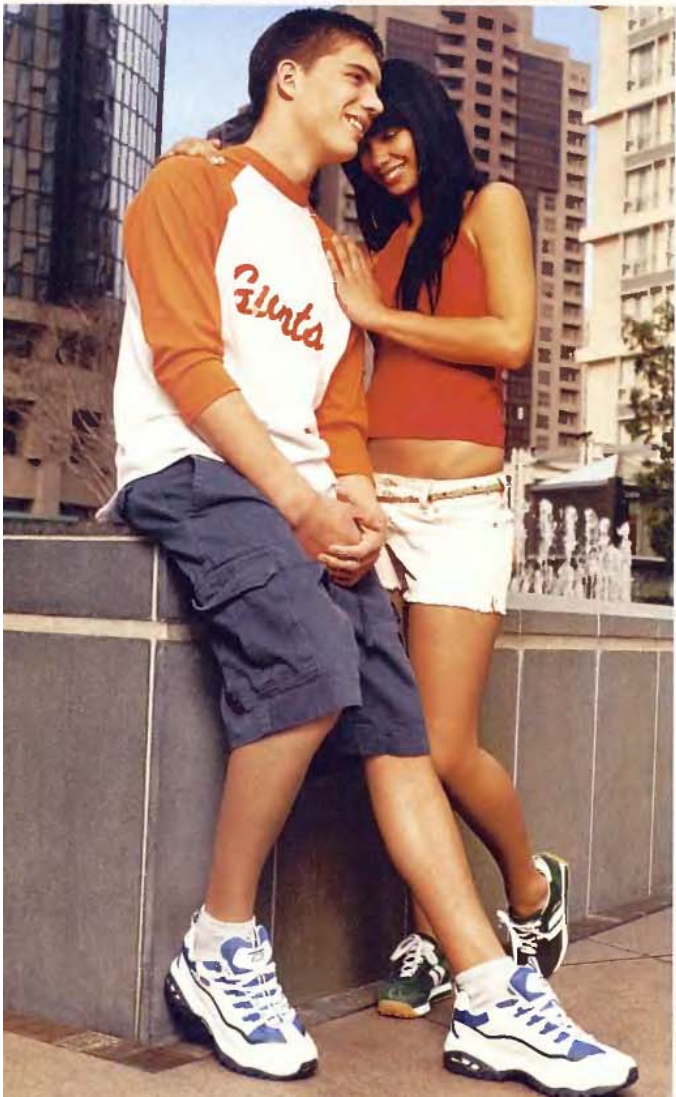
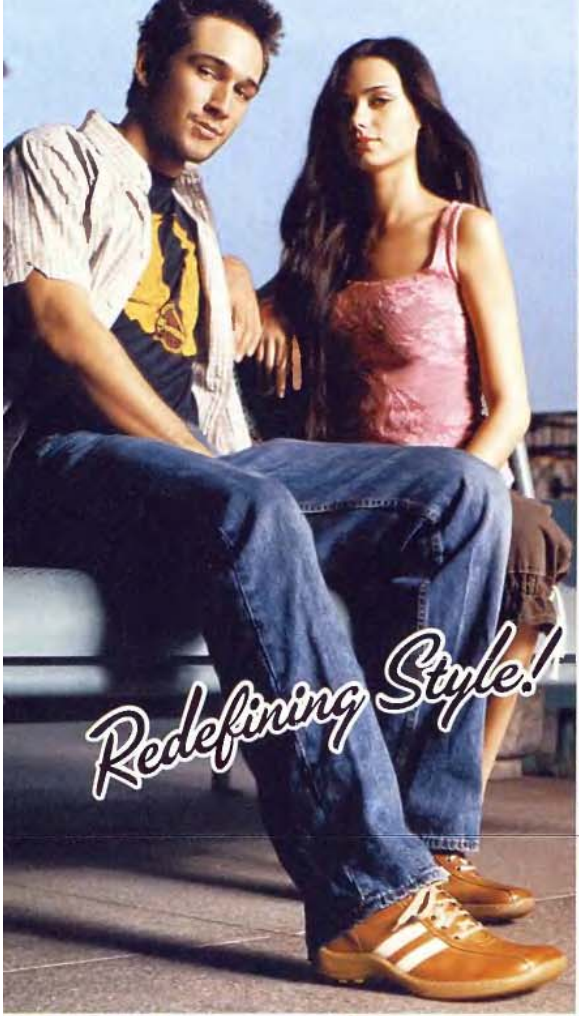
BY DAVID SHEFF



cover story

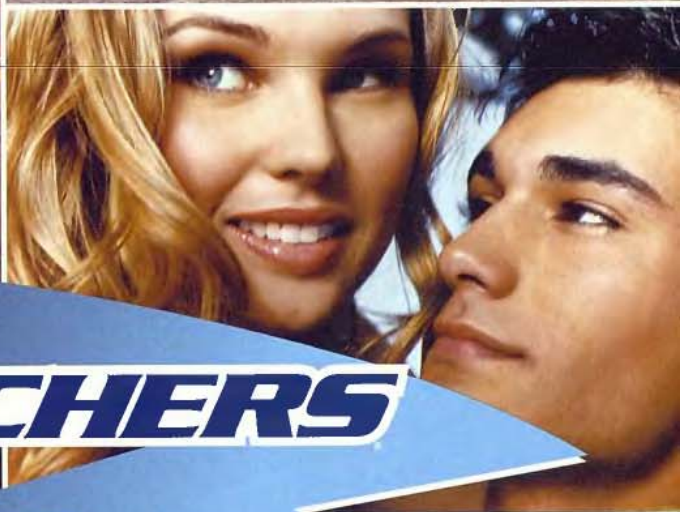
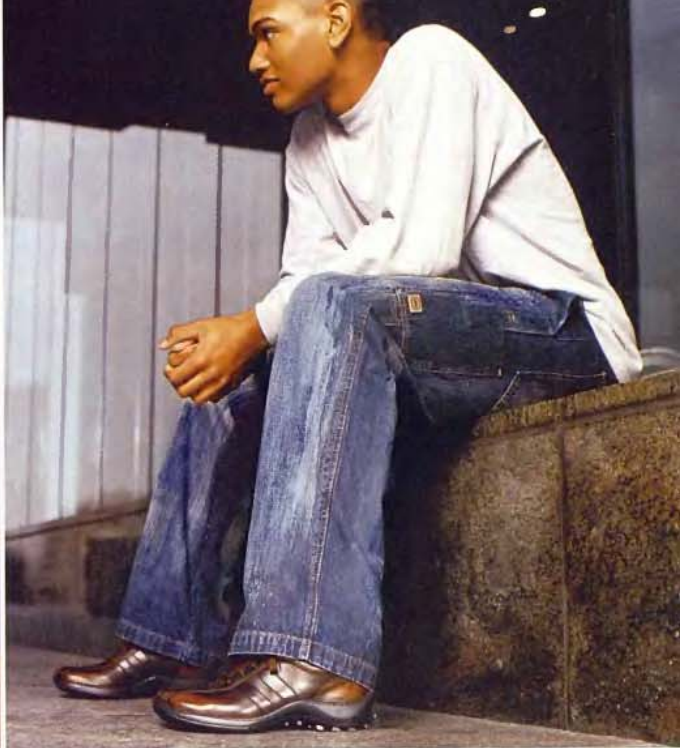
Get ready for a body slam from Torrie Wilson. The WWE's grappling goddess is out of the Raw and into the buff. We asked Contributing Photographer Army Freytag to challenge Torrie to a no-holds-barred match in our studio. Once you've seen her softer side, you'll agree that she saved her best moves for outside the ring. Our Rabbit gets a forearm shiver.



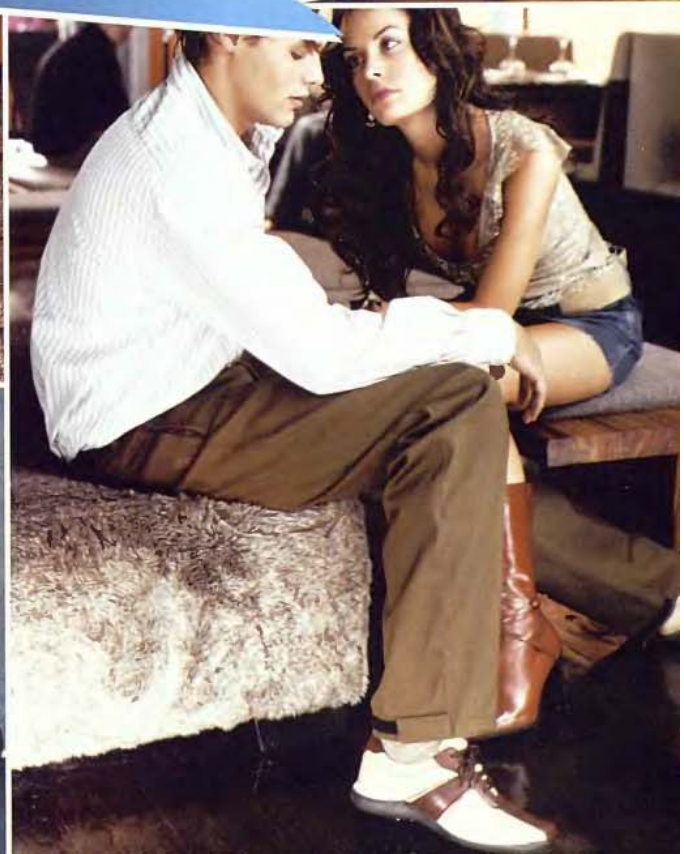




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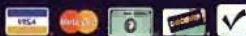
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HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



JUSTIN AND NELLY DIG THE PLAYBOY MANSION

Ask Justin Timberlake and Nelly if it's fun to make a video at the Mansion. They play gardeners who find a perfect world there with Hef and his posse. Then they're ready to *Work It* on a duet for Nelly's CD. Director Joseph Kahn put the cast through its paces so they could party like rock stars. Hef doesn't need to take direction for that.



PARTY ANIMALS

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Los Angeles held its 125th anniversary celebration at the Mansion. The gala honored Betty White, with *NYPD Blue*'s Bill Brochtrup and Playmate Heather Carolin leading the cheers.



BACHELORETTES AT THE MANSION

Showing off party hats and winning smiles on New Year's Eve at the Mansion were three lovely ladies from ABC's *The Bachelor*. Happily, Dana Norris, Gwen Gioia and Heather Cranford are still unattached.



RABBIT HABIT

Hef had a hug for Rod Stewart's ex, model Rachel Hunter, when he ran into her at the Standard Lounge. Rachel was sporting a Rabbit T-shirt.



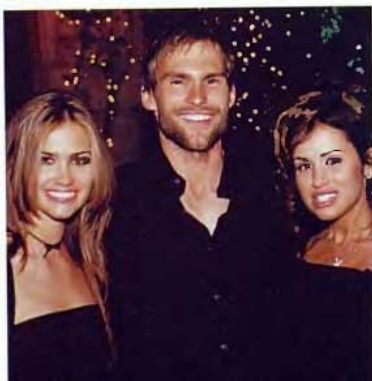
A LITTLE BIT COUNTRY

Singer Kenny Chesney hung out at the Mansion on a Movie Night when there was no dress code—which was just fine with Chesney, whose multiplatinum CD is called *No Shoes, No Shirt, No Problems*.



TOASTING THE NEW YEAR

Hef's New Year's Eve bash was filled with Centerfolds and other celebrities. Actor Seann William Scott put a squeeze on Playmates Lauren Michelle Hill and Jennifer Walcott.



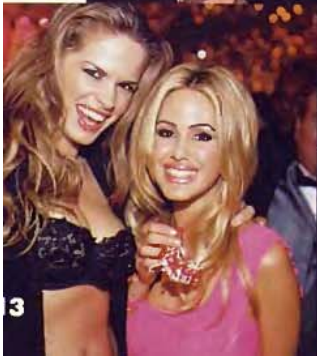
ON THE TOWN

Hef and gal pal Holly Madison caught up with Dennis Quaid and his band, the Sharks, at Barfly in Los Angeles. Quaid deserves some rock-n-roll R&R after his brilliant performance in *Far From Heaven*.

Hef's HAPPY NEW YEAR



Mr. Playboy welcomed the new year in style—as usual. The dress code? Black tie for the guys and lingerie (or less) for the ladies. (1) Hef and his girlfriends with the painted nudes who danced and served Jell-O shots. (2) The host with the Rock. (3) Chuck Duran from the band Loud with Poison guitarist C.C. DeVille. (4) Verne Troyer getting a New Year's smooch. (5) Bill Maher and Kato Kaelin out of control. (6) The painted pretties and drummer Ravi adding to the decadence. (7) *Star Search* host Arsenio Hall with triplets Erica, Jaelyn and Nicole Dahm. (8) Playmate hat trick: Lauren Michelle Hill, Victoria Fuller and Nicole Narain. (9) Christian Slater and his wife, Ryan Haddon. (10) Hef's longtime pals Patrick and David Cassidy live it up. (11) The Hef troop shaking their booties. (12) Jim and Jenny Belushi with the Man. (13) Centerfolds Julie Cialini and Shauna Sand. (14) Hef with *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* star Lainie Kazan. (15) Jon Favreau with his other half. (16) Actors Dana Ashbrook and Jonathan Silverman partying with Rochelle Loewen from *The Man Show*.



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fig. 2 Molson Canadian Beer.

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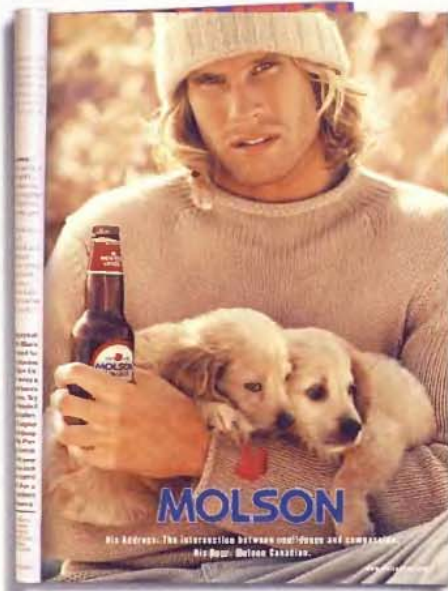


fig. 1 It costs \$179,630 to run an ad in Cosmo. That's a \$179,630 investment in you.



fig. 3 A shapely female subject accesses pleasing imagery from her memory banks and projects them onto a Molson drinker.

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Dear Playboy



680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
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ALISON

After seeing Alison Eastwood on horseback (February) I have decided it would be worth it to spend my tax refund on riding lessons.

Mark Cindric
Ransomville, New York

In the 25 years I've been a subscriber, I have never seen a better photo than the black-and-white one in this pictorial. Alison is simply amazing.

Jim Trawicki
Austin, Texas

I have been waiting for these photos ever since I saw Eastwood in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*.

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas



Alison makes our day.

Without a doubt Alison is the best shot Clint ever fired.

Marion Filippone
Houston, Texas

CAMPUS SEXY

I bet you get tired of reading "This is my first letter to PLAYBOY," but it is. Meghan Bainum (*Coed Sex Advice*, February) is adorable. I'll take her advice if you will take mine: She needs her own pictorial.

Steven Bird
Seattle, Washington

I have often read Natalie Krinsky in the *Yale Daily News*. She is a gifted writer about sexual matters, shooting from the hip with a sense of humor. Where's the pictorial?

E. Wilson
New Haven, Connecticut

Meghan Bainum is so cute. Two photos are not enough. More, please.

Ken Jackson
Atlanta, Georgia

ACCORDING TO BOYLE

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened the Centerfold (*Shiphshape Charis*, February). My jaw dropped to the floor. Charis Boyle is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Jerry Kibbee
Manhattan, Kansas

Charis has made a leg man out of me. She's PMOY material.

Charles Kunkel
Dublin, Pennsylvania

MR. SMITH GOES ON RECORD

Kevin Cook's profile of Emmitt Smith (*Catch '22*, February) is interesting. I acknowledge Smith is one of the greatest players in NFL history, but I hate his guts. What he and all those other Cowboy players of the Nineties did to prevent the 49ers from winning more Super

SEX IS EVERYWHERE!

"Two Thumbs Up"

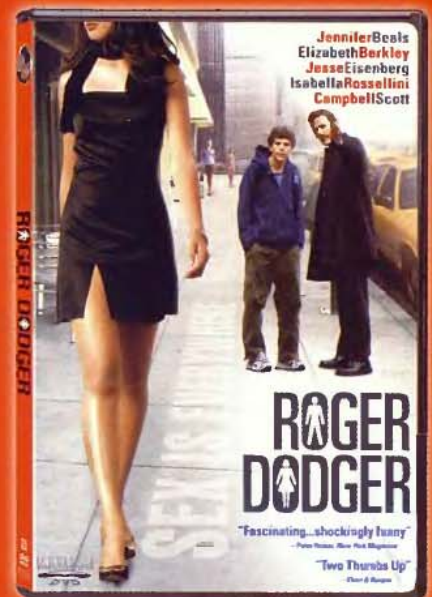
Ebert & Roeper

"...Shockingly Funny"

Peter Rainer, *New York Magazine*

"A Terrific Movie"

John Anderson, *Newsday*



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Deleted Scene with Commentary • Examination of a Scene
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Bowls will always be remembered by Niners fans like me.

Ernie Koy
Sacramento, California

THE SKINNY ON JIMMY

As if Jimmy Kimmel's *Playboy Interview* (February) doesn't provide sufficient evidence of his ignorance and naivete about women generally, his comment that lesbians don't have real sex is the last straw. There's plenty of penetration, and, trust me, we don't just dabble.

J. Anthony
Washington, D.C.

I agree with Kimmel that funny people are rarer than smart ones. Unfortunately, he is neither.

Dan Fowler
New Orleans, Louisiana

Kimmel's interview is the funniest you have ever published. I laughed out loud. The only thing that seemed contrived was that he kissed Letterman's ass too much, but that won't stop me from watching him.

Timothy St. John
Socastee, South Carolina

Kimmel says he was almost celibate because he had sex only twice a month. He fares no worse than a lot of guys.

Alfred Piccoli
Bloomfield, New Jersey

FOOLED AGAIN

After reading *Won't Get Fooled Again* (February) by Jim Shepard I want to know why this story isn't considered libelous. The real history of the Who and



Are you talking to us?

its masterful bass player, John Entwistle, is way more interesting than this dreck.

John Grow
Fall River, Massachusetts

Is it live or is it Memorex? Shepard took most of the scenarios in his story from published interviews with the Who.

Won't Get Fooled Again may skirt between fact and fiction, but short of *Spinal Tap*, no fiction can improve on the Who's antics.

Zach Everson
Falls Church, Virginia

Once I figured out that there were tons of facts imbedded in the fiction, I was pretty amazed by Shepard's story.

Jake Gordon
Las Vegas, Nevada

BREAKUP BREAKDOWN

Asa Baber's February *Men* column, "Valentines and Hellfire," is right on the money. I am a father in the middle of a custody battle. Even if you have joint custody while your ex has physical custody, you are pretty much powerless. Find out your state laws and then record everything you and your ex talk about and give it to your lawyer. It might help you win your case.

Jeb Ford
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

I applaud Baber's column. In custody cases, mediation prior to court visitation is the way to go because court-appointed mediation is another story altogether. Here are some things to remember: Use the phrase "I am overwhelmed" as a way to signal a time-out to the mediator. If your ex says anything like "I'm afraid of

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HE COULD ASK FOR.
THEN WE ASKED THE PASSENGER.



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his (fill in the blank)," the mediator may mandate random alcohol, drug or whatever kind of testing, and they all have a zero-tolerance policy. Finally, do your research on divorce and child custody before you go to mediators or lawyers.

Tom Paul
Antelope, California

CLERKS AREN'T JERKS

The Tip Sheet featured in February's *After Hours* refers to a "counter drone" in a description of a popular eastern Georgia prank. The implication is that a drone is some sort of mindless worker bee, someone of little or no consequence. So, according to the writer, convenience store clerks are losers. I have encountered contempt for blue-collar and working-class service people from journalists many times before, and yet I'm sure that journalists patronize convenience stores all the time.

Randy Brown
Clearwater, Florida

Are you kidding? We used to work at convenience stores before we fell on hard times and had to become journalists.

BERNIE WHACK

I kind of enjoyed Bernie Mac's rant (20Q, February) until he started in on Asians.

John Yang
Sunnyvale, California



After the shouting is over.

NOTHING BUT NET

Cyber Girls (February) reminded me that no matter how many spin-offs you guys do—the Internet, Special Editions, foreign editions, videos or TV movies—you can always find terrific-looking women who will take off their clothes. It just multiplies the number of places a reader can go to see knockout women such as Tila Nguyen, Carolee Bass and Taylor James. Thanks.

Josh Johns
Washington, D.C.

PSST—WANNA BUY A TICKET?

I'm just a regular guy who probably won't be going to the Masters, but I will be standing in line like a fool again (*Why You Can't Get Tickets*, February) trying to get good seats to Coldplay. At least now I know some tips that might give me a chance. Calling Ticketmaster in another city is my new way to go.

Brian Ross
Boston, Massachusetts

I can accept that I'm never going to get into the Masters, but I can't believe that I have to compete for bleacher seats. A beer and a pizza at home work fine.

Larry Brown
Chicago, Illinois

NOT SO FAST

OK, I'll be the one to ask, What the hell are winkies ("How to Massage Her Ass," *Mantrack*, February)? For all I know, I have spoiled the mood and not even known it.

Bob Muchanic
La Jolla, California

Winkies occur during vigorous butt massage when the masseur applies outward pressure and separates both cheeks simultaneously. It makes for a startling and eye-opening event. When the pressure is released, the "eye" closes, hence the "wink."



The new FX Cruiser makes sure the fun is equally distributed between all family members, with an extended rear seat that gives extra comfort to the third passenger. It's got an engine that's no stranger to fun, either—a 140 horsepower, four-stroke, Yamaha marine engine that's ultra-quiet and clean. Plus it's loaded

with Yamaha features like tilt steering and a dual cup holder.

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PLAYBOY'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH



THE SEARCH STARTS HERE

**Playboy is conducting a nationwide search
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If you think you know the 21st Century girl-next-door,
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Jillian's locations across the country from April 8- July 18.

For details, log on to www.playboy.com.



Universal City, CA April 9-10, San Francisco, CA April 16-17, Las Vegas, NV April 23-24,
Dallas, TX April 23-24*, Phoenix, AZ April 30-May 1, Chicago, IL May 7-8*, Houston, TX May 7-8,
Memphis, TN May 14-15, Indianapolis, IN May 21-22, Vancouver, BC May 21-22*, Columbia, SC May 28-29,
Toronto, ON June 4-5*, Raleigh, NC June 4-5, Norfolk, VA June 11-12, Miami, FL June 18-19*,
Farmingdale, NY June 18-19, Montreal, QE June 25-26, Cleveland, OH (Flats) July 2-3,
Minneapolis, MN July 9-10, Denver, CO July 16-17

*Not a Jillian's location. Go to www.playboy.com for additional location details.

Candidates must be at least 18 years of age and bring with them two forms of personal identification, one of which must have a photo, expiration date and date of birth. Acceptable forms of ID are: valid driver's license, birth certificate, passport, college ID, social security card, voter's registration card or state identification card. All photos become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. © PLAYBOY 2003

PLAYBOY

after hours

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

MORE LAWS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

A \$500 fine for teaching children to high-five.

A \$25 ticket each time one dude calls another dude by his last name.

Minimum of 60 days followed by community service for brewing decaf in the regular coffeepot.

You say, "Yeah, baby!" like Austin Powers? We cut off your left hand.

Just to see if we like it: a mandatory, nationwide Hawaiian Shirt Day.

Appearance before a grand jury for any woman with a five-day-old Brazilian wax who attempts to have sex.

Instead of sirens, ambulances must

GYMNASTS KEEP MEDALS, LOSE CLOTHES

We're the first to praise a flawless dismount, particularly as practiced by three former Olympic gymnasts from Romania—including double gold medalist Lavinia Milosovici—who recently posed naked for a magazine in Asia. However, the Romanian Gymnastics Federation didn't see it that way, and has banned the women from refereeing or coaching at home for five years. The perfect 10s also appeared in a soft-core video in which they performed nude on a balance beam. "It is absolutely normal. They are entitled to do whatever they want with their bodies," said Romanian tennis pro Ilie Nastase, who is now head of the Romanian Tennis Federation. "Personally, I'm waiting for offers." Don't make us, Ilie.



TAE KWON D'OH

Wince and repeat. For Japanese fetish fans, the new tamakeri craze is a real kick in the nuts. Available online from jlist.com, *Testicles Kick of Amateur Girls 2* features a set of demure women who are instructed in the ancient art of ball-breaking. The Japanese company that produced it goes by the name Soft on Demand—and now we know why.

blast Def Leppard as they move through traffic. Oh, no. What are we thinking? That would be a terrible, terrible law.

The criminalization of all direct-mail jock-jam CDs.

Forcible ingestion of a pound of fudge for ordering "egg-white only" anything.

When you're on an airplane flying over Nevada airspace, gambling and prostitution are legal.

Public censure for any band that puts a "hidden track" on its CD that starts more than 10 minutes after the previous song has ended.

Tollbooth plus asking for directions equals firing squad. No exceptions.

A WEEDY INFIELD

One baseball card we'd definitely frame is the highly coveted Topps two-player rookie card featuring pitching prospects Jung Bong (Braves) and Brandon Puffer (Astros), known to its admirers, of course, as the Bong-Puffer card.

FINALLY, SOME FUNNY PAGES

With the recent publication of *More Mirth of a Nation* (Harperperennial) and *101 Damnations* (Thomas Dunne), editor Michael Rosen has resolved a modern reader's longstanding dilemma: how to find the humorous bits in publications



KEN, HOME SO SOON?

Say hello to Lingerie Barbie. She wasn't created for Barbie's preteen market—those girls have trouble getting regular clothes on and off their dolls. This model was made for Barbie's aftermarket—adults who like to see America's sweetheart all dolled up with nowhere to go, and in her original packaging.

such as *The New Yorker* (copies of which sit in guilt-inducing piles nationwide) and *McSweeney's* (which everyone knows about but nobody's seen). In *101 Damnations*, Rosen gives neglected humor writers pages for fresh rants, and in *More Mirth* he's collected the best comic writing of the past few years, including offerings from PLAYBOY Associate Editor Chip Rowe and contributors Jamie Malanowski and Robert S. Wieder. A highlight of the book is "Holy Tango of Poetry"—"if poets wrote poems whose titles were anagrams of their names"—by Francis Heaney. We particularly like Heaney's "Skinny Domicile by Emily Dickinson":

*I have a skinny Domicile—
Its Door is very narrow.
'Twill keep—I hope—the Reaper out—
His Scythe—and Bones—and Marrow.*

*Since Death is not a portly Chap
The Entrance must be thin—
So—when my Final Moment comes—
He cannot wriggle in.*

*That's why I don't go out that much—
I can't fit through that Portal.
How dumb—to waste my Social Life
On Plans to be—immortal.*

A WOMAN'S EYE VIEW OF THE MALE ANTENNA

What sort of woman reads *Cosmopolitan*? The type who makes judgments about what you're packing. In the recent piece "What You Can Tell From His Cell" the signals were made clear: The more expensive your cell the more likely you're vain. If you have games on your cell you are youthful and fun-loving. The flashier the faceplate, the more extroverted and trendy the man, while a guy who carries a large phone—hence, a more outmoded one—is a bit clueless and conservative. Bonus tip: If you use only a cell phone and have no other home phone, women take it as a sign that you avoid commitment. To emphasize the point, brag about the freedom it gives you. And to really ram it home, tell her you like to bang a lot of chicks.

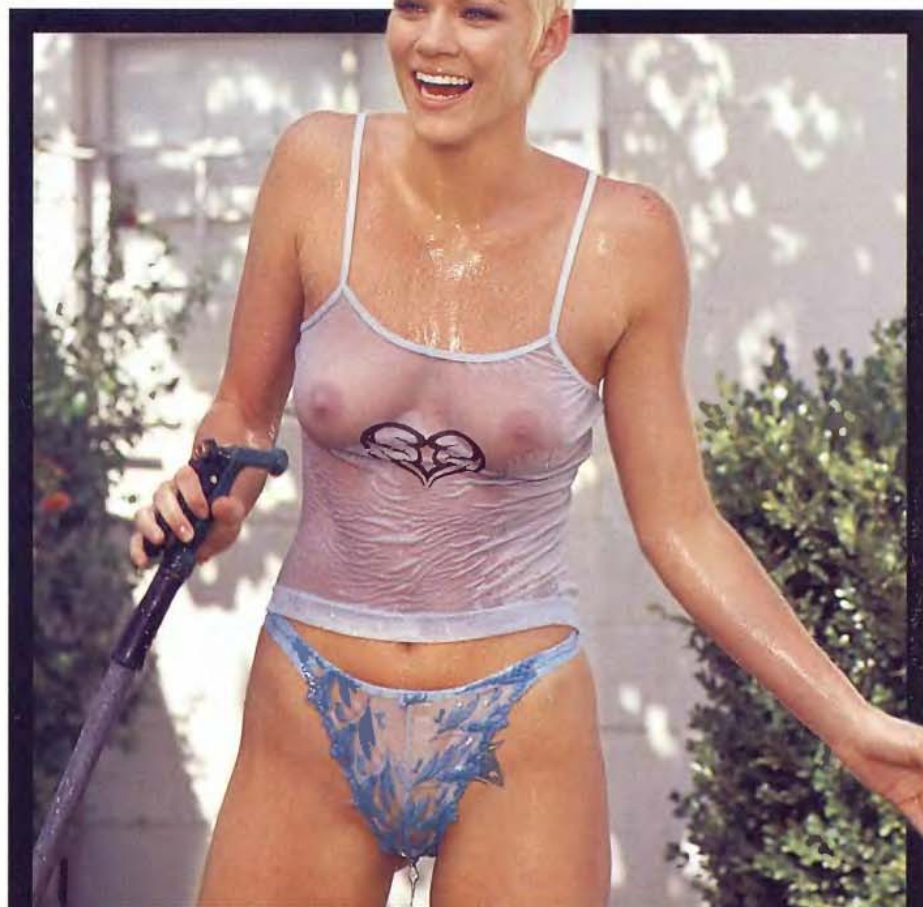
TIPS FOR FIRST-TIMERS

After two years of observing couples on their first dates, TV's

**"I got caught playing doctor in my grandma's garage, but, you know, it was very minor, just like sticking things in the heinie."
—Kelly Preston**



Elimidate creator Alex Duda has determined that certain male ploys succeed with the ladies while others flop. Among the bad moves: singing to your date and expounding upon your fetishes (particularly those involving feet). Successful first-date suitors, she says, are those who wear a bandanna somewhere on their body and are willing to participate in goofiness such as mud



WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #74

Because his wife wouldn't: "I had always shared sparks with her husband. One day at the beach she told me she wasn't sleeping with him anymore. Then their dog took off, and I went after it with him. Eventually we stopped to rest. The surf pounded. He said he wanted me. I said I knew he wasn't getting any. 'Shall we?' he whispered. Soon we were naked, and he was inside me. The dog sauntered up as we were getting dressed, snagged my bikini top and took off toward the wife! I went skinny-dipping as a cover while he walked back. She wrestled the top from the dog and waded out to me. 'You're such a rebel,' she said. If she only knew. Or perhaps she did."—J.R., Stinson Beach, CA

WONDER SCARF

Yes, it gets chilly in the land of the rising sun. Yes, women need scarfs. But it took a real stroke of genius to attach breasts where none had been before. Apparently, as the picture below illustrates, women appreciate their jocular heft. After all, these good people are not known as Nipponese for nothing.



wrestling. Remember these tips next time you find yourself charming a waitress from Los Angeles who is being trailed by six guys with a video camera.

NUDE AIRLINES: FIRST-CLASS ASS

Houston's Castaways Travel milked terrific PR out of what it billed as the world's first nude flight, a clothing-optional chartered Boeing 727-200. Naked Air will fly from Miami to a Cancun nudist spa on May 3. The 170 seats sold out quickly, which we assume was due to the safety factor—no worrying about concealed weapons, and hardly any luggage to search through. Castaways issued this disclaimer: "Inappropriate behavior is not condoned for this nude flight." The warning raises the question of just what exactly qualifies as inappropriate behavior in an aircraft packed full of stark-naked people.

HOME SWEET HOOKER

In an effort to reform loose women, the city council in Padua, Italy has started an adopt-a-prostitute campaign. A number of local families are each planning to take one of the working girls into their homes as a family member, a concept that we suspect was more warmly received by husbands than by wives. How will the girls ever earn their keep?

THE TIP SHEET

Kola Boof: A Sudanese woman now living in Los Angeles who claims to have

been forced to serve Osama bin Laden sexually in 1996. She says the Al Qaeda creep had a camel-size manhood but was a control freak who bit during sex, enjoyed making women cry out with pain, smelled terrible and had food in his beard. Maybe it's all fabricated, but with a name like Kola Boof, who can resist?

Gamma golf balls: Not some urban fairway myth, but actual golf balls zapped with powerful blasts of gamma radiation from cobalt 60 (the same stuff used to irradiate food in some countries) by MDS Nordion in Montreal. The balls were shown in testing by Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd. to bounce three to eight percent higher than untreated balls. Sorry, Nordion makes only enough to sell to its employees.

Strap-on of the Month: The SoloTrek XfV is a one-person, strap-on, fan-powered flying machine. The prototype went on sale on eBay by Trek Aerospace for around \$1 million. Its major selling point—that it's designed to carry a 180-pound person 100 miles at 70 mph—is offset by the drawback that, since it's gotten only a few feet off the ground in tests and the company fears legal liability, the buyer will have to sign a contract promising never to try to fly the damn thing.

Alligator, buffalo, ostrich, rattlesnake sausage, Spam, jelly beans: Among the 163

pizza toppings offered by PieWorks, a small but growing chain in the South.

Dyscalculia: A.k.a. "developmental arithmetic disorder," a learning disability that is to math what dyslexia is to reading. It is said to affect up to seven percent of grade school kids and sometimes persists for decades. Yes, this is your official Tip



"I don't like my nipples showing. They look like targets."
—Sienna Guillory

Sheet excuse of the month.

Mole sauce: *Top Secret—Schnitzel for Spies* is a new cookbook with recipes and tales of culinary espionage written by special agents in the *Bundesnachrichtendienst*, the German version of the CIA. If you thought ordinary German cooking was a crime against humanity, you're in for the worst.

B.O.tox: Botox, renowned for smoothing facial wrinkles, is now being used to treat the stuff that causes wrinkled noses—sweaty armpits.

Route 666: A federal highway that runs

DEVO DAVE'S CONDOM COLLECTION



Over the years, former Deva drummer Dave Kendrick has amassed hundreds of rare condoms. "It started in 1980," he says. "I saw this great condom package in a German train station bathroom and I had to have it." His current favorite is a Bauhaus-inspired box with a pair of pink lips ("It's lurid and kind of unsexy but I love it"). Another is the Mermaid, an envelope pharmacists used to disguise your purchase. Kendrick most values the Champ, which has a photo of Ted Williams. Seems apt—the Splendid Splinter always took care of his bat.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The strangest question I ever got was, Do I sound like Lisa Simpson when I'm having sex? The answer is no."—YEARDLEY SMITH, WHO PROVIDES THE VOICE OF LISA SIMPSON

PHATMAN

The amount Nicolas Cage received for selling his comic book collection: \$1.6 million. Amount he received for *Action Comics #1*, Superman's 1938 debut: \$86,250.

FLUID DYNAMICS

Number of liters of bottled water consumed per American during one year: 74. Number of liters of beer consumed per capita: 83. Number of liters of bottled water consumed in Austria per person: 75. Liters of beer: 108. Liters of water per person consumed in Ireland: 22. Liters of beer: 153.

FEMME FATALISM

Of all single women in the U.S. who are living with a man, proportion who do not expect to marry him: 1 in 4.

STIFF SENTENCE

Maximum number of sex toys, "simulated sex organs" or items "for the stimulation of human genital organs" that you can legally possess in Texas without being charged with felony "wholesale promotion of obscene devices": 5.

EXTENDED LAYOVER

Length of time it took United Airlines to return Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating's briefcase after it was lost on a flight from Washington, D.C. to Tulsa: 13 years.

THE LOST GENERATION

Percentage of "fighting age" Americans—18 to 24—that can't find Iraq on a map: 87. Percentage that can't



FACT OF THE MONTH

Before earning millions for inventing and marketing the Ramses condom, Julius Schmid's first line of work was preparing animal intestines for sausages.

find Afghanistan: 83. Percentage that can't find Saudi Arabia: 76. Percentage that can't put their finger on New Jersey: 70.

TUBE BOOBS

Percentage of television viewers who don't know what a Nielsen family is: 45. Percentage who think the term refers to a Fifties sitcom: 10.

TIME TO GET DIRTY

As reported by Dave Barry, number of states that "have taken time out of their busy schedules to declare an official state soil": 5 (Maine, Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wisconsin).

SHOCKING NUMBERS

Number of times Brazil is hit by lightning bolts per year: 70 million. Where it ranks among the world's nations for such meteorological activity: 1. Average number of Brazilians killed by lightning each year: 100. Percentage of all lightning deaths worldwide that occur in Brazil: 10.

SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING

Amount for which two former Jefferson County, Mississippi jurors are suing *60 Minutes* for its report about exorbitant awards handed out by Jefferson County jurors: \$6 billion.

OLD TOKES HOME

Of the 98 residents of the Claiborne County Hospital nursing home in Tazewell, Tennessee, the number who recently urine-tested positive for marijuana: 24.

ROMANCING THE STONE

Asking price for the egg-size, 733-carat Black Star of Queensland sapphire that was recently offered for sale: \$90 million. Number of years that the owners, thinking it was worthless, used it as a doorstop on their veranda: 11. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

inoffensively through Utah and Colorado, but also through New Mexico, which wants to rename its portion because 666 is the biblical number of the Antichrist. Seems silly—no matter what the name, the drive will be hot as hell in the summer.

Rostromedial prefrontal cortex: According to researchers at Dartmouth College's Center for Cognitive Neuroscience, it's the part of the brain responsible for driving you nuts with a piece of music you can't get out of your head. It's a phenomenon known in German, incidentally, as *Ohrwurm* ("earworm").

Chiasmus: The technical term for a reversal of wording in two otherwise parallel phrases, such as "Never let a fool kiss you or a kiss fool you," "Why do we drive on the parkway and park in the driveway?" (George Carlin) and "It's not the men in my life, it's the life in my men" (Mae West). And the headline below!

A DRINKING STUDY FOR THOSE WHO STUDY DRINKING

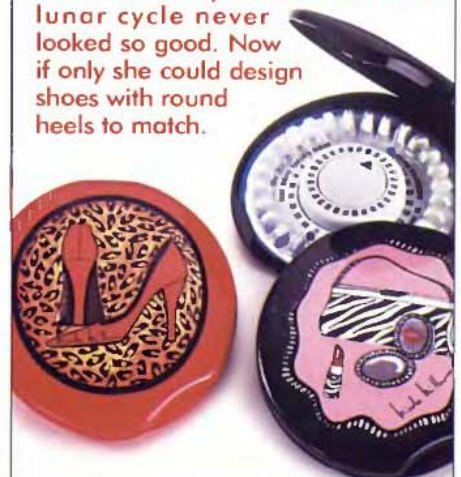
According to a study of 300 males published in *Annals of Internal Medicine*, a gene known as DD has been linked to what has previously been slandered as the "beer belly." It turns out that DD, which occurs in 40 percent of the population, is associated with male weight gain around the waist. DD carriers accumulate more than three times as much fat around the middle than the DD-free, regardless of beverage choices. The only way to celebrate this news is with a nice cold one or three.

SEX A-PEEL

You can dip it in chocolate or mix it into a daiquiri, but the sad fact is the

MOON UNIT

It looks good in her purse and makes her boobs bigger: Designer Nicole Miller's stylish new holders for contraceptive pills, with names like Red High Heels and Zebra Kiss, put a new spin on one of modern life's necessary accessories. The lunar cycle never looked so good. Now if only she could design shoes with round heels to match.




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BAD, BAD DOG

See Harvey the Hound. See him run. See him howl as Edmonton Oilers coach Craig MacTavish tears his foot-long tongue out of his head and tosses it to the crowd. Harvey, the mascot for the Calgary Flames, was subsequently scolded for taunting MacTavish excessively during the Flames victory.



banana may become a victim of agricultural science. Apparently the banana hasn't had sex in years. This dire news comes from Emile Frison, head of the International Network for the Improvement of Banana and Plantain in France, who says without some biodiversity the fruit favorite could fall permanent victim to diseases and pests currently plaguing plantations. Frison predicts that if genetic manipulation fails, we'll be slicing kiwi on our cornflakes in about 10 years.

LOVE POTION NUMBERS ONE AND TWO

Today men seduce with flowers and jewelry, while women rely on (among other things) scent and beauty. It wasn't always so. Be thankful that you live in the modern age—the historical record shows the path of romance has long been littered with various excretions. To wit: In first century Rome, Pliny the Elder made note of an aphrodisiac made from “urine voided by a bull,” either taken in drink or applied externally to “a groin well-rubbed with earth.” In 1584 Englishman Reginald Scot claimed that even an “old hag” could get herself a guy by feeding “unto him to eate (among other meates) her own dung.” Conversely, to break a love spell, the bewitched should defecate into his lover's shoe. German physician Martin Schurig, the

Dr. Ruth of the 18th century, said you could gain another's affection by sneaking some of your own dung into their porridge. This technique echoes many found in early Christian guidebooks. According to some texts, women who sought to incite desire in men would resort to rolling bread dough against their genitalia. One recipe even called for a woman to place a live fish inside her vagina until it died. She was then supposed to cook it and feed it to her man to keep him true. The recipe didn't specify a fish, but we bet it was red snapper.

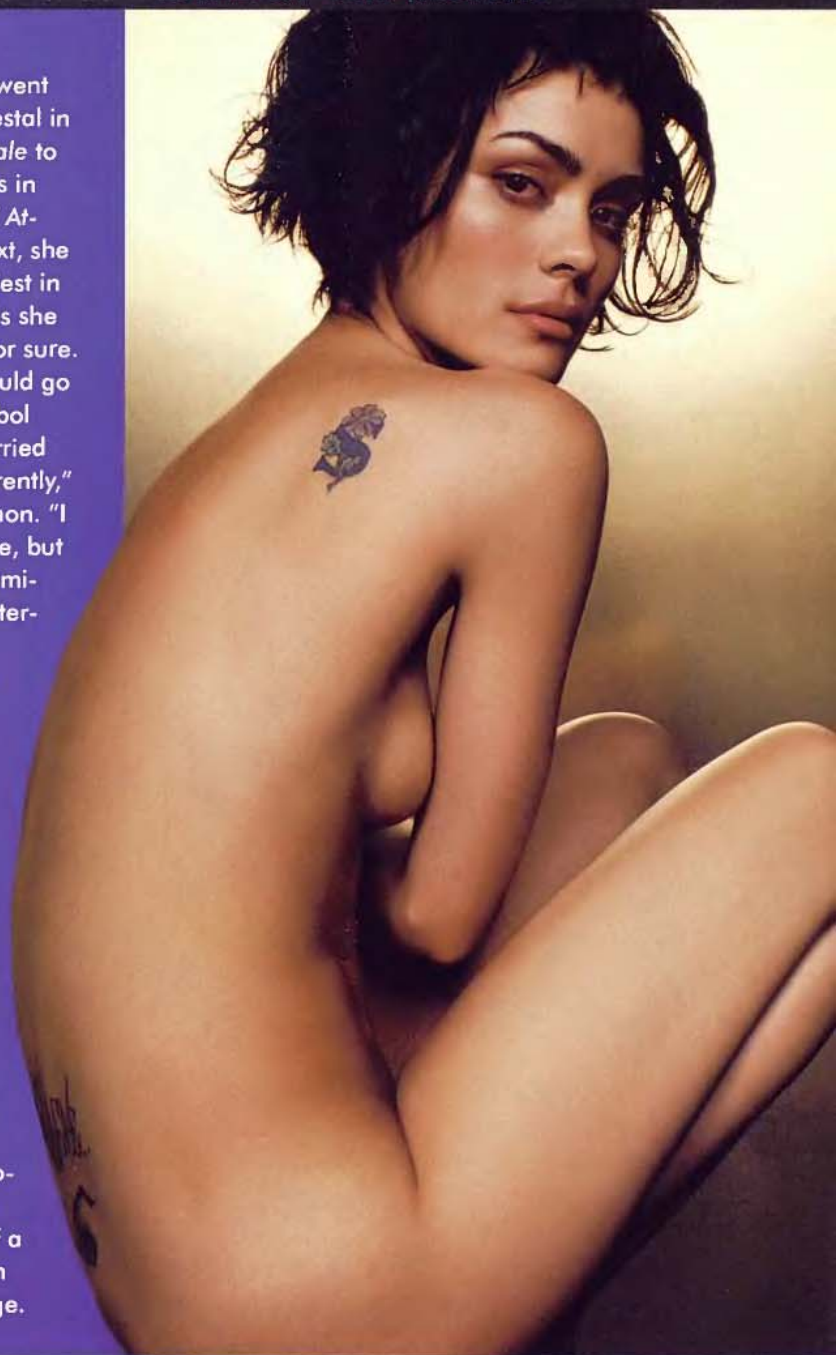
IRAQ: BURNING SANDS, BURNING SEMEN

As if Gulf war veterans didn't have enough to worry about. Researchers

have diagnosed a new illness among soldiers who fought in Desert Storm in 1991: burning semen syndrome. Men suffering from the condition experience pain and soreness at the tip of the penis, while their lovers complain of painful vaginal swelling and burning after exposure to the semen. Dr. Leonard Bernstein of the University of Cincinnati medical school, co-author of a study funded by the Army and published in the journal *Obstetrics and Gynecology*, postulates that the soldiers were exposed to chemicals that may have altered the composition of the protein in their ejaculate. Researchers recruited subjects for the study who seemed to share symptoms. With only 211 of 697,000 Gulf war vets currently identified with the syndrome, the disease is rare.

BABE OF THE MONTH

Shannyn Sossamon went from a pedestal in *A Knight's Tale* to a party mess in *The Rules of Attraction*. Next, she haunts a priest in *The Order*. Is she versatile? For sure. “I know I could go the sex symbol route if I carried myself differently,” says Sossamon. “I have it in me, but it's not a dominant characteristic. I'll be Babe of the Month for the guys I like, but guys who have a clichéd idea about what a babe is would just glide right past me.” Na warries, Shannyn—no one is going to be in too much of a hurry to turn this fine page.



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PREVIEWS

Hollywood Homicide: Harrison Ford and Josh Hartnett play detectives who moonlight in real estate, yoga and acting. How LA can you get? In no time flat the pair smokes out a nasty label boss who may have arranged the murders of a rap group. They couldn't be playing off such real-life legends as Tupac, Biggie or Suge Knight, could they?

Down With Love: Retro canoodling and zippy banter between a hotshot bachelor (Ewan McGregor) and a best-selling women's advice author (Renée Zellweger) mark this reworking of those tickle-and-tease Sixties sex comedies starring Rock Hudson and Doris Day. Chicks may dig the lacquered hairdos, Technicolor, split screen and even a big musical number, but will guys be tempted to flee the theater for a three-day *Jackass* marathon?

Basic: In this stars-and-stripes thriller, John Travolta (in a role earmarked for Benicio Del Toro) is a DEA agent who gets in way over his head investigating the disappearance of a top-flight drill sergeant (Samuel L. Jackson) and his cadets during routine training maneuvers. We don't want to ruin the mystery by revealing any spoilers, but maybe they're all off watching Travolta and Jackson in *Pulp Fiction*. John McTiernan directed this one—let's hope it's more in the style of flicks that put him on the map, like *Die Hard*, and not his most recent, *Rollerball*.

Malibu's Most Wanted: This comedy casts Jamie Kennedy as a pampered hip-hop

wannabe trying to be down with the brothers. His politically ambitious father is so embarrassed by him that he hires two actors (Taye Diggs and Anthony Anderson) to impersonate gangstas and drop Kennedy off in a tough hood, where he learns his street smarts and romances a brown-sugar hottie.

Holes: The screening room buzz has been good for this drama, a teen *Cool Hand Luke* meets *Lord of the Flies* set in a detention camp. Its wild-cat warden, played to the hilt by Sigourney Weaver, forces her young prisoners to dig five-by-five-foot holes every day as a "character-building experience." The cast, headed by newcomer Shia LaBeouf as a guy who is falsely sent up for stealing a pair of sneakers, includes Patricia Arquette and Tim Blake Nelson. Jon Voight is the scary-ass Mr. Sir. —STEPHEN REBELLO

REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

Have you been dying to watch Mena Suvari sitting on a toilet, struggling to defecate? Then have I got a movie for you: *Spun*. Somehow, a number of good actors—John Leguizamo, Suvari, Brit-

tany Murphy and Patrick Fugit, plus the daunting trio of Mickey Rourke, Eric Roberts and Peter Stormare—were talked into participating in this grimy look at people living among the dregs of the drug scene. Some may find merit in its nonjudgmental portrait of this scummy milieu, or in director Jonas Åkerlund's cutting-edge presentation. I could barely get myself to watch this irredeemable piece of crap.

Here's another question for you: If you picked up a public phone and someone started to threaten you, would you listen or simply hang up and walk away? *Phone Booth* is built around the notion that streetwise press agent and hustler



Hartnett test-drives a Ford.

COMING SOONER OR LATER . . .

Right after the new year, a billboard with an image of the Hulk's green fist and the legend 6-20-03 went up outside Universal Studios in Los Angeles. Warner Bros. bought ad time during the Super Bowl to hawk the release of *The Matrix Reloaded* on May 15 and *The Matrix: Revolutions* on November 7. Never mind that *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* has repeatedly gone back into production to shoot additional scenes; Sony has set June 27 as the movie's opening day, and there's no turning back.

These announcements are standard procedure now for studio "tentpole releases," movies that literally hold up the whole year's release slate.

This not only places tremendous pressure on the filmmakers, who have immovable deadlines, but also on the studios, who pay heavily for overtime and often have to hire outside special-effects

Fishburne, Reeves gather Moss.



houses to pick up the slack in tardy postproduction schedules. Unfortunately, this echoes an old axiom from the B-movie factories: "Don't make it good, make it Tuesday."

In the age of blockbusters and megamarketing, movie release dates are not to be trifled with. When industry pundits chided the Disney company for releasing its animated *Treasure Planet* so close to the opening of the studio's other family-friendly film, *The Santa Clause 2*, last year, one executive candidly admitted that the company had no choice because it had been fixed to tie in with a McDonald's campaign.

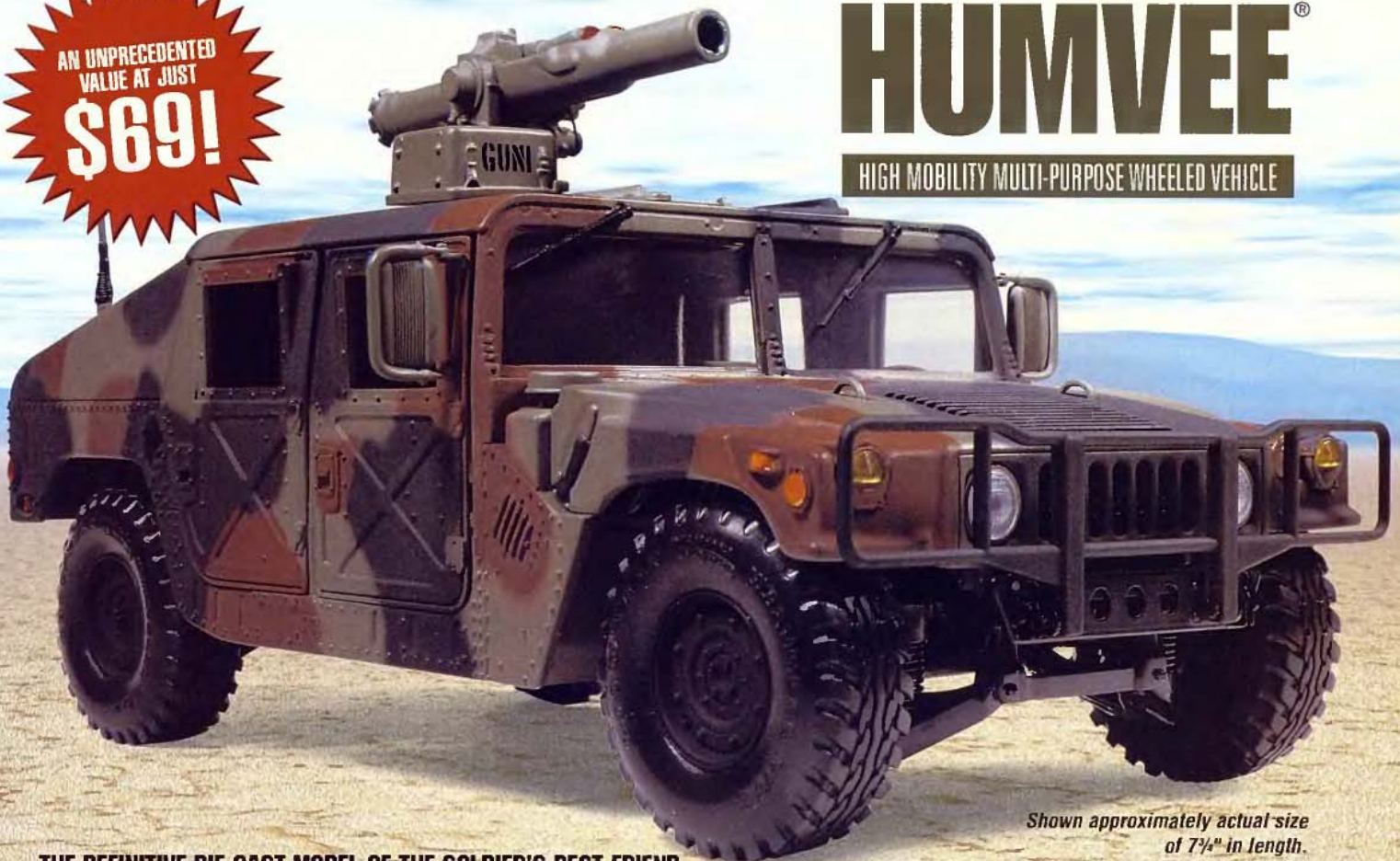
If you think that sounds silly, you don't understand how the movie industry works in the 21st century. Key dates for 2004 have been announced (for the *Spider-Man* sequel, *Mission: Impossible 3*, *Shrek 2*, etc.) and even 2005, when we can look forward to *Star Wars: Episode III* on the weekend before Memorial Day. —L.M.

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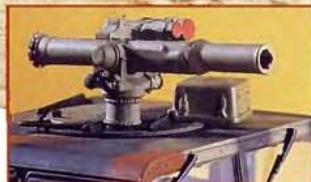
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Colin Farrell does not hang up but instead allows himself to be drawn into the mind games of a faceless assassin who seems to know all Farrell's failings. Because the premise is so shaky, it's difficult to make an emotional investment in this film, which grows more tiresome by the minute. Director Joel Schumacher empties his bag of tricks trying to maintain tension and excitement, but even with actors like Farrell, Forest Whitaker and Kiefer Sutherland, he can do only so much.

Because Robert Duvall is passionate about the tango and apparently feels the same way about Luciana Pedraza, he has combined his interests by writing, directing and starring with her in *Assassination Tango*. Duvall plays a hit man who lives comfortably in Brooklyn with girlfriend Kathy Baker and her daughter until he has to leave it all behind to take an out-of-town job. His assignment takes

him to Argentina, where he is forced to play a waiting game in order to bump off a military leader. With time on his hands, he explores the local clubs

and becomes enamored of a beautiful dancer who introduces him not only to the finer points of the tango but to many of its living legends. This movie comes close to earning the tag of vanity film, but I like tango and Duvall in roughly equal measure, so I found it watchable.

Director Christopher Guest has reassembled the gang from *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show* (including Fred Willard, Catherine O'Hara and Parker Posey) for another deadpan mockumentary, about a less-than-harmonious reunion of Sixties folk music stars. Along with co-conspirator Eugene Levy, he manages to poke fun without being mean-spirited. *A Mighty Wind* is a consistently funny—dare I say—breath of fresh air.



Murphy in *Spun*: We bolted.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Assassination Tango Robert Duvall indulges his love for the tango in this drawn-out story of a hit man who has time to kill in Argentina before taking his shot. **YY**

Daredevil Ben Affleck is just right as the blind lawyer with heightened senses who crusades for justice in this lively adaptation of the Marvel comic book. Jennifer Garner makes a sexy partner. **YYY**

The Life of David Gale Kevin Spacey is terrific as a man on death row who invites reporter Kate Winslet to tell his story—and prove his innocence. For once, director Alan Parker doesn't drown his material with flashy technique. Laura Linney co-stars. **YYY**

A Mighty Wind Christopher Guest scores again with his *Best in Show* gang as veterans of the Sixties folk music scene staging a reunion. **YYY/2**

Old School Luke Wilson, Will Ferrell and Vince Vaughn squeeze all the laughs they can out of this amiable but underwhelming comedy about 30-somethings who try to escape their humdrum lives by starting their own fraternity. **YY/2**

Poolhall Junkies Newcomer Mars Callahan co-wrote, directed and stars in this scattershot film about a young man who wants to become a professional pool player but winds up a hustler. Chazz Palminteri co-stars, but it's Christopher Walken who brings the film to life—all too briefly. **YY**

Phone Booth Colin Farrell picks up a ringing pay phone and falls into the clutches of a faceless adversary who threatens to kill him if he hangs up. There's only one thing wrong with this well-cast film—it doesn't make any sense. **Y**

The Recruit Al Pacino takes Colin Farrell and Bridget Moynahan through CIA training and warns them that nothing is what it seems. The twists keep coming in this thriller, and the stars have charisma to spare, but the final surprise comes so far from left field that it's a letdown. **YY/2**

Shanghai Knights Jackie Chan and Owen Wilson reteam in Victorian England, but this manufactured sequel to *Shanghai Noon* is stale and strained, except when Jackie goes in to action. **YY**

Spun John Leguizamo, Brittany Murphy and Mena Suvari head the cast of this pointless, often disgusting film about druggies. Cutting-edge? Cut me a break! **Y**

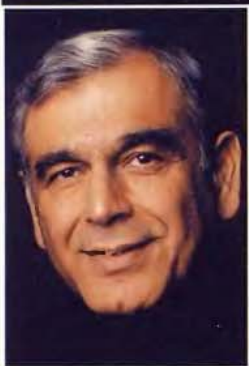
YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YY Good show **Y** Forget it

SCENE STEALER

MISSI PYLE. CURRENTLY ON-SCREEN: In *Bringing Down the House* with Steve Martin and Queen Latifah. **HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SHOOT YOUR CATFIGHT WITH QUEEN LATIFAH IN A BATHROOM?** "Very carefully. My stuntperson actually went to the emergency room, because she got nailed by the toilet. My head was dunked in the toilet and I got a big shiner." **WHAT'S NEXT?** "I'm working on a super-low-budget movie called *Meet Market*. I play a dominatrix, so I wear high boots with a really short skirt. But I'm so tall—about six feet and I wear size 11 shoes—my boots look like they belong to a 200-pound man." **DOES BEING HEIGHT-ENHANCED CREATE OTHER CHALLENGES?** "I generally don't get cast as 'the girl.' When I try to audition for normal characters, I find that I'm not as good. It's actually easier to play a character with something not quite right with her." **CAN WOMEN BE FUNNY AND SEXY AT THE SAME TIME?** "Women are viewed as predominantly sexual creatures, so they have to jump that hurdle. I've been doing sketch comedy with beautiful women who are hilarious. My husband tells me, 'You're beautiful,' and I say, 'I don't want to hear that, I want to hear I'm funny.' Women love to be told that they're funny and smart—especially beautiful women. The best way to pick up the hottest woman is to tell her she's funny or to laugh at her jokes." —L.M.



GUEST SHOT



Although he is best known for such international projects as *A Room With a View*, Indian-born producer and director **Ismail Merchant** finds he spends time watching films that explore the American experience.

"My favorite is still *Gone With the Wind*. Then there's Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* and *Some Like It Hot*. And I'm quite fond of Hal Ashby's film about Woody Guthrie, *Bound for Glory*. More recently I've enjoyed Steven Soderbergh's work, particularly *Sex, Lies and Videotape* and *Traffic*. Of the European directors, I love the films of François Truffaut—they are just magical. I can always watch *The 400 Blows* and *Jules and Jim* with Jeanne Moreau."

—LAURENCE LERMAN

HEAVEN HELP US

Jim Carrey is endowed with omnipotence by God himself—played by Morgan Freeman—in this month's comedy *Bruce Almighty*. Freeman isn't the first person to play the man upstairs, and Carrey isn't the first to be charged with heavenly powers.

Dogma (1999): Kevin Smith's irreverent challenge of Catholicism was called blasphemous when it was released. But where was the outcry over the casting of whiny Alanis Morissette as God?

Michael (1996): What the hell? Horny, beer-drinking, chain-smoking, potbellied John Travolta has a devil of a time as an archangel "vacationing" in Iowa. Just don't ask to pull on his wings.

Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey (1991): The dudes meet the Grim Reaper and stuff, and then they meet Einstein, Confucius and God and have to answer a really hard question before they can return to earth. Most excellent!

The Rapture (1991): A kid predicts the end of the world, and voracious bisexual Mimi Rogers, dang the luck, gets religion—not a minute too soon. Director Michael Tolkin deftly blends the sacred and profane in this underappreciated supernatural drama.

Gabriel and Me (2001): Apparently, angels in the UK dress like glam rock stars. Scottish comedian Billy Connolly answers a boy's prayers with silver toenails and eye makeup.

Manna From Heaven (2001): A suburban family finds \$20,000 on their lawn, and they badly need the dough. Years later the family learns it was just a loan from God and payback is due—or else. Would you take a check, big guy?

The Butcher Boy (1997): This harrowing psychological drama follows a boy's descent into madness, culminated by a visit from Sinéad O'Connor as the Virgin Mary. You'd go crazy, too.

Oh, God! (1977): George Burns appears to grocery store manager John Denver and tells him to spread his word, for he is God. Naturally, they both wind up in court, where God delivers the best line as he's sworn in: "So help me, me."

Whistle Down the Wind (1961): Farmer's daughter Hayley Mills mistakes Alan Bates for Jesus when really he's a murderer hiding in her family's barn. Must have been the beard.

Life of Brian (1979): Brian of Nazareth spends his short life denying he's the Messiah, even telling his fanatic followers, in un-Messiah-like terms, to fuck off. Their response: "How shall we fuck off, O Lord?"

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Don't confuse *The Ring*—director Gore Verbinski's surprise 2002 horror hit about a videotape that kills its viewers—with J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. The source for the horror film is Kôji Suzuki, known as the Japanese Stephen King. His novel was adapted in 1998 by director Hideo Nakata into the

GUILTY PLEASURE

The **International Erotic Collection** (\$110; Wellspring Media) boxes six tasteful (honest!) NC-17 and unrated discs about sex by filmmakers from around the world:

Pala X (1999; kissing your sister can be fun, Deneuve nude!), *Erotique* (1994; trilogy of sex-obsessed stories, Chinese love-making techniques), *Lies* (1999; S&M in a May-December romance), *L'Ennui* (1998; obsessive sex raises important questions—really!), *A Real Young Girl* (2000; worms on vaginas, banned in France) and *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976; you've heard about the ending, now see it). That's a lot of porn, artful enough for your top shelf. Fittingly, it comes in a "peekaboo" box.

—B.M.

film *Ringu*, which has been released simultaneously with *The Ring* on DVD (both from Dreamworks, \$30 and \$27, respectively). Nakata's subtle work is a masterpiece of eerie theater, and its effect is all the more surprising when you consider that it was produced for TV. Nakata fleshed it out for a Japanese theatrical release, which was so successful it spawned two sequels and lots of *Ringu* merchandise. Not to take anything away from Verbinski's work, but one should not miss the original. —GREGORY P. FAGAN



video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
GHETTO LIFE	<i>B Mile</i> (Eminem: The Movie proves every bit as exhilarating as his records; here's hoping it's not his <i>Purple Rain</i> peak), <i>Empire</i> (illicit-drug whiz John Leguizamo goes legit, only to discover the evils of the light side; clichéd but sharp).
DRAMA	<i>All or Nothing</i> (director Mike Leigh's latest finds a working-class British family rising in crisis; finely nuanced), <i>Personal Velocity</i> (Parker Posey, Fairuza Balk and Kyra Sedgwick chew on life's inevitability; well-drawn 2002 Sundance fave).
GRIEF	<i>Moonlight Mile</i> (Jake Gyllenhaal, getting over his fiancée's death by living with her parents, meets a new girl; oddly joyful), <i>Sordid Lives</i> (Del Shores adapts his play about sisters planning their mother's funeral; a celebration of denial).
COMEDY	<i>Roger Dodger</i> (Gotham adman Campbell Scott takes his nephew under his rakish wing for a night; witty and fun), <i>Jackass: The Movie</i> (Johnny Knoxville's can-you-top-this gross-fest bolts MTV for the big screen; vulgar and amusing).
CLASSIC	All cleaned up for DVD: <i>In a Lonely Place</i> (Gloria Grahame offers suspected killer Humphrey Bogart an alibi but wonders. . . .), <i>Day for Night</i> (François Truffaut's seminal 1973 satire of moviemaking—a Foreign Language Oscar winner).

DUBBED best songwriter in America by *Time* magazine in 2001, Lucinda Williams lives up to the title on *World Without Tears* (Lost Highway), a collection of country-infused rock. The boozy concoction of road-weary vocals, uncensored lyrics and sex-drenched guitars makes it seem as if she's crooning just for you.

—ALISON PRATO

Cobra Verde has been making deceptively contrary rock for years. There's more to CV's latest, *Easy Listening* (Muscle Tone), than is suggested by the surface pastiche of Iggy, Ziggy and Roxy (and Jimmy Webb). Dig past the artifice and glam affectation, and you'll find plenty of hard-driving nihilism and sarcasm.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

The Music topped charts in the UK with their debut EP, *You Might as Well Try to Fuck Me*, and now they're poised to rip up the States. Their beautiful, self-titled *Music* (Capitol) evokes Zeppelin and the

Cure, and not since Chris Cornell has a singer glided easily between gorgeous melodies and mirror-cracking screams. —A.P.



When hip-hop seems clichéd, someone comes along to save it. On *Selling Live Water* (Anticon), Sole doesn't pose or front; he lets loose a barrage of words over creepy beats. This is the future of hip-hop.—L.F.

Harry Choates was a Cajun master who died too young. *Devil in the Bayou* (Bear Family) is a two-CD survey of an unrepentant honky-tonk fiddler. There's

VIRAL AVRIL DEPARTMENT: The *Avril Lavigne* computer virus, which promises photos of the singer, is the cyberworld's way of saying she has arrived. Her first major headlining tour of North America will be going strong into mid-May. **REELING AND ROCKING:** Along with his PBS series on the blues, director *Martin Scorsese* will produce a blues concert film with *Aaron Neville, Dr. John, Mavis Staples, Robert Cray* and *Keb' Mo'*, among others. . . . *Jennifer Lopez* will play a woman down on her luck in



great rough-hewn music on *The Essential Adam Hebert Cajun Music Collection* (Swallow). Hebert's singing will break your heart. —L.F.

Twenty-Six Mixes for Cash (Warp) shows Aphex Twin's weird genius as a forensic musician. Richard James doesn't do conventional remixes: In order to save these songs, he destroys them. —L.F.

On *More Parts per Million* (Sub Pop), the Thermals smear distorted vocals over Sonic Youth guitar noise—all within spartan pop-song structures. The sound is thoroughly modern. The Thermals might melt your stereo. —TIM MOHR

Alpinestars take an eclectic approach on their second album, mixing electronics with live instrumentation and adding vocals. Atmospheric *White Noise* (Astralwerks) deftly balance disparate elements, from electro to chill-out. —T.M.

The last pumpkin has been smashed and Billy Corgan is on a giddy honeymoon with his new supergroup, Zwan. *Mary Star of the Sea* (Reprise) features Corgan leading Zwan through 14 expertly arranged tracks. It's postmodern arena rock at its best. —A.P.

Lasse Hallström's An Unfinished Life. . . . **NEWSBREAKS:** Crown is publishing an unauthorized bio of *Eminem* titled *Whatever You Say I Am*. . . . *Metallica's* T-shirt designer has launched a line of baby clothes that parody those sold at concerts. Instead of Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath, parents can buy Nappeth, Baby Nappeth. Go to *metalbabies.com* for more. . . . Thirteen half hours of *The Electric Lounge*, a TV show with profiles of disc jockeys and musicians, debuted this year at a programming convention. . . . Monkee business: *Micky Dolenz* is starring in a touring performance of *Elton's Aida*.—BARBARA NELLIS

AFI flipped from a mediocre SoCal punk band to a fascinating goth-tinged rock group. On *Sing the Sorrow* (Dreamworks) they harness hard-core energy in layered melodies and guitar riffs. Even the subtle moments will have devoted fans in the pit. —JASON BUHRMESTER

James Chance, the confrontational saxophonist, blended Albert Ayler with Captain Beefheart. He also ridiculed concertgoers for not dancing to his funk. The boxed set *Irresistible Impulse* (Tiger Style) covers one of the most influential punk contributors. —J.B.

Even at his most earnest, it's hard to believe that Jason Molina, the one-man indie act known as Songs: Ohia, will ever turn his melancholy around. *The Magnolia Electric Co.* (Secretly Canadian) hints at a sophisticated artist who's only beginning to plumb his depth. —J.B.



Despite its overuse, soundscape is an apt description of the Lothars' music—vistas of sound that are more atmosphere than plot. On their new CD, *Connected* (Wobbly Music), they wring sadness and beauty from such instruments as the hammer dulcimer and the theremin. The live improvisations sound like elegies for Martians, or love songs for robots. —ANAHEED ALANI

In the lo-fi tradition of the Mountain Goats and Will Oldham, the Baptist Generals' *No Silver/No Gold* (Sub Pop) shuns flashy production values in favor of smart, brash displays of anger and vulnerability. —A.A.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
Lothars <i>Connected</i>	7	5	6	7	2
Cobra Verde <i>Easy Listening</i>	7	6	9	7	9
AFI <i>Sing the Sorrow</i>	4	9	5	4	7
Music	1	6	2	1	8
Thermals <i>More Parts per Million</i>	8	8	5	8	7



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D. SN8324 Rhinestone String Bikini Top \$39

E. SN8325 Rhinestone String Bikini Bottom \$26

F. SN8326 Rhinestone Boy Short \$32

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Tropico 2 (PC): Turns out the hardest thing about pirate life isn't learning to swashbuckle in an eye patch, it's maintaining the delicate relationships with your scurvy band of cutthroats. In Tropico 2, plundering is the cornerstone of a thriving economy as you develop your own island, cultivate crew loyalty and add to your stockpile of wenches and parrots. To avoid a revolt, plan on providing plenty of rum, cigars and casinos to entertain pirates between pillaging raids. Having skillful cooks and native girls around doesn't hurt either. If that doesn't work, try hanging a few skeletons up in a public place to remind them of the grim fate that awaits troublemakers. Once you start earning gold, you

will run up the Jolly Roger on bigger ships, hire worthy captains and send your crew on longer and more dangerous missions. It's like the Sims, only with more peg legs.

—SCOTT STEINBERG



Post Mortem (PC): Private eye Gus MacPherson comes out of retirement in Twenties Paris to help a dark and mysterious woman solve the gruesome murders of her sister and brother-in-law. As MacPherson,

players dig up evidence and clues, solve puzzles and interrogate snooty French suspects (who provide a decent whodunit despite some cheesy voice-acting). As it turns out, the ritualistic executions and beheadings are serial killings rooted in ancestral mystic beliefs. It confirms what we already know: Goth girls are into some scary stuff.

—MARC SALTZMAN



> MUST PLAY

World's Scariest Police Chases 2 (PlayStation 2, Xbox): As a sort of flip side to Grand Theft Auto, this game puts you in high-speed pursuits, but on the right side of the law. Like the television show that inspired it, WSPC2 lets you pursue drunks, pissed-off housewives and hardened felons. Use multiplayer mode to bust your buddies and relive the takedown with an instant replay. And once you grow bored with playing Johnny Law, you can switch to Quick Chase mode and attempt a get-away as a redneck a dozen beers into a case of Schlitz. Yee-ha!

—S. S.



Winning Eleven 6 (PlayStation 2): This acclaimed soccer franchise has already stormed through Europe and Japan like hooligans at last call but is only now debuting Stateside. Choose from 54 national teams and 40 club teams in five game modes. Sharpen your slide tackle in the training mode and then take to the pitch (that's field, Yank) with smart computer-controlled teammates. Just don't hog the ball—the game rates your teamwork.



The Master League mode puts you in management, where you'll screw players out of their salaries and steal stars from other squads. Maybe it's not that different from American sports after all.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

GAME BOY ADVANCE SP

First it was Game Boy Advance. Then Platinum Game Boy Advance hit store shelves. Now Nintendo wants us to pony up for Game Boy Advance SP, yet another redesign of the handheld gaming system. The latest Game Boy version's illuminated flip-up screen makes it easier to play in poor lighting conditions, and the silver clamshell design gives the gaming device a more grown-up look on the subway than the original's neon-purple casing. Now all you need is to get a job (\$100).



HIGH SCORE: DESIGNER VIDEO GAME DRUGS

We were somewhere around Vice City when the drugs began to take hold. Every decent subculture needs its own brain-altering substances, so it was only a matter of time before gamers got theirs. Maxx Impulse, NeuroCharge and Aftermath (\$20 to \$30 a bottle) are "customized herbal formulas for the active lifestyle," promised by MindFX Science to improve video game playing. I grabbed a fistful of pills and an armful of games and kicked open the doors of perception.

Day one: Just gobbled my first doses of Maxx Impulse and NeuroCharge. Both promise an increase in performance for "video game players, dart enthusiasts, chess professionals and

athletes." I keep a friend around to resuscitate me in case I flatline. Nothing happens except for his kicking my ass at Halo.

Day two: I down another dose and wait to be transformed into a supergamer. I seize a controller, fire up Madden 2003 and, despite the pills, get beaten like an anorexic at a pie-eating contest.

End of week one: I've been popping pills like Matthew Perry and the only thing that's changed is the color of my urine. According to the folks at MindFX Science, it can take from two days to two weeks to see any improvement.

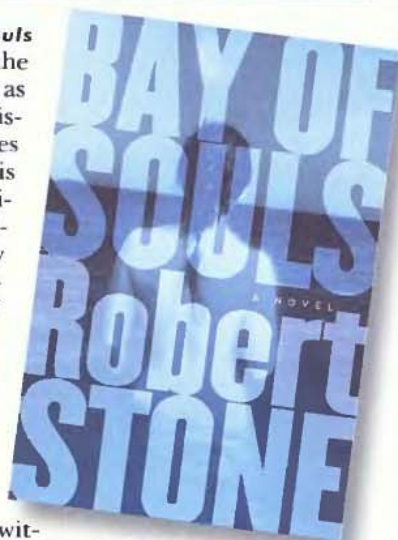
Verdict: After cooling off with an Aftermath pill (designed to help gamers downshift after adrenaline-pumping play), I conclude that the contents of all these pills—ginseng, guarana and ginkgo biloba—do little to improve gaming abilities. I'm switching back to the illegal kind.

—DARREN GLADSTONE

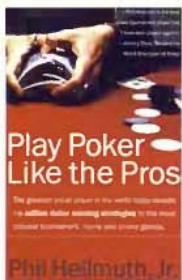


books

Robert Stone's *Bay of Souls* (Houghton Mifflin) shows the author in a stylistic languor as narcotic as the Caribbean island on which the story takes place. A college professor is content with his sedate family life until a kinky co-worker arrives on campus. They decide to meet on her native island for a week of S&M, but before he can unpack the whips, she reveals the real reason for the trip: She intends to reclaim her soul from a voodoo priestess. Oh, she needs a small favor, too. Before he arrived, she unwittingly became involved in drug



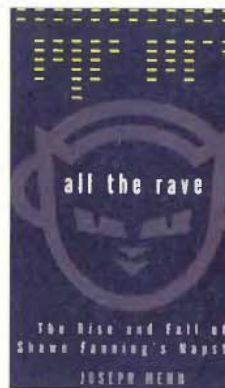
smuggling. To save her from some dealers, he dives into the ocean to retrieve a stash from a crashed plane. The plot is unlikely, even preposterous, but it's still more fun than vacationing with your family. —PATTY LAMBERTI



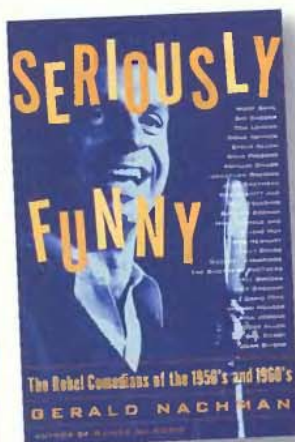
We live by this precept: If you're playing poker and you don't know who the sucker is, it's you. In *Play Poker Like the Pros* (Quill), 1989 World Series of Poker champion Phil Hellmuth Jr. offers can't-lose advice that includes a list of top 10 hands, tips on how to read opponents and smart tactics for

raising, bluffing and folding. He even shows you how to clean up the table in seven-card stud and Omaha. —JASON BUHRMESTER

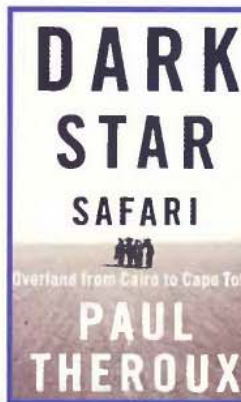
Popular legend paints controversial music-downloading service Napster as a virtual people's revolution quashed by the recording industry. The startling revelation in Joseph Menn's *All the Rave: The Rise and Fall of Shawn Fanning's Napster* (Crown) is that what really killed Napster was greed and mismanagement. Higher-ups repeatedly turned down deals from the music industry that could have kept the application alive. Menn's book is a slow read, but it lays out the story without missing a beat. —ANAHEED ALANI



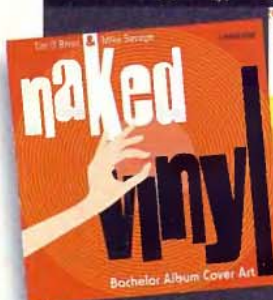
Comedy is no laughing matter in Gerald Nachman's *Seriously Funny: The Rebel Comedians of the 1950s and 1960s* (Pantheon), which profiles pioneers such as Mort Sahl, Sid Caesar, Phyllis Diller, Dick Gregory, Woody Allen and Lenny Bruce. Nachman laments that comics of the Fifties were dismissed as innocent, and that Sixties comedy was overshadowed by civil unrest. Despite obstacles, these entertainers caused a satirical uprising that continues to influence today's marquee comics. Nachman notes this history, but he should have taken a cue from his heroes and lightened up. —ALISON PRATO



As good as his novels can be, Paul Theroux is best when he writes about travel. With his latest book he returns to Africa, where he got his start as a writer nearly 40 years ago. *Dark Star Safari* (Houghton Mifflin) details his journey from Cairo to Capetown. En route we meet Jamaican Rastafarians in Ethiopia, a rat-faced Malawi border official and a Lithuanian who has moved from Vilnius to South Africa. When Theroux returns to Uganda he finds the promise of independence corrupted and the populace decimated by AIDS. Yet even there he sees indomitable human spirit. *Dark Star Safari* reveals the mystery of Africa, a continent of incredible disparity and resilience. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS



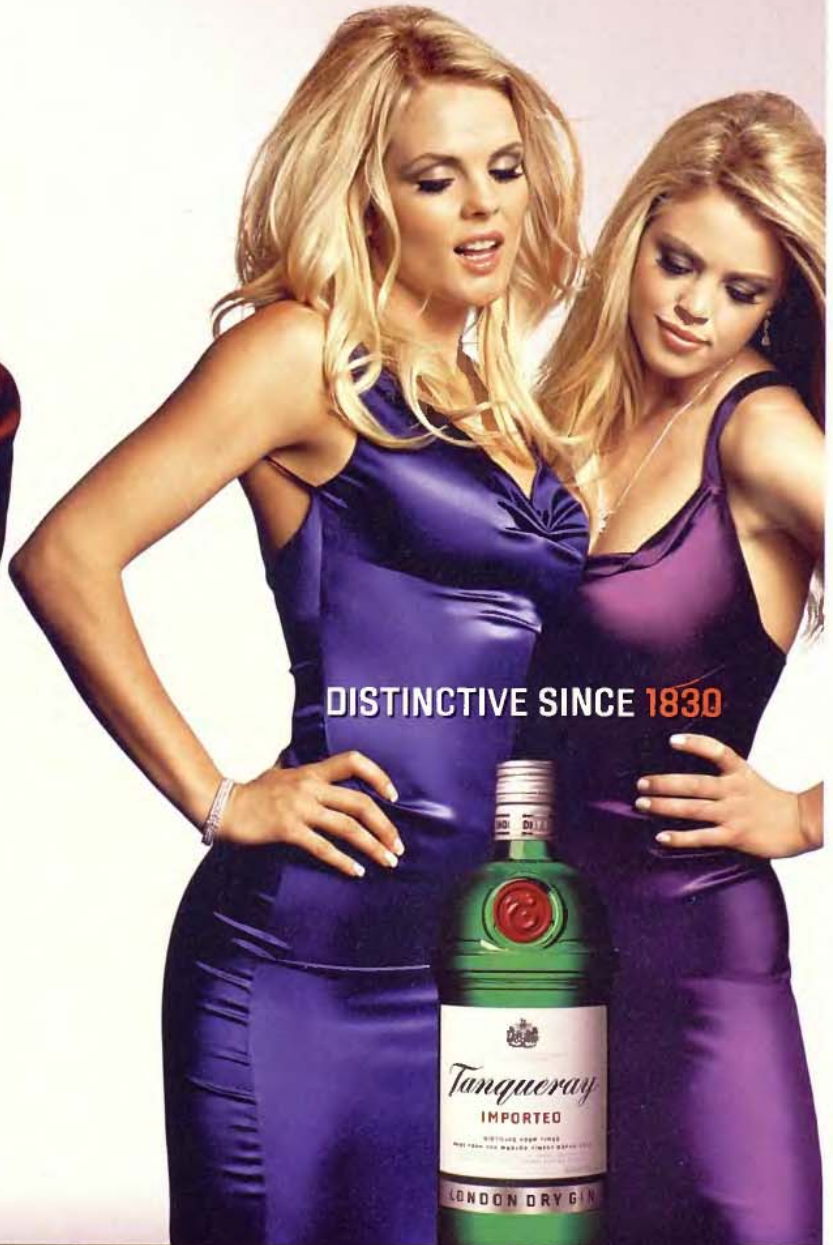
Two Brits who own a second-hand record shop put their obsession for old LPs to good use in *Naked Vinyl* (Universe), a collection of sexy album covers spanning five decades. We applaud Tim O'Brien and Mike Savage's enthusiasm for making sure this piece of erotic vinyl heaven is preserved for you to see. —JARRETT BANKS



Most baseball photo books are perfunctory exercises in nostalgia. Walter Iooss' *Classic Baseball* (Abrams) is certainly nostalgic, yet it captures the timelessness of the sport. Iooss, staff photographer for *Sports Illustrated*, is heavy on New York teams, but other subjects include Bob Gibson on the mound and Brooks Robinson in the field. Iooss' photos are still fresh. —L.F.



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Hef says drink responsibly

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INTERNATIONAL BOOB TUBES

Since Playboy TV's 1995 debut in Japan, other international versions of it have been launched in 50 countries. Now the planet is bursting with sexed-up couch potatoes. We talked with Douglas Lindquist, networks executive vice president at Playboy TV International, to find out what kinds of programs are being screened—and banned—overseas. "We have to select the material that works best in each country," Lindquist reports. Here's the lowdown:

Long Live Wankers: Michelle Thorne and Elen Cole host *SXTV*, a live version of *Night Calls* that has become the United Kingdom's most popular televised sex show. "Outlandish requests for bizarre sexual activity are never turned down," Lindquist says. "In the United States a lot of callers are women or couples having sex. In the UK many of the callers are good old boys who are touching themselves—we call them wankers. The show is about exhibitionism and satisfaction, so orgasms are encouraged."

Oui, Oui, Ouil: French viewers adore *Night Calls: Allo les Filles*, starring Nomi, Asia and Dolly the Internet surfer. On French TV, bare breasts are common, but sex is not allowed to be shown before 10:30 P.M. After midnight, anything goes.

for example, to show a teacher having sex with a student," Lindquist says. "Plenty of off-the-wall themes are OK, as long as they edit out all of the pubic hair. That is one rule that simply cannot be broken."



Left: *Night Calls: Allo les Filles* stars Nomi, Asia and Dolly. Below: Playmates Notalia Sokolova and Jami Ferrell celebrate the launch of Playboy TV in Hong Kong. Right: In the UK Michelle Thorne and Elen Cole host *SXTV*.



Banzai—Hair Be Gone!: Just about anything goes in Japanese adult movies—schoolgirl fantasies, bukkake, even what is sometimes construed as nonconsensual sex. But our friends from the land of the rising sun draw the line at hair . . . down there. "In Japan it's acceptable,

Scandinavians Dig Tall Drinks of Water: Everyone on Scandinavian Playboy TV looks just like 1997 Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt: six feet tall and blonde. This is a good thing.

Group Sex, Taiwan-Style: In Taiwan a woman watching a man and a woman making love is considered group sex. "We've had to cut scenes like that out of some programs," Lindquist says.

IS THAT ON YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE? OUR FAVORITE ADULT STAR NAMES

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Billy Glide | April Flowers | Erik Everhard |
| Dru Berrymore | Ryan Idol | Brian Pumper |
| Bunny Luv | Dave Cummings | Miles Long |
| Kimi Lixx | Holly Hollywood | Dale DaBone |
| Fluffy Cumsalot | Jenteal | Daisy Chain |
| Calli Cox | Anita Blonde | Anna Malle |
| Jewel De'Nyle | Gina Wild | Flick Shagwell |
| Lexington Steele | Wendy Whoppers | Alysin Chaynes |
| Rock Hard | Dolly Buster | Shelbee Myne |
| Christy Canyon | Misty Rain | Angelica Sinn |
| Serenity | Nadia Nice | Cherry Rain |
| Woody Long | Wesley Pipes | Carolyn Monroe |
| Belladonna | Michael J. Cox | |

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE SEX SCENE?

Julia Ann, host of *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*: "The music and dancing numbers in *Moulin Rouge* are super-sexy. But my favorite is from *Nine and a Half Weeks*. Kim Basinger is in the rain, dressed like a man, having sex under a stairwell with Mickey Rourke. It's raw sex. Without drama, what's sex? There has to be some kind of high. It can't just be, 'You have a nice ass.'"



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**MERRITT CABAL WINS
CYBER GIRL OF THE YEAR**

It was an arduous task, but in the end, after evaluating hundreds of beautiful nude women, members of the Playboy Cyber Club selected Merritt Cabal to be our 2003 Cyber Girl of the Year. Merritt, a native of New Orleans whose family tree goes back as far as Louis XIV, likes the notion of descending from royalty. You probably wouldn't recognize the princess at her day job, though—running her own construction firm. We watched Merritt shed her hard hat (and everything else) at Las Alamandas, a 1500-acre resort in Jalisco, Mexico. During the photo shoot we learned one thing: Our Cyber Club members made the right decision—Merritt is as gregarious as she is gorgeous.

Q: You're a former Hooters girl. Did your regulars really come in for the wings?

A: Yes, I swear. The food is really quite good.

Q: Do you still have your Hooters outfit?

A: I do. My boyfriend tells me that if I misbehave, he's going to send me packing in my little orange shorts.

Q: Does your boyfriend have any sexy nicknames for you?

A: He calls me Squirrel.

Q: We guess that will have to do. What were you like in high school?

A: I was the cheerleader type—I was popular and outgoing. You wouldn't guess, but my appearance in *PLAYBOY* surprised everyone.

Q: Did you date a lot of football players in high school?

A: No, I had one boyfriend throughout that entire period.

Q: Growing up in the Big Easy, were you surrounded by sex?

A: Not really. We lived in a suburb, so I wasn't exposed to that whole French Quarter scene. That's not to say that I haven't seen more debauchery than most



people. To be honest, nothing shocks me anymore.

Q: If you had to choose between sex, drugs and rock and roll, which one would you pick?

A: Sex. It's euphoric, like a drug.

Q: What would we be surprised to find out about you?

A: I am quite reserved. No, seriously!

Q: What is the biggest mistake guys make with women?

A: Lying. Guys who lie to impress us only turn us off. Do they really think we're that stupid? And the lies are usually so transparent. My advice is to always be yourself and act natural.

Q: What other sorts of things can men learn from women?

A: They can learn to be more attentive. Women are naturally more attentive to the needs of others. Men—take note: Our needs matter, too.

Q: Are you comfortable in your new role as a sex symbol?

A: I don't think about it. It's hard to perceive yourself as other people see you. I will admit that all the attention is definitely flattering and the fan letters are nice.

Q: What one thing always puts you in the mood?

A: I can get completely turned on by the faint smell of a guy's cologne. The subtle scent on skin can be very powerful and overwhelming. Don't overdo it with cologne, though—that can have the opposite effect.

Q: Bedroom attire: a lace teddy or nothing at all?

A: Nothing at all. Less is more.

Q: Is there a woman in Hollywood you find sexy?

A: Ashley Judd. She is funny, beautiful and successful.

Q: What makes a guy sexy?

A: A nice ass doesn't hurt.

To see Merritt's new CGOY pictorial, click on to Playboy.com. If your girl wants to be the next Cyber Girl, tell her to check out Playboy.com/cybergirl.

50TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH



The search is on for our 50th Anniversary Playmate. We've teamed up with Jillian's Entertainment Multiplex Centers (jillians.com) to host search parties across the country. Think your girl's birthday suit is 50th Anniversary material? To give you an idea of how life-changing the title can be, we called Jaime Bergman, our 45th Anniversary Playmate. As you know, Jaime parlayed her Playmate status into a starring role in a hit TV show, *Son of the Beach*, and a high-profile marriage to Angel star David Boreanaz. "Even as a little girl, I wondered how it would feel to be a Playmate," she says. "Here I am, living the dream." If you know a knockout who would like to make her own Centerfold aspirations a reality, tell her to lag on to Playboy.com/50thsearch for more infarnation.

**HOW TO BLOW IT
AT THE PLAYMATE
SEARCH**

1. Bring in head shots that were taken by R. Kelly.
2. Wax in the shape of a Rabbit Head.
3. Use SpangeBob SquarePants Band-Aids to cover your tattaas.
4. Tan until you're a delectable shade of orange.
5. Talk incessantly about your breast-reduction scars.
6. Spend your lunch eating chicken wings and fighting with your pimp.
7. Ask, "If I became a Playmate, do I get to meet Larry Flynt?"



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GET THE PLAYBOY EDGE IN YOUR LIFE!

By ASA BABER

WHISTLE-BLOWERS have been in the news lately, especially the brave people who risked their careers to expose corruption at Enron and Worldcom. Many of their stories are public knowledge, proof that capitalism can sometimes regenerate and correct itself under the glare of unwanted publicity.

Whether they are personally popular or not, whistle-blowers can be necessary cleansing agents in the sewers of organizational malfeasance. When they are proved right, they should be honored, not despised; promoted, not suppressed. Their courage and outspokenness are often all that stand between survival and bankruptcy.

But have you ever wondered whether we have whistle-blowers inside the most secret agencies of our U.S. government—and what would happen to them if they uncovered mismanagement or corruption at the top? Do spooks whistle, and if they do, are they heard and acknowledged inside their own bureaucracies? Or does the intelligence business consist of agencies that are more rigid and less flexible toward their whistle-blowers than public corporations are? (Wouldn't that be ironic?)

Years before the event we now call 9/11, were there stouthearted spooks who tried to blow the whistle as they sent warnings to their leadership about the birth and growth of Islamic terrorist networks in Europe? Did those same spooks predict an attack on the U.S.? Were our intelligence agencies blindsided by the events of 9/11, as some people claim, or did the top dogs ignore or suppress infractions?

On September 11, an event known in some circles as Clusterfuck Central (and one that still hasn't been explained to the public with a thorough government investigation), 19 terrorists, using primitive weapons and profiting from the shrewd and patient planning of their leaders, took over four U.S. airliners and turned them into cruise missiles. To quote Paul Bremer, former U.S. ambassador-at-large for counterterrorism, "September 11 was a dramatic failure of intelligence on a colossal scale not seen since Pearl Harbor." (Bremer has also said, "We have to kill the terrorists before they come here and kill us." I've never communicated with him, but he is definitely my kind of guy.)

The question of 9/11, of what we knew and when we knew it, of spooks who had been in the field for years, taking high risks to surveil the bad guys, continually conveying what is called "ground truth" to their superiors (only to be dismissed or ignored), hits home with me. I am


WALTER SAUNDERS

WHEN SPOOKS WHISTLE

certain there were whistle-blowers in the 9/11 fiasco, just as there were whistle-blowers before the Vietnam war. But whistle-blowers do not fare well under the sclerotic leadership of our nation's intelligence officials.

My roots as an intelligence junkie run deep. As a child I was fascinated by tales of espionage. Later I was asked by one of my mentors—a man high in the ranks of the Central Intelligence Agency—to apply to his shop for employment. "They don't teach you how to pick locks at Princeton," he used to joke. I was in the Marine Corps at the time, and I considered his offer seriously.

My mentor had been a journalist who covered the rise of Adolf Hitler in Germany in the Thirties. He was one of the last foreign correspondents kicked out of Berlin before World War II began. He then joined the Office of Strategic Services and worked there for its duration (it later became the CIA).

He was a man I admired, but before I interviewed with his organization, I was sent overseas briefly in the early Sixties as a member of a secret military task force. (President Kennedy was considering whether to send Marines into Laos at the time, and I volunteered for duty.) But something happened over there that allowed me to see the darkest side of the espionage game.

We were headquartered on Okinawa, which was where I learned that the spooks on the ground in Laos knew in detail what was going on. I had full access to some of them and learned a lot about our clumsiness in Southeast Asia. However, the analyses and reports and other data those agents sent back to

Washington were shelved or rewritten at the highest levels. Under the editing of intelligence bigwigs, ground truth started to look more like ground-round truth, diluted, garbled and unrecognizable to its original collectors.

When I returned to these shores, I had seen enough to know I would not function well in such a foul administrative climate. I was too much of a maverick to put up with that kind of corruption at the top, so I never formally applied to the CIA (and assume I would have been rejected if I had). But from 1961 on, I had to live with the knowledge that if Uncle Sam was going to wade chest-deep into Vietnam, things would not go well. It was heavy knowledge, made worse by the fact that I could not talk to anyone about it.

Given my history, it shouldn't surprise you to learn that many of the friends I had in military and espionage circles stayed in touch with me through the years. They knew I was safe to talk to and would never blow their covers. Without betraying national secrets, they explained things when I had questions and kept me informed. That is how I came to experience Vietnam all over again in the Nineties as the Middle East simmered and our hard-core spooks tried to warn headquarters that all was not well, only to be stifled once more.

The heart of the matter: My sources were aware that deals were being cut between terrorist cells and various European governments. The terrorists were being given safe haven by those governments (including police protection from American investigators) in exchange for a pledge that they would commit no violence on the soil of their European benefactors. As our spooks overcame many deliberate obstacles and managed to track the terrorists anyway, they could see that the cells were growing in power and sophistication and that America was their primary target. Much of the vital data our field agents forwarded about our supposed allies' cooperation with the terrorists were destroyed or suppressed. Meanwhile, those terrorist cells metastasized at an alarming rate.

It is not an exaggeration to say that September 11 became a date that will live in infamy because our own high bishops of intelligence defrocked their loyal priests in the field in order to censor certain hard, embarrassing truths. That betrayal of our nation is equivalent to several Pearl Harbors. We can only hope that things are now changing for the better in those bizarre halls of masks and mirrors and deception.



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are my horse, my rope and my Copenhagen.
But not necessarily in that order."**

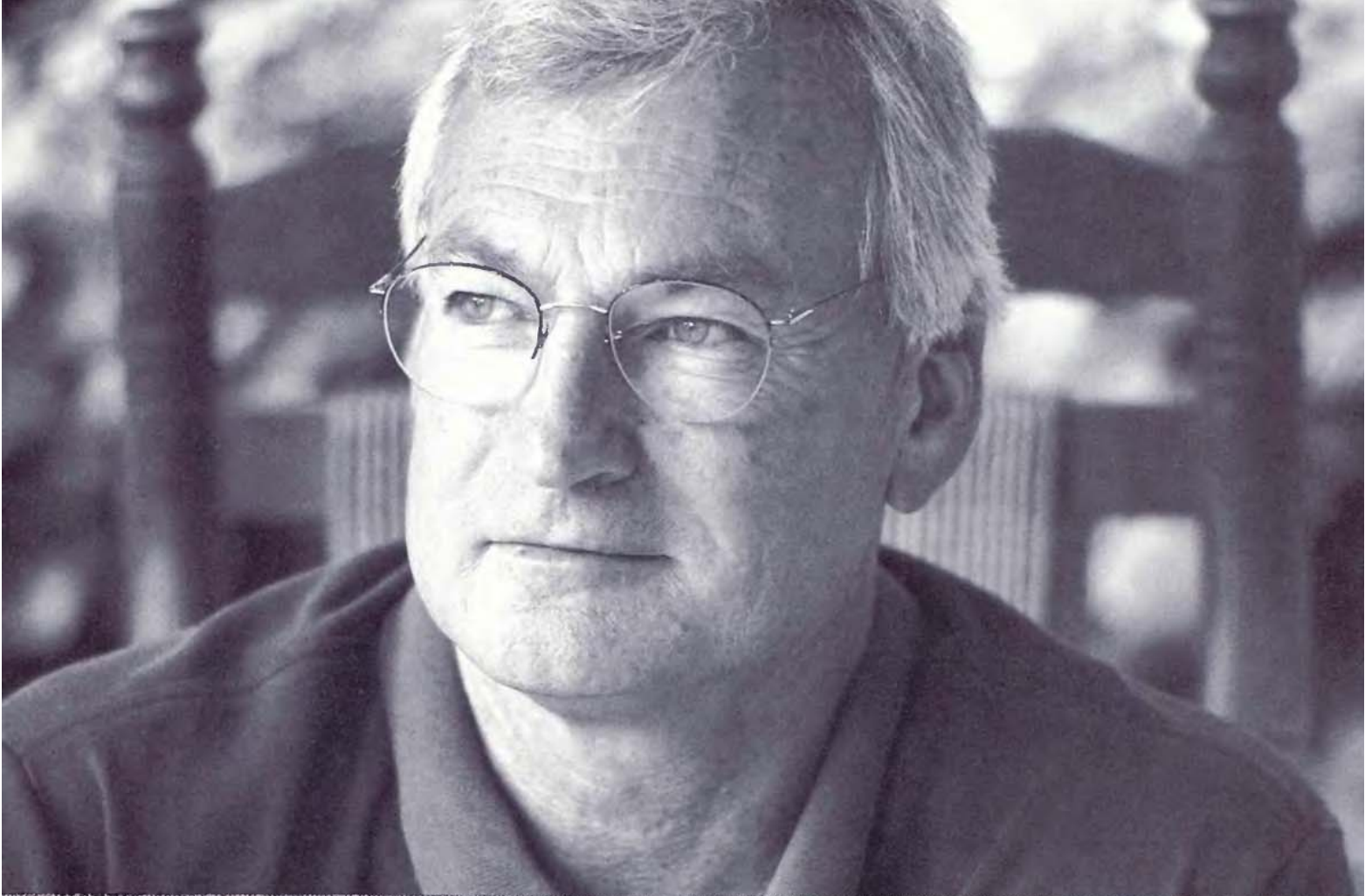
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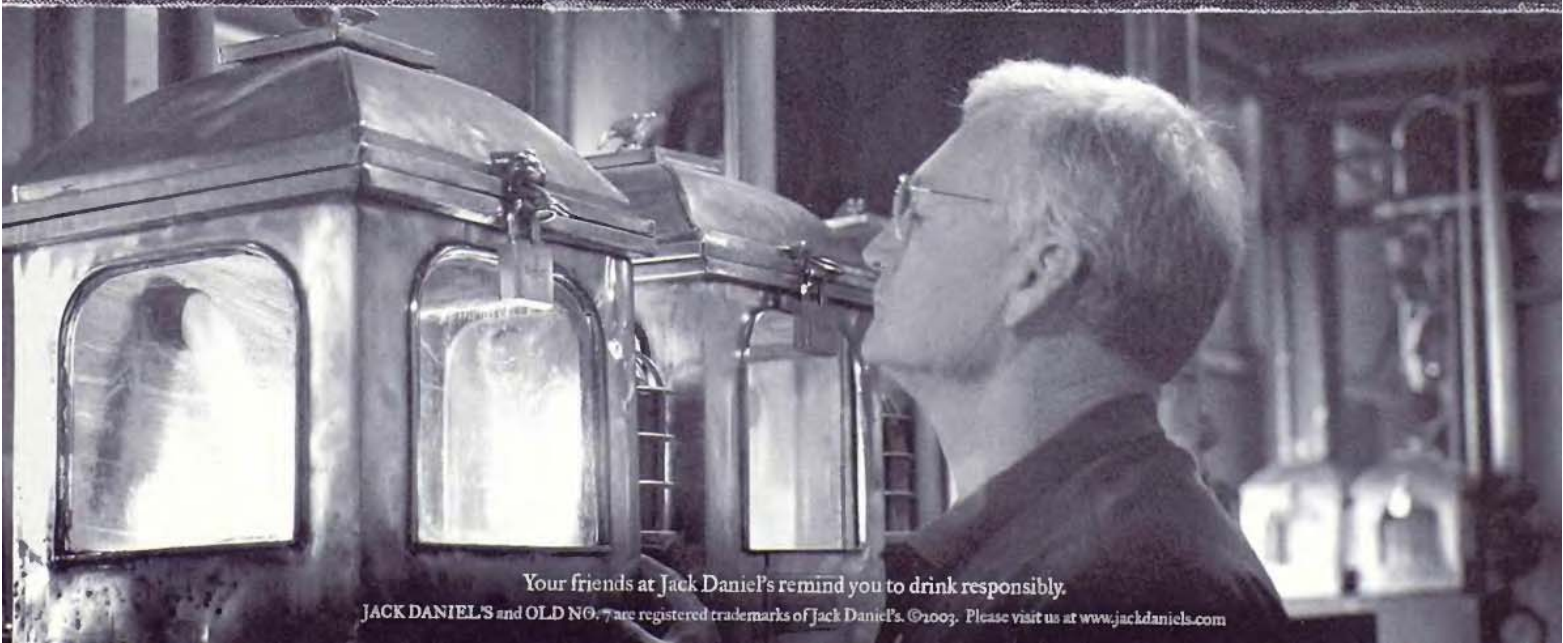


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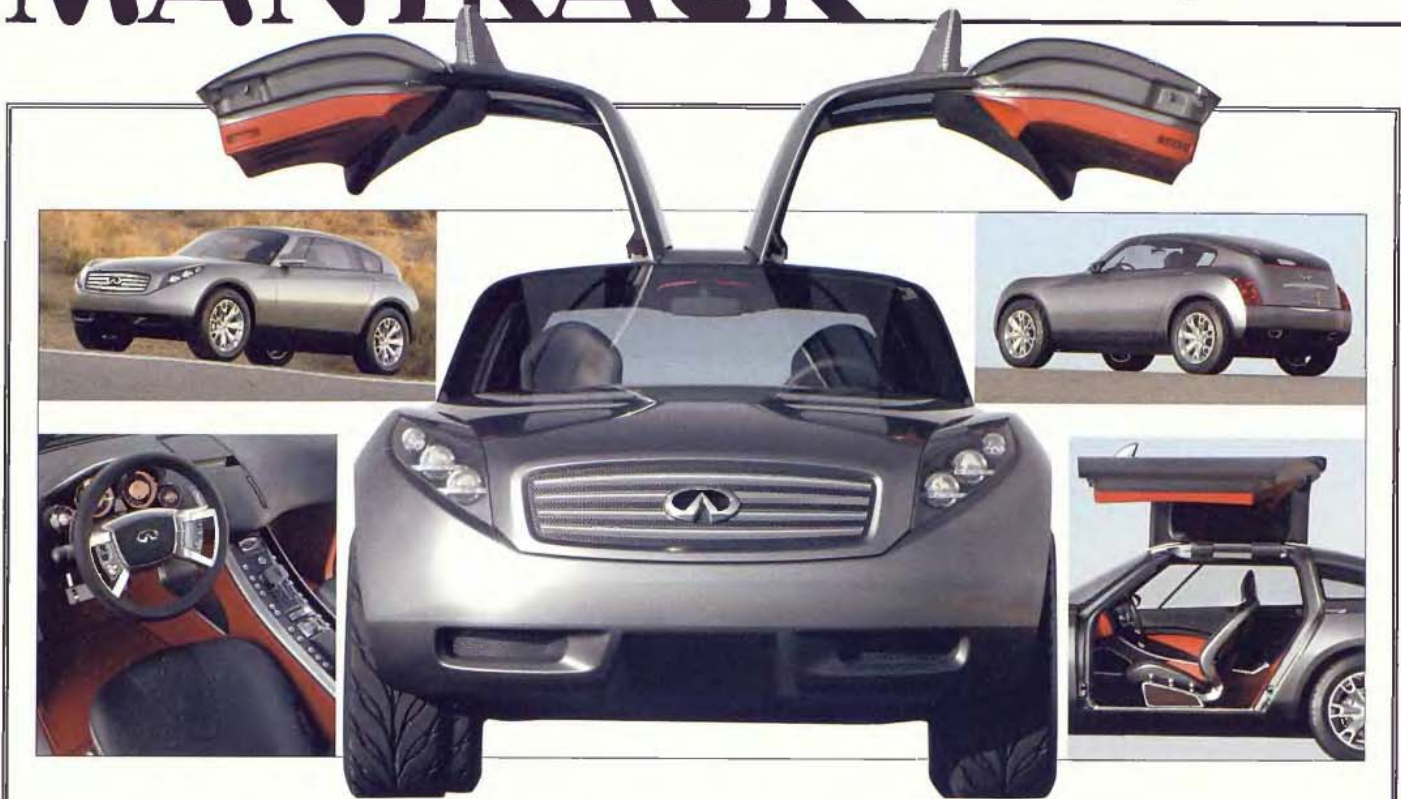
He checks the corn, the rye, the barley. He checks the water, the yeast, the mash. In fact, Head Distiller Jimmy Bedford watches over every single drop of Jack Daniel's whiskey, proving that sometimes, **micromanagement** can be a good thing.



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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



To Infiniti and Beyond

Plans for mutant-mobiles that meld the features of SUVs, station wagons and sports coupes are on the drawing boards of several automakers looking for the next big score. Infiniti has crafted a concept vehicle, the gull-winged Triant, and if the decision were up to us, we'd have this baby zooming down roads this fall. Its power plant is a stack 280 hp V6 coupled to a five-speed automatic transmission and all-wheel drive with variable height adjustment. The remote-control doors feature alarm sensors to help avoid scrapes. (That should impress the hell out of parking attendants.) Triple headlights turn with the car, and the audio and navigation systems, as well as the in-car phone, are voice activated. Best of all, you can take it off-road comfortably, as the bucket seats contain individual shock absorbers. We don't want to dream, we want to drive.

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③ HOLD HEAD AT TEMPLES AND OVERLAP YOUR THUMBS ON MIDLINE OF HEAD. PRESS AT ONE-INCH INTERVALS BACK TOWARD CROWN.



④ CUP YOUR HAND UNDERNEATH CHIN AND PRESS ALONG CENTER GROOVE OF CHIN AND CENTER OF UPPER LIP. APPLY UPWARD PRESSURE UNDER CHEEKBONE.

Drink for the Derby

There's a chocolate martini (vodka, chocolate liqueur and a chocolate curl), a Cajun martini (pepper vodka, dry vermouth and an olive stuffed with a pickled jalapeño pepper) and even a Winston Churchill martini (gin and a glance at the vermouth bottle from across the room). So why shouldn't the Kentucky Derby have its own martini? Here's what turf tipplers will be downing at Louisville's Red Lounge this May 3.

Mint Julep Martini

2 ounces orange liqueur
2 ounces bourbon
¼ ounce vanilla vodka
¼ ounce peppermint schnapps
Shake with ice and strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with mint sprigs and an orange twist. Just remember, none for the jacks until after the race.



MANTRACK

You Are . . . Where?

What good are all those addresses, memos, expense sheets and other life essentials you've painstakingly entered into



your Palm OS 5 operating system if you don't know where the hell you're going? That's got to be Garmin International's rationale for creating the iQue 3600—the first personal digital assistant that offers global-positioning-satellite capabilities. Whew! No more wak-

ing up and not knowing whether you're giving a big presentation in Paris or Peoria. Plus, the iQue 3600 is an MP3 player and a vibrating alarm. The price: \$589.

Clothesline: Jimmy Kimmel

The host of ABC's *Jimmy Kimmel Live* says he has "no personal style, and most people who have seen me know that. I wear whatever the wardrobe guy on my show picks out, plus any T-shirts that viewers might send me. I have a favorite one that pictures a guy vomiting—sometimes I wear it when I'm going out for a good dinner. I also have a special pair of shirts that have been with me since high school. I'll wear whatever my mother buys me or whatever's in my dresser drawer that looks relatively clean. I have no favorite designers. I don't even know the names of any. Wait, I have a Hugo Boss suit that's nice. I even paid for that one."



Seafood in Seconds

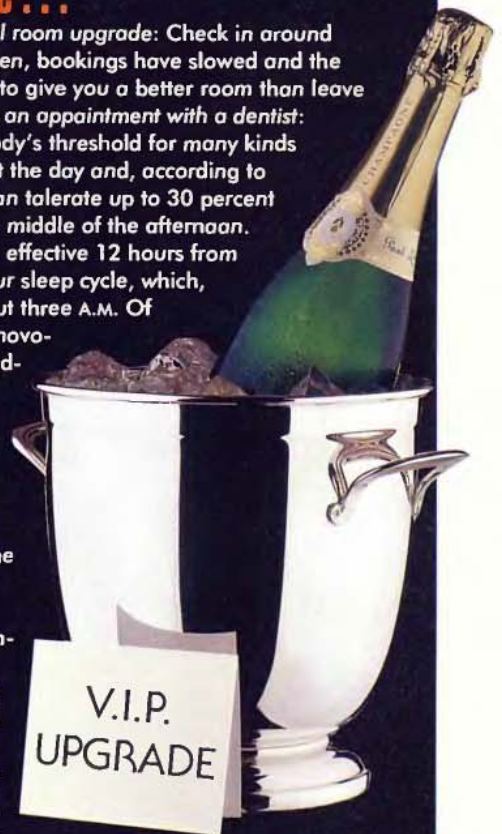
Seared tuna with chili, coriander and lime dressing can be prepared in advance, leaving you free to knock back cocktails with your guests. The fillets are cooked one at a time until all sides are seared and blackened. The

dressing is made with ginger, chilies, garlic, soy sauce, vegetable oil and coriander. Then everything is kept in the fridge until it's time to spoon the dressing over the chilled fish. This recipe is from *Entertain*, a hardcover by Landan restaurateur Ed Baines. (Trafalgar Square is the distributor.) Other recipes for light lunches, picnics, brunches and formal dinners are also no-brainers. Price: \$29.95.



The Perfect Time . . .

- **To bargain for a hotel room upgrade:** Check in around eight P.M. or later. By then, bookings have slowed and the manager is more likely to give you a better room than leave it empty.
- **To schedule an appointment with a dentist:** About three P.M. The body's threshold for many kinds of pain rises throughout the day and, according to chronobiologists, you can tolerate up to 30 percent more dental pain in the middle of the afternoon. Plus, anesthesia is most effective 12 hours from the deepest point of your sleep cycle, which, for most people, is about three A.M. Of course, a good shot of novocaine trumps time considerations.
- **To buy shoes:** About half an hour to an hour after a workout, or at the end of the day, when your feet are biggest.
- **To walk away from the table in Vegas:** When you've won half your stake. According to gambling authority Marvin Karlin, if, say, you start with \$3000, you should quit when you are up \$1500. Stay in if you're on a hot streak but fold when you lose one bet. Buy traveler's checks. Mail them home.



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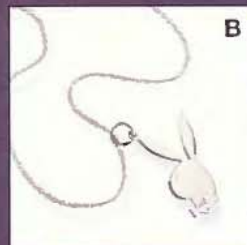
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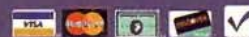
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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

POWER LUNCH

healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

The inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe and he was hotter than ever before. The power and sexual energy that he suddenly had was even more than when we first started making love almost 10 years ago! It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of it all – he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking, men don't have multiples. That's what I thought too, but trust me, he was and his newfound passion and vigor was such an incredible turn-on to me also, that before we knew it we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. After a few days, I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of nearly 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled



a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes this supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes" and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a supplement that will most certainly trigger much longer and stronger orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from

a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate her own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax!*

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As for finding it in the states, I know of just one importer, Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-OGOPLEX or Ogoplex.com. Ogöplex tablets are pure flower seed extract and are safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland

The Playboy Advisor

I had a dream in which I was eating bananas. Wherever I went I always had a banana. I told my boyfriend about it and he said I must have wanted to suck his cock. Is there anything to that?—P.L., Las Vegas, Nevada

It depends on how you ate the bananas. If you bit into them, you're angry at your boyfriend's penis. If you broke pieces off, you want more servings in bed. If you believe any of this, you're nuts. Even Freud cautioned that a banana is sometimes just a banana—and we say it's always a banana (if you wanted to suck your boyfriend's cock, you would dream about sucking his cock). That hasn't stopped generations of "dream therapists" from compiling fanciful glossaries. A plane could be a flying penis, a womb or a symbol of bisexuality. Eating a hamburger represents cunnilingus. Sinking into mud indicates an anal fixation. Sucking a woman's nipple reflects financial worries. Fucking her naval means you want a child. If you hold and stroke a bird, you desire tender lovemaking. The best advice we read: If your vagina talks, try to hear what it's saying. It may be, "I need a banana."

I play a lot of softball in the summer. Can you tell me which exercises to do or muscle groups to work so I'll be ready?—C.G., Flint, Michigan

*From a sitting position, lift a full can of beer to your mouth. Repeat. Still tight? Start preparing three to four months before the season by strengthening your shoulder and upper back muscles. (See *The Whartons' Strength Book* for workouts designed for softball players.) These muscles need to be in balance before you begin swinging the bat in earnest. Your cardio work should include endurance runs to get you through the season and sprints and shuffles to mimic the fast-twitch motions of a game. The goal is to prevent the soreness and injuries that cripple many players early in the season. Be creative. As part of his skills work, one guy we know swings a 34-inch section of broomstick at one-inch plastic golf balls. When the season begins, he says the softball looks as big as the pitcher's head.*

For the past five months I have been having an affair. It's such a wonderful relationship that it seems unreal. We are totally committed to each other. We meet three to four times a week to have incredible sex for two hours at a time. She gets so wet we have to use a towel to dry her off. I can keep my erection the entire time. The kissing is out of this world. It's so much different from our marriages, where the sex is almost nonexistent. We have talked about the risks of our relationship but decided we'll continue with



caution. Why does the chemistry work so well and where do you think we are headed?—N.A., Toronto, Ontario

The chemistry works because the sex is great and that's all you do. If you were totally committed, you'd be divorced. Have fun while it lasts, because it's going to get messy soon enough.

Just finished my taxes and my filing cabinet is overflowing with paper. How long do you need to keep checks, tax returns, etc.?—R.W., Long Beach, California

If you're cheating on your taxes, save everything. If you're honest, the IRS usually has three years to audit you. But if you underreport your gross income by more than 25 percent (it happens), the agency has six years. So keep your tax-related records, including canceled checks, for at least three years and documents related to your income for at least six. Most people save their returns and year-end investment and retirement account statements indefinitely. Most everything else you can shred, but ask your CPA to flip through the pile first.

My girlfriend told me that humans and dolphins are the only animals that have sex for pleasure. If it's true, how do you explain our dog, who tries to have sex with everything? Is he not seeking pleasure?—G.K., Madison, Wisconsin

Sure, but that's not why he's horny. Your dog is driven by biology. He doesn't think about what he's doing; he knows only that he must have sex. By contrast, human males are driven by . . . wait a minute. That doesn't work. Humans are unique in that we can decide not to have sex. No other animal has that luxury—regardless of the consequences.

*When a male honeybee ejaculates, for instance, his genitals fall off and he explodes (we've all been there). Evolutionary biologist Olivia Judson, author of *Dr. Tatiana's Sex Advice to All Creation*, says that while dolphins have intercourse even when the female isn't in heat, they are far from the only creatures to do so. Some species of duck have sex in winter, when the male's testes are regressed and the female isn't producing eggs. Indian-crested porcupines do it when the female is already pregnant. One type of wood roach fucks constantly. The list goes on. The most notorious swingers in the animal kingdom are bonobo chimps, who are unusual in that they have intercourse face-to-face. They also masturbate and enjoy oral sex and orgies.*

I love to have my girlfriend sit on my face so I can lick her. The problem is that I inhale her wetness through my nose. I can usually smell her for days. It's not unpleasant, but sometimes it kills my appetite. Any suggestions?—E.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

None. We love that smell.

My wife is five months pregnant. Everything I've read says having sex won't harm the fetus. I am sure that's true, but psychologically I can't get turned on knowing my penis would be in such close proximity to my soon-to-be child. I also worry that her orgasms might trigger a miscarriage. Am I being paranoid?—C.S., Dayton, Ohio

Not at all. Your intellect is battling your emotions—welcome to parenthood. Sure, your erection will be near the fetus, but think of it as staying in adjacent rooms at the same resort. The only opening to the womb is the cervix, which at this point is the size of a pinhead and plugged with mucus, so there's no danger of poking your kid in the head. If you're uncomfortable with intercourse (some guys are OK with the penetration but dislike the idea of a kid between partners during missionary), think outside the box. Get your fingers and tongue involved, or use a dildo—straight on, it looks like a rattle. Although the baby may kick or move each time your wife comes, it's highly unlikely the contractions will cause problems. Doctors routinely caution women who have had miscarriages or premature labor in the past to be careful. Ask yours for reassurance.

Last month I left town on business. While I was gone, my husband went to a strip club with his co-workers. A male friend of mine who happened to be at the club told me he heard my husband's boss encourage my husband to cheat on me. The boss told him, "Your fat, ugly, bitch wife will never find out." The worst

part is that my husband didn't defend me. I don't feel unattractive, and I'm not fat. What should I do with this information?—C.C., Mound City, South Dakota

Don't just tuck it away. Ask your husband what happened. We assume you trust him enough to believe he didn't take the boss' advice, so trust his explanation. At the time, he may have been speechless. He may have decided it was best not to create a scene with his boss, who was probably plastered. Perhaps he said something later in your defense—even the next day—that your friend didn't hear. Or maybe it never happened. Any chance this friend would like you to be single?

My fiancée has tiny breasts. I would love them to be larger, but I don't want her to go under the knife. I've seen magazine ads for herbal breast enlargement products such as Iris and Bloussant. Should I get her a supply?—R.T., New York, New York

Have you asked your fiancée about this? She may be happy with her size, which means she shouldn't change a thing. Regardless, enlargement pills and creams don't work. In fact, the Federal Trade Commission has cracked down on the makers of Isis for false claims, including the company's assertion that its concoction had no side effects (the FTC heard from hundreds of users who experienced headaches, nausea and allergic reactions). A medical device called Brava has been shown to increase size in some women, but it has to be worn 10 to 12 hours a day for three months. A pump suction air from plastic domes secured over the breasts with a mesh bra. This stretches the tissue, causing new cells to form. Not everyone is sold on the promise of the device, which costs \$1250 online or up to \$2500 if you buy from a doctor and Brava throws in a guarantee. Visit home.attbi.com/~drmomentum/bravargh for cautionary tales.

I am a freshman in college, dating a girl who is still in high school. We've adjusted to the separation better than I expected, but her father told her she can't see me anymore. She isn't sure of his reasons. I want to call her father but she told me not to. What should I do?—T.S., Des Moines, Iowa

Her mean daddy made her break up with you? Yeah, right. Find a college girl.

Id love to deep-throat my husband, but I always gag. Any suggestions?—R.C., Cleveland, Ohio

Besides keep trying? We asked a few of the women who have deep-throated us for their advice. They all said it helps to date a guy with a small penis. (Funny.) Keep one hand on the base of your husband's erection at all times to maintain control over the depth of penetration. You also should tell him not to thrust—if he does, party's over. Some women take a slow, deep breath and swallow a little at a time; others find it easier to breathe normally. One girlfriend practiced on a dildo

before surprising us. Another said the worst time she had was when she felt queasy from drinking. The more turned on you are, the easier it may be. Coming down on the guy from above might help. Have him lie or sit. If you're kneeling, his erection is going to hit the upper part of your palate, which is more likely to trigger a gag. Violet Blue offers another method in her Ultimate Guide to Fellatio: "The best position is lying on your back, with your head tilted back and slightly off the edge of a bed or couch. Time your up and down strokes with each breath. Inhale as you draw him in, exhale as you draw him out."

In February the Advisor said a man should let a woman go first through a revolving door. Your reason (so you can check out her butt) is understandable. But according to *Amy Vanderbilt's Book of Etiquette*, the man should always go first. A man also should never let a woman climb into a taxi first, which requires her to slide across the seat. If she feels slighted when the man gets in, he only needs to explain himself. She'll appreciate the gesture.—J.G., New York, New York

And you'll have a good view of her ass when she climbs out.

After we broke up, my ex-boyfriend and I remained friends. We did everything together, even had sex. It was like we'd never split up. But then he found a new girlfriend and stopped calling. We haven't spoken in three months. I think he hates me. Should I try to reconcile or let him go?—P.C., Tuscaloosa, Alabama

You already know the answer. Being the rebound relationship is always tough, especially when you're also the ex.

While appearing on *The Tonight Show* to promote the most recent James Bond film, Halle Berry talked about doing a bedroom scene with Pierce Brosnan. She said that their genitalia had been covered by something, but she was cut off by applause and laughter. Did NBC bleep her? What did she mean to say? Do all actors cover their privates during shower or sex scenes so their genitals don't touch? I can't believe it's easy to avoid a natural reaction to the opposite sex.—J.L., Washington, D.C.

*We think Halle meant to say plywood. Under normal circumstances, it would be difficult to avoid a stiffie or tingly moment during an intimate embrace. But filming is not a normal circumstance. The actors are in a confined space with hot lights and an impatient crew a few feet away. Nearly all of their movements have been mapped out. There are abrupt stops and starts to adjust the lights, and maybe a few lines are delivered. Even porn studs can have trouble getting hard in such situations. That's not to say it doesn't happen. Many people suspect that Carré Otis and Mickey Rourke completed the circuit during their climactic scene in *Wild Orchid*. Others believe the same thing about*

*Jane March and Tony Leung in *The Lover*, and there's no doubt Donald Sutherland went down on Julie Christie in *Don't Look Now*. Other films that have raised questions: *Tattoo*, *Color of Night*, *Boxcar Bertha* and *Free Willy*. For screen shots, see mrskin.com/topten or scoop.com/top10_sex.htm.*

I met two women at a bar and we had a fun conversation. I found myself equally attracted to both of them, so I didn't know what to say. Can a guy ask two women out at the same time and let them decide who will accept the invitation? Or do you need to take a stand and hope you choose the right one?—R.B., Cleveland, Ohio

You've been watching too much reality TV. Let the bladder decide. Keep talking until one woman excuses herself to use the rest room, then ask out her friend. If they go together, it wasn't your day.

Last semester I transferred to a new college. I have yet to find my niche, so I spend a lot of time in my room. At least five times a week my roommate's girlfriend comes over and they fool around. I sit outside until they're finished. Other times she shows up in the middle of the night and they wake me up with their love vibrations. I don't feel comfortable saying anything because my roommate doesn't say anything when I smoke pot in the room. What should I do?—A.S., Oneonta, New York

We had a roommate like you for about eight months in college, until we managed to drive him away. Every time we returned to the room with a date, he would be at his desk studying. Your roommate is pushing it with the after-midnight sessions (we went to her room for that—had a couple of threesomes that way), but he's not going to curtail his sex life on the suspicion that it bugs you. Make it official. Tell him you don't want to be a cockblocker but that your grades and sleep are suffering. Ask if he'd be willing to limit his girlfriend's visits to two weeknights and one on the weekend, during which time you'll make yourself scarce (you're doing that anyway, so it's a good negotiating position). If he hesitates, offer to keep your reefer unlit when he's around. While compromise is grand, the more important point is that you need to get off your ass. Find a few girlfriends so you can kick your roommate out once in a while.

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.





ALL-PRO POT WARRIOR



NORML has a new champion

Mark Stepnoski spent 13 years as an offensive lineman in the National Football League, during which time he earned two Super Bowl rings. The five-time Pro Bowl center for the Dallas Cowboys and Houston/Tennessee Oilers retired in 2002, anticipating a life out of the limelight. Then he accepted the presidency of the Texas chapter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. We asked sportswriter Curt Sampson to pay Stepnoski a visit in Plano, Texas.

Q: You're the first pro athlete to admit his marijuana use and take a stand for reform. Tough decision?

A: It's easier to talk about now that I'm done playing. I felt more courageous when I gave NORML \$2000 in 1998 to become a lifetime member. Last year Rick Day, president of the Texas chapter, wrote to tell me he was moving to Atlanta. He asked if I would be interested in taking his place. I was going to be a spokesman for NORML anyway, since I had agreed to join people like Willie Nelson, Daniel Stern, Robert Altman and Bill Maher on the organization's national advisory board.

Q: What explains your interest in NORML?

A: Marijuana laws threaten the freedom of everyone, not just the people who smoke. The cost to taxpayers of arresting, prosecuting and imprisoning people for simple possession is between \$7.5 billion and \$10 billion annually. Ninety percent of the 724,000 people arrested each year for possession are caught with an ounce or less. Nearly every state has a deficit. We could replace all that red ink with black and generate revenue from fines for possession. A dozen states have effectively done that.

Q: What about the idea that smoking marijuana leads to more-dangerous drugs?

A: The gateway theory is a myth. I'm not a proponent of telling anyone to use marijuana, just as I'd never tell anyone to drink or smoke cigarettes. But the punishment ought to fit the crime. The U.S. Supreme Court has approved drug testing for any kid in

by Curt Sampson

extracurricular activities. That gives kids the notion that drugs are a bigger problem than they actually are, and it may make a withdrawn kid even more withdrawn. The Higher Education Act says any high school student caught with marijuana cannot get federal aid for college. That's overly punitive, and it doesn't apply to any other offense—including violent crimes.

Q: What influenced your thinking on this?



A: I learned about what NORML was doing from articles in *High Times* magazine. I learned about attacks on our civil liberties in *The Playboy Forum*. I've read a lot of books on the subject. One in particular I liked—*Ain't Nobody's Business if You Do: The Absurdity of Consensual Crimes in Our Free Country* by Peter McWilliams. He makes the point that substances are neutral. None of them are bad by themselves. It's your relationship to them that's either good or bad. In other words, responsible use is the key. Not all use can be called abuse.

Q: When did you first smoke?

A: High school, freshman year. In a perfect world, no one would experiment until after the age of 18 or 21. But that's not what happens. The important thing is not to ruin someone's life because of it.

Q: The NFL tests for marijuana. How did you avoid testing positive?

A: When I came into the league, I was tested once during training camp. In my 10th year they started testing in minicamps, from April through July. But it was still just one test. Avoiding a single positive test is not that hard. But I resented it. I was being treated like a child, and the drug that could have gotten me into trouble is safer than many other legal substances. And it's not performance enhancing.

Q: Did you ever play high?

A: Some news stories give the impression that I smoked before games, but I didn't. Never before practice or even the night before a game. I took football too seriously for that. For me, it's a social thing, so I smoked after games, which is one of the few times during the season that a player has a free moment. Plus, my body would be beat up and I didn't like to take painkillers.

Q: Was Troy Aikman at the post-game parties? Emmitt Smith?

A: No, but occasionally teammates would be there, sure. A guy from ESPN Radio asked me, "How many players in the NFL smoke marijuana?" How the hell should I know? There are 53 guys on each team, and there are 32 teams. Surveys indicate that 35 percent of Americans have tried marijuana and about 10 percent use it regularly. You could project that onto the league.

Q: What's the worst thing that has happened since you came out?

A: I had been elected to the hall of fame at my high school, Cathedral Prep in Erie, Pennsylvania. We had a date for the induction ceremony and I had chosen a presenter—then, suddenly, my name was withdrawn.

Q: What would you tell the Bush administration?

A: Stop arresting pot smokers.

RAPE OR REGRET?

a california case brings the issue to a head

The California penal code defines rape as "an act of sexual intercourse accomplished against a person's will by means of force, violence, duress, menace or fear of immediate and unlawful bodily injury." That statute now has a footnote: A person who consents to sex may claim "post-penetration rape" if she changes her mind midstroke, even if she fails to communicate the change of heart.

The issue of postpenetration rape reached the California Supreme Court last year in a case called *The People vs. John Z.* This past January the court voted six to one against the defendant, who had been convicted of felony rape. Justice Janice Brown, the lone dissenter, articulated the modern notion of consent: "A woman has an absolute right to say no to an act of sexual intercourse. After intercourse has commenced, she has the absolute right to call a halt and say no more. If she is compelled to continue, a forcible rape is committed." But, she added, *The People vs. John Z.* was not that simple. "This is a sordid, distressing, sad little case," she wrote. "From any perspective, its facts are appalling."

Brown felt more uneasy, it seems, than her colleagues. Her dissent offers one interpretation of the events that led to the filing of criminal charges. The majority decision presents another. Here are the basic facts:

On the afternoon of March 23, 2000, 17-year-old Laura T. was working at a supermarket when she received a call from an acquaintance, Juan, whom she had met two weeks earlier. Juan wanted Laura to drive him to a party. She agreed but said she couldn't give him a ride home from the party because she had to attend a church meeting. She drove Juan to John Z.'s house, then picked up an older male, stopped so they could buy beer and drove back to John's. She went inside to hang out with the boys, ages 16 to 21. They drank. She did not.

Laura and Juan went into the master bedroom. He said he wanted to have sex. Laura replied that she wasn't ready for that. Upset, Juan went into the bathroom. Two other boys, John and Justin, came into the bedroom. They asked Laura why she "wouldn't do stuff." She told them, as she'd told

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Juan, that she wasn't ready.

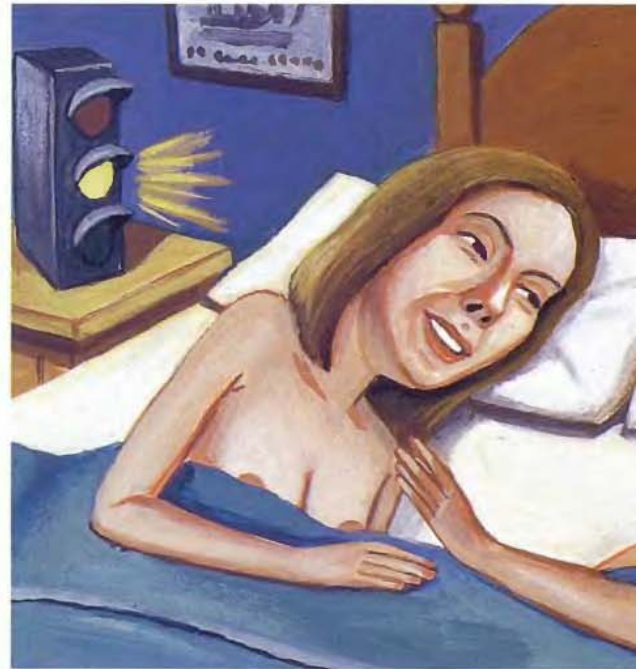
Justice Brown, in her dissent, continues the story: "During the evening, Laura was openly affectionate with Juan. She sporadically engaged in some kissing with John Z. in the kitchen and later in the bedroom when Juan was sulking in the bathroom.

"Around eight P.M., Laura decided she was ready to leave. John asked if he could talk to her. They went into his bedroom, which was completely dark. She did not ask to turn on the light. She entered the room willingly and was not restrained from leaving. They sat in the dark, talking. John told her that Juan never cared about her and was only 'using her, and anyone else could use her, too.' John said she should dump Juan and become his girlfriend."

When Laura confronted Juan about what John had said, he denied everything. At that point nothing had happened between Laura and the boys that hasn't happened on a bad reality TV series. Then the boys made their move. They asked Laura if she had ever fantasized about having two guys. "Laura said she had not, but she continued to sit on the bed in John's darkened bedroom with both Juan and John while one or both of them removed various items of her clothing," Justice Brown wrote. "At first she tried to replace her clothing, but after pulling her bra back into place a couple of times, she made no further effort to retrieve her clothes. When asked why she did not leave, she responded: 'There is no reason. I just didn't. I didn't think about it. I had already tried to leave once, and they asked me to go into the bedroom and talk.'"

The boys fingered her and fondled her breasts and kissed her. Laura acknowledged that she enjoyed these activities "because it was like a threesome." She was laughing and liked being the center of attention.

The majority of the justices read Laura's account and saw a different scenario. Laura may have been fooling around, they said, but she objected when Juan removed his pants and told John to keep fingering her while Juan put on a condom. John then left the room and Juan climbed on top of Laura. "She tried to resist and told him she did not want to have intercourse, but he was too strong and forced his penis into her vagina. The rape terminated when, due to Laura's struggling, the



condom fell off. Laura told Juan, 'Maybe it's a sign we shouldn't be doing this.' He said 'fine' and left the room." Laura then began to gather her clothes but had difficulty doing so because the room was dark.

Juan pleaded guilty to sexual battery and unlawful intercourse. He was not a party to the appeal. What happened after he left the room and John Z. returned provoked the controversy. The majority opinion described it this way, based on Laura's accounts to the police and her trial testimony:

John, "who had removed his clothing, entered the bedroom. Laura was sitting on the bed. He rolled over her so she was pushed down onto the bed. Laura did not say anything and John began kissing her and telling her she

had a beautiful body. John got on top of Laura, put his penis into her vagina and rolled her over so she was sitting on top of him." Laura testified that she "kept pulling up, trying to sit up to get it out and he grabbed my hips and pushed me back down and then he rolled me over so I was on my back and kept saying, 'Will you be my girlfriend?'" Laura kept "'trying to pull away' and told him 'if he really did care about me, he wouldn't be doing this, and if he did want a relationship, he should wait and respect that I don't want to do this.' After about 10 minutes, John got off Laura and helped her dress and find her keys. She then drove home."

During cross-examination at John's trial, Laura added details to her account. When John began kissing her,



CHARLIE POWELL

she said, she kissed him back. When she said, "I need to get home," John replied, "Just give me a minute." She repeated, "No, I need to get home." John continued thrusting. "He just stayed inside me and kept, like, basically forcing it on me." A minute or so later—rather than 10—he stopped.

In her dissent, Justice Brown noted aspects of the case that troubled her. When John achieved penetration, "Laura did not say anything. She did not push him away, slap him or strike him. He made no threats and he did not hurt her. John repeatedly asked, 'Will you be my girlfriend?' Although he held her only with one hand on her waist—not hard enough for her to feel the pressure or to create a bruise—she was unable to extricate herself or break

the connection. There was no conversation when intercourse began and she said nothing while she was on top of him. When she found herself on the bottom again, she questioned whether 'he really did care about me.' John responded, 'I really do care about you.' She never 'officially' told him she did not want to have intercourse. When asked if at any time while having intercourse with John she had told him 'no,' Laura answered no."

The majority of the judges thought Laura's actions and words clearly communicated a withdrawal of consent. They insisted "no reasonable person" could have missed the idea that "I have to go home" means "You're raping me." Justice Brown felt differently. She argued that "Laura's silent and ineffectual movements could easily be misinterpreted, and none of her statements are unequivocal. While Laura may have felt that these words clearly conveyed her unwillingness, they could reasonably be understood as requests for reassurance or demands for speed. When asked by the prosecutor on redirect why she had told John, 'I need to get home,' Laura answered, 'So my mother wouldn't suspect anything.'"

Brown then wanted to know where was the force that made this a rape? "The majority relies heavily on John's failure to desist immediately. But it does not tell us how soon would have been soon enough. Ten seconds? Thirty? A minute? Is persistence the same thing as force?"

The legal nature of consent, the bright line separating sex from rape, has undergone significant change in recent years. The date-rape hysteria brought to light the role of alcohol and drugs in cases of unwanted sex, with courts ruling that someone oblivious to her surroundings could hardly give informed consent. However, nothing about this case suggests that Laura's judgment was impaired. Nor was there the kind of age difference found in statutory-rape cas-

es, or the power difference found in abuse-of-trust cases.

We asked one of the defense lawyers on this case if she felt the age of the participants had influenced the decision. Would the case have reached a jury if Laura and John had been in their 30s and one of them had to rush off to work? The lawyers hadn't brought that up, but they concocted a novel defense. "By essence of the act of sexual intercourse, a male's primal urge to reproduce is aroused," they told the court. "It is therefore unreasonable for a female and the law to expect a male to cease having sexual intercourse immediately upon her withdrawal of consent. It is only natural, fair and just that a male be given a reasonable amount of time in which to quell his primal urge."

When she said, "I need to get home,"

The justices weren't comfortable with that stereotype, but their alternative was equally flawed. The majority cited previous decisions that held a woman's sense of outrage makes an act rape, not the intent or method of the rapist. They debated the relative severity of the feeling that might result from the "nonconsensual violation of her womanhood" when her consent was withdrawn midstroke. The justices, quick to condemn, did nothing to clarify the law.

The real violation may be that John, then 17, was committed to the Crystal Creek Boys Ranch in California. And if he's convicted of a felony as an adult, the rape will count as one strike in a state famous for its three-strikes life sentences. Yet the decision reveals no outrage on the part of the jurists, with the exception of Justice Brown. It was a he-said, she-said case, with murky accounts of what had transpired and serious questions about what John should or should not have surmised. According to one of John's lawyers, even Laura T. had doubts

John replied, "Just give me a minute."

about the nature of the encounter. Two of her female classmates said she had asked them about the incident and wondered aloud if it was rape. Based on her description, they thought not. Three weeks later, after Laura got into an argument with her parents and revealed her misadventure, the police were notified and the charge of rape was filed.

That calls for outrage.

INTELLIGENT DESIGN

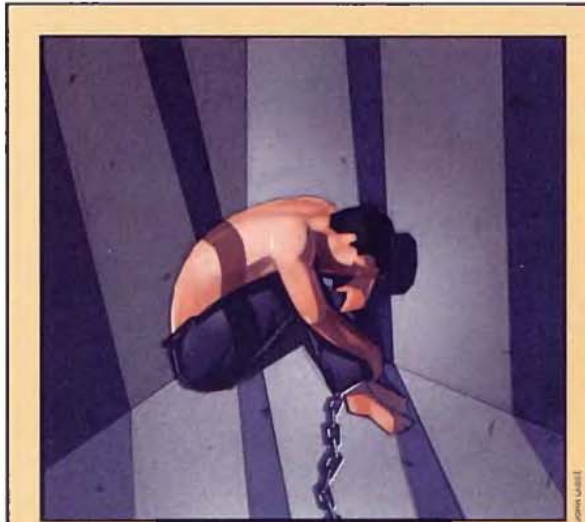
In the article "Alien Notion" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) Chip Rowe claims that "new creationists" are attempting to introduce creationism into public schools under the guise of intelligent design. His article overlooks important points. The First Amendment was intended to prevent the establishment of a national church or religion, or a preferred status for any sect. It does not, as Rowe suggests, dictate an absolute separation of church and state. More to the point, religion teaches creationism as fact, but academe teaches creationism as theory. Rowe repeatedly describes Darwin's concept of evolution as a theory. Indeed, this is what creationism and evolution have in common: They are both theories, neither capable of being scientifically proved or disproved. The fundamental difference between the theory of evolution and the theory of creationism is that one theory is allowed to be taught in schools, and the other is not.

John Cartmell
Redmond, Washington

The fundamental difference? Evolution is based on evidence, while intelligent design (or whatever fancy name you want to give creationism) is based on faith. Nothing wrong with that. It just doesn't belong in science class.

I am the author of *Defeating Darwinism*, which is mentioned in "Alien Notion." Rowe dismisses the concept of intelligent design by asserting that it "isn't by definition science." But what if we define science as the impartial investigation of evidence? Then we can investigate whether there is any convincing evidence that the Darwinian mechanism of mutation and natural selection has the fantastic creative power claimed for it. If that were done, students would learn that natural selection's power is always assumed and never demonstrated.

Many readers of *PLAYBOY* probably want to protect the theory of evolution because the Darwinist myth of a godless creation is an essential prop of any hedonist philosophy. Give a thought to



FOR THE RECORD

EXTREME MEASURES

"If you don't violate someone's human rights some of the time, you probably aren't doing your job."

—A national security official explaining the CIA's attitude toward interrogation of alleged terrorists overseas. According to *The Washington Post*, the agency routinely forces uncooperative suspects to stand or kneel for hours at a time while depriving them of sleep or exposing them to bright lights.

the possibility that you have been misled. The only way you will find out is to examine the evidence without bias. Doing that changed my life.

Phillip Johnson
Berkeley, California

I am the director of Science Excellence for All Ohioans. SEAO is not, as Rowe states, a project of the American Family Association. It is an affiliate of Intelligent Design Network, which is not a religious group. Our goal is not, as Rowe implies, to require the teaching of intelligent design in schools. Rather it is to promote objective, evidence-based origins science. We have repeatedly recommended that intelligent design not be required in the new standards, although we are in favor of academic freedom for those teachers who want to discuss it.

Rowe says that intelligent design argues for allowing the supernatural into science. The opposite is true. The goal

is to build scientific arguments in such a way that no philosophical or religious issues are inserted into the discussion.

While many aspects of evolutionary theory are well documented, the larger claim that life arose by chance chemical reactions, and that all existing complexity was produced by genetic damage (mutation), is unsubstantiated by the data we have. SEAO stands against what we see as state-sponsored indoctrination of an atheistic philosophy in the name of science.

Doug Rudy
Columbus, Ohio

Who are you kidding? Until recently, SEAO's website boasted of its association with the American Family Association. Did the partnership make you uncomfortable?

As part of education reform, Congress has declared: "Where topics are taught that may generate controversy (such as biological evolution), the curriculum should help students understand the full range of scientific views that exists." While the theory of intelligent design may have religious implications, it is itself neutral. Teaching it only brings schools in compliance with federal law.

John Standifer
Odessa, Texas

Declaring that life was created by a superior being doesn't actually resolve anything. It only pushes the debate a step back, because you have to ask, "Who made the superior being who made us?" Whether God created us or we arose from the muck, we're here now. Shouldn't we focus on that?

David Torline
Albuquerque, New Mexico

CLEAN FILMS

You overlooked one aspect of the debate over companies that remove nudity and profanity from Hollywood films ("Clean Flix," *The Playboy Forum*, February). Even if a company argues that its edited copy is exempt under the fair use provision of U.S. copyright law, the Digital Millennium Copyright Act of 1998 makes it illegal to crack the security schemes that studios put on videos

and DVDs to prevent copying. For all practical purposes, fair use doesn't exist in the digital domain.

Benedict O'Mahoney
CopyrightWebsite.com
Foster City, California

THE DJ AND THE NUDE

I was outraged when I read the letter about the radio jock who revealed the home address of a woman simply because she runs an amateur porn site ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, February). But I also wonder why Cynthia Hollander, the amateur star, signed her name, city and state to her letter. Now millions of PLAYBOY readers know where she lives. She wanted free publicity, and you gave it to her.

Michael Tober
Denver, Colorado

Sure, why not? We asked Cynthia if she wanted her name and address to appear on her letter. She said she wasn't worried about being bothered by PLAYBOY readers.

MORALITY PATROL

The Playboy Cyber Club asked me to pose for a pictorial about female cops. My chief of police denied my request to participate, saying I would be using my position for personal gain (I would have posed in a generic uniform). He also wrote: "Your duties involve working with students in connection with a number of issues, including domestic and social violence. In the event that you were called in to address a domestic dispute, you certainly could find yourself in a predicament if either participant suggested you were not worthy of making moral or judgmental decisions regarding their conduct."

Cops use their positions for personal gain all the time when they work off-duty as security guards, insurance investigators or bodyguards. How is a modeling job any different? When I became an officer, I had hours of training that stressed respecting those who have different beliefs, including a belief in the right to express one's sexuality.

Stacy Steudle
Minotola, New Jersey

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.

www.weird

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

In March the U.S. Supreme Court planned to hold hearings to decide on the constitutionality of the Children's Internet Protection Act, a controversial federal law that requires public libraries to install website-blocking filters.

Nobody would dispute that current blocking software can bar access to valuable content—sometimes to a farcical degree. (In one case, the Flesh Public Library in Piqua, Ohio, named 70 years ago after a donor, was denied access to its own site.) But those who argue that filters block legitimate references along with porn are wrong. We don't mean their argument is wrong, only that they're wrong to bother making it. They're wasting their breath.

Will the George Bush-friendly Supremes rule in favor of cyber censorship? Would John Ashcroft bug a mosque? Don't bet on your privacy over the next few years, and don't expect any of the three branches of government, given their current demographics, to find fault with Internet blocking.

Censors aren't concerned if they block a site that mentions condoms or sucking and the block prevents citizens from accessing important information on sexual-disease transmission or chest wounds. They don't care that flagging the word breast blocks access to sites on breast cancer and breast-feeding, that flagging the word sex blocks access to fertility and reproductive health sites and that flagging boobs blocks access to the website of the House of Representatives.

OK, so that last one is a simple-minded joke. But what if a filter that blocked boobs, as in tits, also blocked the shameless, self-promoting, egocentric, preening, hagiographic bios and blatantly air-brushed visages of the average congressional site?

The answer: Your representative would vote to "free the Internet from the yoke of censorship" faster than you could say soft-money fund-raiser. The CIPA would be buried deeper than Pete Townshend's reputation.

The solution proposed by advocates of free speech is to make site-blocking a problem for the censors. Specifically, adult-site owners need to create a lexicon for their products so the trigger words that block hard-core porn will also block material that is important to the bluenoses. For example, graphic vaginal visuals could be identified as Glorious Open Pussies, or GOP. In order to block such sites, libraries would be obliged to restrict access to every mention of GOP, the idea of which could cause Trent Lott to swallow his tongue.

Here are a few more:

CONGRESS: It's right there in the dictionary, alternative definition number six: "coitus, sexual intercourse." Any subject matter portraying intercourse is a congress site. The difference between this type of congress and the legislative kind is that in this one people enjoy being screwed.

BUSH: Muff, beaver, snatch, rug and other references to pubic hair now fall under this heading. With one stroke, we black out the entire dynasty.

FAMILY VALUES: Incest.

FALWELL: Anal sex.

REPUBLICAN: Masturbation.

DEMOCRAT: Blow jobs.

CHRISTIAN: Pornography with religious themes, e.g., something with nuns and pirates.

DR. LAURA: Flagellation.

You get the idea. The prank may backfire if the zealots respond by agreeing to block everything. But at least we'll be protecting the children from one wayward morality.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UNDER THEIR THUMBS

LONDON—The British government is considering a plan to implant electronic microchips beneath the skin of convicted pedophiles, enabling police to monitor



their heart rates and blood pressure while tracking them by satellite. Critics worry that less-predatory groups might someday be forced to have implants.

PREEMPTIVE BUST

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA—In what they said was an effort to cut down on drunk driving, undercover cops visited 20 bars over the holidays to look for customers who had been “overserved.” Uniformed officers then raided three of the bars, where they asked patrons who appeared to be intoxicated to step outside for a sobriety test. The nine people who failed were arrested.

DNA DRAGNET

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA—After analyzing evidence left at four murder scenes, police determined that a serial killer was on the loose. In an effort to catch him, officers asked more than 800 local men for DNA samples swabbed from the insides of their cheeks. One man who refused to be tested had an alibi at the time of the murders, and his shoe size didn’t match the footprints left by the killer. Undeterred, the police released his name in connection with the case and got a court order requiring him to submit his saliva. The executive di-

rector of the state ACLU explained why citizens should find such dragnets troubling: “These people are assumed guilty until proven innocent.”

SOME HONEYMOON

MOORPARK, CALIFORNIA—Last summer a 23-year-old wrestling coach pleaded guilty to having sex with a 14-year-old female student. Two months later the couple married. “It’s been the best thing that ever happened to her,” the girl’s mother said. After the nuptials, a judge sentenced the coach to a year in jail, despite pleas for leniency from his new wife and her mother. He must also register as a sex offender.

TRASH TALK

PORTLAND, OREGON—While investigating a cop suspected of using drugs, police searched through her garbage. They retrieved drug paraphernalia and a used tampon, which they sent to a lab for blood analysis. In response to public outcry about the trash search, the police chief stated that once garbage is on the curb, it’s “abandoned in terms of privacy.” Inspired, a local newspaper dug through garbage and recycling left outside the homes of the police chief, mayor and district attorney. Its haul included printed personal e-mail and financial statements. The mayor called the paper’s actions “potentially illegal and absolutely unscrupulous and reprehensible.”

GATEWAY OR NOT?

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA—A new study dismisses the idea that marijuana leads to harder drugs. Researchers at the Rand Drug Policy Research Center found that teens who used narcotics did so regardless of whether they’d tried marijuana. Factors such as genetics, family relationships and drug availability determined if a teen experimented with cocaine or heroin. “Marijuana is not a gateway drug” or causal agent, said the study’s lead researcher. “It’s just the first thing kids come across.” Critics challenged the report, citing findings that suggest kids who use marijuana are up to 50 times more likely than nontokers to use hard drugs. A month later, a study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* supported the gateway theory. Australian researchers followed 311 pairs of identical and fraternal twins. The pot-smoking

twins were between two and five times more likely to experiment with narcotics and alcohol than their drug-free siblings.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH

LEANDER, TEXAS—Under orders from the school board, teachers who conduct eighth-grade sex education classes must discuss how STDs spread without using the words anal or oral or describing the acts. After seeking permission from a committee of parents, clergy and educators to answer written questions from students such as “Is it intercourse if you do anal sex?” and “Can you get AIDS from oral sex?” instructors were told to use “softer” words in their responses. One pastor who favors more frank discussion said, “We need to address where these kids really are, not where we wish they were.”

LESBIAN LOCKOUT

BANNING, CALIFORNIA—As students changed before gym, one eighth grader asked another if she was a lesbian. The girl, who is gay, did not reply. The next day, before class, the PE instructor sent the lesbian student to the principal’s office. This continued each day for more than a week. When the girl’s mother complained,



the teacher explained that the other girls felt awkward undressing in front of the gay student. After filing a civil rights lawsuit, the girl said: “It’s fine if they’re uncomfortable, but it’s still discrimination. I didn’t do anything wrong.”



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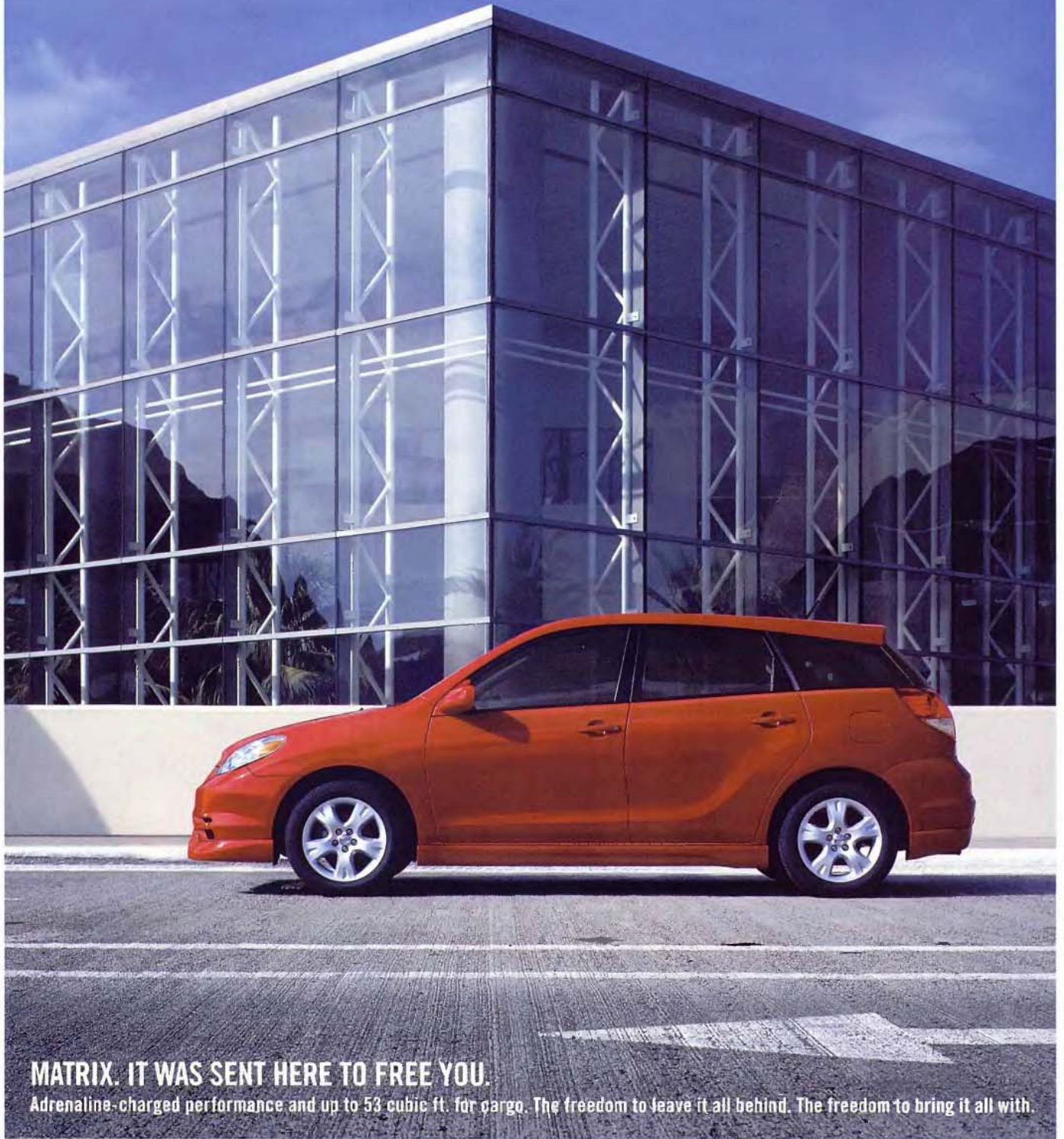


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILLY BOB THORNTON

a candid conversation with america's weirdest actor about life with (and without) angelina jolie, his nightmarish fears and the upside of having five failed marriages

In an industry full of eccentricity, it is no small feat that Billy Bob Thornton has emerged as Hollywood's top oddball. Some of this reputation can be attributed to his riveting, never conventional performances; even more to his tumultuous personal life. The tabloids went crazy when he married Angelina Jolie. Their public displays of affection—blood vials and all—were a staple of the front page of the *National Enquirer*. Their sudden breakup was even better fodder.

Without Jolie, Thornton is still one colorful character. Part wild hillbilly and part neurotic auteur, he's the artistic nexus of Jerry Lee Lewis and Woody Allen. His behavior is unabashedly peculiar—driving around a certain restaurant seven times before work, obsessing over his fear of Komodo dragons. No one would pay much attention to such behavior if Thornton, 47, were a less talented actor, writer and director. He won an Academy Award in 1997 for writing *Sling Blade*, a quirky drama that also earned him his first Oscar nomination for acting. His *Monster's Ball* co-star Halle Berry won the Best Actress Oscar last year, in part for a raw sex scene with Thornton.

His union with Jolie was equally raw. "I think I'm going to die every few minutes when we're having sex," she told a reporter. Thornton had been married four times when he met Jolie. Laura Dern, Thornton's fi-

ancée at the time, was a bit surprised. "I left home to work on a movie, and while I was away, my boyfriend got married and I've never heard from him again," she said.

The couple married in May 2000. Jolie began proceedings to adopt a baby while working in Cambodia in 2001, and within months of the adoption becoming final last year, they announced their divorce, with the tabloids all but accusing him of infidelity.

Thornton grew up in rural Arkansas in a home with no running water or electricity. Dinner sometimes consisted of freshly bagged squirrel. His father was a teacher and coach, his mother a psychic. Thornton worked in a sawmill and he laid asphalt. He broke his collarbone while trying out for the *Kansas City Royals*. In 1981 he moved to California, where he struggled to make it in show business for more than a decade, once landing in the hospital because of malnutrition.

This year Thornton has three movies due: *Levity*, with Holly Hunter; *Bad Santa*, with Bernie Mac; and another collaboration with Joel and Ethan Coen, *Intolerable Cruelty* (their first film together was *The Man Who Wasn't There*). *The Edge of the World*, the follow-up to his first CD, *Private Radio*, is also expected to be released this year.

Contributing Editor David Sheff met Thornton in the recording studio of his Beverly Hills mansion. It's Thornton's first in-

terview in a while during which Jolie isn't nibbling on his ear.

PLAYBOY: You have a new movie out, yet the public is still talking about your relationship with Angelina.

THORNTON: It's crazy. Some friends from out of town were visiting. Two girls. We went shopping and the next thing we knew, there were pictures in the magazines of us walking down Melrose. I have been linked to people I've had nothing to do with. I did see one girl for a while, and that was all over the papers. But most of the girls I'm supposedly with are ones I barely know. I saw Sheryl Crow, whom I have known for years, backstage at her concert. The next thing you know, we were together.

PLAYBOY: With all your press, are women wary of you?

THORNTON: I get a lot of, "Oh, watch out for him." It doesn't stop them, though.

PLAYBOY: Watch out for you why?

THORNTON: They say, "Suzie told me to really be careful with you." "Why is that?" "You have been married all those times, had all these women." My message: If you're worried about it, don't do it. Would it be better if I was like a friend of mine who says, "I ain't the marrying type"? Is that any more appealing to women? He has pretty good luck and so



"Angelina was the only person I ever knew who went along with all my phobias. One night I woke up after dreaming that the house was on fire. She put together a bag and we went to a hotel."



"I don't want to do Shakespeare, a bunch of people talking in that fucking language. We don't understand half the shit they're saying and pretend we do. Get a fucking guitar out and let's have a rock-and-roll show."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Sex you can get anytime. Just call up one of your regulars. That's not ever why I got married. I like the friendship. Let's put it this way: I am an extremist. I was never good at stopping at a blow job."

do I, but I'm the type who just might fall in love with you.

PLAYBOY: The type who might fall in love with you and sign his name in blood, vowing it will be forever.

THORNTON: I was that type once.

PLAYBOY: Not again?

THORNTON: I don't know. I'm not really concerned with it. I know that what Angelina and I had was unique and always will be. It wasn't some whim or fluke. It was the ultimate.

PLAYBOY: Does that make the fall farther?

THORNTON: You know, some people talk about their personal relationships and breakups. I only talk about it through music or movies.

PLAYBOY: Except when you and Angelina talked about little else.

THORNTON: Yeah, we mouthed off a few times. We were excited and happy. It's not like we were reclusive people so into our privacy. I don't regret it. People were interested, and we didn't mind telling them.

PLAYBOY: Why the shyness now?

THORNTON: It's private. I want to take the high road.

PLAYBOY: It seems as if you want it both ways.

THORNTON: I just won't talk about it. Other people can talk about it.

PLAYBOY: We want to set the record straight. Everyone knows how you two got together, but what ended the relationship?

THORNTON: And that's exactly what I won't discuss. I get talked about a lot, but I don't do much talking. It makes it hard sometimes because you end up looking like an asshole. All I can say is that was a really sad thing.

PLAYBOY: People seem to enjoy when famous people get together, but not as much as when they split up.

THORNTON: I'm not sure. Somebody called me the other day and said some magazine put out a list of the couples their readers wished would get back together. Me and Angie were the top one. I'm glad people feel that way.

PLAYBOY: What's up next for you in that department?

THORNTON: It's strange after you had it in your head that there was someone who was always going to be there. After that, you're just standing there with your thumb up your ass. "Well, now what do I do? Do I just keep seeing Debbie, whose friend Suzie tells her not to see me because I have been married five times?" I guess that's what I do.

PLAYBOY: Maybe the sixth time's a charm.

THORNTON: You know, people talk about how many times I've been married as if it's some negative thing, but I was trying each time. I was hopeful. Is it better to be somebody who will try to be in love—

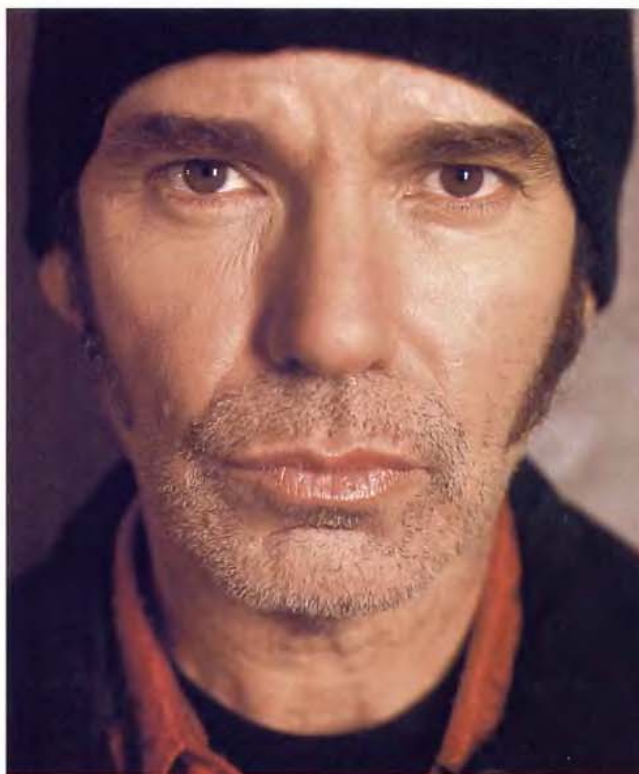
try to be married? It's not like it's pleasant when it ends. Because of that piece of paper, you end up losing your money, your records, a lot of stuff. But I'm a romantic, so I want to get married. I'm not sure if I'm meant for it anymore, though. Maybe someday. I like the companionship, the friendship. Sex you can get anytime.

PLAYBOY: Anytime?

THORNTON: Just call up one of your regulars. That's not a problem. That's not ever why I got married. It was because I enjoy the friendship.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you live with a woman? Why the need to marry?

THORNTON: I am an extremist. Let's put it this way: I was never good at stopping



Komodo dragons have this horribly toxic bacteria in their mouths. When they bite you, you go blind.

at a blow job.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

THORNTON: Unless you've done the whole thing, you haven't given your all. I feel we haven't gone to the pinnacle unless we make that commitment. There's another reason I get married: It's a reflection of how I'm feeling at the time. I'm thinking, I feel more for you than I've ever felt for anybody. I married her, so I should marry you, too, right? The thing is, I really love women. Girls who know me pretty well know that about me. One of my ex-wives once told me, "Sometimes I wish we had stayed together. I could have taken the other women because I know how you are."

PLAYBOY: How are you?

THORNTON: I haven't always been all over the place in marriages or relationships, but with her I was.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest you have been monogamous?

THORNTON: Three or four years. But mostly I was a hobo, always kind of on the rock-and-roll circuit.

PLAYBOY: Which isn't compatible with staying married. Is that why your marriages ended?

THORNTON: That wasn't always it. It generally came down to a difference in philosophy. You stop believing in each other. The first time I got married was when I was a kid. I had no business being married. Another time I married a close friend. We were never anything more,

but we loved each other so much as friends that we got married. Then we woke up one morning and realized it wasn't a full-on marriage. One marriage was annulled. God bless them all. I have nothing against anybody I was married to. Or in a relationship with. Sometimes I miss them. I wish we didn't have hurt feelings, so I could hang out with them. My ex who I had my boys with, Pietra Cherniak, is one of my closest friends. The kids are here almost as much as they are at her place. We take them to Sea World together.

PLAYBOY: When you divorced, she accused you of choking her.

THORNTON: We were silly little kids who argued. And anyway, when we separated, the case got resolved. I'm as close to her now as anybody, though not as close as the rags say. They say we're back together. She and I laugh about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there will be a time when you'll be friends with Angelina?

THORNTON: I hope so. I can't speak for her, but I think we'll always love each other.

PLAYBOY: Do you hope that you will get back together?

THORNTON: I can't dare contemplate that question. For all sorts of reasons.

PLAYBOY: Was it harder for you two because you're both actors?

THORNTON: It's hard for anybody to be married. It's no different for a plumber from Encino. I'm sure his life is every bit as tragic and dramatic as a movie star's life. We talk about the movie business because it's a big publicized thing, but look inside any office, at the affairs people are having, at the politics and drama.

PLAYBOY: Yet the plumber doesn't fly off to work for months on end with some of the world's most desirable women.

THORNTON: Yes, we go off and do these movies and then Muffy Robertson comes up and says—

PLAYBOY: Muffy Robertson?

THORNTON: You know, Muffy Robertson—whatever you want to call a news-lady. She comes up and says, "So, Tom, what is it like to watch Barbara and Raoul together in the movie?" What is Tom going to say? "It really pisses me off?" No. He says, "Oh well, you know, that's the way it is in the movies. Honey here and I have a great marriage and blah, blah, blah." Then Muffy says, "Barbara, what's it like for you to see Tom with Vicky?" Barbara's going to look at Tom starry-eyed and look back to the reporter and say, "Well, that's just part of acting and blah, blah." That's what they always say. The percentage of it that's bullshit is probably pretty high.

PLAYBOY: Then what's the truth?

THORNTON: The truth is that if you are in love, unless you have no nerve endings at all and no sense of romance or desperation, then you're going to feel bad when your husband or wife goes off for six months in the jungles of South America with some fucking actor to do scenes where they are down a river in a boat making out all day. At night you have nothing to do except sit in some shit hole and eat food that looks like grits, and you're not sure you want to eat it, and you get some parasite. You're out there talking with a beautiful person under some palm frond. The next thing you know. . . . I was lucky to have been with someone in a marriage who had integrity and who was loyal to me.

PLAYBOY: Was she lucky to be with you? Were you loyal, too?

THORNTON: Believe it or not and contrary to popular belief, yes.

PLAYBOY: News reports said otherwise.

THORNTON: Yes, some things in the papers that were said about me were not true. And I understand why people would think they were true. I'm not going to pretend I have Pat Boone written all over me. If people believe bad things, there's not much I can do. I know how it was, but I guess I'm like the boy who cried wolf: "Hey, wait, I really didn't."

PLAYBOY: One article suggested that you may have been fooling around with girls you invited onstage during your concert tour. That can't have helped your cause.

THORNTON: That was fucking ridiculous. What rock concert have you ever been to where a girl did not get on the stage? Anybody who toured with me will tell you I was as straight as an arrow. I don't like to defend myself, but that is one time I will because it is so fucking untrue. That stuff has always chapped my ass. At another show, we were just hanging out with a bunch of people. They wanted to take pictures of us together for their moms. Then all of a sudden, a picture of me and one of them—some girl—was in the *Enquirer*. I never laid a finger on her, but I guess it's one of the hazards of the occupation. The fact is that sometimes what they say is true, and

MARRIAGE, INTERRUPTED

the billy bob and angelina saga



Spring 1998: Billy Bob and Angelina Jolie meet on the set of *Pushing Tin*. Jolie says, "I remember leaning against the wall thinking, What happened? Why can't I breathe?" Thornton's version: "It was like touching the door after rubbing your feet on the carpet. Like—whoa!"

February 1999: Angelina divorces first husband, Jonny Lee Miller.

May 2000: The happy couple elopes to Vegas, opting for the \$120 package (two photos plus organ music) at the Little Church of the West. Later, in a document that is notarized, Thornton vows that he will never leave her, signing his name in blood.

Summer 2000: The duo gives numerous interviews, groping and nibbling in front of cameras on both coasts. "We

wear each other's underwear when we're apart," Billy Bob tells *Entertainment Tonight*. At the MTV Movie Awards, he cheerfully confesses that the couple "just fucked" in the limo on the way to the show.

November 2001: As goodwill ambassador for the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, Angelina

visits Cambodia, where she falls in love with a little boy in an orphanage. Adoption proceedings begin.

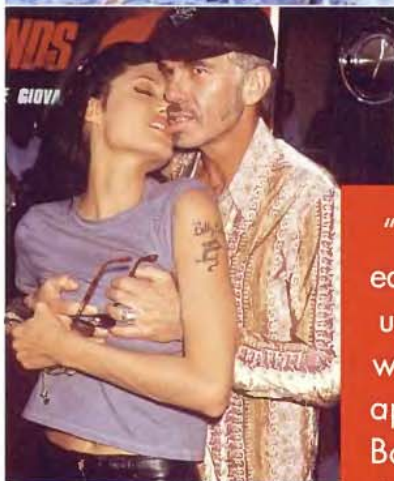
April 2002: Billy Bob and his band embark on a tour of Europe.

May 2002: The INS finalizes the adoption. The boy, Maddox, joins his mother on the set of *Beyond Borders* in Africa. Billy Bob continues touring—but Angelina is a no-show at his concerts.

June 2002: Trouble in paradise becomes public. "I think he's on tour," Angelina tells *Entertainment Tonight*. "I haven't talked to him in a while."

July 2002: She files for divorce, citing irreconcilable differences, and asks for the right to keep all her earnings.

January 2003: Angelina tells a friend that she's having her Billy Bob tattoos removed. It's a one-way street: Billy Bob keeps his tattoos.



"We wear each other's underwear when we're apart," Billy Bob tells *Entertainment Tonight*.



sometimes it's not, and sometimes it alters your life.

PLAYBOY: Although they know it's your job, most women would have a difficult time watching their husbands in such a raw sex scene as the one you did with Halle Berry in *Monster's Ball*. Was it just an average workday for you?

THORNTON: No, it was pretty stressful and kind of uncomfortable. You're literally showing your ass to people. You're thinking your mom is going to see it. You have to put all that out of your head. It was really intense, but I would feel worse about doing a scene like that if it was at all gratuitous, which it was not. It was raw, fucked-up human emotion, two losers coming together with all the anger and frustration and passion that they had inside themselves.

PLAYBOY: Apparently the European cut has more sex. Why is the American version different?

THORNTON: According to the ratings board, you can have five breasts, but not six, in one cut. Bullshit like that. The only real difference is that you hold on things longer. It's just like a minute longer, but it makes it more intense.

PLAYBOY: How was it to watch the scene?

THORNTON: I sat through it once, thought it was good. I try to watch my movies without thinking it's me. Unfortunately, I usually play characters that reveal part of me. I can't help it. That character in *Monster's Ball* was kind of like my dad.

PLAYBOY: How was he like your father?

THORNTON: He was a guy whose father was way more redneck than he was, but it rubbed off on him. I also looked like my dad in the movie. After the fact, you often see things. When you look back on your work, you go, "Wow, I always do write movies where the father is either nasty or absent." I operate in the subconscious. When I do everyday things—watch ESPN, play with my kids—I'm often operating someplace else. Whatever I do as an artist comes out of that place. There's me, there's this other place and then there's a third place, too. If I'm alone for very long, I start to think about too many scary things, which may be another reason I like to be married.

PLAYBOY: Scary things like what?

THORNTON: Komodo dragons.

PLAYBOY: Komodo dragons?

THORNTON: The whole idea of dinosaurs and dragons is really frightening.

PLAYBOY: But why Komodo dragons in particular?

THORNTON: Because I don't know why they are here. It's a dragon, for Christ's sake. Why would we have dragons anymore? In fairy tales, the guy cuts the dragon to pieces because he is trying to get the damsel out of the tower. Dragons are evil. Komodo dragons have this horribly toxic bacteria in their mouths. When they bite you, you go blind. Then they all gather around you and watch you die like they are watching fucking

television. They don't eat you right away. They wait till you die. Then they eat you.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you know too much about Komodo dragons.

THORNTON: I tend to learn a lot about what I fear.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen one?

THORNTON: Angie and I were in Cambodia at a zoo. She saw the thing and grabbed me and put her hand over my eyes. God bless her for that. She was the only person I ever knew who actually went along with all my phobias and shit. One night I woke up after dreaming that the house was burning. I said, "We have to go to a hotel right now." She put together a bag and we went to the Sunset Marquis and stayed three nights. I have nightmares. Once a Komodo dragon was up on the side of the bed, which freaked me out so bad that I cannot tell you. So we woke up and she goes, "OK. It's OK." We went to the hotel.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a psychiatrist about your fears?

THORNTON: I know what they are. They have nothing to do with my uncle playing with my weenie when I was four. They are fucking dragons that have no focus other than killing.

PLAYBOY: But there are no dragons in Beverly Hills.

THORNTON: They put them in zoos and shit. What if one got out? Some woman called and wanted to know if I would make a donation to save the Komodo dragons. No. If I could, I would fly over there with a helicopter and mow them all down. Because they are fucking dragons. They are dinosaurs. I grew up watching Raquel Welch and all those people being fucking flung around by pterodactyls and shit.

PLAYBOY: There are no movies in which old chairs attack people, yet you apparently have a phobia about furniture.

THORNTON: Certain antique furniture.

PLAYBOY: What furniture?

THORNTON: Louis XIV. Victorian kind of shit. Old European furniture. Shit you would find in a castle in Scotland.

PLAYBOY: Why does it bother you?

THORNTON: I have no idea. It just seems like you would not want to eat anywhere near it. It makes me think of people sitting around with those big puffy neck things that the queens used to wear. And the dust and the moldy odor. God knows how often they bathed and shit. I think the fear has a lot to do with cleanliness.

PLAYBOY: Like your character in *Monster's Ball*, is it true that you prefer eating with plastic utensils?

THORNTON: Yes, but it's not like the dragon on thing. I like things in little plastic packets that you can open, because I don't know who cleaned the silverware. Antique silverware? Forget it. But I use silverware when I go to restaurants.

PLAYBOY: Are you superstitious?

THORNTON: I have quirks.

PLAYBOY: Joel Coen once said that you

are "bizarrely unneurotic," except you insisted on driving around a particular coffee store seven times before you would go to work. Why?

THORNTON: I just get some things stuck in my head.

PLAYBOY: You got it in your head that you had to drive around a Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf shop seven times?

THORNTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you inherit superstitions from your mother, who is a psychic?

THORNTON: I don't know how superstitious she is. Her stuff is based on actual supernatural phenomena.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to yours?

THORNTON: At least some of mine is obsessive-compulsive behavior. It's the kind of stuff doctors say is based on children being out of control or abused.

PLAYBOY: How about in your case?

THORNTON: Let's just say it comes from being nervous all the time. You start to develop these little tricks in your head, like, if I just break this toothpick into three even pieces, my father will come home in a good mood and he won't beat me. It becomes a protection. I still have some of that, but I don't feel like it's running my life.

PLAYBOY: Were you always afraid of your father?

THORNTON: Yes, but I understand my daddy's anger toward me now. He could have been more than he was. He was jealous of me. He just wanted me to like football, but I liked art. I was sensitive. He saw that I was creating something and couldn't handle it. I was not some wild-ass kid, but I wasn't his kind of guy.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to be?

THORNTON: I don't think I knew him well enough to try. I was nervous whenever he came home, because he was always pissed off. I didn't want to get into an argument with him.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever beat you bad enough to send you to the hospital?

THORNTON: No, no. He just whipped the shit out of me with his belt.

PLAYBOY: Did your mother try to protect you from him?

THORNTON: My mother always protected me. He was always cool to my mom. My mother was a strong woman. It was interesting growing up with a psychic for a mom and a high school basketball coach for a dad. It sets you apart.

PLAYBOY: Did your mother do readings and predict your future?

THORNTON: Mostly I just got it by association. I watched her. All the books in our house were Indian books and spiritual books and books on ESP.

PLAYBOY: Did your friends think it was weird?

THORNTON: In the beginning, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Bandits* is afraid of the actor Charles Laughton. Are you?

THORNTON: No. I'm afraid of Benjamin
(continued on page 148)

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Board meeting

ADDITIVE FREE



NATURALLY SMOOTH



THE CHINA SYNDROME 2003

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LIVE IN THE SHADOW OF THE INDIAN POINT NUCLEAR POWER PLANT. GOVERNMENT AND COMPANY OFFICIALS SAY THE PLANT'S RADIOACTIVE WASTE IS SAFE. BUT AN INSIDER WHO WON'T BE SILENCED TELLS A DIFFERENT—AND ALARMING—STORY

BY RENE CHUN

Foster Zeh has a problem. Like many whistle-blowers before him, he knew the risks of his actions. But now, as he sits in his modest kitchen in Red Hook, New York, he worries. He holds himself straight-backed and stoic in military fashion, hands palms-down on the table. He worries, he says, because a spokesman for his employer felt free to disparage him in the local paper. He worries

because he's been on administrative leave for months and his company is offering him a paltry \$18,000 to go away and shut up.

But mostly he worries about what he knows. Zeh worked as security supervisor at the Indian Point nuclear reactor station for five and a half years. He trained the guards, plotted strategy and ran mock assault drills. He is acutely aware of the plant's potential for disaster—a catastrophe that could erase the lives of tens of thousands of people in a matter of hours. Such vulnerability, he believes, makes Indian Point the most dangerous nuclear power plant in the United States.

Below, the containment domes at Indian Point. On September 11, 2001, American Airlines Flight 11 flew over Indian Point before it slammed into the north tower of the World Trade Center.



"THE CHANCES OF AN ATTACK ARE HIGH. AL QAEDA KNOWS THE TARGET SETS. THEY HAVE PEOPLE STUDYING NUCLEAR ENGINEERING AT UNIVERSITIES HERE."



Above, the glow of an Indian Point spent-fuel pool. Below, tanks of compressed hydrogen.



Worst of all, he is sure that what is obvious to him is obvious to a terrorist.

"The chances of an attack on that plant are tremendously high," says Zeh. At six feet and 208 pounds, the 44-year-old security supervisor looks as imposing as he did when he played strong safety at New Mexico Highlands University. He's a bit fleshier now, with more girth and jowls. Wearing a muscle shirt and sporting a brush cut (a throwback to his days in the Army), he could be Bruce Willis' stunt double in *Die Hard*. He speaks with the authority of a law enforcement professional. "Al Qaeda knows the target sets. It's no secret. They have people studying nuclear engineer-

During the summer, boaters cruise past the domes. Zeh feels the riverfront is the plant's most vulnerable area.



ing at universities here. They come from Syria, Yemen, all around the Middle East."

Before he was placed on administrative leave for, he believes, pointing out dangerous security lapses, Zeh was a model employee. In 2000 he received the commendation of Supervisor of the Millennium from Wackenhut Nuclear Security. Then he began to doubt.

"Nobody has ever rocked the boat like Foster has," says George McSpedon, an ex-Marine and former co-worker of Zeh's at Indian Point. "They're going to try to slander him any way they can. But Foster knows his stuff. If I had to sit in a trench over in Kuwait with somebody, I'd want that person to be Foster. I've always trusted him."

Over the years, Zeh has become increasingly concerned about the rickety, inept defense that protects America's most lethal "soft targets." In this case, the target is 35 miles from Times Square. Foster Zeh has decided to tell his story in full—for the first time—in these pages. He is going to talk about nuclear security from the inside out. He will report on dangerous conditions at Indian Point's spent-fuel pools that until now have been hidden from the public, denied by Indian Point officials and whitewashed by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Zeh's allegations are convincing to many in the industry, and his assessments put New York City closer to a nuclear disaster than most people could imagine.

"It's one of the worst," says Pete Stockton when asked about Indian Point. Stockton was a special assistant to the secretary of energy in the Clinton administration and now works with a watchdog group called the Project on Government Oversight. "It's a lack of thought in their defensive plan, it's fatigued guards who work too much overtime, it's the training of the guards, everything. Few of our plants

are ready for a real terrorist attack."

Security at nuclear plants now is comparable to security at the nation's airports before September 11—a weak government agency sets the standards, and the utilities hire the cops themselves. In 2002, during his State of the Union



In 2000 Foster Zeh (above) was honored as the Supervisor of the Millennium by his employer, Wackenhut Nuclear Security. Two years later, his actions earned him an indefinite administrative leave.

address, President Bush warned the nation of vulnerabilities at nuclear facilities. "A year later, the NRC has done nothing to improve the safety and security of our nation's nuclear power plants," says Senator Harry Reid of Nevada. With five other senators, Reid has recently reintroduced the Nuclear Security Act after it stalled in Congress last year. "In fact, the only step the NRC has taken is to say it's unable to calculate the risk of a terrorist attack and will therefore not include that as a risk factor when it considers opening new facilities. The NRC has been so negligent that one third of the employees working for the agency question its dedication to safety. Something must be done."

But, as Foster Zeh was to learn, telling

THE KILL ZONE

IMAGINE A GROUND ZERO THE SIZE OF RHODE ISLAND

50 MILES PEAK INJURY ZONE

Twenty million people live within this zone. Though radiation here would not reach the 450,000 millirems needed to cause immediate death, residents would be at risk for increased rates of cancer and other radiation-related diseases. (C Chernobyl—which is not near a major city—left 70,000 people disabled and a total of 3.4 million affected by radiation.) Food and water would likely be poisoned as far as 40 miles out—an area that includes all of New York City's major reservoirs.

50 MILES > PEAK INJURY ZONE

10 MILES EVACUATION ZONE

About 300,000 people live within Indian Point's evacuation area. Getting them out ahead of a radioactive cloud would be tough. Studies show that nearly three-quarters of emergency workers would ditch duties to aid their own families. There would also be a massive "shadow evacuation." During the 1979 Three Mile Island crisis, 3400 people were ordered to evacuate but 144,000 tried to flee and clogged roads—a nightmare scenario in the congested New York area and tri-state suburbs.

17.5 MILES > PEAK FATALITY ZONE
10 MILES > PEAK EVACUATION ZONE

17.5 MILES PEAK FATALITY ZONE

According to a 1982 NRC study, a meltdown at one of Indian Point's two reactors could cause up to 50,000 deaths in the first year, 14,000 additional cancer deaths and 167,000 cases of radiation-related disabilities. The study's estimate of maximum property damage was \$580 billion (in today's dollars but not adjusted for increased property values). A huge swath of land would be lost for decades. (The 1986 meltdown at Chernobyl left 12,400 square miles uninhabitable.)

NEW JERSEY

EAST ORANGE

CLIFTON

UNION

BERGEN

YONKERS

MOUNT VERNON

NEWARK

NEW YORK

KINGS

NEW ROCHELLE

QUEENS

LEVITTOWN

LONG BEACH

SUFFOLK

LITCHFIELD

CONNECTICUT

ULSTER

NEW YORK

POUGHKEEPSIE

DUTCHESS

PUTNAM

WESTCHESTER

INDIAN POINT

NUCLEAR PLANT

ROCKLAND



the world about the dangers of a nuclear power plant operating in Manhattan's shadow would have dangers all its own.



Zeh stands on a bank of the Hudson, looking across a bend in the river at Indian Point's three signature containment domes. They loom over the river valley

like giant concrete sculptures while steam rises lazily from adjacent buildings. He points to the northernmost dome. "That's Indian Point 2," he says. "The other big one is Indian Point 3. The small one in the middle is Indian Point 1—it was shut down in 1974 because it had no emergency core cooling system." The other two have been operating since

the mid-Seventies, and they have had all sorts of operational failures—including the release of radioactive water in 1993 and again in 2000.

Something catches Zeh's eye, and he points again. "See the glare from that windshield? That's a security vehicle—the guard just gave his position away. Notice that all the guard stations are on

the roofs of the low buildings, which leaves them vulnerable to being shot at from the hills that form a basin around the plant." Later he drives past the guard post at the entrance to Indian Point's driveway. Not only is there no guard, but the gate is wide open.

Zeh studies lines of fire through force of habit. Ever since his first job as director of the internal fraud division at Gimbel's, Zeh has been obsessed with the security business, auditing corporate security courses at colleges and attending every seminar, conference and convention he could find. "I wanted to learn as much about guards, gates and guns as possible," Zeh explains. "If some guy was giving a speech like 'How to Harden a Target,' I'd be sitting front and center."

Zeh, a New York native, joined the Army in his 20s and was trained as a combat air traffic controller. After tours of duty in Bosnia and the Persian Gulf, he was stationed at West Point, where he guarded visiting dignitaries. With a rucksack full of military awards, including the Medal of Heroism from the American Legion, Zeh went back home to upstate New York and looked for some-



Workers guard against low-level radiation.

hut's slick, action-packed recruiting video and being inspired—the guards were portrayed as an elite paramilitary force. Instead of chasing shoplifters and eating doughnuts, they rappelled out of helicopters and practiced counterterrorism tactics. The gear was impressive too: Kevlar vests, cordless microphone headsets and big guns with infrared sights.

Zeh believed he was in good company. Fellow recruits included a gunnery sergeant with 25 years' experience in the Marine Corps and another classmate with 15 years of military service. "We were so excited," he recalls of his early trainee days. "We thought we were getting the chance to serve our country again. But it was a big con. There

THE SPENT-FUEL POOL LOOKS LIKE AN OLYMPIC POOL, EXCEPT FOR THE GLOW FROM THE WATER. THE AIR IS STIFLING, LIKE A YMCA FROM HELL.

thing in his backyard that he could be paid to protect. He was hired by Wackenhut as a security officer at Indian Point 2 in 1997.

Zeh remembers watching Wacken-

weren't any SWAT drills or fancy equipment. The job was about sitting on a folding chair and staring at a door."

However, there was one sight that *(continued on page 78)*

BLUEPRINTS FOR TERROR

WHERE WILL THE NEXT ATTACK TAKE PLACE? HOW WILL IT OCCUR? THE POSSIBILITIES ARE NUMEROUS AND DEADLY

MOBILE CHERNOBYL

SCENARIO: Attack shipments of highly toxic substances as they are being transported by truck or train.

HIGH-TECH PLAN: A timing device blows up a train carrying sulfur dioxide as it passes through a populous area; effects could extend 15 miles.

LOW-TECH PLAN: Hop the fence of a water treatment plant, steal a tanker truck of chlorine and drive it into Dodger Stadium. Chlorine gas can stay lethal to a distance of 20 miles.

FEASIBILITY: "It would be such a simple task to hook up a trailer, drive it right into the middle of New York and just open the valves," says Peter Mackay, managing editor of Hazardous Cargo Bulletin.

BEEN TRIED? Chechen rebels took out rail lines all the time.

FATALITIES: Depending on the location and wind, up to tens of thousands.



BHOPAL USA



SCENARIO: Sabotage or bomb a major chemical factory—the EPA has identified 123 plants around the country that threaten a million or more local residents.

HIGH-TECH PLAN: Hack into command-and-control systems and release a super toxic cloud with no telltale explosion.

LOW-TECH PLAN: Drive a truck bomb up to the compound.

FEASIBILITY: A 1999 federal government study found security against terrorists at chemical facilities "fair to poor." No major additional safety measures have been instituted since the attacks on September 11.

BEEN TRIED: An attempt was made recently on an Israeli fuel depot.

FATALITIES: The Army Surgeon General's worst-case estimate is 2.4 million deaths and injuries.

PIPE BOMB FROM HELL

SCENARIO: Blow up a major fuel artery like the Alaska pipeline.

HIGH-TECH PLAN: Use simultaneous blasts at several points along a pipeline, halting throughput and causing huge spills.

LOW-TECH PLAN: Shoot the damn thing.

FEASIBILITY: In October 2001, a drunk put a hole in the Trans-Alaska Pipeline with a .338-caliber rifle, shutting it down for three days and spilling 285,000 gallons. The damage: \$20 million.

BEEN TRIED? Al Qaeda has tried to blow up pipelines in Saudi Arabia. Rebels with the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia attacked a major oil artery 170 times in 2001, disabling it for 266 days.

FATALITIES: The destruction of a rural pipeline would have severe economic consequences, but an attack on any of 30 interstate natural gas pipelines, which run through numerous populated areas and residential neighborhoods, could cause explosions and localized fatalities.



SHOCK TREATMENT



SCENARIO: Knock out the electricity supply of a major city.

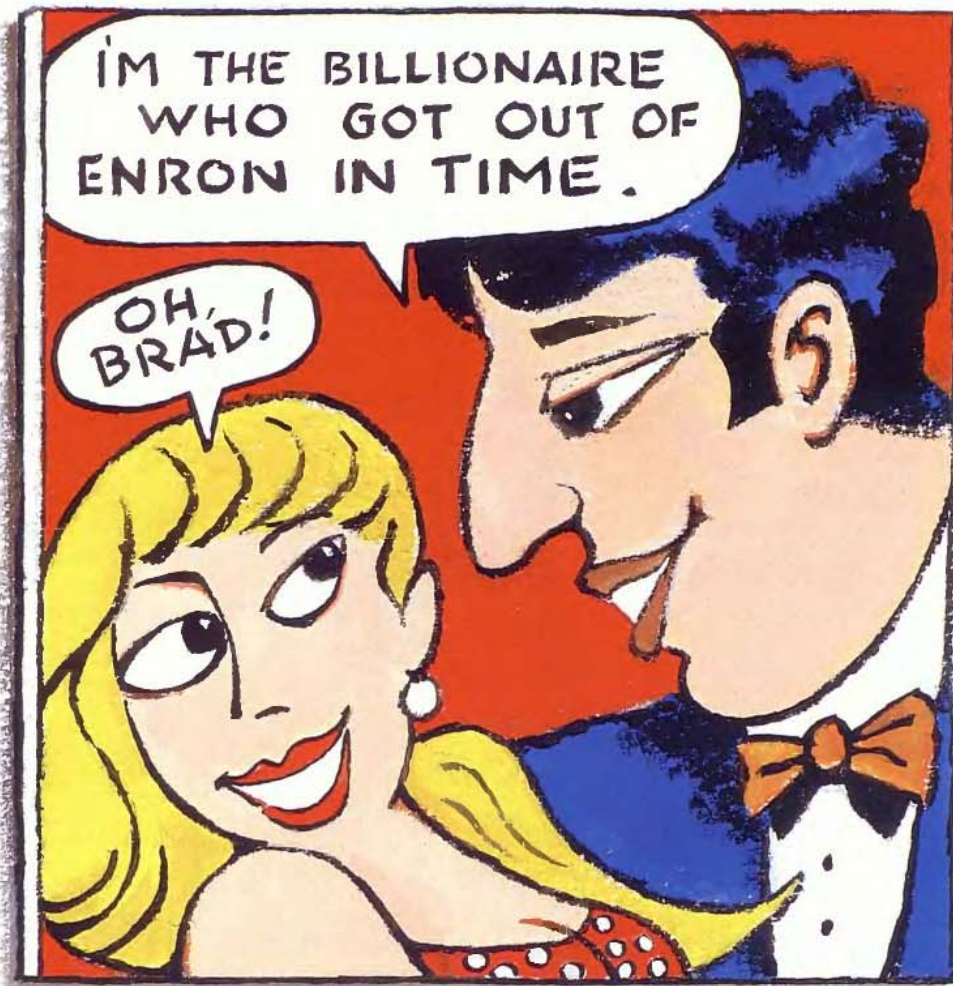
HIGH-TECH PLAN: Destroy electronic systems with electromagnetic pulses. An engineer could assemble it with components available on the Internet.

LOW-TECH PLAN: Blow up California's Path 15, an 84-mile artery that links the northern and southern parts of the state—and hope it cripples the whole network.

FEASIBILITY: Can be done with "easy, small attacks," says Andy Oppenheimer, weapons consultant to Jane's Information Group.

BEEN TRIED? Maoist rebels in Nepal regularly blow up relay stations on the grid, disrupting electricity for days or weeks.

FATALITIES: "It could be devastating," says Oppenheimer. "Traffic lights, satellites, radios and computers—you've got a major disaster. It's not going to be a bloodless attack."



D. diini

WHAT NATURE MADE BEAUTIFUL, HERB RITTS MADE IMMORTAL

A TRIBUTE TO HERB RITTS



When Cindy Crawford, supermodel of all supermodels, appeared in *PLAYBOY* in July 1988, renowned celebrity photographer Herb Ritts had to be behind the lens. That's because Ritts was the rare talent who could not just capture Crawford's sensuality but elevate it to perfection.

Ritts, who died in Los Angeles last December of complications from pneumonia, left a legacy of images that made him as famous as his subjects. His *PLAYBOY* pictorials of Elle Macpherson (May 1994), Stephanie Seymour (March 1991) and Brigitte Nielsen (December 1987) were instant classics, as was Crawford's encore in October 1998. And although Ritts was best known as a photographer of the world's most beautiful women, his subjects ranged from athletes (Magic Johnson) to movie stars (Elizabeth Taylor) to world leaders (the Dalai Lama).

Ritts handled celebrities deftly because he grew up among them in Hollywood (neighbor Steve McQueen was a babysitter). He earned an economics degree and briefly worked in the family furniture business, but his destiny as a photographer was sealed when he used a new camera to photograph friend Richard Gere at a desert gas station. Gere was soon a star, and Ritts the photographer of the stars.

Ritts' work is larger than life, a reflection of the man and his remarkable talent. He will be missed.

Cindy Crawford By Herb Ritts

SEE MORE CLASSIC HERB RITTS PHOTOGRAPHS
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Elle Macpherson By Herb Ritts

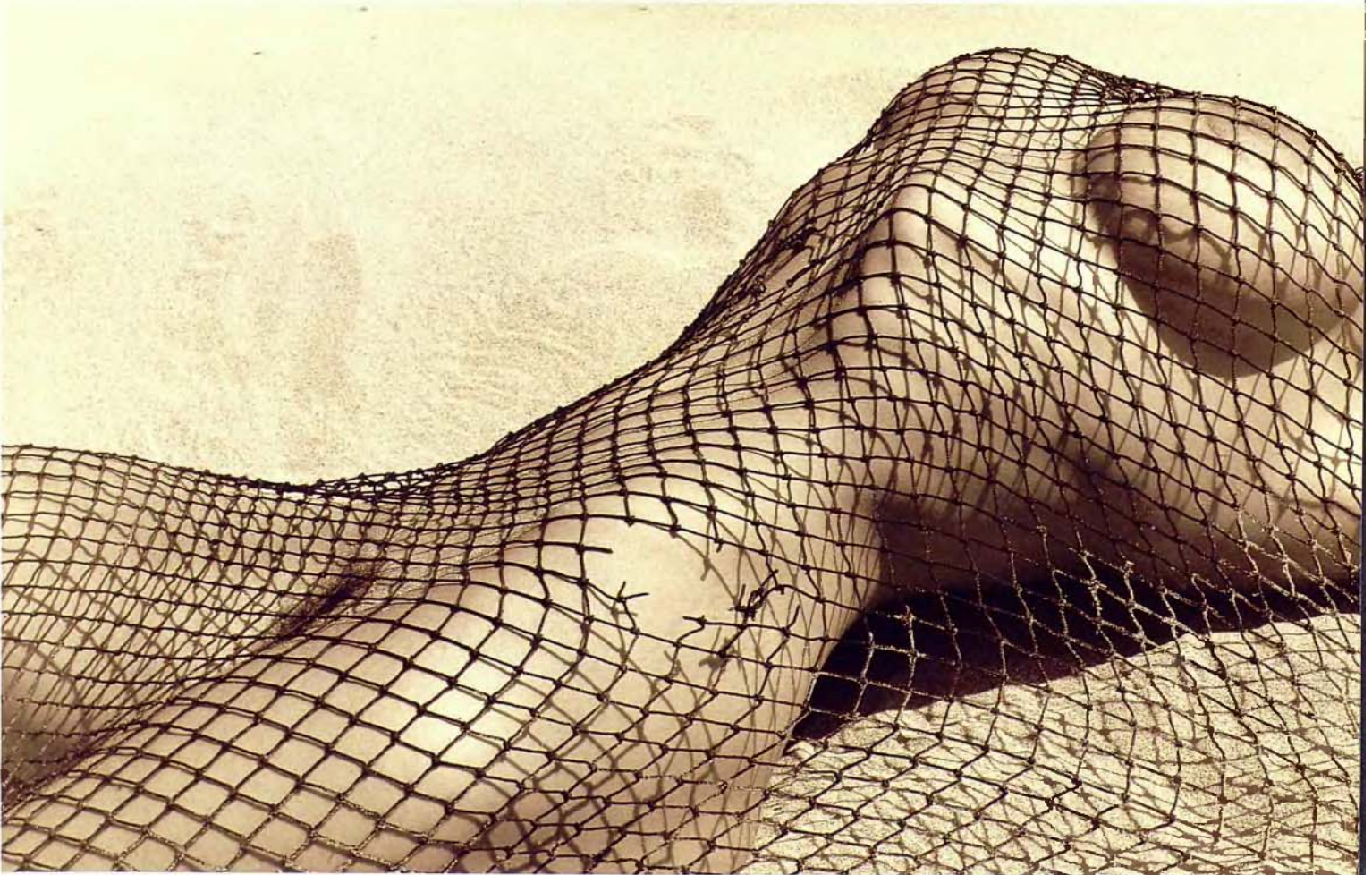


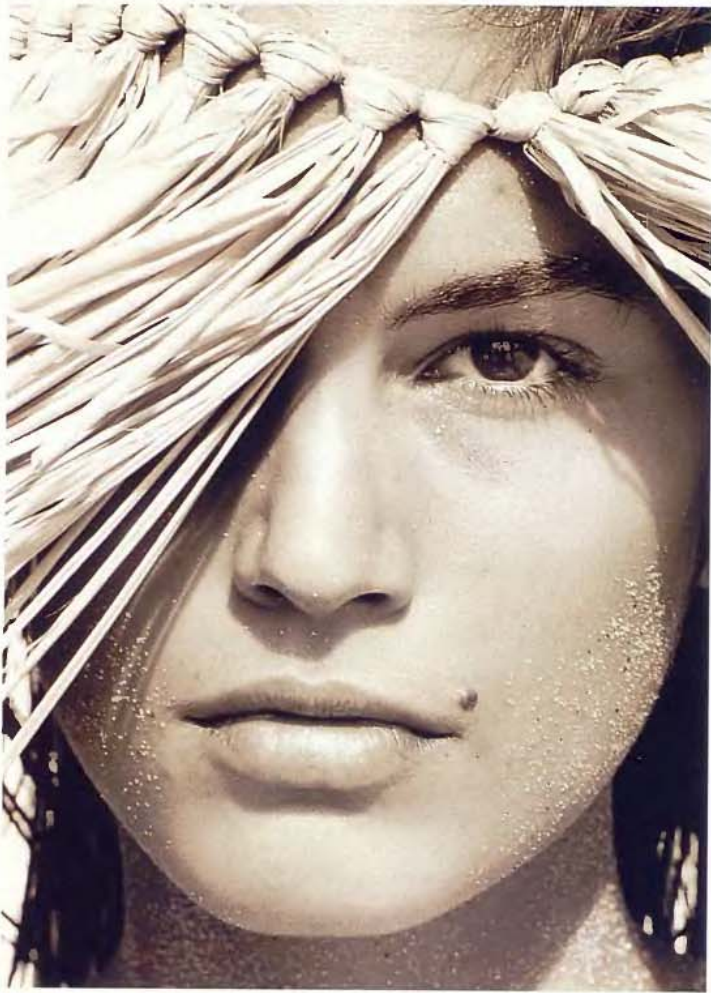


Elle Macpherson By Herb Ritts

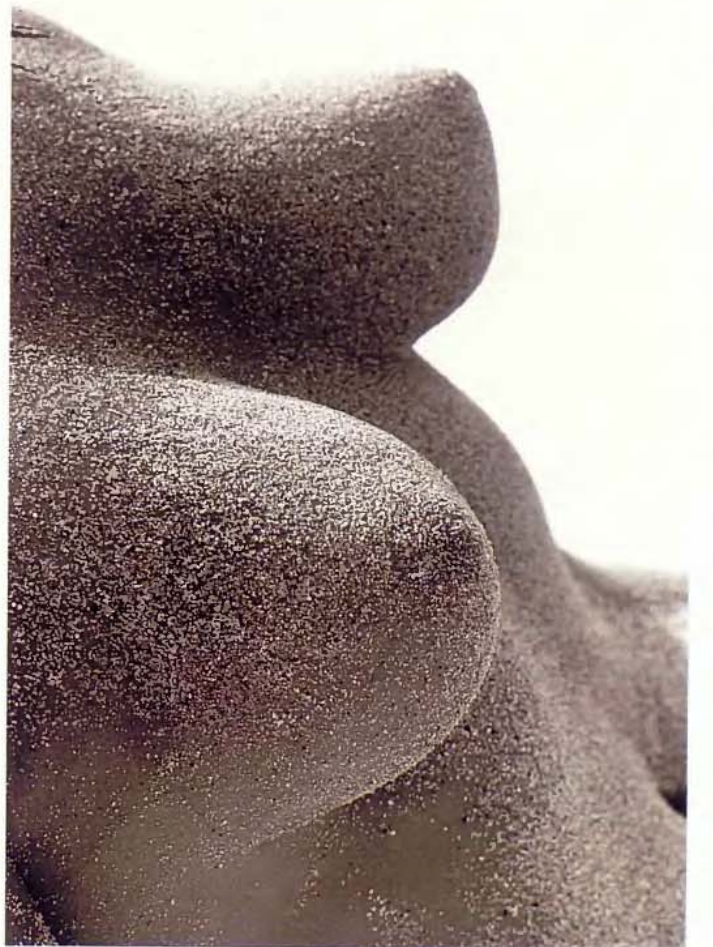


Brigitte Nielsen By Herb Ritts





Cindy Crawford By Herb Ritts





HIGH-END

got money to burn? sink it into

By RAY FOLEY

“May I mix you a cocktail, sir?” the bartender asks. “Ah, an excellent choice. Now, if you will just fill out this credit application.” That scenario isn’t too far-fetched, considering the latest watering-hole trend: luxury libations that max out your credit card before they give you a buzz. Whether you’re blowing a few hundred on specialty liqueur or \$12,000 on a gem-infused martini, you don’t want to spill a single drop.

Distillers’ Masterpiece Mint Julep

Porcini
Louisville, KY

2 ounces Distillers’ Masterpiece Kentucky bourbon
1½ teaspoons minted syrup
mint sprig

Pour bourbon over crushed ice in a silver julep cup. Add minted syrup and stir thoroughly. Garnish with mint sprig and serve with a short straw.

An upgrade of the traditional Kentucky Derby drink for those who own the horses they bet on.

\$48



The World

World Bar
Trump World Tower
New York City

½ ounce Remy Martin XO
½ ounce Pineau des Charentes aperitif wine
½ ounce grape juice
½ ounce lemon juice
½ ounce simple syrup
dash Angostura bitters
Veuve Clicquot champagne
23-karat edible liquid gold

Shake all ingredients except champagne and liquid gold with ice and strain into a trumpet flute. Top off with champagne and a dash of liquid gold.

Admit it: You’ve always wanted to drink gold.

\$50



1800 Coleccion Margarita

Dos Caminos
New York City

1½ ounces 1800 Coleccion tequila
1 ounce Grand Marnier
1 ounce fresh key lime juice

Blend all ingredients with ice and serve in a margarita glass. Lime wheel optional.

You can get it with salt for no extra charge!

\$125



SPIRITS

these costly cocktails instead

The Manor Stinger

The Manor
West Orange, NJ

2 ounces Remy Martin
Louis XIII cognac
½ ounce Marie Brizard
white crème de
menthe

Shake cognac and
crème de menthe with
ice and strain into a
snifter.

Welcome to the new
age of conspicuous
consumption.

\$250



Millionaire Rob Roy

Prime Steakhouse
Bellagio Hotel
Las Vegas

2 ounces 50-year-old
Macallan scotch
¾ ounce Dubonnet Red
¾ ounce Lillet Blonde
dash Angostura bitters
brandied cherry

Stir all ingredients with
ice and strain into a
chilled cocktail glass.
Garnish with the
brandied cherry.

The 50-year-old Macallan
(\$3700, in a lead-free
crystal decanter) gives this
kilt lifter a kick. Just right
with a plate of haggis.

\$375



CV Rouge

Villa Nova
Newport Beach, CA

1 ½ ounces L'Esprit de
Courvoisier cognac
1 ounce cranberry juice
champagne
sugar cube

Stir cognac and
cranberry juice with
ice and strain into a
five-ounce martini glass.
Top with champagne and
add sugar cube.

The perfect
après-surf pick-me-up.
Send dad the bill.

\$650



Engaging Martini

Oak Bar
Fairmont Copley Plaza
Boston

2 ounces Finlandia
vodka
dash of dry vermouth
2 olives
diamond ring

Stir vodka and vermouth
with ice and strain
into a chilled martini
glass. Garnish with
a pair of olives and a
one-carat diamond
engagement ring.

The Oak Bar's version
includes dinner for two
and a hotel suite stocked
with champagne, choco-
lates and flowers. The
chunk of ice in her drink
will seal the deal.

\$12,750



CHINA SYNDROME (continued from page 68)

"My friends in intelligence constantly talk about how we are approaching a boiling point," says Zeh.

transfixed Zeh. When he visited the Indian Point 2 spent-fuel pool during one of his first on-the-job-training shifts in the summer of 1997, he couldn't believe his eyes. Housed in an unremarkable metal structure was what could have been mistaken for an Olympic-size swimming pool, if it weren't for the handrail encircling it and the eerie glow emanating from the water in it. Zeh looked closely and watched a steady stream of bubbles, generated by the circulating currents below, make their way up from the luminous depths. The bubbles contained minute quantities of radon gas, released when they popped at the surface. The air was stifling, thick with humidity and heat. It was like a YMCA from hell.

Known as "shrink-off," the turquoise light is generated by the thousand or so spent-fuel rods submerged like pulsing neon bulbs. Zeh gazed at the plant's mother lode of nuclear waste. (About 800 tons of irradiated fuel rods are currently stored at Indian Point 2's spent-fuel pool. Indian Point 3's pool holds more than 600 tons of nuclear waste. Indian Point 1, decommissioned in 1974, has its own pool of 100 tons of what the plant workers call "old shit." It leaks 25 gallons of water a day. According to the NRC and Entergy, the water is recovered in a drain and does not pose a hazard to the public.)

"Sheer insanity," Zeh told his supervisor when he learned the building's only guard post was under the cavernous roof three flights up. "Everyone has access to the fuel-storage building, even janitors. They can walk in and actually look at the racks in the water." Then there was the storage building itself. It looked like a decrepit airplane hangar with masonry walls and a leaky tin roof. This metal shack and a lone guard were all that stood between someone bent on destruction and one of the largest amounts of radioactive waste on the Eastern seaboard.

After just a year on the job, Zeh began complaining to his superiors about security lapses and inadequate training procedures. "There were guards who arrived more concerned with getting breakfast orders in than they were with actually getting on post. And it's only gotten worse," he says incredulously.

Rather than act on any of Zeh's observations, both Wackenhut and Consolidated Edison, which was then the

owner and operator of the Indian Point 2 nuclear reactor, praised his job performance. Eventually Zeh worked his way to the top of Indian Point 2's wage scale, pulling down \$22.09 an hour as a shift supervisor. Along with the higher pay came greater responsibilities, from training new recruits in the classroom and on the firing range to coordinating the mock attack drills that the NRC uses to test a plant's ability to defend itself.

"My friends in the CIA, FBI and Secret Service constantly talked about how we are approaching a boiling point and that it's just a matter of time before somebody realizes how vulnerable we are," he says. "After 9/11, I started studying possible terrorist scenarios. The tactical aspect was always in my mind, but it took the attack on the twin towers for me to realize that in a 50-mile radius of Indian Point there are 20 million people. I would never have thought about it that way."

Nuclear power plants are simple operations, really. They harness the heat of a controlled nuclear reaction to produce steam, which drives turbines and creates electricity. Indian Point 2 and 3 are pressurized-water reactors. As with the other 101 commercial nuclear reactors in the U.S., the IP reactors use enriched uranium as fuel, manufactured as rods of pellets bundled in a protective zirconium casing. These rods are placed in the reactor and bombarded with neutrons, causing some of the uranium atoms to fission, or split, into two lighter atoms, thereby releasing a tremendous amount of heat.

After 18 to 24 months in a reactor, the uranium in fuel rods still generates a great deal of heat and radioactivity but is no longer efficient for use in generating electricity. Like all domestic nuclear power plants, Indian Point removes these intensely radioactive spent rods and stores them in cooling water.

Reactors are housed in containment domes constructed of steel-reinforced concrete from three and a half to six feet thick. The idea is that if an accident occurred, the dome would contain the radioactivity—if, of course, the dome remained intact. (Radioactive atoms have trouble passing through substances such as lead, concrete and water.) Loss of the plant's cooling system can lead to a meltdown of the reac-

tor's core. The fuel gets so hot (5000 degrees) that it melts through the concrete and metal foundation beneath the reactor, and keeps going, and going, thus earning its designation, the China Syndrome.

Because there is no explosion, the immediate result of a meltdown is far less dramatic than that of a hydrogen bomb. The danger lies in the extreme amounts of radioactivity, either airborne or in the form of contaminated water, released into the atmosphere. More than 4000 Ukrainians have died from cancer and other diseases from exposure to fallout produced by Chernobyl's meltdown in 1986. Ukraine's Health Ministry estimates one in 16 of the country's 49 million inhabitants suffers from serious health disorders linked to the accident. People in Kiev, 70 miles south of Chernobyl, are known to use Geiger counters when they buy fresh produce. The Ukrainian government has specified an 18-mile exclusionary zone around the plant as uninhabitable.

While a reactor's containment dome serves as an inviting and symbolic terrorist target, spent-fuel pools are considerably softer targets. In the U.S. they contain on average 10 to 20 times more radioactive material than a reactor core. And none of the pools have containment domes. A pool's waste is a nasty cocktail of fission products that includes unimaginable amounts of cesium-137—a volatile radioactive isotope with a half-life of 30 years. The Chernobyl disaster sent about 2.4 million curies of cesium-137 into the atmosphere, accounting for much of the radiation exposure that ruined the land around the plant. The spent-fuel pools at Indian Point 2 and 3 contain more than 75 million curies of cesium-137.

Foster Zeh often contemplates an exclusionary zone around Indian Point. The ecological impact from the release of radiation in the pools would render one of the earth's most densely populated areas a toxic wasteland. Moreover, the death toll could be well into six figures, one of the worst ever from a man-made event.

On September 8, 2002 at seven A.M., Zeh was called into Entergy's front office and told he had been hand-picked to participate in an important NRC drill: the Attachment 3 Inspection, an exercise designed to evaluate Indian Point's early warning detection system and the guard force's ability to foil a simulated terrorist attack. But instead of the minimum standard four attackers (three outsiders and one accomplice), the Indian Point guard force

(continued on page 140)



"Sorry, Alfred. We've changed our mind about the midnight swim."



by Tanya Corrin

the velvet rope

Orgy

a new wave of group sex is on the way—if you can make the cut

Like a thousand other cocktail parties that Saturday night, this one kicked off with polite introductions, chitchat and enough liquor to help guests loosen up. By three in the morning, however, the invitation-only gathering in a Manhattan loft had evolved into something else entirely.

Seven guests had commandeered a king-size bed, their candlelit naked bodies more entwined with one another than with the leather sheets. Blonde, brunette, thin, curvy, everyone touching, tasting, fucking. A model-attractive woman happily buried her mouth between another's long legs as a guy she had met two hours before pumped her from behind. A man slowly pulled out of his date and pressed against the lithe woman sucking her nipples. She lifted her leg slightly and he entered her. No foreplay. No stop signs. No big deal. Our hostess, far from being appalled, looked on proudly, one hand caressing a champagne flute, the other a firm female ass. "Look how beautiful," she purred. "Everything is just right. See why I work so hard? Everyone is fucking."

Indeed, this orgy didn't just happen—it was meticulously organized and carefully orchestrated. If you were there, it was because you had already passed several unspoken tests and been judged sufficiently hip—and hot—to have sex with equally stylish strangers. And if you were a guy, it was because a beautiful woman had allowed you to tag along. The

new velvet-rope orgy scene blossoming in cities across America is not only highly exclusive, it's also driven by the sexual curiosity of young female trendsetters, successful in-crowd beauties who want to walk, and rut, on the wild side before life gets too damn boring. And me? Well, I was one of them.

REAL PLAYERS DON'T WEAR PANTIES

It began with Karyn, a friend I ran into at a coffee shop one morning. We'd shared details of our sex lives before, and her telltale glow meant she'd just gotten laid. At first she didn't want to give up details, so I figured it must be good. (For the record, Karyn is hot—toned, with long wavy hair.) Between puffs on her Gitanes, she confessed that the night before, she and her fiancé had attended a sex party in a suite at a luxury hotel in Midtown. "It was good. Really good," she said. "The men were polite and the women all had fun." Wide-eyed, I asked if she had made out with a girl. Karyn's eyes got fuzzy, and I got the picture.

I was intrigued. I'd heard whispers about a new sex scene. I'd never seriously considered attending an orgy—I wasn't even aware they still existed—but this one sounded enticingly glamorous. Karyn was no more sexually adventurous than I was, right? I pestered her for weeks, and finally she introduced me to Gabriella, a beautiful 30-year-old half-Italian, half-Cuban interior designer. As a player on the burgeoning



Manhattan sex party scene, Gabriella could grant me entrée—or not. When we met, she told me her own story, probably to judge my reaction.

Gabriella, I learned, has always liked playing with women, and her boyfriend, Ron, likes to watch. “We used to go to bars and try to pick up women,” she said. “At first it was fun. But with threesomes you worry that the single woman is going to fall in love with you—or try to steal your man.” So they looked for young couples more like themselves: people happy in their relationships but wanting to experiment. They checked out personal ads on [alt.matchmaker.com](#) and [nerve.com](#). Most wanted to full-swap, which involves the women having sex with each other’s partners. Gabby and Ron were only after girl-on-girl stuff, followed by V and E—voyeurism and exhibitionism (having sex in front of the other couple). Gabby calls this “same-room play.” Plus, she told me bluntly, most of the couples “just weren’t good-looking enough.”

So Gabby took charge. Using a Yahoo e-mail group, she sent invitations to the first meeting of a social club she dubbed *Rendezvous*. In months the group grew to 80 screened couples who met at upscale bars. Even-

tually, a *Rendezvous* member took over the reins, changed the name to *Flirt* and started charging \$60 per couple. At the end of our chat, Gabby invited me to the next *Flirt* event. I was in! Or so I thought.

Two weeks later *Flirt* members gathered at a plush lounge called *Lava Gina* (La Vagina, get it?). When I arrived, Gabby waved me over as Ron jumped up to fetch cocktails. She smiled and said, “At *Flirt*, the women are in control. It has to be that way. Otherwise the men are all just animals.”

Thirty couples, some regulars, some newcomers, all young, fit and richly groomed, circulated in the red glow. They swapped numbers and made play dates. Many, especially the newbies, seemed unaware that this was merely the casting call for the main attraction. As all its party invitations emphasize, *Flirt* is a starting point, not a destination.

Preparties are key to maintaining the necessary snob factor for today’s sexual crusaders. A couple (you must be part of a couple, no single guys allowed) who are adventurous enough to show up have no guarantee of an invitation to an afterparty. They must look and feel right before they are plucked out of the crowd.

She handed me her drink, reached under her skirt and produced a turquoise thong, twirling it on her finger.



Still, the anticipation that something wilder was about to take place added a palpable erotic tension.

A tall, spectacular creature walked to the center of the room, balancing a pink cocktail in a slender hand. She had a taut body and long blonde hair. "Have you met Ashley?" Gabby asked, pulling me to her. We kissed lightly on the cheek. I complimented her shoes. Ashley flirted back, saying I had beautiful eyes. Her boyfriend, Seth, excused himself to the bar.

"I usually don't wear underwear," she announced abruptly. "But we just came from dinner with some conservative friends." She handed me her cocktail, reached under her vintage peasant skirt and deftly produced a turquoise thong, twirling it around her finger. Seth returned with the drinks and we found a booth near the back. Ashley, a 29-year-old architect, told me how a year ago, while in LA on business, she got drunk and fell into a threesome. She called Seth, a corporate lawyer, at five a.m. to confess. But instead of being angry, he was excited. They decided to seek out new sexual experiences. That's how they found Flirt.

As she spoke, she eyed a couple dirty-dancing nearby. "Some couples get around a little too much. People call me arrogant and a prude, but I wouldn't have sex with anyone who can't get into Bungalow 8." Glancing at the turquoise panties sitting on the table, it was hard to imagine anyone calling Ashley a prude, but her offhand remark cut straight to a prime characteristic of the new swinging scene. Where earlier sexual pioneers were strongly tied to the counterculture, these new swingers are part of the establishment. Even when engaging in wildly promiscuous acts, it's imperative to remain selective, especially if you're young, rich and beautiful. It's not so much what you do—it's who you do. It's Roman decadence combined with a high school popularity contest.

Ashley said I should join her and Seth for "a private party sometime." I scribbled down my phone number,

then found Gabby with a pair of newcomers. They wore gold wedding bands and wanted to swap with another couple.

"Have you swapped before?" I asked.

"No," the man answered.

"But we're excited to give it a try," the wife said brightly.

Her husband didn't look excited. Bold with alcohol, I asked, "How would you feel if another man gave your wife a better orgasm than you?"

His head jerked back as if I'd punched him. "Whoa! That would not be good."

As we moved on, Gabby whispered that they obviously weren't going to be invited to any after-parties. A full swap right off the bat was too advanced for most of this crowd, and she considered blurting such a request inappropriate and tacky, like doing the funky chicken when everyone else is waltzing. With this crew, there's no greater faux pas than evoking the stereotypical images of Seventies swingers—the middle-aged, fat guy with a disco medallion buried in his chest hair, and his






PLAYTIME PROTOCOL

the insider's guide to party etiquette


Speak the lingo: Even group-sex greenhorns need to learn the basics. *Full swap:* Trading partners with another couple for intercourse. *Soft swing:* Engaging in foreplay with another couple, then returning to your original partner. *Same-room play:* Trading partners and messing around in one room. Usually play implies everything but intercourse. *V/E:* Voyeurism and exhibitionism: no swapping, just watching and being watched. *Different-room play:* Swapping with another couple, then heading to separate rooms for sex. *Girl play:* The girls do it while the guys watch. *Eat-in party:* A private party where sex occurs on the premises. *Take-out party:* A party for meeting people and making arrangements to play later.

Dress to kill: Not you—your date. Everything hinges on your girlfriend's appeal, and her willingness to dress in an overtly sexual manner. Women should wear skirts and eschew underwear. As for men, tight briefs are allowed but considered tacky. Fitted boxers are preferred.



Stick to your role: When a couple is interested in an unattached female, the woman of the pair makes the approach while the man politely lingers. He may assist in closing the deal with comments like, "My girlfriend really likes you. It would be wonderful if you'd make her happy." Flattery will get you everywhere—this is a vain crowd.

Give, don't take: You see 10 people in a group grope. How to join in the fun? Take it slowly—feed an open mouth strawberries, offer to rub an ankle. But always ask permission first. Women are supposed to ask before they initiate contact, too, but once the fondling gets fast and furious, they tend to just reach out and touch someone.



Let them talk about you: After a flirtatious conversation between you, your date and another couple, they will excuse themselves and have a conversation out of earshot. They'll decide what they want to do—if anything—and get back to you. Be good-natured about it.

Know where you're going: Local gatherings can be found online (lifestyles-convention.com). Clubs and parties can be either on the premises, meaning the action goes down right there (see Chicago's Club Adventure at www.clubadventure.org), or off the premises, meaning you make your own arrangements with the people you meet (see Maryland's Rendezvous at secretrendezvous.net). For velvet-rope-style parties you need an invite. Check out organizations like Flirt (flirtnyc.com), Skin (skinparty.com) and One Leg Up (onelegupnyc.com). Make your application—and then head to the gym.



pantsuited partner in too much makeup, with baked ziti on her breath.

The last couple I met at the bar were Matt and Kelly. She had a sorority girl's blonde bob and wore a short red skirt and heels. Matt wore jeans and a sports coat. It was their first Flirt party.

"I've never been with a girl before," Kelly said. "But all my friends have at least kissed girls, and I want to know what it's like."

"I'd like to see that!" Matt said.

GIRL MEETS GIRL

Around 11 that night, Ron slipped napkins on which he'd scribbled an address into the palms of a select few. He hailed a cab and held the door. I got in with Gabby, who also had Kelly in tow. Ron and Matt followed in another cab to a turn-of-the-century building. The elevator opened onto a spacious penthouse. I felt weak in the knees. I could no longer pass as an observer, a tourist; here I was expected to participate.

A busty blonde in a white lamé top served champagne. Above a fireplace, a flat-screen TV played an erotic video that nobody bothered to watch. Gabby, Kelly and I settled onto a leather couch, with me in the middle. Matt and Ron stood behind, trying to look casual. Three other couples from Lava Gina sat around the room. One was holding hands on a love seat. Two others were across from us on a sofa. The women, a busty Asian girl in a slinky red dress and a Nordic goddess in black, sat close, smiling and stroking each other's hair. A joint was passed. Then another. The conversation drifted into laughs and whispers, then lulled while the hostess lit candles. Aaliyah's *Rock the Boat* filled the room: "Work the middle . . . work the middle." The room hummed with desire. Or maybe the humming was in my head. After drinking a bunch of those pink things at Lava Gina and all the French champagne my hosts could pour, I was feeling floaty. And aroused. All night I had been flirted with and flattered. I knew I was heading for . . . something. Other than an occasional halfhearted dalliance, I have never

(continued on page 150)



"We've agreed, then—earthlings cannot join the Intergalactic Federation until they've improved the quality of their sitcoms."

appropriate sex

Mr. Lowe had to deal with Mandy. She was definitely coming on to him

FICTION BY STEVE ALMOND

This was a Friday in April, one of the last days of the term, and the undergrads were all worked up. You could see it in the way they touched themselves, those lewd, innocent little caresses of the self, the way they lingered over their cigarettes out on the steps, a thousand bright sucking lips.

The dress code in my own class was terrifying. Cutoffs. Halter tops. Garments that managed to fuse the sartorial aspirations of sportswear and lingerie. Spring was finally here (finally! finally!) and there was no holding the young skin back.

We were critiquing a story called “Last Rites,” in which a mother mourning the death of her daughter decides, rather impulsively, to pay a visit to the girl’s prize Arabian stallion.

“What’s the deal with the horse?” said Brendan Mahoney. “Is there something, like, going on with the horse?”

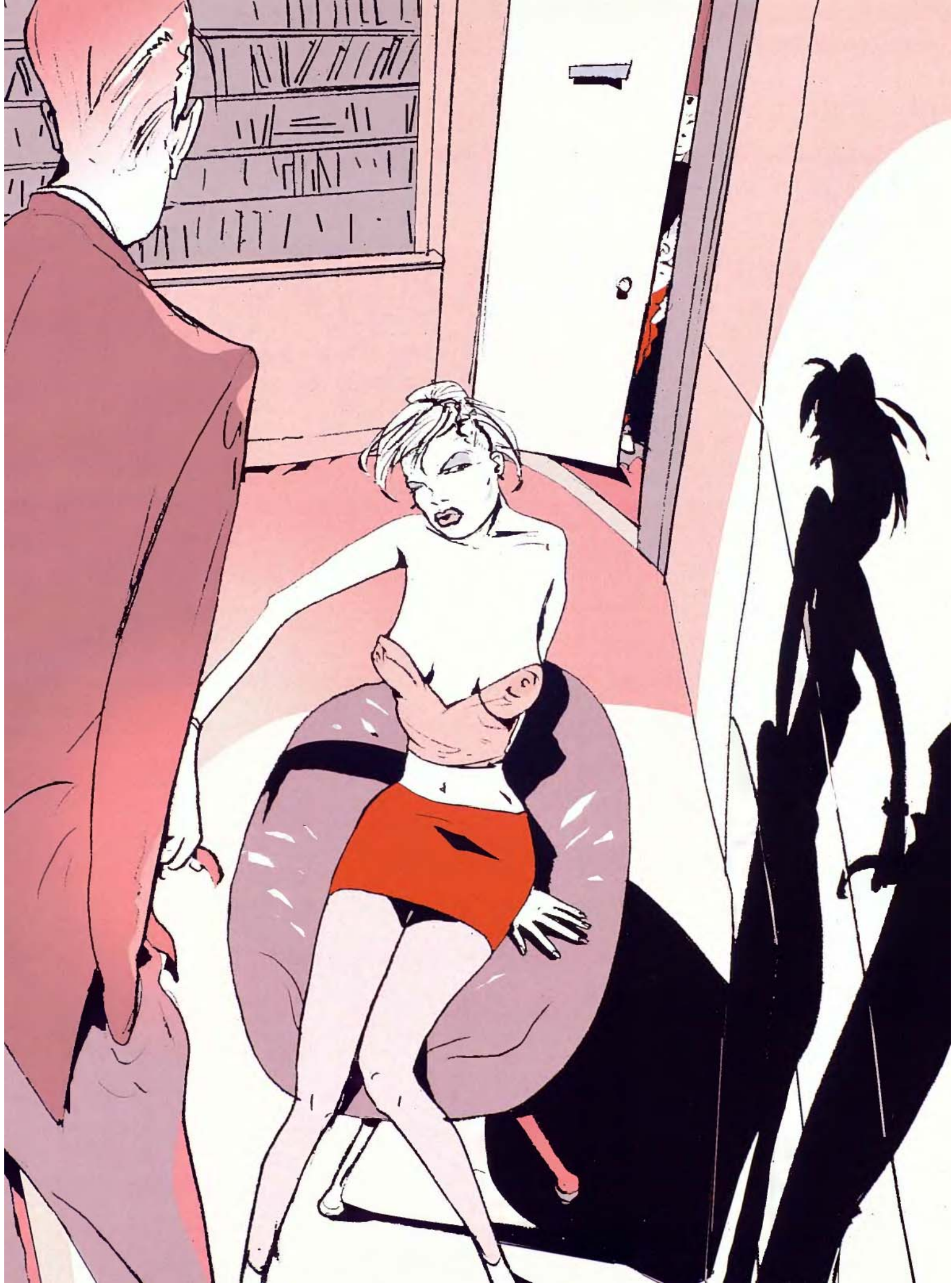
“What would be going on with the horse?” said Nicole Buswell.

Nicole—pale, chubby, ardently sexless—was our leader for the day. I myself didn’t lead discussions. I felt this would inhibit the class, and my philosophy as a teacher back then was to disinhibit.

“I don’t know,” Brendan said. “I’m not saying anything, like, explicit, but—” He looked down at his (continued on page 136)

The dress code in my own class was terrifying. Spring was finally here and there was no holding the young skin back.





Baseball is back! Here are the winners, the losers and why 2003 may be the sport's best year ever

THE PERFECT GAME

Baseball is the only business in America where the owners keep telling the consumers their product is lousy, all in the hope of paying their best workers \$15 million a year instead of \$18 million. In the middle of last summer's labor strife, Commissioner Bud Selig whined about how teams needed to be contracted, how various franchises were on the verge of defaulting on their payrolls and how the national

pastime was on its last legs.

Here's a bulletin for Bud: Baseball is better than it's ever been. Last year's World Series was as good as it gets—the Angels and the Giants entered the season as long shots and ended it with seven unforgettable games. And this summer promises more Cinderella teams, more 100-mph fastballs turned into 500-foot homers, more

BY ALLEN ST. JOHN

players with outsize talent and personalities to match. These are baseball's good old days. Need further proof? Here are eight reasons why there's never been a better time to watch a baseball game.

1 **The game is tougher.** Forget those purists who speak in hushed tones about the greatness of Babe Ruth. We're here to remind you that Old Beer Gut never played a night game or faced a player of color. When Sammy Sosa

the slugger**JASON GIAMBI** *first baseman/New York Yankees*

hits 292 homers in five years and Pedro Martinez wins his fourth ERA title in six, they're doing it under the toughest conditions ever.

[2] Anyone can win. Let's talk competitive balance. Can you say World Champion Anaheim Angels? Sure, the Yankees are virtual locks for the postseason, and a few more teams have no hope—like the dumb Kansas City Royals and dumber Milwaukee Brewers. But by substituting smarts for cash, teams like the Twins won their divisions last year. And by showing

that even small-town guys can dream big, last season's World Series did nothing less than save the sport.

[Five Ways We Can Improve It

(1) DH the NL. Purists hate the designated hitter. But what's more boring than watching Al Leiter strike out against Kerry Wood?

(2) Speed up the game. Put batters and pitchers on the dock. If we can map the human genome, we can get a baseball game under three hours.

(3) Honor Pete Rose.

(4) Downplay the ding-ers: Set a minimum size and weight on bats; move the batter's box a few inches away from the plate. Result: a more strategic game.

(5) Appoint a new leader. We have four words: Baseball Commissioner David Wells.

on laptops to learn which batters will bite on a first slide; hitting coaches pore over miles of video. The upshot of this data deluge is baseball Darwinism. Got a hole in your game? Everyone knows it by the end of the week.

[5] The arms race. Sure, we live in a hitter's age, but has there ever been a more remarkable pair of pitchers than Randy Johnson and Pedro Martinez? Never in the history of baseball have you seen two such dominating hurlers at their

PLAYBOY: Who are the teams to watch in the American League?

GIAMBI: I think the pitchers for the A's are going to keep getting better. That's the scary part. And the Angels are going to be tough again.

PLAYBOY: What happened against the Angels last year?

GIAMBI: I think everybody was just shell-shocked. Nobody in a million years thought that would happen, especially given the number of runs we scored. They didn't quit. We were up by five and the next minute we were down by three. Game, set and match.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being a Yankee?

GIAMBI: The thing that throws you off is you go to Baltimore and you've got 200 people in the hotel lobby at two o'clock in the morning waiting for you to walk in. You're like a fucking rock star.

PLAYBOY: How tough was it to cut your hair and shave your goatee?

GIAMBI: That was the hard part to suck up. I was used to not having any rules in Oakland. These are Steinbrenner's rules. Trust me, I'd rather have the goatee and the long hair.

PLAYBOY: Is the Yankee clubhouse as

dull as it seems?

GIAMBI: It's a lot more fun than people think. In New York City you have more media than players. So guys just know where to hide and hang out and have fun.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with the motorcycle?

GIAMBI: My bike is at my parents' house. I didn't want to take it to New York and get run over by a fucking cabbie.

PLAYBOY: Who is your favorite superhero?

GIAMBI: Superman. He's got it all figured out. He's got the X-ray vision. He can fly. He's strong and good-looking. He's got the whole package.

PLAYBOY: Does your superhuman eyesight enable you to find girls in the stands?

GIAMBI: That's a skill I share with everybody in the big leagues.

peak at the same time.

[6] Attitude. After a decade of stars about as charismatic as Dick Cheney, baseball is blessed with a new generation of real guys. If Giambi, Zito or Dempster learned their clichés on a bus in the minors, they forgot them by the end of their first big-league bender.

[7] The peace process. Every true baseball fan knows that the sport's biggest rivalry is the one between the owners and the Players' Union. But a new collective bargaining agreement means you can forget about luxury tax thresholds and contraction for at least another four years.

[8] Drama worthy of Tolstoy. Admit it: five run lead, seventh inning, sixth game—you were ready to turn off the TV. Aren't you glad you didn't? Scott Spiezio's seventh-inning homer in the sixth game of the World Series may have been the greatest clutch hit in history. Like the Diamondbacks the year before, the Angels took advantage of one of the perfect little loopholes in baseball: Just get one more hit, and you can't lose.

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

NL East:

Atlanta Braves

NL Central:

Houston Astros

NL West:

Arizona Diamondbacks

NL Wild Card:

New York Mets

AL East:

New York Yankees

AL Central:

Chicago White Sox

AL West:

Oakland A's

AL Wild Card:

Boston Red Sox

NL Champion:

Arizona Diamondbacks

AL Champion:

Oakland A's

World Champs

Oakland A's

2003 Previews

Batter up! Here—in projected order of finish—is our team-by-team breakdown of the 2003 season.

AMERICAN LEAGUE East

1. New York Yankees



2002 in Review: 103–58, first place. Much to the chagrin of Steinbrenner, Giuliani and small-market owners looking for a scapegoat, the Yankees were stomped by the Angels in the division series and have now gone two entire years without winning a championship.

Pivotal Player: Terminally bland lefty pitcher Andy Pettitte has a .646 career winning percentage, fourth among active pitchers who have 100 or more decisions.

X Factor: Derek Jeter's batting average has slipped for four consecutive years and his defense at shortstop is now shaky at best. And he's sparring with the boss. Is Pretty Boy history? **Outlook:** The Yanks go international for 2003. Casting aside memories of Hideki "Fat Pussy Toad" Iribu, New York signed Yomiuri Giants outfielder Hideki Matsui and replaced El Duque with Cuban Jose Contreras. Contreras will join Roger Clemens, Andy Pettitte, David Wells and Mike Mussina in a rotation deeper than Kant. The Jason Giambi-led offense should continue to cruise, but can Mariano Rivera stay off the DL?

Endgame: The Yankees will complete a six-pack of consecutive division titles, but a depleted bullpen could haunt them come October.

2. Boston Red Sox



2002 in Review: 93–69, second. After a fast start, the curse of the Bambino—or a weary bullpen or inter-

league play—caught up with the Sox. **Pivotal Player:** After languishing in the bullpen for five years, Derek Lowe (21–8, 2.58 ERA) was Pedroesque in his first year as a starter. **X Factor:** Batting champ Manny Ramirez (.349, 33 homers, 107 RBI in 120 games) might be the best pure hitter in the AL, but he's so sulky and injury prone that he's now about as popular in Boston as busing.

Outlook: The Red Sox have six—count 'em, six—returning All-Stars, but Doogie Howseresque GM Theo Epstein failed to bolster the rotation with Contreras or Bartolo Colon. But Jason's lil' bro, Jeremy Giambi (.435 on-base percentage last season in Philadelphia), could make all the difference with a breakout year.

Endgame: With a feng shui balance between pitching and hitting—and a

bullpen by committee—the Sox could win the wild card, knock off the Yanks and finally end the curse. Or not.

3. Toronto Blue Jays



2002 in Review: 78–84, third. The once-proud Blue Jays saw their win total decline for the fourth consecutive year, prompting copulating couples at the SkyDome Hotel to draw the blinds at game time.

Pivotal Player: Slugging first baseman Carlos Delgado would be a poor man's Jason Giambi, except that at \$17 million per year, Carlos makes more than Giambi.

X Factor: The Blue Jays are victims of the exchange rate, taking in Canadian dollars but paying out American dollars in player salaries, which hurt the team's bottom line to the tune of \$30 million in 2001.

Outlook: The Jays have young talent, including rookie of the year Eric Hinske and 25-year-old Roy Halladay, who went 19–7 with a 2.93 ERA. But Cory Lidle went from Oakland's number four starter to Toronto's number two—need to know more about the depth of the pitching staff?

Endgame: Neither as good as the Yankees and Red Sox, nor as wretched as the Orioles and Devil Rays, the young Jays will improve but spend another summer in that baseball purgatory known as third place.

4. Tampa Bay Devil Rays



2002 in Review: 55–106, fifth. The season's only achievement: Tampa's ERA of 5.29 was worst in the bigs.

Pivotal Player: Catcher Toby Hall's batting average inexplicably slipped from .298 to .258, but he's done an excellent job handling the young pitching staff.

X Factor: Florida's steamy midsummer weather no doubt contributed to the team's 7–20 record in July. Didn't help attendance, either. Then again, the Rays supposedly play indoors.

Outlook: The good news—the Devil Rays snagged Mariner skipper Lou Piniella. The bad news—they surrendered their best player, Randy Winn, as compensation. Joining Greg Vaughn in the Why Aren't You Playing in Japan Club is no-hit shortstop Rey Ordenez.

Endgame: Under Piniella, things will get better. Slowly.

the ace

BARRY ZITO pitcher/Oakland A's

PLAYBOY: What goes through your mind when you're on the mound?

ZITO: In a perfect world? Nothing—I just react. I'm subconscious out there. It's a free-flowing experience. No thoughts. All left brain.

PLAYBOY: Are you a different guy when you're out there?

ZITO: Definitely. When I'm on the mound I have to think of myself as the best pitcher in the league. But when I walk into a restaurant I don't think of myself as superior. A lot of guys in this sport do. And that's why people will say, "I hate this guy because he treats the fans like shit."

PLAYBOY: How much of pitching is mental?

ZITO: Once you get the physical things in line, it's 100 percent mental. You hear stories of guys who throw 95 but can't get out of A ball. That's because they're mentally weak. They can't accept it in their consciousness that they're a big league superstar.

PLAYBOY: Because you do yoga and play guitar and shop in thrift stores, some call you a flake.

ZITO: If someone actually meets me



they'll never call me a flake. I'm intelligent. I have my shit together. I have a personality, and that's something I'm not going to suppress.

PLAYBOY: Your uncle is Patrick Duffy, from the television show *Dallas*. Growing up, did you have a thing for Victoria Principal?

ZITO: No, I was a big Loni Anderson fan growing up.

PLAYBOY: You were on *Dr. Phil*.

ZITO: I'd never met the guy, but his people wanted me to ask him some questions, like "How do I be respectful to female fans without them thinking I want to date them?"

PLAYBOY: What was his answer?

ZITO: I never got the answer because I don't watch the damn show.

Going Deep



Brigitte Bako reveals why baseball games make for great foreplay

Baseball is sexy. With the right guy, watching a baseball game can be nine innings of foreplay. And since this might be the last year for baseball in my hometown of Montreal, let me clue you in on what you're missing.

The single most alluring thing about being at the ballpark is that I can leave my push-up bra at home. I can also let my hair down. And I'm transported

into a parallel universe—eating junk food, drinking cheap beer and ogling players in tight outfits. There's plenty of time to flirt with my guy—my leg draped over his, huddling under a blanket as the late-inning chill creeps in. There's something sexy about being able to yell in public. After nine innings of screaming and huddling, my inhibitions are going, going, gone. I can curse out the ump in nine different languages. I just might shout something in my rudest Quebecois about his mom and a horse. If my beau laughs instead of cringes, he's won me over. Maybe next time we'll watch the game at my place. He can bring the beer and I'll bring the blanket.

Brigitte Bako stars in the HBO series *The Mind of the Married Man*.

the gold glover

JIM EDMONDS outfielder/St. Louis Cardinals

PLAYBOY: Last year was a roller coaster ride for you. Where were you when you heard about your teammate Darryl Kile's death?

EDMONDS: Dave Veres and I were actually trying to get ahold of him on his cell phone. We figured he was either late getting up or stuck in traffic in Chicago.

PLAYBOY: How tough was it to get back on the field the next day?

EDMONDS: We played and it probably was a big mistake. Darryl had never missed a start, so we figured we would show everybody we could do the same thing he did his whole career. We got blown out. Nobody was into the game. I couldn't think of anything but him and his family.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you won your fifth Gold Glove last year.

EDMONDS: My best accomplishment was winning the Gold Glove this season without really diving at all. I try to stay on my feet now. You dive on Astroturf and it burns your skin, rips your pants.

PLAYBOY: But those diving catches go over big on Sports Center.

EDMONDS: Well, it gets to the point where some people think you're diving on purpose. You watch TV and you see these guys diving at a ball that is waist high. Or guys who jump in the air to catch a ball that's going to hit them in the chest.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware that the gay sports website *Outsports.com* gave you the 2002 Brass Balls award as the game's most watchable center fielder? Here's a quote from *Outsports*: "While he verges on being too pretty, he is quite the physical specimen. And he has stopped doing stupid things with his hair. (Those highlights he had last year were a little too 1998, weren't they?)"

EDMONDS: I didn't know [laughs heartily]. I guess it's flattering that people like me. But I'm more into ladies, I have to say.



THE ALL-PLAYBOY TEAM

We name the game's best players, assembling a team for the ages

Welcome to the greatest team ever assembled. Period. If these current players took the field against All-Stars from the Twenties or Fifties or Seventies, they would not only win, they might just have to invoke the slaughter rule.

5.

Baltimore Orioles



2002 in Review: 67-95, fourth. The aging Orioles had about as good a year as Worldcom, which is fitting, as they're just about as well run. Trivia fact: the Orioles drew 412,000 fewer fans in 2002, yet still managed to finish third in AL attendance.

Pivotal Player: Former Cy Young Award winner Pat Hentgen has gone 2-7 and pitched 84 innings since coming to Charm City in 2001.

X Factor: Meddling owner Peter Angelos—has run all his top baseball men out of the organization.

Outlook: There's not much to say about a roster in which journeyman first baseman Jeff Conine is a stand-out. Pitching prospect Steve Bechler died of heatstroke in spring training. The rest of the O's minor league system is as barren as parts of Afghanistan.

Endgame: On the express elevator to the cellar, the Birds will get a lot worse before they get better.

(continued on page 156)



NATIONAL LEAGUE East

1. Atlanta Braves



2002 in Review: 101-59, first place. Bobby Cox's choke artists posted the best record in the NL, cruised to their 11th straight division title and then imploded like an old Vegas hotel against the Giants.

Pivotal Player: After spending two years pitching batting practice at Coors Field, lefty Mike Hampton returns to a pitcher's park and, Atlanta hopes, his 22-win form of 1999.

X Factor: Don't tell Jane Fonda, but the Braves really do miss Ted Turner. With the AOL bean counters holding the purse strings, the Braves are suddenly counting their pennies.

Outlook: Atlanta's vaunted starting rotation is in flux after losing starters Tom Glavine and Kevin Millwood for budgetary reasons, while newcomers Hampton, Russ Ortiz and Paul Byrd will test pitching coach Leo Mazzone's magic touch. The outfield might be the best in baseball.

Endgame: The Braves win the division (again) and lose in the first round of the playoffs (again).

2. New York Mets



2002 in Review: 75-86, fifth. Suffice it to say that a spot in the cellar wasn't what owner Fred Wilpon

was expecting from his \$100 million payroll, and much-hated manager Bobby Valentine paid the price.

Pivotal Player: Newly acquired lefty Tom Glavine is Cooperstown bound, but the Mets hope his second-half record (7-7, 3.93 ERA) is a blip.

X Factor: When things go sour in the nation's media capital, everyone knows about it. The Mets get more bad ink than any other team.

Outlook: Succeeding the hyperactive Valentine, former Oakland skipper Art Howe will chill out this team like a crate of Zolofit. His not-so-tough love should help sulky All-Stars Roberto Alomar and Mo Vaughn find themselves. In the addition-by-subtraction department, shortstop Rey Ordonez—who could hardly hit his IQ—is history, with superprospect Jose Reyes in the wings.

Endgame: The Mets fall just short in their worst-to-first bid, but snag the NL wild card.

3. Florida Marlins



2002 Record: 79-83, fourth. A lackluster performance helped cement their reputation as the most conspicuous underachiever in the NL East.

the bulldog CURT SCHILLING pitcher/Arizona Diamondbacks



PLAYBOY: The Diamondbacks went from winning the World Series to getting swept in the first round. Why?

SCHILLING: It's a state of mind. We went into the postseason with apprehension due to injuries. That manifested itself as a three-game sweep.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the hitting explosion?

SCHILLING: The owners thought they would dumb down the game. They thought fans wanted offense. But fans want to see good baseball. If that's a 6-5 game, so be it. But I've

never heard of a fan who enjoyed a four-hour, 9-7 game with 12 walks and six homers.

PLAYBOY: Who are the best young pitchers in the league?

SCHILLING: Fans are being treated to the best influx of pitching in 20 years. The Florida staff. Roy Oswalt and Wade Miller in Houston. Mark Prior and Kerry Wood in Chicago. They're all power guys.

PLAYBOY: What reaction did you get to your comments about steroids?

SCHILLING: I was flying blind when I said 50 percent of the players used them. I've no idea what the percentage is. But you can look at my body and tell I'm not one of them.

PLAYBOY: Is baseball in trouble?

SCHILLING: Owners pay salaries they can afford to pay. But they've led fans to believe that they're taking a hit. That's a bunch of crap.

PLAYBOY: You own a company that sells war board games. Do you ever play with your teammates?

SCHILLING: That's way too geeky.

PLAYBOY: Does Patton ever get his ass kicked by the panzers?

SCHILLING: That's not realistic.

Pivotal Player: Former MVP catcher Pudge Rodriguez has a great bat and a better glove, but Texas hurlers griped about his pitch calling.

X Factor: The Fish have had only one winning season in franchise history—their World Series run of 1997.

Outlook: These guys have more quality arms than Donald Rumsfeld.

With some seasoning, 22-year-old Josh Beckett and 26-year-old A.J. Burnett could be Cy Young contenders, and Florida could be the NL's answer to the Oakland A's.

Endgame: The Marlins are this division's team of the future. But the future isn't now.

4. Montreal Expos



2002 in Review: 83-79, second. The Expos shook off Bud Selig's would-be Kevorkian act and dogged

the Braves through the All-Star break. Too bad total attendance of 812,045 was the worst in the majors.

Pivotal Player: Outfielder Vladimir Guerrero is Roberto Clemente with power, but will the Expos be forced to dump his salary?

X Factor: Until a new owner can be found, the Expos will be operated by the league, which probably doesn't

want a homeless team in postseason.

Outlook: By playing "home" games in Puerto Rico, the Expos will make history, rack up plenty of frequent-flier miles and lose big.

Endgame: A distant fourth-place finish, and a new home in the U.S.

5. Philadelphia Phillies



2002 in Review: 80-81, third. After a surprise pennant push in 2001, Larry Bowa's Phillies slid back

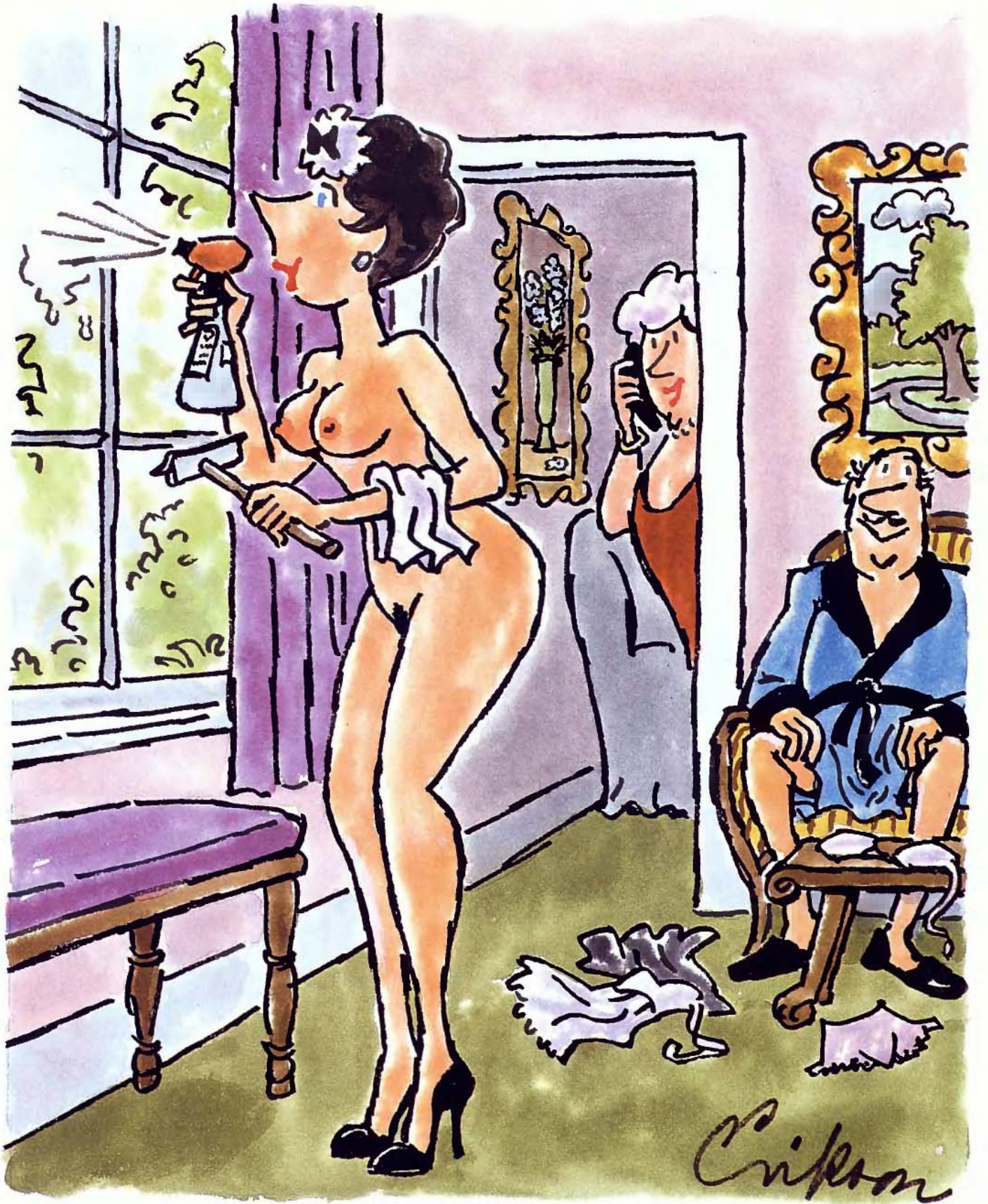
to the pack like a cheese steak off a Teflon spatula, finishing 2 1/2 games behind Atlanta.

Pivotal Player: Jim Thome gets less respect than Carrot Top, but his combination of Goliathlike power (52 homers) and Joblike patience (122 walks) make him an elite hitter.

X Factor: If the Phils start slow, the ownership may delay the team's pennant push to coincide with the opening of Phillies Ballpark in 2004.

Outlook: GM Ed Wade does a nice job of bolstering the core of youngsters like Pat Burrell and Jimmy Rollins with vets like Thome and third baseman David Bell. Outfielder Bobby Abreu, who has a .409 career on-base percentage, could be a better leadoff

(continued on page 154)



"She's quite a find. First she does Howard—then she does the windows!"

miss may is a down-to-earth woman who looks out of this world

L

AURIE'S NEW LIFE

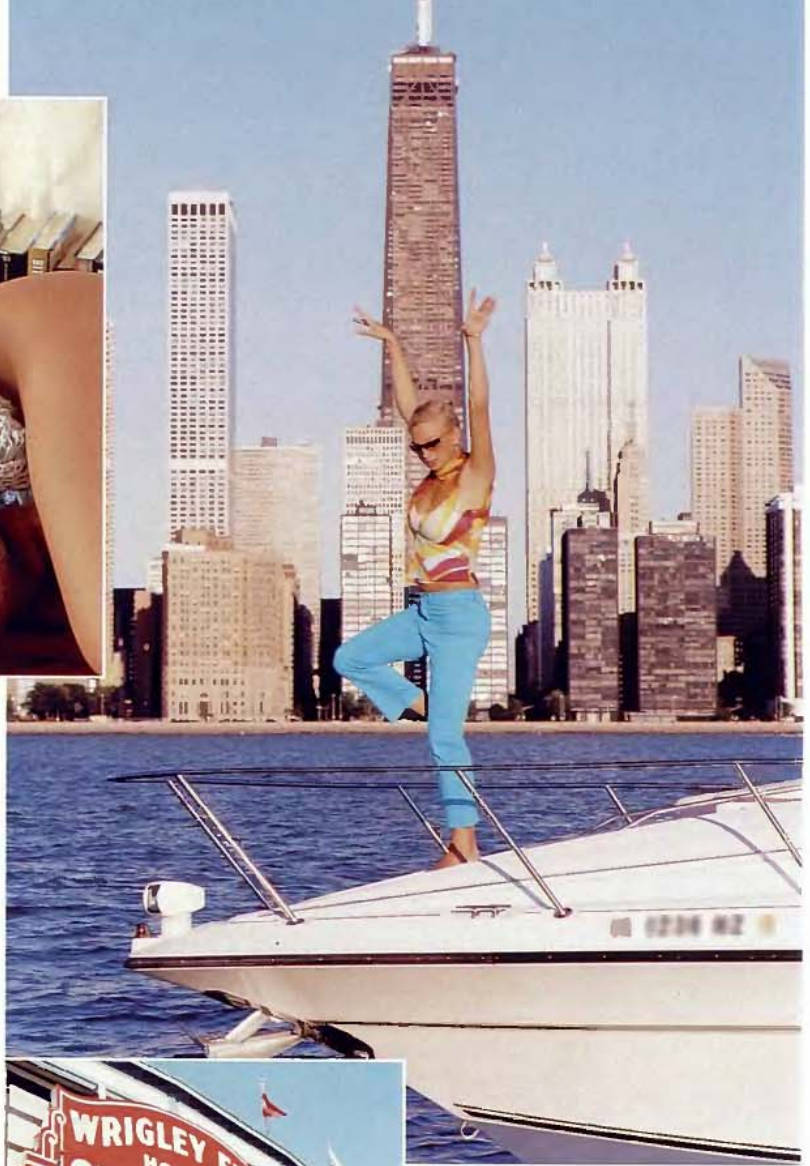
Midwesterners pride themselves on being grounded, but Chicago native Laurie Fetter threw her friends for a loop when she suddenly packed up and drove out to Los Angeles a year ago. "The move was totally impulsive," she says. "Now that I'm in Hollywood, I find that I spend my life in my car because everything is so spread out. But I love the weather and the laid-back vibe."

Though being *Centerfold* is a high-water mark in Laurie's modeling career, this isn't the first time she's graced the pages of a major publication. "I remember getting the cover of *Sew News*, a national sewing magazine, when I was 11. It was the coolest thing at that age!" she laughs. "Acting is my passion, however. My high school had an incredible theater program, and I took voice lessons for six years. I started acting in plays when I was eight and I sang and danced. Since I arrived in Los Angeles, I've done an independent film and hope to do more." For good measure, Laurie is also getting her real estate license and taking classes at UCLA. "I graduated from high school early and went right into my career, so I'm at a point where I really need the mental stimulation," she says.

Miss May admits her career isn't the only thing that prompted her shotgun trip to the West Coast. "I met my boyfriend in LA before I moved. Sometimes you look into someone's eyes and they're kind of blank, and you don't really know what is going on. He looked at me and it was kind of freaky because I felt like he was looking right through me. I think I've slept at my house twice since we got together—in fact most, if not all, of my stuff is at his place. I have my own house but I think all that's left there are one pair of shoes and a bed." As for her future, Laurie has adopted a philosophical approach. "You get dealt so many different cards every day, and you don't know where you're going to end up tomorrow. It's a tough business, and I don't have any illusions about it. But I would love to be a working actress for the rest of my life. Entertaining is what I was born to do."







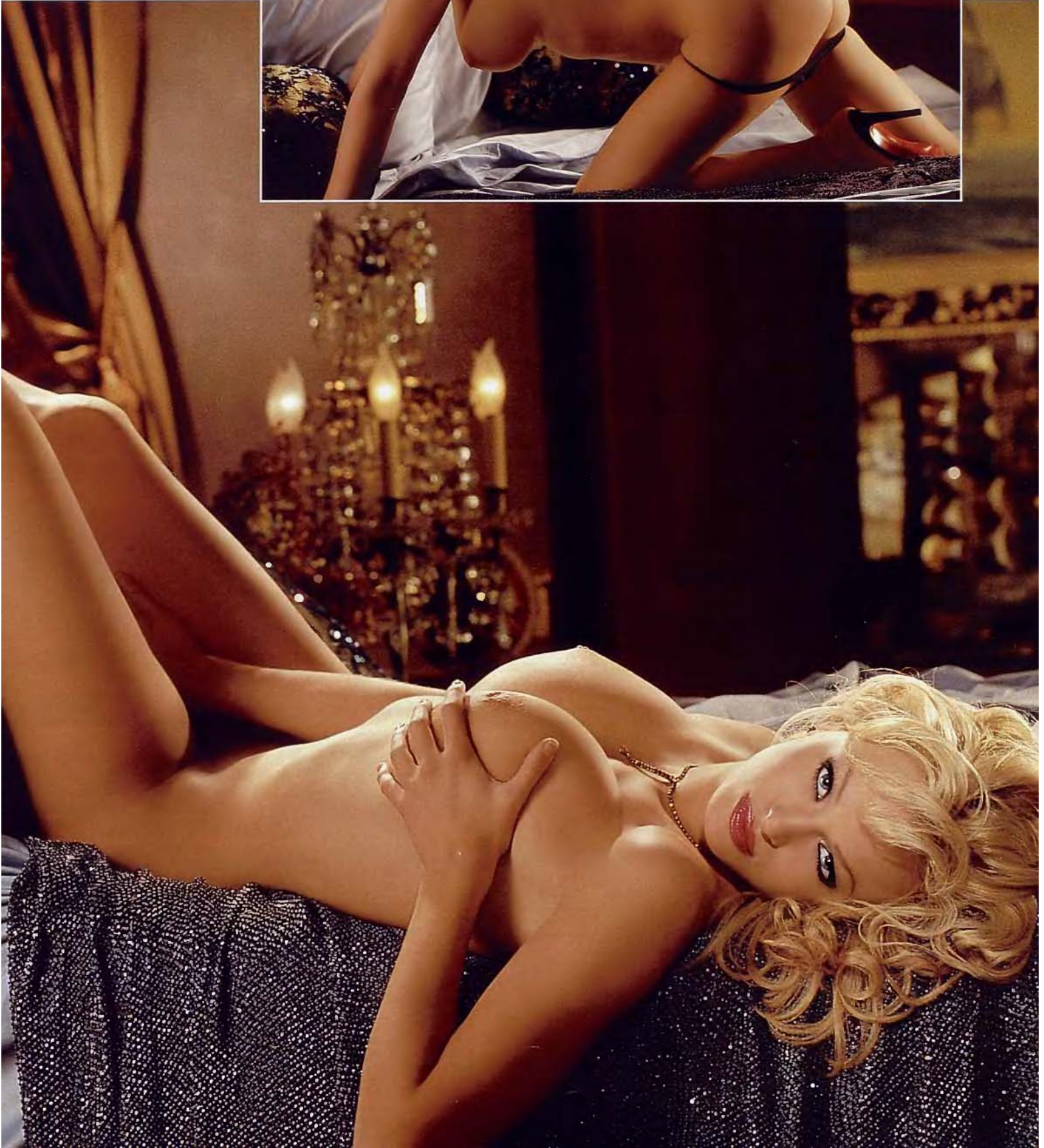
Laurie spent a lot of summer days at Wrigley Field. "I'm wearing a Cubs cap in every picture taken when I was little," she says. When she wasn't catching a game, she was catching rays on Lake Michigan. "The thing to do is for people to tie their boats together and just hang out for the day. I loved being out there with my friends. For this shot on the boat, I was messing around and thinking, Look at me! I'm like the karate kid!"



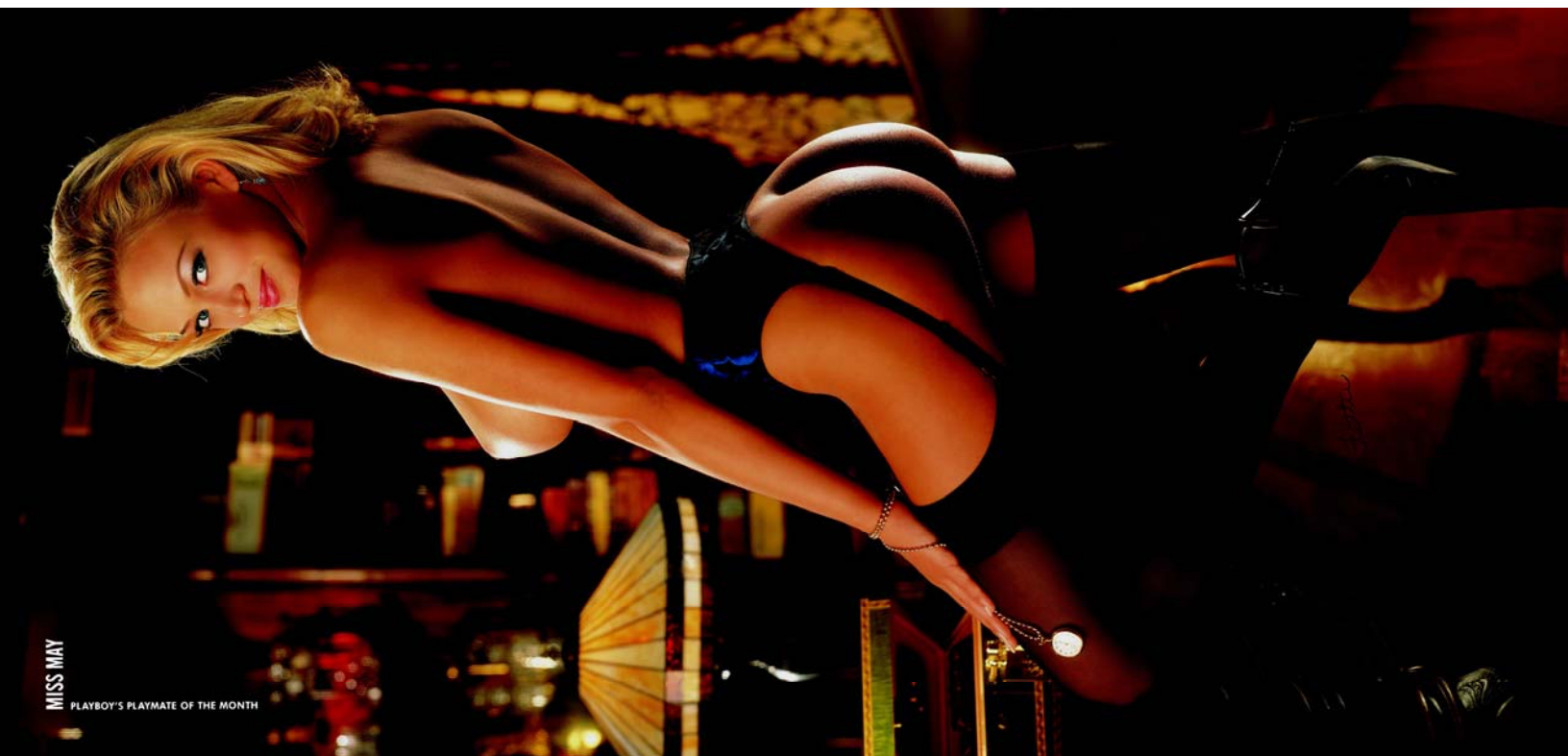


"I'm a guy's girl," Laurie says. "I've always been the chick hanging out with the boys, watching football. I used to be a gymnast and I played soccer, but a knee injury knocked me out of that. I've been kickboxing for about three years—it's a great way to work out aggression without hurting anyone. You just take it out on the bag. I don't like to fight, but kickboxing has definitely taught me how to defend myself."









MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Laurie Jo Fetter

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 01-09-82 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago, IL

AMBITIONS: To graduate from college, to be happy & Successful in life, & eventually marry & be a good wife & Mom.

TURN-ONS: Sunday afternoon football, men in uniform, chivalry, a good sense of humor.

TURNOFFS: Boy bands, overly sensitive men, people who believe they are above others, mean, crabby people... Negativity :)

FIVE THINGS ALWAYS IN MY FRIDGE: Snack Pack, Grapefruit, hot dogs, Corona & AA batteries.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Take on a bigger class load @UCIA & Go to Disneyland.

FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Rollingstones, U2, Bruce Springsteen, Beatles, Eminem.

DO BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN? What do you think?!



H. School Varsity Soccer



Fun in Mexico



Senior Picture



SEE MORE PICTURES AND VIDEO OF
MISS MAY AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Over the past several years, more money has been spent on breast implants and Viagra than has been spent on Alzheimer's research. Scientists predict that by 2030, there will be a large number of people wandering around with huge breasts and erections who can't remember what to do with them.

Variety reports that a remake of *The Exorcist* is in the works. It will be about a mother who hires the devil to get a priest out of her son.



A guy walked into a bar and said to the bartender, "Give me six double vodkas."

The bartender poured the drinks and said, "You must have had one hell of a day."

"Yes," the man said. "I've just found out my older brother is gay."

The next day, the man returned to the bar and placed the same order. When the bartender asked what the problem was, the man said, "I've just found out that my younger brother is gay, too."

On the third day, the guy came into the bar and ordered another six double vodkas. The bartender said, "Jesus! Doesn't anybody in your family like women?"

The man downed the first drink and said, "Yeah, my wife!"

A newly married couple had sex every night at exactly 9:15. They never missed a night, until the wife came down with the flu. She went to the doctor to get a shot. The shot killed all the germs in her body except for three, who huddled together and talked over their survival plans. One germ said, "I'm going to hide between two toes. I don't think the antibiotics will find me there."

The second germ said, "I'm going to hide behind her ear. I don't think they will be able to find me there."

The last germ said, "I don't know about you guys, but when that 9:15 pulls out tonight, I'm gonna be on it."

What do you call two hookers standing on either side of a friend who has a broken leg? Support hos.

A bystander noticed an unusual funeral consisting of one hearse closely followed by another. Behind the second hearse, a man was walking a pit bull. Behind him, 30 men were following in a single-file line. The bystander approached the man with the dog and said, "Sir, I realize this is a bad time to disturb you, but I have never seen a funeral like this. Could you tell me what is going on?"

The man replied, "Well, the first hearse is for my wife. My dog attacked and killed her. The second hearse is for my mother-in-law. She was trying to help my wife when the dog turned on her."

The bystander asked, "Sir, could I borrow that dog?"

The man replied, "Get in line."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde replaced all the windows in her house with expensive, energy-efficient ones. A year after the windows were installed, the contractor called her to complain that he hadn't yet received any payment. She replied, "Listen, mister. Don't try to pull a fast one on me. The salesman promised me that in one year these windows would pay for themselves."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines Pokemon as a Jamaican proctologist.

An old man hobbled into an ice cream parlor. With some difficulty, he sat on a stool and ordered a banana split. The waitress asked, "Crushed nuts?"

He replied, "No, arthritis."



Shelby Neiman

Why don't women blink during foreplay? They don't have enough time.

What's the smallest cemetery in the world? A pussy—it takes only one stiff at a time.

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



"You can't rattle me, Clifford."

ROADWARRIORS

*Go fast. Go long.
Go forever on
the new sport
touring bikes*

By James R. Petersen

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

LAST FALL, as I wandered the hangar-size pavilions at Munich's Intermot show, I saw motorcycles for every subculture. There were naked streetfighters, grand prix racers, superbikes, custom choppers, full-dress tourers, scooters galore. And there, somehow apart from the rest, were the sport touring bikes, the most elite category, the one suddenly taking off. Power, stability, looks—these machines have it all. For decades BMW has dominated this niche, but now the Japanese have developed their own long-distance run-

ners. The sport tourers shown here share certain qualities: maintenance-free shaft drives, powerful four-cylinder engines (125 to 145 horsepower), state-of-the-art braking systems, aerodynamic fairings, elegant storage systems and, oh yes, speedometers that work all the way up to 150 mph. You can scrape pegs on the Passo dello Stelvio or take your significant other on a leisurely tour of wine country. These flagships are as stately as Stealth bombers, agile, amazing, able to reach escape velocity with the twist of a wrist.



/// BMW K 1200 GT (\$17,990)

BMW introduced the newest K-bike in Munich with smoke bombs and dancing girls. The hoopla wasn't wasted: I love the low-slung, guttural engine, known affectionately as "the flying brick." On the 710 from Long Beach through Los Angeles, I felt like I was riding a monorail. Midweek I had the Angeles Crest Highway (a.k.a. Racer Road) to myself. Well, not quite. You don't know the meaning of respect until a Porsche yields the road.





/// Yamaha FJR1300 (\$11,499)

No motorcycle has ever enjoyed the buzz that accompanied the arrival of the FJR. Magazine editors who rode this beast in Europe raved. Now we know why. The silver rocket is flat-out sexy (both schoolkids and women at gas pumps gave it the thumbs-up). More to the point, it is power incarnate. The tidy 1298cc in-line four (based on the R1 super sportbike motor) boasts 145 hp: 80 to 120 happens in a heartbeat, with no appreciable effort. On the Ortega Highway I found myself hunting for a nonexistent sixth gear and tranquilizer darts, desperately trying to remember what sedate felt like. Special thanks to the stranger who warned me about the CHP in the Camaro. Neatest feature: The windshield does a Batmobile thing, retracting from full upright to swept-back when you cut the ignition. The 2004 model comes with optional ABS. The advance press had this baby nailed: Yamaha has found a way to engineer excitement. Does the FJR stand for Fantastic Joy Rocket?

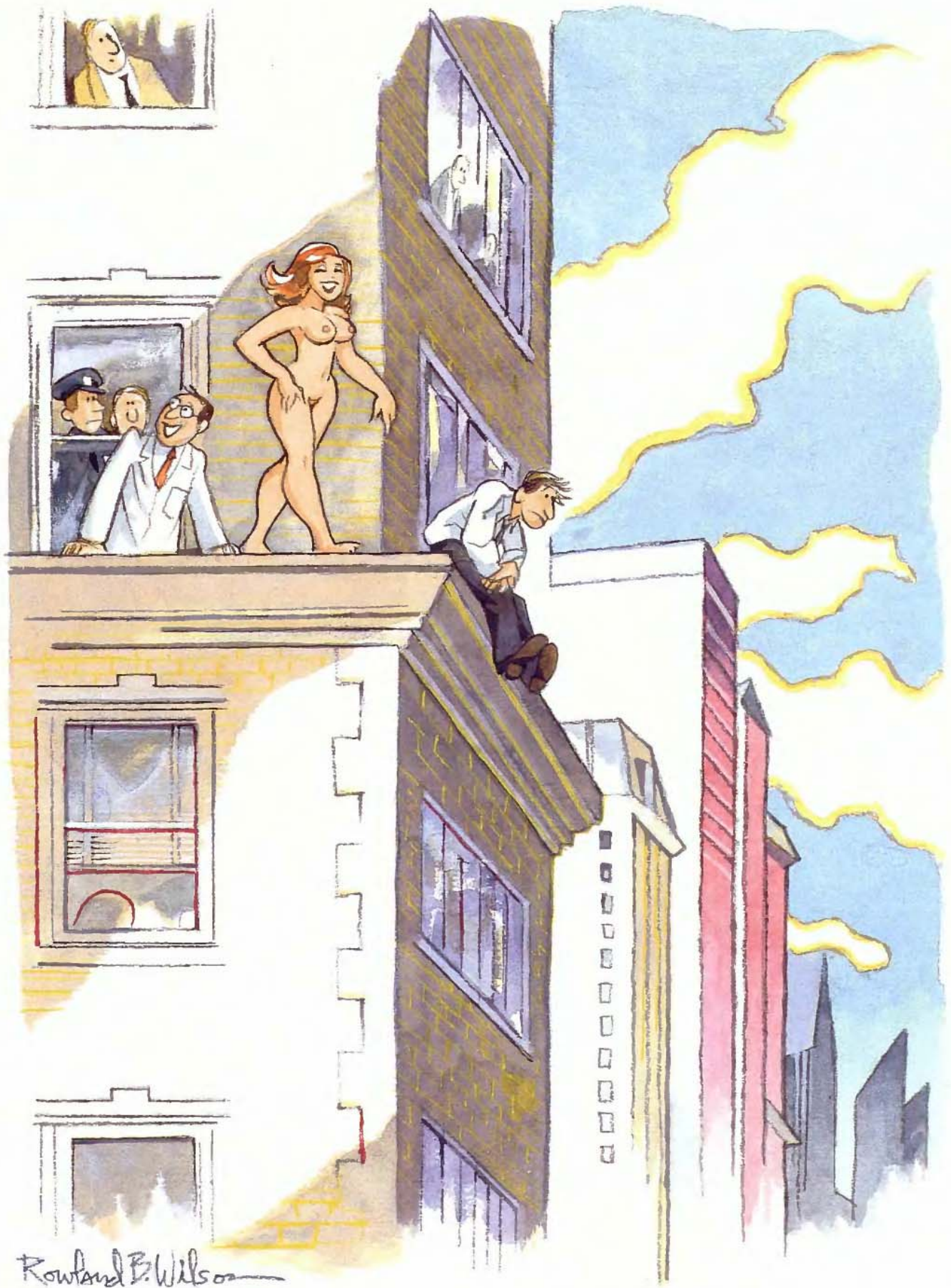
/// Honda ST1300 ABS (\$14,499)

Within seconds of climbing on this bike I realized I never wanted to get off. The ergonomics are a perfect fit, and the machine exudes prestige—earned, not borrowed. I cruised south through the rich coastal towns along Highway 1 in the company of makes such as Lexus, Mercedes and BMW. Parts of this bike made me laugh. Throw a switch and the windshield rises seven inches and changes from swept-back to upright by 13 degrees. Sexual metaphors are unavoidable, but at cruising speed I felt like I was tucked behind a riot shield. Other design elements (mirrors and turn signals molded into the fairing) are subtle. Greatest rush: When I ran a redline test in first gear, the dashboard computer chided me with the warning: 14 mpg. At 80 it registered about 50 mpg. Do I get a medal from the EPA?

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

Riding is an act of sustained concentration, an undeniable display of competence.





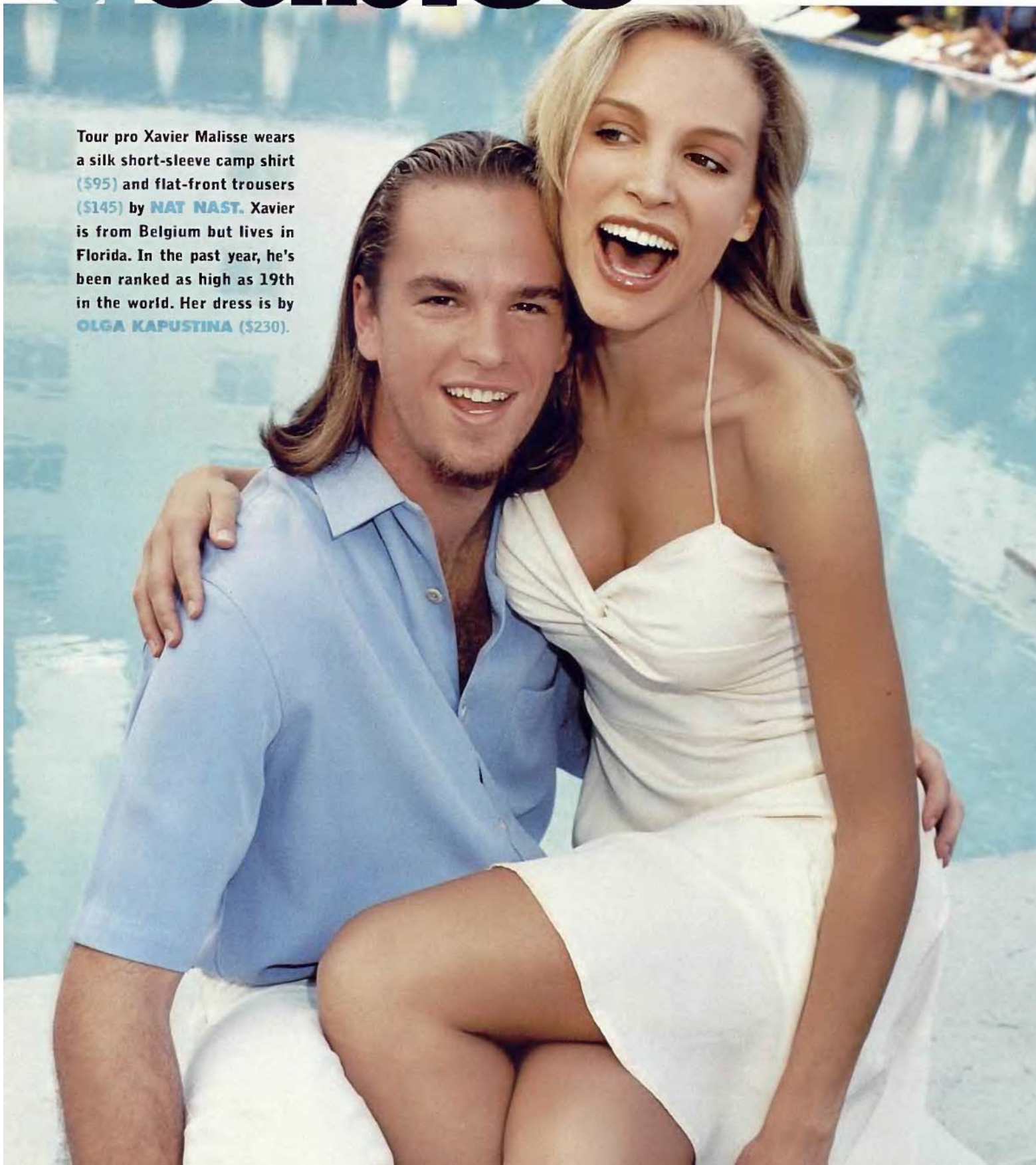
"Miss Perkins has a perfect record in dealing with potential suicides . . . !"

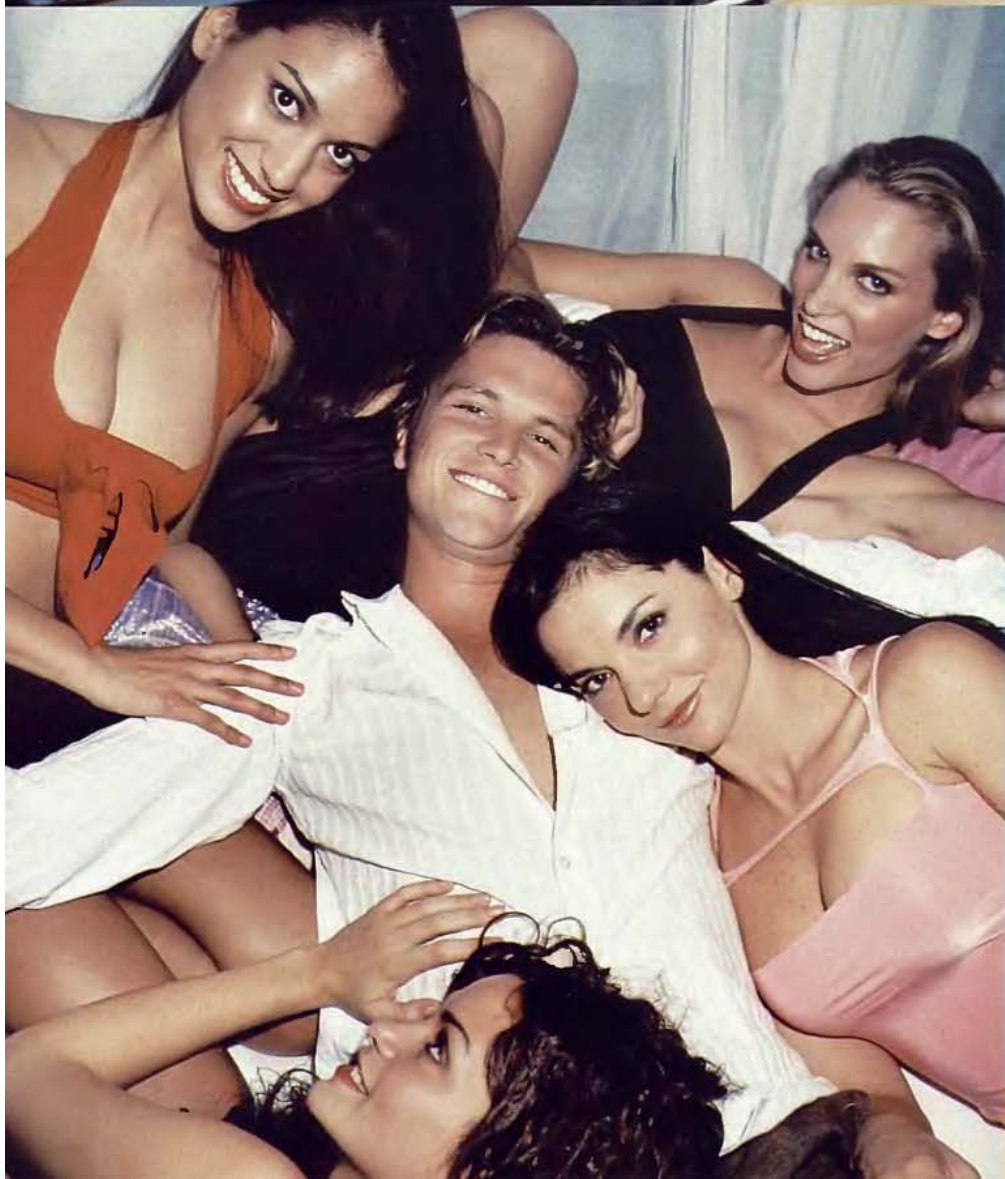
mixed doubles

WANT TO IMPRESS THE KOURNIKOVAS OF CLUBLAND? TAKE STYLE TIPS FROM THESE TENNIS PROS

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROXANNE LOWIT
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

Tour pro Xavier Malisse wears a silk short-sleeve camp shirt (\$95) and flat-front trousers (\$145) by **NAT NAST**. Xavier is from Belgium but lives in Florida. In the past year, he's been ranked as high as 19th in the world. Her dress is by **OLGA KAPUSTINA** (\$230).





ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: Xavier is in an outfit by **BELVEST**—a linen camp shirt (\$295) and cotton trousers (\$325). Robert Kendrick is an American pro who had an illustrious collegiate career at the University of Washington. He's wearing a shirt by **CARIBBEAN JOE** (\$38). Jan-Michael Gambill lives in his home state of Washington, but his game is world-class—his résumé includes wins over such stars as Agassi, Sampras and Courier. He wears a lightweight corduroy jacket (\$395), poplin shirt (\$89) and chinos (\$75), all by **GANT**. Her halter dress is by **ELISA JIMENEZ** (\$750). **AT LEFT:** Robert wears a shirt (\$125) and linen trousers (\$225), both by **BOSS HUGO BOSS**. On the women, clockwise from top left: The red halter top is by **ELISA JIMENEZ** (\$195), the black halter dress is by **DOLCE & GABBANA** (\$925) and the pink dress is by **ELISA JIMENEZ** (\$795).

THIS PAGE:

In 2000 "People" put Jan-Michael on its "50 Most Beautiful People in the World" list. That can't hurt with the ladies. Here J-M is in a cotton shirt (\$95) and wool trousers (\$150), both by **CALVIN KLEIN**. His dance partner is wearing a dress from **CIRCLE** by **MARA HOFFMAN** (\$260).





AT LEFT:

Jan-Michael started playing tennis at the age of five and had won his first tournament by the time he was nine years old. His tennis hero? Mr. Personality, John McEnroe. To our mind, Jan-Michael seems to be a bit smoother around the edges than Johnny Mac—and that includes his off-court look. Here Jan-Michael is wearing a mesh suede shirt by **JOSEPH ABOUD** (\$1395) and a pair of linen trousers by **KITON** (\$875). Her dress is by **DOLCE & GABBANA** (\$1995).



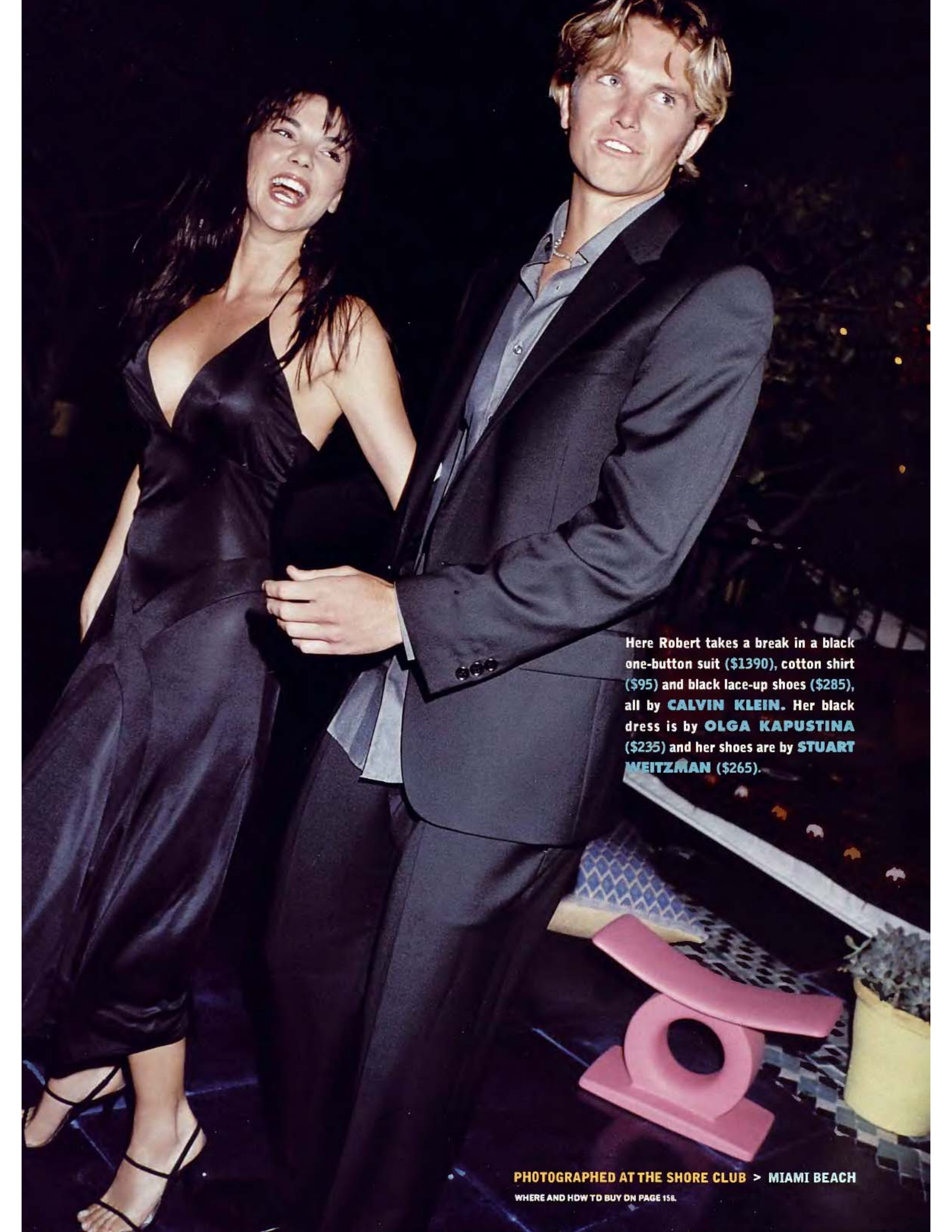
ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Robert wears a suede shirt jacket (\$850), mesh cotton shirt (\$390) and cotton trousers (\$170), all by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. Jan-Michael is in a V-neck shirt by **THIERRY MUGLER** (\$215) and linen trousers by **TED BAKER** (\$145). The girl at left is in a dress from **CIRCLE** by **MARA HOFFMAN** (\$280). The leopard dress is by **ROBERTO CAVALLI** (\$1325).



AT LEFT

Robert is in a cotton French-cuffed shirt (\$175) and striped pants (\$195), both by **TED BAKER**. Jan-Michael's outfit is by **DUNHILL**—a collared V-neck knit polo (\$235) and a pair of striped button-fly trousers (\$245). Her black chemise is by **VIA NICCI** (\$48).



Here Robert takes a break in a black one-button suit (\$1390), cotton shirt (\$95) and black lace-up shoes (\$285), all by **CALVIN KLEIN**. Her black dress is by **OLGA KAPUSTINA** (\$235) and her shoes are by **STUART WEITZMAN** (\$265).

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SHORE CLUB > MIAMI BEACH

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158

WET WORK

A woman with long dark hair is standing in a shower stall. She is wearing an orange bikini top and bottom, an orange jacket with a side slash pocket and mesh lining, and orange high-heeled sandals. She is holding a large brown umbrella with a wooden handle. The shower stall has white tiled walls and a showerhead at the top. The background shows a window with white shutters.

Fashion By
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

*THE BEST
RAIN GEAR
TO HELP YOU
SURVIVE THE
SPRING SHOWERS*

See that orange jacket? The one with the side slash pockets and mesh lining? That's ours. It's a Cole-Haan (\$145). But when she asked, we just had to give it to her. And along with it, we gave her our brown umbrella with leather trim and wooden handle by Churka (\$195). We were happy to be of service—spring can be cruel. We all need gear to beat back the wind and fight off the rain. And these days, we need gear that's tailored for the situation—every weather condition and social setting must be met and conquered. We've field-tested tons of clothing—for water resistance, comfort and utility—and found the best outfits and accessories for the most common situations. (Her bikini is by Poko Pano, \$64, and her sandals are by Stuart Weitzman, \$190.)

Photography By CHUCK BAKER
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES



SPORT

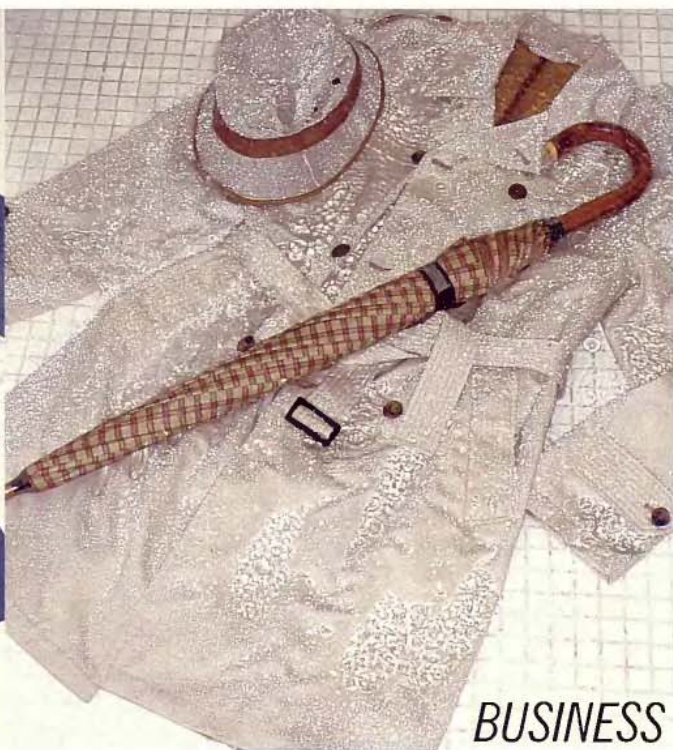


TRAVEL

ABOVE LEFT: When it's time to play, a waist-length jacket like this will provide the greatest range of motion—there's nothing to hinder your follow-through. The light-blue microfiber zip-front bomber golf jacket is by **Weatherproof** (\$90). The terry cloth cap is by **Kangol** (\$45). ABOVE RIGHT: There's just one concern when you're on the go—making sure you stay comfortable. First and foremost, that means staying dry. The green light-cotton zip-front jacket with adjustable hood and side zip pockets is by **Stone Island** (\$530). The natural-rubber Wellington boots with leather lining and side zippers are by **Le Chameau** (\$375). Put these Wellies on and you can forget about getting your feet wet—we're talking serious protection. The camouflage nylon rain hat is by **Beretta Gallery** (\$85).



WEEKEND



BUSINESS

ABOVE LEFT: Days away from the office are the time to have fun—and that goes for your weekend look, too. The navy coated-cotton three-quarter-length zip-front jacket with side slash pockets is by **Kenneth Cole** (\$179). The cotton bucket hat is by **Kangol** (\$45). The navy water-resistant suede boat shoes with yellow neoprene sock inserts are by **Cole-Haan** (\$165). ABOVE RIGHT: For some guys, inclement weather signals a day off from their normal fashion strictures. But that's nuts—forget the frumpy stuff. You'll be all the more the man if you can shine in the rain. This wool-and-silk-blend double-breasted belted trench coat with shoulder epoulets is by **Dunhill** (\$1350). The plaid umbrella with wooden handle is by **Beretta Gallery** (\$55). The nylon crusher hat with leather trim is by **Coach** (\$78).



"And to think I believed that oral sex just meant talking dirty."

Centerfolds On SEX

Daphnee Duplax

HOW I WARMED UP TO ORAL SEX

I had my first boyfriend when I was 16. We had sex, but when it came to oral sex—that took forever. I just couldn't do it. It was probably nine months before we started sleeping together better. I would try. I'd put my head by it, I would look at it, play with it. There were days and days when I'd just stare at it, thinking, Let's just be friends. Then one day I decided to go ahead and throw caution to the wind. And now I'm a master at it.

HOW MY BREASTS FEEL SINCE I HAD MY BOOB JOB

My breasts were never particularly sensitive until I got my new boobs. They're not sensitive in a sexual way—I mean, they feel good when they are touched, but it's more like, "Ooh, that tickles." It doesn't affect me down there. But before I had the operation, I didn't have sensitivity at all.



Daphnee Lynn Duplax

MY SEXUAL APPETITE

I can go about two weeks before my sexual appetite kicks in. I don't reach orgasm through regular intercourse—only from oral sex or from being manually stimulated. When I am having sex, my boyfriend and I can go on for hours, three or four times a day. Sometimes I give myself an orgasm during sex, sometimes not. What's really crazy is that I get hornier when he comes. I don't want him to stop.

MY SPECIAL SECRET

I love it when my butt is rubbed, and that comes from way back. My mom used to rub it when I was little. Like, if I were lying down next to her, she'd just rub my butt while we were watching TV. So now everybody has to rub my butt. If you're in a relationship with me, rub my butt.





Jorja Fox

20Q

The star of TV's top show, *CSI*, on marriage allergies, getting frisked and bad smells in the lab

1

PLAYBOY: When confronted with something gruesome, who is more likely to get queasy, you or your co-star Marg Helgenberger?

FOX: Me, for sure. Marg is one of the strongest and toughest women I've ever met. Recently, while filming scenes for *CSI*, she has been in a meat market working with carcasses, walked through garbage at a disgusting landfill in Santa Clarita, California and worked in the pouring rain for days. She's a badass—she internalizes her disgust. When Marg, George Eads and I were at that landfill, Marg went into shock for an hour and barely said anything. We'd ask, "Marg, are you OK?" and she'd just nod. George was trying not to get sick, and true to my Lower East Side New York City roots, I was screaming at the writers, "You guys are fucking crazy! You fucking suck," for maybe 10 minutes. Because I'm the squeamish one, they think it's funny to put me on the grossest cases, which they do consistently. That episode about the high school cheerleader who gets upset and eats one of her classmates? That was my case.

2

PLAYBOY: Any pranksters on the show?
FOX: We take turns. One of the crew members—who will remain nameless—brought in a remote-controlled farting device. I had a lot of fun with that. One day I was in every scene, and as a new actor would come to the set, I would use the machine. We got Billy Petersen while he was on camera. And I got Marg in rehearsal. But Marg has a 12-year-old son and she barely blinked. I thought it would get her so much better than it did. I acted like it was me who had passed gas, and I just said, "Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me." She got it. But I was meaner with Billy and acted like he was the one who'd passed gas.

That fart machine entertained us for an entire afternoon.

3

PLAYBOY: Is craft service on *CSI* different from other shows?

FOX: There are several of us who have a hard time eating at work. If we're doing something disgusting, I have to wait until it's over before I will touch food. A couple of months ago I was working with Eric Szmanda and we were going through a guy's stomach contents. It's season three and we're feeling cocky, saying, "This doesn't even bother me." We've got this vomit on the table and we're picking pieces out of it, trying to decide what the guy had eaten. Then we broke for a meal, which was pizza that night. It was about 11:30 and we both said, "Oh yeah, let's have a slice. That sounds great." We went back to work and were on the set maybe 10 minutes before we were both completely nauseated.

4

PLAYBOY: Has the show made you more life affirming or more cautious?

FOX: Life affirming. It's left me believing more that if it's your day, it's your day. I'm not stupid about my own safety, but I'd never want to be paranoid, either. Death is very close to life. It's always hovering closer than we'd like to think. But it doesn't scare me.

5

PLAYBOY: What other franchises are in the works? *CSI: The Hamptons*?

FOX: *CSI: Hawaii* would be lovely. The only one I've heard of that seems to have credence is *CSI: London*, which would be an interesting show.

6

PLAYBOY: What does it say about our society that we can't seem to get along

without a lot of shows about crime and forensics?

FOX: We live in a gray world right now, and some of that grayness is great, certainly where social and moral issues are concerned. The truth lies somewhere in the middle. That's what makes *CSI* so reassuring: It's nice to watch something and find out without a shadow of a doubt what happened. But the amount of violence in this country is horrible. Michael Moore, in *Bowling for Columbine*—one of the best movies I've seen in the past 20 years—asks why America has such a thirst for violence. There are several good theories: We are only a hundred years from being a hunter-gatherer society. It's in our genes and we act that way in our daily lives. I also think people don't have enough sex.

7

PLAYBOY: Would David Caruso be welcomed on *CSI* or would he and Bill Petersen out-earnest each other?

FOX: I'd love it if David Caruso were to do a show or two with us. I think he and Billy would have a good time together, though I don't know if they'd do it. As far as I'm concerned, David is welcome anytime, especially if he works with the ladies.

8

PLAYBOY: Have you used any special investigative or forensic skills in your personal life?

FOX: No. I prefer to use my intuition, which is wrong half the time. If I were to use too much information from the show, I would become Howard Hughes paranoid.

9

PLAYBOY: Have you ever asked for DNA samples from a date?

FOX: No. I hope I wouldn't have to, but it's great that (continued on page 145)

BUMPER HUMPERS

We like our rush hour risqué, but DMV killjoys disagree. Honk if you love these actual vanity-plate rejects





"I can tolerate your chronic tardiness . . . I can overlook your dress code violations and your insolence . . . but, by God, if you get a breast reduction, you're outta here!"

Torrie

WE'VE COAXED THE WWE'S NEWEST STAR OUT OF THE RING AND OUT OF HER CLOTHES



What is it about women? Some of the greatest dramas involve beautiful but troublesome ones. The Old Testament had Delilah. JFK's Camelot had Marilyn Monroe. And the same is true for pro wrestling—the mother of all modern mythology. Consider Torrie Wilson of World Wrestling Entertainment. There she is, flaunting her drop-dead beauty, setting up feuds between hapless wrestlers. So how does a girl become a smackdown siren?

"I grew up in a small town in Idaho," Torrie tells us, "a little ski town like Sun Valley but not as ritzy." In high school, she tried cheerleading but quickly switched to track and cross-country running. "They were loner sports. I liked them better. No pressure." In college in Boise, Torrie studied nutrition and developed a fitness lifestyle. "I started reading bodybuilding and fitness magazines. Some of the girls in those magazines—the ones who kept their feminine side while looking muscular—really caught my attention. I would cut out their pictures and hang them on my refrigerator for inspiration. Competing was a way to set a goal for myself." That determination culminated in her winning the Ms. Galaxy contest. She relocated near Venice Beach, and six months later went to her first professional wrestling match—and was hooked. Soon Torrie met a wrestler who had followed her fitness career. He was also booking for World Champion Wrestling and asked whether she would like to try a stint. "I had no idea what I was getting into, but it sounded like fun," Torrie says. "It was a chance to mix fitness with acting and performing. With the WCW, I would do small things in the ring. Then when the WWE hired me, they immediately started putting me in matches, which I really wasn't prepared for. It was more fun in a way—I would use tricks I learned during the day in a wrestling match that night. I still do." The trick that impresses us most is escaping a corny female wrestler name, something like Minx or Tyland. "I like having my own name. But more and more, the real me is becoming closer to my ring character. The other day I got into a big fight—not a punching fight—with a woman because I wouldn't take her crap. We had a screaming match in the middle of a parking lot. Later I thought, I cannot believe I just did that. Normally I would walk away."

Torrie spends most of her time on the road. When not working, she calls Tampa home. "I love the tropical look," she says. "I have a huge palm tree in my living room. The bedroom is Tuscan style—with a four-poster bed." From what she tells us, it's pretty well guarded—by Torrie herself. "I'm not one to give it up right away. And I bring out real surprises after a while. I'm not into whips and chains—but I do like being dominant sometimes. That's probably increased since I started wrestling." Perhaps the four-poster helps. "From that bed I could execute a swinging leg-drop to keep him down."

Torrie has plenty of ring techniques. "I love doing a neck-breaker," she says. "I use that a lot as a finishing move." What whips the crowd into a frenzy is a bra-and-pantie match. "You can never lose. You can be doing a relatively unspectacular move but the crowd is really charged because your pants are about to be ripped off."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

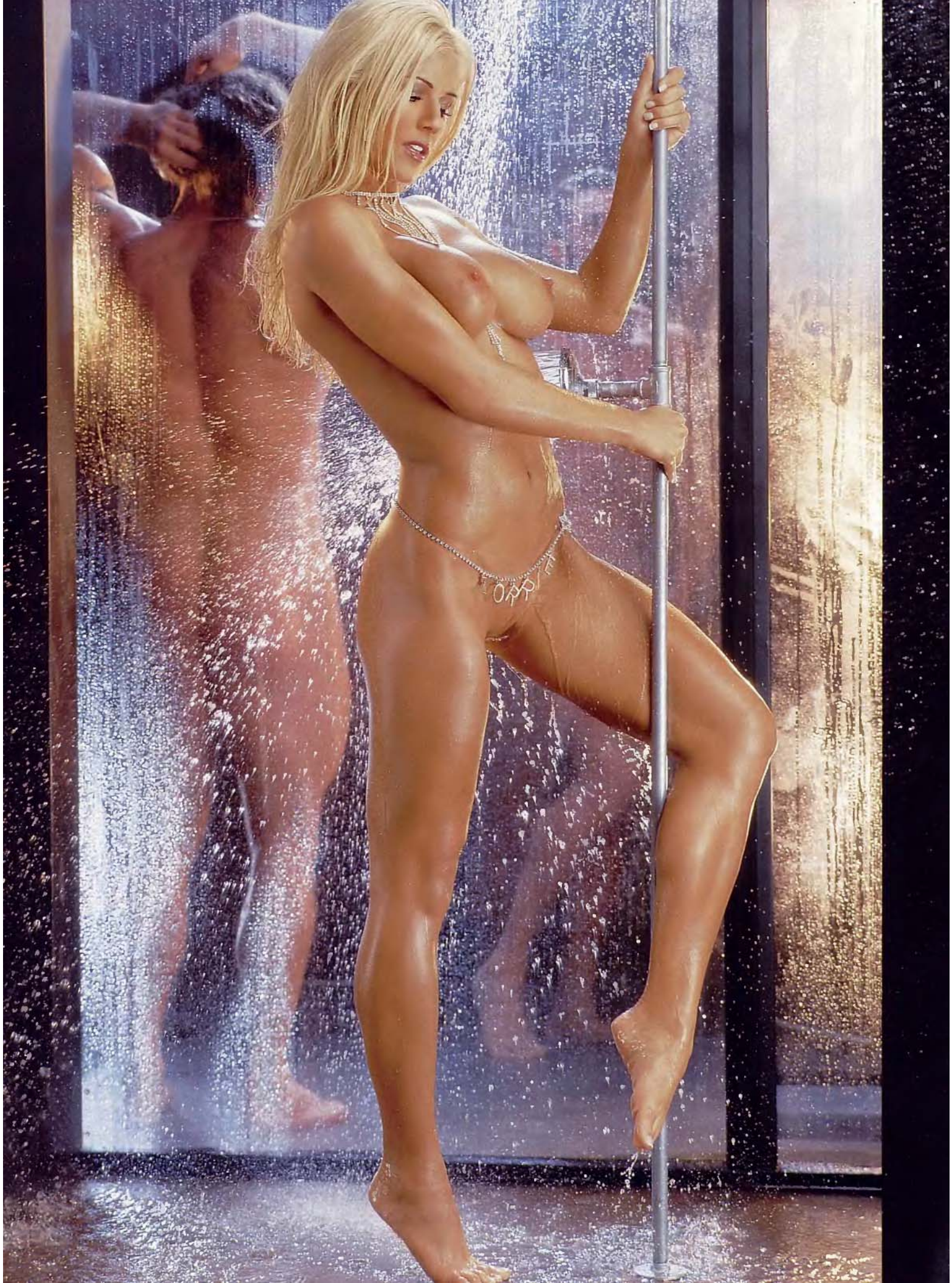


















appropriate sex

(continued from page 86)

copy of the story and squinted. "There's this line at the top of seven: 'She felt the heat of the animal against her body. The animal heat entering her.' What's that mean, 'The animal heat entering her?'"

"Oh, that's sick," said Emily Givens.

"She goes and leans against the horse," said Rob Tway. "It's a human thing. Like wanting, like, contact. She's just decided to take her daughter off life support."

"That's what makes the whole thing so weird!" Brendan said, as if Rob had helped him make his point. "I mean, if she's so upset about her daughter and all, what's she doing getting all sexualized over a horse?"

"Sexualized?" said Nicole. "Sexualized isn't even a word."

"Yes it is," said Pete Fayne.

"All that stuff about the thick neck and the satiny hair or whatever," Brendan said. "It's like she's gonna hump the horse or something."

"Sick," said Emily. "You are so sick."

I had the feeling, actually, that Emily knew a little something about sick. She was wearing a top that would have been illegal in some Southern states, a kind of cheesecloth camisole.

"You're really twisted," said Rob.

Brendan shook his head. He was the lowest common denominator, no doubt about that, a dim kid with the long, rutted cheeks of adolescence. But he was only following my lead. I was the one who had ordered them to root out the truth, to never avert their eyes. Self-deception, I'd told them in my profound, deeply feeling teacher voice, is the only worthy enemy.

"I'm just saying," Brendan said. "Like, look at it. 'She stroked the beast's hot, damp, thick, satiny neck. She smelled the musk of the animal enveloping her trembling body.' I didn't write that. Did I write that?"

He looked at me.

"You did not write that," I said.

Nicole let out a puff of air, disgusted.

The author, Mandy Shaw, sat scribbling in her notebook. She was a sadistic little sex bomb with a tattoo on the small of her back of a fairy princess with blue hair and D-cups. Sometimes, during conferences, as she sat across from me fretting over syntax, I imagined her body rendered on black velvet. The faintest hint of her raspberry body spray was enough to ruin my day.

"Even the way the daughter is described. The way she rides the horse, like the way their bodies fit together. And the mom's watching, remembering how her daughter's face looked." Brendan started flipping through the story again.

"Let's move on," Nicole said.

"Hold on, hold on. Here it is. 'The look on Cassie's face was one of unbridled ecstasy, as if her body were rising on some

large, warm happiness.' Am I crazy or does that sound kind of horny? Come on. Large. Warm." Brendan looked for support to Teddy Leaf, his fellow burn-out. "I'm not saying the mom doesn't love Cassie or isn't heartbroken or whatever. It's just there's all this weird, like, energy with the horses. Like this sexy horse energy."

This drew a few laughs and Brendan began to nod. "We all know about those girls, those horsey girls, who are all obsessed with horses. Going out to the barn and brushing them down and washing their flanks and all that. Rubbing them down. Marie Antoinette, she had sex with horses."

"That was Catherine the Great, you idiot," said Rob.

"They had to use a crane to lower the animal down onto her," Pete added helpfully.

"Please don't call him an idiot," I said to Rob.

"Who did?" said Teddy.

"Her attendants," said Pete. "Those dudes who help out the queen."

Teddy ran a finger over the scab on his elbow. "That's, like, treason, dude. Watching the queen fuck a horse is definitely treason."

"Why are we talking about this?" Nicole said.

"Brendan's just making stuff up to get attention because his parents didn't give him enough when he was a child," said Emily.

"I didn't make that up," Brendan said. "It's history."

"Gross," Emily said. "You are made of gross."

"You'd know," said Teddy, and the class, the entire little circle of creative fuckups, let out a low-down murmur.

All except Ingrid Nunez. She was a strict Pentecostal who wrote stories about her love for the All-Knowing Creator of Man and, more recently, her devout hope that the undevout would burn in hell for the rest of time.

"I think we may be getting a little far afield," I said.

They'd stuffed us into the basement of Krass, in an airless little cell that smelled of the chicken nuggets Teddy brought to class each week, despite my repeated implorations. I gazed out the window at the parking lot with the Dumpsters. The nice classrooms, the ones with natural light and a view of the courtyard's lush flowerbeds, were reserved for the business school, where it was assumed the students might someday become prosperous alumni.

"Wait a second," Brendan said. "What's so gross? Why are you guys all, like, gang-ing up on me? I'm just talking about what Mandy wrote in her story. I'm not trying to offend her. Mandy, I'm not trying to offend you. I liked the story. I wrote, like, a whole critique."

Brendan was not a promising student.

He was the sort of student whose intellect might have been titled *Still Life With Bong*. But now, on this gorgeous April day, the wick of insight had been lit within him, and he came at us with the force of a crusader. He knew he was right, that he'd latched on to a node of perversion below the story's maudlin surface, and he wasn't going to let it go.

"Sex and death are related," he explained. "The French, the French people, when they come, they call that dying. Sex dying."

"A little death," said Rob.

"Right," Brendan said. "The point being that both of those things, like, dying, like when you die, and when you have sex, they're like the same thing in a certain way."

"A dead fuck," Teddy said.

"So, like, this mom, when she goes out to visit the horse, she's trying to connect to her daughter, right? But when she thinks about her daughter, she thinks about how she used to ride the horse and how her daughter used to be, like, all excited to ride the horse. And as she's describing this, that's when she starts touching the horse, like, rubbing it all over and getting all this heat entering her body and so forth."

Nicole was glaring at me now, with her sharp white teeth, and Emily had bugged out her eyes and Rob said, "Why can't it just be a story about a mother finding an emotional link to her dead daughter through her horse?"

"Yeah," Nicole said. "You don't have any idea what Mandy had in her mind when she wrote the story—"

"Yeah, but you can write something and not even know what it's about until you, like, look at it later and figure it out. Isn't that right, Mr. Lowe? That's even got a name."

"Perversion in the service of the ego," Emily said.

"I'm not trying to be a pervert," Brendan said.

"You don't have to try," Emily said.

It occurred to me suddenly that these two had fucked and that it had ended badly, as it usually does at that age, and that this probably explained the erotic charge I'd sensed in class over the past few weeks.

There were other factors. I should mention, for instance, that all this took place during the Lewinsky scandal and as much as I hate to invoke that dark episode, it is relevant because everyone back then, including *The New York Times* and the United States Congress, was talking about blow jobs, was imagining President Clinton with his pants around his ankles and his presidential ass pressed against his presidential desk and his presidential face all cragged up in bliss and Monica on her knees wrapping her big red mouth around his pecker. The Altoids hummer. The Cohiba up her snatch. The money shot on the blue dress.

And what's more, it was everything we'd ever wished for, to see our big daddy prez getting down with some chubby hayseed in the Oral Office. It was what we deserved. Our popular culture had prepared us exquisitely for the whole shebang. Almost everywhere you turned, strangers were preparing to have sex, or talking about sex, advising us on how to lick a woman's private parts.

I was one of the only adults who was not having sex at that historic moment, because my wife had left me. Actually, we hadn't had sex for a year or so before that because I had lost my desire for her and could not maintain an erection, and while I had learned to compensate in various ways, my wife had put two and two together and decided I was having an affair with one of my students, which, oddly, I was not.

Brendan was still pleading his case. He had taken off his visor so he could wave it around a little, and this had exposed a vibrant white band of skull around his head. He looked, in his cargo pants and high-tops, like a vehement hip-hop mushroom.

"Terrific," I said. "You've made some cogent points, Brendan. Let's hear from someone who hasn't had a chance yet." My glance settled, unfortunately, onto Ingrid. She was biting her lower lip.

"What do you think, Ingrid?"

"Brendan is going to burn in hell for the rest of time," she said quietly.

"That seems a little severe," I said.

"What about Mandy?" Nicole said. "She's supposed to be able to ask questions at the end, Mr. Lowe."

"Of course," I said. "Any questions?"

Mandy was wearing the sort of lip gloss that made her look like she'd just gone 10 rounds with a stick of butter. She had settled on a conservative outfit for the day, which meant you had to imagine what her nipples looked like using only texture as a guide. She looked down at her notebook and back up at me and licked her lips and smiled and began to run her bracelets up and down her wrist. There was nothing I could do about any of this. They hadn't come up with those kinds of arrest warrants yet.

"Nope," she said. "None."

This meant it was time for class to be over, which meant, given I could no longer tolerate being on campus for more than one afternoon a week, that it was time for office hours.

No one ever came to office hours except Rob, who had always read something life altering and wanted to discuss it and other issues of craft, which I managed to avoid because I didn't really understand what craft was, frankly, and because I no longer read anything written after the Civil War. I endured these onslaughts only by reminding myself that someday Rob would commit suicide.

"What are we going to do about this Mahoney?" Rob said. "It's probably too

late to put him on academic probation. But we could always ask him to withdraw." He took out a pack of sugarless gum and whacked it against the heel of his palm. "We've got till April 15."

"I was thinking maybe of just letting it slide. Chalking it all up to critical enthusiasm."

"That was harassment, Mr. Lowe."

Tway now launched into a discourse on *Tristram Shandy*, a book I might have actually read, except that I hadn't.

There was a knock on the door. This was a wondrous thing! A knock. On the door.

"I'll need to see who that is," I said.

Rob checked his watch and frowned.

I opened the door and there in front of me stood Mandy. She had changed into a tank top and red miniskirt, and her little scent cloud smelled of coconut and cigarettes.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey."

"Are you, like, available?"

"Yes. Of course I am. Rob was just finishing up."

"No, I wasn't," he said.

"Yes, you were."

Mandy flounced into my office and suddenly I was mortified by the decor—the antidrug poster clipped from a newspaper and taped to the door, the erotic renderings of Plato and Socrates. These had been put up by my office-mate, a gentleman named Jeffrey Thist, whom I had never met and who was, apparently, a classicist in recovery.

I watched Mandy settle into her chair.

"How do you think it went in there?"

"In where?"

"In class."

Mandy had bound her hair up with a chopstick and the loose strands kept brushing her cheeks. "How did it go?" she said uncertainly.



"Guess who?"

"The critique of your story."

"I haven't read them yet," she said.

"They're in my backpack."

"Right. I meant the discussion."

"The discussion?"

"Of your story. The discussion of your story in class. I was concerned that some of the comments may have been a little upsetting."

"Which comments?"

"Well, for instance, the comments that Brendan was making."

"Brendan?"

"Brendan Mahoney." I paused. "The observations he made about the mother in your story, Susan." Mandy's legs were crossed and one of her flip-flops dangled off her toes, which were painted metallic blue. "I worried those might have upset you."

"In what way?"

"Just that Brendan was saying that Susan, the character Susan, when she thought about her daughter, how much her daughter loved her horse, there was an erotic element to her, the mother's, thinking."

"Uh-huh."

"Yes?"

"I'm not sure I'm following you," Mandy said.

"Right," I said. "OK. Remember in class we were talking about your story and Brendan read those lines about the mom and the horse? And he was suggesting that the mom might have had certain feelings toward her daughter's horse. Feelings of a sexual sort. That she might have had some sexual feelings for the horse. I was worried this might have upset you. Because sometimes, as I've said, we write things and people might take them differently from the way we intended. Brendan was not passing judgment on you, or suggesting that you think about horses in a sexual way."

"But I do," said Mandy.

She had the face of a doomed starlet—small, round features that expressed a kind of contemptuous yearning. Watching her apply lip gloss made you want to grab God by the lapels and shout, "Now, why did you have to go and arrange that?" My fantasies about her, conjured during failed efforts with the wife, were sad and prosaic. Mandy on a bearskin rug. Mandy with whipped cream. Mandy insisting that I take my lashes like a man.

"Oh my God, I used to think about horses all the time," she said. "They're so big and, like, strong, you know? I used to go out to the stables, like, this stable near my house, to wash my horse, Zeus. 'Cause when you ride, you know, you're supposed to take care of your animal. That's part of the whole responsibility aspect. So when you go out to the stable, I mean, you see certain things when you're in the stable."

I made a noise then, a thoughtful little "Sure, I understand" noise.

138 "I think it has something to do with

my dad," Mandy said. "He was really well hung. That's what my mom used to always say. Hung like a horse. You know that expression?"

I started to wonder if this wasn't maybe a practical joke. Or, worse, if some undercover-video show might have recruited Mandy. This was an era in which hidden video had become the hot new medium. Citizens found the authenticity irresistible. Real people. Real shame.

"I think that's where I made the connection," Mandy said. "Like, I drew on those feelings I had as a girl. And then I thought, But what if I died? Like if I died in a terrible accident. What would my mom do? Because we're, like, super-close. Me and my mom."

I thought about Mandy's first story, *Home at Last*. It was about a shy girl from Stamford, Connecticut who arrives at college and feels lonely ("as lonely as a single pebble at the bottom of a vast blue sea") because her roommates decide, for no good reason, that she's a bitch and won't include her in any of their activities. The girl (whose name in the story is "the girl"—"that way she's more, like, universal") considers dropping out of school and returning to Stamford. But then she meets some really cool girls from another dorm and transfers there and finally decides that "home is wherever people are willing to get to know the true you." I looked at Mandy, who had just reached into her purse and would soon start applying lip gloss, and started to sort of miss *Home at Last*.

"I'm not interested in appropriate sex," Mandy said. "That's what the guy I was seeing said, the therapist. I always go for these older guys. I went for a couple of the teachers in high school. Well, one of them was a coach, I guess. It's pretty shocking how easy it is to get them. I guess some teachers are pretty desperate."

I did not say anything. I did not think about Mandy's tattoo or any other part of her. I did not watch her apply lip gloss. I remained still. I remained still and thought about the tapes of Clinton talking on the phone with one of his old flames. She asks him, "Do you like to eat pussy?" And he, the future president of the United States, answers: "You bet I do." The shock jocks had this snippet on a continuous loop. What a noble answer! A president who goes down! It was sad to watch those dopes in Congress mugging the guy, day after day. Thirty years ago, when Kennedy was getting head from whores in bathtubs, nobody made a peep.

"That's what I like about college," Mandy said. "The teachers are so much more, like, professional. And your class, especially. You give us a chance to express our feelings. Like how you talk about we shouldn't be writers. We should just tell the truth."

"Right," I said.

Mandy folded her arms across her chest. "Is it always so cold in here?"

"It's central air. Sorry."

"Yeah." She shivered. "I've got, like, goose bumps."

"About the story," I said. "I do think you've got something. Take a look at my comments—"

"Can I ask you something, Mr. Lowe?" Mandy said. "I mean, a more personal question."

"Sure," I said. "But you know what? Let me just check to make sure there's no one else waiting."

Mandy looked me dead in the eye and I looked back at her. A couple of seconds passed, a couple of very long seconds, like perhaps the longest seconds in my life, extremely complicated, morally uncharted seconds, white-toothed, lip-glistening seconds, abject, wave-goodbye-to-certain-sacred-principles-type seconds.

Mandy nodded slowly. "You should do that," she said. "You should check."

So I got up and walked over to the door, and as I stepped past her, Mandy grazed my thigh with her hand, swept her hand down the outside of my thigh, and a great current of hope passed through my body, followed by a frisson of dread, followed by more hope, such that I began to tremble, more than a little, and Mandy, sensing this physiological event, let her hand settle on my knee.

She began to gently massage the anterior regions, as if checking for ligament damage, while I looked down into her face and tried to decide what sort of witness she would make in a court of law.

"I can tell you like me," Mandy said. She smiled and blew a strand of hair off her cheek. "And you want to kiss me, but you're afraid I'll say something to one of my stupid roommates and ruin the whole thing. True?"

I dipped my chin in a manner that was both a nod and a plausibly deniable non-nod.

"But why would I do that to my favorite teacher in the whole world?"

Mandy closed her eyes and made her lips into a buttery little bow. She gave my trousers a prompting tug.

Well.

I suppose I bent to kiss her, just a glancing kiss, a swift brush of my mouth across hers, but Mandy needed more than that. She grasped my thigh and let out a stagy moan and shook loose the chopstick, so that her hair fell free. There was something in these gestures, a certain rehearsed quality, that made me sad. I felt suddenly, irretrievably sorry for both of us: for Mandy, who viewed her sexuality as a bright new user option only obscurely related to her heart, and for me, who was losing hair in clumps and couldn't even give my wife a decent poking anymore. I wanted to have a good cry right then, preferably with my head nuzzled somewhere warm.

But before I could do any such thing,

there was a knock on the door. I leaped backward, smashing my tailbone against the edge of my desk. The door swung open a crack and I could see Brendan standing there with his visor in one hand and a cookie in the other. He reeked of pot.

I leaped toward him and flung open the door the rest of the way, so that he could see the entire office, Mandy seated across from my desk with all her clothes on and so forth.

"Hey," he said.

"Brendan!"

"I didn't realize that you were with someone."

"Just finishing!" I said.

"Hey, Mandy," he said, and waved his cookie.

Mandy was already rebinding her hair, gathering up her purse. She slipped past Brendan without looking at him.

Brendan remained in the hallway.

"Did you want to come in?" I said.

"Yeah. OK. Sure."

He stepped into the office and sat down.

"What's up," I said.

But Brendan had spotted the anti-drug poster, which showed a kid lying on the ground facedown, with blood coming out of his head. The legend underneath read: DRUGS SURE ARE GLAMOROUS.

"That's not mine," I said.

"It isn't?"

"No, it's not. I don't believe drugs are that bad."

Brendan seemed to consider this. "Huh," he said finally. "Yeah. I guess I'm still sort of undecided on the issue."

"Tell me you're here," I said.

There was a long lag on the answer. I wondered if Brendan might be under the influence of a more powerful sedative, such as Rohypnol, and where he might have gotten it and whether he had any in his pocket. He was now examining the naked Plato sketch.

"Is that you?" he said finally.

"Plato," I said.

"Right. Plato." He sat up in the chair and began to nod. Then he slumped down again, in the way characteristic of young men who haven't quite grown in to their height.

"So," I said.

"Yeah. I guess I wanted to apologize. Like, for all that stuff in class today. Sometimes I kind of get going on an idea and just don't stop. Mandy was pretty pissed, I think."

"On the contrary," I said. "She appreciated how seriously you took her work."

"I know Emily was pissed."

There was another long pause. It occurred to me that I was getting something of a contact high. Everything had started moving more slowly, more interestingly. The events of the day were coming to seem somehow related. Brendan looked up at me with his sorry, blood-shot eyes.

"Me and her were involved, you know."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. We just broke up. A couple of weeks ago."

"That's rough," I said.

"It was weird, man. I mean, I don't know if I want to lay it all out."

"Your call," I said.

"I assume, like, whatever I say will stay between us. Like, on the DL. The down low. Anyway, she's a nice girl. I've got nothing against her. But she wanted to do weird stuff." Brendan sat there, fingering the top of his cookie. "She liked to touch my ass, man. Put stuff up there. Weird. She had these balls made out of, like, mercury or something. And a string of pearls. And all this lube. Man, she was the queen of lube. This was like, 'Come on. Be an adventurer.' I told her, 'Hey, unless you're my personal physician, you don't get to fifth base.' I dunno, man. I'm from New Hampshire. You know what I mean?"

I nodded.

"She was all, like, 'Are you afraid you're gay?' And I was like, 'No. I don't like stuff put up my ass. Does that make me gay?'"

It wasn't clear to me whether Brendan wanted this question answered.

"So anyway, that's part of the reason I might have gotten sort of crazy today. Because here she is coming off all, like, puritanical, like I'm so gross and I'm so sick, when the truth is she's the freak. Freaky-deaky." Brendan had halfway crushed his cookie and he stared at the pieces in his hand, then crammed them into his mouth. "I just wanted to say sorry. I guess there's no need to go into detail. You probably don't need to hear this stuff, seeing as you're married and everything."

"How do you know I'm married?"

"The ring, bro."

"Right."

"How's that working for you, the marriage?"

"Fine," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"I dunno. I just figure it'd be weird to be around all these hot young chicks all the time and have the ball and chain at home."

"You learn to live with it."

We were both silent for a while. Brendan had slumped down so low his head was resting on the back of the chair. He closed his eyes and said, "I'm pretty sure Mandy Shaw wants to fuck you, dude."

"You think?"

"Man, I'd like to fuck her."

I made my thoughtful professorial noise.

"What do you want to do long-term, Brendan?"

"Long-term?" he said. "Hmm. Probably brain surgeon."

"Don't you have to have pretty good grades for that?"

Brendan looked down at his hand and realized, with visible disappointment, that he'd already eaten his cookie. "Yeah, that's kind of the catch-22 of the situation."

"Can I ask you a question, Brendan? Are you stoned?"

"Not really anymore."

"Well, for what it's worth, I thought your comments today were especially insightful."

"You did?"

"Yep."

"You weren't pissed?"

"Not at all," I said. "A for the day."

Brendan gazed at me shyly, as I imagined a child might gaze at his father upon receiving a gift. "I still kind of miss her," he said.

My own wife had loved me once so



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fiercely that she shrieked through the night. In the moments after love, our skin had glowed and our lungs had wept with joy. It was her belief, though, that something had died within me, a certain capacity for tenderness. She had me convinced.

Brendan had gone a little misty on me now. "It sucks to be alone," he said. "It sucks shit."

I got up from behind my desk and looked down into his face, a smooth, open face, with so much woe still to come.

"What am I supposed to do?" he asked me. "At night, I mean."

I laid my hand on his shoulder. "Forgive her. Forgive yourself. There's no other way."

I know this sounds depressing, but it was a lovely little moment, the two of us sitting there in my office with tears pooled in our eyes. I felt, for the first time in months, the urge to hug another human being.

A number of unpleasant things happened later. Nicole Buswell filed a complaint with the dean of students, alleging that my class was overly sexualized. Rob Tway testified on my behalf. So did Mandy Shaw. But the whole thing put a cloud over me and I agreed to go on leave. My wife filed for divorce and took up with a Tae Bo instructor. The hard-on difficulty was diagnosed and required a costly and painful surgery.

But all that was still to come on the day

I'm describing. On that day, Brendan and I rose from our chairs and strolled into the dusk. It was one of those warm spring jobs that coats everything in gold, and we floated through the courtyard, with its sleeping crocuses and luminous blades of grass. The cafeteria was pumping out the sweet, greasy smell of calico skillet, and the tall stone cathedral was dozing before us and all the students gathered in the shadows to hug struck me, just then, as beautiful creatures, freaks, all of them, with their frail bodies and fearless hearts. We could hear them kissing, wetly, to the point of collapse.

Brendan ducked into an alcove behind the rectory. He pulled a joint from his hip pocket, lit up and took a drag.

"You want a rip?" he said.

"Better not," I said, taking the joint.

The lovers were all around us, making their strange, gentle noises of mercy. I took my rip and Brendan nodded. "Nice," he said. "Nice form." He put his arm around me, as if we'd done something heroic together, as if the happiness within us were a puff of smoke we might hold on to forever, and he snorted like a horse, a young fearless stallion who'd just shaken his bridle and pawed the ground, and I snorted and pawed the ground, too, and both of us began to giggle, wildly, senselessly, and went galloping (us stallions!) off into the dusk.



CHINA SYNDROME

(continued from page 78)

would be required to defeat the assault of only one mock terrorist—Foster Zeh.

Even with such a stacked deck, Entergy needed assurance that the guards would prevail. "They told me to have a bad day," Zeh says. "They said they knew what I was capable of doing, but that I should just forget about it and let the guards win. They needed this Attachment 3 to stay open.

"I was indignant. There was no way I was going to be a yes-man for Entergy," Zeh says now. The more he thought about the superintendent's order, the more incensed he became. Over his entire career, he had tried to perform at the highest level possible. Now his boss was telling him to "have a bad day."

"I had put up with lies about security at Indian Point for almost six years, and I decided this was the time to take a stand," Zeh says. At the time he said nothing, but he had no intention of letting the guards win. He saw the test as an opportunity to force Entergy to ratchet up security. He realized that he was risking his job, but he was determined. "There are three things you can't take away from me," he would later say with the conviction of a former military man. "My duty, my honor and my country. I have too much pride to do otherwise."

To test the early warning system, Zeh decided to use the most realistic scenario in his arsenal: He was going to attack the 239-acre nuclear complex from the shoreline of the Hudson River. When he forced his big frame under the security perimeter, the bells at Central Alarm stayed silent. The NRC inspector frowned. When Zeh was able to do it four more times, all within the same 30-yard zone, the inspector was livid. He demanded to know what was wrong. Zeh stood up and explained that he was able to breach the fence because management had ramped down the sensitivity on the wires to prevent nuisance alarms caused by animals and winds whipping off the Hudson.

The second phase of the Attachment 3 Inspection involved a tabletop drill—Zeh versus two of Indian Point's security supervisors. The war game exercise was played with magnetic pieces on wall-mounted boards, broken up much like a chess board to represent various sections of the plant. Attacking players use magnetic pieces marked with an A; defense pieces are marked with an S. The game is timed—two minutes to reach a given target set (say, cooling system and back-up system) and destroy it (causing a radiological release) before you're taken out by the arriving security force.

While the superintendent grimaced, Zeh went after Indian Point 2's soft underbelly, the spent-fuel pool. Click! He defeated the fence with faux explosives.



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Click! He sought cover behind a maze of trailers and Dumpsters bordering the spent-fuel pool known as the "mobile park area." The security force was unable to get a clear shot at Zeh. The NRC inspector scrawled notes on a clipboard as Zeh continued his assault.

Just before Zeh could move his marker to enter the fuel-storage building, an Entergy representative abruptly called a time-out. Everyone was speechless. There were not supposed to be any time-outs in tabletop drills. Win or lose, the game was played out to its conclusion. A moment passed. Zeh was taken out into the hall to discuss the proceedings.

Before Zeh could explain his honorable intentions, the Entergy representative ripped into him. "He told me to 'Shut the fuck up!'" Zeh recounts. "He didn't want me to tell them about the Dumpsters and trailers." That's when Zeh knew the game was over.

Back in the conference room, the su-

perintendent took Zeh's place and completed the drill for him. Without Zeh moving the magnetic pieces around the board, the defending security force easily prevailed. The NRC inspector gave Indian Point a passing grade on the Attachment 3 Inspection.

There is no greater threat to the New York City metropolitan area than Indian Point's spent-fuel pools. Zeh knew it, and so did everyone else who was watching him in the conference room.

Gordon Thompson is executive director of the Institute for Resource and Security Studies in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a nonprofit group that conducts technical and policy analysis to promote international security. He is considered one of the top authorities on spent-fuel pools—his policies concerning nuclear safety have been accepted or adopted by agencies around the world.

"The spent-fuel pool technology," says Thompson, "was put in place in the Seventies to hold a relatively small amount of extremely toxic material. Spent-fuel pools in the U.S. have been abused in order to store substantially more than they were designed to hold—perhaps five times more than is appropriate. That means that the waste material is at a very high packing density." The higher the density, the hotter the mix.

"These pools weren't designed to resist attack," says Thompson. "I've been talking about this issue for 25 years. The risk of attack is substantially higher these days, and it's rising. Draining a spent-fuel pool is within the capabilities of a well-trained paramilitary unit.

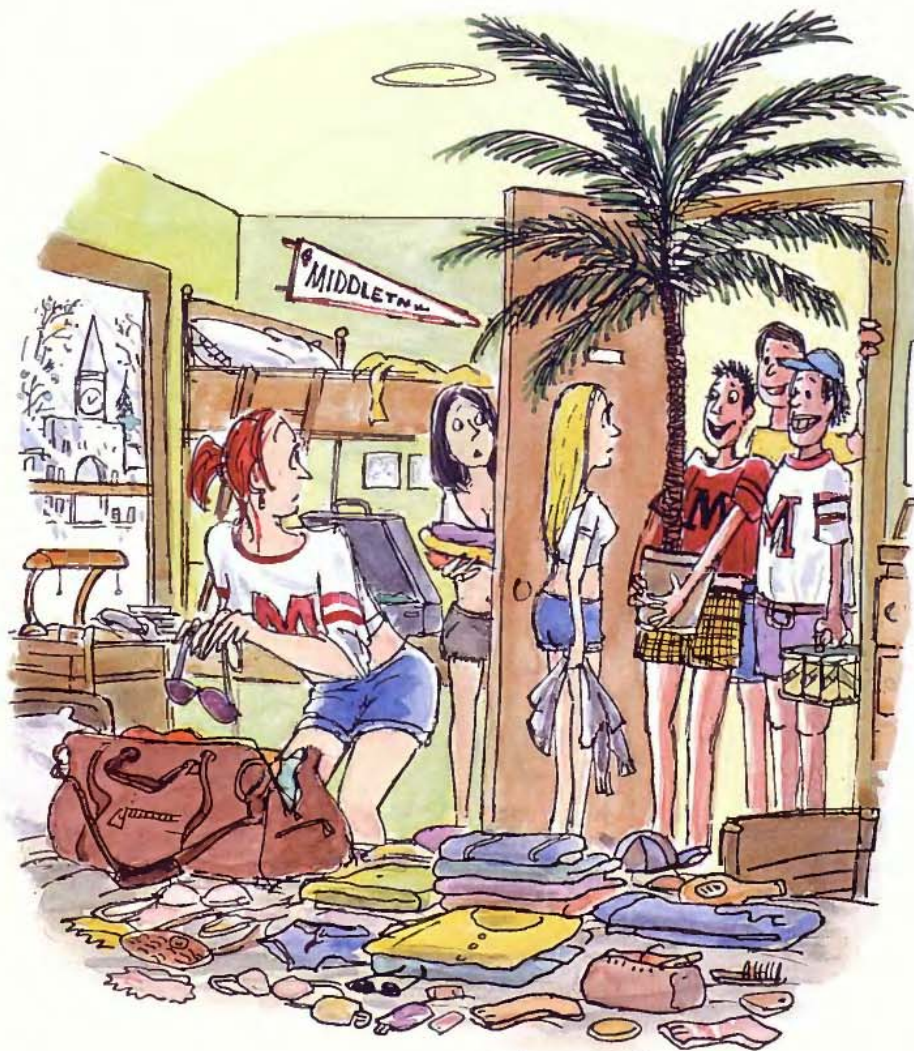
"The NRC's own studies show that a spent-fuel fire is a physical reality," he continues. "In these highly packed pools, all you have to do is take away the water and the fuel will spontaneously ignite and burn. It's all laid out in NRC technical literature."

Without the cooling water, exposed fuel rods reach a temperature of more than 900 degrees centigrade, causing the zirconium cladding of the fuel-rod casing to burn. Once ignited, the fire would release large amounts of radioactivity into the air. As the zirconium burns, an exothermic reaction occurs and what little water is left becomes, in effect, gasoline and fuels an inferno that will burn for days.

The official NRC opinion is that Indian Point's three pools are completely secure because they are set below grade in bedrock—hard to hit by a plane and difficult to drain. Foster Zeh knows that isn't true. The Indian Point 2 pool is actually more above ground than below.

Housed in a nondescript outbuilding with a tin roof, the pool is 30 feet wide by 60 feet long and 40 feet deep. The NRC requires that 22 feet of water cover the rods; Entergy claims fuel rods at Indian Point are covered by 25 feet of water. The important issue, however, is how much of the pool's 40-foot depth is below grade. Foster Zeh, who has been in the IP 2 fuel-storage building countless times, describes the cement walls of the spent-fuel pool towering at least 30 feet in the air on three of the pool's four sides. The fuel rods, approximately 12 feet long at the minimum, stand lengthwise—top to bottom—at the floor of the pool, which means that if the walls were breached by explosives (let alone an aircraft), the tops of the rods would be exposed to the atmosphere.

Few outsiders have been inside these buildings. In his five-plus years at Indian Point, Zeh says he's never seen the IP 2 spent-fuel building opened to the public or the press. When Hillary Rodham Clinton visited recently, she didn't get a peek. People ask, of course, but nobody gains entrance. Zeh says the reason is obvious: It would blow Entergy's



M. Shubert

"... So then we thought, Why not save all that money and just have spring break in your dorm!"

assurances concerning the impregnable "below grade" spent-fuel pools.

David Lochbaum is one of the world's leading authorities on spent-fuel pools. "It's my understanding, from visits to Indian Point and looking at drawings while working as a consultant at Indian Point 3, that the spent-fuel pools are largely underground, except for the side facing the river," he says. "My recollection is that the above-ground portion of the pool walls is approximately 15 feet or so. But it's moot whether it's zero feet [as Entergy asserts], 15 feet or 30 feet [as Foster claims]. Because of the topography, the pool wall on the Hudson River side of the building is nearly all above ground. It's reasonable to assume that terrorists would target that wall."

"A ground attack where terrorists gain access to spent-fuel storage building is a more likely scenario with the greatest chance of success," says Zeh. "If they positioned explosives on the outside of the spent-fuel pool walls and dropped powerful charges into the pool itself, they would uncover the fuel and trigger a fire. Indian Point ran mock attack drills to test the security force's ability to defend against such an attack. Mock attackers, including me, were able to gain access to the spent-fuel storage building in under 40 seconds and position mock explosives. Were those explosives real, there would have been a catastrophe."

George McSpedon was security supervisor at Indian Point 2 from 1997 to 1998. After leaving Wackenhut, he worked as a New York City policeman for four years before joining the Poughkeepsie police department. McSpedon confirms Zeh's description of the IP spent-fuel structure. "Three sides of IP 2's SFP are completely exposed," he says, "and they stand at least 30 feet tall. The protected wall is the north one." McSpedon and Zeh agree that the north wall is shielded by an adjacent building. As for the pools being below grade, says McSpedon, "It's bullshit, plain and simple. The NRC and Entergy have been using the embedded-in-bedrock excuse from day one—the pools are vulnerable as hell."

"Foster's a straight-up guy," says McSpedon. "The two of us went through an adversary course together. We'd get into the plant and melt it down every time."

Bob Alvarez, a senior policy advisor to the Secretary of Energy from 1993 to 1999, weighs in: "The fuel pools are not protected by bedrock. But what really worries me is that nuclear power plants are clearly on the short list of terrorist targets—they're always mentioned when the government issues alerts." (During his State of the Union speech in January 2002, President Bush revealed that "diagrams of American nuclear power plants" were discovered by U.S. troops in Afghanistan.) "Even worse, Indian Point has wedged a flatbed truck loaded

with tanks of highly flammable compressed hydrogen between the pool area and the reactor. I worked in the DOE nuclear weapons program, which is no paragon of safety, and we didn't even do that. That's like having a bomb right next to your two most vital radiological areas. And it's still there! Entergy says, 'We don't have to move it because it meets the NRC safety regulations.'"

"The NRC is a captive regulatory agency, controlled by the same industry they've been entrusted to oversee," says Gordon Thompson. "Credible threats from Congress have been made to drastically cut the agency's budget unless it is friendly to the industry."

"There's a revolving door between NRC personnel and the utilities," says Alvarez. "The higher-paying jobs are in the private sector. If you behave yourself, once you punch your ticket with the NRC you can get an annuity and go work for the industry and make even more money. But if you rock the boat, you're banned." In fact, Entergy has at least one former NRC inspector on its staff whose wife also happens to work for the commission.

Entergy spokesperson Jim Steets insists the plant is safe. "Mr. Zeh offers his opinion on things he has no knowledge or expertise on," he says. "You can call this an old boy's network if you like, but there are federal regulations we must comply with that include implementing enhanced security measures since September 11. We spent \$7 million improving security, and there have been security inspections performed by the NRC since Zeh made his allegations."

When asked about Zeh's version of events concerning the Attachment 3 Inspection, Steets says only, "That sounds incredible to me." Fifteen minutes later he calls back: "All of what he said is untrue. He was removed from the tabletop, but that's because of his inability to perform." Of all the security officers in the plant, why would Entergy choose Zeh if there was a possibility that he would underperform? Steets says, "There was an expectation that he could perform, but he couldn't."

Major Bob Ryan was Zeh's supervisor at West Point in 1993 and 1994, and he has nothing but praise for Zeh. "Foster is of outstanding character," Ryan says. "When he told me something, I could always count on it being truthful and correct. He's a very courageous soldier and 100 percent dependable. Whatever he has said about Indian Point I would take to the bank."

As for the NRC's response to the charge that its tests were rigged? "The allegations Mr. Zeh has made are still being looked at by us," says an anonymous spokesperson. "We don't comment on ongoing investigations."

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Seven weeks after the Attachment 3 Inspection, Foster Zeh was pulled off his shift by Entergy investigators and placed on immediate administrative leave.

Last December, a copy of an internal report on security—which had been completed nearly a year earlier and was never shared with Zeh or any of the 59 guards surveyed—was given to *The New York Times* by Riverkeeper, an environmental group headed by Robert F. Kennedy Jr. Zeh was quoted briefly in the ensuing article—the first time he spoke out in public. As for Entergy, spokesperson Jim Steets said the problems were inherited (Entergy bought Indian Point 3 from the New York Power Authority—Steets' previous employer—in 2000, and Indian Point 2 from Consolidated Edison in September 2001).

The report's most surprising statistic is that 81 percent of the security officers surveyed felt they could not adequately defend the plant, and almost all agreed that more security was needed. Another troubling detail: Security officers at IP 2 patrolled the grounds without a chambered round in either their Glock or their rifle. The self-flagellation contin-

ued: Fifty percent of the guard force was overweight, applicants with no experience were being hired, snowball fights were an on-duty sport, security drills were not only dumbed down but rigged and everyone was forced to work absurd overtime (often six or seven days straight on 12- to 16-hour shifts, regardless of health). And these employees weren't a bunch of save-the-whales types. They were as pronuke as you could get, security personnel whose livelihoods depended on the continued existence of nuclear power.

Two days after the *Times* article ran, Zeh's wife silently handed him a copy of the local *Times Herald-Record* newspaper. The story that covered the security crisis at the plant included a personal attack. "He was an impressive security officer when we hired him," Entergy spokesperson Steets was quoted as saying, but now "he's gone over the edge." "The accusations about me are killing me," Zeh says now. "It's especially devastating because I have a 15-year-old daughter. The parents of her classmates read the newspapers and the kids in school talk about it." Entergy has yet to reinstate Zeh's em-

ployment. And in a January 30, 2003 *New York Times* story about the plant, an NRC commissioner insisted that the spent fuel was safe, secure and almost entirely below ground. Zeh is bitter about the way Indian Point management has treated him. Although he is being paid while on administrative leave, he is losing at least \$180 a week in overtime wages. He rejected Entergy's settlement offer in exchange for his resignation. "I want to be officially reinstated so I can clear my name and leave on my own," he says. "This is not an obsession for me. I spend my time with my family, I have a life." These days, he does security for several protective service agencies and helped guard Bill Clinton when he appeared at a fund-raiser in New York.

"We're all born with a 20 to 25 percent chance of getting cancer," says the NRC's Edward McGaffigan, who is cavalier about the dangers at Indian Point. He doesn't understand what the fuss is all about. "Al Qaeda is going to strike where they get the largest bang for their limited buck," he says. "If they study one of these plants, it's unlikely they'd say, 'Let's attack this.' As for the results of a pool fire, it's not a vast area that's uninhabitable. It's a limited area, and you get almost no deaths. When we run the models outside the facility, we typically get zero immediate deaths. We will get so-called stochastic deaths, an increase in a person's probability of contracting cancer sometime in the future." McGaffigan's statement contradicts a February 2001 NRC report that revealed that illnesses and loss of life from a spent-fuel pool fire would be horrific and its impact would be felt hundreds of miles away.

David Lochbaum points out that the water intake for the cooling systems at Indian Point is "exposed and vulnerable." He says the plant's diesel water pumps have a redundancy system, but the design is a problem—all nine pumps are situated next to one another and can be taken out with one assault.

Nuclear security expert Pete Stockton calls Zeh a hero. He backs up Zeh's allegations about sleeping guards, out-of-shape guards, guards who can't shoot straight and guards who would fold like a card table upon hearing the battle cry "Allah Akbar!" He says he knows the mock attack drills are rigged. Listen to Stockton long enough and you'll realize that Indian Point and virtually every other nuclear plant in the country are indefensible targets. "That's why the NRC talks about the thickness of the containment domes," says Stockton. "Because if you talk about anything else, it's a very short conversation. Foster doesn't like short conversations. The guy likes to talk, god bless him."



"Since you don't do it on the first date, I'll be back in an hour for our second date."



Jorja Fox

(continued from page 123)

it's available. There are a lot of men finding out that they aren't, in fact, fathers, and it's a healthy thing for them to know one way or the other.

10

PLAYBOY: Are people creepier in real life or on television?

FOX: I guess that depends on where you hang out. People are creepy in real life, but there is something much creepier about people who are seemingly normal but can act like serial killers. But I have to come to their defense because I'm an actor. The schizophrenic positions that we put ourselves in for a living are pretty disturbing to outsiders, but not to me.

11

PLAYBOY: Which star of a comedy show would you like to see as a victim on *CSI*?

FOX: Larry David! I'd love to see him naked in the morgue. I've never met him, but I love his show. He's brilliant and funny, and it would be great to see him play a corpse.

12

PLAYBOY: If the cast of *Friends* is worth millions of dollars per episode and they just sit around. . . .

FOX: Then there's certainly hope for actors everywhere that there's no ceiling on employment.

13

PLAYBOY: What's the worst-smelling thing in the lab?

FOX: Burned human skin. Sometimes we wish the show were scratch-and-sniff, because we have to pretend that we're encountering bad smells all the time. Maybe that's for season four or five.

14

PLAYBOY: You go home after filming an episode that involves a particularly grisly crime. What do you fix for yourself?

FOX: Probably a cold beer and a hot bath, and I might have nightmares. Right now I really like Pilsner Urquell beer—a lot.

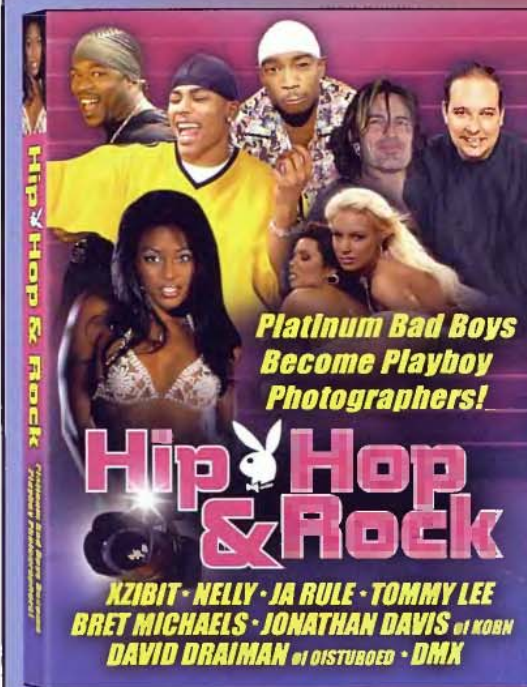
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PLAYBOY: We understand you're allergic to marriage. What are the symptoms?

FOX: Heart palpitations. And a feeling that I can't get enough oxygen. Cold sweats come with that. A burning desire to get into a fast car and drive quickly out of state. I have an inability to properly communicate, then the phone mysteriously breaks so I can't return calls. I hope to get over it someday, actually. I believe in true love and commitment and intimacy. That stuff is great. But, yes, I have this little problem.

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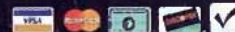
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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

16

PLAYBOY: Do you get out of paying for speeding tickets?

FOX: Who says I speed? No, I would never do that. Maybe there are a couple of things I would try to get out of if caught. But for the most part, I would take responsibility. I'm not a huge speeder. I have a speed warning on my car. I set it at a certain speed and try not to go over it. But when I'm in the car and the music is up, I could look down and be 20, 25 miles over the limit.

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PLAYBOY: For security reasons, have you been thoroughly frisked lately?

FOX: Yeah, actually, I have. Isn't it a normal part of air travel these days? I took a flight with Gary Dourdan and George. We were flying first-class from Los Angeles to Vegas and had one-way tickets. We were stopped at every possible point along the way, probably six times. Our shoes were off, our pants were rolled up. My shirt was up to here, the guys' shirts were off. It was kind of fun to share that

with two other people. I realize it was because of the one-way tickets. I support the airlines and the things they have to do to keep travel safe, but that one was a bit much—a threesome frisk. I saw parts of George and Gary that I hadn't noticed before. And that was comforting.

18

PLAYBOY: We understand you can play *Stairway to Heaven* on guitar. Do you do any other solo tributes?

FOX: I have never been good at cover songs, mostly because it's so obvious that you can't play when you do them. If I make something up, I can fool people for a while. But the minute you offer up a song people know, they find out whether you're good or not. I can play a little bit of Van Morrison and Traffic, some Beatles stuff and a little Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. I was madly in love with a boy in junior high school who played guitar. I picked up the guitar because I thought it would be a way to hang out with him. When I stopped hanging out with him, I kept playing. I

19

PLAYBOY: Besides your name, what do you have alternative spellings for?

FOX: My mom made up Jorja. I spent the first 10 years of my life convincing people that I knew how to spell my name. Everyone tried to tell me I couldn't spell. I'm not a good talker. I'm not very verbal, so I don't have alternative names for most things. I'm lucky if I can get something out that's more than two syllables. In English.

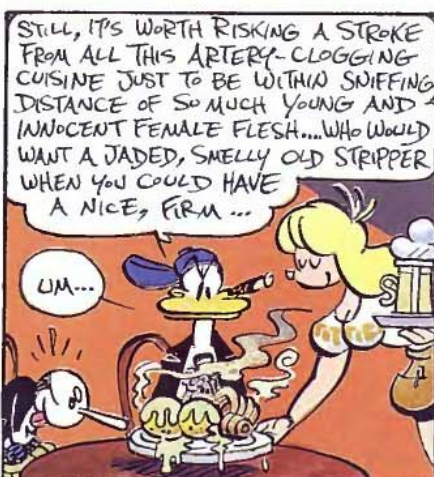
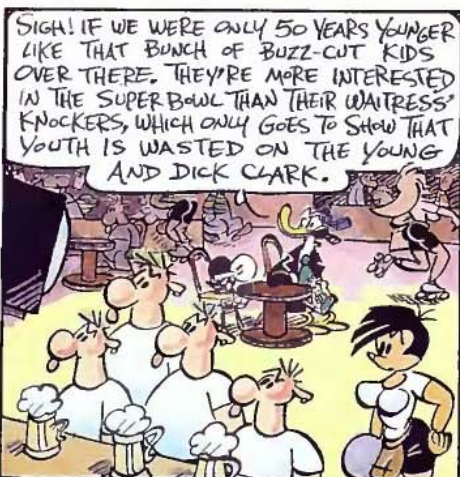
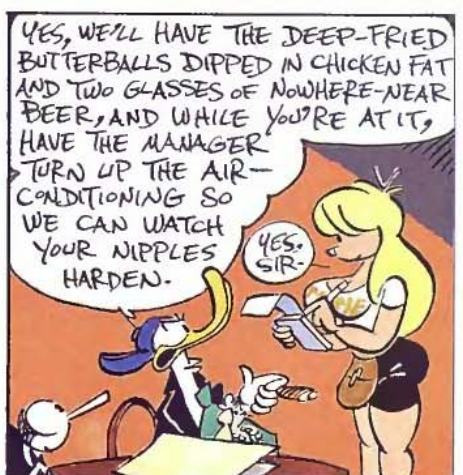
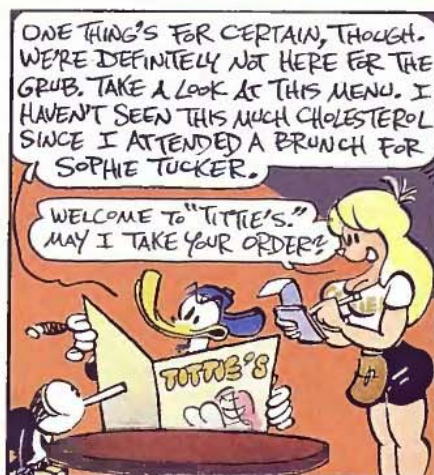
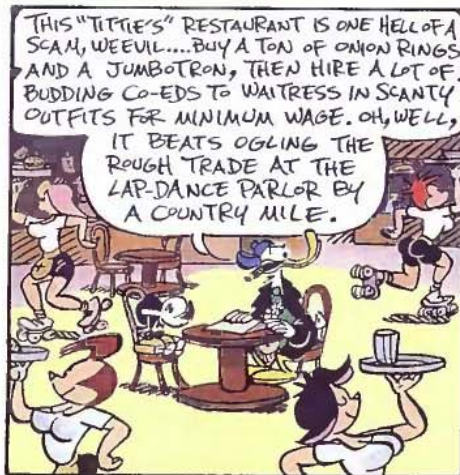
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PLAYBOY: Has anyone made a charming play on your last name? And how did you reward it?

FOX: Yes. I stayed for breakfast.



Dirty Duck by Bobby London



ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

ABSTRACT

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The overall outcome of this system has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most persons after 1-2 months of treatment. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average starting within 2-4 months.

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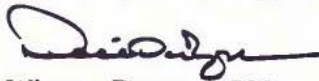
Did you know that the FDA has identified the body chemical Dihydrotestosterone (DHT) as the leading cause of hair loss. At the Hair & Skin Treatment Center and at the New York Hair Clinic they have developed an all-natural herbal DHT blocker as part of their hair regrowth program. The AVACOR system helps stop DHT from attacking your hair follicles, and starts regrowing hair in balding areas in as little as two months. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

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The advertisement features a photograph of Derrike Cope, a race car driver, standing next to a white race car with 'AVACOR' branding. He is wearing a white and black racing suit and holding a black racing helmet with 'AVACOR' and 'BELL' logos. In the foreground, three AVACOR products are displayed: a bottle of 'SCALP DETOXIFYING SHAMPOO', a bottle of 'TOPICAL FORMULA', and a bottle of 'AVACOR nutriticaP'. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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BILLY BOB THORNTON

(continued from page 60)

Disraeli's hair, though.

PLAYBOY: So that's not another rumor? Why him?

THORNTON: I saw it in pictures when I was growing up—this little shelf of hair. I just knew there were dust and mites in it. It freaked me out. It made me feel the way a castle makes me feel. See, I don't understand why people write all these things about me that are untrue. Why do they need to make things up? I don't think eating orange food is as weird as having a fear of Benjamin Disraeli's hair.

PLAYBOY: So you eat non-orange food?

THORNTON: Yes. That rumor started because I eat papaya at this one place a lot. It's orange. Maybe I had salmon there once, too. Some waiter maybe said I only eat orange food. That's how it starts.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a fear of flying?

THORNTON: I don't have a fear of flying. I have a fear of crashing.

PLAYBOY: Live theater?

THORNTON: Yes, because they talk too loud. I have a hard time sitting in my seat in a quiet, dark place. It's almost as if I have Tourette's syndrome—I want to run up onstage and pull the actor's pants down or something. Another thing bothers me about it: Why do they do it? In the old days they did live theater because that's all they could do. I wish they would fucking quit. I like original plays and I sit through them. I love musicals. But I don't want to go see *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and I don't want to do Shakespeare, for Christ's sake, a bunch of people talking in that fucking language. We don't understand half the shit they're saying and pretend we do. The reason

they used to do Shakespeare in the town square was because they didn't have any electricity. Now? Get a fucking guitar out and let's have a rock-and-roll show.

PLAYBOY: When you decided to release an album, were you worried that you were following in the footsteps of William Shatner?

THORNTON: The thing is, some of the actors everyone shits on for creating music are as good as some of the shitty pop stars. You don't have to be an actor to be a shitty musician.

PLAYBOY: What is it that has made it a cliché for actors to want to be musicians?

THORNTON: Growing up, you don't ever consider that you can't be both if you do both. Music? Movies? It's all art. Dennis Quaid plays some pretty good rock and roll. Why not? Russell Crowe was touring about the time my record came out. A bunch of articles had something about, "Who the hell do these movie stars think they are?" Fortunately for me, they singled me out as one who was real.

PLAYBOY: There's an advantage for well-known actors. Many would never get record deals if it weren't for their fame.

THORNTON: On the other hand, you're also going to get slammed. Who cares? People can kiss my ass. They think I didn't pay my dues? If they want to come out here and live what I've lived for the past 20 years, they will see I worked my way up. I was a roadie. Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Johnny Paycheck. At 18 I had a band that opened for Humble Pie. I have no apologies; I worked my ass off as a musician, worked my ass off as an actor. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get during your years of struggling to make it as an actor

and musician?

THORNTON: I came to California in 1981. I didn't know where I was going to eat much of the time. Not having enough money to stay here, not having enough to go home. And having nothing to go home to anyway. What was I going to do? Go back and shovel asphalt for the Arkansas Highway Department?

PLAYBOY: Is that when you worked in a pizza restaurant?

THORNTON: I worked at a Shakey's, went in there in the middle of the afternoon. The place was empty except for this manager, who asked if I had ever cooked in a restaurant. I said, "Yeah." I could barely make toast.

PLAYBOY: You landed in the hospital.

THORNTON: Later. I ran out of money and did not have any food at all. The last thing I had bought was a big bag of potatoes. I ate potatoes boiled in water or fried, kind of chipped them off the pan. Eventually I ran out of those, too, and got sick. Malnourished. In the emergency room, a girl on the other side of the curtain had been in a car accident and died. Another guy had been shot with a shotgun. I was on morphine. I got up in my hospital gown and just got the hell out of there.

PLAYBOY: Were you doing drugs during that period?

THORNTON: No. I quit pretty early—in my early 20s.

PLAYBOY: What was your drug of choice?

THORNTON: All of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you shoot drugs?

THORNTON: I did all of it.

PLAYBOY: What made you stop?

THORNTON: I was watching *The Honey-mooners* on a little black-and-white television with some friends in this trailer. Jackie Gleason started doing things in the show that I knew damn well he could not have been doing in the show.

PLAYBOY: You were hallucinating?

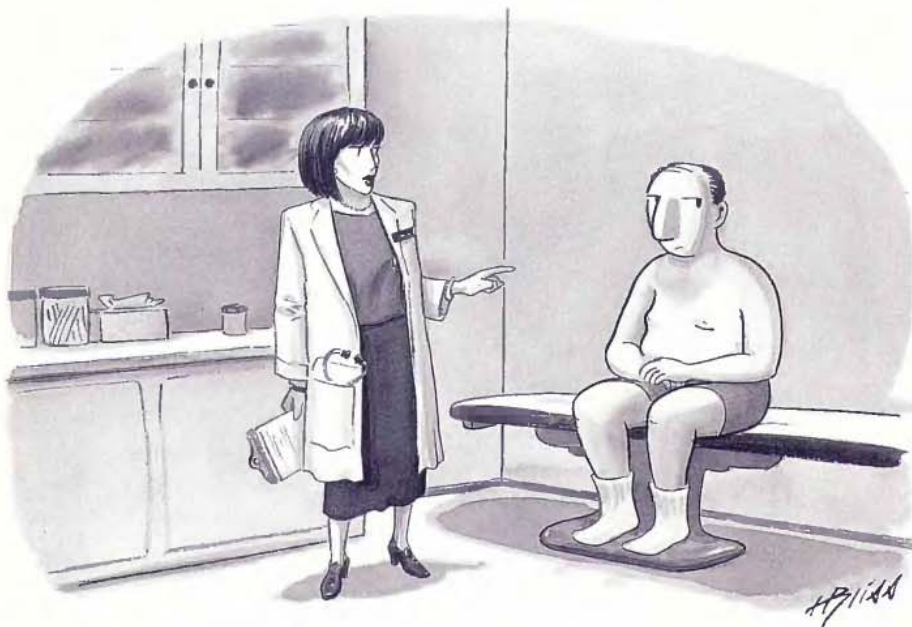
THORNTON: Yeah. Then, when you're high, you start having these stupid thoughts of what will make you better. "If I can only get in my neighbor's yard and start his lawn mower everything will be OK." Whatever. I thought, If I could only get in George's car. George, a friend of mine who wasn't there, had a Pontiac Bonneville. I stepped outside the trailer and it seemed like a 12-foot drop. I went to the car, but the hood seemed only about a foot long while the rest of the car seemed as if it went down the block. I thought, If I could only get in the backseat, I'll be OK. One of those nights of too many mixtures of drugs. It wasn't the worst experience I'd ever had, but I thought, What an asshole you are. I stopped.

PLAYBOY: Do you drink?

THORNTON: It's not something I need. I've always been a sporadic drinker.

PLAYBOY: When did you start having sex?

THORNTON: I wasn't taken by my dad to a whorehouse or anything, but I was 12. The girl was 12, too.



"So, what you're telling me, Mr. Owens, is that you'd feel more comfortable if a man touched your genitals?"

PLAYBOY: That's fairly young.

THORNTON: Us hillbillies get along pretty well in that way. She and I tried to figure out what the hell to do. "What's this?" "I don't know." "Why don't we put it in there." She screamed bloody murder. It wasn't all that much fun. It kind of freaked me out. Afterward, she seemed pissed at me even though it was her idea. I didn't do it again until I was 14. After that I was like a hound dog. I was with a lot of women. Through baseball and playing in a band, I got all the girls. Also, I hung out with girls. Usually it's the gay guy who's hanging out with all the girls. But I was never a caveman. There's a lot about guys that I didn't get. "Look at the tits on her!" I always was more into fitness than whistling or honking. Maybe the combination of athlete and artist was appealing, compared with a lot of the lugs. Like Carrie is Roger's girlfriend and they won homecoming king and queen, and in the meantime Carrie would come and fuck me on Thursday night before the game, telling me what an asshole Roger was. Roger gets off in 30 seconds, then eats a bologna sandwich and drinks a Dr Pepper. I'm talking to the girl about Dickens and playing Beatles records.

PLAYBOY: Did you fall in love or was it sport?

THORNTON: I fell in love until I had my heart broken a few times. Then I started falling in love again. It's my pattern. I fall in love, get my heart broken and spend a couple of years having fun, then somebody comes along again and it's like, Oh yeah. I forgot. I was always like that, in Arkansas and when I came to California.

PLAYBOY: Where you finally broke into the movies. How did that happen?

THORNTON: I was writing all the time, was in a theater group and doing music, too. I was just trying to keep my head above water. Then the acting things started to pay me enough to live—bit parts on *Matlock*, *Divorce Court* or whatever the hell show would have me. My friend Tom Epperson and I kept writing scripts. We had written *One False Move*. Eventually, meeting this person, meeting that person, we were able to do it.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the reaction to *Sling Blade*?

THORNTON: I thought it might be a critical success but had no idea it would become a phenomenon. I think the reason is that it appealed to the more artsy crowd as an independent film and to the regular Joes as a regular film. I was accepted in two worlds. The guy who runs the John Deere shop in Iowa likes my movies and so does the snotty, beret-wearing person at the art gallery.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you directed more?

THORNTON: I had a bad time with *All the Pretty Horses*. The studio cut my soundtrack. Then they marketed the movie as this young romance about the West and lost the audience that might have come

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to see it if it were an artsier picture. I'll direct again if I find something I love that is not going to get butchered.

PLAYBOY: You're releasing a new CD. Is it the sequel to *Private Radio*?

THORNTON: It's sort of a concept album—an Arkansas version of *Tommy*. We have 25 songs, 21 originals. The covers fit the story, too, about a broken man on his way to healing.

PLAYBOY: Anyone we know?

THORNTON: Anything I do in movies or music is autobiographical. I wrote nine songs in three days over at the Sunset Marquis right when I got back from the tour. I called Johnny Cash one day and said, "Cash, I wrote nine songs in the last three days." He said, "I am sorry. You had a bad few days, didn't ya?"

PLAYBOY: What did he mean?

THORNTON: I was sad. Really sad. So I just wrote all those songs.

PLAYBOY: Are you unhappy now?

THORNTON: Everything now is all right. I am at the point careerwise where I had hoped I would be. I still work from movie to movie. I don't make \$20 million a movie, but for a small-town guy who grew up in the middle of nowhere, I make more money than anybody back

there would ever dream. Careerwise I do not feel that there is anything lacking. My kids are doing better than ever. So all those parts of my life are fine.

PLAYBOY: What part isn't?

THORNTON: After a while, I start thinking that maybe I'll never have a real home. I got my kids, but they're across town. I got friends, but they're out there somewhere. My family is back in Arkansas. I have a house, but I don't have a center, an actual home where I live with the people I love. Thanksgiving doesn't just happen around me, I have to make it happen, gather people together.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why?

THORNTON: I don't. Like I said, I'm a hobo: born to roam, though these days I don't go out much. As I get older, I get more paranoid. I had hoped it would be the other way around. So instead of going out, I have friends come over and we shoot pool and hang out and listen to music and watch television and stuff here. My friends make jokes about me becoming like Howard Hughes. I hardly go out, but I get by all right.

Hear exclusive audio of this interview at Playboy.com.

velvet rope orgy

(continued from page 84)

been into women. But this wasn't some postkegger fumbling in a dorm room. These people projected an air of glamorous sexual adventure. It also didn't hurt that they were drop-dead gorgeous.

All attention turned to the two women on the sofa as their brushing lips pressed into a full kiss. Then they were undressing each other. The Asian woman was soon naked except for her high heels. She pulled away the blonde's black dress to reveal natural breasts sitting high and firm. The Asian girl kissed down her friend's belly before burying her face between two long legs.

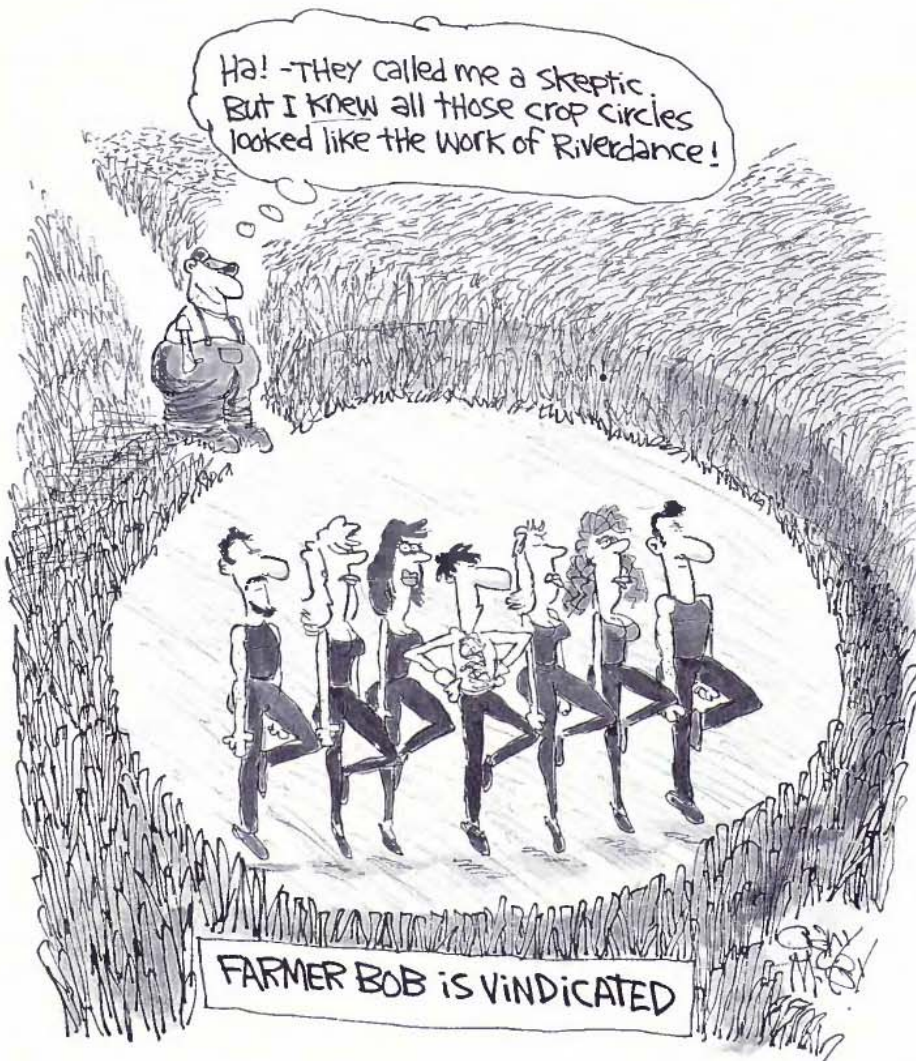
Gabby's fingers found my thigh. I took her hand and squeezed. The women across the room grew louder, their moans mingling with the music. They slid onto the rug. Next to me, Matt was giving his girlfriend, Kelly, a back rub. Her eyes were closed, making her the only person in the room not focused on the floor show. "I'm so tense," she murmured. The two women seemed to resurface, shared a knowing look and crawled, cat-like, toward Kelly. The blonde began massaging her all over while her friend kissed Kelly's neck.

Gabby slid to her knees, still holding my hand, which she placed firmly between Kelly's legs. It was warm and wet. The Asian girl kissed down Kelly's front, licked my fingers, then nuzzled my hand aside. The Nordic blonde was now behind Kelly, kissing her neck and shoulders. Her partner began working more intently between Kelly's legs, smoothly slipping off her panties. She planted her mouth on Kelly's pussy in a full, wet kiss.

As Kelly tossed her head and started moaning, Gabby led me to Ron, now sprawled on the rug. He was wearing boxers, an erection poking through the flap. "Do you like my boyfriend?" Gabby whispered, calmly placing my hand on her bare breast.

"No," I said. "I mean, yes, but I'm shy. I mean, I only like women." I was babbling. Still holding my hand, she pulled me down to my knees as she knelt to take Ron's cock in her mouth. I felt my resistance ebbing. Then I was exploring her body with my fingers. Sometimes she would pull away to kiss me, his taste still on her lips. In the middle of all this hazy lust, I heard Kelly's moans grow into a climax. Nearby, another voice began crying out—and then another.

As I replayed the orgy in my head over the next few days, what most struck me was how easily I had been led by the gentle persuasion of the female ring-leaders. The most significant difference between today's swingers and baby boomer sexual trailblazers is that today the women set the agenda from start to finish. Indeed, the only men who got off at the loft orgy were with their



usual mates; only the women got some strange, as the saying goes. Most women these days think nothing of curling up with their boyfriends and watching cable soft-core, which invariably depicts stylized threesomes, lesbianism and the occasional orgy. It's not such a huge step from the vicarious thrills of *The Bachelor* to playing voyeur—and more—in real life.

"Straight women are finding they can be intimate with other women without being identified as bisexual or lesbian," says Melinda Gallagher, a sexologist with a master's degree from New York University and co-founder of Cake, a Manhattan party series that doesn't throw orgies but does encourage women to indulge their fantasies—lap dances, stripteases—in public. "Girl-girl play is happening a lot at our parties." In fact, for college women with pretensions to hipness, getting it on with the girl from Psych 101 has become de rigueur. Never having at least made out with a girl is uncool, a bit like never having smoked pot. I met a lot of these women in the new sex-party scene. They're the ones who did it in college and liked it—and those who never did but are making up for lost time. Now they have access to a controlled environment in which it's safe to explore, where group sex is no more taboo than wearing last year's shoes.

THE TOGA-LESS PARTY

Now baptized, I began exploring the orgy underground with the zeal of a teen still tasting her first French kiss. Several weeks later I was asked to another event. The buzz of my first Flirt party had worn off. I didn't want to go alone, so a friend set me up with an "open-minded gentleman." The next night he paid the cab driver outside a three-story brick building. At 10:30 P.M. we stepped inside. A muscled doorman appeared from the shadows.

"Help you?" he said flatly.

Startled, my date cleared his throat but only stuttered, "Um. . . ." It was a classic velvet-rope moment. But I knew the magic words.

"I've never slept with a virgin before," I said, and not bashfully.

The doorman ushered us to an elevator, which rose to a small foyer. A second doorman checked our names off a list. My date paid the \$150 membership charge in cash. An attendant asked for our clothes. "Everything but the underwear," he said firmly. When we paused, he reassured us that we could retrieve condoms, lube or vibrators as often as we pleased. It apparently didn't occur to him that we might be hesitant about disrobing immediately upon entering an apartment filled with strangers.

Murmuring voices filtered through an open doorway. A curvy redhead in five-inch stiletto heels and a Roman headdress approached, holding a goblet overflowing with condoms. One luscious

breast bobbed through the sheer red chiffon of her toga. "Oooh, you are attractive!" she said in a bedroom voice. Then she introduced herself as Palagia, our hostess. "After you have gotten undressed, I want to introduce you to some other sexy guests."

We stumbled out of our clothes, avoiding eye contact. In exchange, the attendant handed us each a wisp of chiffon—our togas for the evening. About a dozen couples turned to ogle us as we entered the room. We ogled back. It was a good-looking crowd, beautiful even. They were sitting upright in twos, sipping wine or martinis. The women wore lacy push-up bras, garters and thongs. Most of the men were in boxers. Some still wore their expensive watches.

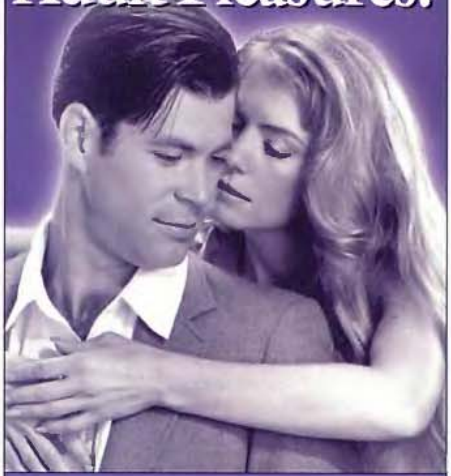
My date and I settled onto a fur-covered mattress on the floor. I already knew that it's not easy to get a roomful of first-timers to shift gears from polite conversation to full-on fucking, so I was interested in seeing Palagia's technique. Prior to the party she'd requested that all the guests submit their fantasies by e-mail, and she was determined to put them into action. "Strip!" she commanded one shy couple, and they did.

Within two hours I was sitting next to a well-known local radio weatherman, watching a couple fuck on the bed in front of us. "She has a nice pussy," he said softly. The woman to whom this tidy package belonged bore a thrilling resemblance to Jennifer Love Hewitt and was riding a blonde surfer dude for all he was worth. Aroused by the compliment, she gave the weatherman a smile, tossed her head and came. A moment after she collapsed on surfer boy's chest in exhaustion, a sculpted leg felt tentatively for the floor. She tried to stand but was wobbly; her legs buckled and she fell onto us. We made room. "Thanks," she said, her skin glowing with a ridiculously sexy sheen.

At three A.M. things were still going strong, the thick musk of sex filling the apartment. I wasn't sure where my date was, and I didn't really care. Palagia, in a tiny thong, presided over the multi-orgasmic creation, especially the seven bodies writhing on the king-size bed. Red manicured fingertips reached out from the pulsing tangle, grasped Palagia's wrist and pulled her in, making room for one more.

An attractive couple had spent the entire evening holding hands off to the side of the action. She had long, straight blonde hair and said she was an actress. He owned an indie film production company. They had been dating for about two years. She watched avidly as three women fed one another strawberries and undressed each other. She turned and kissed her boyfriend, reaching a hand briefly into his shorts. Soon they stopped and went back to watching. Other guests approached them, but they

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seemed content to watch. On the way out she said they were going back to their hotel, where they would most likely have sex. Alone. "We like to talk dirty and play out different sexual scenarios," she said. "I think we saw enough tonight to keep us busy, don't you, honey?" They exchanged a smile and left. I identified with them. I was mostly a voyeur. The thing was, I couldn't stop looking.

PARTY NATION

As adventurous and slightly bored beautiful people search for the next big thing, promoters have built a niche by holding events where guests may share fantasies but not act on them. Even so, there is a huge market for these gatherings. Palagia has become the hostess of OneLegUp, which stages exclusive soirees for its members with names like Eyes Wide Open and KamaSutra in New York and Miami. OneLegUp plans to expand to London, Athens and Rome this year, and to launch a private-party service—so you don't even have to leave your house. Skin, produced by Michael Veneziano, throws one-night parties in upscale lounges and clubs across the country. Skin is like Flirt—it's a starting point. Veneziano is also the creator of Fling, weekend-long events that take over entire hotels, charging thoroughly vetted couples \$400 to mingle with like-minded enthusiasts.

"I could fill any hotel three times over if we weren't so selective," Veneziano says. "It's pretty amusing, really. I look at the photographs these people submit through my website and I'm like, 'Uh-oh! No, no, no, OK.' Some are friendly-looking people, but they're just not attractive enough for a Fling party. I don't let anyone come to a Fling party who we haven't personally met, hasn't been referred by another member or hasn't submitted their photos. Only one in five who send in photos gets approved."

I've always had an active fantasy life, and now I had a stockpile of erotic images to last me well into the future. But I kept going back. The preparties, the cocktails, the flirting—though I never felt entirely comfortable, I ended up going to a late-night group-sex gathering about once a month.

Sometimes I looked, sometimes I touched, but I always came away with another indelible image. One night, at a white-lingerie party in a spacious Tribeca penthouse, I met a petite, busty brunette who I'll call Julie. She was 22, had just graduated from art school and hoped to fulfill a major fantasy: Julie wanted to have sex with two men at once and was determined to do it before she fell in love "for real" and settled down. Going through an online dating service, where she used the nickname Sandwich Filling, she met Jim, who agreed to help her achieve her fantasy. Now Julie was naked on all fours on a mattress. A

young man was kneeling behind her, bracing her hips. She arched her back and lowered her head. He entered her and started thrusting gently. Her date, Jim, had just finished giving another woman an orgasm on a nearby couch. When he spotted Julie kneeling, he got up and removed his condom. Still stiff, he approached Julie from the front and she took him into her mouth. This was their second date.

Ten minutes after she swallowed and her other partner pulled out, Julie was ebullient. "It was great!" she said. "Better than I had imagined. I'd like to keep doing it, but the guys all seem pretty tired." It was 4:30 A.M. Sleepy myself, I looked around. At every party you have a fair share of dabblers, dedicated voyeurs, women who want to explore other women, couples who play but don't fuck and couples who are ready for everything. It's like a bell curve of involvement, and I had to decide where I fit in. I had never quite relived the lovely sense of anticipation I'd felt at the first Flirt party and I hadn't had a real date in months (you know, dinner-date-and-a-movie—anything that didn't end with a real-life reenactment of *Caligula*). Something had to give.

REQUIEM FOR A FANTASY

These thoughts were in the back of my mind when I found myself in a hotel suite one evening about six months after my first orgy. Nothing fancy, no special costumes or atmosphere. I followed a couple as they fucked in all three rooms of the suite. They started early—before the rest of the guests even had a chance to get comfortable. First he went down on her on a rug in the middle of the living room. A crowd of two dozen, still clothed and sipping fresh cocktails, gathered to gawk. Then she returned the favor by the bar. Later, in the bedroom, as things were heating up and a few other couples frolicked, the pair got boisterous on a chaise lounge. She moaned and laughed loudly. He called her his "good little girl." Up slowly, down fast. Over and over.

When I pulled myself away, I ran into Ashley and Seth, one of the couples I'd met at my first Flirt party. They had just returned from an event at a hotel in Miami, a weekend-long fuckfest for 300 select guests. The party started with cocktails on Thursday evening and peaked on Saturday night with an orgy. The group sex spread like an oil slick—it started in a penthouse suite, then moved into the halls and even worked its way down to the lobby. The staff hung netting along the street in case sex on the balconies got out of control.

"I was stunned by all the beautiful women," Ashley reported. "They looked like they came straight out of a Hollywood premiere party. Everyone was having sex with everyone. I looked down from the balcony of the penthouse suite

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and saw five or six women having sex on a terrace."

"It was out of control," Seth said. "One guy got a blow job from three women by the mineral pool. When they finally finished him off, the whole place erupted in applause. There were a hundred people clapping for this guy."

Ashley and Seth had once disdained full swapping but had come back from the weekend hotel sex party impressed with "how advanced" the crowd was, meaning how much beyond just girl-girl and same-room play the action went. "Some of these people have been doing this for three, four years now," she said. "It was a real eye-opener. We came home thinking, Well, what's the big deal about a full swap?"

Several couples I'd met in the beginning of the year were now progressing to

"Some of these people have been doing this for three or four years now."

full swaps. The women, after eating so much pussy, were longing for cock—and not their boyfriends'. And their men were primed for sex. Real sex. These couples were often arrogant about their newfound sophistication, as if full swapping put them above the newbie girl-players and voyeurs.

In fact, Ashley and Seth were about to full-swap with another couple right then. I told myself I was watching to be polite, but I'm not too sure about that. Afterward, Ashley confessed that they had been on a sex binge for the past two weeks, and that she was looking forward to some scheduled dental surgery because it would give them a chance to rest. When a root canal is more appealing than sex, I thought, something has gone wrong. That was my last orgy.

It felt good to be part of the in crowd for a while. Everybody wants to be accepted as one of the cool kids. It was flattering to be desired by such good-looking people—with no agenda other than pleasure. I got to see some incredibly erotic, mesmerizing, alluring stuff—bodies entwined in unimaginable configurations, kissing, touching, wanting more. In the end, however, I realized I didn't want to become part of the weekend-sex-retreat scene, to have group sex become my defining lifestyle choice. Instead, I was like most people who participate in the new orgies—I had done it and enjoyed it, but now I was getting back to my real life. I went on dates and met a guy. If my new boyfriend ever asks me about my sexual exploits, I'll tell him. And if he wants to experience an orgy himself . . . I still have the right people's phone numbers in my book.



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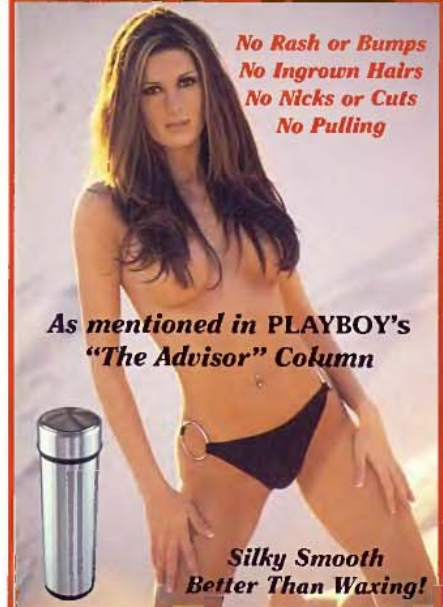
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NATIONAL LEAGUE


(continued from page 92)

man than shortstop Jimmy Rollins, who notched a tepid .306 OBP in 2002.

Endgame: The Phillies are the boom-or-bust team in baseball's most wide-open division. We say bust.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Central

1. Houston Astros

 2002 in Review: 84-78, second place. The Stros, no doubt distracted by playing in the stadium formerly known as Enron Field, never made a serious run at the Cardinals.


Pivotal Player: Despite playing in hitter-friendly Minute Maid Park, Jeff Bagwell batted .288 and .291 over the last two seasons, which were his lowest averages since 1997.

X Factor: The Astros have never won a postseason series.

Outlook: Is this fantasy baseball? After signing free-agent second baseman Jeff Kent, the Astros will move 37-year-old incumbent Craig Biggio to center and Lance Berkman to left. Starters Roy Oswalt (19-9) and Wade Miller (15-4) are for real, but after that there's a steep drop-off in talent.

Endgame: Kent moves to third by May, and behind the division's best pitching, the Astros run away and hide.

2. Chicago Cubs

 2002 in Review: 67-95, fifth. It was another perfect summer in Chicago: ivy-covered walls, day baseball, techni-

color hot dogs . . . and a losing baseball team.


Pivotal Player: Mark Prior is the best pitching prospect the Cubs have had since Greg Maddux.

X Factor: The Tribune Co., which owns the Cubs, has always been more interested in money than in winning.

Outlook: Slugger Sammy Sosa is a stud, but the rest of new manager Dusty Baker's roster is packed with overpriced veterans and underachieving journeymen. The real Chicago hope is young pitching. Joining Prior are finally healthy fireballer Kerry Wood, 25, and his clone, 28-year-old Matt Clement.

Endgame: Baker leads this band of misfits to wild card contention, while Sammy makes an MVP run.

3. St. Louis Cardinals


 2002 in Review: 97-65, first. In June, days after the passing of Cards broadcaster Jack Buck, pitching ace Darryl Kile was found dead. The Redbirds hung tough, won the NL Central and eliminated the defending champion D-backs before losing to the Giants in the NLCS. **Pivotal Player:** Returning from injuries and a Nuke LaLoosh-like bout of wildness, lefty superprospect Rick Ankiel could boost a depleted staff. Or give the mascot a concussion.

X Factor: The last team to have a key player die in midseason—the 1979 Yanks, who lost Thurman Munson—went on to win 103 games and the division the next year.

Outlook: The Cards will miss Kile in more ways than one: With the departure of Chuck Finley, 17-game winner Matt Morris is the team's only proven starter.

Endgame: The Cards start slow and even a midseason injection of pitching leaves them a distant third.

4. Cincinnati Reds

 2002 in Review: 78-84, third. The Red machine exploded off the starting line, going 16-9 in April and spending 51 consecutive days in first place. But down the stretch they ran out of gas, finishing 19 games behind the Cards.


Pivotal Player: Ken Griffey Jr. has gone from legend to laughingstock—.264, 8 homers, 23 RBI in 2002—since returning to the site of Dad's glory days.

X Factor: Five of the seven NL teams to get new stadiums since 1995 have made the playoffs. Great American Ballpark opens this season.

Outlook: The Reds' youth movement continues: Shortstop Felipe Lopez will force legend Barry Larkin to the bench, and bopping outfielder Adam Dunn could be a postmillennial Mark McGwire.

Endgame: Bob Boone's Reds played over their heads in 2002. This year, they finish fourth.

5. Pittsburgh Pirates


 2002 in Review: 72-89, fourth. Shiver me timbers, mates—the Pirates set a club record with their tenth consecutive losing season.

Pivotal Player: With a .450 on-base percentage and a .622 slugging average, Brian Giles trailed only Barry Bonds in those crucial categories.

X Factor: In only the team's second year in PNC Park, Pittsburgh attendance dropped by more than 679,000, throwing a monkey wrench into owner Kevin McClatchy's rebuilding plan.

Outlook: They've created plenty of work for local moving companies in the off-season by dispatching journeymen like Darren Lewis and Francisco Cordova and acquiring journeymen like Brian Boehringer and Matt Stairs and signing has-beens like Reggie Saunders. But why? **Endgame:** The only thing that's separating the Pirates from last place is the Milwaukee Brewers.

6. Milwaukee Brewers

 2002 in Review: 56-106, sixth. Does this smell like team spirit? All-Star shortstop Jose Hernandez sat out eight of the team's final 12 games in order to avoid breaking Bobby Bonds' single-season strikeout record.

Pivotal Player: 24-year-old Ben Sheets was 11-16 last year, but he has number-one-starter stuff.

X Factor: Commissioner Bud Selig does not own the team anymore—his daughter does.

Outlook: In a perfect world, the Brewers—who have so far managed to ring



up 10 losing seasons in a row—would be contracted this season.

Endgame: Dead fucking last.

NATIONAL LEAGUE West

1. Arizona Diamondbacks



2002 in Review: 98–64, first place. Resplendent in purple and teal, the Diamondbacks won their third division title in the franchise's five-year history. But in the playoffs, Randy Johnson screwed the pooch and the Backs were broomed by the Cards.

Pivotal Player: Byung-Hyun Kim, who has become one of the game's top closers, may move to the starting rotation.

X Factor: Owner Jerry Colangelo mortgaged the Diamondbacks—literally—to finance its World Series run. Payback time is looming.

Outlook: The one-two punch of pitchers Randy Johnson and Curt Schilling is not only the best in baseball—it's arguably the best in the history of baseball. But Arizona's everyday lineup is aging and the rest of the pitchers can't break .500 with the highest-scoring team in the NL behind them.

Endgame: If the dynamic duo stays healthy, the Diamondbacks will threepeat in this division.

2. San Francisco Giants



2002 in Review: 95–66, second, NL wild card. A season that began with Jeff Kent breaking his wrist while (wink, wink) washing his truck and Kent and Barry Bonds slugging it out on national TV ended with the Giants holding a three-games-to-two lead in the World Series, a 5–0 lead in the seventh inning and then, well, you know the rest.

Pivotal Player: Infield import Edgardo Alfonzo is a solid hitter and a good glove man, and he carries the name Fonzie better than Henry Winkler.

X Factor: Manager Felipe Alou ended his run in Montreal with five consecutive losing seasons.

Outlook: Bonds won't miss the dearly departed Jeff Kent, but the rest of the offense will. A bigger loss is manager Dusty Baker, who could take the Wu-Tang Clan to the playoffs.

Endgame: Bonds will continue to assault the record books, but under Alou the Giants will slide to a not-close second place, short of the wild card.

3. Los Angeles Dodgers



2002 in Review: 92–70, third. LA flirted with the pennant race through the summer. On September 3, the Dodgers were 2½ games ahead of the Giants in the wild card race, but they went 11-13 down the stretch to finish third for the

fourth time in five years.

Pivotal Player: Outfielder Shawn Green has hit 91 homers and driven in 239 runs in the past two seasons.

X Factor: Rupert Murdoch is reportedly considering selling the Dodgers, which will likely affect his willingness to pump cash into a pennant race.

Outlook: The Dodgers have always gotten it done with great pitching, but the staff of Hideo Nomo and Odalis Perez won't make anyone forget Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale. Hundred Million Dollar Man Kevin Brown has been on the DL five times since the beginning of the 2001 season, but closer Eric Gagne is the real deal with a 1.97 ERA.

Endgame: Third place—where else?

4. San Diego Padres



2002 in Review: 66–96, fifth. Only four years removed from the World Series, the Padres slogged through another rebuilding year.

Pivotal Player: Closer Trevor Hoffman has notched at least 37 saves for seven years in a row, but shoulder surgery will keep him out until after the break. That, of course, prevents the Pads from using him as trade bait.

X Factor: Manager Bruce Bochy, who led San Diego to the 1998 World Series, might be the most underrated skipper in the majors.

Outlook: The Padres will have more success against PETA, which is kvetching about the team's stadium-naming deal with Petco, than against the rest of the NL. But the barely legal pitching tandem of Oliver Perez and Jake Peavy provide reasons for hope.

Endgame: Well, the weather is nice. Fourth place.

5. Colorado Rockies



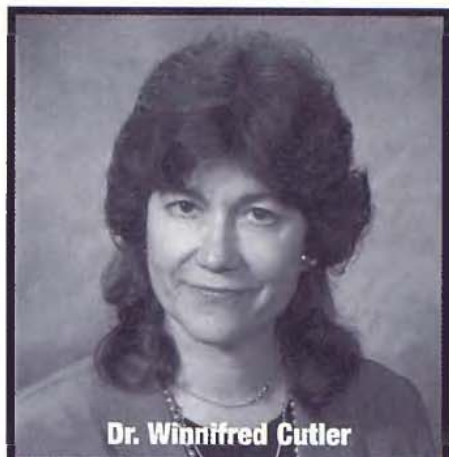
2002 in Review: 73–89, fourth. Mountain air, baseballs in the humidior and another season of 12–10 games at the freakiest stadium in baseball, dude.

Pivotal Player: Slugger Todd Helton hit .378 at home, but only .280 elsewhere. That's why God made no-trade clauses.

X Factor: High-altitude Coors Field already has one of the most spacious outfields in the majors, so it's impractical to move the fences back to cut down on the long balls.

Outlook: Veteran pitchers hate Denver's high altitude, where curveballs don't curve and fly balls take off like 737s, so the Rockies have shifted gears once again, dumping high-priced Mike Hampton and rebuilding with resilient rookies and journeymen accustomed to 45-minute, five-run innings.

Endgame: Lots of runs, not many wins, and the Rocks finish last.



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ROAD WARRIORS


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AMERICAN LEAGUE

(continued from page 91)

AL Central


1.	Chicago White Sox
	2002 in Review: 81-81, second place. A win. A loss. A win. A loss. Two wins. Two losses. And so on. Yawn.

Pivotal Player: A victim of Cecil Fielder Syndrome, former MVP Frank Thomas has morphed from the Big Hurt into the Big Slob: His .252 average doesn't even approach his weight.

X Factor: Owner Jerry Reinsdorf is the owner who built—and destroyed—the Chicago Bulls. Discuss.

Outlook: With the acquisition of 20-game winner Bartolo Colon, the White Sox are making a bid to become the AL's answer to the Diamondbacks. Starter Mark Buehrle (39-21 career) has a Hall of Fame future. Erratic closer Billy Koch is a more questionable addition.

Endgame: The pitching-rich White Sox will improve by a dozen games and take the Central Division.


2.	Minnesota Twins
	2002 in Review: 94-67, first. "Contract this." That's what the Twins said to the commissioner after they won their division and reached the ALCS.

Pivotal Player: 27-year-old Gold Glover Torii Hunter enjoyed a career year with 29 homers, 94 RBI, 23 steals and a .289 batting average.

X Factor: The Twins have one of the best farm systems in baseball, so help could be a phone call away.

Outlook: The Twins are looking to improve for the fifth consecutive year, a near miracle in the majors. But none of their starters scored or drove in 100 runs, hit 30 homers or hit over .300 last season. Ominous signs.

Endgame: The overachieving Twins won with smoke and mirrors last year, but the smoke clears and the mirrors crack this summer. See ya, wild card.

3.	Cleveland Indians
	2002 in Review: 74-88, third. After a decade of contention, the Indians dumped their veterans and shifted midseason into rebuilding mode.

Pivotal Player: C.C. Sabathia, a 6'7" man-child, hits 98 on the radar gun, but strikeouts declined from 8.5 to 6.4 Ks per nine innings pitched, while his record slipped from 17-5 to 13-11.

X Factor: Attendance at Jacobs Field dropped by 558,000 last year. What else is there to do in Cleveland, anyway?

Outlook: This season's Tribe will go younger than Roman Polanski. Omar Vizquel is the only holdover from the

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championship run, and even he might be pushed by 21-year-old second baseman Brandon Phillips.

Endgame: The Indians have a plan. Just not for this year.

4. Detroit Tigers



2002 in Review: 55–106, fifth. Another lost summer—the last time the Tigers cracked .500, Sparky Anderson was the manager and Kirk Gibson was limping around the bases. No wonder Hall of Fame broadcaster Ernie Harwell retired.

Pivotal Player: None.

X Factor: Pizza mogul Mike Ilitch, who also owns the Stanley Cup–champion Red Wings, considers the Tigers an ugly stepchild. Can you blame him?

Outlook: Bleak. Sensing that trying to tweak this lineup is like putting a tuxedo on a corpse, general manager Dave Dombrowski traded away the team's best pitcher, Mark Redman.

Endgame: The Tigers will be rebuilding until Flint, Michigan becomes the Paris of the Midwest.

5. Kansas City Royals



2002 in Review: 62–100, fourth. Proving that stupidity is a more powerful force than poverty, the minimarket Royals tossed more than \$6 million at Chuck Knoblauch and Neifi Perez, arguably the worst position players in the majors.

Pivotal Player: Mike Sweeney almost won a batting title last year, but the five-year contract extension he signed last spring has a loophole that allows him to become a free agent if the Royals don't break .500 in 2003 or 2004.

X Factor: Center fielder Carlos Beltran is an emerging star, but has already threatened to test free agency after the 2004

season, so he could be dealt.

Outlook: Alms for the poor. With no money and no brains but some talent, the Royals will again spend the summer kvetching about their budget. The dust bowl of a farm system won't help.

Endgame: Surrender, Dorothy! Last.

AMERICAN LEAGUE West

1. Oakland Athletics



2002 in Review: 103–59, first place. After a May swoon that seemed to leave them deader than Ted Williams, Oakland won 78 of their last 109 games—that's .716 baseball, friends—to win the division. Then they were shocked in five by the Twins in the division series.

Pivotal Player: The A's are hoping that 25-year-old third baseman Eric Chavez (34 HR, 109 RBI) can follow in the footsteps of previous A's MVP Jason Giambi.

X Factor: Oakland's Network Associates Coliseum may be old and ugly, but it's one of the best pitchers' parks.

Outlook: Don't play poker with Oakland general manager Billy Beane—he's starting out with three aces. His staff of Cy Young Award winner Barry Zito, Tim Hudson and Mark Mulder is the envy of all of baseball, and he has them all signed through 2005.

Endgame: New manager Ken Macha makes like Joe Torre, winning it all in his first year on the job.

2. Texas Rangers



2002 in Review: 72–90, fourth. Last year Alex Rodriguez was the best player in the AL, but the Rangers finished last anyway.

Pivotal Player: Laugh at the Viagra

commercials if you must, but Rafael Palmeiro should earn his ticket to Coopers-town this summer when he hits his 500th home run.

X Factor: Buck Showalter brought both the Yankees and the Diamondbacks into contention, and got ousted the year before each team won the World Series.

Outlook: GM John Hart cleaned shop in the off-season: He said adios to punchline players like Hideki Irabu, John Rocker and Kenny Rogers, and hello to closer Ugueth Urbina. New manager Buck Showalter makes Alan Greenspan look relaxed, but his sweat-the-details approach gets results.

Endgame: The Rangers keep pace with the A's into August and challenge for the wild card.

3. Anaheim Angels



2002 in Review: 99–63, second. The Halos won a wild card, made a deal with Satan and pulled a Lazarus in the World Series.

Pivotal Player: Francisco Rodriguez, 21, has a career regular season ERA of 0.00; in his postseason deb party he looked like a young Mariano Rivera.

X Factor: Since 1980, only two teams (the Yankees and the Blue Jays) have repeated as World Champions.

Outlook: Unlike the last wild card world champs—the 1997 Marlins—the Angels won't have any trouble keeping the team together. They will have trouble repeating. Regulars like Darin Erstad, Adam Kennedy and Garret Anderson benefited from manager Mike Scioscia's swing-at-everything ethos, but it's not a long-term recipe for success.

Endgame: Put away those phallic ThunderStix—no playoffs this year.

4. Seattle Mariners



2002 in Review: 93–69, third. The Mariners were 23 games worse than 2001 and still remained in playoff contention in MLB's smallest, toughest division.

Pivotal Player: Ichiro Suzuki's batting average dropped from .350 to .321, but by more than doubling his walk total, he increased his on-base percentage.

X Factor: Beware, Bob Melvin: The Mariners have never won more than 83 games for any manager besides departed skipper Lou Piniella.

Outlook: During their 116-win season in 2001, the Mariners depended too much on vets like ancient Mariner Jamie Moyer and the overachieving Bret Boone. Their best starter, 26-year-old Freddy Garcia, backslid in every important category last year.

Endgame: The Mariners may be the best last-place team in baseball history.





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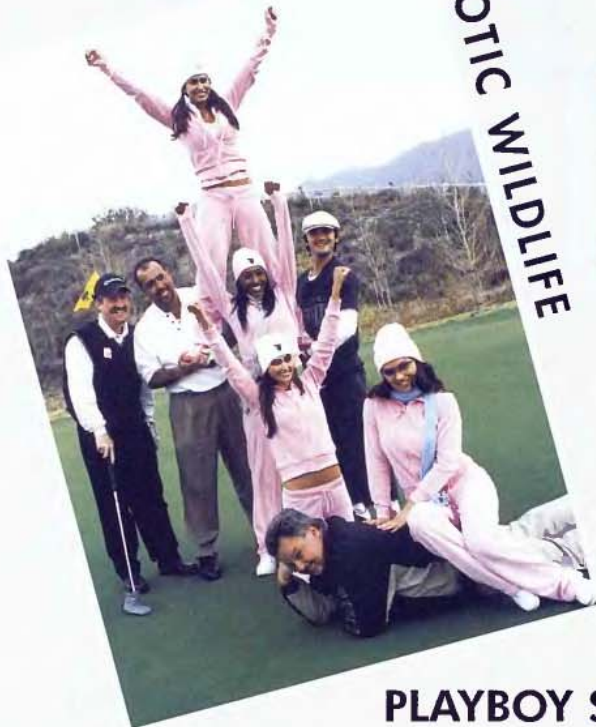


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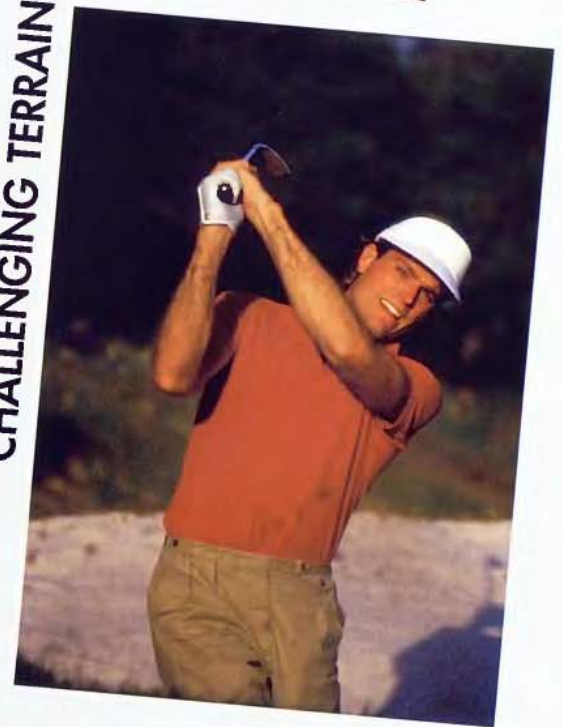
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GO TO WWW.PLAYBOYSCRAMBLE.COM FOR MORE INFORMATION
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PLAYMATE NEWS

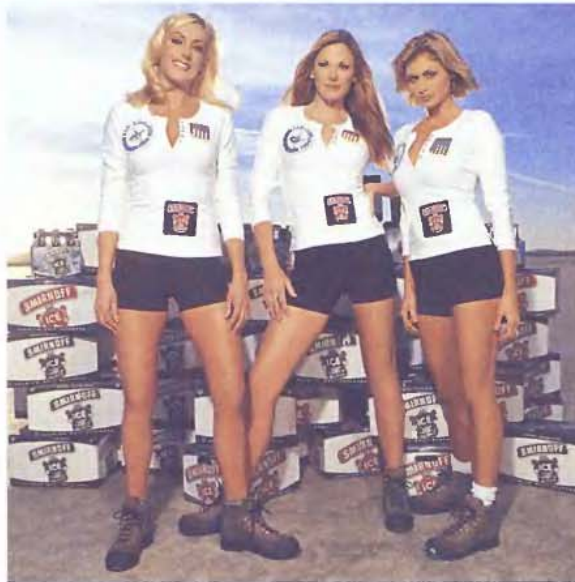


EASY RIDERS

Lindsey Vuolo is a model for Doc's Harley-Davidson, but has she ever roared down the open highway on a hog? "I've been on the back, but I've never actually driven one," Lindsey says. That's not for lack of trying—she recently brought a friend's bike home to practice, until her mother blew a gasket. "She goes, 'Not while you are living in this



house! You have three hours to get rid of it,'" Lindsey reports. Now that she's back at college (mom stayed at home), Lindsey is planning to get her motorcycle license and buy a VRSC V-Rod. "I love Harleys," she says. "A biker girl is just the sexiest thing. People who think only men can ride are full of it. I've met short, 100-pound women who are tearing it up. I can't wait to hit the road." For more pictures of the sexy speed racer, go to docsharleydavidson.com.



ONLY THE HOT SURVIVE

"I never thought sleeping with two women would save my life," says Playboy X-Treme Team captain Danelle Folta, who, with pals Kalin Olson and Carrie Yazel, entered the team's second Eco-Challenge, this time in Fiji. This treacherous race combines mountain biking, canyoneering and more and can last up to 12 days. During the race, Danelle fell terribly ill. "We were hundreds of miles from humanity. I was unconscious and shivering. If not for the warmth of my teammates' bodies, I would have died." Now they're in training for Eco 2003. Did the team finish? Find out in May when the USA network airs the competition.



20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

On her May 1983 Playmate Data Sheet, Susie Scott aspired "to be rich." What a difference 20 years make. Susie founded the Mercy and Sharing Foundation for underprivileged kids. "The press goes, 'There's a Playmate doing charity work in Haiti!'" she says. "The attention in contributions."



Susie Scott.

LOOSE LIPS

"At least I won something. If he doesn't like my style, let him send me something. I'm open to anything."—Anna Nicole Smith, on being named the world's worst-dressed celeb by fashion critic Mr. Blackwell

"I'm having fun teaching Sunday school. It's wonderful to make a difference in kids' lives."—Pam Anderson

CAMERA LENZ

"Modeling is my passion, but if Paris and Milan don't call, I'll settle for a film career," says Nicole Lenz, who was clearly born to mug. Left to right: Nicole, a friend and best pal Paris Hilton at a Pony bash in Los Angeles. Hanging on the West Coast: Nicole with Miss August 2000 Summer Altice. Working the red carpet at the Sapphire grand opening. Connected at the hip, part two: With Paris at a Motorola shindig. Strutting down the catwalk during a Frederick's of Hollywood lingerie fashion show.



HOT SHOT



SHALLAN MEIERS
AND REBECCA RAMOS

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

May 7: Miss January 1972
Marilyn Cole
May 11: Miss May 1988
Diana Lee
May 14: Miss February 1970
Linda Forsythe
May 28: Miss April 1975
Victoria Cunningham
May 30: Miss July 1982
Lynda Wiesmeier

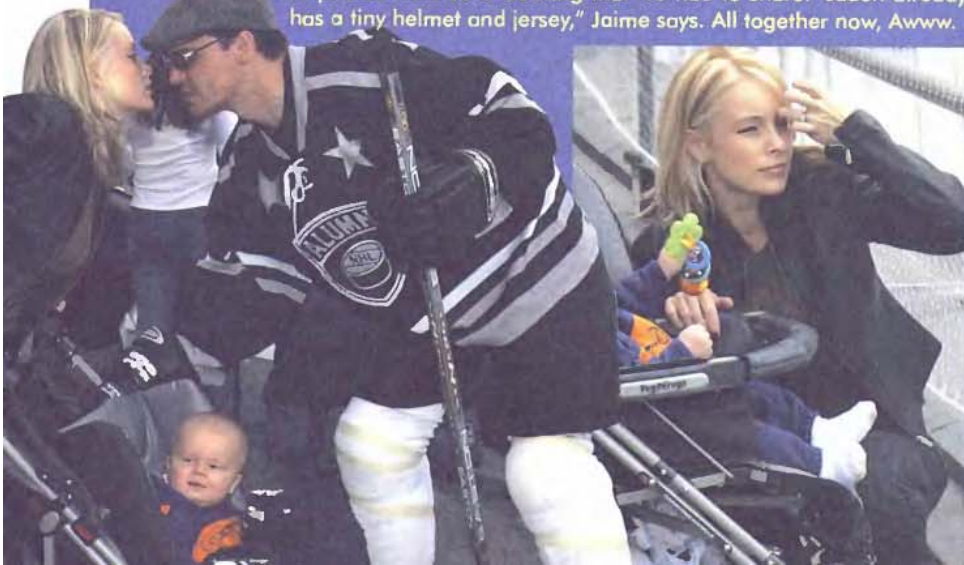
WANT TO PLAY WITH DALENE?



You may never date Dalene Curtis, but that doesn't mean you can't hang with her. This 16-inch doll costs \$50 at Playboystore.com.

A MOMENT IN THE LIFE: JAIME BERGMAN

As the more gorgeous half of a Hollywood couple, Jaime Bergman has discovered that even a trip to her husband's hockey game won't go unnoticed by the paparazzi. Photos spatfed Jaime, David (Angel) Boreanaz and their son Jaden in Los Angeles, and the photos were so endearing that we had to share. "Jaden already has a tiny helmet and jersey," Jaime says. All together now, Awww.



POP QUESTIONS: LEXIE KARLSEN

Unlucky in love? Check out Alexandra Karlson's new book, *The Divorced Guy's Guide to Dating*.

Q: Lexie, what inspired you to write a dating guide?

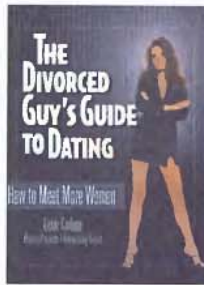
A: Aside from my love of writing, I saw a tremendous need for it. There are many books on dating, but there's nothing giving advice to men who need a little brush-up.

Q: Ever date a divorced guy?

A: Yes, many. I've found myself thinking, These are great guys, but for whatever reason, the relationships didn't work out.

THE DIVORCED GUY'S GUIDE TO DATING

How to Meet More Women
Lexie Karlson
Author/Host/Relationship



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Nia Vandalos

"My favorite is *Anna Nicole Smith*—she's so incredibly female. There's a lot to appreciate. If I were dating a guy who said he liked her, I'd take that to mean he would like to roam the valleys of her hips. He's not afraid to go on that journey."



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Don't be fooled by Chicago native Serria Tawan's sexpot image. "I'm the most non-sexual person in my group of friends," she says. . . . Look for Heidi Mark as John Ritter's wife in the flick *Man of the Year*. . . . Shae Marks

has appeared in the movie *Love Stinks* and on the TV series *Black Scorpion*, but has she ever worked with someone she refuses to work with again?

"Oh, yes," she says. "But I will not be airing any of my dirty laundry here. To talk about her would only feed her enormous ego. Maybe then it would match her enormous ass." Meow! . . . Danelle Folta

(see story on page 159) was profiled in *Sports Illustrated* and

took part in the Aspen X Games with Cara Wakelin and Deanna Brooks. . . . From the booze babes department: Cara lobbies for Molson beer, Charis Boyle shills for Miller Lite and Irina Voronina (pictured, in white)

puts the sexy in Skyy vodka ads. . . . It's getting hot in here: Jennifer Walcott, Nefertari Shepherd and Nicole Narain appear in a video for Nelly and Justin Timberlake that was shot at the Mansion. The guys wear PJs and Hef makes a cameo. Jennifer interviews Shaggy on sexnrocknroll.com. . . . What (besides corny jokes) revs up Jay Leno's engine? The Dahm triplets, who hung out with Jay at the Love Ride 19 in Los Angeles.

The Dahms rev up Jay Leno.



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PLAYBOY

on the scene

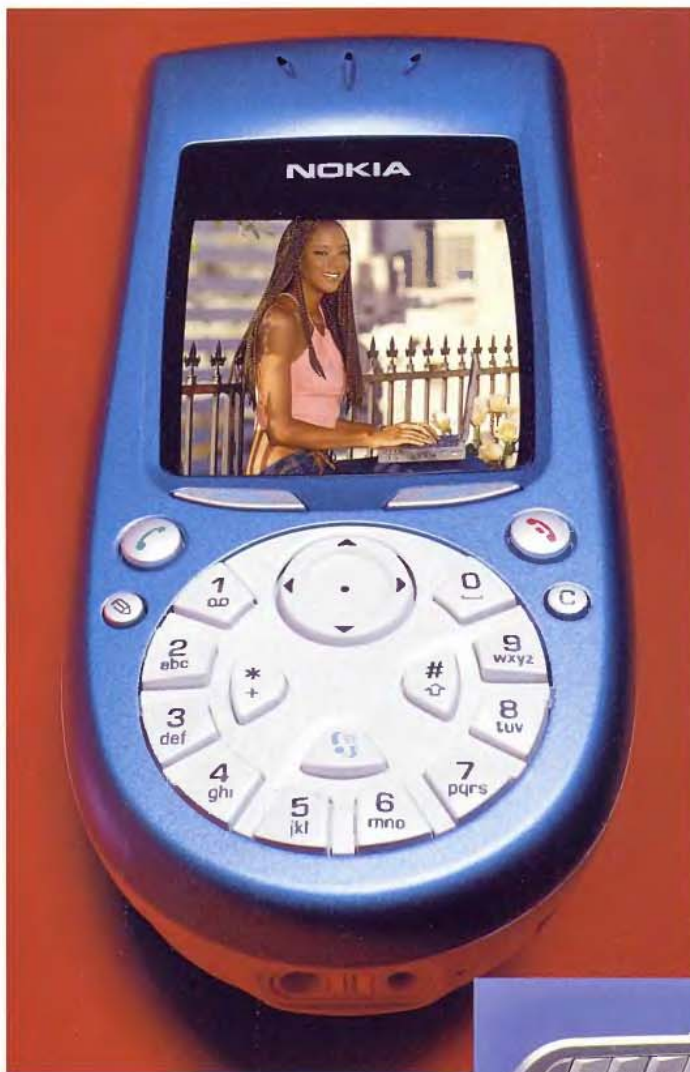
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

POINT-AND-SHOOT CELL PHONES

The hot trend in cell phones is built-in or attachable cameras that snap and send photos to another phone or an e-mail address. Is this a way to make cell phone use even more obnoxious? You bet, but no more so than your theme from *Titanic* ring tone. While these cell phone-camera combos can't compete with your multimegapixel digital camera (since most offer

a mediocre 640x480 resolution), the shots are suitable for taunting a friend with an image of the woman you just met at a club while he puts in overtime. Also, most models can assign pictures to pop up with a corresponding name as a visual caller ID, which is a great feature if you have trouble remembering the names of your various girlfriends.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



Above: Nokia's 3650 is the only cell phone capable of capturing and sending both photos and video clips (about \$400). It's perfect for homemade cheesecake videos—all you need is the girl. Right: The clamshell Samsung SGH-v205 can store up to 100 images taken with the built-in camera. Attach photographs of your friends to their names for a visual caller ID (about \$400).



Left: Attach Motorola's digital camera accessory to the company's T720i cell phone to snap photos of bowling team victories, bachelor parties and other memorable events (about \$250). Below: Sanyo's SCP-5300 is the only phone with built-in flash and 16x zoom (\$400).



Grapevine

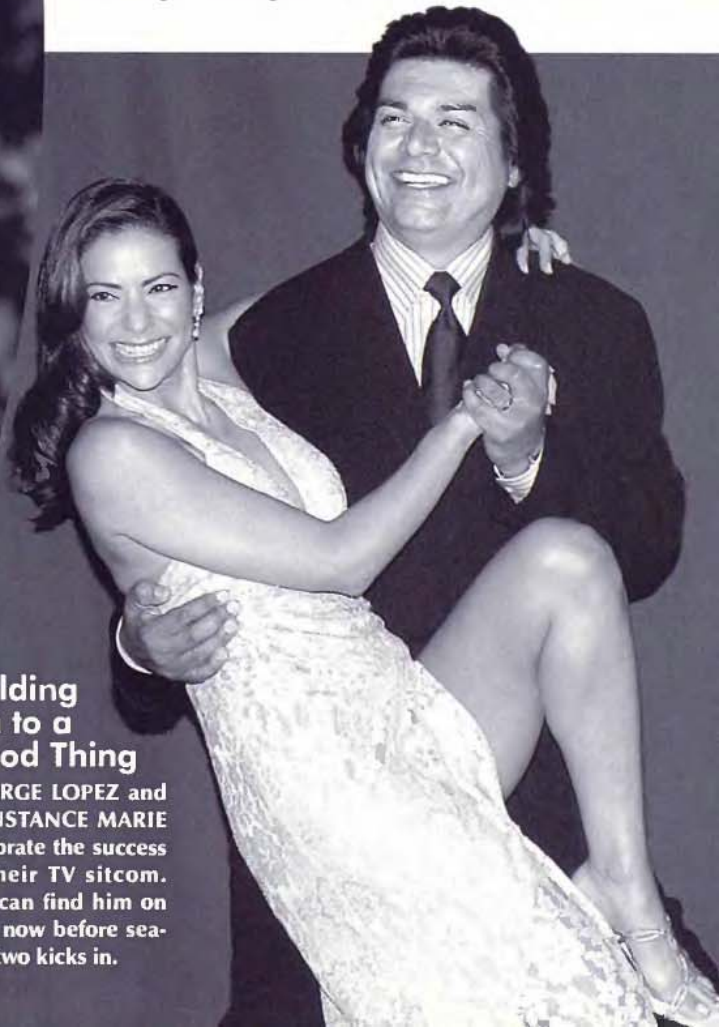
More Than Heaven Allows

JESSICA BIEL moves away from her saintly *7th Heaven* character in the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* remake.



Wilder Kingdom

Endangered species: PATRICIA PFAELTZER's environmental documentary, *The Most Dangerous Animal*, has put her modeling and acting career on hold. Our loss.



Holding On to a Good Thing

GEORGE LOPEZ and CONSTANCE MARIE celebrate the success of their TV sitcom. You can find him on tour now before season two kicks in.

© JILL JOHNSON/JP



Snake Bit

Model-actress ELENA knows how to slither down a red carpet. Here, she shows off her asps at a movie premiere.

© FRED PROUSER/REUTERS-LANDOV



Winona Gets a Grip

WINONA RYDER has divided her time between community service, designer Marc Jacobs' spring-summer ad campaign and a part in *Eulogy*, co-starring Ray Romano. Looks to us like she's holding up just fine.

© CAMERA PRESS/RETNA/GRAMM STANG



On the Fringe

Actress JENNIFER YOUNG gives back. The model, dancer and cable TV host can soon be seen in the movie thriller *Hey Mr. DJ*. We say, Hey, Jennifer.



© SHELLY COSS/JP

Closer Look at Eve

Rapper EVE is finishing up a tour, and you'll find her in a UPN sitcom as a fashion designer next fall.

LISTEN AND EARN

If you were too busy flipping burgers to read the best-seller *Rich Dad Poor Dad*, you can still get the scoop from the filthy rich. Time Warner Audio Books' new *Rich Dad* series reveals money-hoarding tax loopholes from Diane Kennedy, CPA, and real estate strategies from Dolf De Roos, a Ph.D. who claims he's never received a salary in his life. The price: \$24.98 each for three hours of information on CD.



DAVE CALVIN

SCENT OF A HAREM

If the little ball below looks familiar, that's because it's made from bois de mogador, the Moroccan wood that's in your Rolls-Royce and your neighbor's Jaguar. The container is a scent diffuser filled with an exotic blend of sandalwood, cedar and burlwood. Put it near a heat source and your bedroom will smell like a sheik's tent—minus the camel. Price: \$95, from Maitre Parfumeur et Gantier at 877-348-6444.





HOT FLASH

NC17 Clothing displayed its latest naughty offerings at the Adult Video News Convention in Las Vegas not long ago, and the booth got almost as much action as the porn stars. The Second Base camisole and Home Run thong set pictured here was a hot seller; so were shirts that read Mount and Do Me and Slippery When Wet. Anna Nicole Smith is a customer—she's been spotted wearing NC17's Go-Away, No Stalking Anytime top on her show. It worked! Cami-and-thong sets are \$34.95. Order from altclothing.com.



DAVE CALVIN

HURL 'EM HIGH

Scream is the name of the new coaster ride at the Six Flags Magic Mountain Xtreme Park outside Los Angeles. It has no floor, no track overhead and no coach around the seats. Ride it only if you've had no lunch. The innovative design hurtles thrill junkies through seven 360-degree inversions that include a 128-foot vertical loop, a zero-gravity roll, a cobra roll (that's two inversions), a high-speed horizontal loop helix and a 96-foot dive loop in which the train climbs the loop on the outside, then rolls underneath the track across the top of the loop and dives down the inside. Whoa, we got woozy just writing that.

HOAGY WITH EVERYTHING

Hoagy Carmichael may be overshadowed by other iconic crooners, but Old Blue Eyes never composed timeless tunes like *Stardust* and *The Nearness of You*. Get a crash course in cool at Hoagy.com, which offers audio of the man's music, a bio, CDs, books and more. The website was created by Hoagy Carmichael Jr., president of Hoagy & Bix Co. Yes, that's cornet player Bix Beiderbecke, considered to be jazz' first great lyricist.



RADIO GA-GA

Audiophiles swear by Boston Acoustics, the Massachusetts company with a rep for making stereo speakers that rock. Now BA has created the AM-FM Receiver Phase Lock Loop circuitry that pulls in weak FM stations while delivering exceptional sound. Snooze, sleep and alarm functions are included in this \$159 bargain. Go to bostonacoustics.com to order.



The BOOZE News

WHO SAID POLAND IS CHEAP?

Premium vodkas are selling for \$30, but Ultimat, a new 80 proof entry from Poland, costs about \$55 a bottle. Of course, Ultimat is special—three different vodkas made from potatoes, wheat and rye blended for body, smoothness, flavor and complexity. (Ultimat claims to be the first vodka on the market to use such a process.) The bottle is a handcrafted crystal decanter that you won't want to toss in the trash. Ultimat has also introduced a black cherry vodka. Go to ultimatvodka.com for more information and where you can buy it.



DUCTS UNLIMITED

We know duct tape can do just about anything, but we never considered holding our money with the silver sticky stuff. Then Ducti's Super Duct Tape wallets hit the club scene. The Classic is a bifold with steel grommets (\$20). Our favorite, the Barhopper (pictured here, \$15), travels light, with room for an ID, a couple of credit cards and cash. To order, go to ducti.com.

A NEW WAY TO GET BLITZED

Sorry, X Gamers. Your too-cool world has just been invaded by a mint company that assumes you'll need an extreme flavor boost after a hard day of defying gravity. Blitz Stoked Power Mints (priced around \$1.60) come in Green Apple, Berry Blast and Fruit Frenzy flavors and are sweetened with sugarless Splenda. But don't worry, you'll lose your teeth the old-fashioned way—with a faceplant into a curb. If the flavors of Blitz Stoked Power Mints are more than you can handle, dude, there are also Blitz Power Mints, which are a milder version of their radical cousin.



JOHN SCHMIDT

Next Month



BABE OF THE MONTH



TUBA CITY



SURF'S UP



WHO'S THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—WE KICKED OFF 2002 WITH TATTOOED LOOKER **NICOLE NARAIN** AND ENDED WITH **LANI TODD**, A BLONDE BOMBSHELL. THERE WERE 10 GORGEOUS LADIES IN BETWEEN. WHO WILL BE THE PMOY 2003? ONE HINT: THE CHOSEN ONE LOOKS GREAT NAKED

MIKE PIAZZA—THE NEW YORK METS SLUGGER AND BEST-HITTING CATCHER IN BASEBALL HISTORY SOUNDS OFF ON MONEY, POWER AND SEX—PLUS GETTING BEANED BY ROGER CLEMENS, PLAYING DRUMS WITH ANTHRAX, SLEEPING WITH TARANTULAS AND, YES, "THE GAY THING." A HARD-HITTING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

WEIRD SEXUAL SCIENCE—THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR THOUGHT HE HAD SEEN IT ALL. WHEN HE DUSTED OFF A STACK OF OFF-BEAT MEDICAL JOURNALS, HE DISCOVERED BIZARRE SEX STUDIES. INCLUDING HOW PORCUPINES DO IT, THE BENEFITS OF 24-HOUR NUDE GROUP THERAPY AND WHETHER DIPPING YOUR BALLS IN FREEZING WATER WILL CHANGE YOUR RECTAL TEMPERATURE. THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE EXPERIMENTAL SEX. BY **CHIP ROWE**

20Q: NELLY—HE WENT FROM WORKING AT MCDONALD'S TO ENCOURAGING WOMEN TO TAKE OFF ALL THEIR CLOTHES IN A MEGA HIT SONG. **ROBERT CRANE** GETS THE LOWDOWN ON HUMMERS (THE CARS, PERV), LUSTING AFTER HALLE BERRY, BEING INDEBTED TO BARRY WHITE, WHY SEX TALK IS CHEAP AND THE BEAUTY OF A WOMAN'S CLOTHING . . . ON THE BEDROOM FLOOR

GOODNIGHT GUN—CHILDREN AND FIREARMS DON'T MIX. THERE'S NOW A GENRE OF KID LIT TO DRIVE THE MESSAGE HOME. SHOULD CHILDREN'S AUTHORS BE HANDLING THIS? **DANIEL RADOSH** GIVES THE BOOKS A SHOT

SEX AND RELIGION—WHETHER YOU'RE BUDDHIST, HINDU, JEWISH, CHRISTIAN, MUSLIM OR SOMETHING ELSE, YOUR RELIGION HAS STRONG RULES REGARDING GETTING IT ON. HOW EACH INSTITUTION FEELS ABOUT PREMARITAL SEX, MASTURBATION, INFIDELITY, CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED. BY **JOHN D. THOMAS**

TUBA CITY—THE KID WAS A SOUTHPAW, LARGE AND LUMBERING AND A BIT OVERWEIGHT. HIS NICKNAME WAS SHOE. ONE DAY HE DID SOMETHING NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN IN BASEBALL. IT WAS SOMETHING THAT COULD TURN THE GAME INSIDE OUT. FICTION BY **JOSEPH KIERLAND**

AMERICA THE BREWFUL—WE LOVE BEER, AND NOT JUST FOR THE OBVIOUS REASONS. OUR ROUNDUP INCLUDES ODD-BALL BREWS FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY, LITTLE-KNOWN RECIPES AND WHY BEER IS ACTUALLY GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH. WE'RE THIRSTY ALREADY

PLUS: A HOT SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW, BABE OF THE MONTH **CHARLOTTE AYANNA**, DALE EARNHARDT JR. PHOTOGRAPHS THE **DAHM TRIPLETS**, IN BED WITH PLAYMATE **CATHY ST. GEORGE**, SKATE AND SURF FASHION, NOT-SO-CHEAP SUNGLASSES AND MISS JUNE, **TAILOR JAMES**